

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S COMPANYCompany Headquarters

Company HQ arrived in Cyprus, and were first to be confronted with accommodation problems such the Company Sergeant Major and the CQMS who could not decide on who should have the side of the tent facing the beach.

The remainder of Coy HQ arrived after a luxury flight, established themselves & base was quickly set up in a lonely corner of a missile pad, an all time first as far as campsites go!! The track plan to the Beer Bar was sited and strictly adhered to.

The first days training started with the shock treatment, "Early Morning PT" which ended with the "Hold your breath and think of England", a dip in the briny. It became apparent that these early morning marine recces appealed to our leader, as Maj David could always be seen to be the first one in. Our first glimpse of the Sovereign Base Area was a 24 hour Exercise up in, or down in Milanda, depending on which way up you held the map (Captain Ballard).

The Company then ventured out of the SBA to Akamas, a "Beau Geste" place in the middle of nowhere, (a bit like Pirbright). It was in Akamas that Gdsm Moore arrived at the theory that Bloodhound Camp may have been where they fired the missiles but Akamas was definitely where they landed. Gdsm Cooke and Taylor quickly came to the conclusion that they would have been better off on the Beat as PCs in Brighton. It was here that LCpl Griffiths 52 came face to face with Exercise Radio gremlins (Gdsm 'Basher' Bewsher and Gdsm 'I'll drive' Angus).

Meanwhile behind the screens and generally anything else that goes camouflaged are the Company Quartermaster Staff who are still keeping the Company on their feet! Our thanks to CQMS 'I'll get hold of one' Denman, LCpl 'Sunburn' Edwards 74, LCpl 'Styms' Pembroke and not forgetting our latest temporary addition, Gdsm 'Flip Flops' Gulliford.

Number 1 Platoon

The long, golden beaches, the fascinating ancient monuments, the alluring Cypriot women and delicious food - these are just some of the many things that 1 Platoon POW's Coy has yet to see. Instead, training has been undertaken with blood-curdling enthusiasm, as everyone revels in the burning heat and clouds of flies.

Sgt Walford has everyone's welfare at heart and has been modelling his jungle hat in a bewildering variety of ways, his tour de force being "Nelson", Pl HQ has been sustained by Gdsm Teague's rations, as the latter tries to prove that the healthiest diet in Cyprus is one of fresh air and sunshine. Gdsm Sheeran has been ensuring that we do not lose contact with Coy HQ even when we plummet 500 feet into an unseen wadi.

If the members of 1 Section do not soon know all there is to know about feet, it will not be because LSgt Gibbs has been neglecting the subject. The "Foot and Mouth" man - lots of lip about feet - of the Company, LSgt Gibbs is the uncrowned King of an Amateur Chiropodist. However, he has been unable to interest LCpl Cunliffe in this fascinating subject. The latter is using his mouth to marvellous musical effect and should soon be appearing on "That's Life" to display his invisible organ!

LSgt Rowlands smiles so much that one is led to believe that he has discovered something about the, qualities of the local plant life - or, possibly, the animal life - that gives him untold pleasure. Perhaps time will reveal his vile secret. LCpl V-J takes the sun in a more conventional way - face

away from "The Big yellow Pill" - and so will probably have less cause for concern about immigration problems than most of the platoon. Mention must here be made of the Platoon Commander, Mr Black. Not content with his tan, he is endeavouring, with the aid of large quantities of what he calls "Lemon Juice", to "go blond". So far, his efforts have been in vain. At the time of writing, the platoon is just about to leave the homely comforts of Bloodhound Camp to begin the Battalion Exercise. With a bit of luck, a couple of days of R & R will be enjoyed before returning to Pirbright, but in the meantime, the Platoon must once more suffer hour after hour of fly - interrupted sunbathing. Oh, to be in Surrey! or even Wales.

Number Two Platoon

Two Platoon's order of battle has changed dramatically since last year's campaign in the South Atlantic. Lt Strutt is still just in command. Sgt (Garcia) Morris has definitely taken to heart the fact that large people suffer more from heat exhaustion although his liquid intake is mainly of the Carlsberg variety. LSgt (horrible) Horrell brings up the rear on platoon runs; LSgt Williams brings up LSgt Horrell, ably helped by Adolf Kift. The Battalion hair styles in Cyprus are of the short variety with LCpl Jones 639 setting Gdsm Boddy a very bad example; nevertheless Gdsm Mary Milton will not remove his curlers. LCpl Roberts 18 has been testing out sleeping bags for NATO hence his nickname of "Horizontal" - no doubt the jet lag will wear off before he returns to Pirbright.

Gdsm A B Chambers has now been accepted into the platoon; he has had enough of Army biscuits to keep him going for the rest of his Colour Service. LCpl "Speedy" Lewis 75 has taken over 1 Section now known as the Marathon Section. 97 Edwards (The carrot) has re-written Battalion SOPs; one example signal on an ambush being set "Good night boys". Gdsm Hermanis still provides the humour for the platoon, but is so unimpressed by the singing that he has been heard to utter "Clerking beats this any day". We welcome the following New Draft Gdsm Rhys, Hart, Buens, Berbillion, Chambers and Boddy.

