



# THE LEEK



South Armagh

February Edition, 1980

Issue No. 4

# Message from the Commanding Officer

The Battalion's tour in Northern Ireland is over. For many varied reasons the winter of 1979/80 will not be forgotten by any of us who were in South Armagh. We have known tragedy and notable success. The hours that have been spent on duty, patrolling, on guard and in ambush have been prodigious. Conditions have been uncomfortable, the weather foul and the opportunities to relax few and far between. But, perhaps above all it is the friends from within the battalion who will be remembered the most and the spirit which existed when times were not easy and often dangerous.

We should take great pride in the fact that the excellence of 1st Battalion Welsh Guards is widely recognised throughout the Army.

I, myself, have mixed feelings about the end of our 4 month tour. Like you I feel a sense of relief and look forward to being reunited with my family but I give up command and leave the Battalion for good the day we leave Northern Ireland. Though like everybody else who has been in the Welsh Guards I will always remain a Welsh Guardsman I will never be able to serve in the Battalion again. After twenty-two years the Battalion means a very great deal to me. I have been very honoured to be your Commanding Officer. Thank you for your loyalty and for all you have achieved for the Welsh Guards, for The Army, and for Northern Ireland.

I hope you have an excellent and well deserved leave and I wish you all, whatever you may do, every good fortune in the future.

*Charles Carter*  
Colonel



Gdsm Griffiths 45, overlooks a border road.

## EDITORIAL

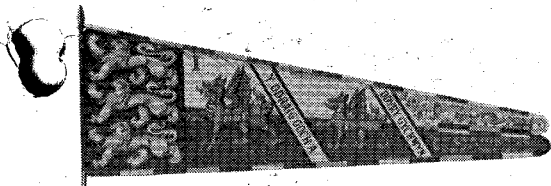
Our last Leek of this tour brings mixed feelings. It has been great fun to produce and a real challenge to convince blushing authors their contribution will be welcome.

It marks the end of a very successful tour, one which the battalion can be justifiably proud of.

I should like to thank the editorial staff and all contributors who made the Leek such a success.

*David Kintwood*

Editor



'The Red Dragon Gives A Lead'

## Prince of Wales Company Crossmaglen

As our time here draws to a close, the Company can reflect on the successes, frustrations, amusements, incidents and other aspects of life in Crossmaglen and its small rural hinterland.

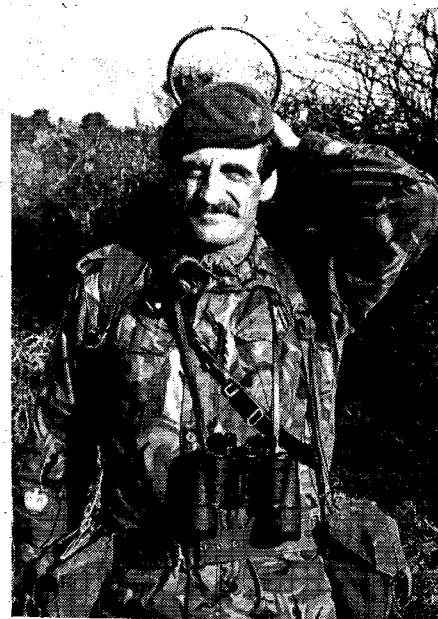
We were fortunate to take over from the enthusiastic and helpful D Company of the Queens Own Highlanders who were of great assistance in setting us off on the right track. The start of a tour is a difficult time, clearly illustrated by some odd radio procedure and what can only be described as feedback from everybody to everybody else. Soon, however the Company settled to a routine which was only disrupted about ten times each day and which allowed the job to get done with the minimum of time wasted. Since the teething troubles of a confined space, appalling living conditions and a totally different way of life were overcome, the Company has worked consistently and solidly together, and with excellent support from Bessbrook (and the Buzzards) who control, feed, clothe and ferry us.

Our first, unpleasant, taste of the Provisional IRA came on the 13th November 79 when Gdsm Fryer was murdered in a landmine explosion and a Beaver aircraft was shot at. Since then the boot has been on our foot; we have

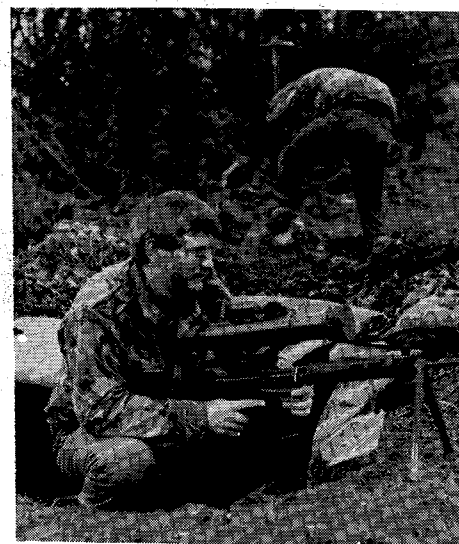
found two large bombs near the Border, have arrested a number of men, have conducted enough operations to deter any large attack on ourselves and the RUC and have recently thwarted a murder attempt (by booby-trap) in the village square.

A great feature of this tour has been the consistently high morale and good humour of everybody in the Company. All visitors to the base, from HRH the Prince of Wales to the man who came to make sure that the 5p slots weren't jammed on the pay telephones, and including those from Brigade Headquarters and Higher formations, have been impressed by this creditable feature of the Company. Of course a sense of humour can lapse horribly when its owner is waist deep in a bog with a 60lbs pack on his back, or after 3 days lying in the same ditch, but even on these occasions most have managed to laugh at something, if only themselves. Two journalists who stayed with us for three weeks, and had an opportunity to see everything which goes on in the area, left with as favourable an impression as those who came for half an hour (and didn't even get the telephone working).

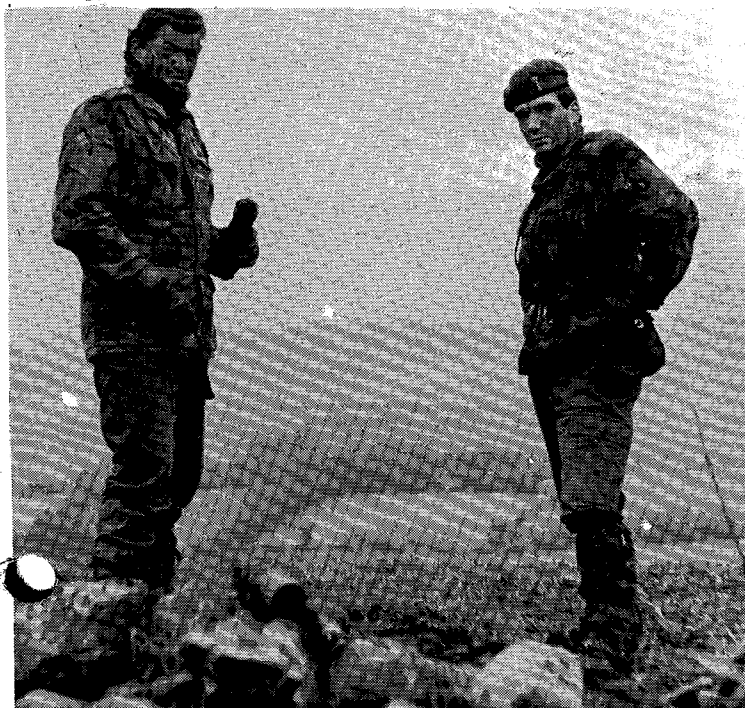
Company headquarters has continued to control, equip, feed and support the platoons. Major Wall, calm on all occasions except during the 19 replays of "Match of the Day" in one week, has been an example to us all. CSM Evans's eagle eye, if not tooth, led to a find of a bomb and he has become a well known figure in the area, particularly with his strange whistles and characteristic stance. Gdsm Skinner has adopted over one million fire positions and may yet succeed in getting his superiors to adopt their first. Lt Stephenson ("Kestrel" to the birds) and the operations staff dream in code and have nightmares about failing to establish communications with anybody. Capt Mason and the Intelligence cell have bald patches from scratching their heads and are prone to asking each other for their full details.



CSM Evans 33, the saint.



Gdsm Probert defending a mine entrance



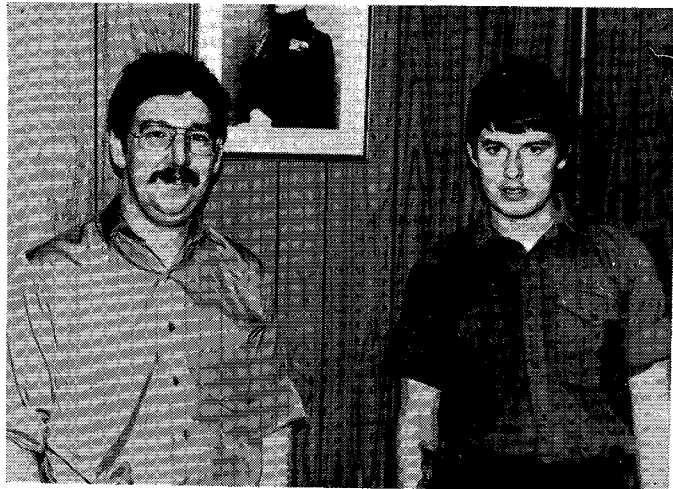
Lt Manville-Hales, Lt Stephenson, on top of the job.



The hills are alive with the sound of music Bartlett



LSgt Nicholls, Gdsm Jones 90, "All we need now is a helicopter."



Gdsm Bennett, Evans 87.

CQMS Carty and his staff have issued kit, and had kit back, back loaded kit, unloaded kit, found kit and done just about everything else possible with kit except complain about it. LSgt Nicholls and Gdsm Jones 90 (Buzzards) have become experts on weather forecasting but are prone to running about in a crouched position shouting in people's ears. The RCT drivers and Saracen Commanders recently had a rare opportunity to see outside the village during an operation to resupply by road, the resident Royal Engineers with building materials. Sgt Fearon and his Cooks have catered for every eventuality tirelessly and superbly, they have also done a staggering amount of cooking. Gdsm Browne had done a marvellous job in his office but daily turns down requests to type memoirs.



Sgt Sweet (RAMC), Sgt Morgan 40,

1 Platoon continues its successes. Special mention must be made here of Platoon Sergeant "Duncan orderly" Stewart, a cool veteran and hardened campaigner who has notched another triumph by "pulling" the booby trapped package in the village square. His radio commentary ran "I have attached the hook to the device, I am retiring . . . I am about to pull, Wait out." At this point the base shook from a very loud

and fairly powerful explosion which was heard by a patrol three miles away. Sgt Stewart came back on the air in exactly the same tone of voice: "There was an explosion, no casualties, a few windows broken, I have secured the area."

Gdsm White must receive credit for spotting the package as a potential danger. During the checking of the population of Creggan Lcpl Callan and his brick had some success with spotting

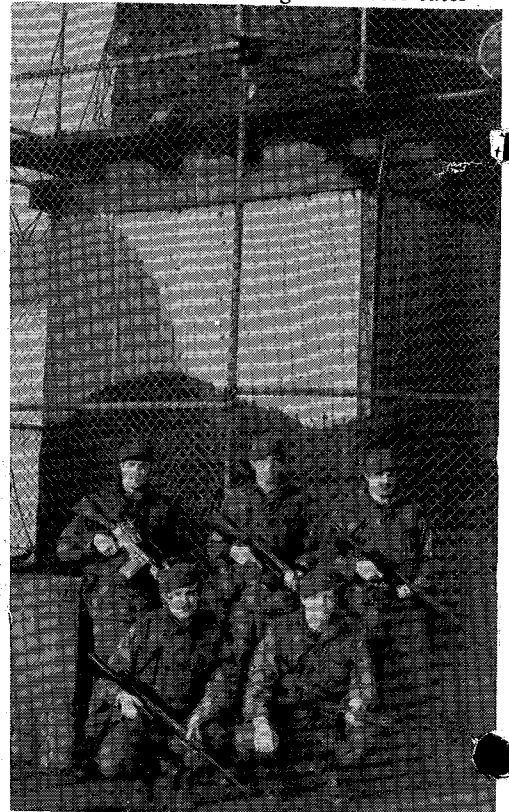
possible smugglers (there are many in this area) and a week later "The Veteran" stopped one man (at his road block made of large snowballs) who was subsequently fined heavily.

2 Platoon recently had two chances to apply their mining instincts: The first was a platoon defensive position dug on Drummackavall (a ridge dominating much of the border in our area). This lengthy operation had locals guessing, particularly when the Engineers helped to start the trenches with explosives and showered the local houses with assorted mud and stones on a foggy morning. Later, the platoon defended a section of road during the operation to resupply the base with RE stores.

3 Platoon continue the good work in the best of spirits and Platoon tradition. A foggy day and no flying did not deter them from a lightning swoop on a small village to check all householders. Meanwhile in base Lsgt "Cheese-eater"



Gdsm Rees 40, Douglas, Wright, CSgt Harrison, Capt Mason, Lcpl Tyler, LSgt Christie (RAPC) LSgt Williams 97



Baruki Boys.

Ricketts, Criddle, 84 Morgan, White, LSgt Davies 39



LCpl Miller 69, Gdsm Kelly, Rees 32, Griffiths 45, in the briefing room.

Horrell and Lsgt "Pumping Iron" Fisher continued their various pursuits under the watchful eye of 2Lt "Clogs" Koops and Csgt "Stores" Lllwellyn (who has recently avoided further forays into the Republic).

