

THE LEEK

CARIBBEAN TOUR

VOL 1



1st Battalion Welsh Guards
BELIZE 89 

MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER



We are now over the half way point in our tour and I meet very few who are not thoroughly enjoying their time in this fascinating country. R&R is in full swing with Welsh Guardsmen at holiday resorts all over Mexico, the Caribbean and the United States. Some are climbing others canoeing down unmapped rivers, sailing, windsurfing, diving or waterskiing off some of the most beautiful beaches in the Caribbean. Some are actually working!

Despite all the fun and opportunities there is no denying that we miss home and the arrival of the mail, as always, when the men are abroad or in Northern Ireland is the highlight in everyone's day. Knowing that all is well with you at home is also all important and I would like to thank the Families' Staff for the frequency and accuracy of family news, good or bad, from Pirbright.

Eight weeks to go, not really very long now.

EDITORIAL NOTE



No, now don't tell me, I think I know where this one goes! (Captain Gaffney - The Editor)

Once again by popular demand, The Leek hits you hot off the press. A heady concoction of news, views and anecdotes reflecting life in this cozy corner of the Caribbean. For those of you who can remember, the last edition was published way back in 1986 when the Battalion was on its Belfast tour.

It seems like only yesterday that the Great White Bird touched down in Belize International Airport - the Adjutant restrained himself from kissing the tarmac on this occasion.

The first two months seemed to have flown by in a flurry of different activities. From jungle schools to operational patrols, adventure training to Caye jaunts, terrain tours and garrison duties, underlining the myriad of activities the Battalion has to perform.

It is worthy of note that the Battalion is split up and spread around four equally exotic and delightful camps and therefore each location has its own particular story to tell! Suffice to say that everyone is convinced that they have ended up in the best camp and lose no time in informing their unfortunate counterparts that they have got the best of both worlds. Someone must be lying!

By the way, thank you for the Spring Onion you sent us - it was much enjoyed by all, and brought tears to the eyes of some.

Finally, my thanks to all those who have contributed to the various articles in the magazine and sacrificed valuable time away from perfecting their tans!

JUNGLE SCHOOL NORTH

Jungle School North started off with more bite than had originally been intended. This was achieved with the aid of a Jumping Pit Viper and LSgt Emanuel's right foot. It also rather shot to pieces the aim of the course for the students which was to allay any fears and misconceptions about life in the big jungle. "Treat it as though it is nothing more than a huge forest back home" was one piece of advice from a Brunei veteran. Someone should have told the snake that they are not normally encountered in the principality! Despite the rather dramatic approach to testing the casevac system the jungle course got underway on the 9th April with 120 Guardsmen, Gunners and Hussars tabbing their way into the school at the start of a ten day "bimble in the bush".

The atmosphere at the outset of the first course was a little subdued partly due to natural apprehension about the jungle and also to a lack of acclimatisation with most having only been in Belize for a few days.

It did not take the boys long to become familiar with the more common aspects of jungle living. "Medical" complaints such as "gollock bites" and "machete rashes" became familiar jargon within hours. It is said that the loudest noises in the jungle emanate from the birds and monkeys yet it seemed that the cry "medic" by human voices topped the decibel scale that afternoon as Guardsmen sweated away wielding their parangs cutting enough wood for their "A" frames. There had been doubts that two courses comprising 120 soldiers would be clumsy and unmanageable, however these fears proved groundless. Watching that number of people clearing an area of jungle for sleeping purposes is an ecologists nightmare. They were not ozone friendly although the timber cleared should keep Battalion Headquarters in stationery for a week or so.



"Smile" - The World loves an idiot! (Sgt Thomas, Sgt Jones)

All the instructors lost no time in aping their Brueel counterparts and the "DS" stick became very much a part of life. Sgt Evely took the fashion honours sporting

a particularly trendy set of webbing. Public opinion was that it looked extremely flattering and with the DPM and Aldershot fashion designer label it was definitely a must for im an image conscious potential Brecon instructor.

We were lucky enough to have the remarkable Domingo Ake trapping for us. He was remarkable for two reasons, firstly his jungle and survival skills and secondly his ability to consume vast quantities of AB biscuits with consummate ease and no apparent ill effects. Domingo had many attributes but conservation was not one of them. Monkeys in particular tended to get a raw deal out of Mr Ake's night time forays in the jungle. Domingo would give his own version of the crack and thump demo normally at 3 o'clock in the morning. Crack would be the gun blast followed by the thumps two seconds later as the monkey, or what ever unfortunate animal got in his way, hit the floor.



What do you mean you've eaten all your compo! (Domingo Ake, Jungle School (N) Tracker)

The first five days were fairly slow with great emphasis at night, placed on personal administration. There were many extremely impressive "A" frames constructed, yet to call them "A" frames is an injustice. In the case of LSgt Mott and LCpl Topps the word condominium would not be misplaced. LSgt Smith 91 built perhaps the sturdiest construction as one might expect and jokes about "bending back a couple of redwoods" were not far off the mark.

Despite many snake sightings no one succumbed to the lure of the MRS. As a Guardsman pointed out "If I bumped into you after 10 days sweating in the jungle I'd think twice about nibbling your ankle".

LCpl Curtis caused quite a splash on the river crossing. After having diligently checked his section's flotation aids and lilo sections and then helping them into the water, neglected to take the same precautions himself. Consequently as he started off across the Guacamallo river the non bouyant bergen not unnaturally started to drag him down.



A Bulldog chewing a wasp! (Sgt Evely)

Obviously being a friend of LSgt Bierton does have its advantages and only after a supreme physical effort did LCpl Curtis manage to drag himself out the other side with bergen and all other faculties intact.

Fortunately both courses finished with no requirement for body bags and with the aim hopefully having been achieved. Most enjoyed their time out and no doubt many stories will be flowing around the camp fire for much time to come.



Warning - one of these is not a non-commissioned officer (CoH Burbidge)

JUNGLE SCHOOL SOUTH

Jungle School South opened for business on 9th April with the first batch of willing soldiers ready to make the transition from the forecourt of Buckingham Palace to the jungle of Belize. CSM (Indianna Jones) Topham, by now a semi-native, had arrived earlier to set up the school and, most importantly, ensure that the instructors' accommodation was as comfortable as possible.

All was going well until we set off to prepare the area which had been set aside for the platoons. As we approached the area there was an ominous sound of chopping



I'm sure there were four of us when we started!! (Sgt Willoughby)

and, instead of rinding jungle, we encountered two axe wielding natives doing their best to imitate the large scale clearances of the Amazon. After a short, but stilted, conversation we learnt that they had cleared the area for a corn field, but elicited a promise to leave the jungle intact until we had at least finished our training.

As the first course got underway, it became clear that acclimatisation was a major problem. The first navigation exercise had to be taken at a slow pace, but there were still some heat exhaustion cases. However all was well as two exhausted platoons flopped into the Moho River at the end of the day.



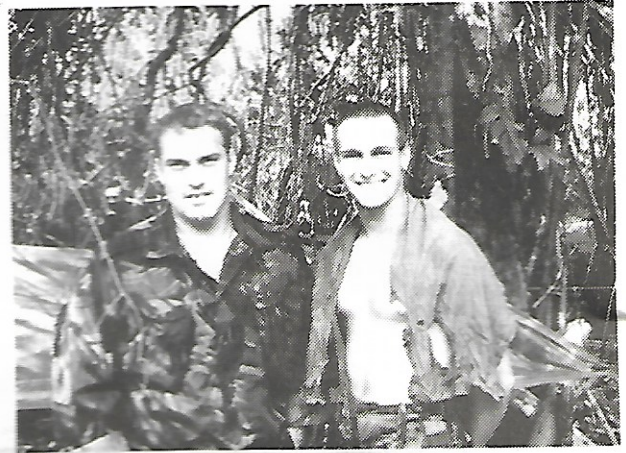
So we're not actually allowed to give any orders yet?! (2Lt Rackwell, 2Lt Macintosh)

The survival day also brought another teething problem to light. The local Indian whom we had hired to assist with our survival training was useless and probably learnt more from the instructors than we learnt from him. He was finally exposed for the fraud he was, when, following a loud clap of thunder, he said "when thunder like that, it no rain". As if on cue the heavens opened up and the rain poured down.

The second course proceeded at a brisker pace as we were by now more acclimatised. The survival training was much more of a

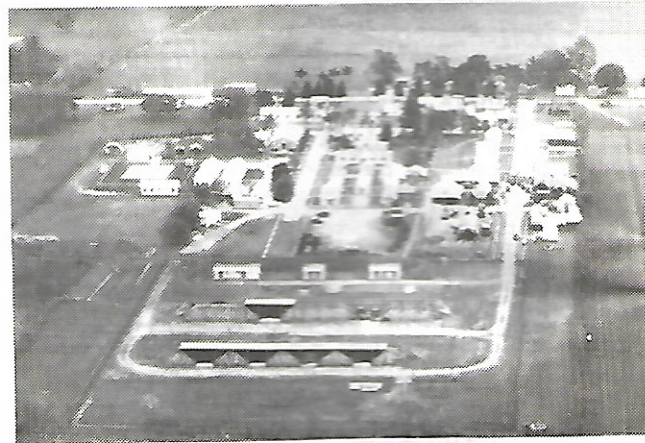
success with the assistance of two NCOs from the Belize Defence Force and a more competent Indian named Domingo. He managed to procure two Iguanas which were not to everyone's taste!

Jungle School South was fun for all participants and achieved its aim of introducing the Guardsmen to the strange environment which is to be their home for the next six months.



LCpl Price modelling the new improved tropical combat shirt. (Sgt Jones 73, LCpl Price)

THE PRINCE OF WALES COMPANY Holdfast Camp



POW's Coy playing hide and seek with a PUMA Pilot. (Holdfast Camp)

Introduction

Hotel Holdfast is often the description given to the Prince of Wales's Company Group Camp. We are certainly most fortunate in our choice of locations, with the pleasant climate and crystal clear blue swimming pool. But behind our relaxed facade the patrolling

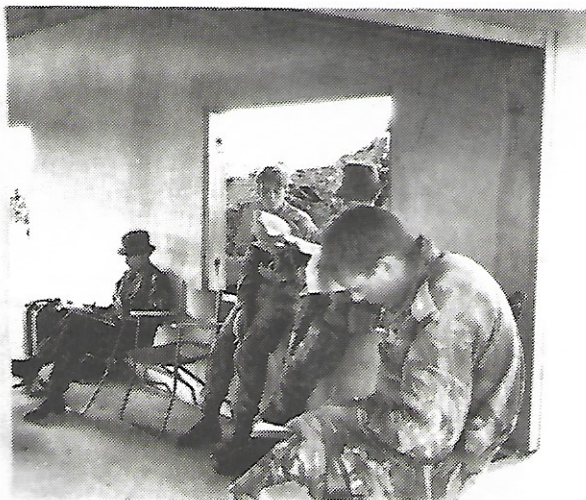
programme relentlessly keeps us all occupied. After the St Patrick's Day celebrations of epic proportions, lasting some three weeks, we had a certain amount of work to do when the Irish Guards left. I am certain that 2 Platoon never want to see another sangar or sandbag again. Whilst the MILAN Platoon turned their hand to the Cayo OP. After a considerable amount of tree felling the OP can at last see something.

