



SLIPSTREAM

The Newsletter of Central Scotland Branch
The Parachute Regimental Association

Issue No. 026

December 2008

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BILL!

Almost eight days of “the war to end all wars” remained when a baby was born to the Gordon family. No doubt the happy parents hoped that the bairn in their arms would never have to face the tribulations of war. Sadly, this was not to be.

At the outbreak of the Second World War Bill was already serving as a territorial gunner in the Royal Artillery, based in Cathcart, and after mobilisation he served with an ack-ack battery in Lincolnshire.

In 1942 he saw a notice on the regimental notice board, calling for volunteers for a new parachute battalion. Bill immediately volunteered, turning down the incentive of a stripe if he chose to stay.

Bill's passion for cycling, as a member of the Glasgow Nightingale Cycling Club, had kept him very fit and stood him in good stead at his medical. The fact that he had a partial set of dentures as a result of a cycling accident, much to his relief, was no bar to his joining this new regiment of the Army Air Corps. He kept his dentures in a *Balkan Sobranie* cigarette tin in a smock pocket



Bill receives special cake presented by Jimmy Bishop and Larry Williamson

whilst flying and replaced them in his mouth whilst descending!

Bill was to serve in Algeria, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy and finally, Arnhem with the “Shiny” 3rd Battalion. To this day he is rightly proud to have served in the very first parachute brigade.

BILLS STORY

ARNHEM

At approximately 2pm on Sunday 17th September 1944, Bill and his comrades landed in Holland, and after about an hour's assembling and forming up, began their advance down a side road to the main road Utrechtsesweg and thence towards Arnhem.

During the advance No. 5 Platoon made contact with a German staff car containing an officer and three soldiers. All were killed, the officer turning out to be Generalmajor Friedrich Kussin, the officer commanding the Arnhem sector.

It was dusk by the time the battalion reached the Hartenstein Hotel where they were to remain until daybreak. The following morning, during their advance towards the St. Elizabeth Hospital, the battle began in earnest and they came under heavy, sustained fire from the areas of the main square, the bus and railway station and from the brickworks across the river.

The following days were to consist of a deadly game of hide-and-seek against an enemy, vastly superior in numbers and weaponry, with the brave Dutch inhabitants giving what assistance they could.

Bill and his mates were called on by General Urquhart and his staff officers, who were in a neighbouring house, to aid them in returning to H.Q. by throwing smoke grenades. They then made their way to the area of the prison, where they ran into heavy fighting with the German defenders.

On the Wednesday, short of ammunition and rations they made their way to the river but could not find any means to cross. They made their way to a glass structure, the Pavilion but were spotted.

Not for the first time in the battle a tank stopped outside their position. This one had a loudspeaker from which an Oxford English voice announced, "Gentlemen of the First Airborne Division, you have fought a brave and sustained battle with great courage against vastly superior numbers. However the situation is now hopeless. Think of your wives and sweethearts! Surrender and you will be treated as honourable prisoners of war."

In Bill's own words, "...some idiot down stairs fired off a burst from a bren gun at the tank. Silence! Then slowly the tank turret whined into life, turning to point at the house. The barrel elevated and BANG! They had fired a solid shot, the result I can only describe as being like a Tom and Gerry cartoon, where the round makes a hole in the front wall and makes the same hole all the way through every internal wall in the house, before exiting out the rear wall.

"We all knew this was the end and quickly threw our rifle bolts and fighting knives into the river. I think there were about ten of us in the house and I knew none of the other paras, having become separated from my mates in the fighting" (sign of the ferocity and confusion of the battle).

Having fought the SS in North Africa they were all nervous about surrendering to them, with good reason. One SS trooper called Bill an "English Swine" and struck him in the face with his rifle butt. This was one of the saddest days in Bill's life. He says, "I had taken many prisoners and now found myself at the mercy of others".



Bill's birthday cake

FALLINGBOSTEL

After being searched and the seizure of military equipment and any luxuries the men were marched to Enschede via Zutphen, spending the night in a huge barn. They were then sent to Frankfurt am Main by cattle truck. Here, Bill and three other paras were shocked to hear their names and numbers called out. They were taken to a Dulag Luft [a Dulag was a transit camp for processing and distribution of POWs] at Obenursel where they were interrogated on and off for two days.



