

The teacher

On Sundays they would arrive all eager and keen
Determined to become the best there had been
For soldiering they had elected to train to become
To march and to serve to the beat of the drum

New faces and haircuts and clothing to wear
Kiwi polish and brasso was the smell in the air
Make bed blocks, neat lockers and stand by your beds
Cos the corporal is inbound, the time they all dread

Three ranks full of crows wearing berets all wrong
A soldier, not yet lad, you're still but a mong
We will drill you and train you and sharpen your mind
'We are the teachers of soldiers not friendly or kind

We shape them and mould them and give them some pride
The weak ones are binned, cos there's nowhere to hide
They start to dress smartly with shoulders pulled back
We're turning them into soldiers, our mission on track

They are learning the skills that a soldier should know
To shoot and to drill and to engage with the foe
To work as a team and to get the job done
To stand and to fight and not just to run

The training is finished and our mission complete
A fine bunch of squaddies, it's been quite a feat
They must now go and play in the soldiering game
And remember who trained them, remember our name

So another bunch of soldiers the factory sends out
The lines are again empty, no whisper or shout
But soon will come Sunday, and it all starts again
Another bunch of recruits for us teachers to train

To teach and to train and to shape and to mould
To lecture and guide you must be both proud and bold
A teacher of soldiers, a profession so high
A teacher of soldiers, a true MTI

Memories of Blackdown 1987 – 89

Happy times learning my trade with a bunch of brilliant blokes

Chris Dickson