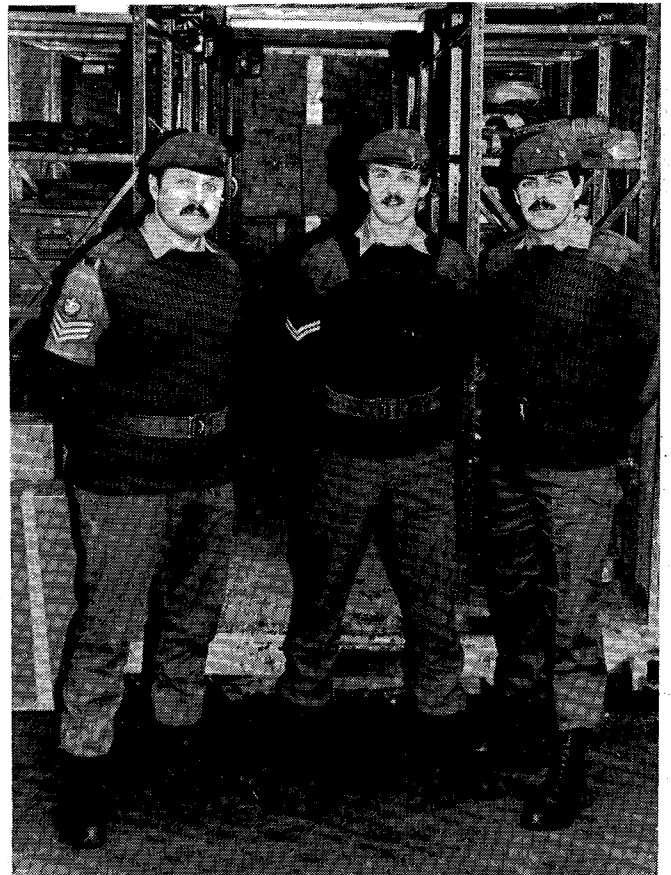
Since the departure of LCpl Lewis 34, "Rats" has passed into the tender care of Gdsm Webber. At the time of writing "Rats" is off for another 10,000 miles veterinary service but 'Scruff' — another evil local hound — has taken over temporary command and both feature in a Company Photograph (For this the entire Company sprinted to the square in front of Baruki Sanger). Since the second "Leek" was produced Sgt Morgan 40 has been complaining that he is known as the Baruki "Kid" not "Kod". "The kid" has also recently finally signed on the

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★ Out of work Irishman passes a newspaper shop and sees a notice on the Newsboard, "300 Jobs in Jeopardy." He rushes to the nearest railway station and asked for a return ticket to Jeopardy!

An Irishman went into a newsagent's shop for a piece of wrapping paper 2in x 100 yards, so that he could send a new clothes line to his mother!

His mother sent back the clothes line because the garden was not long enough.



CQMS Carty, LCpl Tranter, Davies 487 "Guarding their stores?"



LCpl Lewis, Gdsm Mitchell, Reeves, LCpl Young, Davies, Morris 30, Phillips, LCpl Bennett 10, Gdsm Chater, Williams 67, Lt Traherne. Snowmen.

appropriate Army form for "Sangers — 1, Baruki, complete" to the amusement of the Sergeants Mess. Lt Traherne has had little success attempting to get local PIRA to join the British Army (his brick in fact) but has not been downhearted by the lack of response.

From the above miscellany it is evident that all is much as normal in the Crossmaglen. As well as reflecting on the various happenings during the tour there will no doubt be one or two who will ponder over whether we have achieved anything for the long-term security of this part of Northern Ireland. The answer is undoubtedly "Yes". Apart from having some short-term successes of our own we have, by our presence here, allowed the RUC (in whose hands lies the eventual peace of the Province) to police the area in as near normal a fashion as possible. For this achievement the Company, like the rest of the Battalion, can be proud. The long hours in sangers, on watch, under hedges or at road blocks were not wasted.

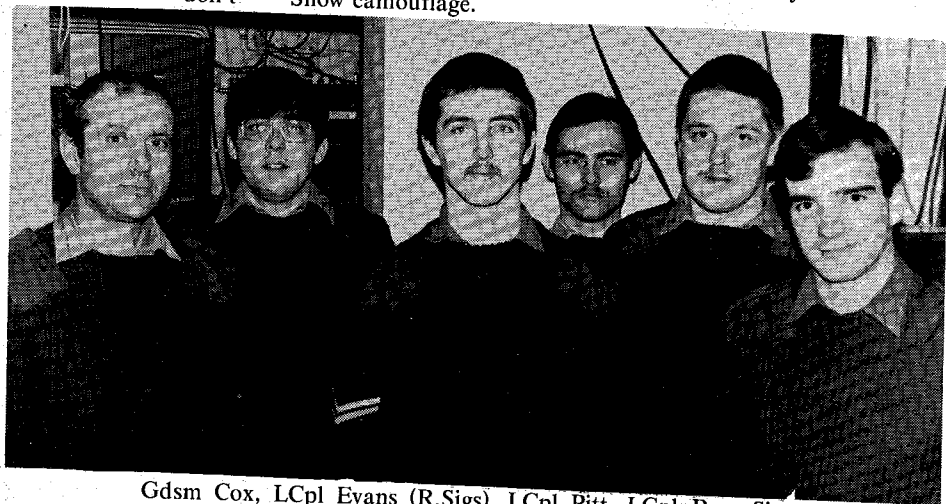
Finally, we all look forward tremendously to seeing our families, and thank them for their considerable support and patience, and we wish Arnhem Company of the 1st Battalion, the Kings Own Border Regiment the best of luck and success during their coming tour. Our special thanks go to Inspector Henry Irvine (RUC) and his men for their friendship and help shown to us throughout our tour.



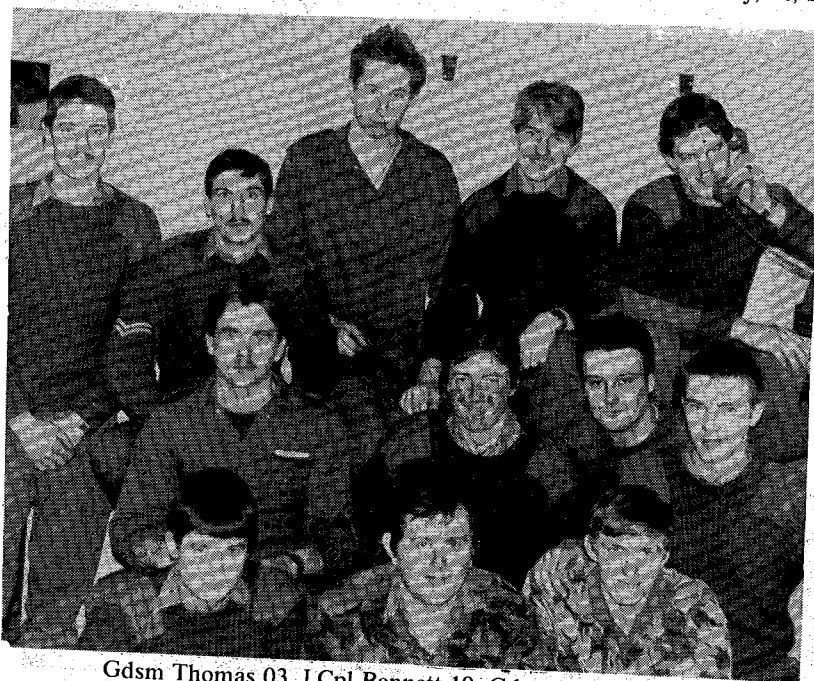
Gdsm Lewis 75, Mahoney, LSgt Horrell, LSgt Price, Gdsm Moore, Gill, Morris 23, Price 84, "Now you see us, now you don't" — Snow camouflage.



Gdsm Williams 67, make-up by Faberge.



Gdsm Cox, LCpl Evans (R.Sigs), LCpl Pitt, LCpl Roe, Sig Jakeway, Lt, Stevenson, Ops staff, I say again: Ops staff.



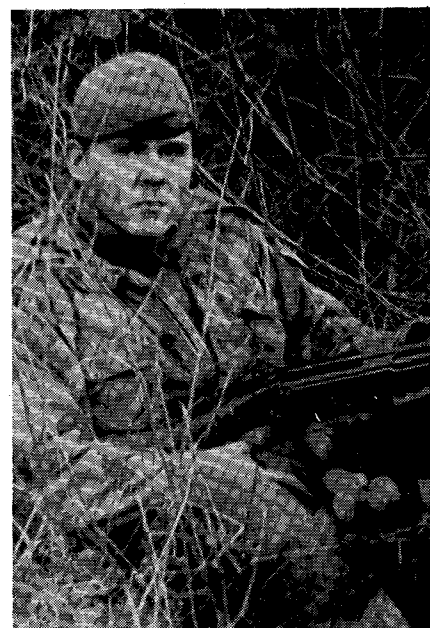
Gdsm Thomas 03, LCpl Bennett 10, Gdsm Williams, Wright, Rodgers, Parry, Evans 49, Cunliffe, Griffiths 45 Evans 87, LSgt Griffiths 38, Gdsm Jones 90 queuing for the telephone.



Gdsm Stanbridge saying goodbye to a friend.



Gdsm Musgrave and Shannon A-L-E-R-T spells alert.  
An observation Post on Drummuckavall.



Gdsm Jones 62,  
The joys of life in the brambles.



LSgt Williams 54, contemplating a quick dip..



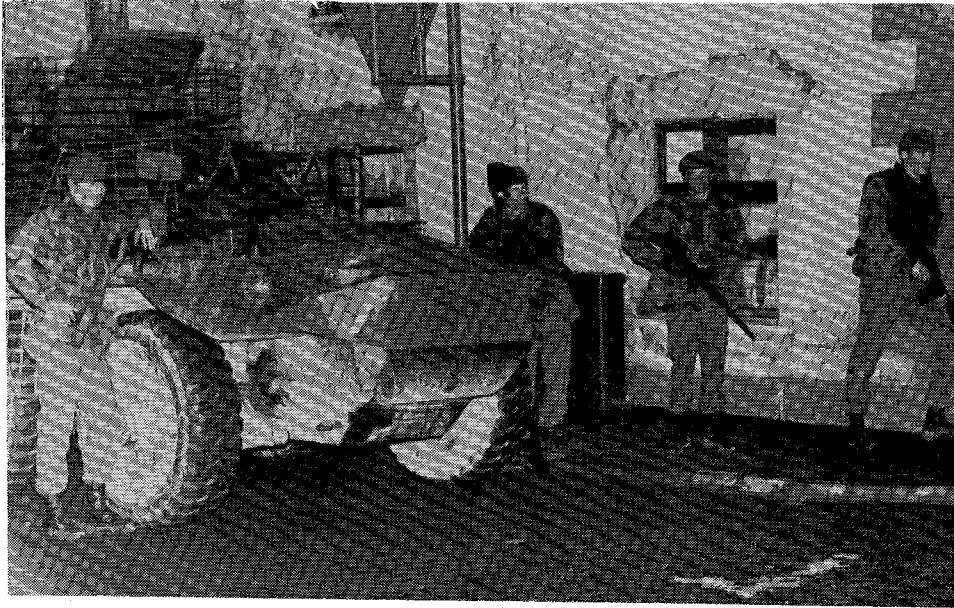
"Have you any last wishes?"  
I.t. Manville-Hales, and firing squad



Sgt Stewart, 62 Jones, 78 Hughes, Price 42, LCpl Jones 29, Hammond, Smith 91,  
752 Davies — Hi, Ho, Hi, Ho its off to work we go.



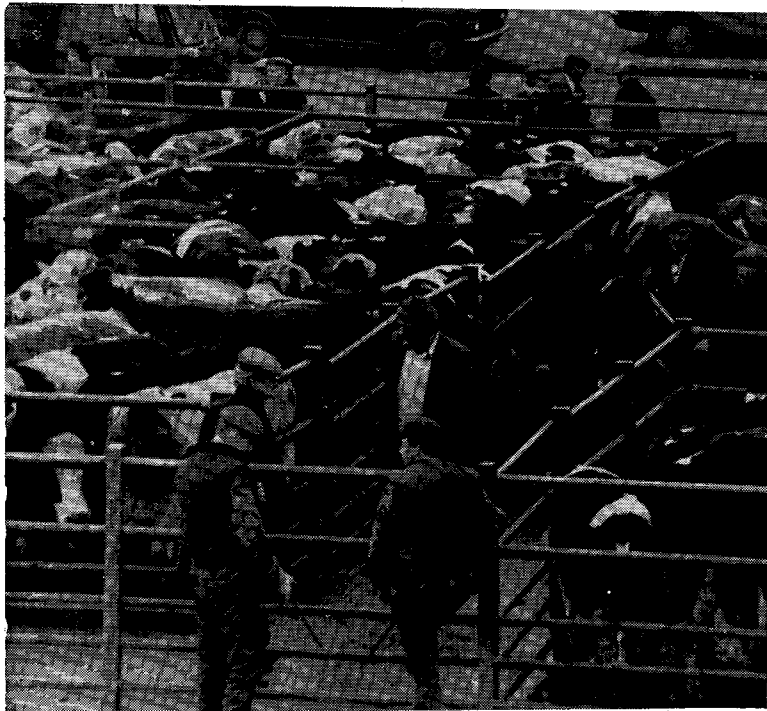
Gdsm Bartlett, Digging for victory.



Cunliffe, Shannon, Lt Bevan, Pembridge Crossmaglen night patrol.



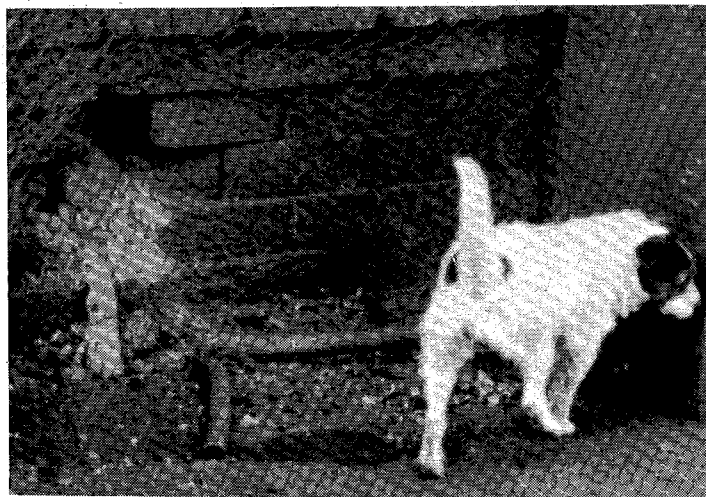
Morris 23 lowers the Dragon for the last time in Crossmaglen.



LCpl Brown, Gdsm Thompson, "and what are the cows addresses, please sir"



Gdsm Rowlands 65, Davis 82, Matthews. "Up a gum tree."



Scruff, investigates the Baruki bomb site, assists SOCO with forensic evidence.



