

27 SEPT
27 Sept 1971



DUKES' DIARY

MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

The events in Belfast over the last month have received more than their fair share of coverage in the newspapers and on television and you are all aware of the type of anti-terrorist campaign we are now fighting. One aspect of the campaign which has not been made clear in the press is the continued and steady progress the security forces are making against the terrorists. The battalion has certainly played its part in this success and you can all be proud of the continuous skillful work the soldiers are doing.

I am sorry to have to tell you that Ltpl Sullivan and Pte Preston were injured when a post they were occupying was blown up by a large bomb placed in an empty house adjoining the post. How they escaped without even more serious injuries than they actually suffered is a miracle as the buildings were completely demolished. However, I have seen them both in hospital and I can report that they are both remarkably cheerful and making a good recovery.

We have one more month to serve in Belfast and we are determined to make the most of our experience and knowledge of the area to make further serious inroads into the terrorists organisation. Needless to say we are all looking forward to getting home and having some well-earned leave.

Finally I should like to thank you all at home for the continuous support you have given us all while we have been away. I very much appreciate your cheerful and selfless behaviour during our absence.

C R West Kable

Lieutenant-Colonel
Commanding

27 September 1971

EDITORIAL

I have, once again, been overwhelmed by material for this the third and final, and I think the best, edition of the Dukes Diary.

Unfortunately, I was unable to use every article submitted. Anyway, my thanks to all.

I hope you have had as much fun out of reading 'The Dukes Diary' as I have had in putting it together.

Editor.

ADMINISTRATIVE COMPANY

The day came for Internment and the news that we were to move off the Maidstone was not well received. After all, we were pretty comfortable!, and why should we give it up for the benefit of the detainees? The QM moved off at 0430 hrs and the stores started moving a couple of hours later. However, it was not until 11 o'clock that the keys to our new home in Holywood Barracks were produced. The stores piled up (see photograph).

Thanks to the magnificent support given to us by the Band, the whole of the echelon was clear of the Maidstone by 1600 hrs.

Over the next few days we provided guards, arrest squads, mobiles, foot patrols and took an active part in all that was going on.

We soon settled into our new home and with a little bit of luck might remain here for the rest of our tour.

Congratulations to Pte Evans who has become a Dad and best wishes to Pte Lee for a speedy recovery.

"THE QUARTERMASTERS"

Gone are the days when the Plumbers, Joiners, Clerks and Storemen of this department considered themselves untouchable under the cloak of "EMPLOYED". They have all proved recently that they can take their place alongside the remainder of the Professionals in the field at a moments notice, but, happy though they be in this role, it leaves the battalion supply lines most vulnerable!

Little or nothing is said of the more sophisticated side of our daily routine - The Technical Department', the supplier of all the equipments needed by the soldier to fight his battles on the street, from armaments to Zebra Crossing Control Sleeves. They do their work with utmost secrecy, and it is often difficult to find out who is the head of this department when letters addressed to the Tech QM begin "Dear Geoff". The remaining members of the Tech team are: LCpl Eddie Sharpe, who spends a great deal of his day supervising the tasks of Pte Stephen Rodney Knowles SME (Sewing Machine Expert); and finally the Tech QM's clerk, LCpl Wallace France Marc Waiken who thinks the disguise of LCpl in this very secret department leads others to believe that the vacancy is not really for full Cpl.

Moves of the Echelon are commonplace and not least the recent midnight flit from Maidstone to Palace Barracks. Oh! to be back home after an absence of some 12 years. This particular move would have been impossible without the excellent help given by the smiling faces of Bandmaster Alexander and his complete Band who, after all, only came for the Concerts. We do appreciate your efforts Mr Alexander and we hope one day we shall be in a position to reciprocate. During this move our own staff provided the backbone to the Belfast Heavy Squad.

The settling in period at Palace Barracks was far from easy. The Quartermaster, cap in hand, as the provider for a poor band of relations, had to beg, borrow and acquire sufficient accommodation to house the Recce, Vigilant and Mortar platoons. Having done this these platoons decided against our second class living and chose to accept the more superior comforts further afield.

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In preparation for any future move the RMO decided to infiltrate the confines of the Quartermasters department and charge with needles various at the high port and incapacitate - sorry!, inoculate all members of the staff. All had the same punishment ie, TMBT, TT etc except LCpl Naiken and he had TSETSE.

It is necessary to keep all soldiers fit and ready to fire, therefore Ranges and Physical Training extract certain periods from our daily life. Out of this training comes a more valuable asset - that of being able to work like a squad of Glow Worms.

Here we give a glimpse through the cloak of curiosity and highlight some of our personalities:-

Capt (QM) Robins MBE	-	Only here for the work
Capt (QM) Burke	-	" " to provide!!!
RQMS Alan Ashby	-	" " to maintain Status Quo!
Sgt Geoffery Firth	-	" " to prepare his release
LCpl Hodgson	-	" " to await arrival of the 1st
LCpl Craze	-	" " to reduce
LCpl Naiken	-	" " to combat TSETSE
LCpl Todd	-	" " to supervise Diffy
Pte Davis	-	" " to ride Gun Shot

The Pioneers Section, depleted considerably by the departure of LCpl Brian Mitchell and Pte John Teale (to whom we say Thank You and the best of luck for your future) have just had to continue a very full programme ranging from the repair of Belfast Bomb damage to the production of varied and unusual ornaments. The local population are singing sadly "Where have all the Sea Shells Gone". To keep up the good work Beachcomber Tommy Jackson has now been issued with a Starlightscope.

The Stage is being rapidly prepared to drop the curtains upon our "Ulster Act" and open again with, we hope, another successful run of our "Catterick Show" - a REALLY BIG ATTRACTION. sorry no photos, but will see you all soon.

NEWS FROM BURROWS THE GUNSMITH

For those of us that are uninformed, Burrows the Gunsmiths is a quaint little shop located on the ground floor of the large office building in Palace Barracks.

Business is steady for the proprietor (Michael Burrows, RIME, ARMAT, SSGT) and his two faithful apprentices (Ian 'Mo' Morrison and Christopher 'Serintoe' Ansell), main moving items being the 7.62mm Self Loading Rifle and the 9mm Sub-Machine Gun, both of which require handling of the highly qualified staff.

At a recent shooting meeting on the Divis Range, Mo and Serintoe were asked to assist, and, having first obtained permission from their employer and the General Manager, Mr Bill Burke, they proceeded to a location in Belfast from where they were conveyed, (by a very strange route), to the Divis Range.

The day went well with Mo and Serintoe giving great assistance in the 'Butts' and although they were well equipped with hammer, screwdriver, oil, etc their technical assistance was not required.

A riot was quickly calmed with the aid of a few 7.62mm rounds when Mo and Serintoe opened their quickly prepared lunch packs, of which Soume Coy were apparently very jealous, as it seems that their day-old cheese sandwiches were quite alive.

On the whole, business in Belfast is booming, but we shall be very glad to return to England where once again we can 'open-up' in Catterick.

THE RATION TEAM

Big Al Figgins is the leader of the outfit and what a talker when he is at the locations! Please note, all the Ration Lads are waiting outside.

Next going is Staff Skippy - the Wizard with the accounts. Look out Sgt Vinson - he watches your balance.

Cpl Paddy Hynes - we some wonder just whose side he is on when he issues out the rations.

LCpl Butch White. He chops up the hindquarts and sorts out the sausages, the latter for himself.

Pte Mel Delaney. Life gets hectic when he finds himself on escort as well as rations.

We must not forget the Messing Officer, Capt Burke, who we can hear shouting over the phone "Give them compo and be damned" to all the little little extra bodies that creep into Girdwood Park.

Our thanks to the lads of the MT who keep us on the road and our apologies to the companies who sometimes have to wait while we fight our way through to them.

EAR TO THE GROUND OR TO THE HE DSEFF

OVERHEARD ON THE POLICE NET AT ABOUT 0100 HRS 31 AUGUST 71

'Hello Uniform, this is C4. There is a bear coming down the Crumlin Road, over.'

And it was true! Now I've heard everything!

OVERHEARD ON THE BATTALION NET

'Hello 3 this is 9, tell your four patrols in the Buffer to look for two children in pyjamas and bare feet.'

'3 wilco out....'

OVERHEARD ON THE OPS ROOM TELEPHONE

Angry Operations Officer (AOO): Is that the laundry? I wish to speak to the Manager about two bundles of my laundry which have been lost for two weeks. Pause...

AOO: Is that the Manager?...Well, who are you then?.....You're taking over from Jack tomorrow??!!

Editor - We all have our own problems!

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TO THE IRISH

The world is ill -
but nowhere more than here
where chaos reigns
and people live in ignorance and fear.

Dissention is the code
on which the country runs.
The killers stalk the streets
murdering the helpless with both bombs and guns.

Repulsive land -
where cowards walk around;
and only force remains to make
them drag their gutless bodies underground.

