

7/9

Please pass onto No 9

The Leek

FOREWARD BY COMMANDING OFFICER - LIEUTENANT COLONEL J F RICKETT MBE

We should look back with the greatest pride in what we have achieved during this truly bloody war that we have fought in. It says a very great deal for our spirit and determination that the disaster at Fitzroy never daunted our resolve. I only wish that we could have all been together when Sapper Hill was finally taken.

Discipline and normality is returning to Stanley and everybody is truly grateful for the cleaning up and friendliness towards the locals which is being shown by everybody in the battalion.

It will not be long now before we are home with our loved ones and enjoying the most well deserved leave that I can certainly recall.

Those of us who will not return gave their lives for their country, for freedom and their cause was right. At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them.

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The Padre writes: While on board the tug Typhoon towing Sir Galahad out to sea, I was handed the following poem written by a member of her crew. Perhaps it speaks volumes for us all.

Sir Galahad, Sir Galahad,
My heart for you doth weep,
You're going to die tomorrow,
So that fifty souls can sleep.

But when you die Sir Galahad,
The picture God will see,
Mankind washing it's conscience,
In this cold and bitter sea.

For on a cold June morning,
Screamed madness from the sky,
Our soldiers screamed and perished,
You heard and knew not why.

So Sir Galahad we will sink you,
We will send you to the deep,
Lay quiet in your watery grave,
And guard our soldiers sleep.

You burnt and writhed and twisted,
And you knew all their pain,
But you kept it all within you,
Your memories and our slain.

For your name will stand in history,
As guardian of our slain,
You will die with honour,
While man will bear the shame.

Your burning funeral pyre,
Was there for all to see,
A reminder of mans inhumanity,
And of how stupid we can be.

J Cranny
RMAS TYPHOON

-O O-O-O-O-O-O-O-

Tell, you did write in your trenches for the Leek judging by the massive number of contributions! We have all much appreciated the effort made by the families and Rear Party in producing the Spring Onion. Now we are all in Stanley, should anyone have a dull moment between rubbish collection and sleeping - do write an article. The prizes mentioned on QE 2 will be produced - contributors you have not been conned. LCpl Manning continues to pound out the Leek - he is doing well.

TAKE HOME A LIMITED EDITION PRINT - excellent value, Falklands natural history - See Bn HQ noticeboard for details.

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-

31oz of common sense went missing from the Int Office. Finder please return to Captain Minoprio.

Forthcoming events in Port Stanley:

Carol Service with the Choir (if the snow's around it must be near Xmas).

Support Company winter Sports Meeting on 9 Jul 82.

Rare First Day Covers - with a double frank mark are available from the Post Office price £1.

The Prince of Wales's Company

Since the last edition of the Leek, the Company has found itself in so many different ships, trenches and sheds that at times no one was quite sure where we were. The tragedy at Fitzroy has sadly depleted our ranks and, before starting on our news, we would all like to send our deepest sympathy to the families of LSgt Carlyle, Gdsm Edwards and Gdsm Marks at their loss, and to wish the other 41 members of the Company who are now in the UK the very best of luck for a quick and full recovery. Some people will do anything to get back to the UK. Those of us who are left are just getting used to the arts of surviving and we are finally residing in the top floor of Port Stanley Town Hall.

After abandoning ship, numerous helicopter rides and different adventures, we met up as a Company on HMS Intrepid. Various attempts were made to re-equip the Company and soon men were seen carrying kit around in paper bags. Mr Strutt, Cpl Payne (our resident medic), Gdsm Bewsher and others were seen wandering around in naval cast-offs looking like divers, helicopter pilots and assorted sailors whilst HMS Intrepid, in an embarrassing show of generosity, gave LSgt Williams 54 a white polar neck sweater which he has not yet taken off (3 weeks later).

After 3 days of Intrepid sailing back and forth from Bluff Cove and numerous hairy air raid warnings "Red", we were deposited once more at San Carlos under command of 40 Commando and retired once more to the hills with our paper bags and white blankets. Despite one shovel between 10 men we soon constructed a varied collection of peat dug-outs. Sgt Butler's sanger, by Francis and 25 Williams (formerly of one platoon) won an award for architectural design with its revolving door whilst Mr Black's trench, built by Lloyd and Chapman, came equipped with false floor and windows cut to give a panoramic view of Bomb Alley in San Carlos Bay. Drummer Jewell kept his morale up by thinking of his wife which, in turn, boosted the morale of the remainder of the platoon despite the fact that it was the fourth time the trenches had been built. Company Headquarters dug the Command Post twice, as the first time the design proved faulty and it collapsed. Meanwhile Captain Koops and CQMS Evans were doing sterling work acquiring all manner of clothing and equipment to re-equip the Company whilst 2 Lieutenant Strutt acted as our spy with 40 Commando as a watchkeeper. Mr Bodington was released as the temporary new Platoon Commander of 2 Platoon (since when, he has vanished with the Advance Party to Ascension Islands - we are all wandering if he made it or is he even now doing a solo transatlantic crossing on an orange liferaft).

After 3 days on the hills with the weather making it all look more and more like Stalingrad, we were once again moved onto the Canberra to act as prisoner of war guards. By boat and helicopter with our plastic bags and looking like refugees, we got on board. Baker, by this stage was seen looking for a padlock to do up his sleeping bag outer.

At San Carlos we picked up 1400 prisoners from West Falkland and then steamed to Port Stanley to pick up a further 3000. For two nights and days we toiled as they came aboard - searching them, making them wash themselves and their clothes and marching them off to meals. Mr Black, Sgt Butler, Sgt Hurley and some of 3 Platoon ruled the Officers and Senior Non Commissioned Officers on B Deck. Lloyd, Chapman and LCpl Vaughan-Jones were often seen at various times of the day and night parading their charges in various orders of dress and undress. Meanwhile on F and G Decks LSgt Hartnell, together with LCpl Evans, Lawrie, Coughlan, Welfoot, Peake, 31 Jones, Milton and others ruled some 500 Privates. LSgt Hartnell instilled firm discipline on charges and even began English lessons to the prisoners. We are wondering the effect on Argentina of a new English phrase which has something to do with "eyes looking like a certain type of hole in the snow".

Finally our visitors from A Echelon under the direction of CSM CARTY and CSgt WARD held court in the dining room and galley together with the inevitable task of guarding the quarantine prisoners in the Asian Crews Quarters. Prisoners Memoranda was held with the CQMS giving normal evidence which was then translated into Spanish and 3 well-trained Argentine criminals who, when asked for their story all dutifully shouted (in Spanish, of course) "Nothing to say Sir".

After dropping the prisoners at Puerto Madryn under the watchful eye of an Argentine Type 42 destroyer, we returned to Port Stanley to await our next employment. On arrival we found that the Marines and the Paras were rapidly preparing their plans for their return to the UK and, to do so, were occupying any and every ship in sight. We were quickly put ashore and promptly took over Port Stanley on behalf of the Battalion and 5 Brigade (who were all still at Fitzroy). At this stage we sadly said goodbye to Captain Koops and would like to wish him every success in civilian life.