Number Three Platoon

Three Platoon's arrival to Cyprus and Bloodhound Camp is aptly summed up in LSgt "Spider" Hartnell's poem.

At Akrotiri Airport the Company did arrive
Got loaded into buses, 3 high and 4 astride
The buses all held forty, although to see the size,
They didn't make allowance for forty thousand flies.

It seems that the cramming of bodies into the buses was relived on arrival in the "Sunny Hotel on the Hill"- Bloodhound. The tents are an odd design it seems for The Prince of Wales's Company; LCpl Bierton can only fit half his body onto his camp bed - the other half is out of the tent. Thank God we didn't bring Gdsm Lawrie.

Our intrepid Section Commanders LSgt Davies 97, LSgt Hartnell and LCpl "Flasher" Brinkworth have been desperately getting to grips with the Cyprus training areas. To say the countryside was rugged would be an understatement. The same could be said for the "Men of Three" however, One Section under temporary command of LCpl Wright slid down a cliff into a walled wadi to find they were trapped. LSgt Davies, suggested bungy-jumping to get down these cliffs but "Spider" Hartnell doesn't get flustered and has invested in a hang-glider.

63 Williams has been coping very well with the radio although some of the messages need a lot of de-cyphering. LCpl Griffiths the Company Signaller tried to send LCpl Mott 88 on a water patrol 8 miles out to sea until 63 discovered the mistake.

Most of the platoon have been making the most of the local food and drink. Gdsm "Luigi" Price 84 has developed a knack of ripping off-rate during a 'tab' and borrowing local water melons. The platoon has been sinking many "Stims"

the extent of the sun tan extends only up the arms and on the face as the opportunities to sunbathe have so far been few. Sgt Williams has begun with a very good colour, however he has started to peel much to his platoon commander's delight who was rather jealous for his own good. Gdsm Dibble has been fighting hard to master his new and somewhat tricky job of platoon radio operator. LCpl Johnson has as usual kept up his reparation of hilarious comments in conjunction with LCpl Morris who between them have maintained the morale of the platoon at a high level. LSgt Edwards is now getting used to the idea of being a rifle section commander after his last job as an MFC, and LCpl Harris is fitting into his job well. He unfortunately managed to burn himself while firing a GPMG on Akrotiri Ranges so sports a large white bandage, as does Gdsm Aspden. Gdsm Owen 49 is doing well as section 2 I/C and Gdsm Kleinberg is recovering well from a twisted ankle and is looking forward to joining us on exercise.

The bunch of characters more commonly known as 'F' Echelon to members of c/s 2 have undergone an internal power struggle. But emerging as the leader of this elite fighting machine is the master of skull digging 'Boss Hogg', LCpl Trenchard. There are a number of characters within his posse. 'Android' as JP, 'Flat Head' 42 Taylor to name but a few. However, not to detract from the theme of this best seller the Hogg himself having consumed a Hay Box of chicken legs. Randed up his posse and with his nervous molar headed out to a grid reference amongst the snake infested raines which farm some of the more picturesque features of this delightful island. His errand of mercy to take him and his crew on a water run to replenish that machine of machines c/s 2.

The scene was set at 0400. The Hogg arrived at location having distributed the requirements he then set about the task of manouvering his chuck wagon on the most trecherous piece of land known to man - a track. The cooperation of the driver was invited but not wholeheartedly given, armed only with a right angled torch. He completed the first 37 moves, however a small stone discretely placed by some unknown goat herd, (incidentally the hero of the story) upset the boss' balance and a shaft of light was seen to appear heading up to the heavens. Much grunting, swearing and finally the disappearance of the Hogg over the side of the hill, a recovery vehicle was summoned but was out on another task after much hard work the Hogg was recovered from the thorn bushes and the most delicate of tasks to remove the said invaders completed, he then set his compass to return to his base location, where merely by chance another haybox of chicken legs was waiting (there must be a hell of a lot of chickens in Cyprus) having consumed the said commodity, he then wrestled with his camp bed for another 8 hours sleep (which he takes 3 times a day). And do you wonder readers why his molar is nervous.

DON'T MISS

The next episode of J D HOGG who deals with his encounters with a Russian whaler while snorkelling off Akamas Bay.

Now that the Company is in the full swing of training, time is passing by quickly and it will soon be time to return to Pirbright to the loved ones left behind. But before this date the Company will be able to manage four days adventure training and R & R which will come as a much deserved break after a 3 week Battalion Exercise.

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NUMBER THREE COMPANY

On arrival in Cyprus the Company was immediately to find out what was meant by the many prior warnings about Cypriot driving, with a hair raising journey from Akrotiri Airport to Bloodhound Camp. The intensive heat had the immediate inevitable effect of creating numerous graons such as "When are we going home Sir?", and "I don't think I'll be able to hack this heat".