Gdsm Gibbs, Sgt Topham, Cunliffe, Fyfield.

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Const. Irvine, Sgt Green, Insp. Irvine, Const. Eggleston, Const. Robertson.  
 "Ello, ello, ello, ello, ello."



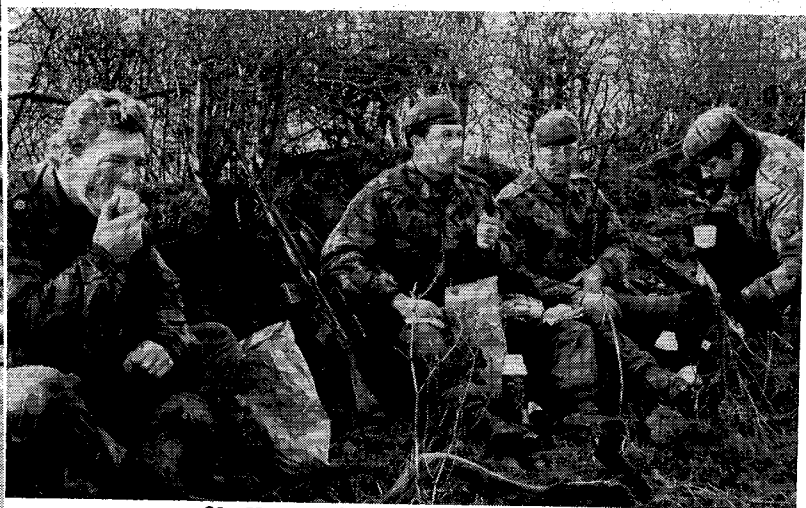
Gdsm Thomas 03, Fyfield, Carlyon, A happy team.



Irishwoman went to the Electricity Board Showroom and bought herself eighty yards of flex — she knitted herself an electric blanket!



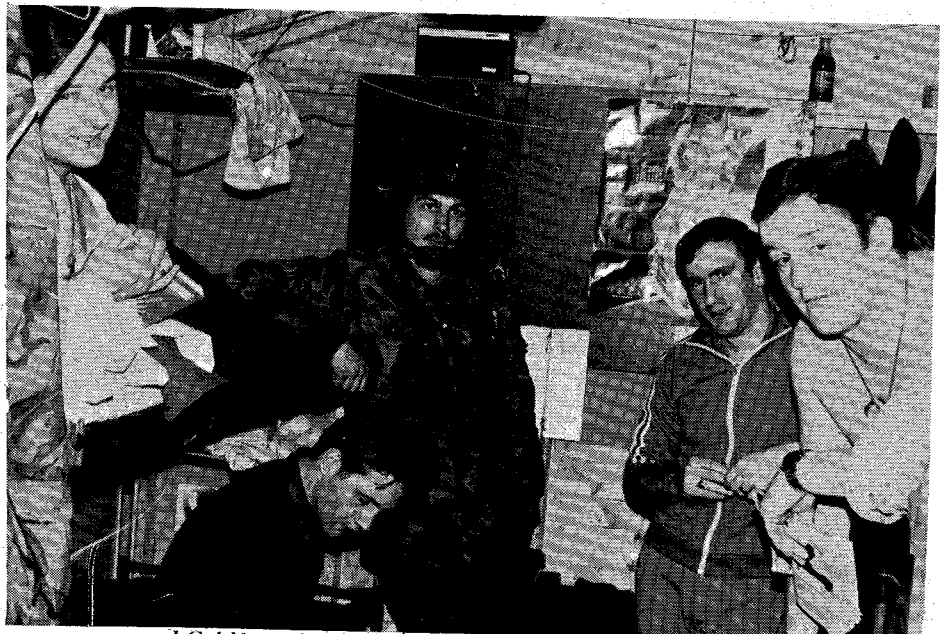
LCpl Brown, Gdsm Goff, Cunliffe., Thomson,  
 "OK, send them in, we're ready."



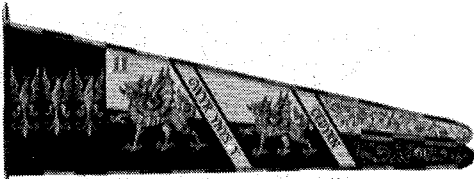
2Lt Koops, Dutch army again.



Gdsm Rees 32, Hayes in No. 1 sangar,  
 "Do they fall when hit, but?"



LCpl Hannaby, LCpl Pearson, LCpl Bennett 10, LCpl Jenkins 23, LCpl James 13. Saracen commanders at rest.



'The Men Of The Island Of The Mighty'

## Number 2 Company Newry

This last month has seen a continuation of Blast Incendiary attacks in Newry which include the destruction of one of the towns best pub/restaurant, the Bit and Bridle. The highlight of the month was the formal clearance operation of a 600lb radio controlled bomb placed in a hijacked lorry and left on the main Belfast to Dublin road. Fortunately the hijacked lorry was recognised by an alert patrol led by LSgt Baker. A clearance operation was mounted at short notice in the small hours of the following morning. It was a complicated operation involving 17 callsigns. A housing estate had to be evacuated, the Dublin—Belfast road was closed and all traffic diverted. The railway adjacent to it was shut down and a number of farms and houses were evacuated. After a ten hour operation, during which the CQMS deployed pie and chips to the troops on the ground, ATO recovered the bomb in its many parts and we were able to start and drive away the lorry which looked a little battered after its ordeal.

Many of us were sickened by this first hand experience of the IRA's callous disregard for life. If the bomb had been detonated on one of Irelands busiest main roads, many lives would have been lost.

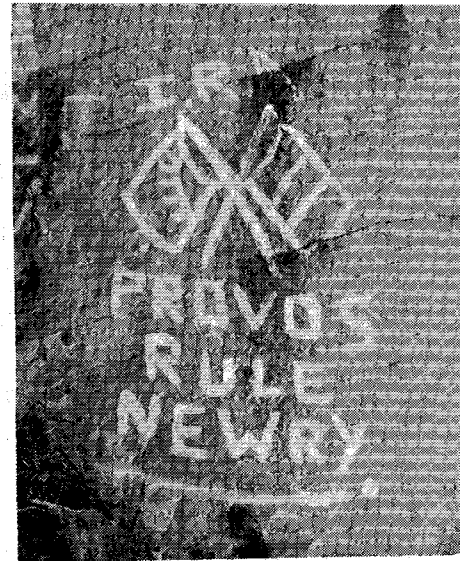
Amusing highlights of the month include the successful operation to capture a reckless Shetland Pony

running wild on the Belfast Road. It took Mr. Rhodes and his 'multiple' no time at all to lasso the culprit and lead him into the camp where Sgt Bright, who incidentally must be congratulated for going out on patrol the other night, fed him a number of his now famous scones — the animal **did** survive the ordeal but fouled the forecourt. LCpl Evans 13 was given the address of a possible female pen pal, recommended by LCpl Proctor as a 'real stunner' and after a number of letters had been written LCpl Evans asked her to send him a photograph. The great day arrived when he received a reply and sure enough there was a photograph inside but even after four months of monastic life one could not describe her as the belle of the ball! — Keep trying 13!!!

On 16 January Gdsm 24 Williams was enjoying himself playing the fruit machines in the Sutlers Shop when he saw what he thought was fireworks outside. He commented that it was rather late for Guy Fawkes night . . . as tracer



Sgt Walford.



rounds cracked over the Base. (Plenty of crack but no thump) Sgt Walford and his multiple were engaging fleeting gunmen in a car after being fired at. The stimulating word 'Contact' rang through the Base with urgency and the Quick Reaction Force and Company HQ elements were on the streets exceptionally quickly. Mr. Kahn, the Oriental gentleman, was seen running for his life to the Sauna.

The Company has now spent more than 17,000 man hours on routine patrols around Newry and in the rural



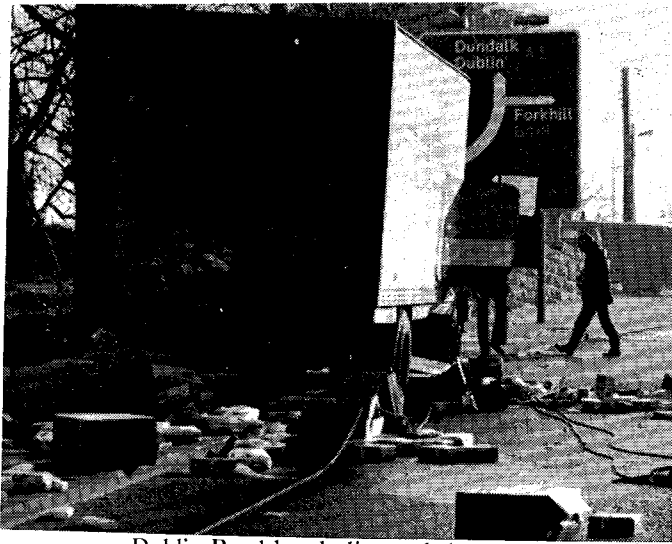
'King of the castle', CSM Dent.



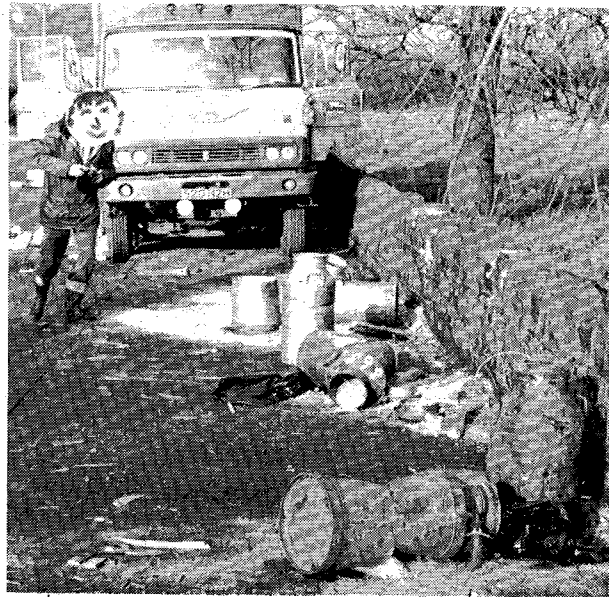
Search brick after a tiring rural search task. LSgt Jones 45 Gdsm Moulton, Lillwall, Hogg and Wright.



Sgt Denman.



Dublin Road bomb dismantled.



600 lbs of explosive recovered from hijacked lorry on the Dublin road.

areas. No doubt everyone will be sad to leave the landmarks that have become so familiar in the last few months. Long patrols, stags in the sangars, twenty four hours of relative bliss spent every week at the RUC station on standby as the Quick Reaction Force, the egg banjos at three o'clock in the morning and endless cups of tea and coffee consumed in the Ops Room and Guardroom. The multi-gym and sauna have become popular features of the base.

It would be wrong not to mention some of the unsung heroes who have worked so hard and who have not been mentioned in the past. Gdsm Loose and Davies 14 have spent many a frustrating hour trying to keep trace of all the equipment. Also Gdsm (Gopher) Fear who fights the mountain of paper work and the Company Commanders Patrol programmes whilst being sought after by the CSM. The RCT detachment from 12 Sqn RCT have supplied drivers throughout the tour and without their assistance we would have had a great many more patrols on foot than travelling in Mandrovers. The Vicar, alias LSgt Liverage, must be congratulated on keeping so many vehicles on the road, especially when you consider how many drivers in



Major Glyn Owen briefing the Commanding Officer.

the Company have been trying to emulate Alan Jones.

The Ops Room at Newry has had a busy 4 months — we've had a total of 11 incidents (so far) and 35 bomb hoaxes (just to keep our hand in). We've also carried out 51 planned search tasks of houses, derelicts, gardens and rural areas. The first incident was spent at 10,000 feet, however practice makes perfect and we've spent the rest of the tour on the ground!

On the subject of 'ground,' much to everyone's surprise, the Ops Officer has been seen out and about (a bit!). Indeed very much to his own surprise he found himself in charge of an incident and taking part in the last Bn Op.

LSgt Cross has kept the Company signallers, LCpl Crowther and Gdsm Cleak, in hand. They in their turn have kept Company communications under control. Experience has shown that Gdsm Cleak, as duty signaller and CSM Dent, as duty watchkeeper, is not an ideal working combination!

Up to date reporting has now been perfected by courtesy of the BBC and ITV supplemented by "RUCLO news", CSM Pennock and LCpl Pike notwithstanding. This excellent system allows all our callsigns to be fully briefed and the Ops Officer to make out the incident reports correctly.

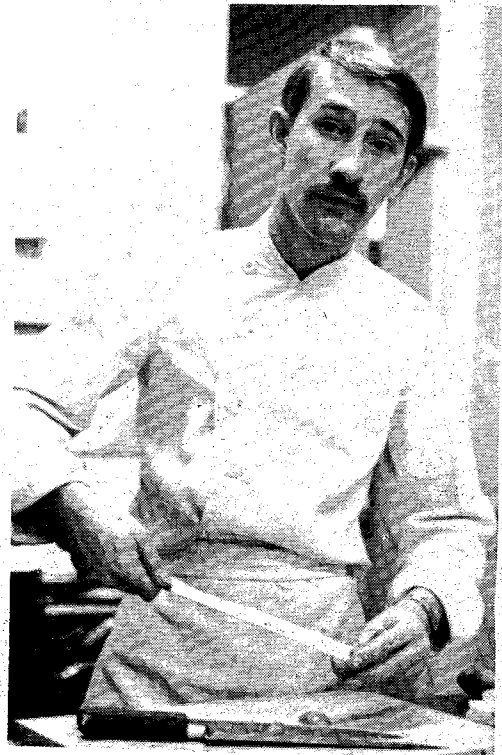
The last few weeks of our tour are being spent lurking around the hedgerows and lanes near the border, as well as maintaining our patrols in the town. Some long cold days and nights are being spent in the attractive hills and woods overlooking the Newry river, Eire and Carlingford Lough.

Much more attractive is the prospect of handing over our base on the north side of Newry to the Burma Company of 1st Battalion the Kings Own Border Regiment.

