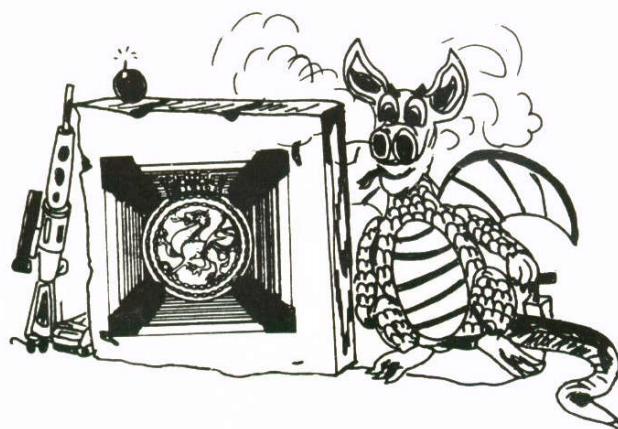


LONDON DERRY



Edition 3

October, 1979

Dragon Fly

*Magazine of The 1st Battalion The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment
(Berkshire and Wiltshire)*



1 DERR gets a touch of 'blonde feeling'

Rosemount
Creggan
V 6

Fort George
Strand
V 2

Masonic
Papras
V 3

NINER SEND OVER



The Commanding Officer shows Rt. Hon. Francis Pym, Secretary of State for Defence, the new vehicle checkpoint at Victor One.

As the Battalion's very successful tour in Londonderry draws to a close I would like to congratulate all ranks on an excellent performance. Every member of the Battalion has shown consistent good sense and steadiness. We have made many friends in Londonderry among the law abiding while making it impossible for the men of violence to operate effectively. Everyone has contributed to the very noticeable change of atmosphere among the people who live West of the Foyle. We can all feel very proud of what we have achieved during the past four months to make Londonderry a better place to live in.

This edition of the Dragon Vly will be distributed on our arrival in Osnabruck as we rejoin our families and prepare to go on a well deserved leave. I would like to thank our wives for the support that they have given us during this tour. I do hope that everyone enjoys the leave and comes back refreshed and ready to face the challenges of 1980. There is much to look forward to including training in Canada in June and the Corps Exercise in the autumn.

I hand over to Lieutenant Colonel Coxon in early January after two and a half years in command of the Battalion. I have enjoyed this time enormously and will be sorry to leave. I thank you all for the dedication and enthusiasm that you have shown for every task that we have undertaken.

Undoubtedly the highlight of my time in command has been the past four months and once again I congratulate everyone on a first class performance.

**IT ALWAYS HELPS PROVE
HOW RIGHT YOU ARE**



**IF YOU
WAVE YOUR ARMS
AND JUMP
AND SCREAM.**



We've had time for a laugh now and again.

EDITORIAL

THIS final edition of Dragon Vly is designed to reflect on our 4 months' tour here in Londonderry, West of the River Foyle. The tour has been hard work for us all yet we have maintained high standards throughout and kept a firm grip on the security of the area. We have tried to adopt a friendly attitude towards the inhabitants, but without losing control, and the response from the majority of the people has been warming.

The visit of the Pope to the Republic of Ireland has had a remarkable effect on the last few weeks of the tour. The people in Londonderry genuinely want things to return to normal, and the community relations aspect of our operations has been an ever increasing factor of concern. We all look back on the hard, the amusing, and the frightening times we have had during the tour and can say that the experience has been worthwhile. Let us hope that the "Farmers Boys" will be remembered in DERRY and that the job we have done has helped towards the ultimate aim, and that there is peace throughout this troubled land.

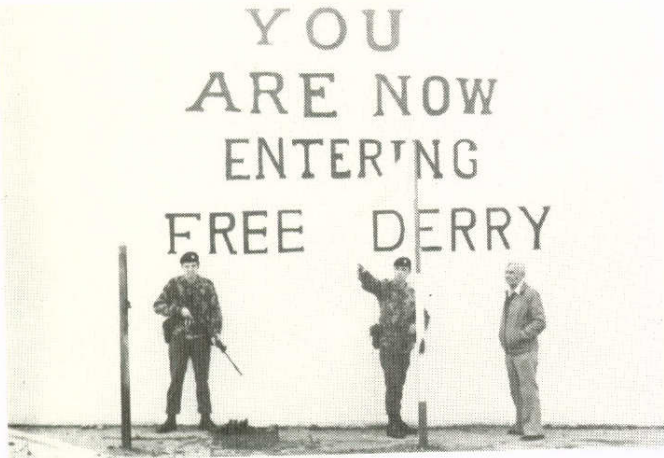
It's back to APCs and exercises but for those with tears, never fear, I'm sure you'll be back. I think that this edition will express the feeling that so much has gone on during the tour to keep us busy, that no one has realised the time fly by. Let's hope the well earned leave doesn't.



Have we really been here that long?

THE TOUR: A COMPANY

WE GET LOTS OF VISITORS
SOME COME TO SEE US



Free I Derr area

With our tour drawing to a close, it is timely to reflect and take stock of the period. Given the choice again, we would not trade our patch, the Bogside, Brandywell and City Centre, for any other. It is an area of variety with four quite separate, platoon tasks. Incidents have been many; the following figures speak for themselves :

FINDS

- 1 x Remington Rifle .3006.
- 1 x Enfield Rifle—M17.
- 1 x Webley-Scott .45 Pistol.
- 2 x Blast-incendiary devices.
- 1 x Home-made grenade.
- 6 x .45 rounds ammunition.
- 1 x .3006 round.
- 1 x .30 round.
- 10 x Metres of commercial detonating wire.
- 4 x Empty cases of various calibre.
- 1 x Incendiary device.
- 2 x Petrol bombs.

INCIDENTS :

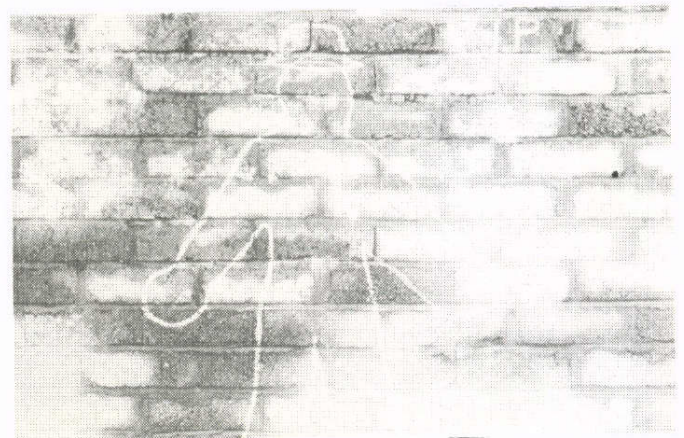
- 4 x Shooting Incidents (2 involving SF).
- 3 x Explosions.

Bombs, scares and hoaxes are almost too numerous to mention but it is suffice to say that the four "Cs" have been practiced on many occasions. On our arrival, we found the pace of life not that much different from "Tin City" with a shooting incident, a find, an ambush and a major IED operation all within the first forty-eight hours. Fortunately, the level of incidents fell off until the "Marching and Aggro" period in August. While we were protecting the Apprentice Boys on the 12 August, the Bogsideers were objecting to intruders from D Company and 3RGJ but their assistance was (perhaps) required. Throughout the anti-internment protests our Observation Post at Z2 had a birds-eye view of the whole proceedings and their photographs assisted in the many arrests which followed. Most of the hoods involved were recognised by our Bricks, and we all enjoyed watching groups of young men being escorted to the County Court House opposite the Company base during the weeks that followed. Manning the check-points around the City Centre has not been the most enjoyable task, but is one which had to be done. The explosion at Papa 8 in Shipquay Place was a timely reminder to us all of their vulnerability and their manning is now less certain. Unfortunately, that explosion seriously impaired the hearing of Privates Curtis and John who had to be returned to Osnabruck. We all hope that their hearing will improve and that they will be fit again for normal duties. Another incident at P3 and P3A which involved both a shooting and bomb reminded us again of the growing sophistication of some of the IRA attacks which did not go unheeded.

The list above of our finds speaks for itself. Almost all were



Most come to look over the wall.



We get so many—we have had to set up a stand.



Unfortunately mistakes sometimes happen, even at Masonic.

without outside help and reflects the successful operation of the Company Search Cell, the Search Advisor, Search Teams and individual members of bricks who collect all sorts of items to deposit on the Sergeant Major's desk.

We would also like to feel that operations aside, we have left our mark on the Community Relations side. The patient, polite and cheerful nature of our soldiers cannot have gone unnoticed and we are now beginning to feel even more response from the community since the Pope's visit to Ireland. It is encouraging when ordinary people will approach soldiers with their problems and feel confident of a positive response. We leave our "Patch" to 3RRF confident in knowing that they will enjoy it and look after it as well as we did.

B COMPANY—CREGGAN

The end is in sight of a quietly eventful and interesting tour in the Creggan. Events both on the political and military side have resulted in constant changes of deployment and military posture.

The tour began with the Mortar platoon running V6, 6 platoon patrolling the Enclave, 5 platoon the Creggan and the Drums platoon the Rosemount area. However that soon changed when the Royal Marines took over the Enclave, V1 was built at Nixons Corner and half manned by the RMP, and WO2 Minty and his merry crew were seen "to go down with their ship" when V6 was demolished. There is now talk that Creggan Camp will also be demolished which will really mark the end of an era. Four and five platoons led by 2Lt Davis and 2Lt Rylands respectively have experienced gun fire at close quarters and luckily there were no casualties. The search teams did tremendous work by their systematic and careful methods and on one occasion an armalite was found by Cpl Turner and his search team.