The initial two weeks have been spent carrying out company training and acclimatizing. The latter feature has involved early morning dips in the sea to cool off after P.T. and sunbathing, in which one hundred white bodies have gradually turned brown, or red. There have also been a couple of 24 hour

exercises which have tested the Guardsman's ability to consume a limited supply of water in hot and humid conditions. The Company spent two good days shooting down at Akrotiri, the highlights of which were the determination of Cypriots to remain in the danger area and the marvellous cold water machine and drinks provided by the range warden.

The final act, prior to the Battalion Exercise was a move to the Field Firing Ranges at Akamas. Two days of hard work resulted in No 7 Platoon achieving first place in the Battalion, and 8 Platoon coming third. This was followed by a Company smoker involving a barbecue on the beach followed by many of the well-known songs that inevitably accompany such a 3 Company occasion (attached later the REMFs song).

Company Headquarters has had great amusement in witnessing the Company Commander's attempts at mastering the art of hammock slinging and boarding. Success appears to have been limited since most of his time is spent neck jerking in his deck chair rather than in his hammock. The CSM has earned himself a reputation as any snakes arch enemy, such is his prowess of killing all manner of snake. The CQMS has, in the meantime, acquired an excellent tan, brought about by many hours of arduous work in the sun!

LSgt Rowlands received a great boost to his morale from an English holiday-maker he met who enquired as to whether he joined during National Service! Needless to say his reply was unprintable. Finally from Coy HQ, Sgt (SA) Hinder has given us the benefit of all his experience with the Long Range Desert Group in overcoming the effects of the sun. Consequently he is permanently asleep complaining of massive de-hydration.

Number 7 Platoon

7 Platoon started off training in Cyprus with a good show of themselves in a map reading exercise. Dobbin met his first snake and ran so fast that he soon became the Pl runner and has earned the nickname of "Black Adder".

On the short defence exercise many found out to their cost that "smell is beautiful" as far as sangers are concerned. Most snakes out here bite, one however picked on the Pl Sgt - LSgt Miles and bit off more than he could chew.

In Akamas 7, the lean mean skirmishing machine showed that muppetts can still soldier and in style. So stand by for the Leuchars Cup.

Number 8 Platoon

No 8 Platoon since the Tattoo have had a new arrival in Sgt (Climb every mountain) Cox who replaces one of the Company's old favourites Sgt Hinder as Platoon Sgt. At the moment the Platoon is enjoying Battalion training in Cyprus, since we've moved out here some of the men have felt the heat a massive burden, and the weight is beginning to fall off the bigger members of the Platoon, especially LCpl Juggernaut Jones who has just succeeded to get '85 Roberts (Bobby Sands) underpants over his ankles.

LSgt Keepin while at Akamas has learnt the art of dropping a tent in about 20 seconds. The only trouble is that he does it while he is still inside. We have a new marksman in the Platoon - Andy Collier, he's still claiming a bit of blindness now and again though while shooting.

LSgt Evans 34 has now managed to give all his kit to other members of the Platoon for the Bn Exercise. He was heard this morning auctioning out his binos, which went in the end for a few empty bottles to add to his collection.

LCpl 'Sack' Salmon has been unhappy to find out that there is a man in 7 Platoon who has beat his record of having the largest sack in the Battalion, as a result he's been giving 76 Jones (Dai Dracs) a hard time ever since.

Gdsm Watkins has been named the flycatcher for his speed swatting flies, and LCpls Shankland and Ricketts have been seen hiding in the corners composing songs about the REMFs.

Finally the last word goes to Gdsm 'Speedy' Halton who managed to turn up for Muster Parade this morning. Congratulations to him, it's a pity though that Gdsm Sargeant couldn't be there as well. We move to the Bn Exercise tomorrow with a lot more laughs in store.

Number 9 Platoon

Prior to leaving for Cyprus the Platoon reformed under the guidance of Mr George (Pl Comd) and LSgt Baynham (Pl Sgt), promotion coming early for both of them. After 2 days acclimatising, we set out to do coy trg, and it wasn't long before the platoon won the first competition on the Ranges, LCpl Loveridge winning the Inter Section Match.

We were also the first platoon to be in for the map reading exercise before we go on the Battalion Exercise. A special mention must go to the New Draft Gdsm Jeffrey who has only completed 3 days training out here due to sore feet and blisters, but he still says he's enjoying Cyprus (I bet he is!?!).

With the approach of the Battalion Exercise we all look forward to the R & R that follows it and our eventual return to England. Between then and now however, lie many hours of hot weather and work during which we shall no doubt come to fully appreciate the geography of Cyprus.

Nine Platoon - By Gdsm Herbert

Nine Platoon is fantastic
The organisations unique
We've been waiting for a briefing
For just over a week.

"Mr George" is platoon commander
He said "It's time we went
To do a bit of soldiering"
But he's still in his tent.

We sent out recce parties
Cos Sgt Baynham we couldn't find
Then we found him in the choggi tent
Piddled out of his mind.

The Corporals walk in circles
They have nothing to do
They've only come to chase the sun
And I will name a few.

No 3 Coy - By Gdsm Herbert

The sun shone down in Cyprus
It shone on Three Company
It reflected off their mess-tins
As they waited for their tea.

The cooks work hours and hours
Ever so patiently
Their aim is really simple
To give us dysentery.