Unfortunately we still had no vehicles, radios, other equipment or even rations. However these problems were quickly resolved. The Company Commander and LCpl Skinner finally managed to secure a Mercedes jeep permanently having temporarily and mistakenly removed both the Marine Brigadier's jeep and that of the Ordnance Corps Chief. Sgt Thornley, LCpl Stevenson and Pte Poelstra (all of ACC) set to work on an amazing collection of Argentine rations whilst LCpl Wright, LCpl Pemberton, Gdsm Hunt and Gdsm Teague managed to acquire assorted radios, telephones lights and other electrical gadgetry all of which were run off one light socket!

The platoons uphold the rule of law with VCPs, town patrols and prisoner escorts thus preventing anyone else acquiring kit before we did. Everyone acquired an Argentine weapon ranging from an Exocet for the Company Commander, a rocket launcher for the CQMS, and numerous rifles, machine guns, pistols and other weaponry for everyone else who promptly spent more time cleaning their boots than looking after their issue rifles.

Life began to return to normal with the arrival of the Battalion. Notice Boards appeared, daily details and standing orders were typed by Gdsm Moore on captured Argentine typewriters and a large company sign appeared painted by Gdsm Rogers assisted by 90 Smith. Baker reverted to normal and lost half his kit whilst LCpl Falcon started purging for the first time for six weeks. Daily tasks have included bomb disposal, cleaning out warehouses, searching houses, doing the locals dirty work and acquiring fresh bread from the mobile bakery unit. More unusual tasks (which cannot be mentioned) have arisen (sufficed to say that the Company is now known as the Body Snatchers) all of which have been carried out cheerfully with numerous fits of hysteria as Gdsm Matthews tells another of his jokes.

Rumours abound about our return to the UK and, after congratulating LCpls Skinner, Lloyd and Bentley on their promotion, we can only end by sending all our families our best wishes as also to the remainder of the Company back in the UK. We are really looking forward to being reunited in the very near future.

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THE JOCK'S AND TAFF'S BATTLE ANTHEM

Well the Argies dug into the mountains
And over the Falklands did roam
But when the Welsh and Scots Guards did get there
The Junta it soon shot off home.

We sailed on the old QE 2
We give all our thanks to the Captain
And the lads and the girls of his crews.

The conflict it's now nearly over
And we have loaded the ship up with stores
We will soon make our way back to Blighty
And be glad to be on British shores.

And when we get home we'll be heroes
And that will give us a gong on our chest
But all we all want is our money
And 3 weeks of booze and a rest.

And when we get back to our barracks
It's on to the old drilling square
With your boots and your buff in
good order
And a space where there once was
some hair.

Chorus:-
Singing Tooralay/Hooralay/Addy

By LCpl C Duggan

Number Two Company

As expected, our arrival in the Falklands was headed by a days fog and we knew that this was a forte of things to come! We managed to avoid carrying all our heavy equipment but poor old Gdsm Evans 58 had to stagger with the weight of his radio all the way. LCpl Eddiford did a marvellous job with all the medical supplies as well. When we arrived at the southern end of San Carlos, known as the butts of Bomb Alley, LCpl Elliott and Gdsm Long dug a trench that developed into an underground house. Meanwhile LCpls Hughes 31, Whitely (Clyde) and Beaumont (Billy) dug one that developed into a swimming pool. This was something we all experienced at some stage during the war. Our life, like all good foot soldiers seems to revolve around marching and after a trip in a landing craft, which lasted for five very cold hours we had a crippling march with all our equipment to our next position. I don't think our feet will forget that march for sometime to come. It was on the next position that, LSgt Willoughby, LCpl Davies 77, LCpl Elliott and various others all claimed to have shot down a Mirage jet fighter. It was later, that the Scots Guards, who were on our right confirmed that the plane had crashed!

Fortunately Gdsm Jones 49's medical skills were not required, though he radiantly carried the medical bag throughout the campaign, and Gdsm Radford had to carry the 84mm throughout, again without using it. Gdsm Clements who recently joined the Company on the QE 2 has a souvenir a piece of shrapnel from an air burst shell which narrowly missed him and also came too close for comfort to the Platoon Commander. LCpl Davies 14 wins the day on pieces of shrapnel, as a shell landed within 15 feet of him and 36 Harris. Both lost their steel helmets in the explosion! Poor old F Troop seemed to get most of the shells and they were highly relieved when the Company moved up the road towards Port Stanley. We are all amazed to see Gdsm Careless walking around with 3 rifles! One is his sniper rifle, one his SLR and the other he acquired from an Argentinian. Again from 4 Pl LCpl Whiteley, Beaumont and Williams 40 should be congratulated on their recent field promotion.

5 Platoon under the command of 2Lt Morgan, thought our arrival on the Island a real let down from the luxury life on the QE 2 and Canberra. The only drama they had at San Carlos was when LSgt Crowther was casevaced with muscular contractions. We all hope he is much better now. When we spent a night passage on HMS Fearless we heard he was much better.

The long trek from Bluff Cove produced the Company's first loot! Sgt Baker ended up 6000 pesos richer! It sounds more than it is. In England you couldn't buy $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of beer for it! We settled down to a quiet routine at Bluff Cove only to be interrupted by the Argie shells. This did not deter Gdsm Tadman from collecting cigarettes off LCpl Clarke during one attack. Dmr Rogers had a minor problem and ended up walking around like John Wayne, when he had just got off a horse! 5 Platoon had its war postponed while near Bluff Cove, a fighting patrol was cancelled much to the annoyance of Sgt Baker and his M79 Grenade Launcher who was definitely out to ruin some Argies' day with it.

When the Company moved up to some ground near Mount Harriet 5 Pl had a small problem with some light showing from a suspected Argentinian position. LSgt Bartlett was "ordered" to take in a close recce patrol on the mysterious light. On this mission Davies 33 and LSgt Bartlett had very vivid imaginations on what they saw ahead. Alas it was all a bit of an anti-climax. Later that night we were all entertained by "son et lumiere" by the Royal Artillery on Mount Harriet. From there the only other drama 5 Pl had with the rest of the Company was when we were heli-lifted forward to attack Sapper Hill and the helicopters landed right on the edge of a minefield! The pilots were not to know this and it took LSgt Miller all his leadership qualities to get them out. As soon as that happened we were all told it was over. It was a shame no one could tell the mines that! On returning to Fitzroy Gdsm Horner knew life had not changed while we had been away at the front as Miss Kitson was still wearing her brightly coloured socks!

Gdsm Johnson has been using his gift of the gab since we have been based in Port Stanley by being chosen to give a radio request which will be sent back to England and hopefully Wales. Gdsm Jenkins as usual has been lightheartedly bringing everyones attention to the fact and keeping the ears of LCpl West well tuned to his

likes and dislikes. Drummer Woods has been lucky to be excused from the list of Duty Drummer to sound the days bugle calls because the one and only bugle we could get our hands on has a very large mouthpiece. It must be Drummer Hughes 58's! Sgt Williams 95 has now lost his sun tan which was feverishly acquired on the QE 2 and Gdsm Nash is looking as white skinned as ever. LSgt Dawkins and Bambrough have been put up by an Islander who has the same interests in life as they do, so they get on like a house on fire. LSgt Jones 26 also lives out and is beginning to look a little too well! LCpls Morris, Scourfield and Johns all have their own section houses and are all becoming very domesticated. I am sure all the Company wives will be amazed at the changes in their husbands. At the first opportunity I see soldiers hoovering, washing and dusting!!