Finally, congratulations to Sgt 15 Roberts on his promotion and best wishes to Gdsm Cleak on his posting to the All Arms Drill Wing (not to drill I might add!). With just 14 days to go, we are all looking forward to some well earned leave with family and friends before the delights of Spring Drills in April!



No good crying over spilt milk — Pira's use of milk churns.



Pte Speding murdering a tomato.

**GOING GREEN NOW**

**NUMBER 2 COY INTELLIGENCE CELL**

Going against all our ethics and all we have been taught, we have been forced to reveal a little of what has been going on these past four months in 2 Coy "INT!"

We arrived before the majority of the Battalion and immediately got down to work. Which included covert concealment, which we must admit wasn't too hot at first; we can now disguise ourselves as filing cabinets, telephones or even coffee cups. Even the great Linco has difficulty in finding us when an operational necessity i.e. a cup of coffee, is needed.

So far we have managed to brief and debrief all the patrols; kept all the maps up to date, done countless 'P' Checks' and made vast quantities of coffee.

Sgt Denman is now thinking of going from Northern Ireland as an Interpreter, as he can now understand both Southwailian and Northwailian languages. Two of the most difficult, after a couple of hours in the Bush.

LSgt Dobson (the NISERTician) has been dealt a severe blow from the cruel hand of fate, in reward for his hard work and devotion to his bed he has been posted to Hong Kong on return to Pirbright. All our thoughts will go with him and we are sure he will still be able to take his obligatory 2% cut of everything.

Mr. Hanbury, who we are sure is in league with the QM, solidly insists that the wearing of Desert Boots on patrol is due to him being crashed out, and not as was first thought, an advertising campaign for the QM's Boot Stall in Newry Market. The question still arises of how he managed to get his Interior Sprung Mattress; Poulson beware!

A bit about the boys from No. 4 Sangar, LCpl Rooney of whom it is untrue when it is said that he takes his mattress on many of his frequent patrols, has begun to admit that the coffee doesn't taste too bad (even though he never seems to be around when it has to be made) and at least he gets to see Top of The Pops now and again; more now than again.



Not so much a brick more a breeze block! Togetherness LCpl Head and Gdsm Jones 26.



Big Bird and his fledglings.

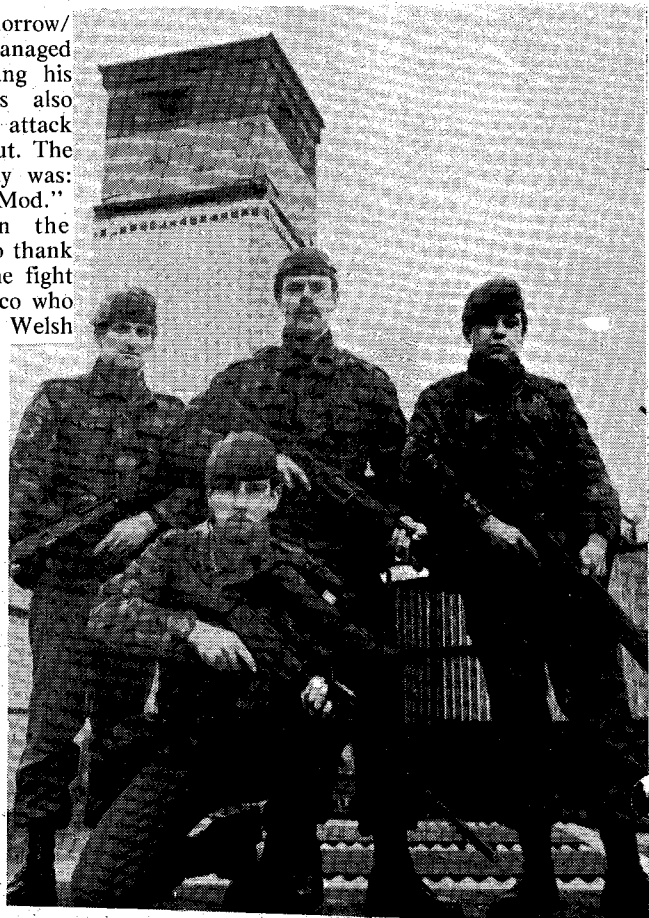
Parsons our resident Hercules, has denied stealing parts from the Multigym as he quite rightly states he has one already (from Berlin). One more point, we only call him Grumpy because we feel his other six brothers might feel a little left out.

Walker (Yes I'll do that tomorrow/ Lets Farmer Daughter it) has managed to do some work midst planning his holiday to Majorcca, he was also rumoured to have had a heart attack when, finally, he had his hair cut. The last thing he was heard to say: "Remember Sampson, he was a Mod."

All the Welsh Guards in the Intelligence Section would like to thank all the people who helped in the fight against terrorism, especially Conco who we feel would make a good Welsh



A swab a day helps you work rest and play.



LSgt Thomas's brick underneath No. 3 Sangar.

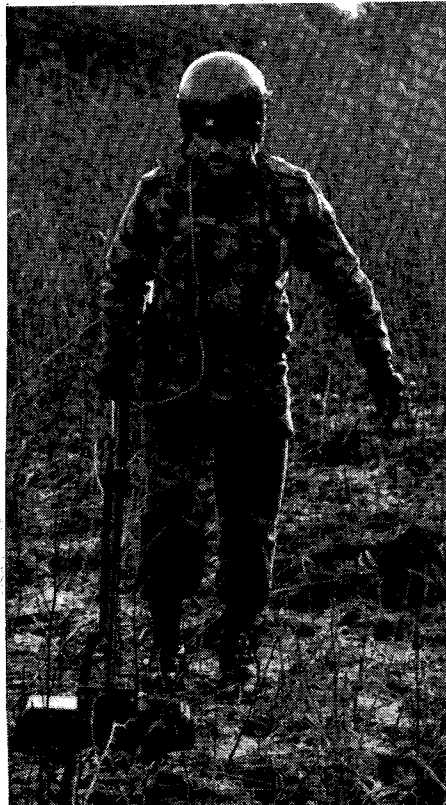
Guardman if he had a hair cut.

Ninco who we needed purely for his Jock sense of humour (which was non-existent). We would just like to say keep up the hard work!

Floater alias Sinker a sort of Royal Marine Officer, who we are sure will get better soon.

And finally Linco who maybe one day we will be able to recognise amidst all these aliases: Sid, Frank, Archie, 1½ Sugars, Thanks SIR!

We would like to extend the hand of welcome to the Kings Own Borders Int Cell and just say, You can have it! Don't forget Do You Need To Know! (Know what?).



"It beats, as it sweeps as it cleans,"  
Gdsm Lillwall, out and about.



"That's got rid of the Company Commander,"  
Gdsm Moulton containing the situation.

## THE ROYAL LEEK

Sir

We, the Royal Marines Detachment, wish to make our views known to wider audience than the long-suffering No. 2 Company — just so that your readers may judge for themselves the true facts during the inevitable debriefs that you will have once you return to the Anglo-Saxon mainland.

As you pull up the sandbags and switch off the lights to watch the blank tracer, pay special attention to tales of No. 2 Company. For those of you that did not have the privilege of serving with the Newry Company allow us to explain. The detachment occupies a choice area in that desirable property on the Downshire Road. We have very smart, brand-new and, as yet, unbent Landrovers — but we practice FMT3 procedure everyday. We work our own flexible (the key-word of professional soldiering) routine and we have our own cabin cruiser on Carlingford Lough which is leased by the Grey Funnel Line. Small wonder, then, that we don't bother about counting-off the days, hours, minutes to do before we return to our own Celtic Fringeland!

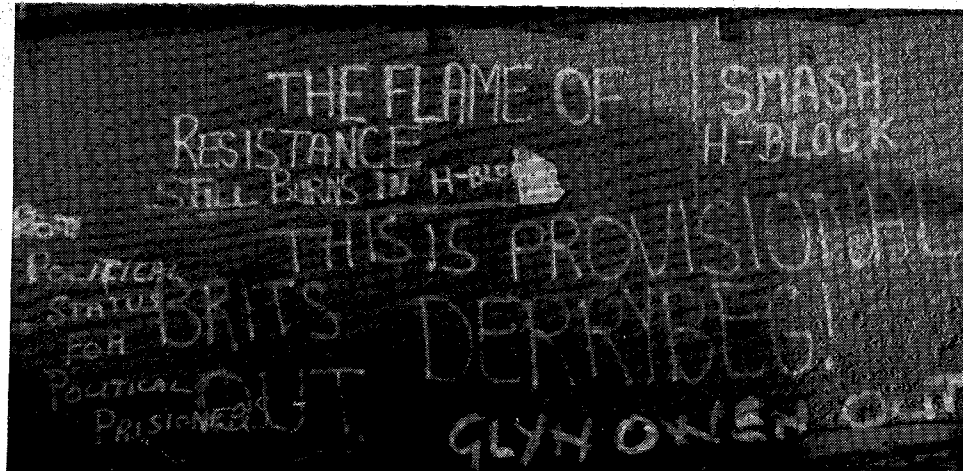
Long after you return to 'real soldering' (pounding the Pirbright

Parade) we will still be going round the buoy. Which neatly bring me to topic of nautical expressions. Beware of No. 2 Company's language! You will hear about the heads, the goffa-whallah and the galley. The run ashore, the Jack, the Wrap and the Trap. The snapper, bunk cabin and The Corps.+

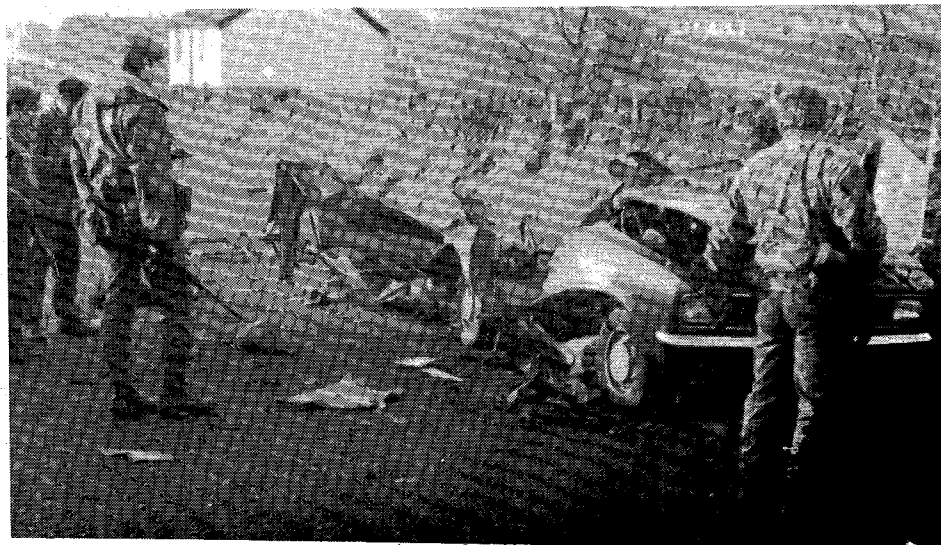
We, in our turn, have also discovered a lot. "Another Brick in the Wall" takes on a new meaning. So does Old Age Pensioners Parties. So do ferocious Sergeant Majors, sorry, "Company S'n't Majors," wrong, "Sir"! Similarly "Quormsarnt." To say nothing of peelings, swabbings and stags. And as for the numbers game! "Tell 04 to see 14 about 24 and 34 will report to me in 15 minutes time." All characters entirely fictitious and all a little confusing especially as we can only count up to 20 — after that we just say "A lot."

For all that we will retain fond memories of having worked with the Battalion and especially No. 2 Company. For those of you that can still speak Welsh "Dan Eich Bendith."  
+ Glossary on Page 8—9. —

We have the honour to be,  
Sir,  
The Royals



the writing on the wall.



Traditional 2 Coy use of minimum force to examine the cars ashtray.



"How many children have you got, Father,"  
Lt Harbury talks to Bishop of the Forces.



"Forgive him for he know not what he doeth,"  
CSM Dent with the Chaplain General.



LCpl Rooney takes cover.



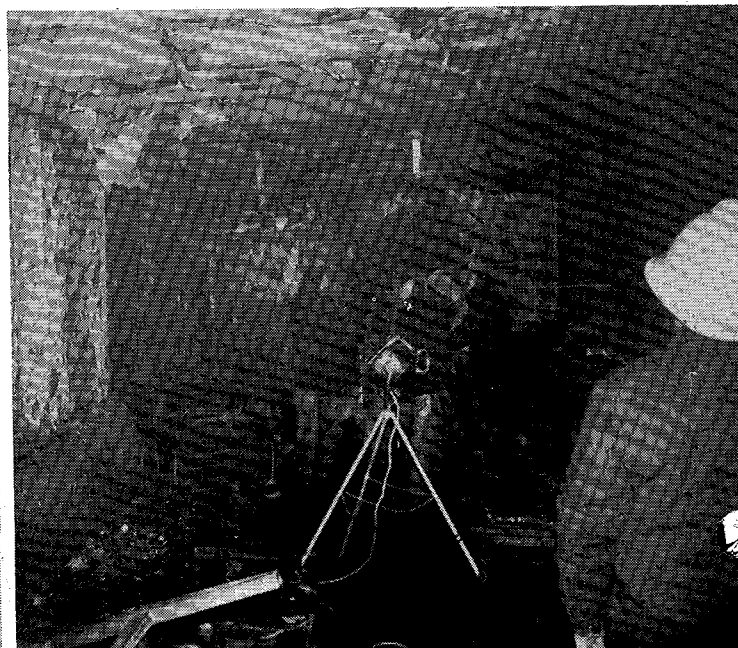
Gdsm 09 Evans, Austin and 18 Morgan accompany a  
Greenfinch on a search task in Newry.



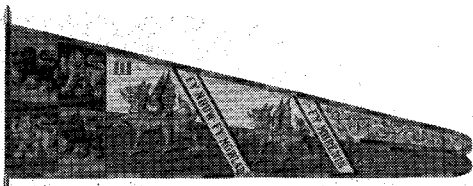
The Needham Bridge junction where Sgt Walfords brick were shot at.



Mobile patrol negotiating the Newry traffic.



Bit and Bridle — bit burnt out.