A soldier stands -
an invitation for some maniac
without reason, decency or patriotism to try
and bomb him or to shoot him in the back.

Your Ireland -
A mention of its name does nauseate.
Your self-destruction cannot fail
amid the pain, the senselessness, the hate.

Assess the cost; -
Your frightened children cry each day.
Count up the guiltless dead
and listen as the weeping women pray.

BEM

WOMENS LAMENT

The sun shone brilliant and the wind blew warm,
The day aglow after yesterdays storm,
Childrens laughter echoed through our home,
But then a sudden sadness at being alone.
A husband and father far away
avoiding the bombs, I prayed, of the IRA,
On a peace keeping mission but a dangerous one,
We wait with patience and prayers and must carry on.
Can they not see how futile and hopeless is their fight,
For all of us one day must face Gods might.
How can they atone for such selfish waste of lives?
Do they never think of the Mothers and Wives,
The children homeless, houses razed to the ground?
Surely, God, a solution can be found.
A good cause is worth fighting for,
But these senseless things you do
turn your own people and the world from you.
It will go down in history and be looked on with shame,
And you associated with the IRA name.
Since the beginning women have depended on men,
So we'll sit and wait and go on depending on them,
And when you have destroyed our lives and all
we'll pick up the pieces and start again.
How the Devil must laugh and God must cry,
And always the same question must be asked,

WHY?

COMMAND COMPANY NOTES

'Days to do' charts appear all round the company rooms, names for advance parties are on the notice board and the stores are packed. However, life still continues in much the same way and wherever the aggro is you can find a member of Command Company HQ. The back of the CO's landrover is the favourite place; there are also the water cannons and water cannon escorts and the Ammunition Technical Officer's escort when they turn out more than the usual one expert. But don't forget the SDS. Belfast heaves a sigh of relief daily when the SDS has returned to Girdwood. The law enforcer himself, Cpl Atkinson, the fear and terror of Belfast, the man who strikes into every corner of the city. Whether it's bomb scares, rioters, arrests or even the mundane stolen cars, you can bet the SDS have dealt with it. Even the laundry truck reckons to have a bullet mark on it!

There are, of course, one or two of us who will not be glad to go back to Catterick. There are tales of wedding bells around. Arms Note? Don't rush in lads, there's plenty of time from March 1973 onwards.

Sgt Leachman has joined the company and has taken over as 'Chief Squirter' in charge of the troop of 4 water cannons; Cpls Shaw and Wilson still command individual cannons. 17/21st have now relinquished their monopoly over the cannons and we are forming the DWDG (Duke of Wellington's Dragoon Guards). Welcome Sgt Leachman, may you have many wet and happy squirting days.

MEDICAL CENTRE

Somewhere in the turmoil of the 9th of August, our last Medical Centre notes were lost overboard, when the Senior Service decided we were no longer welcome guests aboard the pride of the Atlantic Fleet. Therefore these notes are intended to fill that awful void of silence on our part, since our arrival in Paddyland.

We begin by extending a warm welcome to our new Starlight - Capt Roger Jago, who hails from Zummerzet. In the same breath we must say a sad farewell to Capt John Bird who survived two years with us, and ended up, as did his predecessor - at Netley; we wish him a speedy recovery. It is rumoured that Capt Bird now occupies the MTC's old bed there. However, our new MO's speciality is not Head Shrinking but Anaesthetics - so beware all Unit Lunatics, your days of being analised are over, - from now on you will be quietly put to sleep instead.

Our erstwhile medics out in the uloo with the Coys are busy doing everything but being medics - the truth is that in Belfast no one has time to be sick, bed sores and sleeping sickness being particularly rare. Max Ijeh suffers the Panzers at Brown Square (or vice versa). Geoff Marshaw was sent to heal the sick at St Patts and was never seen again. Hector Heath with Corunna at Dunmore stuck it out for the first month, then decided to throw in his lot with us, so Staff Glencross has taken over the pill bottle and manages to bluff his way admirably through sick parade, with a handful of codeine and a tin of plasters.

Our drivers have been having some fun too - Jim Lee had an argument with a scrap metal lorry and lost a door to his ambulance in the melee. Budgie Greenhow aims his Fig around Belfast in his usual fashion and consequently we pick up more civilian casualties than we do soldiers. Sgt Jagger went to Girdwood to combine the healing art with Sgt's Mess Catering (God forbid). But by the time these notes go to press, he should be somewhere over the Brecon Beacons - hope he has a nice holiday.

And finally Doc Budden continues to get under everybody's skin as usual - 1,590 vaccinations to date and still going strong.

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SIGNAL PLATOON NOTES

As we enter the final straight and think about going home, the wind of change is beginning to be felt in the platoon. It all started shortly after Admin Coy's quick escape from the prison ship Maidstone when 1 Para very kindly saved our Cadre by offering up their classrooms and a lot of kit. The cadre was for a number of people who were due to attend courses at Warminster in the next few months and was very well run by Sgt Kench with assistance from Sgts Bowen and Basu from time to time, and the occasional visit from the RSO to make sure everyone really was working.

As CSM Conley was a student on the cadre, WO 2 Coll had to once again change his job and go and look after Admin Coy. Other changes caused by the cadre were LCpl Cusworth from his sojourn with Admin Coy into the binner and Pte Smith, recently back from his Std I course, as RSO's driver. Smith deserves congratulations on a good course report and we all hope that this is the start of a new man.

WO 2 Conley, Cpl Shadbolt and P/LCpl Thackeray have now gone on their respective courses and Cpl Parrott is off on his shortly. We wish them all the best of luck and we look forward to seeing Cpl Waqabaca earning his full Cpls pay at last as B Coy Det Comd.

Some good news was the arrival of LCpl (Keith) Morton from sick leave in UK. I emphasise the leave since he wasn't really ill but suffering from some dreaded skin lurgi. He is still under doctors orders, but he's brought his pills along with him until passed as "clean". The bad news was the departure of LCpl Pete Holden who is leaving the Army. To Pete and Sandra we say Good-bye and Good Luck and don't forget to keep looking us up in Catterick or better still just rejoin.

LCpl Ves Verrall had a fantastic stroke of luck when he won first prize on the St Leger. A very handy ten. The previous night he had actually been told that a chap wanted to buy his ticket for £50. Ves was most upset when he couldn't find the bloke as he was out of the area. I'll bet he's relieved now. Incidentally, the night of his win he was presented with a piece of wood from the front door of the Ulster Bank which had been blown up.

The very welcome 4 day leave periods have been much appreciated and a number of the marrieds are on their second time round. The RSO has been trying to nip on the bandwagon and managed to get himself off to London for a day. Nobody is very sure why he went, but he returned tired and smiling. He says he went to the MODwe wonder???

OVERHEARD IN THE OPS ROOM

CSM KELLY: "Listen to some good news - I've one hours duty left to do.
Now for the bad news - in 14 hrs I'm back on again."

RECCE PLATOON

We must apologise for failing to contribute to the last edition of the 'Diary'. The reasons for the omission were the aggro that followed internment and the fact that the Pl Commander was possibly concentrating on his leave at the time.

During the Internment operation the platoon was attached to Burma Coy to assist them with lifting the persons from 'The Lodge'. To help us the following were attached to the Platoon from Administrative Coy: LCpls Morrison REME, Allen, Ptes Gannon, Bannister, Davis, Maclean. Pte Davis was very nearly

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'Diffy' after the swoop. The snatch group were so pleased with their haul of two suspects, that we forgot to recall Davis from sentry duty. Fortunately he was spotted as the Landrovers were about to pull off. We would like to thank those who assisted us, and we regret that despite various devious excuses we were unable to get them permanently attached.

We do have a few more permanent additions to the Recce pl. We would like to congratulate Pte and Mrs Grant on their recent marriage and Pte and Mrs Dunne on the arrival of Samantha Louise. A quick count of the platoons children shows that the majority are girls, which is acceptable on the theory that it takes a real man to make a girl.

A four legged addition to the platoon is 'Kitten', a dog of questionable pedigree. When the platoon was moved from the Maidstone to Dunmore Park, Kitten decided to form a permanent attachment. He is a welcome member of the night mobile patrol because of his instant dislike of Irishmen in civilian clothes, a disease now shared by most of the platoon. Unless physically retrained, Kitten will chase after any Recce platoon landrovers when they leave camp. He appreciates that the vehicles will be stopped at one or other of the traffic lights.

Finally, a message to all the wives. Please make sure you have caught up with all the gardening by the time we are due home on 22 Oct.

BORNEWS

It is once again time for the duty scribe to take pen to paper and to deliberate, exaggerate, ruminata and then promulgate the events of the past few weeks.

The removal of several scores of local scum into custody on August 9th was an occasion which gave BCR both a little excitement and a couple of sleepless nights. However, the movements clerk has been dealing with the repercussions ever since, as there are still some unused air tickets left over from that date. Anyone want to fly to Leeds on August 9th 1972?