We have now said goodbye to GSM Everett who is off to Sandhurst and wish him the very best of luck. I have known him for nearly 5 years and I know he will do well there. E Troop hoped he had a pleasant trip back in the C130. Rumour has it that they doctored his tea just before he left? I am sure it couldn't be true. We are not sure whether to say goodbye to Captain Lewis or not as he is due to leave the Army in a week, but has applied to stay on. If the answer is no, it will give him only about 5 days to find a job on the Falkland Islands!! By the time this edition comes out the Coy Comd might be a father again and a book is being run on the actual date. We must admit that all our thoughts are of home now and we can't wait till some ship steams into Port Stanley to take us home to our loved ones.

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Number Three Company

That 3 Company's entry into Stanley was triumphant was totally due to the efforts of Capt 'two wheels' Ballard and Sgt 'no problem' Downes, our A/CQMS, who between them had procured quite the most exclusive part of the town as our accommodation. We arrived at the Dairy to find 5 houses ready for us to make our own, and we met also Mike, Trevor and 'Haggis' the local men who had sat out the occupation. Our first task was to begin the massive amount of clearing up needed in the wake of the Argentine fight from the battlefield. It is not surprising therefore that news from the sections has centred largely round these tidying activities.

From 7 Pl, No 1 Section has named itself the 'Public Works Section'. This has given Gdsm 'Sammy' Brown plenty of scope for his well known purging, but Gdsm Evans 13 has taken full advantage of the Council routine and relishes the frequent and long NAAFI breaks. LCpl Roper however - having had boils on his tongue last time we wrote - now has problems with his bottom layer of falsies and is therefore still unable to eat properly! Gdsm Tutt has found a glockenspiel which miraculously plays 'Don't Cry for me Argentina', whilst Gdsm Blaszkiv is thoroughly pleased that everything is over because he was having great problems stopping Chinooks using his beret as a landing pad. It seems that most of the actual work is left to Gdsm Burrows, and to our newcomers Gdsm Barnfield and Quinlan, whilst LSgt Oultram has the awesome responsibility of co-ordinating this superb sludge shovelling team.

Two Section has a reputation for extremely good spirits. This is due to the efforts of the sections' two Crooners Gdsm 'Dean Martin' Buck and 'Singalong' Dobbin. Gdsm Broad still has an endless line in chatter, and is now joined by Gdsm Williams 62. Chatter of a different is heard between Gdsm Rees 40 and LCpl Webb who are still arguing about the ownership of a packet of nuts and raisons opened in San Carlos! Efforts by LCpl Loveridge 07 to arbitrate in the matter have come to nothing - but work continues. Both two Section and three Section in fact share a house, although LSgt Astley of 3 Sect was quick off the mark and has christened it 'The House that Astley built'. No prizes for modesty there! The emphasis from this section is definitely domestic. Gdsm Eames and Gibbon are rapidly gaining a reputation as first class scroungers - their latest acquisition being a bed. The most frequent occupant of this, on account of his great age and experience, is LCpl 'Hurricane' Haycocks who can be seen winding down there. It seems also that 3 section have begun to invent their own household expressions and so with Gdsm Ricketts and Williams 81, it is constantly 'game on'.

Finally from their exclusive attic above 1 Section, Pl HQ have been keeping a pretty low profile. Gdsm Edwards 62 struck for fame with an interview for BBC Wales and LCpls Plewa and Shankland have been making contacts with the local people and becoming the envy of all by locating a bath! Gdsm Howarth has been languishing with a bad knee and very nearly got back to Pirbright with it - unfortunately he could not hobble along fast enough to catch the plane. Overseeing all this activity has of course been our new Pl Sgt LSgt Evans 70 who has already made an impact by wading the platoon darts team to an easy victory in the Coy darts competition.

From 1 section 8 Pl comes news of LCpl Loveridge 06's Mean Machine Mercenaries. Gdsm 37 'Urko' Thomas has put in for SAS training - as long as we get a posting to Merthyr Tydfil for six years. Accompanying him will be Gdsm Chappell, known as 'the human pack'. Gdsm 85 'Bobby Sands' Roberts was actually heard to speak - once. Someone called him fat and as a result he curled up in his mess tin and went to sleep. Sleep however has been difficult for Gdsm 'Par' Matthews who has been kept awake at night by Gdsm Burne and his stories of life at home and his previous job as a manager at Tesco's. Gdsm Williams 20 continues on his 80 Woodbines a day and wonders when he shall see Pontypool again, whilst Gdsm 'Dash' Downton wonders what married life is going to be like. LCpl Loveridge 06 and Gdsm 228 'Clicko' Davies spend their time talking about their home town Abertridwr, whilst LCpl Edwards, the resident weapons expert, gives his updates on everything found by the section team. Finally we turn to LSgt 'Ianto' Evans who has returned to the section after injury - we have opened a book on how long he will be with us this time!

Two section, under LSgt George 15, until recently had the 5 Star Accommodation around the dairy. Unluckily for them the occupants and owners have now returned from the country and they have had to move - all the way down to 4 Star. This has greatly upset Gdsm Wells and Gee who again have been landed with the cleaning up - but it has been a good move for the section garmets LCpls Jones 73 (congratulations on his promotion) and Salmon, who are gaining quite a reputation for themselves. Indeed they are now entering the Stanley 'Cook' of the month' competition. Gdsm Mayne however is still rather in the wars having cut both his hand and head - he now has a running total of 5 stitches. Mention must also be made of LCpl Jones who has applied for a license to start rabbit racing on the racecourse here: as yet it has had to be turned down because the venue is also the Stanley Heli-pad! Finally congratulations go to the newly promoted LCpl 'Jack' Badham who has come to us from 9 Pl and quickly found his feet.

3 Section is another domestic section and has set up home in 'Hectors' House' along with 1 Section. They are under the ever watchful eye of LSgt 'that's not good enough do it again' Gwilym. He is ably assisted by LCpl 'frozen brain' Covington. The master cooks are LCpl 'Bungy' Taylor and LCpl 'Big A' Jones 92 - Slab to his friends. Amongst these are the ever purging bodies of the Drummers who have set up shop in 'the Swamp' with 'Big Honk' Horton in charge. Under him are Durs Sam Mayers, Hagar the Horrible Hodge, Brian the Baker Pinn and the two walking earthquakes Lunkhead Lewis and Stanley Stanton. Finally there is Gdsm 81 Roberts, cast off from Pl HQ, he has been adopted by the drums again. He is often seen in the dark dank corners of the swamp muttering to himself.

Company HQ has been fully occupied in 'Penguin Hall', with Gdsm 93 Morgan in strict control of the senior's messing facilities. LCpl Roberts 20 has been attempting a wide range of signals wizardry on Argentinian equipment - the result being that every 'O' group is disrupted by the fizzes and bangs of his contraption, much to the annoyance of the Coy Comd and CSM who as yet have not dared touch it. Sgt Fitzgerald has set up his field kitchen in our top shed, with the cooking skills of Cpl Pattinson and the scrounging of the 2i/c and CQMS, the Company is extremely well fed.