As Bill says, “The interrogation was very cordial and friendly with a German officer asking me, ‘What is your name?’ ‘Bill, Sir’, I replied. ‘Which battalion are you in Bill?’ ‘I can’t tell you that sir’. ‘Take your smock off Bill. Ah yes! You’re in the third battalion’ as he looked at the colour of my lanyard!”

After that, the four of them were taken to a civilian railway station under guard and, whilst waiting on the platform, an elderly lady approached and inspected them for several seconds before using her umbrella to beat the daylights out of the nearest para shouting, “TERROR FLIEGER!”. Afterwards they were to laugh about the incident. On the train they were put in a locked compartment along with a guard.

Upon arrival at Fallingbostel station they were marched up to camp IIB, searched again and taken to the British compound where they were left to find a bunk - if lucky enough! Here, Bill came into contact with the legendary RSM Bill JC Lord (according to the man ‘JC’ stood for ‘Jesus Christ’), a man for whom Bill had the highest regard, “a soldier from his head to the tip of his toes”. RSM Lord was to bring order and discipline to the camp, improving morale in the process.

The POWs were ordered not to escape as the Allies were advancing. The German posters threatening to shoot escaping prisoners if caught within ‘Forbidden Zones’ helped to convince them, especially as these zones had not been indicated to them!

The RSM asked Bill, who had been company clerk, to work alongside a LCpl Lowe in the Abwehr office, outside the prisoner compound, registering all British POWs. This was a very privileged position and Bill used the opportunity to smuggle in food and luxuries, aided by his guards who escorted him back to camp, thus preventing him from being searched.

Bill takes up the story: “All the German guards and everybody else new the war was ending and the guards would say to me ‘Remember Bill, we have been good to you!’ Being good to me even involved taking myself and LCpl Lowe to the village pub, although we were told to sit at the rear door where we were brought a beer! I swear to God its true. The guard who was particularly friendly with me was U/O Paul Corindorfer and we would tell each other about our families and homes showing each other photographs of our loved ones. Another guard was the cook, Cooper. I’m not sure if that’s the correct spelling.”

Life was hard in the camp with lice ever present and a scarcity of food, even horsemeat. The Russian prisoners were even worse off, being treated like animals. Bill remembers a fight breaking out in the Russian compound. The guards sent in two Alsatian dogs which never returned. The Russians ate that night... On another occasion, the Germans investigating a bad smell found that they had been burying their dead beneath the floorboards, in order to continue receiving the dead men’s ration allowance.

In April 1945 the camp was liberated by British troops and Bill arrived back in the UK around the 21st of that month, being posted back to Hardwicke Depot.. Three months leave was followed by a similar time serving at the AAC Records Office in the Drill Hall on East Claremont Street, Edinburgh. Bill finally ended his service on 12th January 1946.

GATESHEAD REMEMBRANCE

By Jim Colquhoun

Jim Colquhoun, Matt Mulligan and Jon Hansard were invited to Gateshead for their Armistice parade, as guests of Keith Mulligan and Matty Watson. As you can be seen this was a well attended parade and supported admirably by the people of the town. It was cold, wet and windy but that did not dampen the spirits of those on parade.

After the parade, controlled by Parade Marshal Major Bob Allen, we retired back to the REME mess where we were made very welcome by the officers and men. As you can see, we were in good company: Deputy Mayor - Cllr. Joe Mitchinson; Deputy Mayoress - Jen Mitchinson; Worshipful Mayor of Gateshead - Cllr. Maureen Chaplin with her Consort, husband Bob Chaplin.



In exalted company (No! - not Matt's!)



We can see that "Jock" Hansard still hasn't mastered the use of a glass!

And Then The Fight Started....

When I got home last night, my wife demanded that I take her someplace expensive... So, I took her to a petrol station...

...

My wife and I were sitting at a table at my high school reunion, and I kept staring at a drunken lady swigging her drink as she sat alone at a nearby table.

My wife asked, 'Do you know her?'

'Yes,' I sighed, 'She's my old girlfriend. I understand she took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear she hasn't been sober since.'

'My God!' said my wife, 'who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?'

...

I rear-ended a car this morning. So, there we were alongside the road and slowly the other driver got out of his car. You know how sometimes you just get sooo stressed and little things just seem funny? Yeah, well I couldn't believe it... He was a DWARF!!!

He stormed over to my car, looked up at me, and shouted, 'I AM NOT HAPPY!!!'

So, I looked down at him and said, 'Well then, which one are you?'

...