The Int Cell have also worked steadily and quietly providing the basis upon which the whole Company has been able to operate, and we have greatly appreciated the efforts of the faceless ones (Mushrooms).

The 'Q' team too have done a magnificent job of looking after us. C/Sgt Turaga, LCpl Rose and Pte Mully have kept us in the manner to which we are accustomed (really) and Sgt Dusty Miller, Brigadier Frayling, Ptes France, Mills and Baxter have given us a service in the Cookhouse which could not have been bettered. We thank them all for the long hours of work they put into the preparation and especially the presentation of our meals. Thanks too must go to the unloved and unwashed—LCpl Hales (REME), Cpl Butler, Ptes Quashie and Ryan who between them kept our vehicles on the road despite broken windscreens, punctures and the odd vehicle acrobatic performances of LCpl Perry.

During the tour we have been involved with three shooting incidents, five robberies, three bus hijackings, two bomb scares and an unlimited number of car thefts. We have searched hundreds of houses and harrassed the hoods, to the point when they have decided to sleep in houses other than their own. The screening centre has done great business and the leather jacketed spanner wheeler has smooth talked much useful information from our guests.

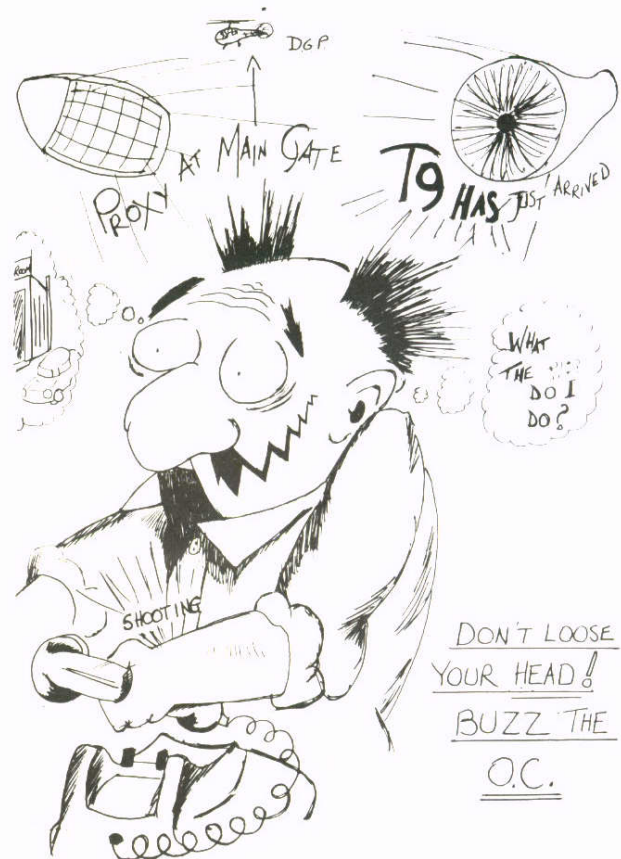
Our cohabitation with the Royal Marines has been an education. We find they put their "heads" where we put our backsides, when we open the gates we go on patrol yet they go for a run ashore . . . Pte Caisley still has not worked that one out. They sleep in "grots"—we do, but we don't call them that! It has been fun though because it is always nice to have animals around the house. Thanks 40 CDO you have been good com-

pany. 2 Troop of 25 Field Sqn RE also lived with us at Creggan whilst they built VICTOR 1. They worked extremely hard and were excellent soldiers and we very much enjoyed working with them.

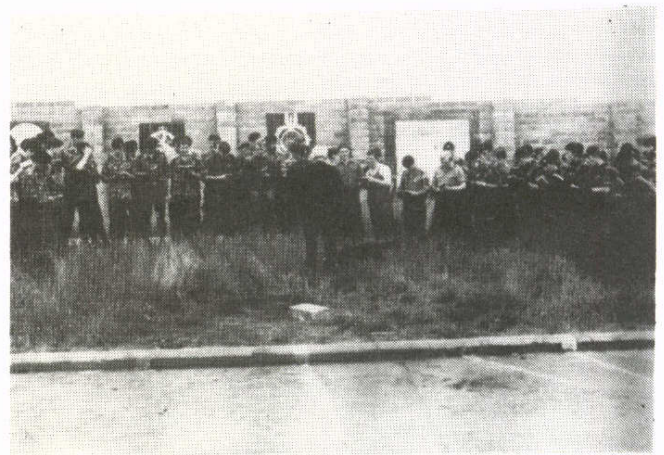
The Company as a whole has done well. By self control and patience it has continued the work of others to reach a point where communication between the Cregganites and the Army is a workable reality. The moderates in the population are now beginning to do our job for us which has to be an encouraging sign and the time has now come when the level of patrolling can be reduced significantly.

The terrorists have had a very hard time at our hands and we wish 3 RRF all the best as they take over our task.

Osnabruck here we come.



"I only blew my nose." WO2 Minty with remains of the 'submarine.'



"Patch—not over the Padre's leg."

D COMPANY

DELTA DETERS

In this last edition of the Dragon Vly for this tour it is worthwhile to look back on the tour. Did Delta Deter?

Admittedly the terrorists managed to bomb Warwicks Paint Store in the Strand Road and hijack two buses in the Shantallow but did our patrolling stop further incidents.

Remember the 9, 19 & 11 August when we stood on the corners of William St and Sackville Street being stoned, what did we achieve then? What we did do was allow the normal people to shop in the Strand Road without hinderance from the yobo's, our action definitely deterred them from smashing up the Strand Road. Some 170 Baton rds were fired during these three days. Remember the Wardle Pig Charges, the Tomlinson bottling and the other lot of minor injuries during these days.

We have also virtually stopped the constant aggro in Waterloo Place. Our rapid and determined action when called into the place and the arrests made, certainly seem to have deterred them from any further action. There won't be many people who are not pleased that we don't have to spend every Friday-Saturday counting the number of tiles in the entrance of Littlewoods any more. We've also arrested two for smashing windows and three for stealing plants, odd lot!

Cpl Barber's action in rapidly putting in a Cordon on the Derby Bar and the subsequent finding of a pistol and the proceeds of an armed robbery just shows that we did react quickly and with success. Our presence around the Post Offices in our area certainly seemed to have deterred the robbers, they had to go into Rosemount to carry out their robbery.

Again remember those 25 rds fired at Cpl Barber's Brick, did our patrolling techniques prevent further such incidents. Did Cpl Barber's Brick patrol so well that that was the reason the terrorists missed? Perhaps it was.

Did our Snap Victors deter the movement of arms, we would like to think so. A stolen car was recovered in one such Snap VCP in the last two weeks of our tour.

On the sporting field we certainly deterred, the football team beat the Signal Sqn, the RMPs (constantly) and A Coy. The Rugby team beat both A and B Coy, and the Hockey team beat the RMPs. Our own inter Brick competition gave everyone else the opportunity to play various sports, it's a shame however that the Coy HQ team didn't live up to its 9-4 on odds!

Looking back on the tour we can be pleased with our actions, everyone in the Company from the Int (how many times have I reminded people NOT to knock the Int), to every single person in the platoons have helped DELTA TO DETER.



OC D Coy shows John Parry (Swindon Advertiser) Waterloo Place.

Some gems from Delta's Little Yellow Book.

"If R & R was given for time off earnt, the Int Cell wouldn't even get a NAAFI break".

Sgt North — "I'm loosing control in this Ops Room".

D Coy Operator — "Good evening sir, can I speak to PRONTO please".

Mr Smith A Coy — "Dunno, who is he? Anyway he's not here".

Cpl Richardson — "There is a group of 13 MIDDLE AGED youths in Williams Street".

Hello T47B this is T42L give Echo Tango Alpha this location over. T47B roger out to you, Hello Echo Tango Alpha — Oh!!



Working hard at deterring.

SOME GEMS FROM 8 PLATOON

1) Did you hear of the PIRA letterbomb that was returned to sender because of insufficient postage?

2) CHAT-UP TECHNIQUES

While patrolling down the quayside at about 19 pm, a brick commanded by Cpl Martin decided to chat-up members of a Dutch ship which was delivering fertiliser to Londonderry. The chat-up was going well, and each member of the brick was presented with a bottle of schnapps to take home. Just as the patrol was about to continue on their way, a "working" girl, a bit the worse for booze, staggered off the ship to go home. Thinking that it would be useful to Int (I), the brick commander told Pte Eddy to go and chat her up and get her name and address. A bit puzzled because he thinks that she is one of the crew, innocent Eddy goes up and says, "So you've been delivering fertiliser then, luv." The girl's reply is unprintable.

3) BORDER CROSSING

It was a cold, wet, dark night and 8 Platoon were creeping quietly (well, except when the Pl Comd, Lt Baird Fraser, was falling over fences or getting stuck in boggy ditches) along the border. There wasn't a soul in sight except for the cammed-up and by now extremely muddy and smelly soldiers. Suddenly there was a scream of fear, followed by a ripping sound, splashing and the rustling of leaves. We dived for cover, fearing the worst and on looking round, found that one of the patrol was missing, and in his place was a bewildered-looking cow. On investigation, the missing soldier, Pte Lomas, was found up a tree about five feet inside the Irish Republic. When asked why, he said that he thought the inquisitive cow was a bull and that he wasn't staying around to find out! Hopefully one day he'll find out the difference!