As a Company Group we share our camp with a Troop of the Royal Hussars and a Troop from Alma Battery of 29 Cdo Regt. Whilst we still get confused by cries of "Heads and Trips ashore" from the Marine Gunners, relationships are extremely good. They are reinforced by endless games of volleyball and football and a constant stream of BBQ's. There are in fact a total of 9 different Cap Badges within the camp - a strange mixture from an RAF refueller to a Naval Medic.

The pace of life has been fairly fast and furious, but as the Battalion Exercise draws to a close we should now be able to make the most of all that Belize has to offer. Already we have had platoons up to Mexico, out to San Pedro and down to Placentia, but there are plans to go still further afield.

The platoons all have their different perspectives as to what has been happening for the last two and a half months. It is much better, therefore, that they should tell the story.

Coy HQ



A Samaritan's shelter in San Ignacio. (POW's coy 'O'Group)

The pre advance party consisting mainly of Coy HQ and elements of HQ Coy stepped off the plane and walked into what appeared to be a wall of heat. Within minutes we were leaking - this was to be a daily feature for the next 6 weeks. 2 Coy 1 IG were delighted to see the twelve "whities" walk into "sleepy hollow" Holdfast as for them we were the beginning of the end.

The takeover began in earnest with CQMS Harford and LCpl Weeks spearheading the attack on the

main camp. LSgt Clive Saunders taking over the cookhouse complete with rats (but don't tell the Quartermaster) and LSgts "scouse" Bukowski and Jenkins 27 (Starsky

and Hutch) doing their bit in the MT.

By the time the advance party arrived a week later the job was well in hand and so were the sun tans. It was now the advance party's turn (led by Maj Stephenson) to look with tired faces at the (bronzed Gods?) of the pre advance party.

By the time the Company arrived the donkey work had been done (LSgt Kim Hibberd was down to 23 stone) rumour has it he passed the weight to LSgt Tony Jones (90) who according to the stores team is expanding in the heat.

48 hrs after stepping off the plane Nos 1 & 3 Platoons of the "Jam Boys" were off to the Jungle School where they were put through their paces by Sgt George Evelyn and his team. The remainder of the Company were launched into a round of Camp Duties, Cayo OP and Jungle Patrols with the platoons changing over with the jungle school 10 days later. The Company Second in Command, Captain (I wear a gas mask) Ratcliffe, considered going off to the jungle school but after 10 days of trying to assemble his webbing, decided against it.



G.O.C. Holdfast "reviewing the fleet". (The Company Headquarters raft)

We in Company Headquarters are now well into our third month and unless your name is CSM "Stan" Cox we are fully employed (and not down at Eva's Bar ALL the time) which makes our time pass quite quickly.

LCpl Thomas 78 Hick (The only man who mates with trees whilst ski-ing) has adjusted to his new job with vigour, but still complains about anything when he feels like a quick purge. Still, he is from Carnarfon.

LCpl Patten continues to bluff his way and even worked a sly one by having his leg put in plaster (obviously has a mate in APC Hospital). Now he's out of football for a while maybe the Coy side may pull off a win, even though Major (I've pulled a ligament again) Stephenson continues to opt out of this (cluck, cluck).

LCpl (Chesty) Littler tried to join Coy HQ as an interviewer for the local schools, but due to his past record of minors involvement, this ruled him out.

Finally in Coy HQ we must give a mention to our "Camp Fuhrer" Lt Reid - who was last seen in military uniform in April (this was for a photo) and now spends most of his time planting flowers outside the Officers Mess (upper class mansion).

NO 1 Platoon



On the right Gentlemen - the majestic splendour of Hill 107's reverse slope! (Number One Platoon)

One Platoon have decided to present their Belize experience in their own rather novel and curious way!

SHOCK REVELATIONS ABOUT MILAN PLATOON COMMANDER

The Combined Services Entertainments Group arrived at Holdfast to have reviews and put Captain Ratcliffe's private life firmly under the microscope. The event was followed by Gdsm Heath's singalong and the Company midnight swimming gala.

COMPANY EXERCISE SPECIAL

One Platoon reach the top of local hill; oxygen used for the final 2000 feet; 2 stops to recharge Gdsm Cox's pacemaker.

EXERCISE DAYE CORKER

Two days on a remote tropical island disappeared into oblivion, with only vague, hazy memories of One Platoon, accosting the Commanding Officer (who paid for that round?), fishing on the reef and a stormy trip back.

DEL MONTE MASSACRE

Phantom driver crushes fence and orange tree at Mountain Equestrian Trails.

FASHION PAGE

Dreadlocks on the troops, a must for the fashion conscious.

BOOK REVIEW

Demolition Derby in a 4 Tonner - Gdsm Newman OE

Abseiling off bridges without ropes - Gdsm Hughes 64

"A" Frames I have destroyed - LCpl Thomas 35

Hangovers and how to survive them - LCpl Godwin

APPOINTMENTS

Maj General Mulholland 34 - Personal confidant to the Company Commander

Gdsm Ordish - promoted from Jungle Barman to Combat Waiter. Awarded crossed forks on his SAS (Service with a Smile) selection.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE ANIMAL KIND

LCpl Williams 16 meets the 6 inch, no 2 ft, no 10 ftboa.

Sick as a parrot - Camp pet has it's wings clipped. Local sentenced to death.

Compo the cat - fed on baconburgers and the CQMS wonders why she is on deaths door the whole time!

One Platoon entering the Grand National en masse (Gdsm Jones 93: 1,000,000 - 1. To make it to the first fence).

John Wayne Carter - sent out on a water patrol, returns on horseback.

Zoo trip - Gdsm Cobley forced to pay to get out.

CHARITY SPECIAL

Sticky bun mercy mission, a C135 to fly out emergency supplies for Gdsm Callacott.



Gdsm Callacott caught indulging in his favourite passtime.

LOST

Set of teeth slightly crooked, last seen on dance floor of Black Coral, doesn't bite, answers to the name of Keith the Teeth. See Lt Reid. (Horse substitutes would be OK).

Pension book if found return to Gdsm Cox.

WEATHER

It's HOT! DAMN HOT!

SPORTS

Late results:
Volleyball - Offrs Mess 2, Gdsm 15.

Cricket - POW's Coy - lots, Royal Hussars - not many.

NO 2 Platoon

Two Platoon were pleased to arrive at such a well organised and tidy camp as Holdfast. There were many signs of approval, at the way our predecessors had left the camp. So it was a happy first few weeks that we spent, before making the major adjustments to Jungle School.

Having acquired new skills in survival and greater knowledge of the jungle we set to, with building "A" frames hoping for a comfortable night's sleep. Howells would be the first to admit he had a bad night, precariously balanced on one side of the "A" frame. As the rest of us slept soundly we all secretly hoped to hear the crack of splintering wood, and the shriek of the ill-fated occupant providing, of course, it did not happen to ourselves.

The Platoon were also to discover that the new Platoon Comander was



At some point in their lives they must have been beautiful otherwise known as "The Bad, the Good and the Ugly"! (Lt Reid, 21t Bartle-Jones, Capt Ratcliffe)

a dab hand with the old map and compass. He proceeded to take the platoon to places where no DS could find them. There was no stopping him as he also decided to take the Pl Sgt and signaller walkabouts. He was also determined that "no ambush should be too short". As always Edwards 83 was there to provide us with amusing and sensible comments and boost morale. However, one of the most significant inclusions on Jungle School was that of Rowe, to Pl HQ. Sitting around a camp fire, we discovered to our amazement that Rowe, before joining the Army had made satellite dishes. It was only later that we found out he merely put sellotape on the boxes that the dishes came in!

Back at the ranch, it was time to improve the tans. For some people this was not the case, LCpl Bowen arrived in Belize the same colour as he will leave; and as for 57

Roberts, he has gone through more skin grafts than anybody else. The Cayes became the major weekend attraction though the dish bar still had more temptations for some. However, a successful weekend was had on Caye Corker by the Platoon, and the admirable performances by LCpl Mott and LCpl Bufton were noted.

As the Queen's Birthday Parade drew nearer few will forget the antics of a very delicately balanced Heath, to whom losing at cards had a very profound effect.

The Company Exercise lived up to expectations and produced some varied and amusing incidents. It was not until we were all well and truly settled into our patrol harbour that we discovered the Sibun Gorge had an abundance of reptiles. In fact it took all our powers of persuasion to prevent Sgt Cordy from keeping "Coral", the snake, as a pet.

Still, not even the abundance of snakes would stir Griffiths 63 from sleep, in fact it was enough just to wake him for scoff - keep taking it easy 63.

Two Platoon also produced a revolutionary idea for jungle warfare. If involved in a camp attack the Platoon would form up in extended line getting Big T to charge forward onto the enemy position, therefore providing a clear route for the Platoon to sweep through (Warminster TTB to be informed).

Finally the Platoon would like to wish Heath the best of luck on his forthcoming posting to a submarine unit. His underwater skills will be deeply missed in the Platoon.

So far we have had an exciting and entertaining start to the tour, if things continue in the same vein there will be many more amusing stories to relate.

NO 3 Platoon

After reaching the third month of the tour 3 Platoon seem to have settled in well.

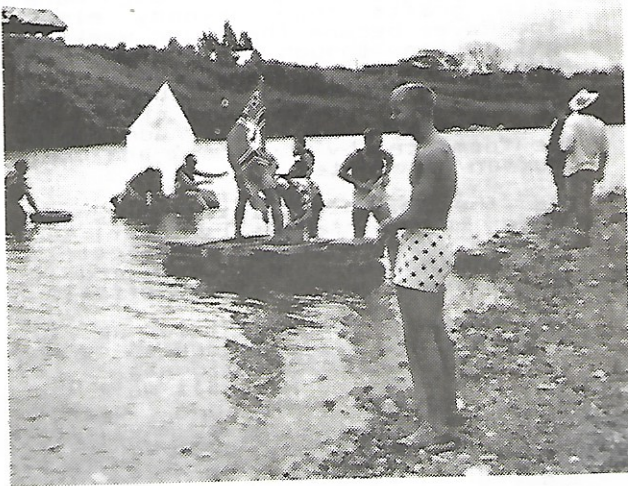
Every morning starts with early morning PT with LSgt "I think I'm still on selection" Lloyd 28 demonstrating that he too can be like Ben Johnson without steroids.

Congratulations to Gdsm Hughes 64 on receiving the Platoon's first "Dear John" of the tour. Never mind there's still Data Link.

3 Platoon's fencing team/led by LCpl "Adolf" Littler are doing quite well, however the Olympics seem a long way down the road due to the fact that the only fencing they have been doing is around the camp perimeter.