After retiring, I went to the Social Security office to apply for a pension. The woman behind the counter asked me for proof of my age. I looked in my pockets and realised that I had left my wallet at home. I told the woman that I was very sorry, but I would have to go home and come back later.

The woman said, 'Unbutton your shirt'. So I opened my shirt revealing my curly silver hair.

She said, 'That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me' and she processed my application.

When I got home, I excitedly told my wife about my experience at the Social Security office.

She said, 'you should have dropped your trousers. You might have received disability benefit, too.'



BRIZE BECKONED

Stuart Mathewson took part in the making of the training film, Knowledge Dispels Fear, in 1981 and was recently curious as to whether he could obtain a copy. After writing to the MoD he received a reply from the Chief Instructor at No.1 PTS inviting him down to RAF Brize Norton.

So on 23rd October Stuart travelled down to Brize and had a great time. He was taken along to Weston-on-the-Green to watch the training jumps, taking him back in time, or has he puts it, "Oh to be 18 again"!

Stuart completed at Barry Buddon in 1982 (he had been injured during BPC) and would be grateful if anyone could supply him with photographs of the Wings Presentation.



A PJI at No1 PTS presents Stuart with his 'Wings Certificate' back-dated to 4th July 1982.



Me with ex Flt Sgt Evans (now storeman) who was the F/Sgt on my courses in 1981 and in 1982.

VANISHED VIDEO

Stuart came across this old 15 PARA photograph of B Company Guard (like the other Guards, also containing Sp Coy personnel) drilling in preparation for the Presentation of Colours in 1982. He remembers a video being made and later shown of the parade. Stuart has made enquiries to RHQ, the Regimental Museum and 4 PARA HQ as to the availability of the video but all returned a blank. If anyone has or knows of someone holding a copy, could they please let him know. I am sure that the Regimental Museum would also be interested. Quite a lot of us would be interested! Stuart may be contacted through the editor.



BRANCH NEWS

New Members

We gladly welcome three new members to the branch:

Andrew Barrat ex 1 PARA and 15 PARA

Frank Docherty, ex 15 PARA

Peter Mc Govern, Ex 15 Para

Raising Funds

Volunteers are sought to help raise funds for the Branch and the Veterans monument on the following dates:

Saturday 20th December 2008

Central Station - Branch collection

Tuesday 23rd December 2008

Sauchiehall Street - Veterans monument

Tuesday 30th December 2008

Central Station - Branch collection

Friday 30th January 2009

Sauchiehall Street - Veterans monument

Friday 20th March 2009

Sauchiehall Street - Veterans monument

Volunteers would be greatly appreciated.

Airborne Forces Day Scotland 2009

This will be held on Sunday 28th June at Aberdeen. If you are interested (you may wish to stay overnight) then let the branch secretary know no later than end of March 2009, as the Aberdeen committee need to know names and exact numbers attending. Tickets for the event will be issued nearer the time. The branch secretary will also have to look at hotels in the area and check out prices for your perusal.

Arnhem 2009

Congratulations to our QM, Jim Colquhoun for securing a £10,000 lottery grant to help assist those members of the branch who plan to attend. A good job, well done.

We have also been given permission for the Branch Standard to be part of the service in the cemetery on this very special occasion. Sammy Moynihan has the privilege of bearing the Standard.

Pearson Parade

The Pearson Parade will take place on Saturday 5th September 2009 commencing at approximately 10:30am.

January Meeting

This will be held on 11th January, not the 4th. February's meeting and thereafter will be on the first Sunday of the month.

Burns Supper

Wood Street Social Club has kindly extended to branch members, an invitation to their Burns Supper. This will be held on Friday 23rd January and tickets are priced at £7.50 each. If you are interested, please contact Terry McCourt on 0141 954 1213.

A Christmas Story (for people having a bad day)

When four of Santa's elves got sick, the trainee elves did not produce toys as fast as the regular ones, and Santa began to feel the Pre-Christmas pressure.

Then Mrs Claus told Santa her Mother was coming to visit, which stressed Santa even more.

When he went to harness the reindeer, he found that three of them were about to give birth and two others had jumped the fence and were out, Heaven knows where.

Then when he began to load the sleigh, one of the floorboards cracked, the toy bag fell to the ground and all the toys were scattered.

Frustrated, Santa went in the house for a cup of apple cider and a shot of rum. When he went to the cupboard, he discovered the elves had drunk all the cider and hidden the liquor. In his frustration, he accidentally dropped the cider jug, and it broke into hundreds of little glass pieces all over the kitchen floor. He went to get the broom and found the mice had eaten all the straw off the end of the broom.