Otherwise the usual hectic routine continues. The Chief Clerk was dragged quickly off to hospital the other week, seriously ill it was rumoured. The gravity of the malady turned out to be something which he had eaten the night before and which proved indigestible!

LCpl Speedy is shortly to depart to Halifax for a week in order to become a Satisfied Soldier. God knows how he is going to manage that! (We refer of course to the 'soldier' bit!)

Ptes Casey and Parkhouse continue to spend much of their time on escorts of various kinds and therefore get out of camp quite a lot. However, we are considering entering both for the 'Pimpernel of the Year Award' judging by the amount of time we spend looking for them when they are in station!

Cpl Wilson is now spending his time trying to figure out a way not to sign himself on for 22 years. By the urgency of the situation no doubt he will succeed!

Which leaves, of course, the Adjutant (the 2IC having been mentioned elsewhere). Captain Mellor continues to plough his way through the ops side of life and to giggle his way through the 'A' side. It is rumoured that he is to be the next subject for our erstwhile Poet Laureate. Here's looking forward to that !!!

THE GLAZEBROOK SAGA - PART THE SECOND

Presenting a quintet of poems by five well known and noteworthy poets.

1. When shadows run long on the wall
And mortal men to bed retire,
When weary eyelids start to fall
And thought of sleep's the one desire,
When day be done and tempers foul
Then nightly sings the Girdwood owl,
'Towoo, toowit, towoo,' with great approve,
For Major Glazebrook's on the move.
2. Our Major was once feeling bored
So he hammered and nailed and he sawed.
'What's he making, - who'll tell?
It can't be - what the? well!
It's only a backgammon board!
3. Glazebrook is a daddy now -
Fevered eyes and feverish brow,
But there's one thing that really jars -
He doesn't smoke, so no cigars!
4. Round Girdwood's gravel footpaths
in the dead of night
stalks a shadowy figure
designed to give a fright.
Burning eyes, pale-faced,
lurking in the gloom;
So you beware and take good care
to stay safe in your room.
5. That was the Glazebrook thing,
Thank him for everything,
Stand up and sing -
'You there up in the skies
help us in our demise -
Don't send us on exercise
in the early Spring.'

BE!

OPS ROOM

There are times when we in the ops team get the feeling that the companies regard us as mere ornaments, or, for the biblically minded, lilies of the field who weave not neither do they spin. To keep us busy they devise little problems for us at obscure hours, all of which require a positive answer immediately. In fact we work like fiends, rarely getting more than ten hours sleep at night, and never taking over two hours off for meals. You can instantly identify a member of the ops team by the shape of his nose: constant application of that protusion to the grindstone renders it red and shiny. (You may have noticed the use of the phrase "ops team", which suggests dozens of efficient chaps all beavering away simultaneously. In fact the entire operations cell is thinking of jacking it in and forming a duet.)

One of the problems that is looming on the skyline is the disposal of the hundreds of reports sent in. It sometimes seems that a fellow has only to sneeze to spark off a typed in duplicate incident report. Some of these have been classics in their own right, like the one which said that a man who lived on the tenth floor of a large block of flats had complained that he could not sleep at nights because of a gang of youths hanging about outside. They cover every subject under the sun, from shooting to family quarrels, and all of them

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have meant detailed investigation by soldiers on the ground, who are required to be parents, welfare workers, citizens advice bureaus and countless other roles, all in the space of one patrol. The prize for the most original report goes to Alma Coy, whose Gururep is reproduced elsewhere, and for sheer quantity there is no-one to touch Corunna, who clearly have a team of typists making the stuff up and working round the clock.

To see the ops room at its best, one should be there at times of aggro when everyone is being frightfully calm and British. The ops Officer's upper lip is so stiff that he has to shove his pipe in his ear hole. In fact it's calm in there most of the time now, as we've been doing the job for some time and know how to react to most situations. "I say, old boy, don't look now but there's a bomb under your chair." "Oh really, well well well, better tell brigade, what?" "Yes, I suppose so, bit of a bore but there we are; finish your book of course, then give that bomb chap a buzz and see if he can spare the time to pop over here for a couple of minutes."

It's only when some minor thing goes haywire that the place erupts into a frenzy of activity. "Good God, some's pinched my pencil; had it for years.", or else no coffee has been produced for over an hour. Oh well, per ardua and alifax.

INTELLIGENCE SECTION

The section battles on, mainly against the paperwork rather than the Irish, but let it be said in print that we have either arrested or been present at the arrests of 6 wanted men over the past few weeks. The photographs of LCpl Jagger and Cpl Harston during the riots have helped to arrest others, so we feel we are doing a little towards the campaign. Those magic words 'I am arresting you under the Special Powers Act' still send a flutter through such hardened hearts as Sgt 'Aggro' Waller and LCpl Roberts. Sgt Waller hates going to bed in case there is an arrest while he sleeps.

The IO of the RRF arrives shortly and the end will appear nearer. No more Intsums to type, no more Intelligence Reports from 'Flo' of Duncairn Gardens, no more walking round in civvies with the "gat" tucked into the trousers. James Bond will be back in business. However, our sympathies must go to our IO who returns on his two year Intsum writing tour in October with the Headquarters.

Going back to Catterick is not all roses. We have had a real job to do; we've been out on the streets with the rest of them and the thought of returning to being mapmakers, tent-makers, tent-pitchers, (although it has thoughts of home comforts), does not have the exciting ring. The vision of catching or shooting ten wanted men single-handed still lingers hopefully on the horizon.

THE GLORIOUS NINTH

August the ninth in Belfast town
There was a grievous battle,
When the IRA fought on the ground
Their rifles they did rattle.
The rebel crowds at the barricades
Were ready for a fight,
So the Dukes went in with baton and shield
And put them all to flight.

The mobs enraged, they vowed revenge
Upon the Colonels forces,
And loudly they would scream and cry
That they'd stop the Dukies courses.
A bullet from the Irish came,
And grazed Macdonald's skin,
Though not exactly mortal slain
His comrades bore him in.

And then again the mobs came out
The Raggy Lads to goad,
From house to house and street to street
Along the New Lodge Road.
So Corunna came and Shiny B
And some from the Admin side,
With baton gun and stick and shield
They stemmed the rebel tide.

East of the river things looked grim
The aggro there was hot,
But shoulder to shoulder the Somme stood firm
Then a CSM was shot.
Never fear sir - we got the man
And he's no longer jeering,
He'll still be eating porridge
When you're back pioneering.

Now the Catholic Pats in Unity Flats
Have reason to be thankful,
That the Alma Panzers were around
To stop the Prods from Shankhill.

Though gunmen on the rooftops lay
And petrol bombers burned us,
The cry went up from the IRA
'The Dukes have all interned us!'
And so the rebel band was caught
Their faces all turned pale,
When whisked away to a prison cell
Inside the Crumlin Jail.

As the years roll by, the Prods and Cats
Might live in peace and quiet,
But if they start to fight again
And have more bloody riot
Then we'll return from across the sea
Or come down from Ballykelly,
And beat their heads and drink their tea
And watch the Paras on the tele.
And the thirty-third will again be here
More aggro for to try on,
But the Irishmen will know - and fear
The red-backed rampant lion.

The Bard of Heckmondwike

SOLUTION TO PROZE CROSSWORD NUMBER 1

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Prize Winners:

- First prize of £5 - Pte WOODWARD M (Alma Coy Sigs)
 Runners up £1 each - Cpl BOWLER B (Corunna Coy Sigs)
 SSgt REDDY M (Admin Coy)

ALMA COMPANY

There is little doubt that the past month has been a busy one, although, in terms of riots, the Alma has probably led a slightly quieter life than the other companies. The highlights of recent weeks have been the finds of ammunition in the Company area, which were the result of some intelligent nosing about by various patrols.

On three separate occasions Cpl Larnder, LCpl Froar, Pte Groy and Pte Bloor between them found 760 rounds of various types of ammunition. This has acted as a spur to our activities and given us considerable encouragement.

We were glad to welcome the Recce Party of 2 RRF in the middle of August, as this showed that time was slipping by quite nicely, but we shall be even more glad to see their Advance Party and Main Body when they arrive.

Unity achieved some notoriety recently when Peter Sellars appeared with an Indian Guru and spent half an hour handing out leaflets and indulging in an incomprehensible oriental chant on the theme of peace.

The leave plot thickened and is now thinning out again, which is convenient, as we seem to need more men on the streets daily.

Spirits generally are high. However, it is rumoured that some soldiers are particularly interested in Princess Anne's future progress in the equestrian world as they feel they have recently contributed a high proportion of the cost of her new horse!

We congratulate the wives of Ptes Mounsey and Whiteley on the successful delivery of their new babies and we are sorry that their husbands were unable to time their leave to coincide with these happy events. Incidentally, the two babies weighed 10 lbs and 3 lbs respectively, which all goes to show that men are not born equal after all! Congratulations also go to Pte and Mrs Evans on the birth of their son.

We offer LCpl and Mrs Elvidge every sympathy on the loss of their baby.