The local barber has put in a complaint to the Coy Comd about LCpl Pennock due to the lack of trade between the two of them. When confronted LCpl Pennock put it down to an act of nature and a sign of virility.

The newer and younger members of the Platoon have found a new club to frequent down town called the Rainbow Club. However, we must hasten to add that Bunge, Zippy and George do not frequent this place.



Gdsm Williams 70 contemplates the latest product of the naval defence cuts. (The Royal Hussars and Three Platoon's raft)

On the other hand, Gdsm Monaghan more commonly known to the Platoon as "Jed" has become good friends with the local Mennonite population due to the selection of his civilian clothes, which includes his Tom Sawyer hat. Meanwhile, Gdsm Evans 62 has appealed for an extension of his tour over here, he has found some long lost relations in the local town (although with smaller noses).

During a recent PT lesson our residential swimming champion Gdsm Moseley whilst swimming in the local river claimed a Rinohippercroc grabbed him and started to drag him under, hence the appearance on the scene, of Gdsm Edwards 56 (the Platoon's answer to Mick Dundee), who rushed to his aid. Rumours now have it that 56 is off to New York for his R&R.

The Battalion's Heavyweight Boxing Champion, Gdsm (Rocky) Ratti?, has hung up his boxing gloves and decided to leave his promising showbiz career in boxing behind him and has become the Poet Lauriet of the Platoon.

Meanwhile Sgt "give me a fag, butt" Edwards 74, has left the steaming metropolis of Holdfast Camp after a promising career as a mountaineering instructor which could have left Chris Bonnington blushing, after our last excursion into the jungle. Presently he is away at APC doing his education; I hope one of his subjects is geography.

Our residential Clansman Repairer is LCpl "Fluffy" Griffiths 34 more commonly known recently as "Desert Orchid" after the performance he put up on patrol whilst chasing men on horesback. The BDF person with him, now known as "Black Beauty", came in a close second after a stewards enquiry.

LCpl Owen 64 is still in mourning after a recent bereavement at Wembley where Everton lost, the Platoon hopes he removes the black armband as he goes on R&R soon since it may affect his suntan.

Neuro Micro Surgeons were rushed to Holdfast Camp straight away after the Cov Exercise in an attempt to remove the jungle from Harvey Goulbourns back after his appointment as Platoon runner for

the exercise.

The month of May saw the start of R&R with Gdsm "Teenwolf" Davies 87 and "luscious" Lloyd 39 flying off to the Bahamas, however, on returning to camp it came as a bit of a shock to them that dreadlocks are not allowed in the Household Division and therefore they were ordered to have them removed along with the medallions and white suits.

Ever since arriving in Belize Gdsm Hamster "Chestwig" Bogdan has had little luck. First he stepped on a load of glass and badly slashed his foot, now secondly he has been ordered to cut down on his drinking and has been given numerous tablets to take.

FAR AWAY

Halfway there
 Three months to push
 Before we're home
 Out of the bush
 Or jungle as
 it's mainly here
 With crocs and snakes
 But we don't fear
 Because we're Guards
 Strong and proud
 First smell of crocs
 And we're not found
 Out on patrol
 Have a rest
 Think of home
 All depressed
 What time back home
 Dark or light
 They've all gone out
 It's Saturday night
 But here it's day
 And boiling hot
 When I come home
 White I'll be not
 Brown as a berry
 Body and face
 You'll swear I'm from
 Another race
 It's not that bad
 Just gets you down
 So far from home
 No one around
 Halfway there
 Three months to push
 Before we're home
 Out of the bush

Gdsm (Rocky) Ratti
 3 Platoon

Milan Platoon



Right, I'm the Ship's Captain and you can swab the decks. (MILAN Platoon's raft)

After 15 years the picturesque scenery of Cayo, was suddenly destroyed by the sound of chainsaw and chopping of axes and the smell of Army paint. Three acres of prime jungle were to disappear, never to be seen again. The environmental peace group have now got a contract out for LCpl Hugh 70 (Cowpie), Gdsm Jones 40 (Chainsaw), Gdsm Rue and Gdsm Glenton.

Just like anything in the Army if it stands still, paint it, so the task was given to Sgt Williams 99 (Picasso) and his merry band of men of painting the buildings. Laura Ashley colours and pattern DPM. Black and green stripes, the pattern outline was designed by the most famous artist, "Brush Strokes" Jacko Evans 24 (LSgt) and the colouring by Gdsm "Black Cat" Aspden.

Message from MILAN Platoon to LSgt Bond:

Thanks for your morale boosting mail runs. Keep up the good work.

RATION TREE FOUND IN THE JUNGLE

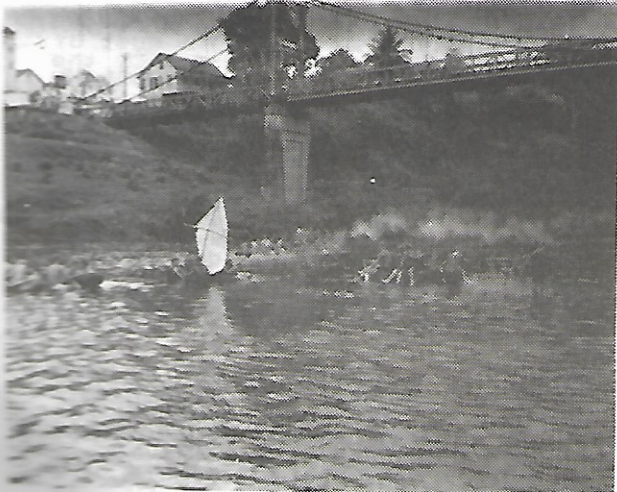
Whilst on survival day, in the depths of the Central American Jungle, the great explorer, Cowpie Hughes 70 (LCpl) amazingly discovered a type of "C" ration tree, this tree was thought to be extinct for the past 3 million years, David Attenborough is now looking into the discovery.

CREATURE OF THE NIGHT

Holdfast Barrack Guard reports seeing a 4'3" Viking ghost making nocturnal noises, eh,eh,eh. Further investigations found it to be Sgt Webber, with his dobbie under his right arm trying to improve his suntan by moonlight.

FORTHCOMING EVENT - RAFT RACE

MILAN Platoon carried out sea trials which were completed with great success, defeating two rafts from the Royal Hussars.



A bridge too far, perhaps! (The raft race)

DISASTER IN PARADISE

As the Platoon waved goodbye to Gdsm Jones 40 little did we know he would have the last laugh. I was a race between No 1 Platoon POW's Coy and the MILAN Platoon to get to Caye Corker.

No 1 Platoon hired two racing boats, MILAN hired the African Queen. The whole Platoon boarded the boat with LSgt Evans 24 at the helm.

A trip that usually takes 45 minutes took three and a half hours. We started in sunlight and finished in pitch black. With most of the accommodation taken, we managed to find a hotel that was prepared to have 20 wet, cold and hungry Guardsmen. A good weekend was had by all especially Sgt Williams 99 who had his 21st Birthday again.

STOP PRESS

LCpl Brace has arrived at last, fresh meat for the MILAN Platoon. He's the same shade of white as Sgt Webber.

TRAVEL NEWS

Gdsm Whicker Doyle has just proved you can live on nothing in Florida visiting Daytona beach or Orlando. In his words it was a "holiday of a lifetime" and it goes to show money is not everything.

The MILAN roving reporter Gdsm Evans 44 went to Fort Myers with his gran and she showed him a good time. It has been reported that on his return from the beach he had eyes like Gdsm Barrass in Salamanca.

**NUMBER TWO
COMPANY
Airport Camp**



Well done Taggy - this time you remembered to take the lens cap off! (Major Syms, CSM Hunt)

Introduction

The individual Platoon notes all have their own stories to tell about the life members of Number Two Company are leading in Belize. However a brief explanation as to what the Company is doing out here, might put some of these

stories into context particularly for those readers at home.

The Company has just two rifle platoons (4 and 5) and is lucky to have the Corps of Drums and half the Mortar Platoon attached for the tour as well. Home is "Laundry Lines", Airport Camp - not a particularly luxurious establishment, being a collection of Nissen huts located by the camp laundry at the end of the main runway to the airport! From here we are required to carry out a number of mundane guard duties for the British Forces Headquarters, however set against this we have vehicle and boat patrol tasks which take us up to the north of the country up by the Mexican border and we are well placed to get away a good deal, with each platoon on average being out of camp for a week in every month.

In our first couple of months nearly everyone in the Company has been able to get away on some sort of activity, ranging from jungle school, border patrols, water sports, training through to ranching and even for two lucky individuals, a trip to Acapulco with the Royal Navy. In addition to this there is probably not a soul in the Company who has not now been out to the Cayes (Caribbean Islands just off the coast of Belize). Coming up in the next few weeks we have a number of exercises, followed by adventure training trips for all members of the Company. We are certainly leading extremely varied and busy lives out here in Belize and I hope that all those at home will see from the Platoon notes, that everybody in the Company is in flying form and making the most of our six months tour out here.



The CQMS displaying the latest "24 hour" ration pack. (CQMS Evans 13 & Gdsm Collett)

NO 4 Platoon

Sgt Mott, our trusty Platoon Sergeant, has not been looking forward to this, the first edition of the Leek as he knows he cannot avoid wisecracks about our first platoon run which he lead down the main runway of the Belize International Airport - a small navigation error which he is not going to be allowed to forget in a hurry. Fortunately for him we have recently been joined by our new Platoon Commander (2Lt Lloyd).

fresh out of Sandhurst and mustard keen, who can now take the rap for any other similar mishaps.



2Lt Lloyd - the new mobile helicopter landing pad.

Before the arrival of the said officer (sporting a smart new chapatti from Herbert Johnston!), the Platoon spent a challenging ten days in the depths of the Belizean jungle. As we plunged around the forests, learning one new trick after another during the survival phase (including capturing and eating jungle rats), some of us could be forgiven for thinking that we were participating in one of the more exotic Japanese TV Game Shows - particularly LSgt Emanuel who received a nasty nip from a Jumping Pit Viper on his first day out. Under the expert guidance however of Sgt Mott and LSgt Gwilym, a jungle hardened warrior from Brunei, we all emerged afterwards (including the Company Commander's Orderly, Babb) well versed in jungle operations and ready for the tour ahead.

Having got back from the jungle we were quickly swept into a host of duties. The first (and nearly the last for some) was a boat patrol during which LCpl Brown 16 (the "Bosun") managed to sweet talk his way into being allowed to drive the boat - a great mistake! Crouched over the tiller, with eyes gleaming, LCpl Brown took the boat up the river at full tilt and once he had achieved maximum speed executed a snappy 180 degree turn - a manoeuvre which virtually had the whole patrol in the water and landed LCpl Brown on dry land for good.

Apart from Jungle training and patrols, we have had our fair share of the guard duties at Airport Camp however some of us (Gdsm Rogers and others) have been able to get out to sample the pleasures of Belize City (a metropolis of untold sophistication and glamour!) and everyone has been over to the Cayes to test out the bars and the sun drenched beaches!