So as always 3 Company is very much on top of things here. We are firmly into our routine and the work is keeping us fully occupied - and we can now look forward to getting home to normality and our loved ones.

Support Company

The Mortar Platoon

We have now been on the islands for a little over a month and the platoon have encountered all kinds of experiences, never thought possible. I think in the case of our platoon it is best to divide the Leek contribution into two parts, due to the great sadness that has befallen us.

It was on the 8th June that we in Platoon Headquarters were informed of the Sir Galahad incident, and the appalling tragedy that had occurred killing many of the platoon and wounding others.

We are saddened at the thought of what had happened. Our hearts go out to all of you that have returned to England and all their next of kin. We wish you all a very speedy recovery and in particular Gdsm Weston who was visited by three of us on the day of his departure for the long journey home, who was being exceptionally brave over what he had endured. In memory of those who gave their lives we hope to make up a Mortar and have it chromed as a reminder of what they have done for the Battalion and the Platoon. Though the individuals will always be remembered as very good friends, it is now important that the remainder of the platoon join together and think of what the future has in store, and return to as normal life as possible.

During the campaign we had a section under the command of LSgt Fisher and LCpl Jones 98, attached to the Scots Guards who did all their training with them on board the QE 2. The training apparently took into account every conceivable type of event that may have occurred except the stripping down of their rifles in total darkness wearing mittens and overgloves - but had time permitted they were sure this would have also been covered!

After a few days at Bluff Cove the section was to set up a Mortar Line on the edge of Mt Harriet, unknown to them, their position happened to be an Argie Artillery D.F. and it was not long after their arrival that a shell landed 50 metres away, apparently causing the section to drop like lead weights to the ground, but within two minutes everybody was on their feet again with the exception of LSgt Fisher who was still on the ground with his head well and truly covered with every available ammunition box on top.

It was not long after the ceasefire that the section was returned to us and once again the platoon was re-established. We then embarked for a few days drying on the RFA Sir Geraint where the platoon first encountered what was later to become known as 'Fitzroy Foxtrot'. While the Platoon Commander was on muster parade (apparently a rare occurrence, so he is informed) he was checking up on the health of the platoon. Little answer was needed when he noticed two people had already disappeared and LSgt Frost was seen running off with his trousers moving rapidly down to his ankles. It was at this stage that the platoon commander realised it was safer not to wait for the answers and made a hurried exit himself.

We landed at Port Stanley to be accommodated in the Town Hall, co-located with The Prince of Wales's Company. It was not long before CSgt Scott, now acting CSM, (to the full) had sat himself down behind the Magistrates desk and instead of signing his name on the sheets of paper he pushes out, his chief Town Clerk (LSgt Connolly) gives them the official Magistrates stamp, so if anybody receives what appears to be a Falkland Island Court Order have no fear, it is only a note from CSgt Scott.

On arrival in Stanley the main occupation of the Battalion appeared to be the acquisition of vehicles and this seemed to continue when Gdsm Mumford decided he required transport as well. The vehicle he found happened to be an Argentinian Armoured Car, fully armed up and ready to fire. Luckily for all our sakes some brave soldier carefully persuaded him to return it for fear of the danger he may cause. It should also be pointed out that Gdsm Mumford does not have a driving licence.

We have spent the last few days with people disappearing off to do house checks, which has been a great success, yet at the same time their tasks seem to be finding out where the young, attractive women are, this sadly has been a little less successful.

In the meantime we wait for the ship to take us home. Everybody sends their love to all at home and are now looking forward to returning.

Heading for the Falklands
On board the QE 2
Out there a war awaits us
We have a job to do.

We won't do it for the money
And the job we won't reject
We do it for our Sovereign
Of who we all respect

We arrive at Port San Carlos
A place torn with tragic strife
Trenches all around us
To save injury or life.

Our enemy is close at hand
Our weapons are all ready
And even though we're nervous
We keep ourselves so steady.

We are posted on a hillside
That views across the Bay
At night the bitter weather strikes
We wait out for the day.

Our Regiment it moves on up
To do the job at hand
Unlike the beaches of Normandy
Were fought and lived in sand.

Some of us are left behind
For the job of re-supply
And when we heard of tragic loss
Some of us do cry.

They are moving on to Stanley
They are now on Sapper Hill
Overlooking the objective
All are roused to kill.

But the white flag it is flying
Argentine does submit
As our lads do raise a cheer
In the trenches they do sit.

Prisoners are sorted out
And are cleaned and even fed
Back home to Argentina
Where some of them do dread.

And now the fighting's over
We have done our little bit
We only want to go back home
But we can only wait and sit.

LCpl C Duggan

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Anti-Tank Platoon

The last edition of this well written publication left the Anti-Tank Platoon aboard the QE 2. Shortly afterwards we arrived in South Georgia and the disembarkation from the QE 2 onto Canberra was the first fast ball of many that we were to face in the forthcoming weeks. One can now understand how a batsman feels facing Michael Holding and Colin Croft unchanged for a complete innings. In the event the platoon had twenty five minutes to move from the QE 2 to a Hull trawler waiting to take us to the Canberra. Inevitably ~~the~~ ^{twice} LSgt Davies 39 and LSgt Roberts 'soxante neuf' were missing, busy improving Welsh Guards crew understanding. The Platoon Commander did not even have the time to light his after dinner cigar and had to leave, with the said half corona clenched firmly between his teeth. This caused some amusement especially when he fell down some steps and the cigar broke in half. The Canberra did not impress Gdsm Plummer at all. The complete absence of alcohol and a Force 8 gale were he assures me the worst moments of his campaign.

Eventually the platoon landed at San Carlos and I think the highlight of our stay there, must have been a four mile ride on Bill and Ben, a couple of tractors. A few days later we left San Carlos and embarked soaking wet on HMS Fearless. Gdsm 'Eric' Goff was most excited and still firmly believes he was starring in a James Bond film. From Fearless we moved to Bluff Cove by LCU and the journey was both lengthy and extremely cold. The language that Gdsm Evans 24 used to describe the experience in unfortunately unprintable.

At Bluff Cove the platoon detached two sections to Number Two Company and within a couple of days came under attack from hostile aircraft. LCpl Lima, Gdsm King and Gdsm Davies 96 are among over a hundred Welsh Guardsmen claiming to have brought down three Argentine Skyhawks. I think we can discount Gdsm Parry's claim however, although he did manage to expend a full magazine of nine millimetre ammunition from his SMG in the general direction of the enemy aircraft. Shortly after this we slowly learnt of the tragic news of Sir Galahad and many of us were shocked to realise that we had lost good friends, especially among the Mortar Platoon. We wish those survivors in England a speedy recovery from their injuries and we hope to see you all soon.