'CHARLIE'S ANGELS' AT HMS CREGGAN

Our arrival at Creggan Camp some 12 hours after returning from Summer Leave was made all the smoother by our advance party, (A Coy) who had cleared up most of the linguistic difficulties (See Dragon Vly edition 2 Sept 79 page 6) such that the grots, galley and heads were soon found and we could begin work.

Apart from the "converted" 59 Independent Engineer Squadron with whom we share Seaton Barracks, this is the first time that most of Charlie Coy has served in such close proximity with Army. It was therefore interesting to see how we were viewed by our Army colleagues. Some certainly eyed our thermal underwear with envy; rumours circulated as to how we came by them, varying from "its because of their arctic role" (could someone please explain to me what ice cream and jam sponge have got to do with it?) to "their TQs' a crook". A friendly rivalry has also arisen, which following 40 Cdo's adoption of Denise Perry, (photo withheld due to OC's blood pressure) manifested itself in the Battalion getting hold (literally from what I've heard) of "Blonde Feeling" as their Regimental Pin-ups.

Others, notably Major Crichton Wakelin are of the belief, that 90% of all intelligence gleaned from the Enclave, is as a direct result of testing Paddy's ability to breathe, with his head in a bucket of water. Needless to say this is completely untrue, as is the rumour that OC Charlie said, of the Community relations war, "grab em by the balls and community relations will fall into place".

A new approach to Enclave Ops was suggested by 32B (See photo). Following careful research, a report was sent to MOD, who have not replied; MGM are said to be interested however.



As those who have been to Ballykelly will testify, we in the Marines are quite used to working alongside servicewomen. We have WRNS stewards, clerks, and even WRNS dentists have been known to serve with the Corps. However the discovery that Capt L Lodge MD, now responsible for our health, was female proved too much for some of the company, especially LCpl Reynolds who between appointments to have his back massaged can be found hidden away in the dark room!

On the subject of the fair sex (what! you mean there's unfair sex too?), the arrival of the WRMPs considerably brightened the lot of those men tasked to guard V1. The problem down there now, is not so much of boredom, but of keeping the scopes pointed in the right direction! It is noticeable that the boss spends more time on the ground now, though he denies there is any connection here (or there).

Most of 40 Cdo has now been in Ireland since March 1979 and so are used to the atmosphere, rain and curious sights as dogs wagging their heads. Some of the people in our new area,



Baton round presentation to the last Marine Coy—Capt Andrew Eames receives (A Coy).

however, took a bit of getting used to, especially those one meets on the fringe of B Coy's area. A Royal Marine patrol stopped at the East End of the Groaty Road; a little boy aged about 7 approaches:

BOY: "What's that gun, Mister?"

BRENGUNNER: "It's an M60".

BOY: "No it's not".

BRENGUNNER: "How do you know?"

BOY: "Cos you &!!?! don't get issued 'em".

The gunner enquired as to where he might obtain an M60. The child declined to answer, saying that the patrol didn't have anything worth exchanging for it!

Our tasks in the Enclave have largely been of routine patrolling and intelligence gathering, and the area has, on the whole been quiet. It does have its moments however; one corporal for instance, having now investigated 2 suspicious vehicles parked on the border in the dead of night, is considering leaving the Corps and taking up blackmail!

Well, soon the holiday will be over and 1 DERR will have to return to face the horrors of duty free, LOA, petrol coupons, and of course the "House of Bremen" about which we've heard so much. What, one asks are they going to spend all their hard earned money on? Reliable sources inform me that B Coy IO, Lt Mike English is going to buy some new parts (for his car), Lt Dick Davis (the Rosemount Rowdy) has sent away for a portable shower unit and that OC B Coy has already donated a substantial sum to the 'Save the rubber plant appeal'.

When they leave, B Coy will, it seems leave certain questions unanswered, such as "what is E troop?" and "why does everyone in INT have long hair and beer guts?"

Finally it remains for me, on behalf of Charlie Coy to thank B Coy for their kind hospitality over the last 6 weeks. We wish you good luck for the future.

VISITORS AND MORE VISITORS

By OIC VISITS

At the time of going to press the Battalion has served 110 days in Londonderry, with 13 days to go before handing over to the 3rd Battalion, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers. During this time there have been 120 official visits to the Battalion, consisting of over 200 visitors including Ministers, MPs, Diplomats, Civil Servants, Generals, Bishops, various instructors from training establishments, British and Foreign TV crews, newspaper reporters, numerous staff officers from HQ Inf Bde & HQNI, and even a three-girl dancing group.

The end of the tour is rapidly approaching and the visitors still seem to be flooding in to see us at work. The following is a short list of some of the more important visitors to the Battalion:

JULY

Commander 8 Infantry Brigade — Brigadier C T Shortis OBE.
Commander Land Forces — Major General J Glover MBE.
General Officer Commanding — Lieutenant General Sir Timothy Creasey KCB OBE.
Divisional Brigadier Prince of Wales's Division — Brigadier L A H Napier OBE MC.

AUGUST

Ministers, Northern Ireland Office — Lord Elton and Hugh Rossi Esq.
Chief of the General Staff — General Sir Edwin Bramall KCB OBE.
Chief of the Defence Staff — Marshall of the Royal Air Force, Sir Neil Cameron GCB CBE DSO DFC.
Head of Chancery British Embassy, Dublin — Justin Staples Esq.
Minister of Housing — John Stanley Esq, MP.

SEPTEMBER

Under Secretary of State for the Army — Barney Hayhoe Esq., MP.
Bishop in Ordinary to HM Forces — Rt Revd F. J. Walmsley.
Commander Osnabruck Garrison — Brigadier B L G Kenny CBE.

OCTOBER

1st Secretary, British Embassy, Washington — Stephen Wall Esq.

Secretary of State for Defence — Rt Hon Francis Pym PC MC, MP.

The Colonel, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire) — Brigadier J R Roden CBE.

The Regimental Band, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire).

Conservative Parliamentary Party Defence Committee — Anthony Buck Esq, QC MP; Victor Goodhew Esq, MP; Neil Thorne Esq, TD MP; Sir Nicholas Bonsor Bt, MP.

The Director of Army Quartering — Major General The Lord Alvingham CBE.



An interesting find during construction work back at Camp in Osnabruck — September 6.

GUESS WHO?

Well here we are again, I still don't know what to write about, so I thought I might give you another chance to try to identify a well known Bn Character. I would write about Grizzly, but we don't have a Z in the Bn nominal roll.

The rules of the game remain the same:

- Each clue gives the surname of someone in the Battalion.
- Use the first letter of each surname to make a well used battalion word. The clues are not in the correct order. The final word indicates a member of the battalion.

CHARACTERS

- Hungry Horace was almost a Jew, he was floored by friends in high places.
- A tubular fellow, who sounds more Welsh than a farmer's boy.
- The Lord Litchfield of Tac, but with less sex appeal. His work abounds in this edition.
- His uniform is on the large size, and his manner is rather underhand.
- An informed Pronto who is now more than a pip squeak.
- This throw-out from every company has sea legs not hollow legs, and needs more than flashy car to pull the birds.



Rt. Hon. Francis Pym, PC MC, M.P., visits the famous wall.

BAND VISIT 12—22 OCT

If you want to know how time flies — ask a Bandsman on a ten day visit to Londonderry. R and R? Well, it depends upon your point of view and how Blonde you are feeling at the time. Saxophones certainly get a better look-in than trombones, it is said.

All the companies were entertained by the Band and the Bandmaster, who's jokes can be told on any occasion when suitably adapted. In addition our efforts at CR were greatly enhanced by Concerts for patients, staff and visitors at the Altnagelvin and Gransha hospitals. Unfortunately, the proposed concerts for the Star Factory girls and the Diamond Shopping Centre were cancelled, due to circumstances beyond our control, though it is said that several Bandsmen were to be seen trying on flak jackets and crash hats and some were seen praying for rain.

Having played for the WOs' and Sgts' Mess and the Officers' Mess the Band gave a sterling performance at the CO of 40 Cdo RM's farewell dinner night. We hear that oranges and other objects were exchanged during the evening and that the occasion holds the record for late attendance at an outside function.

The Band rounded off an enjoyable and worthwhile tour with an excellent performance at St Columb's Cathedral on Sunday afternoon 21 Oct, much appreciated by the Dean and Congregation, who kindly provided a veritable feast of cakes and tea when the service ended.

With any luck we will see Cpl Bordessa back in Osnabruck by Ferozeshah rehearsal time, ferrys and trains willing. Don't forget—if you're feeling low—feel blonde.



The concert at R.U.C. Strand Road.

586 RLD ROYAL SIGNALS WEST OF THE FOYLE —ATT 1 DERR

By LCpl DALISON

Before moving to Londonderry (West of the Foyle) early in July 79, the detachment suffered one change in establishment and much hard training. Sig (Alf) ATKINSON was temporarily attached to the "Local" Task Force and was replaced by Sig (Mick) GALE. This enabled the detachment to take 2 fully trained RTG's to the province. The training started in merry Osnabruck with LCpl John Dalison sharing his hard earned skills with Pte's Kim FOY and Shane ROMAIN of the Signal Platoon 1 DERR and also Sig (Charlie) ROOST (have French dictionary—will travel).