Just then the doorbell rang, and irritated Santa marched to the door, yanked it open, and there stood a little angel with a great big Christmas tree. The angel said very cheerfully, 'Merry Christmas, Santa. Isn't this a lovely day? I have a beautiful tree for you. Where would you like me to stick it?'

Airborne Assault Duxford

Airborne Assault will open at Duxford on December 9th. Once open, admission will give Airborne Forces visitors access to the entire complex at Duxford, as well as our own museum. With attractions including the superb aviation collections in **AirSpace**, vintage planes flying above the operational airfield, the **American Air Museum** and the **Land Warfare Hall** and **Normandy** exhibitions, this is easily a very full day's outing. An advantageous entry concession has been negotiated on behalf of PRA members.

By prior notification to the Curator, visiting groups of 10 or more Parachute Regimental Association (PRA) members, serving soldiers or cadets will be admitted *free of charge* to IWM Duxford. Groups are encouraged, where possible, to visit in uniform, or blazers and berets.

Serving soldiers or Regimental Association members visiting in an individual capacity will be offered a 2 for 1 deal on presentation of their MoD ID card or Regimental Association Card at the main entrance.

To convey the true value of this negotiated admission deal, at the time of writing, individual entry to Duxford costs £16.00, with concessions at £12.80 for over 60s and students and £9.60 for the disabled. If you wish to visit with children or grandchildren, those under 16 are admitted free. This deal applies to all days, *other* than Air Show and Event days.

Those who wish to take advantage of the research facilities in the Airborne Assault Archive, which is outside the main Museum complex, must make an appointment with the Curator.

Opening times:

Open daily except 24, 25 and 26 December.

Winter (26 October 2008 to 13 March 2009 inclusive)

10.00 am - 4.00 pm (Last admission 3pm.)

Summer 2009 (14 March to 25 October inclusive)

10.00 am - 6.00 pm (Last admission 5pm.)

COLONEL LACHIE



Nigel Turnbull visited Col. Lachie recently and found him in good spirit despite mobility problems. As can be seen from the photograph, taken by Nigel's son-in-law John Dunnington, the trademark sparkle is still evident. From this seat, he has a pleasant view across the sound to the mainland. His former pupils as well as his former comrades from 15 PARA and 44 PARA BDE. will be pleased with this news (and may be tempted to have a dram to celebrate). *Good luck to you Col. Lachie!*

Ar Dhia, Alba is ar Banrigh!



Jack Ferguson "AKA: Love Me (or my dug will eat you)" as 15 PARA Recruit Coy. SPSI in the mid 70s. A young Alex Kennedy is seen on Fergie's right, Peter Clark and a young O/Cadet Stevie Cave on his left. The steadiness of the photo would indicate the the dog was either locked up or had already been fed two failures...

It is recommended that visitors enter the Museum by 3.00pm (in Winter) and by



EULOGY

LANCE CORPORAL NICKY MASON SECOND BATTALION THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT

LCpl Nicky Mason, aged 26, hailed from Aveley in Essex. He joined the army in December 2001 and was posted to 2 PARA in July

2002, joining 12 Pl. D Coy.

Within a year of joining the battalion he applied to join the Patrols Platoon, and performed extremely well on the selection cadre successfully joining the platoon in October 2003 ahead of his peer group.

In the summer of 2005 he was promoted to lance corporal. He had completed an operational tour of Northern Ireland as well as two tours of Iraq, this was his first operational tour of Afghanistan and he revelled in it; in the heat and hills surrounding Kajaki.

Exceptionally fit and a boxer of note, he was the archetypal paratrooper: tough, resilient and confident in his ability. On returning from Operation HERRICK he had his sights set on attempting the selection course to join the Special Reconnaissance Regiment. He was single and had no children.

His family issued the following statement: "Too dearly loved to be forgotten our much loved son, loyal brother and thoughtful friend always ready for a laugh, a cheeky tease died doing the job he loved."

Lt Col Joe O'Sullivan, CO, 2 PARA paid tribute to Nicky: "...Those who celebrate the operation to move the turbine to Kajaki should now reflect on the steadfast courage of those who were there beforehand and who still remain, and on Nicky Mason who has given his life there. 2 PARA will remember him as it remembers all the other members of the battlegroup that have lost their lives here this summer, and our thoughts are now with his family and their most painful loss."