The POW's Coy and 3 Coy were replaced in the line by A and C Companies from 40 Commando. LSgt Williams 99, LCpl Hughes 15 and Gdsm Roberts 14 were among many from 3 Section who had difficulty deciphering 'bootie' language. They all learnt to 'YOMP' (walk) and make 'WETS' (brews) and there was much talk about 'GASH' (litter) and 'RIGGING' (webbing). Gdsm Jones 788 complained bitterly about the rate of march and with two Milan missiles strapped around him all that was needed to set him off into orbit was a lighted match.

Functional as a Battalion once more we moved forward to assist 3 Brigade's attack on Mount Harriet and Two Sisters. The Recce Platoon assisted by Sgt Roberts 15 and LSgt Bennett's detachment were tasked to secure the start line for 42 Commando. The only Milan missile fired by the platoon during the campaign proved how effective the weapon could be against dug in troops. LCpl Mahoney ably assisted by Gdsm Ratsep and LCpl Sincock, who I must congratulate on his recent promotion, guided a Heat warhead straight into an Argentinian bunker sporting a .5 Browning, which held up the Commando advance. The resulting explosion left fourteen Argentinians dead and the Commando advance continued until the objective was secured.

The platoon regrouped on Sapper Hill after the Argentine surrender and we then moved to Fitzroy by helicopter. The less said about "the Fitzroy two step" or "the Rangoon runs" the better except perhaps to mention that LCpl Price can sprint faster with his trousers around his ankles than anyone else in the platoon. It was most welcome to board Sir Geraint, an LSL, to clean up and administer ourselves before moving to Port Stanley.

Support Company joined The Prince of Wales's Company at Port Stanley and almost immediately LSgt McGuinness and LCpl Hopkins did not make themselves universally popular by causing a two hour traffic jam when some of the platoon's requisitioned Argentine trucks decided to all break down at a particularly busy location in the centre of town. To add to this Gdsm Griffiths 45 did not exactly endear himself to the Officer Commanding The Prince of Wales's Company by hot wiring the said Officers Argentine Mercedes.

Life continues at Port Stanley, mainly uneventfully. I am however reliably informed that Gdsm Webb has sent his condolences to LCpl Webber's wife because he now knows what it is like to live with him?!! Make of it what you will. It has also reached my ears that Gdsm 'Shirley' Hicks has been found sending poison pen letters to the Battalion barber. While on the subject of letters Gdsm Rees has told his various pen friends that his hobbies include jogging, weight lifting and disco dancing. He has promised a complete demonstration of all three in the not too distant future. Other news of interest centres around Gdsm Dowle's forthcoming operation to have his sleeping bag removed from his back and I almost forgot to mention the unfortunate loss of Gdsm Phillips' glasses. Do not be surprised if he fails to recognise his friends or conversely greets complete strangers warmly in the street. Fortunately LSgt Bennett has fashioned a white walking stick and we are advertising for an off colour yellow labrador, which should hopefully rectify this difficult problem.

To conclude, we are now all looking forward to our return home and with the prospect of four weeks leave and with a week in Wales to follow, the platoon is in excellent heart. It now looks increasingly likely that at least we shall see something of the summer before public duties and the winter in Pirbright sets in once more.

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HEADQUARTER COMPANY

Recce Platoon

The Recce Pl would like to send their condolences to the wives and families of all those hurt or killed in the Falklands crisis.

The operations on the Falklands were started with the happy return of LSgt Ranson to the platoon, from Number Three Company. Yet another month has passed without Gdsm Myatt (Butch) having any message from the Stork. As the Pl are placing heavy bets on the three possibilities? The RSM will be glad to hear of the fact that the QM has changed LCpl Lloyd (Losh) beret. Our operations started with the movement of half the platoon to just east of Darwin, while the other half of the

platoon, was tasked by the QM to follow LSgt Marlow to pick up his abandoned kit. Our next great adventure was to accompany Bn HQ in the communal bath (LCU).

After we left HMS Fearless and moved to Bluff Cove the remainder of the Battalion underwent pre-Cambrian March training, thanks go out to our boss, Willy Syms. After we had dug in, in the quarry, LSgt Charlie Brown tasked Gdsm Bromwell to make his first brew after saving Charlie's life, the question was asked why Gdsm Bromwell used a poncho instead of hexamine blocks.

The platoon's and the remainder of the Bn's first rounds fired in anger were at Skyhawk and Mirage jets doing low level attacks. There seems to be some conflicting views as to who shouted "I shot down the jets".

Sunray and the lads of C/S 61 would like to thank Sunray C/S 60 for the geographical tour of Mt Harriet which lasted 14 hours. The platoon would like to thank 42 Commando for letting us take part in the taking of Mt Harriet. This is where LSgt Andy Davies and elements of C/S 61 and 62 caught our first prisoner.

The platoon is debating whether LCpl (Ponto) Parker was blown over by his close encounter with a mortar shell, or the removing of hip flask. The Bn Int cell should be thankful, of the fact that LCpl Joskin Jones didn't blow away the remaining 4 prisoners with his manpacked Artillery piece (M79). Gdsm Myatt explained to LCpl Jones that the (M79) arms itself at 15 metres not 2 feet.

C/S 60A and 61 came upon a Company position, as this not a hard task for 2 sections of the platoon, they went forward which resulted in the capture of the above mentioned four prisoners. At the same time LSgt (Tip toe) Brown was leading Holdfast and Number Two Company to their objective. LSgt (Two Bellys) Baynham was tasked to observe Mt Harriet and beyond, which resulted in the fastest he has moved in months. After the conflicts and the Battalion's taking of Sapper Hill we moved to Fitzroy Settlement, where we shared our first shed with the Anti Tanks and Signal Platoon. We then boarded the Sir Geraint for a short stay, where the platoon caught the 'Fitzroy Two Step'. After four or five days we moved to Port Stanley where we disembarked and were shown to our new accommodation, the sheds behind Port Stanley House.

Our main task in Port Stanley was to find the vanishing Vicar (Sgt Liversage) this was our hardest task as there as so many sleeping areas in Port Stanley. Now to a more serious note we would like to thank LSgt Davies 22 (Gloria) temporarily attached from the Mortars, who showed exceptional coolness under fire!

Yet again we send our deepest sympathies to the wives and families of our friends. We will remember them.

LSgt Ranson and others

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The Signal Platoon

The dawn on the 2nd June, a dismal drizzle falling. The Pl disembarked from the Camberra, after two days of packing, unpacking testing, and repacking our equipment, to attempt to make it lighter.

Alas no, except for the odd bar of QE 2 soap, jar of picallili, tea flask, bath robe everything was needed. We arrived at the jetty on Blue Beach and set off for Bn HQ looking everything but like Nepalise porters, in fact we know we had it right, when we received nods of approval from 4 Ghurkas at San Carlos.

We spent three very wet and cold days waiting for the Bn to move. Drinking water from a stream littered with dead sheep, we almost PURITABBED ourselves to death, we then marched back to Blue Beach and boarded a LCU, for transportation to HMS Fearless. It was a wet day and we got wetter every wave, which had 1 WG written on it, they crashed over the front, and soaked us, a few mutters were heard, such as 'Hey you've missed one' and 'I'm sure the Captain's been sniffing glue, he keeps laughing!'