We are now fully settled into life into Belize, all looking a little different from the "whities" from Blighty" who stepped off the aircraft at the beginning of April. Over the next few months we have got plenty in store including the Platoon Adventure

training, a number of exercises and of course for all of us most eagerly awaited, R&R. Meanwhile we are all thinking of those we have left behind, knowing that it will not seem any time at all before we are all reunited.



Four Platoon - learning about the appliance of science.

NO 5 Platoon

Five Platoon cracked off to an excellent start to the tour with the Company Commander putting us on guard for the first two weeks!



2Lt Carr with his minder - and boy does he need minding!

This left the Platoon, particularly the platoon Commander (2Lt M Carr) in a state reminiscent of the holiday maker who, on arrival on the Costa Del Sol discovers that the luxury hotel advertised in the brochure has yet to be built! However we soon learnt that guards were only a small part of our duties out here and in what seemed no time at all we were setting off into the thick, steamy, snake infested inner regions of the Central American Jungle to take part in an action packed and fun filled ten day jungle school. Indiana Jones (alias Sgt Roberts 80) set the pace and although the Platoon probably will not be featuring in the next Stephen Spielberg epic

(on account of the Battalion photographer's somewhat less than perfect camera work!). After only a few days all members of the Platoon were looking jungle hardened, fit and ready for anything that might have been lurking in the darkest depths of the jungle - including the cheeky little Fer de Lance (Belize's most dangerous snake) found snoozing in LSgt Harris' boot.

After the rigours of the jungle, the Platoon took a well earned rest on one of the Cayes. This was much more to 2Lt Carr's liking and he was able to lead the way with the lounge lizarding in the sun, the water skiing and the general wind down! Two days of this exhausting activity was however enough for both heads and wallets (LSgt Hunt?!) and the Platoon returned either tanned or lobster-like, depending on the colour of the skin, to the pleasures of Airport Camp.



Sgt Roberts 80 off to wrestle some alligators - or looking for his Platoon Commander.

The Platoon is now well settled into life in Belize and the Company routine. Some weeks will now find us guarding, some will find us training and others will find us patrolling - the Company Commander also finds us relaxing on the odd occasion. The best time to be had is undoubtedly on the vehicle patrols which go up to the Mexican border area to keep an eye on any illegal activity by the local hoods up there - this is something we as a Platoon feel particularly qualified to do!

There is no doubt the time is flying by, the early morning runs under LCpl Topps, being the only occasion when time appears to stand still. This must have something to do with the fact - families and friends will be pleased to hear - that the Platoon is in exceptionally good spirits and is making the best possible use of the Army all expenses paid package tour to Belize.

APC - THE INCREDIBLE PLAN

T'was April 2nd when we did land, Weapons and webbing close at hand, Rapid Strike kit is ready to go, Off to the sangars to face the foe.

Next on the agenda is a trip to the Jungle, Otherwise known as Jeffrey and Bunqle.

Then it's off to the Cayes for a well earned break, Escape to reality from the mozzie and snake.

Up at six to go for a run, Grin and bear it and pretend it's fun, BFBS through day and night, We all wonder will Nobby get it right.

At half past five you can hear the clerk call, "Mail, mail, mail" - the best sound of all, The swing fog blows smoke, thick and hazy, Driving the mozzies wild and crazy.

The wives and girlfriends waiting at home, We know you're lonely and all alone, Time quickly goes by from day to day, It won't be long before we're home to stay.

The time will come when we'll take to the sky, And everyone here will be on a high, It's back to the London we all know, Sergeants-in-Waiting, HERE WE GO!
A poem by LCpl O'Driscoll:

Mortar Platoon



The Mortar Platoon Commander believes in safe mortaring. (Gdsm Clark, Thomas 59 Brown 01)

When the Airport Camp Mortar Platoon flew into Belize International Airport in April, it not only had to acclimatise quickly to the dramatic change in temperature but also to the new environment of Number Two Company. We are not sure which was the more difficult of the two to achieve however the Company Commander has dropped a hint that we have managed to do both - just!

We carry out everything that the rifle platoons do - Jungle School, patrols and guards (this last activity has not required much revision of old skills!) and the Mortar Platoon Commander (Capt Hearn) will be pleased to hear that we have not entirely forgotten our Mortaring skills in the excitement of being temporarily attached to a rifle company.



The lights are on - but no-one's home! (Gdsm Wilsher)

One thing we have proved to be very good at is getting the sun tans squared away. To be fair we have had a little bit of a head start with Gdsm Brown 01, but Gdsm Wilsher is doing his very best to take the lead by spending every spare hour sunning himself by the swimming pool. Gdsm Clark meanwhile has been disqualified from the Platoon "Mr Bronze" competition as he attempted to cheat by burning his legs on a barbeque and for his pains spent a few days in the medical centre.

Getting a good healthy tan is not, believe it or not, our main preoccupation; we are also getting fighting fit with our morning runs under the relentless urging of Sgt Jones (35) (!?) - there may well be a few surprises at home in October when we arrive back with our new look - lean, mean and keen!

At the time of writing June is already upon us and we are just about to be shaken out of our Airport Camp and Cayes routine with a very busy month of exercises acting both as friendly forces and as enemy which should prove interesting if not a little confusing. Finally in the last week of the month we are taking some Safari Landrovers on a tour of Belize and if the vehicles do not break down before leaving Camp you will hear more about this in the next addition of the Leek!

The APC Mortar Platoon sends its best wishes, but not a lot else (particularly manpower!) down to its other half in Salamanca and looks forward to meeting it during the Mortar Platoon Concentration in July. Meanwhile it will continue to thrive alongside "The Men of the Island of the Mighty".

The Corps of Drums

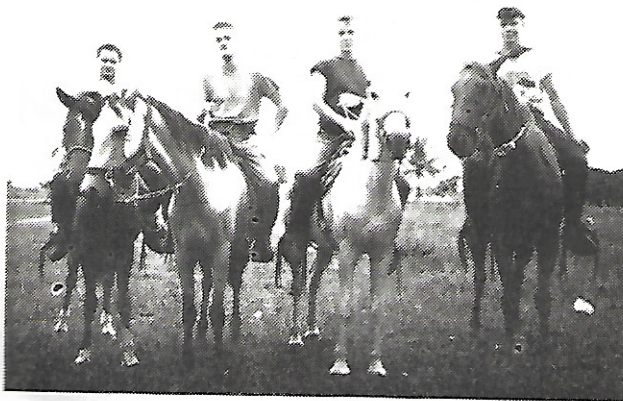
Never has the Corps of Drums had a more varied life than it is currently experiencing in the Caribbean paradise which is our temporary home for the next few months. Some days we can be found hacking our way through primary jungle under the enthusiastic leadership of our "Boy's Own" Platoon Commander (Lt Tate); other days we can be observed sweltering in our tunics and bearskins



Go ahead, make my day!
(LSgt Hughes 58)

playing "de crucial music" for the benefit of the locals. This is not the place to point out which of the two activities people prefer but it has been suggested by some scurrilous individuals that what we in fact like best is to be down on the Cayes soaking up the sun and knocking back the rum punches! (Dmr Collier and Blythen please note).

While it is open to debate what the Corps of Drums enjoys doing most, one thing is for certain is that we are having a very busy time out here working alongside Number Two Company. We started the tour, with an almost immediate deployment from the aircraft into the jungle and all ideas of a relaxing holiday in the sun were quickly dispelled as we dived into the undergrowth (much to Dmr "Rambo" Herrington's delight) to do battle with the jungle wildlife and primaevil rain forest. We all emerged ten days later, each of us several pounds lighter, ready to cope with anything - including a "Beating of Retreat", a performance at the Belize International Women's night and the local Queen's Birthday Parade!



The Corps of Drums having at last found some workable transport!
(Dmr Collier, Blythen, Furber, Ryan)

Other duties which have followed thick and fast include guards and patrols, with a daily dose of physical beasting under the

persuasive direction of Dmr Parry. It is not all work however and recently we managed to get away to a local ranch. This was intended as a short break although it turned out to be more testing for some than was at first anticipated - LSgt Johns discovered that he is no great Lester Piggot when it comes to riding and Sgt Covington and Dmr Jones 59 also learnt that both have limitations when it comes to boats; this they found out to their consternation when they ran their boat aground and fell out of it into a river teeming with crocodiles! LCpl Woods however now claims that he is a leading expert on killing poisonous snakes although at the time it was felt he was being a little reckless (with his career) when he decided to bring one back for the Company Commander!

At the time of writing we are about to embark on a series of exercises and just recently the Platoon Commander has been overheard discussing plans for a parachuting course and a sailing trip to follow. So for all those reading this at home, don't feel too sorry for us - we miss you but we are having a great time!

NUMBER THREE COMPANY Rideau Camp



Gdsm Milton auditioning for the part of "Long John Silver"!

Introduction

The Company has found itself in Rideau Camp in Southern Belize near the seaside resort of Punta Gorda. Unusually Three Company is providing the home to the Battalion Colours as the smaller part of Battalion Headquarters is co-located with it.

Rideau Camp has a strength of over 200 and comprises not only of Three Company but also of a significant part of Headquarters Company, C Troop of B (Alma)

Commando Battery RA, an engineer troop as well as small detachments from the REME, RAOC and the PSA. Also everyday we have a large contingent of local workers trooping in as they are involved in the rebuilding of the camp. This is well over three parts done but the camp will continue to look like a building site for most if not all of our tour.

The routine of Company life has rarely been established for long. On our arrival in Belize half the Company disappeared to a Jungle Training School leaving the other half for almost 2 weeks camp duties. Then roles were reversed. From then on the serious matter of patrols into the jungle and manning of the Observation Posts (OPs) became the main tasks. The two OPs could not be more different. One could come out of the Northwest Frontier in the days of the Empire, perched on top of a rocky mountain outcrop whilst the other is a desert island. There have also been platoon and company exercises and a Battle Group exercise is looming very close at this moment.

Coy HQ



Major Ballard keeping ahead of the game.

The heat seems to do wonders for hair growth, as shown by the Company Commander's attempt at a moustache. However, it seems to be getting narrower by the day (Third Reich revisited?) and one night half of what was left was forcibly removed. CSM Downes has found a new meaning to the initials "CSM" for here he is "Camp Sergeant Major". Sgt Chittock (of the bayonet variety rather than the scalpel type) found an immediate attraction to helicopters and so when not on patrol he is understudying SSgt Downes for the job of Buzzard (South). This means the former goes wandering around with a pair of ear muffs on so he may soon be known as Sgt "Phones" Chittock.

Gdsm Herridge has a trying time as he is forever fighting to have a go on the computer. Just as he is getting into a nice rhythm on the keyboard, the "Big Boys" from

Battalion Headquarters come along and say they have something far far more important to do and take his place at the word processor.