The mosquitos fly in squadrons
You ought to see them swoop
Re-orging on a melon
To rehearse a mini-troop.

When I read daily detail
It said "Get away from marching
and stamping
The battalions going to Cyprus
For five weeks sun and camping.

There's Dale (MM) and Viper (Ten)
Dinger, Kim and Jack
Who spend their days in a permanent
haze

And get on everybody's backs.

The only one who isn't homesick
Is Roberts 81
Who thinks he's still in Anglesey
When he lazes in the sun.

Well now I think I'll finish this
And have a bit of fun
By putting on my bergen
And going for a run!

Mother, if you're reading this
Get on your knees and pray
And hope I'll survive all this
To purge another day.

But now after a fortnight
Something has gone wrong
That talk about us camping
Must have been a con.

I think the sun has got to me
I dreamed about a boat
Just sun and sea and alcohol
And a gorgeous mountain goat.

But there is one consolation
About us being here
The choggi's had a replen
And his tent is full of beer.

The R.E.M.F.s - By Gdsm Herbert

When the mortar rounds are flying
And the bullets are whizzing through
Just think of company HQ
Who are putting on a brew.

They purge about their duties
They think its quite a drag
To get up every other day
To do a radio stag.

The leader of this rebel troop
Who has really got it made
Is cuddly Charlie Bremner
Who is always in the shade.

And next we have his shadow
Who tails him like a falcon
Is it a bird? Is it a plane?
Oh no its Mr Malcolm.

They're followed by the Company Sarge
Who bags us for a speck
Of dust upon our ammo boots
Brian "No problems" Neck.

Then we have the real "R.E.M.F.s"
The famous gang of four
Who always pretend to be asleep
When we bang upon their door.

It's led by marvellous Molar
The leader of the pack
The Barry "Gravy" Bartlett
Who is always on his back.

The follows LSgt Rowlands
Who is always having fun
Watching Corporal "Compo" Plant
Tying dhobies in the sun.

This leaves us with the final four
Corporal "Harry" callsign pronto
And Guardsman Oscar "Purger" Kemp
Who follows him like Tonto.

Guardsman "Bionic Bosom" Gee
And "Rip-van-Winkle" Went
Conclude this band of reprobates
Who think they are God sent.

I'm in a terrible muddle
I don't know what to do
I've forgotten Sgt Hinder
And he'll beat me black and blue.

So to round this poem off
And give it a touch of class
I say a prayer tonight in bed
for "Cuddly Aids" the SAS.

Version of the Company March - By Musician Evans 82
(To the Tune of Happy Wanderer)

I love to go a wandering
Along the Cyprus track
The weathers swell
And all is well
Til someone says attack.
Skirmishing
Skirmishing
We're the Little Iron Men.

The Corps of Drums
Well they're all bums
As everyone knows well
And everyday
They sleep all day
And moan its hot as hell
Skirmishing
Skirmishing
We're the Little Iron Men.

Sgt Miles
He always smiles
When anything goes right
When things look black
He starts to flap
And stays awake all night
Skirmishing
Skirmishing
We're the Little Iron Men.

SUPPORT COMPANY

The Mortar Platoon

The Mortar Platoon has been located with Battalion Headquarters down at Camp site 'A' perhaps the most idilic position of all the Battalion locations, only yards away from the sea. The only problem being that of having a bath, though it must be pointed out that the sea has proved its total worth in this respect.

Since arriving the platoon has been training and acclimatising to the Cypriot heat during the administration CSM Scott and others have tried their hands at Windsurfing, with LCpl Cooper showing off his ability to waterski. Gdsm Bartlett on the other hand nearly stopped the boat as it tried to pull him up on the skis.

The Mortars have had full use during a days live firing in which a large amount of ammunition was carted across the country side for use during the day. It was here that both Capt Scott-Bowden and CSgt Thorne learnt the new skills of Mortar fire control. This was done to a greater or lesser extent between them under the eager guidance of Sgt Davies 77, LSgt Knight and LCpl Jones 98.

Having had a day away the platoon returned back to 'A' Camp for a day before departing on a 36 hour exercise. This was our first real fuste of the Cypriot countryside. This certainly proved no problem to anyone. However the trumbles have started after our return once again to 'A' Camp fitness training during the mid day heat has been a priority during the few days prior to the Battalion Exercise. It is here that problems have arisen. Gdsm Edwards 85 is now leading the way for the most impressive style of colapse in the heat.

LCpl Cooke kneels at his bed each night praying that he will change colour slightly before we return to England. On the other end of the scale we have LCpl Waite who if he mastered the Cypriot lanuage could be mistaken for a true foreigner.

It appears a suitable punishment within the platoon would be to send the individual to tent/salon 4 where Gdsm Smith 25 lives, for it is he who, having recently learnt the skills of a barber holds the record fot the most unstraight neck trims in one day.

One of the ways in which to test the platoon stamina was an afternoon of 'ITS A KNOCK OUT' competition organised and run by CSM Scott, it was during this that Gdsm Roberts 59 decided to swim back stroke. Someone on land cleverly shouted shark, and as a result it was the fastest Sgt Davies 22 had moved since we have been in Cyprus.