Maj Simon Britton, OC X Coy at Kajaki paid tribute to LCpl Mason: "...He was an excellent soldier undoubtedly, but his outstanding quality was his warmth and character. His ready

smile was infectious and his effect upon the morale of those who lived and fought beside him will be truly missed..."

Rob Holliman, CSM of X Coy said: "LCpl Nicky Mason was an extremely professional soldier who carried out his tasks to the full and was like a brother to the members of the Patrols Platoon. He always had a smile on his face and helped all those around him... Our thoughts are with his family and friends."

Pl commander, Copt Dave Middleton said: "LCpl Mason was one of the first people I met when I arrived at 2 PARA and we ended up sharing a poncho together on my first exercise. He was a stalwart of the Patrols Platoon and his exemplary levels of fitness and soldiering skills epitomises what the platoon stands for. His personality was infectious and his popularity far reaching. 'Mase' it was an honour to serve with you."

Sgt Andy Turnbull, said: "LCpl Nicky Mason characterised what it means to be a paratrooper - strong, fit, courageous, quick-thinking and willing to help and support any fellow comrade. He brought so much more with his insane sense of humour and his always larger than life personality which appeared all too often whatever the situation, even if it was only to offer everyone "tickets to the gun show", at least three times a day."

Cpl Dan O'Callaghan, said: "...Nicky was a minimi gunner within the team and was professional to the last on the ground. He would push himself to the front to protect everyone else selflessly and without fear, whether clearing compounds or providing protection for others. He knew what was required and did it. He just got on with the job he loved, "being a paratrooper".

Cpl Nige Phillips said: "Nicky was to me, and hundreds of others, a great friend. He was the heart of the platoon that kept us going. He brought us morale and humour that no other person could match, especially with one of his great sayings... all the blokes will know what I mean. He will be sadly missed but never forgotten."

EULOGY
PRIVATE JASON LEE RAWSTON
SECOND BATTALION THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT



Pte Rawston was killed when his patrol were engaged in an exchange of fire with the Taliban near Forward Operating Base Gibraltar on 12 September 2008. He was 23 years old and was born in Clayton-Le-Moors, Lancashire.

Jason joined the Army in October 2005 and in July 2006 was posted to C (Bruneval) Coy 2 PARA, where he was employed as a rifleman. He quickly stood out as a soldier of note and within a year of joining the battalion qualified as an assault engineer. It is a mark of his professionalism and maturity that he passed this course, usually reserved for more experienced soldiers, within such a short space of time. He then rejoined C Company and his section was attached to 7 Pl for his first operational tour in Afghanistan on Operation Herrick 8.

He is remembered as a quiet, strong, man with a quiet, authoritative air with a hint of mischief which earned him the nickname 'Suspect'. His friends will remember him for his steadfast reliability, his broad smile and magic daysack which always seemed to contain exactly what was needed in any situation. He leaves behind his mother, father, brother Graham and his girlfriend Michaela to whom he was devoted.

Jason's mother, said: "...Being a para was everything to Jason... We are able to take comfort knowing that he died doing a job that he loved, helping others and that he was amongst comrades who he regarded as brothers..." Jason's father, added: "I wish I could take Jason's place and have him home. I will miss you son. The pain of losing you is unbearable, but I know you were so proud of all that you did. My heart goes out to all parents who have ever lost a child. All my love, Dad".

CO, Lt Col Joe O'Sullivan, said: "...Bruneval is the Parachute Regiment's first Battle Honour, and Jason Rawston, like all of his friends in today's Bruneval Coy and across the battalion, was every bit the paratrooper of that first Bruneval Coy sixty six years ago; tough, resourceful, fearless under the fire that he had experienced so often and never knowing defeat.

Maj Adam Dawson, paid tribute to him: "Pte Jason Rawston was a charming, gentle and

immeasurably generous soldier with a warm and caring personality... He had his heart set on a move to the Sniper Platoon after the tour in Afghanistan and expressed a desire to further himself educationally to broaden his horizons and open up new opportunities. He was a pleasure to sit and have a brew and a fag with, he always reasoned with life in general. 'Suspect' you'll be sadly missed, my thoughts go out to your family and Michaela. Rest in Peace."