The Company 2IC, Lt Stanford, apart from trying to get all on the company exercise to climb every 200 foot pimple out in the jungle, has spent his entire time devising yet more schemes to get himself away. Sgt Jones 73 is unable to adjust to life out here for he finds it hard to differentiate between volleyball and rugby resulting in numerous bruises for the opposing side and cries for his sending off.



Sergeant's Mess Volleyball Team - otherwise known as "The Rideau Rebels".

The Company Quartermaster Sergeant obviously passed his time on the advance party playing volleyball as he put the rest of us to shame both in terms of his tan and his talent. The stores have been a hive of activity as LCpl Burroughs is looking most lean and bronzed. Gdsm Dowson has found himself driving the 4 Tonners more, but is finding it frustrating that the average journey is only 150 yards to the Helicopter Landing Site and back.

The signals boys have probably had the hardest time of all. Gdsm Shield is in the process of mastering the telephone exchange, trying not to get crossed lines, or cut people off in mid sentence (and failing dismally - Ed). LSgt Moreland has the unenviable task of seeing to it that those of us that make long distance telephone calls home get billed for them. But he and LCpl Rimmer took it in turns to take it easy for a couple of weeks at the Jungle School. No doubt LSgt Moreland could not have hoped for a better Honeymoon (!), but comiserations to his wife who was not with him.

There are a number detached from the Company whom we occasionally see. LCpl Clark (Nobby the Noise) is working away in an air-conditioned prefab at BFBS. Every weekday he threatens us with yet another edition of the Archers if we fail to answer 3 questions on "Nobby's Mind Crippler" game - and everyday someone somewhere gets it wrong. LCpl Ling, also at Airport Camp, has been part of the Regimental Police working under the guidance of Sgt Griffiths 75 who has managed to draw the Dog Section into his empire which is now Gdsm Lewis O3 and now Gdsm [unclear] work. Almost detached is Gdsm Jones 54 who is trying to improve his healing techniques under the auspicious guidance of Sgt "Bones" Chittock in the Medical Centre in Rideau.

MAJOR B AND HIS MERRY BAND

The bravest soldiers in the land
Are Major B and his Merry Band
There's Dickie "D", Silver Fox
Bashfull Bill and his "Boogy Box"
And not forgetting Madman Mac
and "Peter Plug" completes the
pack

Said Major "B" to Dickie "D"
Let's boost morale in the Company,
With watersports, trips for
pleasure,
Long weekends and days of leisure
But keep them out of Punta Gorda
Make shorts with zips, Walking Out
Order

So Dickie "D" for endless nights
Began compiling the Rideau Rights
Amendments here, Amendments there
Don't be kind, don't be fair
'Till finally, amendment free
The volumes published for all to
see

Now Silver Fox, who's wise and old
Who's known to smile, or so we're
told
Was shocked to read at Annex B,
to Standing Order No 3
"0600 - Early PT"
"Can't be right, won't do for me"

So every morning, smile on face
The Silver Fox sets the pace
And lags behind to let all pass
And picks the moment then at last
Turns around and takes the lead
Returns to camp for an early feed

Now "Peter Plug" with fun in mind
Began to plot and tried to find
As many men for watersports
Canoeing, diving, fun, all sorts
And bid for places but failed to
see
No HQ in the Group of Three

Said Madman Mac to Bashful Bill
"I wonder if I ever will
become a member of the Band"
(Brain in neutral, pen in hand)
"But then again I'd rather be
the joker of the Company"

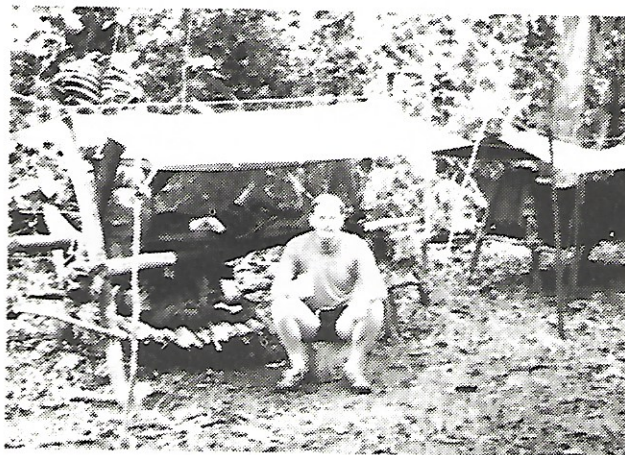
So take heed Dickie, one and all
And listen to the Rideau Call
The boys are tired of long sleeved
shirts
Shorts with zips, that look like
skirts
And finally, the orders taken
Don't seem to apply TO THOSE WHO
MAKE THEM

The Carribean Mole

NO 7 Platoon

The very first impression will be
a lasting one: The tour began
with an unforgettable trip in one
of the local buses from the main
camp in the north, down to the
jungles of the south, where we
have since been forgotten about.

Jungle School was the next ordeal,
everyone getting used to the
jungle and the beasts that lurk
within. The name of the game in
the jungle is keeping quiet, which
proved almost impossible for Sgt
Jones 73 and Gdsm "Tree Trunk
Legs" Powell but proved not so
difficult for Gdsm Godwin! Gdsm
Hughes 54 was lucky enough to
position himself on a nest of ants
whilst on stag one night. LCpl
Keipin who found this quite
amusing had the smile wiped off
his face when a scorpion stung
him. However for the whole ten
days we had the reassurances of
Sgt Willoughby telling us this was
not as bad as NAM- FARHAM.



Cracked it!! Found a Budweiser
tree. (Sgt Willoughby)

Next we went back to camp to begin
the patrolling and guards that
govern our lives. After a few
cases of "red lobsters"
everybody's tan has definitely
been coming along and girls
they're looking good. A weekend
was also spent at a small resort,
Placencia, which probably doubled
the income of the local Belikin
Breweries.

We have just finished our first
company exercise, and there is
definitely room for improvement.
7 Platoon, along with elements
from 8 Platoon, learned to
appreciate that map reading with
their new Platoon Commander is
extremely arduous and tiring;
Hughes 54, however, is not so keen
on this hobby, and he would
probably maintain that a mountain
goat would be better suited to
this terrain. Indeed it was only
a thin branch that broke LSgt
Plant's 30 ft fall. However after
such hard going Gdsm Williams 25
thought he deserved a sleep, and
settled down apparently oblivious
to the fact that he was in an
ambush and only an arms distance
from the Platoon Commander. Gdsm
Anglesea and Roberts 13 would know
nothing of this though, as they
spent the week doing water sports
on St Georges Caye!



All dressed up and nowhere to go.
(The boys from 7 Platoon)

We returned to camp where there was a brave attempt to stage a company barbeque amid the 10 hours or so of rain that pours on us every day. We were also greeted by LCpl Galvin and Gdsm Crocombe brandishing pictures of themselves with a couple of busty models they had met in Cancun, a morale boost for all those still to go on R&R. We haven't seen LSgt Williams 38 back from Wales yet though!

All the best to Mrs Willoughby and we wish her a speedy recovery, and good luck to Mrs Davies (228) for her third born in early September.

NO 8 Platoon



"We're hunting for the key"? (LSgt Williams and Sgt Vaughan-Jones on Hunting Caye)

This is a small piece on the more memorable episodes from the first 2 months of 8 Platoon's stay in Rideau Camp (when not on Guard).

LCpl Galvin and Gdsm Paul are making best use of the multi-gym in an attempt to improve their physique, their only problem is they have no one to show their Stallone type bodies to. The fitness bug is catching, especially to the tune of "Eye of the Tiger". Gdsm Stokes is doing well losing weight in the heat, however some may feel that it could be a losing battle due to the prodigious amounts of squash he is able to consume in one go.

Time off in Rideau Camp is spent in a variety of ways. Gdsm Garrett is experimenting with the possibility of making music with his collection of shells. If successful this should fill the space left by his trombone. Other interesting activities such as snorkelling with a lifejacket on as demonstrated by Gdsm Johns, escorting Gdsm Jones 89 to the Ammo Compound to protect him from the creatures of the night; and of course reading the ever changing dress regulations.

We wish Evans 63 all the best on his retirement, at 28 he is certainly the oldest swinger in town.

Any piece on 8 Platoon would not be complete without mention of "Mac the Knife" (or should I say machete). It would be helpful if someone explained to him that when one tests the sharpness of a blade

one moves one's finger across the blade rather than along it.

Sgt Bevan is having a wonderful tour. When one gets to his level of seniority leave is a privilege and Sgt Bevan is privileged to have had one weekend so far.

Sad news, one of the first medical casualties in Belize was LSgt Williams 20. He was stung early on in the tour and seems to have been asleep ever since! LSgt Smyth is at present in the jungle rehearsing for his part in the new Rambo film. When asked by a local who he was, he replied "Your worst nightmare". LSgt Griffiths is considering opening an Indian Restaurant here in Belize, he carries all the equipment he needs in his outsized bergen. I am slightly nervous writing any article on LSgt Woolcock as having just returned from school he will probably correct my grammar.

Look out for the next exciting instalment from the Platoon at the sharp end.



"Sergeant - Look what I've just caught". (LSgt Woolcock)

A HOLIDAY

We're going for a suntan
My brother Mart and me
We know a man with a pip and crown
Who will get us one for free

We take a seat, an army flight
Try and sleep as best we might
Just as you get in a drowsy mood
The steward wakes you up for food

We fly for hours, it seems 3 days
Your cap is covered in plastic trays
Fasten your belt the pilot announces
Your ears pop, the aircraft bounces

We arrive, a place we now not where
The tarmac hot and no fresh air
On to the bus your legs have cramp
Back of your shirt all sweat and damp

On to a camp called APC
A bit like Butlins without the sea
Back off the bus, you could kill
for a drink
The heat gets worse, morale starts to sink

Now back on the bus and Rideau bound
A six month tour, a tan to be found

The type of place for a snake to lurk
 No time to play with all the work
 2 months now gone, but we still smile
 The suntan has to wait for a while
 My brother and I are never down
 Thanks to that man with the pip and crown!

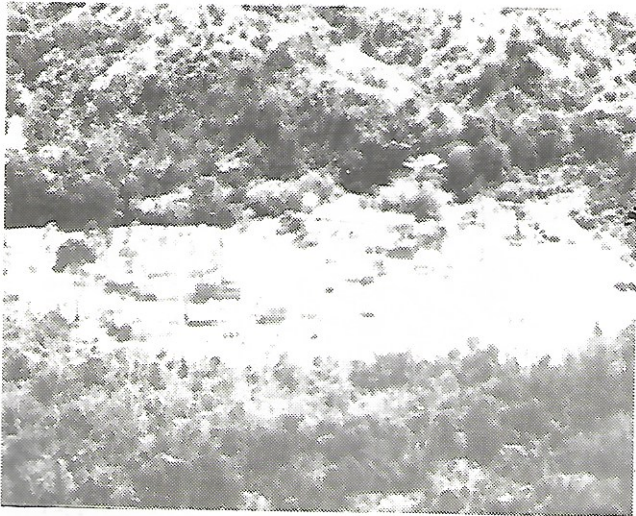
The Brothers Rogers



THE EVENING AFTER
 A DEAR JOHN!
 OR
 THE SGT'S MESS
 ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

BOTTLE GROUP SOUTH

SUPPORT COMPANY Salamanca Camp



Sleepy Hollow otherwise known as Dingly Dell. (Salamanca Camp)

Introduction

For some of you in Battle Group (North) you'll probably require a little orientation so if you'd like to get out your maps (that's right the thing that looks like a chart with the dust all over it) and look in the green bit at the bottom left hand corner, welcome to the jungle. Welcome to Salamanca.