We now have one more day before we embark on the battalion exercise and hopefully a few people in the platoon will be able to return to active duties having experienced one or two of the hazards of Cyprus. We wait and see if this is the case.

The Anti Tank Platoon

To date the Anti Tank Platoon have continued their training while the Corps of Drums have ~~been~~ learning new skills as they are now an integral part of the platoon. During the last two weeks two birthdays have been celebrated. The platoon commander was misled as to the age of LSgt Haycocks, he is not 42 as previously believed. LSgt Roberts 69 on the other hand had 'Happy Birthday' sung to him at dawn in the romantic setting of a rocky outcrop by the Corps of Drums. LSgt Gwilym conducted under the ever watchful eye of CSgt Morgan 40.

'Dip and Dap' alias LCpl Griffiths 45 and LCpl Parry 65 have come to the front as the platoon ~~moral~~ boosters with their cracking comments. Gdsm Rees 99 is now sick to death with water melons. Meanwhile LCpl Parry and Gdsm Parry have been teaching Welsh to a select few charging a "STIM" per lesson. Consequently C/S 74A now do all their Milan drills in welsh. Gdsm Davies 90 who has passed his skills in Welsh and is now learning English.

Dmr Pitchford decided to do a little experimenting and tested the airportability of the Milan firing post, he now has 5 stitches in his head.

The platoon all chipped in to pay for a rubbish skip for LCpl Mahoney's bed space, but alas the dustbin men refused to move it. We all visited the Echelons for a meal only to find them roughing it by having fresh milk in cartons instead of jugs.

LSgt Hibberd (Joy Stores) has some times made early PT. He is now known as Kim 'Ovett' Hibberd.

The early morning peace is not only broken by the PT but also by LSgt Webbers blister parade. He is frequently seen applying industrial meths on large lumps of cotton wool to raw blisters while the patients are biting on a leather strap and being held down by 3 others on a 6 foot table.

All in all the new Milan platoon is in good heart and looking forward to R & R.

The Recce Platoon

Since the official reorganisation of Infantry Recce Platoons, our ever flourishing Reconnaissance Platoon has under gone a complete metamorphosis to get it into the swing of its new role. A lot of new soldiers of all ranks have joined the platoon, there combined with the 'veterans' have established what is hoped will become a first-rate platoon. Cyprus is proving to be the ideal training ground for getting down to the grass roots recce skills.

After our arrival in Cyprus the platoon soon settled into the daily routine of Camp A. We kick off bright and early well more early than bright, each day with a brisk run and swim. The platoon runs fairly well due to the fact that it is normally still asleep at that time. The runs have got progressively longer and the swims shorter, the platoon has not noticed but is getting fitter.

The morning first parades have become an interesting spectacle, Carlsberg the local brew is all to popular in the evening but come 0630 the groans and the regurgative noises are an exact measure of the previous evenings consumption, however LCpl Hayes (SLAB) is considerate and keeps the running pace steady, under the guidance of LCpl Owens 99.

The training has gotten under way with a vengeance, map reading being our first primary task. LSgt Ranson has introduced a system where by a man is fined a soft drink each time he points at a map with his finger, rather than with a pointed object. The platoon commander, Lieutenant Drummond was exstastic about this smart idea, however he has become less enthusiastic about this since he has been fined more sodas than the rest of the platoon put together!

It has been dictated that the platoons moto should be 'see without being seen' this we **try** to do, if only to please the Int Officer. We have been doing alot of seeing (and without being seen) in various OPs LSgt Brown (Charlie) was fortunate enough to covertly observe a Cypriot wedding never has he been so near to such fun without joining in, most perplexing for him. LSgt Lloyd 75 was delighted that in his OP he and his men smelled so 'natural' that a shepherd singing church songs (we are reliably informed by that well known Greek scholar Gdsm Jones 53) both passed within 3 feet of the OP and noticed nothing.

Among the least difficult, but equally important skills Gdsm Sullivan (Smiler) has learnt to make a good cup of coffee. Gdsm Price 69 and Davies 76 (Rosy) have kindly shared their culinary expertise of the art of the all in stew, A LA GRENADE TIN L2 to all and sundry. Sgt Fry has been busily working out how he can get out to Cyprus next year free, he heard that 2 SG are coming out so has been working on his Glaswegian accent.

The platoon is in good heart and thoroughly enjoying Exercise MOON BASE 1 although it is hard work. 'a change is as good as a rest' as long as LCpl Parker (FLAGS) gets off Windsor Guard.

HEADQUARTER COMPANY

Company Headquarters

Preparations are in full swing for the Battalion Exercise which everyone in Company Headquarters is 'really ' looking forward to!!! The stores are now looking rather empty as equipment is given out to those in need. Torches seem to be the most sort after article, 20 have been given out (thats not including those people with their own) that leaves A Echelon only 25,000 lights short of Blackpool illuminations!!