Eventually we trooped off to sunny Sennylager to the delights of the famous "Tin City" which we all know and love so dearly!!! The COMCEN turned out to be a cupboard attached to the Bn Ops Room where Sgt (Chas) IRWIN, the detachment commander worked as part of the staff. The lads soon improved their teleprinter, MGE and coffee making skills and visits to the various ranges improved the finger work no end!! Finally the training was finished and the preparation for the move complete whereupon Sgt Irwin and I departed from Osnabruck and flew to Aldergrove (and I thought Hercules was a weight-lifter until I discovered Smernoff). The trip by Ulsterbus stage coach was uneventful and after the normal hour long wait for transport, we ended up in what was to be our home for the next four months.

After a few days familiarisation under the guidance of the outgoing Royal Hampshire Rear Link Det we suddenly found ourselves in the chair. The shifts consisted of a week on days, 12 hours, followed by a week on nights, the other 12 hours. Just to make life interesting, another week was spent on the Commanding Officer's Rover Group where we could 'Get out, see the sooper (bomb) sights and meet friendly locals in the Bogside and even play 'dodge-the-brick' with the lovely pleasant children which grace this pleasant land. The daily routine of hourly radio checks on the 4 radio nets, plus the constant stream of messages, in and out coupled with the task of manning the manual telephone exchange made life pretty hectic and soon the COMCEN was known as Quietest Nuthouse around but still there were two things to keep us going and they were R and R (Remember and Replenish) leave and the thought of the big signal in the sky—ENDEX, ENDEX!!!



The Star.

THE VISIT OF 'BLONDE FEELING'



The night spots of B Coy.



Who is that anyway?



Who said four months tours were dull.



2 Lt Davis under extreme pressure.



Lucky Teddy.



A Coy were so happy!

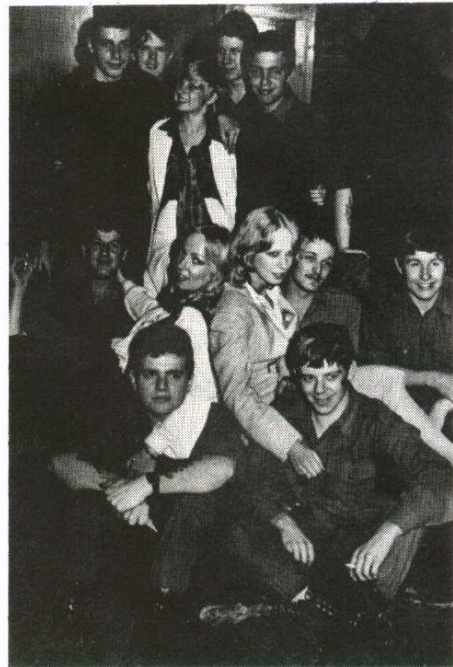
TO LONDONDERRY 16—18 OCTOBER



No comment!



They can work in our store's anyway.



Very much at home.



A salute to the Dukes.



Some people get all the luck.

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Four months is a long time to be away from wives and girlfriends, but I felt that there must be another explanation for the presence of a female shop dummy in the sergeants' mess. It's just one of many oddities I've seen, but been too polite to ask about.

I'd heard that the CQMS was loathe to issue stores, but did Nine Platoon have to crochet denims and combat jackets? (Later I was told that Sgt McIntyre enjoyed teaching this to his lads, but he denied it.)

Why did the CSM conduct head checks of the Platoons at night and in the morning? Why do the Int-cell staff have pallid faces and pink eyes?

Two weeks ago I bumped into a Wimpy labourer in camp. A closer look showed that it was C/Sgt Merlich, his civilian clothes soiled with freshly dug earth. He grabbed me by the elbow and led me to the answer to these questions; the Masonic Escape Committee.

There I learnt that Londonderry is honeycombed with tunnels, and that the Masonic Escape Committee was feverishly adding to these in an attempt to escape from the evil imprisonment imposed on us by Major Saunders and his gestapo-trained "R" Group.

There I met an officer whose existence I had not suspected—a diminutive Captain whose size lent itself to scurrying along cramped tunnels.

There I learnt why the stores were never open when people wanted. L/Cpl Goffey was the chief tunneller, spending most of his time underground.

And there I learnt why there was a female dummy in the sergeants' mess.

"When one of us escapes, we will dress the dummy in the clothes Sgt McIntyre made and parade it with the Company during head-checks in the morning, and they'll never know that someone has gone."

"But it's the dummy of a woman!"

"Precisely, we'll put it in Nine Platoon's ranks and the OC will never spot the difference."

However before the escape was made, disaster struck. The workmen, brought in to smash accommodation and prevent escape stores from being hidden, and who also cut off water and gas supplies to harrass us, discovered the tunnels.



That's greedy.

The OC looked into the discovery, in fact he fell into one of the holes (or was he pushed by an ambitious Ops Officer?). Cpl Dobson thought it was an attempt by the OC to avoid eating his cooking by dropping it in the hole as well; this must be untrue. I have no complaints about the food—dead men don't tell stories.

And so the escape tunnels were brought to an end. Human bones that were excavated have shown that the Royal Hampshires tried and failed before us; a memorial to their brave attempt. Meanwhile a digger employed by the workmen seems to have dug itself into a hole, it too is imprisoned here.

On the bright side, the men in the H-Blocks are supporting our cause and writing slogans of encouragement on their walls. Plans for the RRF to build an escape aerial ropeway from the wall into the Bogside are under way, Good Luck!

The author wishes to remain anonymous for fear of reprisal.

'A' KESTREL

At the desk and in Command
Sits the Kestrel, wise and calm
Eyes now dulled through lack of sleep
Peeping down o'er nose-pink beak
Sports the new, the Dego's tache,
Cunning looks adds to his face.
Daily Telegraph on the table
With these shares Oh! he is able
To buy the new ski-suit he's seen
And dazzle and Impress on Snow Queen
Through these far-off days of dreaming
Comes the noise of CO screaming,
Intercom buzzes and radio splutters
Telephone rings and signaller mutters
Somewhere under all those papers
Lies the cause of all these capers
Sweat pours down from furrowed brow
Where are all the answers now?
Bluffing well he speaks to TAC
Got to keep them off his back!
The clock ticks on Ah! end of stag!
To the Mess, to whiskey, and a drag'.

By SONGWRITER.

WEST OF THE FOYLE

There's a peace to keep and gunmen to catch,
From the Northlands road to the Creggan Patch.
There's a car bomb here and a sniper there,
Intimidation, terror and the rule of fear.
The dogs will bite and the kids hurl stones,
There are bleeding faces and broken bones.
From Eastway to Westway and on Central Drive,
It's alertness and team work that keeps us alive.
We don't expect kindness we suffer abuse,
And often we ask ourselves "what is the use?"
But we know that the job that we do must be done,
Till peace returns like the prodigal son.
And we welcome so gladly that bright ray of hope,
That was left to us all by a warm hearted Pope.
There's a long way to go but the journey's begun,
To the day when we'll work without fear of the gun.
But it's kindness and courtesy, friendship and trust,
That will win us the war—and to win is a must.
So here's to your courage, your hard work and toil,
And here's to the Duke's that are west of the Foyle.

A LOOK THROUGH THE PLATOONS

A COY

STAR TREK (1 PLATOONS VERSION)

Well, this will be the final entry for our Starfleet Commanders Log. After four months of patrolling the Galaxies, we are now returning to Moon Base Alpha where the Ship's crew will beam down for a few weeks rest before training for another mission into the unknown.

During our tour, Major Saunders landed with his four Platoons of highly-slected Space Invaders in an alienated area called the Bogside. In the Bogside there are many strange life forms some of which are hostile to the Space Invaders, the walls of houses fester with evil growths, and the landscape is littered with the debris of ten years violence and riot.

But Major Saunders crew were well adapted to meet their tasks. The vanguard consisted of Big One Platoon who secured the Landing Zone and impressed the locals with their high degree of professionalism.

The UG who lead Two Platoon, bumbled into the Bogside next, adding light relief to the humour-starved locals. After three and a half months practice on this planet, their mistakes occur less often, and it is hoped that their return to Moon Base Alpha will occur without mishap.

Searches and insertion of Papas were made easier when Three Platoon arrived, Sgt "Groundhog" White had a nose for the job, which meant Wagtail was required less often. Bogsideers were pleased when Mr. Haugh was in the area, as his arrestees never arrived at Strand R.U.C. Station.

All the crew were present, except for one group, who had to be forcibly brought here—the Mutants of Nine Platoon. Their leader made them wear black coveralls, with sickly yellow stains on the front. At first they were proud to wear them like any Mutant would, the garments glowed in the dark, to the pleasure of the other platoons. When Niner posed for photographs it was like a Christmas tree, with Sgt. Mac like the fairy at the top.

Still, he is very popular with the lads (could this be because he lends them his blow dryer and curling tongs?) or could it be the large fluffy teddy bear that is passed around the platoon at night.

Niner have assisted the Provos campaign by giving the Bogsideers a ticker-tape salute with Log Sheets from the top of the Rossville Flats.

Communications have been difficult with some of the Niner callsigns, who attempt to patrol without batteries in their radio's. Well, I could go on and write a book on the Mutants of Niner, but I won't. Sgt Mac is now a bit of an Exhibitionist after performing in the Masonic Sgt's Mess in front of uninvited guests, since then he crawled into his bed not to be seen for four days.

BIG 'S' + LITTLE ONE

Ed. Note: This is great, but what have you got to be proud about? Must be hiding something!