STOP PRESS:

Unity Boys (Cats) 4 goals
Brown St Boys (Prots) 5 goals

A good game; Ref Rogers threatened; opposing sides refused to travel home in the same 4 tonner until 2 Pl had created a Peace Line within the vehicle. With a bit of luck we shall not be able to arrange another match!

THE ALMA MOTTOES
BY
OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT

9 August 1971

It was in the early hours of the morning of Monday 9th day of August 1971 when Alma Coy 1 DWR had their first riot to contend with: LCpl Price had been told his leave had been cancelled. However, he did go home some 12 hrs later.

The day of internment had arrived, so out on the streets our drivers went aiming the URBAN SWINES in every direction to stop outside chosen houses

...../.....

in order to collect non-paying passengers (it has been stated that fares were paid before they reached their destinations but this was found to be an untruth). The rest of the week was spent sleeping in the various gonking spots around UNITY FLATS, only to be awakened by the cry "Come on, you're next." Pte Taff Rogers leads the field in the marathon gonking contest, Cpl Hick Willson a very close second with Stumpy Sullivan a cats whisker away third. LCpl Price, being on leave at the time, was declared a non sleeper, but his refusal to discuss the amount of time he spent in bed whilst on leave makes us believe he walked or rather slept away with it. Who knows? - Certainly not the organisers.

During the past week or so Brown Square has been given a face lift in the form of a beautiful new sangan outside the main gate. Alas, not to last, - Pte Johnston became Honorary Member of The Demolition Corps and removed half of it.

Pte Rogers has taken up a new version of Squash using a PIC and a 4 tonner as racquets and Pte Archer as the ball. It's questionable whether Archer is solid or Rogers is off his game, but after a quick check up at the local hospital the ball came bouncing back.

All but one of us have been on official leave, the remaining one being Pte Johnston who is coming out of semi-retirement to get his leave in. By now we are all looking forward to returning to Catterick and leave. Stumpy Sullivan has given up his wee bed and taken to sleeping on the floor, living in hopes that one of the RRF drivers will come early.

We said farewell to Pte Morris on his return to Admin Coy and hope he has more success in his rumour-spreading there than he had with us. At the same time we take this opportunity to say congratulations to LCpl Butcher on reaching the ripe old age of 26 yrs and to thank his mother-in-law for the cake she sent us with the following request - "Madame, you bake the cakes and we'll produce the birthdays."

1 PLATOON

The announcement of Internment has helped tremendously in raising the morale of our lot. The thought of getting our teeth into some more rewarding work really put our tails up. We came down to earth quite suddenly though when our appointed 'Birds' had flown- FIVE YEARS PREVIOUS. Not to be deterred though, we entered the next day still full of beans and encountered our first 'Riotous Crowd'. Our eagerness to quell it must have shown, for it was over in 20 minutes or so, leaving us with a slightly bemused expression.

The production line is going well though on the home front. Congratulations to Ptes Evans and Whiteley on the births of their sons. Just one to go now. I think we hold the record with three already here. Still, on the theme of babies, it came to our notice the other day that Bernadette Devlin's baby is still off its Orange Juice.

We have at last found a way of keeping the Pl Sgt off our backs - mention bomb and he's away. Example one: When called to a house he was met by four policemen who informed him that there were three devices in the premises and had the cheek to ask him if he wanted to see them. Sgt Toplis informed them that just this once he would believe a stranger and called the Bomb Men. Example two: LCpl Frear and Sgt Toplis found a canvas bag and out of the bag rolled a bomb. LCpl Frear: "Sgt, it's a bomb. Sgt, ... Sgt, ... SGT!!!" Needless to say, he was soon joined by LCpl Frear.

...../.....

At the time of writing we have only a matter of 35 days to go. Our Platoon Calendar is ably kept by Cpl Larnder or should say, was ably kept. We ventured out to the ranges recently in a torrential downpour to classify and everything suffered including our calendar.

The platoon is keeping the CSgt happy these days and we now consume his delicious soup. All the wives will be happy to note that their husbands have started to use knives and forks again instead of the ever faithful spoon. This is always a sign that the days are going quickly, and they are getting domesticated again.

3 PLATOON ALMA COY

MISFORTUNES DO HAPPEN

151 saw on patrol
A certain man who did stroll
Around and around
Till his feet left the ground.

"Excuse me, Sir," the Corporal said,
"One quick search before your bed,"
The man acknowledged this request
And tried to do his very best.

"Me name's John Smith," the man supplied,
But they all thought that he had lied,
"If that is what you call your best
We now place you under arrest."

With wooden batons to the fore
They levered him from off the floor,
"To HQ we will take you
And see how well with you they do."

So to the 'Station' they did go
And it turned out quite a show,
"We know this man," the Copper did smirk,
"It's friend John Smith from near the kirk."

Pte Archer has now been declared Alma Coy Squash champion, although he maintains he was protecting the Bedford from damage by the reversing Pig.

Wit and merriment continue with gay abandon within the Platoon. So much so that the Pl Comd hasn't been able to get all the Funnies on paper. (Good enough excuse anyway!) Suffice it to say that we look forward to our return.

Overheard in Coy Stores during completion of Size Rolls:

CQMS: " 'eaddress?"
Pte 'Snowy': "16 Woodville Terrace, Bradford."
CQMS: "What?"
Pte Snowy: "16 Woodville Terrace, Bradford."
CQMS: " 'eaddress you clown!"
Pte 'Snowy': "Well I live there now but we are soon moving."
CQMS: "Hat size?"

HESTER HEARS HANG-UPS - ANONYMITY GUARANTEED - ANY SUBJECT

To: Hester Hears Hang-Ups

Dear Hester,

Approximately three or four times a week at about 11pm my head fills with strange sounds and I find it impossible to think. It is hard to describe, but the sounds consist of a mixture of high-pitched and low-key noises, together with some shouts and something that could be music.

Am I psychic or ill?

WORRIED

Belfast 13

(Name and address supplied)

Dear Worried,

Relax. It's the Disco emptying.

HESTER

Dear Hester,

I am a little worried about my physical condition. Nowadays I find it increasingly difficult to sit down. I find I can stand for long periods and lie down for short ones, but I seem to be losing the knack of sitting.

I am 20 years old, 5' 10" tall, weigh 11½ stone and am normally fit. Is there a cure? Do I need to worry?

UNBENDING

Belfast

Dear Unbending,

You don't say so, but I expect you are a soldier. You are suffering from Tommy's Torment - a result of long hours on the streets and limited sleep. Try getting your Bogbird to walk up and down your spine in bare feet or try asking for a months leave.

HESTER

Dear Hester,

I am new to Ulster and I plan to spend a few days in Belfast. Can you advise me what the young man about town is wearing as I don't wish to give offence or appear out of place?

AL P. SCHULTZER

Denver, Colorado

Dear Al,

I suggest you wear an air of non-denominational innocence.

HESTER

The Editor
The Dukes Diary

Sir,

I feel I must protest at the narrow-minded, prudish nature of your publication. It is clearly aimed at an up-tight minority with limited interests. Some of the most notable omissions are:

No Full frontal photograph, nor anything for the Ankle Man.
No Correspondence Column to allow readers to off-load their hang-ups.
No first hand reports of intimate encounters in Discos.
No interviews with cool modern thinkers such as Hugh M Heffner or Butty Butterworth.

Your Mag is Squaresville Man. Get with it Man.

Yours etc

Disgusted
Belfast 13

Editor: Full frontal photograph of a riotous mob provided especially for you and I'd love to hear your intimate Disco stories!!

The Editor
The Dukes Diary

Sir,

I am becoming annoyed at the repeated allegations of "brutality" by soldiers and I wish the soldiers point of view to be heard for a change. I will give you just one example.

The other night I was proceeding about my business in the City with some colleagues when an Irishman, who had had too much to drink, ran towards my party carrying a stone in each hand (presumably to help him keep his balance) shouting, "Something Soldiers, Something, Something Soldiers." (His words were not very distinct). He appeared to be unsteady and in some danger of falling down, so I put out my baton to assist him, but he fell down on his face all the same. So I turned him over with my boot. He was uttering liquid gurgling noises from his throat, so, thinking he might drown, I placed field dressings in his mouth to absorb the liquid.

As my hands were full I helped him to his feet with my rifle and propped him against the wall with the barrel. Since the field dressings had not completed their work, he could not give me his name, so a colleague searched him for some form of identification. In the process a box of matches was found in his pocket. Knowing these to be dangerous, as they could have ignited themselves in his pocket, and also realising that they could have been misused for burning down the City Hall, I handed him over to the Military Police to prevent him from coming to any harm or performing any act which might damage his reputation.

Although he did not say so, I know he was grateful for our help.

Where's the brutality there?

Tommy
BFPC 801

Editor: I'm definitely on your side.

