

## BACK TO WORK



*The Colours return to the Mess*



*SPT Coy stand fast for the Pipes and Drums*

## EDITORIAL

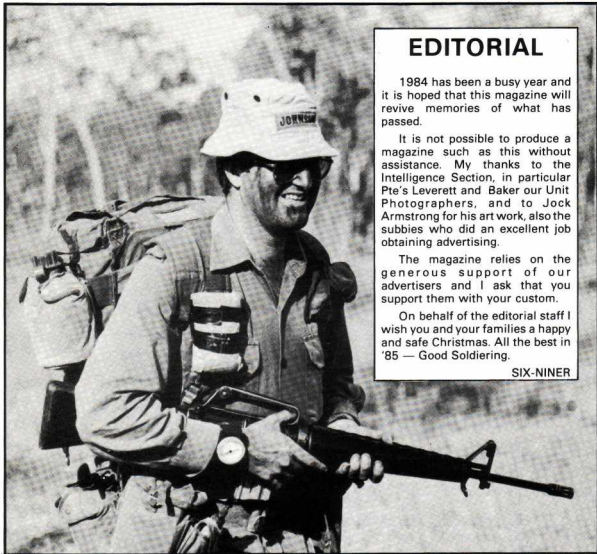
1984 has been a busy year and it is hoped that this magazine will revive memories of what has passed.

It is not possible to produce a magazine such as this without assistance. My thanks to the Intelligence Section, in particular Pte's Leverett and Baker our Unit Photographers, and to Jock Armstrong for his art work, also the subbies who did an excellent job obtaining advertising.

The magazine relies on the generous support of our advertisers and I ask that you support them with your custom.

On behalf of the editorial staff I wish you and your families a happy and safe Christmas. All the best in '85 — Good Soldiering.

SIX-NINER



## GUN PIQUET BLUES

*There was movement in the gunpit, for the word had got around  
The CSM was coming, and no-one made a sound.  
So we all waited there for hours, and no-one lit a smoke.  
We thought that he was kidding, just a little joke.  
So then we started talking, and drinking all our rum.  
Everyone got drunk, and had a lot of fun.  
Then suddenly the cam net was flung to the side,  
and the CSM came down, but there was no where to hide.  
So we gathered up our rifles and all our combat gear,  
For 7 — 14 — 40 was all we had to fear.  
But Dino spoke up bravely and shouted, "contact front!"  
So we ran into the bushes and lost the little runt.  
There's no more to this story and little to be said.  
But if the CSM reads this I'm sure that I'll be dead.*