Gdsm (I'll get the squash) Davis 86 has been ensuring theres always plenty of 'luke warm' (not quite cold) squash to go around, this drink seems to be more popular with the ants than with the men, although its true 'you can't please everybody all the time' (although at least theres 2,000 ants satisfied each day!!).

One of the biggest proplems we seem to have at the moment is the laundry! when someone hands in a size 18 pair of trousers and gets back a size 10 it does'nt take much working out that these might not fit!!! (we are a bit suspicious that Gdsm Davis (Cardiff) seems to get back a perfect matching set each time!)

COMS(Soak up the Sun) Edwards 72 keeps complaining to himself and us about those 'wretched' ceiling fans installed in his penthouse pad, he reckons that when he's directing us from his camp bed they keep blowing out his pipe! its alright for some people, still, he must take it easy now as he's got alot of hard work ahead of him running the sailing for adventure training, that should be a real hardship! (hard ship !!!).

Since we've been over here in the sun soaked Cyprus we've done a variety of tasks from weapon training to acting as enemy, we are all fully proficient map readers, first aiders, signallers, barrak guarders and are probably fitter than we have been in a long time thanks to CSM (Cut your feet off) Samuel who along with CSgt Hopkins from the MT Platoon has been running us up and down every hill in sight.

Everyone here is already waiting in anticipation for the flight lists home, so far our Company Commander, Captain Prichard, we think your great sir (any chance of being on the first flight !!!) no body is looking forward to getting home more than Gdsm Morris 30 (him with the tan) whose wife gave birth to a bouncing 8lb 3oz baby girl on the 3rd September, we congratulate him and his wife and his will power!!

To close the notes from Company Headquarters we'd all like to send our love and best wishes to our wives, girlfriends(not both) and families, we'll be home soon back to that good old British weather.

REME - Cyprus

Well the heading says where we are but I should say a little of what we have done since we arrived here.

On the advance party were Cpl Dave Road and Cfn Karl Bowen who after erecting the tentage in the sun, will need passports to get back into the UK. Needless to say they set an example of the type of tan that one can achieve. Cfn Andy Lyons and Marc Young have endeavoured to engage in conversation but with one occasional stutter and another's habit of mumbelling it is not always successful, but it's still funny to listen to.

Our leader Sgt Chris Peerless has driven around most of Cyprus in the attempt to procure much needed spares. It's only a rumour but I've heard he's got a job with a local tour company. Cpl Jim (Hoover) Nolan, with a character like his it's difficult to find him in a funny situation but his jokes have still come thick and fast and must help to keep up morale.

All the above mentioned personnel have been staying in the relative luxury of Episkopi working at the Military Training Wing.

In a much less luxurious spot have been SSgt Dave (Gripper) Balchin who is at Akamas Ranges and who has been known to say "I've got no spares for bleep compasses". Assisting him at the moment is Cfn Martin (Joe 90) Owen who during his stay at Bloodhound Camp nearly drowned trying to learn to snorkel.

Martial arts practicer Cfn Mick Jones on joining us at Bloodhound Camp promptly became enemy for Number Two Company. I'm sure he would have preferred his NUNCHACA (I'm not sure of the spelling (two sticks joined with a chain)), but seeing that it's Number Two Company perhaps and SLR was more appropriate. At the sharp end (Tenko will be happy to hear this) is myself LSgt Chris Stannard (Re-knicknamed Biffo by certain members of 'B' Echelon) who has been called the Whitey from Blitey, helped no end by our resident Moslem Cfn Farooq Mughal who came in useful for work during Church Parades, and Cfn Paul (Scouse) Pruden who is collecting pens. It's beyond me perhaps he has a lot of letters to write home or he's heard that carrying a full pocket of pens makes you look important in the Guards.

Cpl Andy Lower (Tels Tech), another resident at Bloodhound Camp has learnt that a room 15 x 4 feet can be an armoury, tels shop, armourers shop and a signals store all in one. Still, this is an exercise. That's all for now, so to all our wives and girlfriends, don't worry, we are keeping safe and well. I suggest that you all get under the sunlamp for our arrival home. And on behalf of the lads who don't have girlfriends, any takers for some lovely bronzed young men.

Orderly Room - B Echelon

A good time has been had by all since we arrived in sunny Cyprus, apart from LCpl Stacey who seems to be permanently attached to the hospital in RAF Akrotiri awaiting the removal of his appendix. It's due to be removed on his 24th Birthday. Happy Birthday Muppett.

Meanwhile, 78 (Snakey) Price has been spending most of his time playing enemy for the duty companies. He had a close encounter with a snake who bit him on the hand. The snake is now in quarantine.

Good news for the lads, LCpl Manning and Gdsm (Purger) Brennan have now completed the LOA for everybody including the Ruperts (Officers) so they should have some money in the bank at the end of the month!!

The Orderly Room Colour Sergeant's tan is coming along nicely despite the fact that he has actually stayed in the Orderly Room Typing. The trouble is every time he types something, it has to be re-typed by someone else because of all the mistakes (did he ever pass a Clerks Course?).

LSgt Bond has been busy with the mail. He can't keep up with all the letters that keep coming in. He can't wait to get back to Pirbright so that he can read his newspapers all day.