Lt Murray McMahon, said: "...Jason was all that a paratrooper could be and is a role model for those who will follow. He loved the Regiment and would do anything for a fellow colleague. No situation could keep his endearing sense of humour at bay and his quirky grin always brought a smile to my face. He was polite, friendly and a popular member of the Platoon and Company. My thoughts go out to his family and his girlfriend Michaela."

Sgt Mark Magreehan said: "Pte Jason Rawston was a character. From the first moment I got to know him... I knew I could trust this man with my life at any time. He was a keen and diligent young paratrooper, he knew his strengths and his weaknesses using this to better himself at every opportunity."

CSgt James Newell MC remembered him: "He was a quiet and unassuming man who always had a smile on his face and saw enjoyment in everything he did. He was very competent and professional and when taught something new would not need any further instruction.

Sgt Philip Stout said: "...Jason brought everything from humour to professionalism and diligence. I could rely on him to do anything as I knew it would get done. "

Cpl Scott Bourne said: "... If there was a job that needed to be done 'Suspect' would always be the first one there, and... was always seen with a cigarette in his mouth and a smile on his face.. He had bags and bags of enthusiasm for his job and loved it.

POCKET TASER STUN GUN

“A great gift for the wife”, says Martin O’Hear!

Last weekend I saw something at Larry’s Pawn Shop that sparked my interest. The occasion was our 15th anniversary and I was looking for a little something extra for my wife Julie. What I came across was a 100,000 volt, pocket/ purse-sized taser. The effects of the taser are supposed to be short lived, with no long-term adverse affect on your assailant, allowing her adequate time to retreat to safety?

Way too cool! Long story short, I bought the device and brought it home. I loaded two AAA batteries in the darn thing and pushed the button. Nothing! I was disappointed. I learned, however, that if I pushed the button and pressed it against a metal surface at the same time; I’d get the blue arc of electricity darting back and forth between the prongs.

Awesome!

Unfortunately, I have yet to explain to Julie what that burn spot is on the face of her microwave. Okay, so I was home alone with this new toy, thinking to myself that it couldn’t be all that bad with only two triple-A batteries, right?

There I sat in my recliner, my cat Gracie looking on intently(trusting little soul) while I was reading the directions and thinking that I really needed to try this thing out on a flesh & blood moving target. I must admit I thought about zapping Gracie (for a fraction of a second) and thought better of it. She is such a sweet cat. But, if I was going to give this thing to my wife to protect herself against a mugger, I did want some assurance that it would work as advertised. Am I wrong? So, there I sat in a pair of shorts and a tank top with my reading glasses perched delicately on the bridge of my nose, directions in one hand, and taser in another. The directions said that a one-second burst would shock and disorient your assailant; a two-second burst was supposed to cause muscle spasms and a major loss of bodily control; a three-second burst would purportedly make your assailant flop on the ground like a fish out of water. Any burst longer than three seconds would be wasting the batteries. All the while I’m looking at this little device measuring about 5” long, less than 3/4” in circumference; pretty cute really and (loaded with two itsy, bitsy triple-A batteries) thinking, ‘No possible way!’

What happened next is almost beyond description, but I’ll do my best...? I’m sitting there alone, Gracie looking on with her head cocked to one side as to say, ‘don’t do it dipshit,’ reasoning that a one second burst from such a tiny little ole thing couldn’t hurt all that bad. I decided to give myself a one second burst just for heck of it. I touched the

prongs to my naked thigh, pushed the button, and...**Holy Hades!** ..**What the Hell!!!! Son-of-a-bitch that hurt!**

I’m pretty sure Jessie Ventura ran in through the side door, picked me up in the recliner, then body slammed us both on the carpet, over and over and over again. I vaguely recall waking up on my side in the foetal position, with tears in my eyes, body soaking wet, both nipples on fire, testicles nowhere to be found, with my left arm tucked under my body in the oddest position, and tingling in my legs? The cat was making meowing sounds I had never heard before, clinging to a picture frame hanging above the fireplace, obviously in an attempt to avoid getting slammed by my body flopping all over the living room. Note: If you ever feel compelled to ‘mug’ yourself with a taser, one note of caution: there is no such thing as a one second burst when you zap yourself! You will not let go of that thing until it is dislodged from your hand by a violent thrashing about on the floor. A three second burst would be considered conservative?

A minute or so later (I can’t be sure, as time was a relative thing at that point), I collected my wits (what little I had left), sat up and surveyed the landscape. My bent reading glasses were on the mantle of the fireplace.