9 PLATOON

The highlight of the past few weeks was the visit of Blonde Feeling to the Company, and in particular to the platoon lines. There they met and posed for photos with the whole platoon including 'Ninerich' who is the platoon mascot. Ninerich was envied because he was able to sit on the laps of Blonde Feeling during the photos. We were the only platoon in A Company to see them do their dance routine at Fort George which we thoroughly enjoyed. As we were standby platoon at the time we were sitting watching them with crash hats and rifles in hand and radios switched on and the pigs waiting by the loading bay ready to dash out the gate. When we arrived at Fort George to watch them we also found LCpl Smith of 14C there. He was meant to have gone on a shopping trip to Coleraine a few hours earlier but he produced the lame excuse that the transport had not turned up so he was 'forced' to watch the show.

14A are the youngest brick in the platoon, the oldest being a mere 19. They also get accused of being posers because they like having their photos taken, and often produce cameras for snaps wherever they are. The brick commander LCpl Roberts can actually claim to be the biggest poser of them all now because he was the one who managed to be the male model in a series of shots done by a professional photographer on the City Wall behind Masonic camp. So he might turn up as the centre page spread in a Sunday magazine over the next few months.

The bricks tend to become specialised at certain tasks rather than others and 14B are known as community relations brick. Unfortunately this is not because they are experts, in fact they have a reputation for just the opposite. The way they made the reputation originally was by pressing the wrong buttons on the intercom in Z2. Because of this and someone shouting 'F--- off' in the flat at the same time, the caretaker of the flats had this 2 syllable greeting passed to him over a loud hailer just as he was arriving at the front door to talk to them. LCpl Austin has been trying to explain it ever since.

For the past couple of weeks 14C has been coming back from patrol with a list of cars of interest that they have seen much longer than anyone else's. When LCpl Smith produces his list at the debrief he has the problem of trying to convince the others that he really has seen them and not just picked them at random from the original list he was given. In 14C there is also marksman, parachutist, hanglider, mountaineer, yachtmaster Private Speck. At least he would be all those things if he was able to get the time to do all the courses he has volunteered for. He is also the rummager of the platoon and it is very rare for him to come back off patrol without something of interest for the Sergeant-Major. On a fishing trip recently he came back with three very good fish, but they went to the kitchen rather than the Sergeant-Major. It was probably he who found LCpl Smith's slippers for him because he walks around wearing one green and one red slipper. Also in 14C congratulations to LCpl Mellam on his recent well deserved promotion, although I have heard he has taken the opportunity to give up carrying the baton gun.

14D is commanded by Charles Atlas Jake Shinnick, a frequent devotee of our multi-gym. Most days he can be seen heading in the direction of the gym along with our medic Cpl Bush, and when he returns he usually spends the next few hours walking around in a brightly coloured dressing gown looking like some sort of playboy rather than getting back into uniform. We now also consider Cpl Bush a member of 9 PI because he watches our television and wears one of our sweatshirts (what excellent taste he has!). 14D showed a good bit of team effort in an inter-brick competition we have running in the Company at the moment. One of the brick is Jim Langdon who would certainly not show up Sebastian Coe on a running track. By the time they came to the 6th lap of the BFT course they were pushing, pulling, kicking, shouting and screaming to keep him going round and credit to them all they are the fastest brick in the Company so far in the competition.

The brick I have not mentioned so far is Victor Check brick, 14E. One evening recently Paddy Trappe was getting rather offended because Echo 7 were not bothering to answer his victor checks any more and he thought they were ignoring him. However it transpired that he had gone out on patrol without a battery in his radio—but I will not go too much into the story because it may be the subject of an article of its own. A claim to fame the brick has is when Dickie Dyer caught an octopus on a fishing trip recently. They cut off its tentacles to use as bait and fed the rest to the seagulls, or as Speck put it, 'It was baffled when we cut off its legs, it didn't know what to do.'

Tango one four slumber is the new name for T14S, Sgt Mac. He acquired it after one particular evening when the Sergeant's Mess were fostering community relations by entertaining some locals. Sgt Mac was working hard at community relations until 5 o'clock in the morning when he finally retired to bed. He got up at midday but was still so tired after his previous night's strenuous community relating (with a young lady) that he went back to bed

at 5 o'clock in the evening. No staying power!

Finally no contribution from 9 Pl would be complete without mentioning 1 Pl as I am sure it will be reciprocated so ARE THEY MICE OR MEN????? Let me explain, one evening recently we were clearing Papa 3 with Wagtail for them, when he gave an indication that there might be explosives in the sangar. However after some investigation, and after Lt Burnett, Sgt Samson, LCpl Smith, the dog handler and Wagtail himself all going inside the sangar to check it out, and it being declared a false alarm, the 1 Pl brick were told they could move in. But would they move in, would they hell, they just checked their elastics were in place and did a VCP outside the sangar for an hour until it got so cold they had to move in.

8 PLATOON LOOKS BACK

Having battled our way through the Londonderry Games of August, the platoon settled down into the rhythm of life in Derry, with only two major changes to our routine. The first was in the first week or so of September when the Royal Military Police took over our Permanent Vehicle Check Points at Muff and Buncrana. This left us free to operate more extensively in the Enclave (the boggy part of Londonderry as L/Cpl Probets kept finding out), and also to have the occasional trip to Portrush and Coleraine. The second change came on the 15th September when Lt Baynham left us to go on three years Leave (at Leeds University to do the joined-up handwriting course!). The command of the platoon was then taken over by Lt Baird Fraser who came to us to learn what real soldiering is all about!

Our tour has in fact been very quiet (so far!), but it has had its moments, possibly the most notable of which was when LCpl Probets and his brick (T44D) saved the life of a young woman who was haemorrhaging badly and had collapsed on the street in one of our hard areas. Of course he wasn't the only glory hunter; Pete Lomas caught a thief red-handed (literally as he had put it through a shop window without using a glove!) on one of our Friday night Presence Patrols in the area of Waterloo Place, which helped to make up his final total of eight arrests in four months; Kev Fraser also arrested a man who put his hand through the window of a ladies clothing shop (these Paddies have strange problems!), while Harry Harris turned vet and tried to put down a couple of donkeys in a field. Other successes included the capture by Cpl Martin's brick of an Arrest on Sight terrorist, Tubby Panting and Mick Maguire (and hopefully next week Mark Gurnett as well) passing their driving test, and Cec Eddy successfully climbing to the top of Claremount Presbyterian Church.

The social life, though a bit restricted, still struggled on in some form or other. We were lucky in being the only platoon to manage to get its single men to a disco in Portrush, even though we did have to leave, like Cinderella, by midnight. We also had shopping trips to Portrush and Coleraine, and the very privileged were even invited to have a Ball at the WRAC camp at Cloney! As a result of the activities on these outings, the following awards have been announced:

Best dressed Man: Harris in his Green Cross Code Man outfit.

Closest Shaven Man: Noddy Martin, but only for one week.

Portrush Two Mile Sprint Award: Pete Lomas.

Wet-Look Boot Award (courtesy of drunken Paddy): Flight Sgt. Jimmy Curtin.

Heart on a Sleeve Award: Billy Ball.

To sum up, it hasn't been all fun, but there have been moments in between the drag of Presence Patrols when life became almost normal. Still, the weather is getting colder, and the Enclave boggier, so it is with feeling of relief that we say to the 3 RRF, Merry Christmas, keep your heads down but your peckers out of the mud!

THE MORTARS

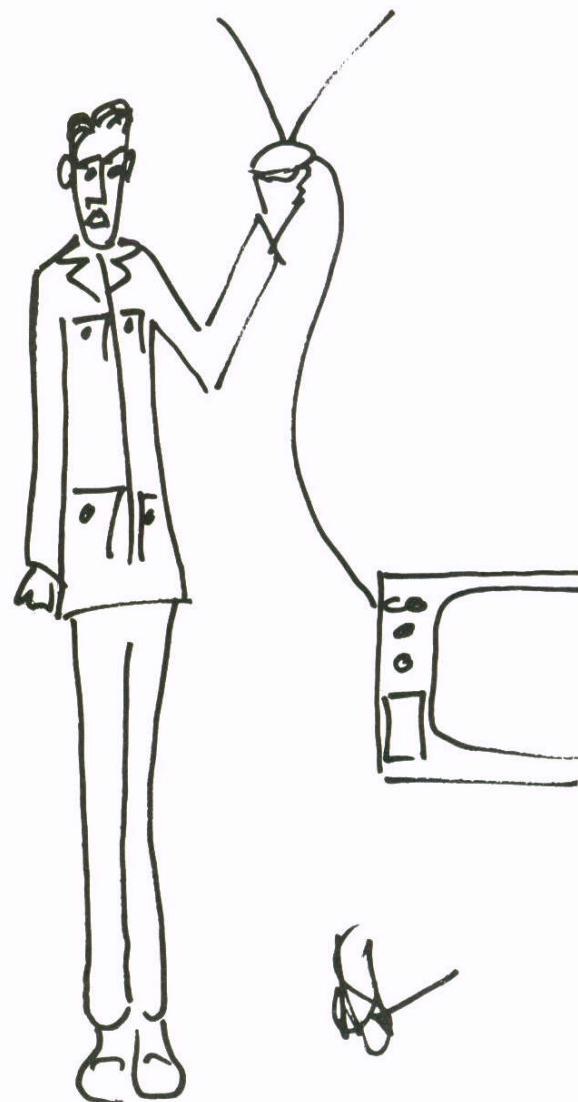
Creggan Camp oh what a place
Plenty of work in this open space.
The work is hard, believe me it's true
We don't have a minute to think what to do.

Mortars they came to help Creggan out
It isn't the work — from V6 we're kicked out.
With no where to go and no one to care
Mortars have now been everywhere.