GURUREP

ALFA. Serial 1

BRAVO. (1) 061245 - 081700 SLP

(2) P. Sellars Esq and Swami Vishnu-Devananda with acolytes held court on Unity Walk betwee n the Carpet Shop and Butchers Shop. Pamphlets (Sample att) were handed out and the party chanted a fifteen minute dirge in an incomprehensible tongue before signing autographs and departing.

(3) 100 attendees: One Inspector and about six.

(4) Nil attendance. Maharishi Greenway and one platoon.

(5) Cas: One or two dirge-affected ear drums.

(6) Damage: Some damage to P. Sellars' image.

(7) Reaction: A maximum of 30 locals, mostly women and children and 20 Media Merchants attended. A maximum of 10 at any one time gathered on the south side of Peter's Hill. No aggro.

(8) VW Variant, Green, GUW 434 J was used by P. Sellars and Oriental colleague.

(9) Sartorial Note: The Swami was garbed in a fetching two-piece flowing robe of Sunrise Saffron. A male and female acolyte were each sporting snappy loose-fitting yellow pyjamas. P. Sellars wore denim trousers of Dull Dun and a jacket of Boring Black. However, his appearance was enlivened, nay - saved, by his accessories which consisted of dark glasses and an exciting Mary Quant shoulder bag in tooled plain leather.

CHARLIE. It was not possible to ascertain the respective ages or religions of the chief participants.

8 SEP 71

J B K GREENWAY
Haj

PRIZE CROSSWORD NUMBER 2

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71			72	73	74		75	76				
		77	78				79	80			81	82
	83	84				85			86			
	87											

CLUES

Across

1. Although near the bottom of the championship table, its tops with us.
10. It is safer in front of rather than behind them when the swine are rampant
13. Often hit on the head, these destructive devices may be thrown (4.5.)
14. The brutal elite (1.1)
15. The plural of I and part of Wednesday
16. Affirmative
17. May be sent and received
18. A monster from the gore of battle
19. An old flame
20. A bone from Moses
22. Understood
25. The Doctor may be found in the morning
26. Initially the countires medical wellbeing (1.1)

27. Those from the air and S.D. are attacking moves
29. Public enemy number one may answer to this
30. It keeps a lock secure
31. He can defuse any situation (1.1.1)
33. "I will arise and --- now, and -- to Innisfree." ...The Lake Isle of Innisfree
34. Recently floated
35. A French, male
36. A different part is caught in it
38. Where a hole is sited on the course
39. A Doctor (1.1)
41. The Sappers (1.1)
42. He's often told to quit. (8.4.2)
47. Regimental Police (1.1)
49. A part of a very famous day
50. It may help the traveller (1.1)
- 52 & 75. The Green Howards have now got the freedom of Flack Street (5.2.3.4)
54. The General may answer to this
- 55 & 68. Early in the year this pasture is part of Belfast.
58. Where post finds itself on arrival (2.4)
59. Where all the flowers are gone and may be seen
60. An honour in freedom (1.1)
63. Our position in brief (1.1)
64. Pearce started it all at his time of year
68. See 55 across
70. American version of 22 across
71. Different or at least a new duty roster
72. Brief morning (1.1)
74. A short senior nurse (1.1)
75. See 52 across
77. The ruler of a city state and world wide leader
79. An examination during the latest troubles
83. "Et --- Brute" - (Julius Caesar)
87. The coins don't make any noise during this church service (1.6.10)

Down

2. Nell would have reacted to this (6.5)
3. Usually a psychopath - definitely lethal
4. An Irish raider
5. Erasing shots (6.7)
- 6 & 21. It used to sail the colonies, but the most recent one is moored in Belfast (6.4)
7. "Yer ---!" (West country saying)
8. A short regional school (1.1)
9. A reorganised hunting cottage (3.5)
10. A great stroke maker and one form of civil disobedience
11. Our only serious injury (1.1.1.6)
12. A direction (1.1)
21. See 6 down
23. A decoration from Robert (1.1.1)
24. Her Majesty initially (1.1)
25. Is conferred by a University (1.1)
28. Musical poems
32. Other ranks start thus (1.1)
34. The old!
37. Company found in the calm Atlantic
39. A short male address
40. A hospital resident in America intended this and started the recent trouble
42. A musical introduction
43. They are said to be the opposites of the I.R.A. (1.1.1)

...../.....

44. In Belfast it falls on the hills as well
45. A portion of a horses leg is unwell in part of Belfast
46. The sbode of the boss and his retinue
48. A religious group without a worker argues in the singular
51. Two directions before a different ripe fruit may prove a killer
53. Hire purchase (1.1)
56. What initally made the last King angry is awarded to the brave (1.1)
57. A regal lady will treat our casualties (5.3)
61. A famous poem from a lift
62. The chief of our medical services in Ulster (1.1.1.1)
65. The main sewer of ancient Rome runs with blood
66. If turned on one may get wet
67. Where a Regiment may obtain help (1.1.1)
69. The beginning of internal security (1.1)
73. Average
76. "You can made --, if you try." (Saying)
78. A lubricant in soiled clothing
80. As slippery as 78 down
81. One commits one when one tells a lie
82. See 57 down
84. The United States (1.1)
85. Part of the B.B.C. is very old (1.1)
86. A change of electricity (1.1)

£5 first prize will be awarded for the first correct entry.
Two runners up will receive £1 each.
Entries are to be submitted to RMO, 1 DWR

TH' SAV'RY FLAN

Canst'a taste it sez Oi to Ee,
Sez Ee to Oi, I can;
Thez somthin strange about thism morsel
The cook calls sav'ry flan.

Canst'a tell what it is,
Sez Ee to Oi;
Sez Oi, I think I can,
Cook's gone and put garlick in this,
His sav'ry flan.

Get th' padre an' some band,
Sez Oi to Ee,
An' cook we'll 'ang by toes,
Then we'll stick 'is garlick
Up his bleedin' nose.

MALLARD

Company Headquarters

Once again we put pen to paper for these the last notes of our four month stay. We must say at this stage that we have looked forward to keeping you all in the picture by way of the Dukes Diary and hope that our contribution has helped to bring your husbands and boy-friends a little closer to you.

Major Cumberlege, who, at the time of writing is spending a well earned rest in Catterick, has still not lost his appetite and is eating just as much as ever. We must say at this point, sir, that during your absence the night food tray is always empty by 2200 hrs, but we suppose you will rectify this on your return.

Captain Redwood-Davies is still trying to hide from Miss Beatty, but with little success; it seems that he has made a friend for life in her. Watch it, Mrs R.D., I think things are afoot to bring her back as an au pair.

The Company Sergeant Major is still controlling 'The Blow Up' Disco. Most of the girls now call him uncle; mind you, what he calls them must remain classified.

The CQMS, LCpl Barker, Ptes Guirey, Stoddart and McGrath are doing a first class job keeping us in stores and food. We must give our Sam a mention, it is now a well known fact that he goes to bed with his socks on.

The Signal Team consisting of Cpl Parrott, Ptes Knowles, Whitfield and Barker have kept us on the ball radio-wise and George is well known for his "Hello 23 this is 2, stop messing about, OUT." We say farewell to Cpl Parrott who is leaving us for a signals course - we have never seen him smile so much. We welcome into the fold 'Flip the second', who we feel sure will enjoy his stay with us.

The MT Section are all in good spirits and are managing to keep us mobile. Rumour has it that Sgt Pye is now in line to get his name into the Guinness Book of Records for sleeping non stop for four months. In fact, he now even answers to 'Rip'. Jim Oldham at long last was caught by the CSM and is now 2 stone lighter and the barber is 22½ pence richer.

We end these notes with a welcome to Alf Tupper and the Mor Pl who are now with us at Girdwood and enjoying themselves. See you all soon.

Burma MT Section

Sgt Pye, 'Bovver Boy' Oldham, Fred Lawrence, Lcpls Billy Banks, Mick Aspin and Derek Parkinson, Ptes 'Skid Solo' Garner, Dave Barker, 'Georgie' Best, Bri Lingard and 'Bass' Thewliss. Apologies are made to all who have had this rabble inflicted upon their society.

With only 41 days to do in Belfast, the MT spirits are high and humour good. The work over the last 3 months has been hard but things are now easier for the drivers than they have ever been. Civvies are even seen adorning the bodies of these 4 wheel wonders from time to time.

Things warmed up slightly during the riot period when the MT came into their own when it came to smashing away barricades. Fred Lawrence was seen lying at the top of the New Lodge Road because he could not smash any. Never mind Fred, you know we have promised to let you have a go in Catterick when we block the camp circuit with the MTO's car. (Sgt Pye disavows any knowledge, MTO please note).

...../.....

'Bass' Thewliss has been using an A41 radio occasionally. We don't think he's clued up on it either because he asked why it hadn't self-destructed within five seconds; too much 'Mission Impossible' Bass, stick to 'Dougall and the Magic Roundabout'.

'Georgie' Best has had his moustache amputated and we're still wondering if he had it done in the Royal Victoria Hospital or whether it was 'Bovver Boy' who did it while George was kipping.