'My God, My Land, My King'

## Number 3 Company Bessbrook

Within our large and inhospitable area Number Three Company has been kept immensely busy in our ceaseless search for terrorists. In addition to our sangar — bashing and local patrols we have taken part in two major offensives, Op Acentric and Op Cestus. The former involving a host of highly sophisticated equipment ideally suited to the Company's wealth of technical expertise. The technical jargon used was well summed up by No. 7 Platoons radio report that "all this . . . . kit is knackered." Op Cestus has brought out the best from the car enthusiasts. Despite being out in very miserable weather for two long weeks the Dublin Road Gang plate checked nearly 2000 vehicles a day with the result that Sgt Morgan 82 and his Signals team have had to learn to operate their equipment with their toes. The 'Gang' have arrested 31 people as well as stopping and searching the singer Dana on each of the three occasions she came through the VCP during a period of 30 minutes.

Each VCP Team has its own characteristics. Sgt "I'm not very fond of Irishmen" John ruthlessly stops everything on wheels in his effort to better LSgt "if it moves arrest it" Hinder's



Company Sergeant Major Hough  
— Border Jack.



Dublin Road Recce by Coy HQ.

arrest rate. With Sgt John's striking rate of 1500 cars a session, Gdsm Astley has been forgiven for shouting out plate checks in his sleep. On the subject of LSgt Hinder, readers should know that his "masked campaign", his novel approach to hearts and minds, has been curtailed due to lack of funds.

2Lt Malcolm's VCP Team are truly "Little Iron Men." This was proved in true Evil Knievel style at 4 o'clock in the morning when LSgt Roberts 32, Gdsm Evans 15 and Roberts 65 stopped an accelerating van with their heads. This was the first time this stunt has been attempted whilst pushing a trailer and was an enormous success. The van was a total write off. After a stay in Musgrave Park whilst the vehicle's bumper was removed from their foreheads the three are now to be seen keenly sizing up articulated lorries from the edge of the A1.

2Lt Errington's VCP Team may well appear in the Good Food Guide. Their searching is restricted almost entirely to food lorries and the RUC have been persuaded to cook for them throughout their tour of duty. As a result they are the most 'visited' VCP.

Not everybody lurks on the Dublin Road. Within Coy HQ the dreaded desk duties roll on. Lt (promoted in the field) Whitehead, the Jodrell Bank of 3 Company has nearly finished his "Maths For 6yrs Olds." Lt "Spelling Mistakes" Minoprio continues to plough through "How to succeed in the Int World" and Capt Gwatkin, now a proud father of a baby girl, practises nappy changes on his empty In-Tray. Our Company Commander has changed, Maj Goodridge has left to be the Regimental Adjutant and the whole Company wishes him well in his new job. In his place the Company extends a warm welcome to Major Belcher who is quickly grasping the complexities of South Armagh life.

He has yet to forgive CSM Hough for laughing at his attempt to speak to a Wessex pilot through the earphones of his headset!

We all remain calm but occasional



Lt de Zulueta "taking in the rays."



Capt Gwatkin — demonstrating the present yipes.

behavioural oddities are seen. Lt Minoprio's habit of grasping unattentive radio operators in 'Vulcan Death Grips' has been secretly reported to the doctor as has LCpl Weaver's reply "We have no batteries for them" to a request for a sleeping bag. Sgt Morgan 82, normally the steadiest of men, has started to foam at the mouth a little when presented with the fifth snapped aerial of the day but this may only be practice for the behaviour required of him when he returns to the Signals Platoon.

An ABC Television Crew has filmed the Intelligence Section and made them extremely vain. Stage make-up litters the 'Desert office' and LCpl Lewis 81 answers all calls with 'is that you Liebschen'. In his efforts to look battle-scarred for leave, Lt Minoprio rather painfully walked into a barbed wire fence. He thinks it was worth it, but is furious that the face wound is healing too fast.

No. 7 Platoon had an ammunition find in mid-January which greatly boosted morale as well as making them unbearably boastful. Their new term for tactical operations is 'constant eccentric lurking.' This is not a Warminster — approved operation and is best described by a

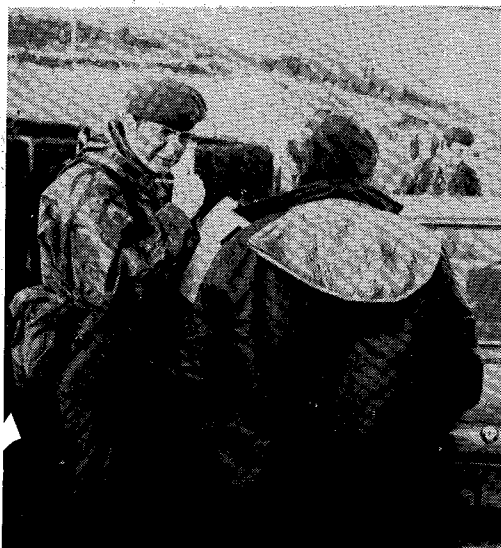


7 Platoon "at home" — Happy as pigs in . . .

farmer who reported 'strange shuffling noises' coming from his barn. Sgt 'Jap' Perry, the 'Armagh Fox,' has now perfected the art of living inside a blackthorn hedge. He is ably supported by his own team of moles, LSgt Jephcott, LCpls Loveridge, Scourfield and Smith 57.

Number 8 Platoon has now thawed out after being told to move from a long ambush to assist in a one day re-supply operation. This in fact lasted 40 hours during the coldest and wettest weather of our tour. We think a record was achieved when Gdsm Evans 03, Salmon and LCpl Jones 94 fitted themselves into one sleeping bag and Hughes 58 savoured the joy of stepping into a sleeping bag two thirds filled with water. He recorded one of the very rare cases of trench knee, and hopes to appear in the Lancet. Sgt Samuel reckons that his stint on Op Acentric was equally unpleasant but he lacked wounds to prove his case.

9 Platoon are still all hard at it with LSgt Roberts, Gdsm Joseph and Morris 25 having their efforts recorded by ABC Television. Lt de Zulueta's multiple have



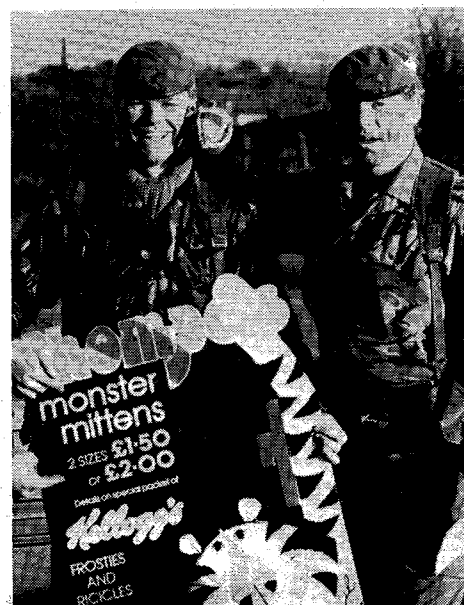
"D'ye no ken yer name either."  
Pte Wilson interviewing a local.



"Right men follow me!"



Gdsm James settling down for his stag with Gdsm Amesbury alert on the gun.



"Monster mittens for mighty men."  
Gdsm Astley and Gdsm 85 Williams.



returned to their old hunting ground by Lough Ross to 'get a terrorist.' Should they fail in this they will be putting the finishing touches to their definitive work on 'Derelicts I Love' which should be on sale in time for the South Armagh tourist season.

Certain awards are likely on the completion of the tour, LSgt Baynham, Hughes 58 and Hicks for their survey on vice in Quaker Bessbrook, Amesbury for wearing the most ludicrous footwear on patrol, and Burnell for going deeper into the Irish bog, without drowning, than anybody else.

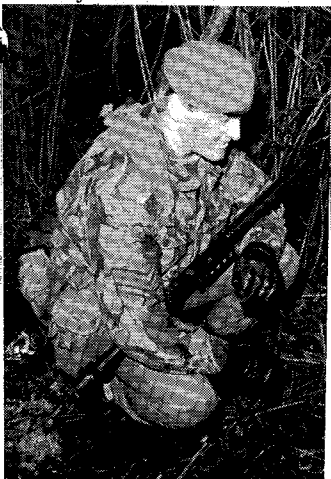
Well, the end of our Tour approaches. We have done our bit and in hindsight we will look back with pride on the good job we have done and above all on the comradeship and special spirit that is only really found in Number Three Company. We miss our homes, parents, wives, children and girlfriends and until 28th February we 'stag on' in our cheery old way.



CQMS Davies 54 sitting on a fence and LCpl McGuinness



"Can I have a shot" The Company Commander and Burnell.



LSgt Roberts 32 with his find of a terrorist shotgun.



Return from Ambush Gdsm Copeland, Gdsm Cooling, Lt de Zulueta, Sgt John.



2Lt Errington leaving the monacle unloading bay.



"Now when I was in Aden . . ." The Company Commander putting Coy HQ in the picture.



"Has anyone seen 40"



82 Morgan, Norris, 49 Owen and 81 Roberts.



"Twos up with the fork."

LSgt Roberts 32, LSgt Jephcott, LSgt Price 21, LSgt Hinder suffering from defence cuts.



ARF returning from 40 hour crash out!



3 worlds of Int. Covert : LSgt Wigley, Overt : Lt Minor  
Deskert : Pte Wilson.



LSgt Price 21, Shankland, West, LCpl Miles, Smiff 57 LSgt Hinder, 89 Jones, Burnell.



LSgt Roberts 35 demonstrating the Irish  
tennis racket.



"No I'm not Major Goodridge," Coy Comd  
puts Bently in the picture.



"I always wear a tie for breakfast,"  
82 Morgan.



25 Morris "lurking."



Northern Ireland ceremonial order with and with  
headress. LSgt Willoughby, LSgt Baynham,  
07 Davies, Jones 73 (modelling cape).



'Fear Nothing But Disgrace'

## Support Company Newtownhamilton

As the tour draws to a close Support Company continues to maintain a good relationship with the local people.

We have had the pleasure of entertaining several visitors of various shapes and form. One of them was CSgt Williams 500, who spent a couple of days acclimatisation in Newtownhamilton. Although he is now a member of NITAT he was unfortunately unable to declare the tour over.

Although the Company photograph was taken in the square during a snow storm, the result was most successful. It took much management from the CSM to organise and caused great concern to the Ops Officer.

At one time we thought Newtownhamilton base was being picketed by other regiments. The front yard was full of Marines and the backyard full of Paras. In fact they had been helping to protect the route during the resupply to Forkhill and Crossmaglen.

There has been a great amount of bartering for stag during the Wales v. England game. It has even been rumoured that the watchkeepers roster has now been marked in permanent lumocolor to avoid any unscheduled alterations.

The healthy rivalry between the Ops Room and the Intelligence Cell has continued throughout the tour. The better equipped Intelligence office has managed to keep its nose ahead. Capt Peel Yates has controlled the Ops Room with characteristic calmness, ably supported by LCpl Harford. The Intelligence Cell says goodbye to Gdsm Sutton, who has returned to Berlin and civilian life. LSgt Calladine has managed

to set a record for missing 17 empty helicopters in one afternoon claiming that there were no flights to Newtownhamilton. Gdsm Parson and Rosser have remained cheerful throughout.

We must say a final thankyou to Sgt Clarke for providing such excellent meals during the tour.

The end of the tour is now upon us and the Drums can safely say that they hand over in the same high spirits that they have maintained throughout the tour.

There have been some changes in the organisation of the Drums. We welcome LCpl Donovan and LCpl Owen (54), who both have returned to the fold from civilian life. Dmr Davies (43) has moved into the Ops room because of a leg injury.

We continue to patrol the cuds with vigour and cool efficiency. LCpl Hughes' (15) brick skills now extend to deep water rescue after Dmr Rogers tried to swim a bog. This has been noted by Capt Peel Yates for his new Battalion Swimming Team.

Sgt Roberts (48) has been largely responsible for introducing the Kings Own Border to the cuds. During one of these patrols he came under fire from a crow scarer, upon which a successful right flanking attack was carried out.



CSM Malcolm and Dmr Jenkins 78 lower the Dragon for the last time.



"Its good to be back," Gdsm Garmey and Capt Peel Yates.



LSgt Hooper waiting for a bus.



Enjoying a warm meal at the end of a long patrol.  
02 Johns and LCpl Hughes 15.

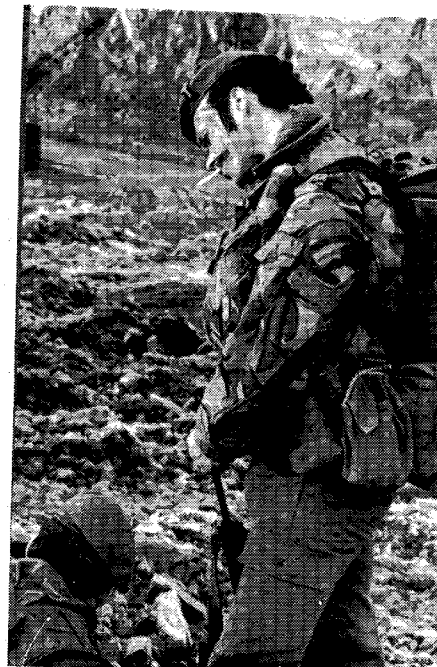


Sgt Downes

"Happiness is England 9 — Wales 8."



Gdsm 92 Jones and friend sharing a secret.



"Which way did the Gringo go?"

When not on patrol the Drums are beating time to the rhythm of mops and brooms as we prepare for the handover.

We welcome Sgt Elley to the ranks of the Drums for a specific operation. Apparently he was transferred for a record fee from the Intelligence Cell.

The Drum Major has been directing matters with his natural flair and still manages to keep a close eye on haircuts.

The Drums also say goodbye to Newtownhamilton. We have made many friends during our stay, although we hope we are not forced to renew our relationship with them in the too near future.

The daily life in the Mortar Platoon is still providing a variety of amusements. LCpl Clements does not fancy himself as a matador as he was seen fleeing in front of a herd of bulls. A few days later a street light bulb shattered with a resounding crack, which nearly resulted in a 'contact' report.

LCpl Shaw seems to have won Mad Mary's heart recently as she gave him some sweets and cigarettes! What is his secret?