Support Company with its compliment of Grenadiers, young veterans in Recce, and Mortarmen who take anything in their stride, have all adapted well to their new environment. There is of course one man who, with Guardsman's home sickness in mind, strives to ensure that some corner of this foreign field remains forever Pirbright. (This is the man who claims not to have been born, but created).

For those of you who have not managed to get here, Salamanca is a very picturesque camp on the banks of the River Columbia. The camp is dominated by a large hill on top of which stands the Ops Room and an Officers' Mess. The Raj-like tranquility of this Mess is only disturbed by the constant din of nature, and the disgusting noise of inane men who seem to find running up and down this hill pleasurable. The remainder of the Guardsmen may not agree, most of the more hideous members of the animal kingdom seem to be happy here. If it slithers, crawls, bites or stings, it lives in Salamanca.

If you get the opportunity come and visit, though be sure to book early to avoid disappointment, our social diaries are looking painfully hectic. In the meantime the platoons and departments tell their own stories.



THE COMPANY COMMANDER SALAMANCA ADOPTING A "NATURAL POSE" CAPT SYMS

The Grenadier Platoon

Since our arrival we all seemed to have settled into the way of life at the "COSTA DEL SALAMANCA".

In addition a new member was enlisted into the ranks of the Company. The new member in question came in the form of Pepsi the Parrot. We all have strong beliefs that the bird is to be recruited as the new acting Company Sergeant Major, for when the real one is out of barracks. So far the elite bird has not been performing like a Comopany Sergeant Major should perform. Up till now poor Pepsi has been absent for 72 hours, and has been put on numerous charge reports for various offences. Recently a CSE show passed through our location, which entailed a few pretty dancing girls, a magician

and a band that played a very good selection of contemporary music. Their performance was well lapped up by the Guardsmen, and they were certainly sad to see the women leave the next morning. Apart from that the town of Placentia is now a regular spot marked down in our weekend diaries.

Gdsm Borsay and Robertson recently tried to start a new fashion trend, by hopping around the camp on crutches. This however did not go down well with our Platoon Sergeant, especially as they were "off the road" so to speak.

Although our efforts are being recognised, there are times when a person can try just a little too hard. A good example of this was a patrol lead by LSgt Butler. The patrol group along with their BDF guide put in such a good team effort, they earned themselves the name of "The Lost Boys". However after a 4 hour long heli-borne search, they were eventually found.

A recent football match against Punta Gorda Football Club, proved to us that we are not as acclimatised as we think we are; to prove this the end result was 10-0 to the away team.

LSgt Darke and LCpl Richards were invited on board HMS Gloucester to try and prove themselves as budding seamen. For ten days they sailed through the Panama Canal, into the Pacific Ocean and up along the Mexican Coast to Acapulco.

So far our tour is going down well, and it seems we have made a fair and lasting impression towards our budding Welsh compatriots.

THE LOST BOYS

BY

SGT ASHLEY S

GDSM BORSAY

There once was a commander called Butler
Who's old man was a famous bus conductor
Who out in the jungle one day
Got lost and couldn't find his way

He reported his problem to O
And the Company Commander screamed
In his earhole
"I HATE YOU BUTLER"

Butler depressed sat and cried
Turned to the lads sorry I tried
The lads tired, turned and replied
"WE HATE YOU BUTLER"

Gdsm Elliot the ZIC said, your not
in command it should have been me
With map and compass determined he rose
Butler stood terrified and froze

To the rescue C/S 44 was seen
The patrol all looked up and
screamed

When on the debrief, when asked
why he got lost
Butler replied "No I wasn't lost"
Sgt Ashley replied, "if that's the
best you can do, you certainly
won't rub in '22".

Recce Platoon

As the VC 10 touched down into Belize International Airport, all the faces of the Welsh Guards pre-advance party stared out of the small portholes in anticipation of the delights awaiting them in the notorious jungle of Belize. None more so than the twenty-one members of the Recce Platoon.

Training in an unusual and demanding environment with members of B Squadron 22 SAS was not only going to be a new experience, but a great challenge for all ranks of the Platoon.



The "Dirty Dozen" or a collection of Bouncers from Mothercare".
(The Recce Platoon)

We were accommodated at Airport Camp, and the following day we were given a briefing about our future training activities by one of "the firm". Fortunately CSgt Price 21 knew him as he'd been in the Irish Guards. This went some way in breaking the ice sooner than we could have hoped for.

We spent the first week of our training concentrating on fitness, medical skills and signals. All of which gave the beautifully proportioned Gdsm Martin time to sample the culinary delights of Airport Camp. The social scene became too much for the single men and we were all thankful to escape to the Jungle Training School (JTS).

Our arrival at JTS, Blue hole Camp (a real jungle school) proved to be somewhat of a shock, both to mind and body. The Training Warrant Officer then briefed the Platoon on it's daily routine: no shaving, no polishing and limited washing. This brought the response from Lt Ford of: "I think I'm going to like this place". Spike did like it.

There was considerable time spent in the art of combat make-up. An enormous variety of efforts were seen but the prize must go to LCpl Channel Bragington who spent so much time doing his make-up that Boots have offered him a job.

Training began in earnest and stand-to saw us up at 0515 hours. As light slowly found its way through the canopy something black and mysterious was seen edging its way menacingly towards us.

To be continued in the next edition.....

Mortar Platoon

The Mortar Platoon's arrival in Belize was soon followed by that supreme test of endurance - the 12 hour coach ride in to the depths of the southern jungle. The destination? Salamanca Camp, so far away that although many people in Belize have heard of it, few have ever set eyes upon it.

After only a few days in which to acclimatise and to make friends with the other occupants of the camp (namely tarantulas) the Platoon set off to Jungle School (S) where Capt Lyle and CSM Topham attempted to instil infantry skills which most of the "specialist" mortarmen last remembered doing at the Depot. A

total of 10 days were spent learning jungle survival, ambushes and river crossings. The experience of LCpl Wardlaw, previously of the Recce Platoon, proved invaluable. Not to be outdone, Gdsm Ollman & Scholes heroic attempts to capture an enemy bridge without any support or consideration for their own safety must put them in the running for SAS selection.

Least the jungle skills be forgotten, the Platoon has mounted a number of foot patrols lasting up to a week in a bid to prevent the Guatemalan hordes from swarming across the border. A healthy contempt for the accuracy of Belizean maps has also been built up (if more attention was paid to the maps, less patrols would stray into Guatemala! Ed).



GDSM 'FRANKIE' CARSON
HEARTS AND MINDS

We have all been surprised by the friendliness and charm of our neighbours, the Mayan Indians, who lead a very simple and primitive life out here. The conditions in many of the houses are on a par with the bedroom of our leader, Sgt Jenkins, whose room even the cockroaches have spurned.

Mortar training has not been neglected however, and the skills will be ruthlessly tested during live firing in July. The prospects of being joined by the BDF Mortar Platoon has struck fear into even the bravest of us.

When not working, there has been ample opportunity to dodge the crocodiles whilst waterskiing and to visit our very own desert island Moho Caye. The latter resembled a rubbish tip until in true Welsh Gaurds tradition, a Black Spot was carried out. The seaside resort of Placentia is another favourite at weekends and further afield, St George's Caye offers week long adventure training courses ranging from sub-aqua diving to windsurfing.

By the time we return in October we will have had two weeks R&R in the country of our choice, many of us spending the time with our wives and girlfriends. Without exception however, we are all looking forward to our return to the UK, extremely healthy, wealthy and (hopefully) tanned!

ACC

We arrived in Belize well aware of the conditions as we had been briefed to the point of death by Sgt Derek "Belize" Winchester. However, nothing could have prepared us for the heat in the Salamanca kitchens.

With alarm-clock precision the boys soon started complaining about the peelings. The fact was that the cockroaches had the pick of the rations before it had got to the hotplate.

The kitchen in Salamanca is very well equipped to sustain a long campaign in the Crimea. The ovens would look more at home in the depths of a German forest. The rest of the kit would be worthy of an exhibition at the V and A.

The boss is Sgt Dave "Savoy" Cardus the only member of our illustrious Corps with a waist like a pipecleaner. The 2i/c is LSgt Jim "Lilo" Laird a man who brings a whole new dimension to the meaning of Egyptian PT. At the other extreme we have LCpl Keith "Arnold Schwarzenegger" Robson who has never been seen to pump so much iron (when will he start to improve his brain is more to the point). The back-up men are LCpl Bob (I look like a pint of milk) Flett, an ardent heavy metal fan of the variety you listen to rather than push, and the new boy Pte Gordon Hume who is new to the Welsh Guards (what did he do wrong in training?). Then there's me, Pte "pick of the bunch" Jack waiting for them to get their own back when (if - Ed) I go on R&R.

Well that's the Salamanca kitchen and we are making the best of the tour and enjoying ourselves as much as possible 5000 miles from home.

REME

A FAIRY TALE

REME - SALAMANCA CAMP

Once upon a time, long ago there was a warrior - no, he was more than a warrior, a hero fighting by his wits and skill. This warrior was called Arte.

Arte was one of the nomads who passed from tribe to tribe, staying with the tribe for anything up to two to three long years. He gained skill and experience from each tribe by fixing things that the tribe were in great need of day or night. For this he was given food and shelter by the tribe.

Arte travelled among many tribes. At present he was in a far off land with men required to repel invaders.

Our hero knew this would mean much danger, far from his homeland and loved ones. But he knew in his heart it was his duty to follow the tribe. They would need him more than ever in this far off land. He went without hesitation. When he arrived he realised his task was not an easy one.

Arte's tribe were well known for being a very religious people who did things a certain way. Arte's task was not made easier by the conditions and scarce resources.

As well as his work Arte was set a quest every morning. This would entail getting up at the crack of dawn, before the Gods had risen, and running up and down mountains on rough tracks. Sometimes he would have to do this with somebody on his back. On reaching the top of the mountain he had to perform a strange ritual. With the tribesmen he would have to crouch down and then jump up in the air with arms and legs splayed like a giant frog. This and other strange movements would be repeated many times. Arte knew that to avoid these rituals meant certain death or worse.

His resources were very limited, apart from a nomadic apprentice he was assisted by a few of the tribe's retards. Arte had come across this phenomena before with previous tribes. For some unknown reason the tribes would always get rid of its undesirables by detailing them to drive their chariots. These chariots were in a poor state of repair. His task was made no easier by the retards who found great pleasure in wrecking the chariots. Even the simplest of tasks could not be undertaken without causing more work for Arte.