The IR. are even helping us from time to time. They widened the Crumlin Jail gates for us so that 'Dave' Barker could get through with his truck. You certainly made a mockery of maths Dave, when you proved that an eight feet truck won't go through a 20 foot gap. By the way Dave, the truck is repaired AGAIN.

GOOLIE OF THE WEEK

A 'Swine' Report was required. Billy Banks sent the names of Lingard, Best and Garner. It was the armoured pig state they wanted Billy, not personal feelings!

DECORATION DURING ACTIVE SERVICE IN BELFAST

The wall behind 'Skid Solo's' Bed space.

ADDITION TO QUOTE ON REFUELICAN NOTE PAPER

"The great appear great because we are on our knees. Now let us arise" and kiss the feet of Burma MT.

These being the last diary notes all reports will be rendered verbally on our return in 41 days time.

4 Platoon

Well folks, it's time for those notes again, so here goes. For once we can report that the 'Lodge' has not been all quiet. We had some riots and shootings down there, which ended in a total score of Dukes 10 - Lodge 1. So we won.

4 platoon held two streets, Dawson and Churchill, and while tearing down a barricade on Dawson St a gunman opened up and got Pte McDonald in the foot. 'Mac' was quickly patched up by LCpl Wearing (congratulations on the promotion). The Doc remarked afterwards that a really good job had been done on the medic side so praise is due. Anyhow, 'Mac' went to hospital and was last seen getting into bed with a 6ft tall, blonde Swedish nurse. (That should read 'with the help of a Swedish nurse'). Pte Pemberton has excelled himself recently. He got off a shot at a gunman in Churchill St and succeeded in breaking his wrist again while making a spectacular one man arrest.

We made reference in the last notes to a young civvy called 'Gillespie' who has been giving us trouble. Good news, because we just got him convicted for 14 months for being a naughty boy.

After the riots, we were lifting people all over the place, for bad behaviour etc. At one stage we got a young red haired lad (not Sgt Hodkinson) and after a very speedy trip to Holywood, found out that he really was a dock worker and not the gunman we thought he was. Well done Int Section, maybe we could arrest Lt Thorn next, I'm sure you could arrange it.

...../.....

Things seem to happen in this platoon all the time, like being on duty at the Crumlin Jail when the gates were blown away.

The married ranks have been swollen, Pte Elgar getting himself married, and we look forward to seeing him in the 4.30 pm 'race for the gates' back in Catterick. We need some fresh blood to compete for the title of 'quickest man home' as Pte Foster has won the title for the past year.

There have been certain allegations of brutality laid against the platoon. These allegations have been strongly denied by Mr Faulkner, the Rev Ian Paisley, the International Red Cross, and by Harry Ayrton. Sgt Robson, the Company Intelligence Sgt, still chases Harry round begging for more info, but Harry is wise to him now.

Finally, and the best bit of news we have had for some time; we now have a Platoon Commander, Mr Dowdell. We would like to welcome him. The boys agree that he suits us fine and we look forward to working with him for the next 2 or 3 years.

P.S. Owing to special security reasons, the codewords 'Slug Rise' or 'Slug Nest' cannot be explained in this issue, but we promise to disclose their meaning in the platoon notes of the next IRON DUKE.

5 Platoon

Once again it is time to put pen to paper. A lot has happened since the last notes were written. First and foremost were the riots after the night of Internment. 5 Pl were out on the streets from 2300 hrs the night of Internment, right in the thick of it. The day was literally 'raining' bottles and the next morning the platoon commander had to retire to his bed with a headache after unsuccessfully trying to head a brick. However, the part that really upset him was the loss of his dinky kerf.

In the absence of Surray, Sgt Cookson took over command and was involved in an incident on the junction of Ingham St/Low Lodge Rd, where a would be bomber hurled a Coke tin full of 'Gally'. This was the worst drink our Sarge ever had.

The following couple of days were a little hectic, finishing with the company breaking through the barricades to produce peace and quiet once more. Since the riots the area has been very quiet and the platoon has been out into the country twice to breathe the fresh air. It was quite an experience to be able to hear birds singing and no coughing.

The platoon was given the task of searching vehicles and pedestrians. Pte Vokes had the unfortunate task of searching a drunk who was obviously heading for the nearest toilet. Vokes ended up wet when searching the lower parts of this mans trousers, such to his disgust.

Pte Harding was asked to collect pigeons and Cpl Newton thought it would be a good idea to see if they had any homing instinct. That was two days ago and still no pigeons. Mind you, it's not surprising with no road map.

We welcome to the platoon, Pte Stewart, LCpl Laws and LCpl Miller. The latter, who arrived twelve weeks late, was the first man to receive tea from the New Lodge. At the time of writing these notes, we are all in the 'Crumbling Jail' - it keeps us off the streets.

We send our regards to Mrs Cookson, Mrs Laherty, Mrs Heron, Mrs Thomas, Mrs Laws and Mrs Miller. Not long to go now, six weeks and we will all be home.

6 Platoon

The day after the publishing of our last edition came our first taste of an Irish riot. At roughly midnight on Sunday 8th August came the first boom of a rubber bullet gun as 5 Platoon made contact with an angry crowd in the area of the Annadale Flats. A fast mobilisation of the company saw 6 Platoon doing an assault onto the side of the crowd from 5 Platoon's right flank. Rumour has it that Pte Ramshaw was so eager to get at them that Cpl Whittaker's first rubber bullet caught him up the backside as he was about to grab a member of the crowd. Another report however, says that the bullet missed everyone, burned up the middle of the road and went straight through a shop window.

Dawn on Monday morning saw the platoon doing a rapid swoop on various houses and flats in the Internment swoop. Considering the very short time for briefings and preparations available, this little operation was very well carried out by all concerned.

The next three days and nights afforded us very little sleep at all as we were living at the top of the New Lodge Road and were constantly confronted by the missile hurling mob, who had by Tuesday morning barricaded themselves in completely. Many sorties were made down the road whenever the crowd threatened to get too near to our position and during one such sortie we were in fact fired upon from a side street. Fortunately the 4 or 5 pistol shots ricocheted harmlessly off a nearby wall, narrowly missing Cpl Whittaker among others.

Frequent sorties were made to try to pull down the barricades and these always managed to aggravate the crowd into further hostilities.

Morale was very high at this time as it was the first opportunity we had of actually getting in amongst them and we had great difficulty in restraining Sgt 'Aggro' Pye and LCpl Parkinson, two of our gallant drivers who show a distinct flair for the job. With the many pressmen and news reporters who appeared on the scene, the platoon managed to grace both the front and back pages of the 'Daily Mirror' and one of the pictures showed the platoon commander in a most compromising position!

By Wednesday night the rioters appeared to have lost heart and Thursday morning saw us clearing all the barricades against very little opposition. However, a small gelignite bomb thrown over a wall and landing amongst us at this stage did manage to lift Ptes Chambers and Small off the ground and deposit them, only slightly shaken, a few feet away on the ground.

For the remainder of the week we completely dominated the area, as indeed we have done ever since, and used photographs taken during the riots for identification purposes in arresting youths in the area. This proved amusing in a couple of instances when Pte Anver spotted one long haired youth who has been rioting, standing in a group of youths. One moment saw Anver arresting the chap and on looking round the next time we saw and heard Sam Stoddart talking about the merits of Southampton FC to the others.

Since then we have had little trouble with the natives of our area and have settled back into a routine of many long and tiring days of vigilance interrupted now and again with swoops and raids on various wanted men's houses and other notorious places in the area.

With only 6 weeks to do now we are all looking forward to our return home and hope that everything goes well in the meantime.

Our congratulations go to Pte and Mrs Hill on the birth of a baby daughter who, we understand, is doing well.

COY SIGNALS DETACHMENT

After having made page two of the last issue, it seems we shall have to aim for the headlines this time.

As everyone else has had a spout about the "Lodge" we'll say "NOWT".

We've all managed to have our leave now, 'Windy' GALE thought that as he had worked so hard he would have five days as apposed to four, but "Sunray" thought that perhaps he hadn't worked so hard after all and shouldn't have had the extra day.

Now that "Sunray" has a long wheelbase MFR, "Sparkes STUKALO" is wandering about camp muttering things about cookers, bunk beds and easy chairs being established in the back, anything to keep the Guv'nor happy, (perhaps a Mars Bar machine).

Suddenly "Blaggy" has become the most popular pronto for night duties, I don't know if there is any connection, but I keep seeing the duty Ops Officer winking and saying "Don't forget the reading material Blaggy".

Word has it that Pronto is moving over to Ops shortly, this is backed up by all 'Pronto Minors' appearing on parade 10 mins early with creases in denims and billed boots, "Stand easy lads, this baby ain't going nowhere for long, My beady eye/eyes will be on the set".

Finally, there is no truth in the rumour that pronto and Sunray C/S 32B have invited the RSM to their next cheese and wine party.

LAST WORD

FLASH MESSAGE TO 9A FROM 3

There are no elephants in our area, perhaps you'll find some at "HIGHER FORMATION".