Twelve hours later we were back in the LCUs for a four hour trip getting wet again. LSgt Knocker Knowles managed to fall asleep on top of our hard top land rover. However we almost lost him when the LCU rolled and attempted to toss him into the sea. Luckily for Knocker two Guardsmen grabbed him and yanked him on board.

We landed and eventually arrived, after another cross country tab, to a disused quarry and settled in. Here we had our first brush with Pedro. CSgt Thorne was in the process of issuing rations to the platoon and had got to the Goulash when the cry went up Argie planes, dropping the tins he grabbed his rifle and fired, leaving 35 (you name it I've purged about it) Roberts, 52 Griffiths and Knocker with eyes like ding bats and ears ringing, and Colours muttering about allowing for the wind.

We spent three days at the quarry and began to dread "Pronto" Capt Stephenson going on duty. It was sure sign that Pedro would fly over and we would all get stood to, in our stone sanger, which eventually, resembled a stoneage longhouse able to accommodate Bn HQ complete. We were subjected to Pedros' artillery, but luckily he couldn't quite find us.

Sapper Hill was our final assault with LSgt Dummett following the Commanding Officer straight to the top as the surrender was declared. We then spent the coldest windiest 24 hours on the island, and unfortunately lost our finest coffee maker Gdsm 14 Hughes with pneumonia, and in a severe snow storm had to be casevaced out. Best regards from the Pl 14. We eventually flew off Sapper Hill in a Chinook helicopter to rest and take our packs and radios off, we all grew three inches and settled down for a proper kip.

Royal Signals Detachment:

Flip Flops Rule O.K.

Our attachment to the Battalion is nearly over, and it has been an eye opener. Two of the detachment have worked before with the Infantry, however, but we are all used to luxuries such as landrovers and flip flops! Without these mobility aids, tabs proved somewhat tiring.

On pulling into the first location we were surprised to see each soldier digging his own latrine but were dismayed to find these were not latrines but our living accommodation!! Living in a latrine is fun!

After this introduction to the field, we moved onto greater glories and bigger latrines and claimed two Skyhawks on the way (not to mention the prominent part played in the capture of Sapper Hill). From then on we have been recovering the use of our feet again and are looking forward to inserting them back into flip flops.

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The Machine Gun Platoon

Since the last edition the platoon has diminished, cooks are now cooking, drivers driving, clerks typing and the Drill Sergeant flying.

The heavy guns have now been put back in moth balls and the platoon otherwise employed with the task of cleaning up Port Stanley, not a nice job but interesting at times.

Looking back over the past few weeks our first sight of the enemy came on the 8th June when the Bn's position was overflowed by three waves of enemy aircraft. It was later decided that the platoon were to be awarded a hit on an enemy Skyhawk.

During the campaign the platoon have been assisted by the Defence Platoon in the transportation of the ammunition for the machine guns, since they have adopted the name of (MM Pl) Mule and Mushroom Platoon an apt name awarded to them by CSgt Hopkins.

The most rewarding part of the campaign must have been the day the white flag was raised in the capital Port Stanley and the platoon had the honour of being the first MG platoon to occupy Sapper Hill, which also happened to be the wedding anniversary of LCpl Yeo, twenty four hours later we were aboard the LSL Sir Geraint where we were accommodated, showered, fed and remained for the following week. Eventually the big day came when we sailed into Port Stanley, previously only viewed from Sapper Hill apart from the odd red and green beret. Deserted of civilians, we are now living in a large brick house called Stanley House where we continue to await for a ship to take us home.

We are now all looking forward to that long awaited reunion with our families and friends. I conclude by thanking all the members of the platoon for the hard work and effort put into this campaign. Thankyou. Drum Major Williams.

Defence Platoon

The defence platoon took on many tasks from its main role of defending Bn HQ, digging latrines, helping the COMS and assisting and comforting the casualties at Bluff Cove.

Not a very glamorous occupation at times but never the less every member of the platoon carried out any task they were given with enthusiasm. Many proved to be extremely versatile, notably CSgt 'Rock on Tommy' Thorne who proved to be an able commander in the field and an expert at erecting the 'Mark 3' basher.

CSgt 'Bugsy' Moran adapted well to field conditions and spent most of his time searching for something to fill the violin case he supposedly carries around in his bergen. As it turned out to be our main task was coming under command of the machine gun platoon to allow them more mobility.

The week before the surrender proved to be very interesting. At one stage we found ourselves in the middle of a minefield. On another occasion we were caught in the middle of an artillery shootout between our side and theirs. Of course, like everyone else we had our fair share of shellings and air attacks. During the latter everyone claimed a hit on Argentinian planes. An argument which will continue for years to come no doubt!

Now that the hostilities have ended everyone has returned to their usual employment.

Well done the 'Mule and Mushroom' platoon, you all worked hard and were a pleasure to command.

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A Echelon

Since the last edition of the Book A Echelon has carried out a varied selection of tasks ranging from being human JCBs to being a member of a rifle platoon. Under the well proven guidance of Capt (QJ) G White, it was time for A Echelon with the remainder of the Battalion to leave luxury of the QE 2 in South Georgia and board under cover of darkness the liner Canberra, which took us the remainder of the way. After some days we were eventually put on a Royal Marine Landing Craft and landed ashore on the beach head at San Carlos where we were met by RQMS Parry who had effected a Recce prior to our landing, we were then positioned and began phase 1 of our bungalow building programme in the Falklands peat, with intermittent shouts of "Air Raid Red", however with good sound advice off CSgt Frank Ward and Section Commanders Sgts Griffiths 38 and Peacock, our patch was completed in good time and the only items missing were carpets, curtains and the tele!! The following morning it was decided that our newly built abodes had to be put on the open market and we were moved to a more suitable position further in land where phase 2 of the Echelon/Whimpy building programme began under the supervision of CSM Carty who still insists he has a masters degree in trench building.

Anyway we all settled down and started the mammoth task of centralising the Battalion's suitcases, kit bags and what freight had been flown ashore, which just to make things interesting the Navy pilots had dropped in a variety of locations resembling an orienteering course, Sgts Griffiths 38 and Thompson (of REME fame) set out to 'borrow' some tractors from local houses and this with the broad shoulders of LCpls Bennett 33, Binnall and Russell (RAPC) and the remainder of A Echelon was completed in a few days. In the meantime Sgt Jim Thompson and LSgts Stannard and Brown were told "There's your vehicles and you should have been aboard the landing crafts ten minutes ago," this being in preparation for the Battalion move to Bluff Cove. After the usual "Stop, Start" routine that now became usual in most moves, we were embarked on HMS Intrepid and were away. At this point we became closely attached to the Prince of Wales's Company and due to the Battalion being split we became No 1 Platoon of The Prince of Wales's Company with to say the least, quite a high powered structure with CSM Carty as Platoon Commander, CSgt Ward as Platoon Sergeant and Sgts Peacock and Davies 77 (on attachment from Support Company) as Section Commanders. After moving about a number of ships we finally ended up back in San Carlos and dug in on the slopes of a rather wind-swept hill, all wishing we were on an islands in the Pacific. After sending out a number of patrols led by LSgts Lane and Moore the news came that we were going to

escort 5000 prisoners back to Argentina on board the liner Canberra, so with a 2,000,000% boost in morale and visions of showers, white table cloths and china cups, we all packed in record time and "eventually" arrived on board the Canberra where over the next few days we embarked nearly 5000 Argentine troops. Number One Platoon (that's us A Echelon) were given the task of looking after a part of the ship's crews accommodation called the Asian Quarters, this is where all prisoners who were infected were kept. After 5 or 6 showers each and a few blocks of smelly soap all were quite presentable and we were able to converse with a few who could speak 'some' English, all of course were closely supervised by LCpls Mortimore, Russell, Bennett and Binnall assisted by Gdsm Loose, Bale, Collier, Silva, Kinnaird, Hunt with Pte Lloyd and Cfn Owen61. On return from Argentina the Company eventually took over duties in Port Stanley from 45 Royal Marine Commando whilst waiting for the Battalion to arrive.