Zapper has now got under command
Tango 24 to meet his demands.
But we've shared the work load its true
And the proof's in the fact we pulled through.

But let's think of the men in the past
Who their four month tours did not last.
So lets not forget all the rest of the men
God protect them forever and ever Amen.

THE RSO — THE TECHNICAL OFFICER





5 PLATOON IN SUPPORT

"Right, I want you to put a cordon around this house while the R.U.C. retrieve some valuable stolen goods. They will be here in 10 minutes so go and get your blokes ready and be back here in 10 minutes for the briefing."

The puzzled platoon commander scurried away nervously wondering how he was going to command his platoon in this new support role.

Two hours later (5 PI were on time for a change) the steel tipped cordon was in position. "Butch Burlow stayed behind with the riot kit in the pigs promising to appear at the first sign of trouble.

The deadly Special Branch swooped like a green tit on a worm. The nine beefy heroes tumbled out of the pig bustling with enthusiasm and went straight to a house. "Sir they are going to the wrong house," remarked Budgie Burgess thoughtfully. It was true and so 5 PI had to display the flexible response so vital for C.R. with both Rucksack and the Creggonites 'Tiny' Underhill drew air into his lungs and bellowed "Listen—the cordon . . . 1 street downward MARCH" with impeccable precision the cordon moved and we were then actually in support of racksack . . . as the SB gained entry into the house the natives grew more and more restless. Dustbin lids were banged on the concrete and the yoboes appeared like bees to nectar. The mumbling and muttering grew to shouts and curses as the crowd grew in size. A mans voice(not yet fourteen) shouted "where are the bottles" an equally mature voice replied "over here, come on there are plenty of them" "permission to fix bayonets sir" asked Cpl West with no thought for C.R. Before the PI Comd could answer a bottle flew through the air and shattered itself on the PI Comds foot "anyone want my pips?" he inquired nervously.

At last the gallant SB appeared bidding fond farewells to the offending house owner.

"Are all your people out now?" asked Winnie, 5 platoons biggest CR liability. "To be sure we are all coming out now"

came the quick reply as rucksack viewed the gathering natives outside.

Sighs of relief . . . 'OK boys keep firing but fall back' yelled the PI Comd and with parting hisses and much emotion we began to return.

"You can't go yet, I've still got, one, no two of my people in the house" pleaded a rucksack.

"Hello CCT22 this is T22L cancel last, return to positions out," and back went T22 into the jaws of hell.

"Charlie brick follow me we are going to rescue those 2 SB people who are still in the house," shouted Mr. Rylands.

We ran back through a hail of bottles and bricks and as we reached the door an SB man appeared proudly carrying a box of sweets which only goes to show the mounties always get their polo.



THE SECOND IN COMMAND AT WORK



10 PLATOON—FAREWELL

3 RRF have taken a lot of stick already, greeted with cries of "Merry Xmas" and "Happy New Year", amongst other derogatory remarks referring to their precious hackles. Certainly their presence seems to have brought about the realisation that the end of the tour is in sight; "Days to Do" is the favourite catch phrase at the moment.

One feels tempted to make an "end of season" report to list what has happened in our tour to date, however it has been very quiet recently and we would only go over ground covered before. There are a couple of amusing incidents that come to mind. If LCpl Grant was patrolling the dense jungle forests of Burma one could understand why he lost his brick on patrol—but in the Shantallow? Pte Lewis (Citizen Smith to his brothers) had to be in the centre of the controversy mind you, ably helped by Ptes Smart and Shears. The latter thought their leader had hidden by a tree to test their reaction, so they crept round to 'ambush' him, however it was only a log—they were lost! LCpl Grant was later heard asking for help, it didn't take long to find them.

LCpl Owens has again hit the headlines, I don't really think that he is accident prone but he does succeed in getting involved in some unusual situations like the time we searched an unoccupied house in the City Centre . . . After checking the house for possible entry points the only way in was through a boarded up window, so his search team (Ptes Blaber and Hardiman) closely supervised by 'Bob' set about their task and managed to tear away the board after an incredible amount of banging and swearing. Bob looked inside what appeared to be a living room and froze.

"CPL OWENS!! THERE'S SOMEONE LIVING INSIDE . . . IT'S AN OLD WOMAN"

A rather red-faced search team Commander sheepishly grinned as he withdrew from the open window and then decided to knock on the door.

It is a well known fact that the battles of World War I AND II were won and lost on the playing fields of ETON. As far as 10 Pl are concerned all battles are won and never lost in the bars of Coleraine. Many a successful operation has been planned in the discreet corners of the various bars. Heroic rearguard actions have been ably fought especially by Ptes Leonard and wait for it . . . Lewis who refused to be defeated and turned a blind eye (as Nelson once did) to orders of return and not engage in further conflict. However they were soon captured largely due to low ammunition reserves and very little chance of replen. However they were lucky, an amnesty granted them a release for a certain sum of money.

Pte. Rogers codenamed "Trigger" for obvious reasons was operating at the same time as the other two serving Queen and Country, he was doing a bit of "under-the-covers" work which proved fairly successful till he found that he too had missed the prearranged RV and he too had to give himself up "Mission Complete", or so he tells us.

Cpl Barber and his brick seem to have decided that their trouble shooting days are over and that the role is best passed onto someone else. They are now quietly content they tell me, with smashing down defenceless old Grannies' fences.

LCpl Jones' brick is slowly diminishing having lost Pte Jacobs on the 1st Advance party, "Automaton" Combes is now contentedly looking forward to spending his four week block leave with his wife. "Rabs" Raeburn is still trying to find his soccer boots—Any Offers?

LCpl Crookson has passed his driving test much to the disbelief of many and to the disgust of LCpl Owens and Jones. "Paddy" Hopley has at last done a P check, in fact he went overboard and did two at once, although he insists that one of them was only six years old. Pte Horn managed to come back off R and R without incident and has decided in the meantime to make a determined effort to mend his ways by not drinking and very few visits to the "Choggy Shop". Pte. Hardy is always at hand to remind him of what he is missing and to ensure he keeps to his new way of life.

With the exception of Pte Leonard, LCpl Gayle and his brick are definitely keeping a low profile. Claude himself is playing a lot of sport and it is obvious who is the CSM's blue eyed boy when it comes to playing Coy soccer. Ptes Robertson and Goodwin are up to something—they must be.

This is the last time the present 10 Pl will remain as it is, for when we get back to Osnabruck there will be a few changes; Ptes Weaver and Hardiman leave the Army, Lewis stays:

We cannot finish without a mention for Lassie our Platoon dog who is now on the 1033 ready for handover to the RRF, she will be sad to see us go although she must be thoroughly P . . . D Off having webbing tied to her waist and patrol gloves forced on her paws.

Nevertheless those who remain I'm sure will protect and keep up the name of 10 Pl, which despite a number of recent events that have taxed the Command element of the Coy, is still the envy of every soldier in the Battalion.

DAYS TO DO ARE GETTING FEW
PERHAPS THE WILL COME HOME TO.



TERRIBLE TWELVE

The last month of the tour is now almost over and Twelve Platoon are trying hard not to let the 3 RRF Advance Party know how sorry we'll be to leave them here.

D Coy have managed to play plenty of sport, and twelve have supplied a couple to the unbeaten football and hockey, and almost half the unbeaten rugby teams.

Sgt "Big Wig" Watts has departed to learn how to use an SLR as a personal weapon instead of a Wombat! Pte Davis is getting so friendly with the locals that it's rumoured he's going to take leave with his friends in the Shantallow. LCpl Tonks has found his SLR (again!) and Pte 'Fred' Ponting now carries it for him so he can't lose it! LCpl 'Spud' Tait and brick are still paying for some misdemeanor but no-one can remember what it was (they must deserve it though).

LCpl Hurley and his 'Tea Stop Stars' are getting very good at sending 'Locstats' from Enclave farmhouse kitchens! LCpl 'Gopher' Mills is pushed around in his wheelchair by his teenage

brick (he's all of 26!) They also try to keep him off wet patrols of his rheumatism. Foxtrot (the senior brick) have 'Amos' Tuck moaning about anything but MT as usual, 'Maggot' Turner moans about Amos and Cpl Batty moans about Tuck/Turner in equal amounts. Finally 'Oliver Tobias' Wardle has to moan about all of them.

12 PL FUNNIES

Pte. Prickett to civvy at checkpoint—"Right Sir, empty the contents of your pouches . . .

Car driver (also at Checkpoint) "Hello, I'm from Birmingham".

Pte. Davis, "Hello, I'm from London, and if you pull in over there" (indicating search area) "you can meet my mate from Swindon!"

Sgt Watts, "why is my dictaphone not working?"

Comment. "Try pressing the switch marked ON!"

DAYS TO DO ARE GETTING FEW FOR 11 PLATOON

The arrival of the first party of 3 RRF has finally started that dreaded rumour . . . CAN IT AT LAST BE TRUE? . . . DAYS TO DO ARE GETTING FEW! And so with cries of CIVPOP and WAR DODGERS we waved goodbye to Cpl Richardson and Pte's Goodrick-meech, Newman and Hassett as they departed for Osnabruck to what would be a ticker-tape, garland strewn, heroes welcome . . . well, almost! (ITS ALWAYS LIKE THAT IN THE MOVIES!).