7 PL NOTES

No doubt everyone will be talking about how they sorted out the rioters single handed in this issue. Just to keep the conformity going we'll add our little bit and say that apart from sorting out the Lodge we all found it very exiting indeed and wouldn't say no to a bit more 'aggro' before we leave. We must however stipulate given rest and gonk periods before we do battle and "Chicago Pianos" are definately out, IRA heavies take note.

The pigs found a friend with everyone. I don't think the Lodge will forget the sight of 31A & 31B blasting through the barricades, side by side. Not one of them broke down either which is nothing short of a miracle considering the clip they are in. They seemed to thrive on the harsh treatment that was meted out.

We welcome to the Pl Lops "Man in a packing case" GILL (sorry George) & "Dilly" BUTTERWORTH, long may they put up with the roughs in seven.

We also welcome Pte Paul MOODY who has "come of age" for Ulster and Pte John Lever.

An OP's thoughts on disco's:

I will be an NCO
I'll try with all my might
Then I won't be up here
On @'??& Disco night.

To finish with, October the 20th is D Day for battling 7 Platoon and then that glorious months leave. It will make a change to be able to walk about without 20lbs of Flack Jacket on the shoulders and rifle in one's hands.

8 (SPECIALIST) PL

Apart from making more arrests than any other Pl in the Bn, we are the only true specialist Pl in a rifle Coy.

Early on during our tour, top secret cadres were arranged for key men in our sub unit. Cpl 'Black Bob' Burke and Pte 'Kinky' Tooley (Hare) were sent on a ghouls course. The location of the course was not disclosed, but it certainly was not Warminster. The late Pl Comd went on a dead body recognition course. Both courses were put into good use during later key operations which we now describe.

The first operation was to search a cemetery in an outlying district of the City. Acting on special branch info that there were arms hidden in this location. All special body snatch kit was drawn up and away we went, accompanied by our Sunray. On arrival we had a quick recce then Sunray C/S 3 said, quote "I have to go now, use your own discretion in digging up graves". A thorough search took place. The only finds on the surface were two coffin handles, and a skull estimated age (by one of the experts) was 120 years, religion not known, suspected terrorist (this is not included in our list of arrests). Then came the moment of decision when a moustached Detectors Cadaverous Mk 4 operator reported a reading from a small freshly dug grave, set apart from the remainder, to dig or not to dig?, that was the question. Top level talks took place with the normal results, nothing was decided and we returned to Dunmore.

The Pl Comds dead body recognition skills were used to good effect during the riots. The two southern entrances to the New Lodge area were being blocked by the Pl and the following orders were in force: No vehicles to be allowed back in. All was going well, then up rolled a hearse. The expert was summoned and higher formation put in the picture. Acting on orders from Sunray minor C/S 3 the undertakers were informed that they would be allowed in if the coffin could be searched. This was agreed upon and the lid was slowly and dramatically unscrewed and raised. The more faint hearted members of the Pl at this stage began to suddenly remember more pressing matters elsewhere. When the coffin was open the "expert" peered in. Using all skills and technical data that he had been taught he quickly decided that the ancient female was in fact no longer 'Habus Corpus'.

These are but two operations carried out by the big '8', but we think this proves beyond a doubt that we are a true specialist Pl.

8. PL UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

The first task of the new Pl Comd was to put into practice the latest knowledge on child psychology which he learnt at the great white pillared Academy. The Pl had been selected for this task as it was felt they could rise to this new challenge. Needless to say "Operation Nappy Snatch" - the arresting of kids who were throwing stones - was a great success though some trepidation is felt at the thought of returning in November to attend the trial of these kids. In this modern go anywhere - do anything Army, this task was unusual and it led to a certain amount of apprehension that we, 8 Pl, would no longer be getting our share of the tea and cakes on the streets.

It was a meticulously planned operation and consequently we managed to catch 11 of the "fearsome terrorists" (average age 14). These menaces to society were eventually persuaded to accompany us to the police station in a police van. Because of the Fl Comds training in child psychology akaido was not necessary. The Fl was later commended for its bravery under extreme pressure and its bearing and dignity.

'WELL DONE 8'

(OC's comment - "Its not only the Irish that have vivid imaginations").

A SOLDIERS LAMENT by PTE STEVE HANSTOCK
8 PL CORUNNA COY

On the night of the eighth all was peace and quiet,
By the morning of the ninth we'd had our first riot.

We were given the normal order of course,
Go break up the riot and use minimum force.

We moved to the scene as quick as we could,
A small Cpl's face was soon covered in blood.

This reminded us all to be alert and aware,
That shields couldn't stop all missiles in the air.

With stones and bottles and petrol bombs too,
We ask you Jerry Pitt what could we do?

They have their guns to shoot us as well,
But if we shot back they'd create bloody hell.

We'd know the headlines before the papers came out;
Another 'unarmed' man shot without any doubt.

You'd think they would realise we are human too,
We don't shoot unarmed men for something to do.

9 PL NOTES

The myth of the New Lodge Road was exposed and put to the test in the few days of violence following 9 August. On the morning of that day Pigs (how we learnt to love them that day!) of C/S 33 could be seen snarling down the Lodge road, brushing the would be barricades, made of cars, to one side. Later that morning OC 9 and Cpl FLEMING led their pigs to the rescue of a lorry about to be hi-jacked on North Queen Street. A similar exploit, but more dashing, was carried out later by Sgt SHAW and Cpl BRENNEN with their lusty crews. Ned KELLY provided the star performance in a shroud of CS Gas. A detailed NASHREF (Sgt) appears elsewhere.

Political implications aside and not regarding the worries of 'Higher Formation' the few days spent in the Lodge has proved to date the most rewarding and interesting time so far in Ulster for the 'Buffer Boys'. Such well known cries as 'Cool it' were not given and so the scene was set.

A dawn raid on the new constructed barricades of the Lodge was conducted the next morning. This was when Ned KELLY performed at one end of the Lodge Rd. Half way up OC 9 and Cpl FLEMING's boys conceded the second round to the Lodge with their petrol bombs, stones and jelly bombs, and withdrew to re-new accelerator cables. 'Chad' at this point did a grand job in driving his pig out of the fight completely 'blind' due to exterior damage, (apart from reversing into someones front room during the fight).

A day later we re-took the Lodge with 7 Platoon. There was no real fight from the Lodge, perhaps their gunmen were pinned down by our neighbours, 1 Green Howards - we will never know, but Cpl BRENNAN kept people inside their houses long enough for the Company to establish itself. It is a good job the locals could understand a Yorkshireman and the very delicate message he was giving them.

We have had our fun and now apart from the many bomb hoaxes and occasional explosions we are involved in, life is similar to what it was before the 9th. Constant patrolling, KP's and of course the 'Disco'. The end of our tour here seems within reach now - even closer for some, no names! Everyone is in good shape, and would not say no to another crack at the Lodge before we go.

THE BAKERS BUSTUP
A 9 PL EPIC

On the morning of 10 Aug, 9 Pl were deployed at the junction North Queen St and New Lodge Rd, by 0930 hrs, we had already observed the 'hijacking' of a milk float, and the consequent hoard of satisfied women, trudging home from some central distribution point within the confines of the New Lodge complex, milk bottles in hand. The Pl Sgt had already tried to console the driver, who trudded off, shoulders heavy to report to his superiors of their loss.

It was then seen that a bakers van, (illegally within the area - all entrances were barricaded in or blocked off by Burma and Corunna) was being driven around New Lodge Rd. It came to a halt on the New Lodge Rd, just above the lower barricade (the well battered one). At this point, a crowd gathered, and the feeding of the five thousand began.

Sunray C/S 3, with Seagull and Pl Sgt 9, were watching in extreme annoyance. How this could happen was beyond our powers of endurance. 'Get it out, use gas if necessary', were the orders. (At last a fairly free hand).

The pigs of C/S 33A & 33C were alerted, plus 2 ferrets of C/S U14A (Parachute Sqn RAC).

"You go left, I'll take right" said 33A, U14A listened, and inserted his own plan. "Kelly, get your drivers license ready", "Sarge!! came the answer.

Engines on, rubber guns loaded, the pigs advanced, in line, the ferrets immediately behind. The crowd absorbed in their looting of the van, still weren't aware, suddenly they saw us, but it was too late, already the pigs were half way up, still in line. Pandemonium occurred with the realisation of our intrusion and the crowd scattered, but the bombers had ammunition on hand. The pigs went through the barrier, rubber bullets fired, then the pigs halted. "KELLY" was into the bakers van and driving away. Unfortunately with the flaps on the pigs closed, and the bottles raining on us, it was difficult to see his progress. Then the bomber struck. (WHOOOSH), both pigs were lifted about two feet up. "GAS" was the order, 2 rounds from 33A and 3 rounds from 33C, the bombers backed away, coughing and gasping, the bottles stopped.