We are now back under the wing of the Quartermaster and in our rightful role of A Echelon, where we are accommodated in the Gymnasium which is next to the Town Hall, some maintenance was needed and in true Welsh Guards style we have got the place dug out and even have the boilers working, which gives us hot water and heating kept going by our mystery oil delivery man in the guise of LSgt 'Shady' Lane. We now have the luxury of films, centralised cooking and even the odd vehicle or two (courtesy of the Argentinian Army).

As a conclusion to this short history of A Echelon's past few weeks we all would like to send our heart felt best wishes for a speedy recovery to Captain (QM) G White, RQMS Ben Parry and all members of A Echelon and the remainder of the Battalion who were casevaced home with injuries, we all miss you like hell. And finally we would all like to send our love and best wishes to all our wives, girlfriends and families, hoping that we will all be with you very soon.

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B Echelon

B Echelon are now back in the Battalion's fold at Port Stanley and would now like to send a special get well to RQMS Parry (31). We also hope that the casualties are recovering well.

After being stranded at San Carlos for well over two weeks, the team eventually got itself under canvas, though the Godfather (QM) refused to be prised from his deluxe war wagon. It was also noticed that the Master Tailor had submitted plans to the local council for planning permission to build a basement and patio to his sanger. In the meantime central cooking got under way through the efforts of the Master Chef and Sgt Todd, and their cullinary expertise became famous throughout San Carlos, as most visitors seemed to turn up at meal times. (Major Peel Yates being the Headquarter Company's trouble shooter attending most of them).

The rest of the team spent most of the time unloading stores off the ferries, protecting the Battalion's stores from the elements, and directing the early birds (helicopters) to Rapiers location. The room with the view (latrine) situated on a hill overlooking San Carlos Bay was very popular and the envy of the San Carlos populus. The first prototype seat of "uniquity" being designed by LCpl Duggan who was incidentally the first to test it.

We evacuated our location from Kelly's Garden to the Baltic Ferry after a long wait for the Mexi to take the Battalion's stores and ourselves on board, and the sheer excitement of using a shower again was almost too much for some of the team.

As we have once again re-grouped as a department (Mafia) we would like to welcome back LCpl Jenkins (23) from 2 Company (CSM Everett does not get special reductions on PRI items). We take this opportunity to congratulate LCpl "Dai" Henty on his promotion.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the Godfather (QM) has decided that if we can ship back all the Argie compo to Pirbright the single lads will not pay food charges for ten years. CSgt Hogarth will only sell "sweeties" to persons buying ice buckets plaques, stable belts etc. CSM Wilson is the proud owner of the left over-boot which was the last Welsh Guards foot to leave San Carlos and is making enquiries

to see if the Imperial War Museum would like to make a bid for it, Sgt (Compo) Long claims that he now knows by memory the weight of every mans kit bag in the Battalion. Sgt IPK Parry (52) can give you a good demo on how to build a 5 Star basher complete with door in 6 easy steps. Sgt Price has offered up all of Sgt Bellis' G10 stores for the price of a chip butty. Gdsm Rowlands has now found his skis, but is now hunting all the ships' stores for ski boots. I wonder if he has realised that there is no snow yet.

We are looking forward to our return to Pirbright and to our "muckers" Sgt Roberts (48) and LSgt Saunders who deserve a mention for holding the "Fort" back home. Last but by no means least a special thank you to all our families and friends for the outstanding support which they have given during our hour of need.

The QM would like to thank all members of the Department for their assistance during the past weeks. Quote of the week:- "Where have all the fresh rations gone?"

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Battle Group Steiner

We are the new Battalion Echelon said Regimental Sergeant Major "Sabu" Davies, so nicknamed for wearing long johns cut off above the knee. "Oh really" said the group, stood outside number 22 the quarry, this group was CSMs "Big Jack" Hough, Phil "Jumbo" Cotterall, CSgts Rod "Punchy" Morgan and Bill "Honey Boy" Lyth. Yes really, said Sabu. To move 5 tons of ammo, the food and all the bergens was the job, using the one tracked Volvo and four land rovers the task was started. Our first problem was a very alert enemy artillery battery who fancied our convoy as good target practice, luckily he won no coconuts that day. The next problem was a mile gap in the road through a peat bog, here we lost all our rovers up to the axles. Thirty six hours later we had moved all the kit and the equipment the required 8 kilometres and had recovered our land rovers using just one tracked vehicle, we thought this no mean achievement! !

We now started the job of moving rations and ammo forward to the Battalion who had dug in at the base of Mt Harriet, it was whilst engaged on this task that LCpl Thomas O3 was killed by artillery fire, a sad loss of a great character and good Welsh Guardsman. Why is that Volvo moving so fast, asked a very perplexed Scots Guardsman, "Oh its filled with aviation fuel" was the reply, this was of course true as no resupply had arrived from Brigade. We were using captured fuel, also at this time RSM Davies made a further entry into the stories to be told at Mess dinners by removing 2 jerry cans of petrol from a Ghurka land rover whilst talking to the driver without the driver even noticing him doing it. "Follow up the Battalion with all the ammunition you can get on the Volvo Jack", these were my orders from the Commanding Officer as the Battalion started forward on its night attack: ammo loaded, .50 guns loaded, heavy mounts loaded, Big Jack and Punchy wishing they were loaded, which way did the Battalion go? Try up the road, no they are not ours, whoops too far forward. Punchy shall we go back and try again? The RSM looks like he is dancing, no he is waving and shouting, what's that Sir? Oh we are in a minefield, now he tells us. We retire and breathe a sigh of relief, the RSM more than us, he had been there for two hours. We had been there only minutes. Eight hours later as the Battalion attacked by helicopter, the white flag was raised. The Battalion walked wearily towards Sapper Hill, it was empty., they looked down onto Port Stanley, some of the first troops to do so.

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Orderly Room

Since our last notes from the QM 2, the Orderly Room staff were split up between the Defence Platoon, Machine Gun Platoon and B Echelon. Now that we are in Stanley the Orderly Room has come back together and getting into the swing of things again.