Capt Sayers has yet again been involved in an operation in the Crossmaglen area. His patrol have been seen to disappear with enormous bergens strapped to their backs, and to re-appear three days later slightly the worse for wear.

Congratulations are due to Gdsm Burke after his recent engagement. We also say goodbye to Gdsm Kiley and Mikitzak, and wish them well in civilian life.

Sgt Evans 84 claims to have won the pools although, as yet, he has not told anybody how much. Sgt Elley and he seem to have set up a splinter group from the Sgts Mess syndicate.

The Company will look very different when we return to Pirbright. We say goodbye to Maj David, who returns to N. Ireland fairly shortly; to CSM

Malcolm, who is posted to the Gu Depot; to CQMS Lyth, who goes to Training Office. The Company return to normal with the return of two 'Lost Sheep' — the Anti Tank COP platoons.

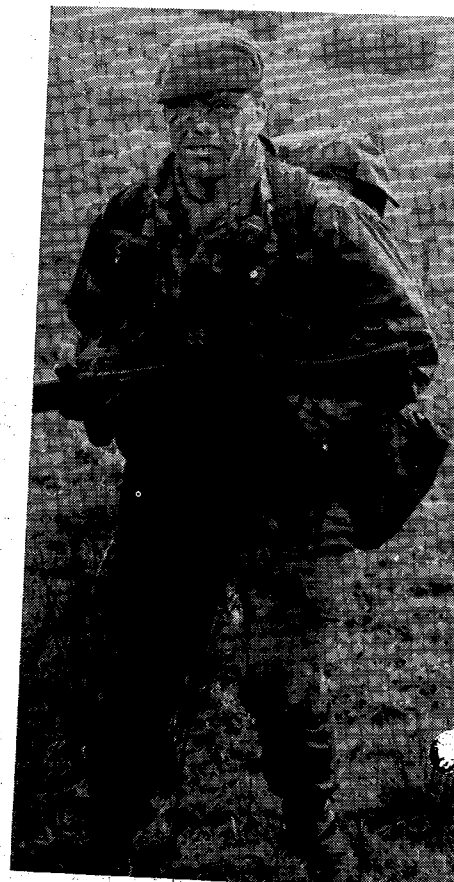
Everyone is looking forward to the well earned months leave, and are ready for Spring Drills in April.

Addendum: It has also been rumoured that 2Lt Syms has managed to compromise a 'lie up' position due to excessive snoring — what do they teach them at Sandhurst these days!



Stag on 1 KINGS OWN BORDER

Gdsm Coleman, Gdsm 84 Roberts and LCpl Clements on their last town patrol.



LCpl Shaw on rural patrol.



"You go and get 2 more then we'll fight you."  
Sgt Evans 84 with some local toughs.



"Beam us up Scotty," 26 LSgt Jones 48, Sgt Roberts.



LCpl Gwilym at the PVCP.



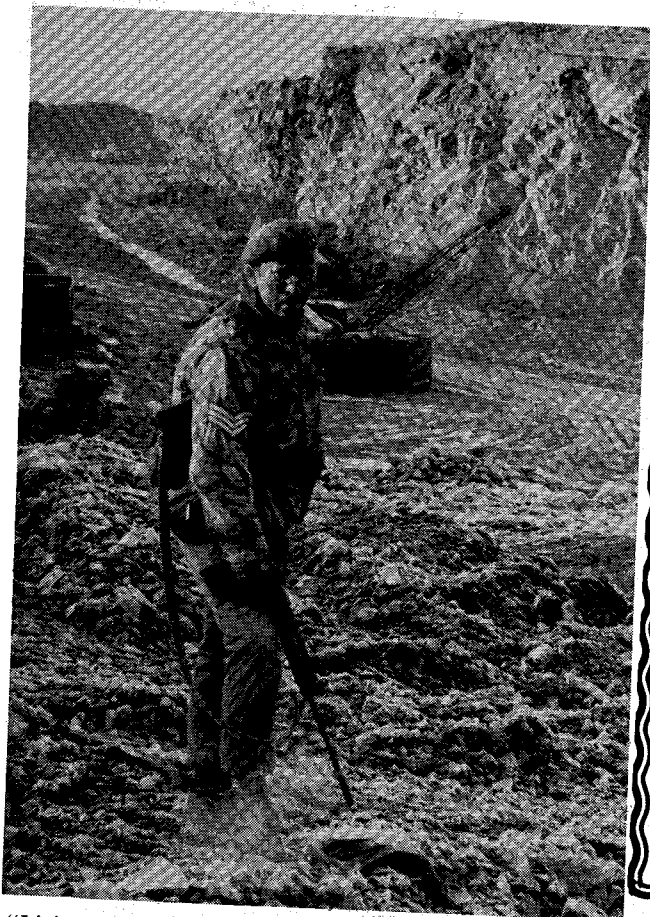
Dmr Pike, 92 Jones, 2Lt Syms. Saracen VPC on Op Wiseacre.



Sgt Evans 84, LSgt Keoghane, LSgt 77 Davies, Kiley, Lonergan and Hammond — "Briefing."



East-West homes best.  
D/Major Carron



"I joined the Army to get away from the mines." LSgt Jones 13.

### THE SHOW IS NEARLY OVER

And so the show is over,  
Op. Banner now is through.  
The peace we kept for four months,  
With the good deeds that we do.  
We did our job with dignity,  
We did it all with pride.  
Whether on a foot patrol or on the road we ride.

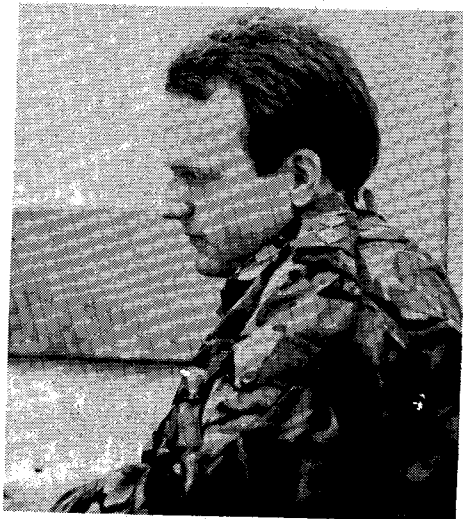
With Prince of Wales in Crossmaglen an area full of crime  
Watching every step you take,  
Is how you spend your time.  
Two is down in Newry a town where danger lurks,  
Living close together, and not a lot of perks.  
Support & Drums in NTH a place so dimly lit,  
But fair do's to our mates down there they all did do their bit.

Which brings us to o'l Bessbrook Mill the axel of this wheel.  
Who do their share to make things good no matter what you feel  
Three, do the patrolling, just like all the rest.  
H.Q. do the issuing from maps to thermol vests.

We thank all the other arms like ATO and RE  
We go in search of nasty traps and risk thair lives for thee.  
And also of our unit cooks who make our splended meals  
Also to the REME who fix our guns and wheeles.

And now the tour 'as come to close we are through the stormy weather.  
No matter where you were my friend we made it work together.

GDSM Duggan

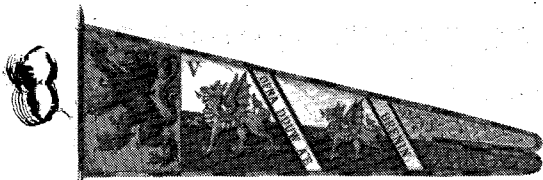


★  
Capt Peel Yates

"Shall I,  
shan't I?"  
★



★  
Loneragan —  
deep in the cuds.  
★



# Headquarter Company

'Fear God, Honour the King'



After 4 months in the warren of Bessbrook Mill the MFO Boxes are emerging after winter hibernation. Headquarter Company will soon be on the move back to Pirbright and outside the Company Office I haven't seen a gloomy face in the past 2 weeks.

As Company Commander there is little for me to say except that the Company has done a magnificent job in supporting the Rifle Companies. Working out of the limelight and on 24 hour shifts is no easy undertaking whether you are a Craftsman in the REME or the Duty Photographer in the Darkroom. I thank you for making the best of the last four months and for maintaining your sense of humour — most of you!

Company Headquarters however is tinged with nostalgia. LSgt Holland I know will miss his involvement with; Public Relations, Republican Complaints, Leek and Visor notes, taking 'Rats' to the vet, typing the Community Affairs Report and his daily treat of making the Company Commanders coffee. CSM Parry is almost distraught at no longer having to fish the beer can tops out of the Fruit Machine and what will CQMS Neck do without an extra 90 people to accommodate in 20 beds?

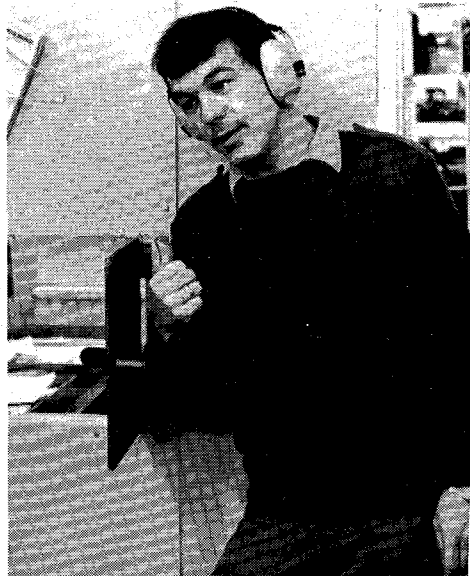
I wish you all a very well deserved and refreshing leave before the Company meets again in April.



Listening to his masters voice.



"Bet you miss him."



Not listening to his masters voice.

## FROM THE MEDICAL CENTRE

On our arrival in Bessbrook last October our first impressions of the medical centre were poor and not improved by the obvious cheerfulness of the departing medics and the stories they told of the depressing life in the mill. However during the next four months the place asumed a character of its own and became a more pleasant environment in which to live. Nevertheless we will willingly hand it over to the medics from 1 KOB and gladly exchange the colds and sore feet of Northern Ireland for those of Pirbright, especially with the prospect of four weeks leave in between.

We have been fairly busy during the four. In addition to routine sick parades there have been eight "crash outs" requiring the medical team to provide emergency treatment and casevac.

We hope the rest of the tour passes uneventfully and would like to thank Buzzard, the pilots and aircrew for the help they have given us during the last four months.



Pay office posers.

Standing SQMS Lane, LSgt Calladine, Major D Kirkwood, LSgt Christie, LSgt Dobson. Kneeling, Pte Morton and Pte Wilson.



Medics 3,

Capt (Doc) Tully, Gdsm Hall 46 and Sgt Hughes 90

## CLOSE OBSERVATION PLATOON

Prior to this article it has taken us 4 months and 2 weeks last Saturday, (longest serving Platoon in the BN TAOR) to decide that you really do need to know!!

After much aggro from the Editor (who thought a tumble dryer was a washing machine) here we are at last.

Since our arrival last October we have been kept very busy carrying out various tasks. Certainly we can claim to be the only members of the Battalion (except for the Top Brick?) to have served all parts of South Armagh. After spending the first 2 weeks at Ballykinler "polishing" our skills we moved to Bessbrook and within 24 hours were on the ground covering the Battalion move into the TAOR. Since then we have completed numerous tasks from daily routine patrolling to spending days in the bush.

Recent arrival to the Platoon was an unmarked parcel from a London SW1 address, to our illustrious leader. Enclosed were several pairs of socks, with specific instructions that they were to be worn on the move back to Pirthbright!

Unfortunately we have said farewell to two members of the Platoon who have departed to civilian life. Sgt Morgan (17) (a notable character in the Battalion) and LCpl Haycocks. We wish them both success in their new employment, and hope to see them at Pirthbright. We are now getting ready for the handover and then some well earned leave followed by that odd sight of everyone dashing about like madmen on the tarmac square (no not Crossmaglen) but dear old Pirthbright.

NB: It was last reported that the Battalion "Top Brick" were last seen just North of Dundalk moving South?



Sgt Carlisle in a tight corner.



Lt Malcolm "I'm not entirely sure . . ."



Badger — Capt Wight.



CSM 28 Hughes — perplexed. "Where has Capt Wight gone now."

### COP

The BHT (Bessbrook Hindsight Team) aided by Alec "Smiley" Henderson has come up with a bump or in the vernacular "good crack." The other night "Smiley" was heard to say "more jam on the scone." — could this mean that he's had a BGO (Blinding glimpse of the obvious). Let us get to the point. The intelligence wizards tear the cosy quiet of HQ Coy has been horrifically infiltrated. A savour collation! For some months now Buzzard has been complaining of intrusions, wild helibids, cancellations, and the complete sabotage of his flight plan. Meanwhile a gaunt dark haired man with a strange foreign accent has been seen lurking round the G1098, and some of the demands, for equipment from the mystical extension 31 have left "King Brian" sweating. Slowly at first from outrageous reports in the newspapers about pigstye commandos manning deceptive agricultural buildings in Eire the ghastly truth was pieced together. The whole Welsh war effort over the past four months has been sabotaged. Slogans daubed on the walls

in Camlough reading 'Game set match to Badger' and 'Rocker Rules' finally gave the game away.

Let us look at this new desperate enemy. For the most part small and squat, the taller ones favouring moustaches, they rarely go out in the daytime. Although usually fond of hedgrows, dams and dark places, some have been seen running insanely through the mud waving crazily at helicopters. What are his capabilities. Well the normal "strike" is double handed. First you'll be invaded by loaded individuals, getting in the way demanding means clogging your administrative system. Secondly the Ops room will suddenly lose all comprehension, strange callsigns, traces like drunken spiders and paper, paper, paper will bring the company to a halt. Last and worst for those that have experienced it, they may even appear in your area, in your hedges and your ditches.

Fortunately this may be avoided. Just don't deal with any of the following individuals photographed below.



Sgt Radmilovic manning the Ops Desk.





### NOTES FROM THE QMs DEPT

We are now coming to the end of our tour and as you can imagine this is a very hectic time for the Department, with all eyes set on the goal of a good hand-over.

We say farewell to our comrades in 2 PARA, ATO Staff and REST and wish them success in their remaining time out here.