Permanently detached to Tenko (Campsite A) are the rest of the mottly crew, Sgt Stacey, Gdsms Peake and Fear who are always complaining about the excellent facilities we have in 'B' Echelon. What more could one ask for, having a beach 20 yards from their tents and a chance to wind surf every day (if you can stay up long enough).

As usual we all look forward to our return to the UK to our families whenever it may be. The ORCS is racking his brain(?) at the moment trying to work out who is going home, and on what flight. He guarantees that we'll all be coming home (apart from those in Tenko who have 3 years hard labour yet to serve). We all wish it were tomorrow.

The Transport Platoon

The Transport Platoon has settled down well at the Bloodhound Hilton, the quarters occupied are spacious, well ventilated, wall to wall fitted concrete and a magnificent view of the ablution area. Sgt 37 Davies has his own flatlet CSgt Hopkins resides in a former Hoggs Lodge while the poor MTO lives in extremely Spartan conditions and constantly annoyed that the carpet is the wrong colour for the decor of the room.

The Platoon have been working extremely hard and have maintained an extremely safe and efficient standard of driving. They have not only picked up the companies in the most precarious locations, but have also carried out most successfully difficult night manoeuvres. The new MT Warrant Officer has instilled an exciting realism in training, not only with his haircut but the amount of ground covered in quick time on Shanks' Pony, Gdsm (Who me Sir) Conlon, LCpl (Why me?) Hopkins, LCpl (Go anywhere) Yeo and LCpl (I'll punch his lights out) Kemp, and Gdsm Lane have all been caught trying to make their way to France. It seems they've heard the Foreign Legion is easier than running with Legionnaire Extradinaire Hopkins.

In all the Platoon are working hard but obtaining a great deal of experience driving in most difficult conditions.

Technical Quartermaster Department

As is normal before going on any overseas tour the preparations for kit and equipment are made months ahead of the Battalion's departure date by the Department for items from Suncream to Radios and weapons, it was noted however by Ordnance that the priority Code 01 (Op demand) for the Suncream was rather exaggerated and they did not consider it an operational necessity (well you can't win em all).

It was decided to send LSgt (lets got some more sunning in) Ellison on the Advance Party to get the ball rolling at the Cyprus end, while the rest of us under Capt Pridham put the finishing touches to the preparations in UK. Well we all finally arrived in Cyprus and got down to the job in hand, which varied from our normal roll of supply to supplying enemy for Company Training, with a large slice of driving inbetween. An especially arduous drive in the form of a tactical night move was recced and planned by Capt Pridham MBE and CSgt Bellis who assured all concerned that all would be well as long as they "didn't look down!" and kept balance as the Bedfords negotiated the bends on the 'offside wheels'. The Tech WO (CSM Carty) has been presented with a 'bar' to his Yorkie bar for services to HGV driving and LCpl Davies 14 has been doing an excellent job correcting all the mistakes on the demands completed by the TWO.

Preparations are now being made for the Bn IX and the Dept as a part of A Echelon will fullfil its normal function of supply to the front line troops. We are looking forward to the possibility of a few days R & R to explore parts of the island otherwise unseen before returning to the UK to our wives and families to whom we send our love and best wishes.

The Pay Office (Battalion Windsurfing Team)

The rumour that hence forward there will be daily parades back in Pirbright due to their success on the Exercise is totally untrue!

There have been times, despite this heavy workload, when we have been able to carry out our primary task as the Battalion Windsurfing Team.

It is a popular misconception that all members of the team have to be on the same board at the same time - we've tried it and it does'nt work.

Our regards to the Battalion Sunbathing Team who have also been in serious training under the watchful eye of their **player manager**, the Master Chef.

Signed - Wave Hoppers Anonymous

Notes for members of the Sunbathing Club

1. Keep taking the U.V.R.s
2. Murphies tan is going to be the best!?!'
3. Why has 33 got white ankles?
4. Sun bathing will only be interrupted by work and the odd **Stand To**.

P.S. To tan the legs you must take your trousers off.

Double Agent

THE RESULTS OF THE LEUCHARDS CUP PATROLLING COMPETITION

1st	:	No 2 Platoon	--	2Lt J G STRUTT
	:	No 8 Platoon	--	SGT COX
3rd	:	No 5 Platoon	--	2Lt J D G ISAAC
4th	:	No 1 Platoon	--	Lt C N BLACK
5th	:	No 6 Platoon	--	2Lt A C D PRITCHARD-BARRETT
6th	:	No 7 Platoon	--	2Lt R H B COCKROFT
7th	:	No 4 Platoon	--	Lt J E H FARQUHARSON
8th	:	No 3 Platoon	--	2Lt J R PRITCHARD-BARRETT
9th	:	No 9 Platoon	--	SGT GEORGE

BG HQ

NOTES FROM TENKO - DAY 117

BG HQ AT EVDHIMOU BEACH EARNED THE NAME 'TENKO' DUE TO THE ATTENTIONS OF THE SGT MAJOR AND DSGT AT THE PERIMETER FENCE, SUCH WAS THE REGIEME THAT DEPARTURE ON THE PERILESS MISSION TO THE RELIEF OF RATHERNE WAS A MAJOR IMPROVEMENT.