Take heart lads, not long now and the "99 Club," "Saskatch" and "Captain Cooks" (NOT TO MENTION OTHER PLACES OF ILL REPUTE) will be once more full, as we take back our revenge on society with a month of wine, women and song! Can our intrepid OP BANNER heroes take the pace (cries of 'yes, of course we can' come from LCpl McGuire, Reid and Hauxwell). What a life of luxury we have to look forward to, unlimited supplies of beer, soft loo paper, bratties and chips and women (NOT IN THAT ORDER OF COURSE). Even the Pads are looking forward to home, back to the screaming kids as they rip apart daddies prize momento, a TRICOLOUR? The kids in Moyola have nothing on them. Even "BILLY BASTOW" has a surprise at home, whether it's a boy or girl, we will have to wait until the front line troops arrive back in Osnabruck on the 6th.

But alas, all is not strawberries and cream, once more 11 PI must take its rightful place of defending the Mother country in BAOR against the hordes of Russian Cossacks as they wait to plunder and rape their way across Europe (WELL, THE RECRUITING SGT DID SAY THAT AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE). Looking ahead, a busy year with Kings Ride II, Spearpoint, SOLTAU and Canada. In between that, cadres (YOU WILL DO THE APC CADRE, GRAY!) and work on the APC's (CLUCAS, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN MISSING, YET!).

Looking back, in all a good tour with many lessons learnt by all with notable successes in the Riots in Sackville St. Alas, with the major re-organisation within the Battalion we will have to say goodbye to many "old sweats," among them Sgt. 'Toby' North, who's gone to wreak havoc on 10 PI; "The Old Man" Cpl Bowers and his brick, who go back to whence they began, The Milan; Pte's Osborne, Reid and Lawton to Support Company and finally Watts, who is rumoured to be joining the SAS!

As the OP BANNER tour draws to a close all I can say is "DAYS TO DO ARE GETTING FEW, BUT YOU MAKE SURE YOU SEE THEM THROUGH!"

THE BOSS.



2 Pl search team.

SEEK AND YOU WILL FIND . . . MAYBE

A COMPANY

On the 9th October, 1979, A Company mounted a large scale search of the Bogside, the troops involved included, 3 Search teams from A Coy 3 from B Coy, 3 from D Coy and 1 from 40 CDO ROYAL Marines. In addition to the creature that accompanied D Coy teams, there were 3 search dogs (Wagtails) 1 Female searcher and a repair team from the Royal Engineers.

The search began at 0905 hrs (five past nine). Inhabitants of the area were surprisingly friendly and helpful, (they were so helpful, that more than one search team was directed on how to go back to the U.K. with the minimum of fuss). The Search advisor checked the area, escorted by two greasy individuals from the RCT, was about to be "knee-capped" by the canine residents of the bog-side, however, after the team commanders cries of, "here lassie, here lassie", the situation was restored.

At 0950 hrs, (ten to ten) Cpl Annear 2Pl A Coy, came to the incident control point, and whispered, "Gooseberry". The search commander arrived at the scene of the find and a rifle concealed in a Tartan guitar case, was seen leaning against a wall in a coal shed. Once the relevant agencies had been tasked and, "Done their thing", it was a very satisfied 10 search teams and 1 dog that returned to their locations.

In answer to 11 Pl, (Dragon Vly, Edition 2, page 18) we agree with your kind offer, however if you care to slip down to A Coy, we will show you how to find things, to save possible embarrassment in a likewise trying situation!



The find—M17 rifle.

SWITCH ON

"Have you heard the one about the Irishman that thought a radio worked without a battery". Well, 14E 9 Pl A Coy certainly have.

It all happened on the night they were on their way to man Papa 6, the switched on Brick Commander was baffled when doing several Victor checks he could not get any response from Echo 7. It was then he thought he had better see if his radio was switched on, it was whilst doing this he realised to his horror that he had forgotten to get a battery. He had no time to do anything about it as one of the brick poked his head around the corner and said, "we're moving in now, Paddy". Paddy stopped dead in his tracks, he knew this was to be his downfall. He began the advance to the Papa, when he got there his heart missed a beat, for who do you think was waiting for him? Yes! Everybodies favourite Sgt Mac.

Then came the crunch. "Is your radio switched on Paddy," asked Sgt Mac. "Yes it is", came the reply; by this time everyone was listening intently, especially Sgt 'Jock' Samson, who just loves to get one over on Niner. Sgt Mac asked again, "well, what's wrong then Paddy?" "I've got no battery", came the rather meek reply.

Sgt Mac stood there completely speechless for once in his Army career, whilst Jock Samson had to be restrained from falling out of the landrover with laughter.

The moral of this amusing tale is:

"SWITCH ON, YOU CROWS".



Director of Army Quartering—Maj. Gen. The Lord Alvingham, C.B.E., taking a serious look at the lack of accommodation!

DERR I



Capt. Lodge, R.A.M.C., doing the rounds.

WHY HAVEN'T WE HAD THE DOCTOR IN OUR RUGBY TEAM?

RUGBY

BR WO2 D. T. WIGGINS—A COMPANY

The past two months has seen the re-emergence of the Battalion Rugby team, in addition, a number of inter-company games have been played. D Company defeated all-comers and played good, clean, open rugby at that level. Although competition at Battalion level can only be called second class at best, it has provided a useful platform from which the team has gained confidence and got to know each other, results to date can be seen at the end of this article.

Undoubtedly there is much talent within the Battalion and it is hoped to utilise this after the Christmas break. The team have played five games and players are starting to realise that a successful team must be highly organised, disciplined and trained, facets have still to be worked on, we have yet to arrive on match day with every player in possession of boots!

It has been encouraging to see the team come from behind to win on two occasions, the one defeat suffered saw the team well in command deep into the second-half, alas, too late to reverse the final result, however, this shows great courage and determination and should prove very frustrating to some teams in Germany.

With Major Norman West shortly to return and a coach in station to run and train the team, we should look forward to various cup competitions next season, the remainder of this season must be spent in training and establishing a squad of at least twenty players, (the minimum required in modern rugby).

I would like to thank all players for the support, interest and spirit shown during this short period, also the supporters who have managed to attend games, in particular, the Commanding Officer and D. Company 'R' Groups, thank you for your knowledgeable words of wisdom!

Results:

- 1 DERR v 8 Bde XV — won 38-10.
- 40 CDO RM v 1 DERR — Won 8-13.
- 8 Bde XV v 1 DERR — Won 4-32.
- 40 CDO RM v 1 DERR — Lost 30-15.

The whole question of inter-sex rugby does now merit serious consideration. While mixed-sex rugby teams are still more than flesh and blood, especially the former, could reasonably be expected to bear, games between female (child-bearing) and male (ball-bearing) could now be introduced, subject to certain safeguards.

From a gynaecological point of view there seems to be two danger areas in the game — the scrum and the individual tackle. With regard to the former, I would suggest the scrum be arranged so that both sides face the same way, with the ball-bearing team always facing outwards, backing into their opponents. The advantage of this system will be immediately obvious to rugby experts and will eventually dawn on the less well informed. It will be an important function of the referee to identify correctly which team is which and arranging the scrum accordingly. Attempts by the ball-bearing side to reverse the normal arrangement and approach the child-bearing scrum from behind (a tergo) must be firmly dealt with. Indeed, there will have to be a great deal of firmness on the part of the referee if firmness elsewhere is to be avoided.

The individual tackle presents special problems in view of the known tendency of rugby players of both sexes to grope. We have developed a suitable anti-groping garment based on the chastity belt/cuirass principle (to be called the jock-corset) which would protect all parts of all parties and obviate the need for the players to wear boxing gloves.

One aspect of rugby which should certainly be retained is the communal hot bath after the match. Similar activities have been going on in Japan for many years without any untoward consequences. It might be necessary to import a few Japanese lady bath attendants in the early days to see that everything is kept aboveboard.

As you will see, we are giving a good deal of thought to the matter and some of the more academically minded players here indeed think of nothing else. We hope to come up with a definitive set of rules in the near future. These would be tested out in a series of uncontrolled double blind drunk trials and it should not be too long before female teams are competing on equal terms.

Reprinted from an article in British Medical Journal.

A LAST PHOTOGRAPHIC LOOK AT LIFE IN 'DERRY



Sgt Haines practising the art of levitation.



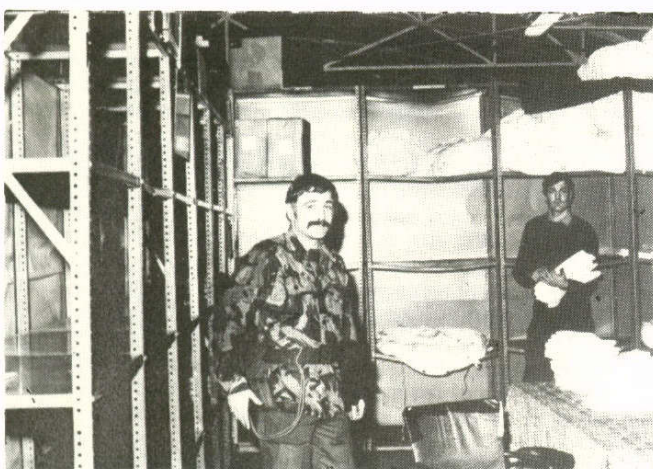
Foot patrols on Strand Road in the city.