The QM is a bit upset in leaving here as he still holds a large quantity of "Desert Wellies" which have occupied a permanent place in his office. The QMS is up to his neck in empty cases (thanks to the Corps of Drums) and his 2IC, LSgt "Dai Dark" Roberts 73 is looking forward to opening the Main Gate for the last time. We say "Thank you" to Sgt Hogarth for his supply of newspapers and it is just a rumour that he has already jacked up a paper round in Brookwood. It is also sad to see our most helpful team of LSgt "Eric" Padmore and Gdsm "Paul" Williams 24 split up. They did such a fine job that they were going to start their own business known as "Padders & Paul's, Patches, Purses & Pistol Pouches, Ltd." On asking around the Department for notes for "The Leek", these are some of the answers we got.

CSgt Wilson. "The problems out here can be solved if QMSs took it easy on their F.C. & A."

CSgt Jones. "Don't ask me, ask LCpl 'Kinnegar' Ellison."

LCpl Ellison. "Typical, passing the buck again."

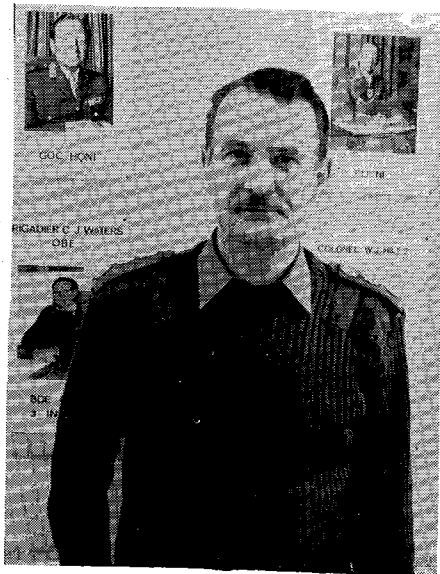
Sgt Jennings. "If anyone can survive 4 months working with 'blanch' Duggan without cracking up they must be insane." (It is regretted that Sgt Jennings has been taken away in the pink bus with blue wheels to Netley).

Gdsm Duggan. "All I'm going to do on my leave is look out of a window." Mrs. Duggan's feelings on this has not been found suitable to print.

Gdsm Baker. "As per Sgt Jennings, except that I'm feeling fine."

Well we also say cheerio to CSM "Dixie" Dean who is returning back as MTWO, much to the annoyance of Sgt Ward. Gdsm Cole has asked "Does that mean I get a desk all to myself now?"

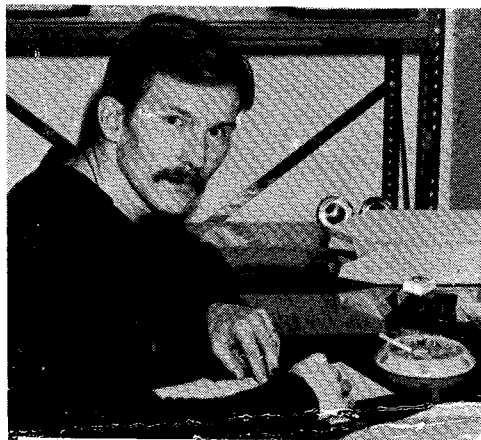
We now look forward to returning to Pirbright and normality? Where the only



Quartermaster Capt B Morgan, with new sighting list.

thing flying around POW Coys location will be the CSM. Where you will not require a 'Day Pass' to enter 2 Coys lines, or will we? Where the Pioneers can have a rest, 2 Para won't have a Coy attached requiring their Ops Room changing every 4 weeks. And CSgt Wilson can have his Spring Sale of NI kit.

We would like to close these notes by thanking all the QMSs for their co-operation during the tour and we hope they continue the movement on our return to Pirbright.



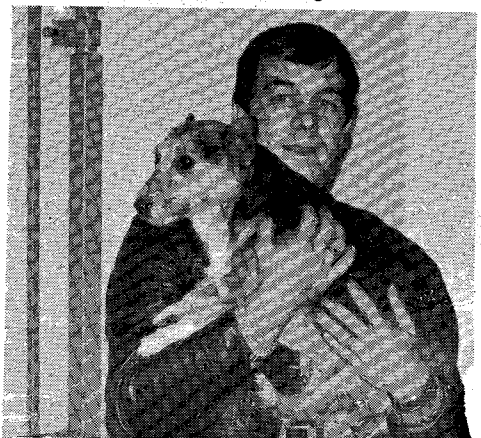
Gdsm Baker writing his memories.



"A stitch in time . . ." LSgt Padmore.



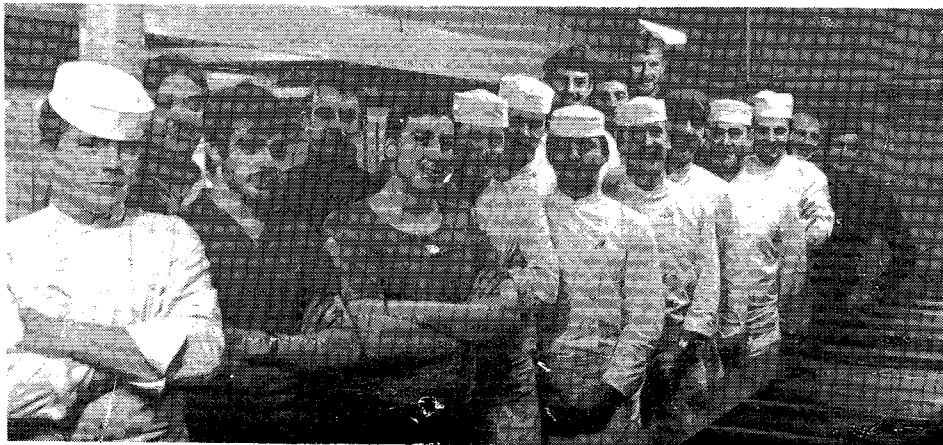
Spot the pioneer Sergeant, LSgt Fennel and Gdsm Binnel.



Rats having been given 14 days detention for being sick on the Ops room floor.



Gdsm Duggan celebrating his birthday



"Too many cooks . . ." The cooks at Bessbrook.

**BUZZARD NOTES  
CAULIFLOWER AIRWAYS**

44,813 passengers, 11,094 Bergans, 717 tons of food, 1 dog and a Prophet have passed through Buzzards hands in the last 4 months. It is of little surprise that they consider that they have aged 10 years during this time and asked what the ideal qualifications for a Buzzard are. They for once agreed that the combination of a bald head, cloth ears, a drill voice and an expert on soiled mattresses were as good as any.

The Buzzard Team admit they would be at a slight disadvantage if they didn't have anybody to fly the aircraft and therefore generously wish to thank all the Pilots and crew members who have helped with the Muppet Show demands. Too numerous to mention all by name they have picked on a cross section of talent "including, "I'll go anywhere Colonel Ralls," Flight Lt "Smiler" Hewitt, Cpls, Frigg, Mich O'Hare, telephone link man Cpl Paddy Jackson, Sgt "Shout Hudson" and "Whispers" Buckley.

To all our pilots and supporting crews, signallers and Storemen a very big thank you for 4 months hard work.



Buzzard Ops

CSM Dean was on duty as, "Buzzard" at Bessbrook controlling a continuous stream of helicopters coming in and out of the helipad, when he spotted a small vapour trail coming from an approaching Scout helicopter. He immediately instructed the pilot to land and close down the engines. A quick inspection revealed a serious leak in the fuel lines.

The certificate states "It is of utmost credit to Warrant Officer Dean that he took enough pride in his job to have spotted the fault when not directly involved in either servicing or refuelling of scouts. He prevented what would have developed into a serious situation for the pilot and inevitably an aircraft fire."

Major General WNJ Withall, the Director of the Army Air Corps made a special trip to Bessbrook to present the Certificate of Commendation and Tie of Merit to Dixie Dean.

This is one of the very few Commendation Certificates presented to an infantry soldier.



DSgt Evans 87 getting a grip of R12F.



The Director Army Air Corps presents Certificate of Commendation to Warrant Officer Dean.



The busiest heliport in Europe.



Top Brick, winner of "the most flying hours competition."

**ORDERLY ROOM NOTES FOR THE LEEK**

February, undoubtedly will be one of the best months of 1980. And so we find that at last our 4 months in South Armagh is almost over and we are to return to sunny Pirbright.

The Orderly Room as always is in very good form. The Orderly Room Colour Sergeant is still trying to climb that rope in the Mult-Gym while Major Watt is still trying to reach it.

LSgt Stacey on the other hand has been seen gathering Acorns, Nuts and various other little titbits ready for the big sleep. His social life expectancy is estimated at being on average 6 hours per day and 18 hours sheet pressing, although it is hoped that a certain young lady from Swansea can keep him awake for a little longer.

Gdsm Wilkinson is getting married on March 22nd we would like to wish him every happiness, although there are a lot of rumours that it might be a shotgun wedding as he has been putting on a lot of weight since his R & R.

Gdsm Bray is now completely involved on the Movements side of things and is frequently heard to mutter &—+ $\frac{7}{8}$  $\frac{3}{4}$  $\frac{8}{3}$  Kojak everytime R & R pax came for their briefing he ended up with a couple of floaters because that is sometimes how they ended up getting home. By Ferry. But we do wish LCpl Czernikovics every success in his new post at the Guards Depot.

Whilst in the Comcen there have been one or two changes. We said a very sad farewell to Gdsm Jones (29) and in his place we welcome from the Int Office Gdsm "plenty of typing errors" Sinstadt who does improve every time he goes back to bed. LCpl Atwell did tell Major Watt when asked how Sinstadt was doing that he would be alright in about 2 months time! We must return the favour to Int one day for loaning Sinstadt to us, we won't forget!!!

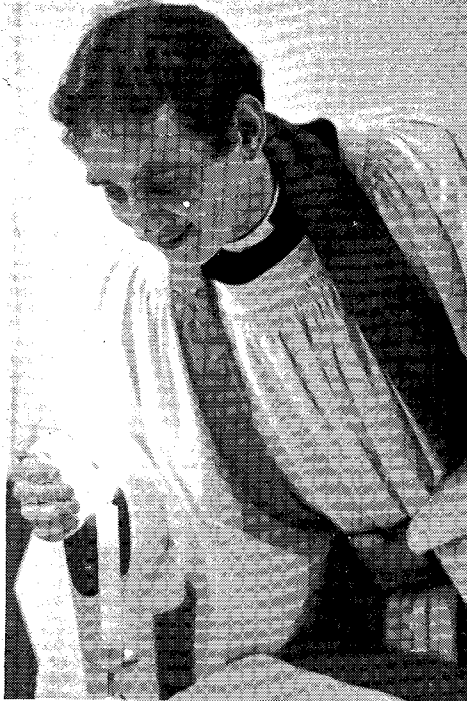
Gdsm Stevens is still battling with LCpl Atwell for operator of the tour but LCpl Atwell will win as he is senior to him.

LCpl Bond has we fear suffered a

rupture after repeatedly carrying photocopiers from the Orderly Room to his vehicle and then on to the Falls Road for repair. And have you tried hard targetting with a Photocopier in both hands?

We wish LCpl Atwell every success in his new post as Top Clerk in Headquarters Company Office and on his forthcoming marriage.

Finally we would like to nominate the Padre as the most improved typist of the tour.



The padre — "my braces have snapped."



What about the Irish show jumper who broke his nose jumping against the clock.

An Irishman was working on a building site. The foreman asked him, "Will you dig me a hole; 20 feet deep by 100 feet long by 40 feet wide — today please!" "Oi can't do that in a day," says Paddy, "It'll kill me." "We'll give you a JCB." "Keep your bloody medals, I still can't do that in a day!"



"Come on lad you're supposed to be an all weather soldier," LCpl Rice and Gdsm Wilkinson.



SSgt Balchin who kept all our weapons serviceable throughout the tour.



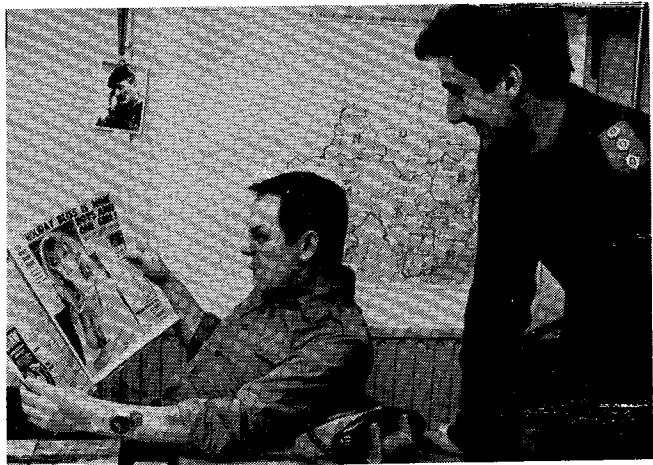
LCpl Henry Bond "The last post."



... and its Major Stephens safely over Beechers Brook ...



PR is a pain in the neck — Major VPW Harmsworth



CSgt Pearson showing an interest in current affairs.



Having refused a transfer to Capel Curig Rovers.

● ●  
**FOOTBALL**

**SERGEANTS MESS TEAM FINALLY NOTCH UP A VICTORY**

Every evening at 6.30 in the 'KOP' at Bessbrook, the intrepid footballers from the Officers and Sergeants Mess have met in battle. Despite some brilliant play and some unmentionable fouls the Sergeants Mess could not break down the Officers Mess defence until one memorable night when the Sgts Mess beat the Officers Mess 10 goals to 8. The Officers were most distressed that it ruined their 100% record as shown below:

Team	Won	Lost	Draw	For
Offr Mess	20	1	—	226
Sgts Mess	1	20	—	203

(The accuracy of the figures is somewhat questionable Ed.).

Quotes from the leading players after a hard season.

CSM Hughes (28): "It is not the winning that matters but how you play the game."

Sgt Ryall: "I was always looking for someone to pass the ball to but everyone is always marked."

ORCS: "I had no difficulties avoiding the Officers tackles but the centre posts proved to be the problem."

CQMS Neck: "What's this offside nonsense."

PMR: "The Officers mess team have accepted a £2 transfer fee for me from Episkopi Rangers."

RSO: "The barrack damages bill for breaking 23 lights with my high balls I feel is a bit excessive."

Sgt Atoner: "I really enjoyed getting into the corner with the ball and kicking hell out of it."