The recliner was upside down and about 8 feet or so from where it had originally been. My triceps, right thigh and both nipples were still twitching. My face felt like it had been shot up with Novocain, and my bottom lip weighed 88 lbs. I had no control over the drooling. Apparently I soiled myself, but was too numb to know for sure and my sense of smell was gone. I saw a faint smoke cloud above my head which I believe was came from my hair. I’m still looking for my nuts and I’m offering a significant reward for their safe return!!

P.S. My wife loved the gift, and now regularly threatens me with it.



Hold these. I have to go back for the wife!

THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT 2009 CALENDAR

The Regiment is pleased to announce the publication of the regimental calendar for 2009.

A small team at 4 PARA RHQ have been collating materials from the our battalions to feature in the calendar, and thanks go to all who have contributed images towards it.

The calendar depicts, through quality images and text, an overview

of the regiment, giving an insight into the many roles and activities we perform.

All 4 battalions are featured, showing the challenges we face on operations, the ceremonial duties we perform, and our regular soldiers and recruits on training exercises at Catterick. The Pathfinders, The Red Devils and The Parachute Training School are also featured.

The calendar will make a fantastic Christmas gift, whilst aiding regimental charities by it's purchase. To order in time for Christmas please place your order now by:

- Completing the coupon below and posting back to the address listed with payment.
- order on-line: www.theparachuteregiment.co.uk
- Call 0845 612 6647 and place your order over the phone. Payment can be made by Debit or Credit Card.

Name:
 Address:
 Postcode:
 Daytime Telephone No.:
 Please send me Parachute Regiment 2009 Calendar(s) @ **£12.49 each** (Inc. VAT & UK postage). Please add a further £3.00 per calendar for overseas postage.

I wish to pay by cheque/postal order(s) made payable to Calendar Offer
 Value Number

I wish to pay by credit card/Maestro, please debit my account by £

Card No. **#####** **##**
 Name on card:
 Start date: Expiry Date:
 3 Digit security code: ●●● Issue No. (Switch):



ICE That Saves Lives

We all carry our mobile phones with names and numbers stored in it's memory. If we were to be involved in an accident or were taken ill, the people attending us would have our mobile phone but wouldn't know who to call. Yes, there are hundreds of numbers stored but which one is the contact person in case of an emergency? Hence this 'ICE' (In Case of Emergency) campaign.

The concept of 'ICE' is catching on quickly. It is a method of contact during emergency situations. As mobile phones are carried by the majority of the population, all you need to do is store the number of a contact person or persons who should be contacted during emergency under the name 'ICE' (In Case of Emergency).



The idea was thought up by a paramedic who found that when he went to the scenes of accidents there were always mobile phones with patients but they didn't know which number to call.

He therefore thought that it would be a good idea if there was a nationally recognised name for this purpose.

In an emergency situation, emergency service personnel and hospital staff would be able to quickly contact the right person by simply dialling the number you have stored as 'ICE'. It really could save your life, or put a loved one's mind at rest. For more than one contact name simply enter ICE1, ICE2 and ICE3 etc.

Have you **ICEd** your mobile yet?

Diary Dates

JANUARY

11th January
 Branch Meeting (amended date) *Glasgow*
23rd January
 Burns Supper *Wood St. Social Club*

SICK PARADE



The following members are suffering ill health:

- ❖ Jack Noon
- ❖ Sam Bovill
- ❖ William White
- ❖ John Bryson
- ❖ Davie Mc Illroy
- ❖ Jack Burke
- ❖ Alex Todd

Jack has returned home after a long stay following his heart operation.

All the members wish you well and hope to see you back "on parade" soon. If anyone knows of a member who is ill, or suffering financial problems, please contact the Welfare Secretary.

LAST POST



Davie Boyce

May the defence of the Most High be above and beneath, around and within us, in our going out and in our coming in. In our rising up and in our going down, through all our days and all our night, until the dawn when the Son of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings for all the peoples of the world. Through Jesus Christ our Lord,

Amen.

***The Parachute Regiment
&
Airborne Forces Collect***

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Davie Boyce's Funeral

On Wednesday 19th November at Craigton Crematorium over 200 people attended the service for Davie. 32 members of the Branch provided a Guard of Honour, including the Standard Bearers. Bert Stone proudly read the Airborne prayer. Davie would have been smiling down on him, that's for sure.

The Boyce family would like to take this opportunity to thank each and everyone who made the effort.

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Thank you to all our contributors.

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