TWO RETARDS TRYING TO START A LANDROVER - " IS THIS WHERE THE CRANK GOES?" (LSGT WILLIAMS 67, LSGT SMITH 46)

Not only did Arte and his young apprentice have to mend the chariots, anything that did not work was brought to them. Arte was supposed to know how to fix anything just because he was an experienced nomad.

At other times Arte had to perform additional duties such as guarding the encampment at night, and making sure the young warriors left the watering hole on time. Singing was controlled so as not to offend the rest of the elders.

On occasions Arte himself would go to his watering hole where some of the tribe would throw miniature spears at the wall to help them learn basic arithmetic. Arte faced this life of hard work and simple pleasures in the knowledge that one day, somehow, and somewhere his nomadic life would take him to new and fresher pastures. Our hero's chapter with the tribe was soon to close.

Anon.

A fable passed on through many generations to one of Arte's proud kinfolk.

LSgt Paine, REME

HEADQUARTER COMPANY Airport Camp

Introduction

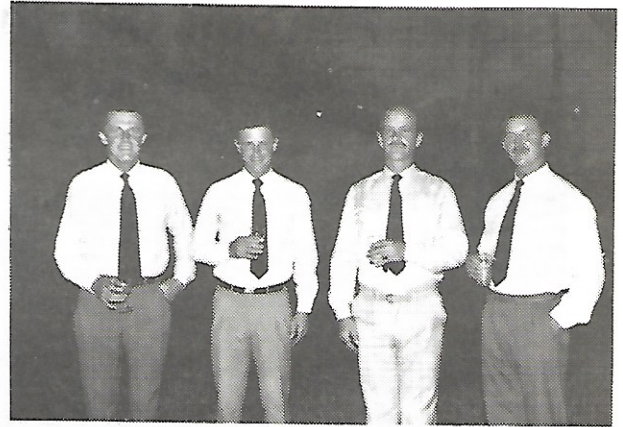
While the majority of the Battalion relaxes in the outstations sipping rum and cokes, and visiting idyllic islands (such as Hunting Caye) for up to a week at a time the whole operation is masterminded by a select band of men stationed in Airport Camp. Here, long hours and hard work are the order of the day with the RPL to be loaded, radio room to be manned and letters to be typed. Maj Bonas has paid scant heed to conservation and during our tour a large group of farmers has settled in an area, previously jungle, which has been cleared to keep up with his insatiable desire for paper.



Second in Command modelling the new shade of Welsh Guards Lipstick

LSgt Bond has had to cope with a slightly longer post run than he was previously used to. Rumours that he only stops at the British High Commission in Belmopan to deliver letters of a romantic nature from the Adjutant to a certain Archivist, have not been substantiated. Before the individual departments have a chance to put their viewpoint forward, mention must be made of the 26 men who are detached to Force Headquarters. Amongst them are Sgt Griffiths 75 who appears to spend his time running visits to Belize City Prison, the remainder of his empire consisting of the Dog Handlers and the Gaudroom. The Drum Major has become the equivalent of a booking clerk and spends his time justifying why the helicopters cannot fly on a particular day. Finally Lt Helm is in charge of Adventure Training and his talents have been rewarded by a well deserved promotion to Assistant

Adjutant of the Logistic Battalion! There are many others, too numerous to mention, who all play a significant part in the running of not only IWG but Airport Camp as a whole.



Now if you want to get commissioned bud - you have to stick your little finger out just like..... (CSMs Morgan, Powell, Roberts and Davies 28)

Orderly Room

LSgt Pritchard has recently estimated that he has run 540,000 paces since his arrival in Belize in March and hit nearly as many keys on PAMPAS, when it has been working. He is the longest known survivor of Hurricane Shelter Number 139 - more often known as Battalion Headquarters. When he can drag other unwary joggers out, he will. Customers despair in his wake as he makes light of the heavy heat. CSgt Atwell has also caught the "running bug" but favours running with others who might have a similar length of stride - such as the Drum Major or CSM Davies 37, before returning to his hotline to England.

LSgt Bond 007, as unflustered as ever is able to practice his advance driving skills on his

daily four hour round trip to Holdfast with the SSAFA and WRVS ladies - and the mail. We celebrated his birthday on June 5th with a vintage bottle from California.

Gdsm Rothera, as the only young free and single man in the Orderly Room is competing with Captain Bathurst for the heart of Theresa, our cleaning lady. He is never late for work as a result - because she starts at 6 a.m.. Perhaps Mrs Cooling should expect a few changes to her routine on our return?

Meanwhile our most newlywed - 84 Morgan has already gone back as newlyweds do. So with one running, one on the phone, one driving or celebrating, one restricted to the jungle to avoid broken hearts and the other back in England, that leaves 'Ninja' Williams to mastermind the Battalion's documents and records. Alas though he leaves us to return to Firbright and assist Captain Carty, The Piquet Officer, with his Sam Browne and shoes, and some typing.

So the Adjutant remains - with one hand on the phone and the other on his air conditioner, writing with his pen in his mouth. Nothing new - you may ponder - except for the air conditioner in place of the radiator.

Signal Platoon (North)



Well as we can't get through - we might as well get the stimms in, bud! (CSM Morgan, Sgt Hunt & Gdsm Hills)

The first month of the tour is over, but for the senior members of the platoon, WO2 Morgan 82, Sgt Hooper and Sgt Hunt, it has been two months.

Things have gone well so far and their have been no major clangers dropped yet, though we are working on that. Since our arrival most of the platoon have visited the jungle. Gdsm (Transponder) Cole, Gdsm (Joskin) Williams 75 and Gdsm (I've been there before) Willis were the first to go. They were followed on the second batch by Gdsm (Say again) Evans 700, Gdsm (Wait out) Edwards 38 and Gdsm (Monster) Davies 33 who befriended a number of apes. Gdsm Hills should have joined them, but became our first casualty after spraining his ankle playing basketball against the RAF in a serious bid to get a "Blighty One". However Gdsm Cole made a late bid by running into a washing line which left a neat cut across his nose. He has been consoling himself with the thought that it was cheaper than cosmetic surgery.

Finally we would like to wish our loved ones back home all the very best - only four months to go!

QM's Dep't

Since the majority of the Quartermasters Staff left Pirbright on the 13th of March with the Pre-Advance Party we haven't stopped or even started to stop! Under the eager eye of RQMS (Jiffy) Harvey, the stores are now functioning like a normal QM's store i.e. we've got some.

Somewhat in between all the wheeling and dealing that the QM (Don't worry about it) Davies is famous for, he still manages to find time for the odd round of

golf.



The Quartermaster working hard.... at his swing. Or the "Oldest Swinger in Town"!

LCpl (It's a rash) Peake, who is i/c the Ammo Compound, QM's Driver, Tentage NCO and Assistant Beachmaster is eagerly awaiting his R&R, as he has re-kindled an old flame for a girl back home. If only he could remember what her name was.

Gdsm (Gazz) Mainwaring has become a welcomed newcomer to the stores since he left Holdfast. As yet he's the QM's storeman, but we're looking for an extra job or three for him. Albeit signwriting, brickeying or boat loading.

CSgt (Ben) Parry has taken the new appointment of Beachmaster to heart. He now sleeps in a hammock and drinks white rum from the bottle and can't stop eating fish. Cap'n Birdseye beware.

Sgt (Sooty) Sinclair, once again has managed to embarrass the department, when introduced to a certain Captain Arnold, his first words were "I bet your first name's Benedict".

Csqt (Force be with you) Price 65 and LCpl (Monkey) Evans 15, are on detachment from the Battalion to Force QM's Department. Members of the Battalion will be pleased to know that CSgt Price still retains his charm and politeness. The whole department, join with the QM in congratulating LCpl Evans on his marriage to Julie, The NAAFI Manageress.

Our thoughts and best wishes go to all members of the QM's department who are unable to be with us at APC and to our loved ones (including Filo) back home in the UK. (P.S. I hope Ben can stitch better than he can spell).

MT Platoon

"Please ask the boys in the backroom what they'll have", so goes the line in the song by 30's star Marlene Dietrich. Not known to many apart from the older ones like the MTO Capt A O Bowen (Mr Nasty). But as you read of the exploits of the "Frontline Boys" in the lines of this magnificent journal, let's not forget what those "boys in the backroom" do.

Among those boys, the men of the MT Platoon, divided to the four camps. Quietly and efficiently supporting each of the companies.

Each of the camps with their different needs and demands. APC, the hub (or so they think) where under CSM 37 (Mr No) Davies such stars have blossomed. LCpl Woods who from the pit of the sevicings, wash-down point has risen to be a radio star!! Who now on BFBS plays funk, punk and all things his wife likes. But beware Gary as another song says, "Video killed the Radio Star", or it may be a tactics course. Faithful O1 Lewis shepherds the driving flock here. Hoppy Hopkins, Charlie Cole, 14 Davies and because of Gary, overworked LCpl Rowbotham. Mind you, APC MT could be mistaken for Glam Cabs, all they seem to do is meet aircraft and give lifts.

Rideau, with Sgt Shaun "Stick" Jephcott your man here, darting here, darting there, trying to keep up with the daily demands. Oh what fun they have here, from LSgt Shuffler Billy Back Marker Shone's early run in the morning to the joy of meeting that wonder, the RPL (Ramp Powered Lighter or supply boat to non-military personnel) twice nightly to load and unload all the things we need to keep us going in Rideau and Salamaca - you know, like food and beer. Here we have the MT Stalwarts such as LCpl Crisp Gdsm Duffy, Reid, Henton and that water skiing maestro 10 Jones. A note of sadness however, we have said a sad but fond farewell to "Norman Barrowclough" Gdsm Coleclough to his wife! Who in the end had 0 days left to do.



boys, without you that camp would stop (what do you mean it has!). Here we must mention the REME boys. LSgt Paine, Cfn Holmes and Cfn McGuire who seem to be permanently under some vehicle or other, together most of the time (not true).

HOLDFAST

If Salamanca is the pearl of the south then here is the jewel of the north. Helping Holdfast keep its sparkle, the leader, LSgt "Brocky" Bukowski (what a lovely stores he has) keeps the Company Commander happy and is helped by LSgt "Farmer" Jenkins 27, LCpl "Mouth" Watkins, Gdsm (I wanna stay free) Skates and O7 Davies. But is their role fulfilling enough, just how many times can you drive to APC. Still, they have a lovely swimming pool.

So having asked "the boys in the backroom what they will have" I'm sure they would say "another 6 months please, because we do love to drive", but then maybe not!! So what they can have is a pat on the back for their efforts and a ticket back if the PRE goes well. See you all soon!!

MT P.T. Parade.



SGT "STICK" JEPHCOTT L/SGT BOBBY "BACKMARKER" SHONE

LSgt Hibberd's precision driving to Stann Creek

Salamanca, the pearl of the south, or the land time forgot. LSgt Smith the Alcade here tries to keep a track of 74 Hughes, Parry 72 (when he's not on leave) and our man about town O9 Evans. Oh, nearly forgot LCpl Drinkwater there too, we think!!