Maj Watt: "Of the 75 goals that I scored the most memorable 7 were . . . ."

Capt Henderson: "The standard is not quite as high as when I played for Southampton (show off)".

RSM: "Don't pass it to Napoleon."

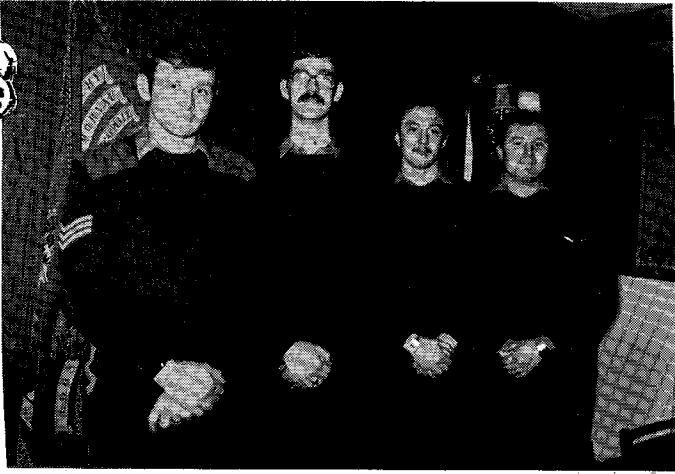
S/Sgt Sorensen: "Each game is a bundle of laughs."



The Welsh under 61 football team.



Editorial Staff of the Leek.



Officers Mess Staff, enjoying a joke.



Sgts Mess Staff.

### LETS PARLER "CRACK"

A Kestrel's eye view of the Intelligence Battle in South Armagh.

The Ops Officer — A person of considerable consequence.

The Int Warrant Officer — An unwillingly civilianised soldier, who dreams of uniforms and shiny boots in his spare time.

CSM HQ Coy — A harassed watchkeeper.

Prophet — A Media Hack.

The Quartermaster — The man who keeps the Ops Officer's ideas within the bounds of possibility.

The scene is the Battalion Ops Room. The Ops Officer and the Watchkeeper are working; Prophet is socialising; and the Quartermaster is trying to find out how many square feet of accommodation he is being required to conjure out of thin air for the next Op Wiseacre. The Int DSgt enters looking excited. . . .

Ops Offr: "Whats going on DSgt?"

DSgt: "Well sir, the MIO is having a punch up with the CID, the SB are disputing who gets the credit for finding the cache of Mickey Mouse masks, the Intelligence Officer says he predicted England would narrowly beat Wales and Buzzard refuses to comment."

Ops Offr: "What else is new?"

DSgt: "James Grant, sir. He's just walked into XMG sir. We're going to lift him."

Ops Offr: "Who?"

DSgt: "James Grant, sir."

Ops Offr: "Who's he?"

DSgt: "Haven't a clue, never heard of him in fact sir."

CSM HQ Coy: "We had a Grant in Sp Coy about 14 years ago. Remember him, sir? He went absent."

QM: "I remember him. I was the quarter bloke and the twit went absent with a parka of mine."

DSgt (on the phone): "Wait a minute sir, some crack coming through now. . . ."

"Right sir here's the full story. This Grant lives on the Concession Road and is Prince of Wales Coy cas con 152. Just to confuse the issue, it is thought that he was abusive to Mr Minoprio in

Camlough last month, and so Mr Minoprio promptly listed him as 3 Coy Cas Con 6520. However the interesting part of it is that there is a connection between him and a female Research Office source called Autumn Legend, and he has visited her at her home in Camlough."

Ops Offr: "DSgt. I hope this is leading somewhere."

Prophet (despairing): "Its all very well, but wheres my PR line?"

CSM HQ Coy (Who has been following the conversation): "LSgts Hollands got your line, sir. Its with the rest of your fishing tackle that you wanted for the weekend, sir."

DSgt: "We're coming to the crunch now, Gentlemen. Listen in! Autumn Legend is believed to have had an illicit relationship with Grants father, Patrick, who originally came from Bangor, and who had links with the Free Wales Army."

Ops Offr: (bored): "Fascinating. Grade F6 as usual."

DSgt: "Not at all sir, pretty well A1 sir, we got it from SB source XB 15766653169. That's Patrick Grant himself sir."

CSM HQ Coy: "That Grant from Sp Coy came from Bangor."

DSgt: "Exactly — and his father was called Patrick."

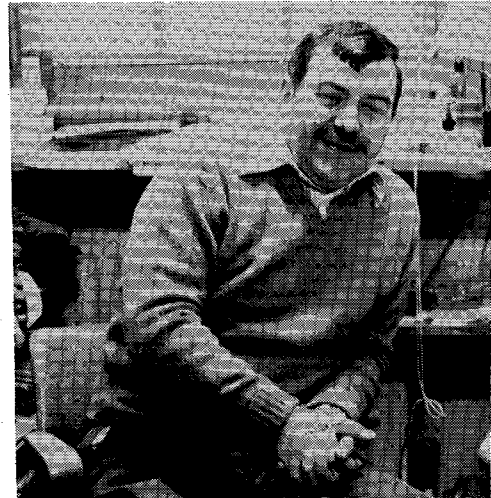
Prophet (confused): "You don't mean . . . . ."

DSgt: "Yes sir we've just arrested an absentee of 14 years standing."

QM (triumphantly): "If he's wearing a parka, it's mine!"

Donc c'est preuve que tout va bien si c'est termine sur un high note.

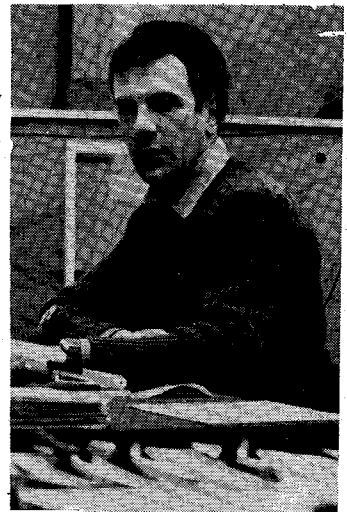
(Alls well that ends well)



"The Inspector Clouseau of the RUC."



"I don't know why they call me spock," SQMS Lane presiding over the pay office.



MT — Deployed on a landrover.

**BATTALION INT NOTES**

And so, in what seems like no time at all, the time has come to write our final entry for this auspicious magazine. Our small paragraph is usually produced by Sgt "Money Penny" Daniels who after 4 months is still unaware of the difference between a photocopier and a shredder, consequently we have an abundance of unwanted documents and one or two rather important ones have been reduced to thin slivers of indecipherable waste. By now you will no doubt have guessed that this is being written by someone else.

Sgt "Slack Pat, not so chunky" Aston is now looking very trim and when not sneaking about the Province is engaged in a pitched battle of wits with Money Penny, and he's winning all the way.

Gdsm "I hate work" Sinsinatti is looking forward to his return to RHQ, he is wandering around the office muttering strange phrases like, 9 til 5 and women typists, we are not sure what these mean, but believe them to be some kind of RHQ code.

LSgt Saunders has vowed never to read another newspaper in his life and is now behaving in the nicest manner possible in preparation for his new job on the Regimental Police.

LSgt "Howard Hughes" Turner is very busy now, for not only is he counting the pennies, he is counting the days.

We have it on good authority that LCpl "Worzel Gummidge" Rice has bought himself a comb, all he needs now is someone to show him how to use it.

LCpl Marlow is still proving invaluable as he is one of the few people who understands Irishlogic, unfortunately to do this he has to sacrifice a little common sense.

The Drill Sgt 0022 will soon be handing in his Lamborghini, X Ray spectacles and G1098 Beautiful blonde and turning his back on the world of espionage in favour of Drill Parades and Memorandas.

Finally Capt "George Smiley" Henderson can't wait until the end of the tour, rumour has it that he is going on a 4 week holiday to the Mediteranean to, practice walking on water (a feat we are all sure he will find relatively easy after the miracles he has been performing over here in the past 4 months).

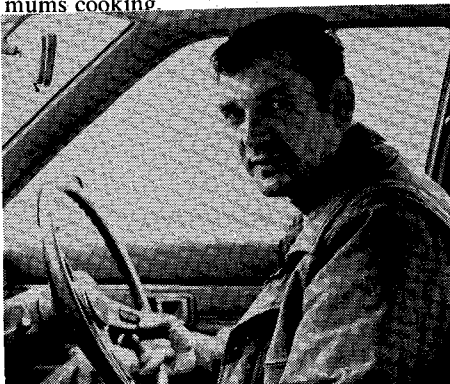
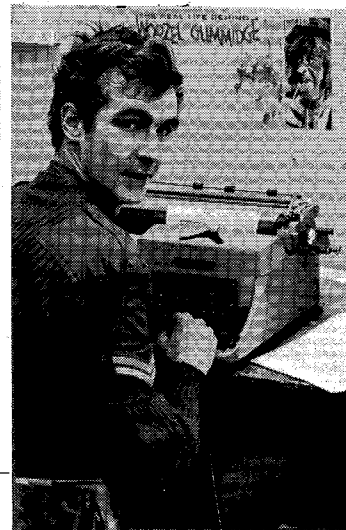
In closing we would like to say that in no time at all we will all be home with our wives and enjoying whatever comforts that might mean, this is of course with the exception of Gdsm Sinstadt who says that he can't wait to get home to his mums cooking.



We'll meet again. The local belles bid farewell



"Your swabbing area stops here," CSM Hough and Capt White.



"Your a cracker Crocker!" DSgt 22 Davies.



All roads lead to . . . . . Returning from a glorious week-end in the country

# NOTICE OF WARNING

Notice is hereby given to the Friends/Neighbours/Wife/Girlfriend/Parents of  
 No.....  
 Rank.....  
 Name.....

Within the near future the above mentioned will enter once again into your midst to take up his place as a human being, in a free, safe, civilised society, and to take up, once more, his delayed pursuit of happiness.

In preparation for his return you are advised to make considerable allowances for the crude environment, extreme poverty, and lack of contact with the fair sex, which has been his miserable lot for the last four months. In all probability he will be suffering from a certain form of lunacy known as Bessbrookitis, or Newry Fever. During the next few Weeks/Days it would be advisable to be especially watchful when he is in the company of women, particularly young beautiful ones. Parents are advised to keep their daughters indoors during this period. It must be explained, in all fairness, that his intentions are sincere even though they are of a dishonourable nature.

Treat him with kindness, tolerance and vast quantities of beer, wine, spirits, food and alka-selzer, cigarettes, money, parties, holidays so that eventually the true.....

Generally speaking, except for the odd grunt and a tendency to stare in wonder at carpets, settees and other forms of furniture, he will be fairly amiable. You are advised, however, to show no signs of alarm if he prefers to stand for hours searching the odd passer-by, or only allow visitors into the house after they have produced positive identification. Be patient too if he climbs into the attic, removes a tile and scrutinises the surrounding area for two hours at a time. Just tell him when his two hours are up and he will probably be quite happy to keep you company for the next four hours. He will, we hope, soon tire of this routine.

The following trends in behaviour and mannerisms are forwarded to you with suggested remedies which we hope will prove effective.

1. On seeing you reading a newspaper or magazine he will shout "twos up" pass him the paper when you have finished. On NO account pass it to a third person once he has shouted.
2. If you find him standing outside the kitchen door muttering "two chogyburgers" make him two hamburgers and fill a plastic cup with tea or coffee. He will probably say "book", make a list of what he has had in a book until payday.
3. If he keeps dodging in and out of doorways when he goes shopping just keep walking and ignore him. Only time will cure this peculiar habit.
4. If he can sleep for only 4 hours at a time don't worry, there is no remedy for this it can only be hoped that in time his nightly slumbers will resume a normal pattern.
5. If he refuses to go anywhere unless its by helicopter tell him the dlags in and theres no flying so all movement is by covert vehicle.
6. If he asks who's on stag, just say Nobby. He should reply "Good old Nobby."
7. If you take him for a drink and he refuses to drink more than two pints, tactfully explain to him that he may drink more if he wishes. He may be insistent that he cannot drink more, if so, don't attempt to force him.
8. He may insist on following any workmen around the house and staying with them while they carry out their tasks. This is a force of habit which is more common in acute cases of 'Bessbrookitis.' The only advice that can be offered is again to be patient and hope that time will cure the complaint.

9. It is possible that he will utter statements which could easily be misunderstood. Such as asking you to check his weapon, or ask for a 'P' check. He is not being rude, but has merely forgotten where he is. Reassurance is the key in curing this complaint, tell him his weapon is clear or in the case of a 'P' check stand up, put your arms above your head and allow him to search you.

10. It is possible that he will work weekends and most evenings. Attempt to explain to him that there are such things as weekends in normal life. He may find this difficult to understand.

11. If he rushes outside at 0745, empties dustbins and picks up cigarette butts, tell him there is no inspection this morning. He will grin and say "3/8+—& good show."

12. He may prefer to eat his meals out of a tray, explain what a plate is and the different types available.

For your further information here is a list of words used throughout the Army but particularly in Northern Ireland. We hope it will help you in translating his conversations.

Chogy Wallah	Form of cafe owner
Kip/ Gonk	Sleep
Skiver	A person who looks busy doing nothing
Leg it	Go away
Mucker	Close friend
Blimp	Stares at females
Chuffed	Highly pleased
Jarred	Highly displeased
Flapping	A state of Panic or Worry
Purging	Moaning
Scott!	Food
Diggers/Eating Irons/ Scoffing Spanners	Knife, Fork, Spoon
Blood Wagon	Ambulance
Sharp end	Where the action is
Banjo/Sarney/Wad	Sandwich
Shreddies	Underpants
Crashing	Passing round the fags
Tap	Borrow money
Pit	Bed
Choked	Disappointed
De-Gunge	Wash
Gungy	Dirty
Flake out	Fall asleep
Stag	Guard duty
A Grott	A dirty person
Get the Z's in	Go to bed

We sincerely trust that the information given will be an aid to rehabilitation of your Son/Husband/Relative/Boyfriend. Treat him with kindness and he will soon become the person that you once knew.

C.F.S. Stephens  
 The Director  
 Rehabilitation Centre Bessbrook



**Bessbrook Mill at night**