LSgt Bond and LCpl Manning have placed a regular order for the Daily Telegraph ever since their names appeared in it, LCpl Stacey has acquired more pen-friends

than Marjorie Proops and is trying to remember who is who. LSgt Larman has been hopping about like a cat on a hot tin roof ever since he received the signal saying that he is now a father. He has now fitted a pair of wheels to a MFO box and can be seen walking the streets of Port Stanley pushing it for practice, for when he gets home. LSgt Kojak has just been given his own Post Office Box Number due to the amount of mail he is getting, which was 150 letters at the last count. Gdsm Silva has been looking out for a pair of snow shoes due to the amount of walking he does to Brigade HQ. Sgt Williams 33 who has now taken over the Hot Seat, since CSgt Thorne went home with the Advance Party, has been calculating how many bags of chips he can buy when he gets home out of the LOA he has made. LSgt Bennett 21 has been snowed under with requests for Birthday and Anniversary cards due to their popularity.

Since being out here LSgt Kojak, LSgt Larman, LSgt Bond, LSgt Bennett 21 and LCpl Manning have all celebrated their first birthdays in the snow.

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From the RAP

In John Street stands an RAP
To heal the sick and needy,
It overlooks the stormy sea,
With treatments slick and speedy.

88 is at the helm,
Attempting the straight and narrow,
Mostly he gets a crooked deal,
From the blokes he likes to harrow.

Chittock is the appointed chef,
Aspiring to Ronay's guide,
Being beaten daily by our Geoff,
And jearing for his hide.

Harry Hall with fixed grin,
Is always on the go,
Trying hard to locate sin,
Or girls who won't say no.

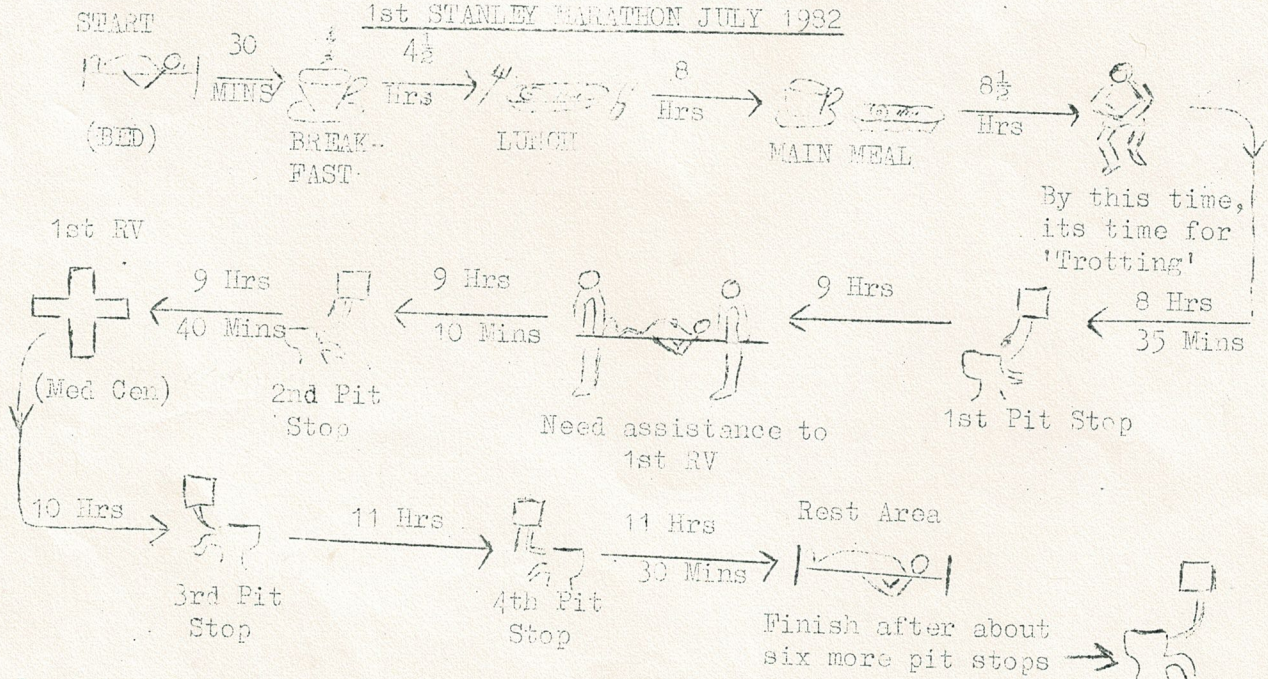
The Padre's quite a party goer,
Inspired by the Famous Grouse,
Never the first to leave by the door,
Of his and hostesses house,

The Doctors are often led astray,
By their colleagues at 2 Field,
Trying hard to work and play,
But to barley can often yield.

From the Falkland Islands Mess,
Counting the days till we pack,
To Katie in the MRS,
We say we'll soon be back.

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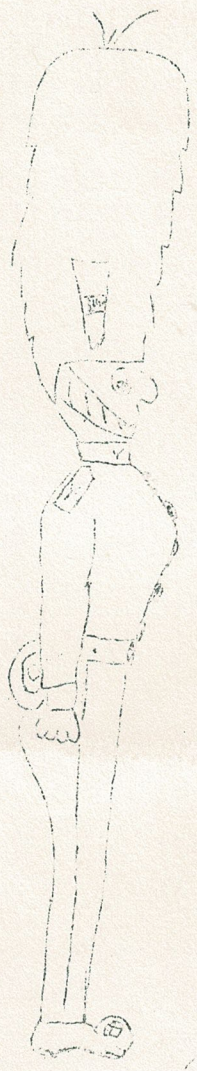
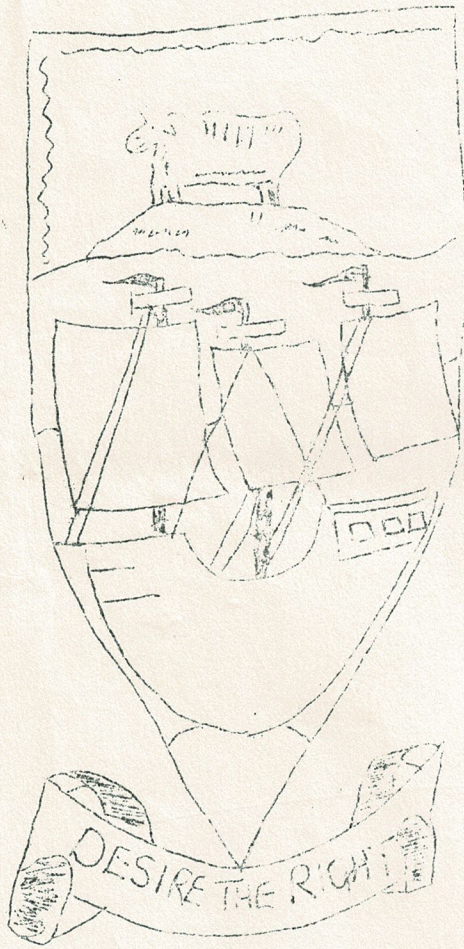
1st STANLEY MARATHON JULY 1982



Fastest time to date: 24 Hrs

LCPL C DUGGAN

1ST BATTALION WELSH GUARDS



FALKLANDS ISLANDS 1982

CDSM WATKES 96
ATTANKS PLT
SIC0Y