LIFE IN THE FIELD HAS TURNED OUT TO BE VERY EXCITING ON ALL FRONTS WITH EVERY DEPARTMENT OF THE BATTALION BEING TESTED FIRST UNDER PRESSURE WAS THE UNDERTAKER, CSGT MORAN. HE AND KARL MALDEN, CSGT EDWARDS, HAVE ADMINISTERED TO BG HQ AND HAD THE DOUBTFULL PLEASURE OF DELIVERING THE COMMANDING OFFICERS TIMES AND LAUNDRY ON TIME!

THE OP'S OFFICER AND INT OFFICER ARE SUSPECTED OF RESORTING TO A WIDE VARIETY OF UPPERS, DOWNERS AND GLUES IN AN EFFORT TO KEEP UP WITH THE EVER FLOWING, EVER CHANGING BATTLE PICTURE FOR WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE, SMALL WONDER THAT THE INTENDED PICTURE OF CHAOS HAS BEEN TRANSMITTED!

¹¹MEANWHILE..... THE ADJUTANTS GOLDEN CURLS AND VISAGE TOO HAVE SUFFERED. NOT WITHSTANDING HE STILL APPLIES A MULTITUDE OF LOTIONS EACH MORNING TO KEEP HIS PROFILE TANNED UP. THIS CALM HAS BEEN A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION TO ØA WHO, UNDER THE ABLE COMMAND OF LSGT (DREADFUL SECURITY) HARFORD, HAVE KEPT THE AIRWAYS FILLED WITH CHAT. IT HAS HOWEVER BEEN A SOURCE OF WONDERMENT TO CSM (CAN'T CATCH THE PITCH) WARD, WHO IS FOUND IN A SNIPER POSITION UNDER THE TABLE ON THE ARRIVAL OF ANYONE NEEDING A BRIEFING.

THE DRILL SERGEANT TOO HAS ATTAINED THE PRONE POSITION MORE THAN ONCE, A FACT REINFORCED BY LSGT MACEY WHO BECAME BG HQ'S FIRST BLUE ON BLUE CASUALTY.

OTHER CASUALTIES TO BG HQ HAVE BEEN SIMILARLY SELF INFLICTED WITH BOTH LSGT KNOWLES AND MAJOR FORDHAM THE 2IC HAVING A TENDER TIME ON THE ELSON BUCKET. AJAX MAY CLEAN WITHOUT A SCRATCH, BUT YOU HAVE TO DILUTE IT! FINALLY WE TURN TO ANOTHER STORY FROM ØB. LT ROBERTS, BRIGADE MAJOR, DECIDED TO TEST HIS STAFF ON REGIMENTAL HISTORY. "WHICH PL COMD OF NUMBER 9 PLATOON WAS SHOT IN THE HEEL BY LCPL JORDAN AT HECHTEL IN 1944?" THE UNANIMOUS ANSWER WAS THE COMMANDING OFFICER! FOR POSTERITY'S SAKE WE CAN REVEAL THAT IT WAS GENERAL LEUCHARS, FOR WHOSE CUP THE PLATOONS HAVE BEEN PATROLLING.

SIGNAL PLATOON

THE SIGNAL PLATOON - BY GDSM BECKETT

WE ARE THE MEN IN TENKO
WE STAG ON DAY AND NIGHT
AND WHEN YOU SHOUT OUR EARS OFF
YOU GIVES US SUCH A FRIGHT
JUST LIKE THAT TIME IN TENKO
THE HEAT THE FLIES AND ALL
SO COME ON ALL YOU SENDERS
JUST GIVE THE BOYS A GO
JUST GIVE A THOUGHT FOR 'SPIDER'
HIS JOB WAS REELING IN
AND WHEN I SAW HIM LATER
THE JOB HAD HALF KILLED HIM
AND WHAT OF ME, I LAID IT ALL
ME AND OLD 'KNOCKER KNOWLES'
WE LAID IT ALL THROUGH SAND AND MUCK
FOR THE ENEMY TO CUT.
SO HERE I SIT UP IN THE SKY
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I SEE?
THAT'S RIGHT IT'S THAT OLD HOME OF OURS
THE PLACE THEY CALL BLIGHTY
SO COME ON ALL YOU SENDERS
JUST GIVE THE BOYS A GO
WE WORK ALL DAY AND NIGHT FOR YOU
JUST FOR YOU TO SAY HELLO
AND WHAT OF POOR OLD 'PRONTO'
WE WORK HIM TO THE GROUND
SO WHEN WE GIVE A COM'S CHECK
HE SAID "HEY BOYS THAT SOUND"
THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER
WE WORKED WITH OUR FRIEND 'CLAUDE'
AND EVERY TIME WE SAW HIM
HE SAID "DON'T LOOK SO BORED"
THIS MOONBASE JOB WILL SOON BE DONE
THANK GOD AND PRAISE THE LORD
SO HERE IS WHERE I END MY TALE
WITH 'WILCO' MR SALE