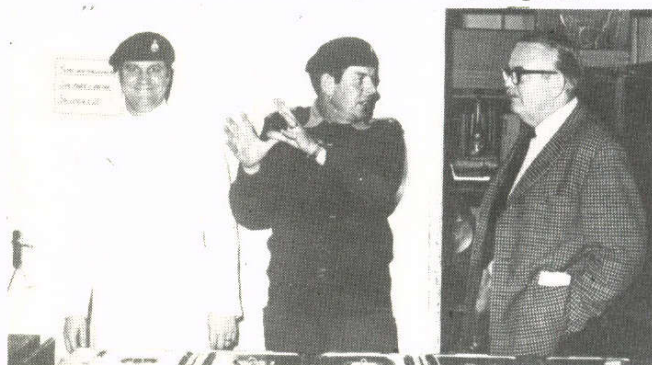
D Coy—the many hours spent at Tac HQ on standby.



Its the only thing that keeps this wagon together.

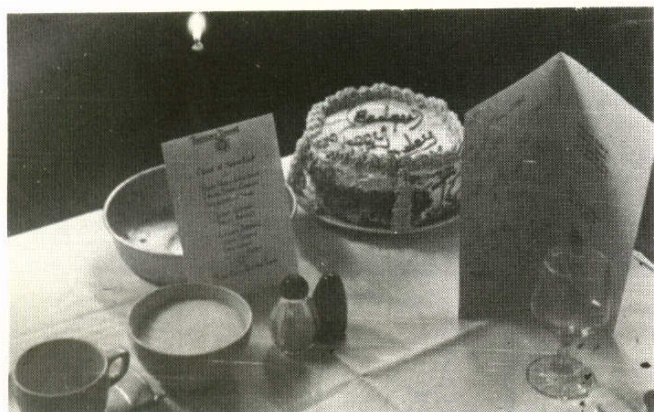


Go for your gun "Baines."

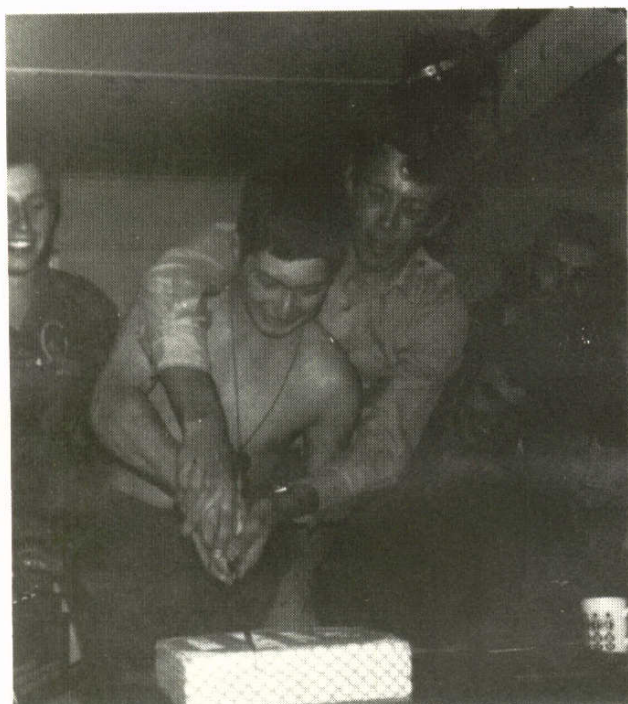


The QM has this electric effect on people.

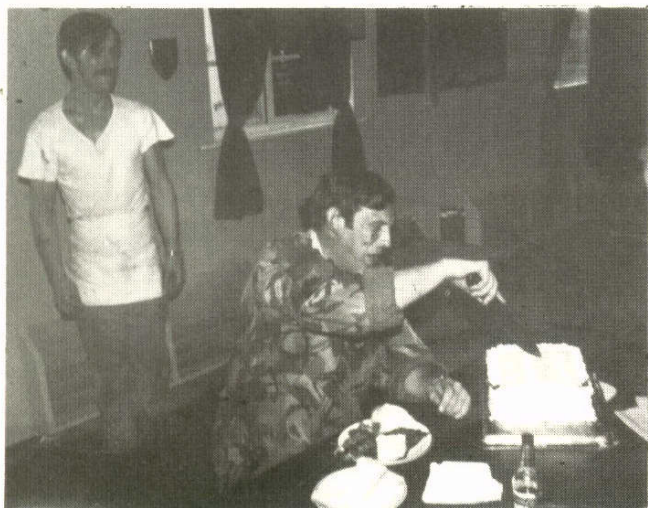
THE COOKS HAVE DONE US PROUD



Cpl Leeming's special menu.



Sgt McIntyre and Pte Speck cutting their wedding cake.



CSM A Coy's was a less formal affair.

COMMUNITY RELATIONS, YES



But this is ridiculous.



The ever present eye on the Bogside.



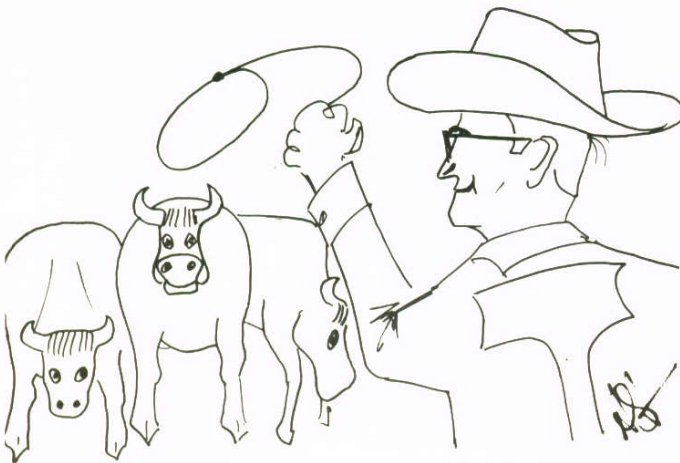
Whilst CSE shows have kept us amused.



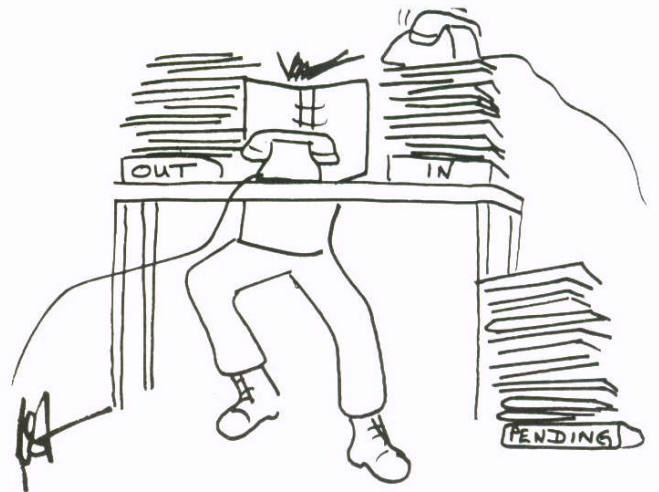
Colonel of the Regiment inspects the washing at Fort George.

INSIDE VIEW OF TAC HQ

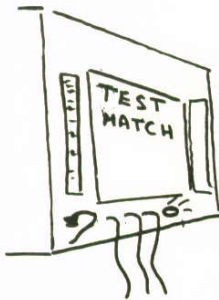
THE CREMLIN AT WORK



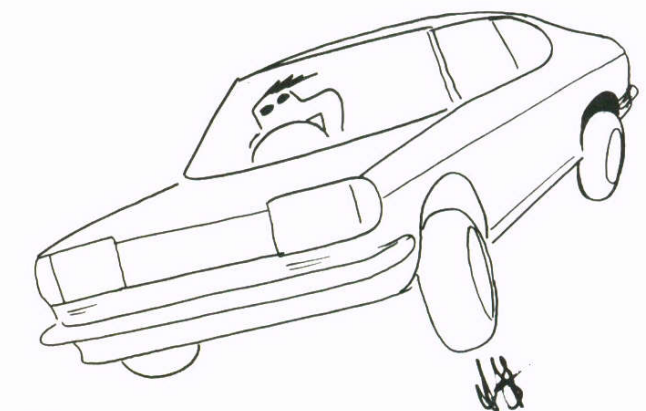
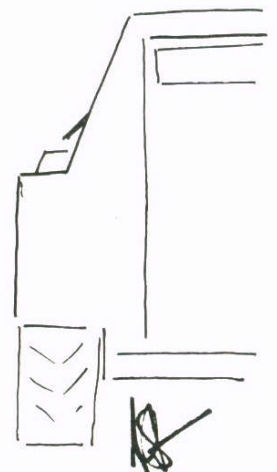
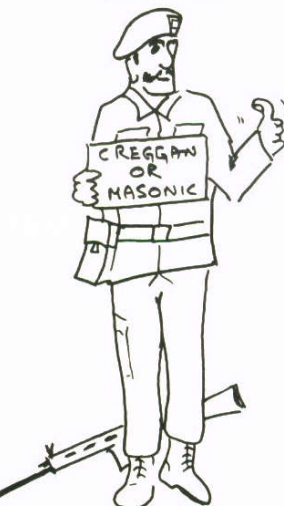
THE BOSS NURTURED SECRET RUSTIC AMBITIONS



THE ADJUTANT THOUGHT SERIOUSLY ABOUT THE JOYS OF PYROMANIA



AT ALL TIMES MR SPOCK WAS IN TOTAL CONTROL



THE IO HAD A DESPERATE THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE

CRO DISPLAYED AN ENTHUSIASM FOR HIS WORK BORDERING ON THE SUICIDAL



All in a hard days work.



A Coy keeping fit.



**AND FINALLY IT'S
THUMBS UP . . .**



**. . . FOR THE END
OF THE TOUR**