Life's definately not a bowl of cherries for these lads, yet another song springs to mind for them - "Up in the morning and out on the job, work like a devil, all day" etc. etc.. You remember

Do you recognise these men?



Veterans of Bergen Hohne should have no difficulty in recognizing this face. Lieutenant Colonel Romilly David's last appointment within the Battalion was as the Company Commander of the Prince of Wales' Company in 1983/84. He is currently on Loan Service as the Commanding Officer of The Belize Defence Force.

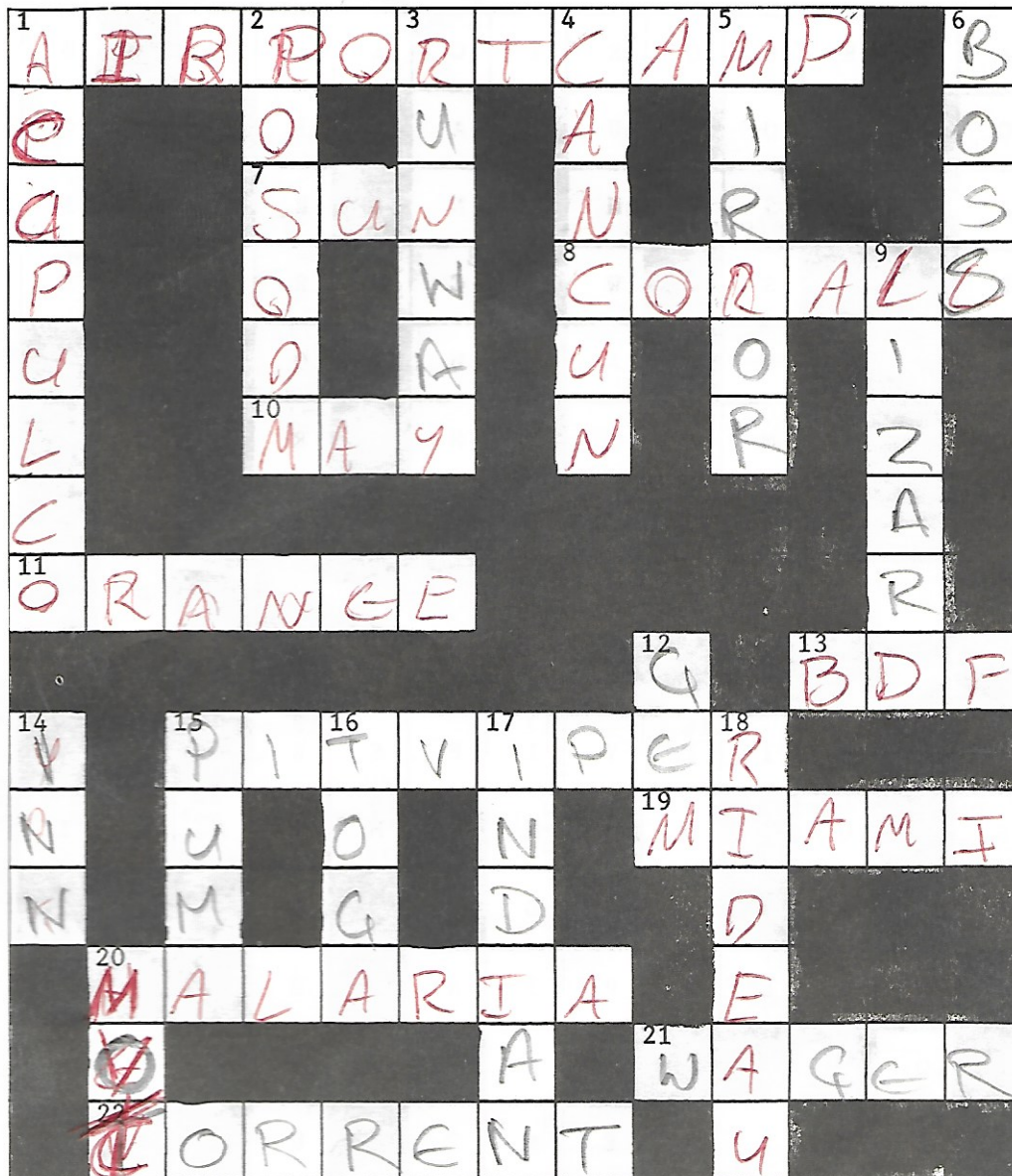
Man at Q and M BDF style
(Lt Col David)



"Whose idea was it to park the choppers at the bottom of the hill!?" (Major Woods)

Now here is a real blast from the past - Major David Woods was last seen in the Battalion way back in 1974 when he was the Company Quartermaster Sergeant of the Prince of Wales' Company. He has since transferred to the Army Air Corps and is currently in Command of 25 Flight out here in Belize.

Crossword



FOUR PLATOON CROSSWORD

CROSSWORD CLUES - ACROSS

1. Home, sweet home for those mighty men of the Island.
7. Favourite paper of the Officers' Mess.
8. Integral make up of the reef.
10. Second month of the tour.
11. For this fruit you will have to take a long walk.
13. Patrol assistance (abbreviation).
15. Ankle biting stuff.
19. Home of top American football team.
20. Tropical disease.
21. Act of giving a pledge associated with a bet.
22. A rushing stream.

CROSSWORD CLUES - DOWN

2. Dame Edna may call you one in the jungle.
3. The road to R&R (Sgt Mott enjoys training on it).
4. A Mexican holiday resort.
5. Left wing paper.
6. Nickname of the man "born in the USA".
9. Prehistoric like animal that walks about camp.
12. A precious stone.
14. An old English pub.
15. A wild animal also based at APC.
16. Worn at gozomes (parties) by the Romans.
17. The old Mayan locals.
18. "Little Iron Men's" building site.
20. A vehicle test (abbreviation).

Crossword Solution

1 A	I	R	2 P	Q	3 R	T	4 C	A	5 M	P	6 B	
C			O		U		A		I		O	
A			7 S	U	N		N		R		S	
P			S		W		8 C	O	R	A	9 L	S
U			U		A		U		O		I	
L			10 M	A	Y		N		R		Z	
C											A	
11 O	R	A	N	G	E						R	
							12 G		13 B	D	F	
14 I		15 P	I	16 T	V	17 I	P	E	18 R			
N		U		O		N		19 M	I	A	M	I
N		M		G		D			D			
	20 M	A	L	A	R	I	A		E			
	O					A		21 W	A	G	E	R
22 T	O	R	R	E	N	T		U				

LOVE LINES

To Jane and Holly love and kiss you lots, see you in June, from John.

Rick Glenton to Joanne where ever I am in the world, I'm always thinking of you.

Gary Williams to Donna, love you lots and see you in August.

To Helen, thinking of you Mike 25.

Cowpie to Sharon, lots of love, missing you, see you soon Aled.

John Gattrel to Wendy, take care of yourself and baby, see you soon.

12, see you soon, 3½

Martin Hiscock to Sylvia, see you soon, love Hedgehog.

Dear Olivia and Victoria, Love and miss you, see you on the 27th July, love Daddy. XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Dear Janet, suntan coming on well. Roll on the 27th when we can compare white bits, love Mike. XXX Linda Atwell, I love and miss you lots. Keep writing. Days to do. See you on 16th. Yours always Phil.

Jackie, Dean and Kelly, love you all, see you soon. Haydn.

RETURNING HOME BRIEF

Dear Sir/Madam/Mrs/Miss,

In approximately..... days time your husband/lover/penpal/son/mate will be returning home after a 6 month tour in the Caribbean area. The following are a few points to enlighten you and assist in his rehabilitation.

Whilst every effort has been made to keep him in the same condition in which he left, there are a few things which you will immediately notice wrong with him, such as complete dehydration and demoralisation. He will probably be suntanned, sex starved and generally overawed by the hustle and bustle of every day life. You are advised to take the following precautions:

- a. Meet him at the airport/ station (preferably male to meet as a white female may cause alarm to him).
- b. Lock up all white females (aged 9 to 90) or keep him on a leash.
- c. Warn any non whites in the area not to make any sudden moves without first informing him.
- d. If you take him on public transport ensure that you pay the fare as he will probably try to barter for his passage.
- e. DO NOT suggest a day at the seaside.
- f. DO NOT suggest having a Bar-B-Que.
- g. DO NOT play any reggae/Soul music in his presence.

If on passing or seeing any of the following objects he seems frightened or surprised explain to him in simple, plain language what they are:

- a. Double decker bus
- b. Television
- c. Tarmac roads
- d. Shoes
- e. Trains
- f. Clean linen sheets
- g. Public convenience
- h. Traffic lights
- i. Snow
- j. Public house
- k. Public telephone
- l. Street lights

When he does the following strange things do not call in the police/psychiatrist, remember where he has been:

- a. Laughs in your face when you suggest having ham and eggs for Sunday tea.
- b. Shouts and whistles every time he sees a white woman, no matter where he is.
- c. Strips the bed and starts to inspect it for bed bugs prior to retiring.
- d. Wakes up at unearthly times shouting "DAYS TO DO" this will wear off in about three months.

e. Tries to scoop tea from the tea pot with his mug, show him the spout it may jog his memory.

f. On hearing a car horn yells "get knotted bloody chimps"

g. On hearing a siren yells "NOT ANOTHER BLOODY CALLOUT" and runs away to hide.

h. Goes into hysterics when given a glass of Caribbean rum and coke.

i. Jumps up whilst in church and shouts "GUATAMALEN PROPAGANDA" during the sermon.

j. Refuses to leave the house without booking out first.

k. Crawls under the table and starts to gibber some strange words. Here are some of the more common ones which may be of use if you hold a conversation with him.

- 1. PIT - bed
- 2. SASRNIIE - sandwich
- 3. DIGGERS - Knife & fork
- 4. UULLLUU - jungle
- 5. MELLOW - take it easy
- 6. GONK - sleep
- 7. SCRAN - food
- 8. FESTER - lay in

To enable the above summary of points to aid in his rehabilitation, bear in mind that beneath that rugged exterior beats a heart of gold. Treasure it, because it is the only thing of value that he has not pawned. Treat him with tender loving care. With tolerance and more than the occasional pint of draught beer then you should be able to rehabilitate that shell of a man that was once your husband/lover/penpal/son/mate in approximately three months.

Remember at all costs refrain from telling him about the cost of living and never tell him the price of beer or cigarettes. Always give him an allowance from his wages and never the whole amount that he has earned. Keep him out of the sun and then he will eventually forget about the chimps and boons.

N O HOPE
Lt Col
Resident Psychiatrist
Belize Mil Hospital

Roll up, roll up win yourself a special painted coconut!
All you have to do to win is write the funniest captions for the following photographs.



All answers to:

The Editor
The Leek
1st Battalion Welsh Guards
Airport Camp
BFPO 12

All entries are to reach the editor by 7th August 1989. The editor's decision will be final.