'Open the cupola, check the van is away, "all clear", "BACK OUT" into reverse and slowly back out. The two ferrets who had filled in the gap between the pigs, slowly reversed out, pigs following.

At the junction of North Queen St/New Lodge Rd, Pte KELLY was dismounting from his bakers van, "All done NED", (CSM giving one of his rare pats out).

'All done both pigs and crows. 'The best military attack seen in the New Lodge yet', (Sunray C/S 3 - happy at last).

Thanks also to the Pl Comd and 33B who had attacked the upper barricade to create a diversion for the bombers.

'No Bread for them to-day! TOUGH!! (local remarks).

Unbelievably, the pigs were unarmed, the grand old lassos had survived yet another charge on the New Lodge Rd.

Post Script. Sunray C/S 32 "But there was no need to use gas".
* "Too late old chap". (satisfied reply).

ULSTER TOP TWENTY

- | | | | |
|-----|-----------------------------------|---|----------------------|
| 1. | I DID IT MY WAY | - | BY BRIAN FAULKNER |
| 2. | SOUTH OF THE BORDER | - | BY JACK LYNCH |
| 3. | PLEASE RELEASE ME | - | BY THE INTERNEES |
| 4. | IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY | - | BY THE REFUGEES |
| 5. | DON'T LAUGH AT ME COS' I'M A FOOL | - | GERRY FITT |
| 6. | SOMETHING BURNING | - | THE ARDOYNE SINGERS |
| 7. | BABY LOVE | - | BERNADETTE DEVLIN |
| 8. | WE'LL MEET AGAIN | - | EX 'B' SPECIAL CHOIR |
| 9. | I'M GONNA GET ME A GUN | - | CATIE GOULDING |
| 10. | IF I RULED THE WORLD | - | IAN PAISLEY |
| 11. | KEEP ON RUNNING | - | THE IRA |
| 12. | OUR DAY WILL COME | - | RUC MALE VOICE CHOIR |
| 13. | THROW YOUR KNICKERS IN THE AIR | - | BERNADETTE DEVLIN |
| 14. | SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES | - | I DER |
| 15. | BOOM BANG-A-BANG | - | THE BOGSIDERS |
| 16. | WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED | - | THE U.V.F. |
| 17. | MEMORIES | - | HAROLD WILSON |
| 18. | PROMISES PROMISES | - | JIM CALLAHAN |
| 19. | BUDDY CAN YOU SPARE A DIME | - | BELFAST CORPORATION |
| 20. | THERE'S A PLACE FOR US | - | BRIAN'S BELT GROUP |

LP'S OF THE WEEK

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|---|-------------------|
| FAR AWAY PLACES | - | PATRICK McADORY |
| I CAN'T GET NO SATISFACTION | - | MRS PADDY KENNEDY |

SOME COMPANY

COMPANY HEADQUARTERS

The Ops room at PAULETTE is slowly beginning to look like a menagerie. What with budgies, dogs, cats and rats, not to mention Gunn, Waqabaca and Bird Warbler Aspinwall who display their warbling talents over Radio PAULETTE.

Pte HOY, the Company Clerk is now one of the OC's bodyguards and he says it will stand him in good stead when he leaves the Army and applies to join the BEEFEATERS. The OC went off on leave after being told to either shave off his moustache or don't bother to come on leave. He chose the former and his 'Soup Retainer' is no more. The 2IC still plays the guitar but his amplifier is always packing up. Could the

reason be the person who always calls for and returns it is a woman?

Talking of moustaches, the CSM is having to put an extension piece on either side of his, due to the Orderly Room having no gum arabic (CHIEF CLERK NOTE!!) but it hasn't stopped him reaching the Company Badminton finals.

Finally a word of thanks to all our drivers, signallers, and cooks, especially Cpl YORK who has done an excellent job in feeding us under the most trying conditions. Cpl GUNN who has kept us in contact. Cpl MANN who has kept us mobile.

QUOTATIONS:

CSM talking to Doc BUDDEN:

Doc BUDDEN: Have you got much foot rot Sir? (meaning the Coy)

CSM: Only about 2 feet (meaning himself)

Conversation between OC, just returned from searching a house and Sgt DICKENS, a Southern gentleman versus a Yorkshiraman.

Sgt D: 'Hello Sir, did you find owt?'

OC: 'Find out what?'

AN EXTRACT FROM THE 'SUNDAY MIRROR' DATED 23 AUGUST 1971

A RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCE...

The troubled situation in Northern Ireland took a curious new twist last week when a loyalist mob threatened to burn down a cinema in Belfast.

Reasons: the cinema - the Rex in Woodstock Rd - was being used by the Asian Citizens' Film Society. And word had gone round that cash was being collected in West Pakistan to help Catholic refugees in the Republic.

Buisnessman Paul Sharma, 33, an official of the society, was in the cinema when the mob arrived.

He faced them waving a Union Jack and tried to explain it was all a misunderstanding - and that he was an Indian, not a Pakistani, anyway.

"But" he said "they just wouldn't listen". The position was getting serious when the police arrived and the 250 strong mob dispersed.

The zaniest part of the incident was when a woman shouted to Mr Sharma who is a Hindu to declare his affiliations. When he yelled back that he was British, born in India, she demanded to know whether he was a Protestant or not. It seems that it's not enough to be a Hindu in Ulster these days. You must either be a Protestant Hindu or a Catholic one....

-33-

THE CONTINUING SAGA OF 11 PLATOON

Our BEST wishes for a quick return to good health go out to our old platoon commander - WO II N. BRIGHT, who was our only official casualty so far. Our new platoon commander is an OFFICER!!!! But not of Indian origin as was first thought. We've found a new Hitler to quell the riots here, but they have trouble seeing him!

We are warmly welcomed by most of the area during our patrols, and we've had no aggro since internment. One bomb however was a little too close for comfort, being only 200 yards away.

A darts match against the locals was no trouble, with Lepils STANILAND and MOORE excelling. Disco nights are still very entertaining but the main trouble is closing it. Cpl MENN has recovered after his brief encounter with a concrete bollard. Pte ENGLISH is having difficulty in refraining from mimicking a monkey!

Charlie Brown is not very talkative, unlike our other newcomer Pte Charlie MARSDEE.

Congratulations to: Lepils GALLAGHER, GOWING & WILLIAMS on their promotion.

QUOTATIONS:

Sgt DICKENS: I'll bet you a £1.00 on a game of Badminton.

AFTER LOSING THAT GAME!!

Sgt DICKENS: Double or nothing

AFTER LOSING THAT GAME!!

Sgt DICKENS: I'll give you a pint - of milk instead ??????

PAULETTE ZOO

Paulette zoo is one big cage,
Presided over by a wise old sage;
Cats and birds officers too,
All live in Paul tte zoo;
Ferocious cat spits and claws,
When people disturb its contented snores.

The highlandus warbler a rare sight,
Only sings on disco night;
A majoris leprochaun for all to view,
We feed it on Irish stew;
The company walrus a majestic thing,
When he see's this my neck he'll ring.

Then again if you feel brave,
You can visit the apes in their cave;
The barman is the King in there,
To be chief ape takes a flare;
One more beast in our zoo,
IT's hoppy jack the kangaroo.

RASPUTIN.

Mortar Platoon

Since the last edition of Duke's Diary we have added another name to the list of aliases that our platoon can lay claim to. We are now also known as the Gypsy Platoon. This comes after having three different homes throughout Belfast and not really being sure of where we are going next.

At the moment we are residing with Battling Burma at Girdwood Park and have settled down to a steady routine of foot patrolling, mobile patrolling, camp guarding and Crumlin Prison defending.

When we were warned off to move to Burma there was naturally quite a strong resentment from the members of the Mortars as nobody likes to be torn away from his own little family group. It is, however, very pleasing to see that it does not take long to become as much a part of another unit as you originally were of your own. This does not mean that we will not be glad to go back to Big "8" though.

Congratulations are due to LCpls (Nuttley) Bradley, Marr and Graham on their promotions from Pte to LCpl. Nuttley was heard to say on the instant he was informed of his promotion, "I am a satisfied soldier. I think I will make it my career."

A special mention must go to our drivers LCpl Wood, Ptes Billingham, Uttley and Wilden. They have been called upon to everything but drive during our tour here with Burma. They have certainly proved that drivers can still be soldiers when it comes to the crunch. Well done you playtimes.

This Month's platoon nickname must obviously go to our platoon sgt, who, it is rumoured, did his basic training in a small camp on the outskirts of Tel Avid. To Drum Major (Mannie Cohen) Lever goes the name of 'Sgt Smooth'.

St Mathews

The single greatest event of this period was the battle of the 9th August. The morning had started with internment and the local people's reaction to it all was to express their anger by throwing bottles and in fact throwing anything throwable at our position in Seaforde St. Bottles appeared by their thousands from an unquenchable source of a bottling factory down the road.

We advanced to break them up, but when we managed to get to the corner of the next street the crowd retaliated by driving lorries towards us in an effort to blockade the road. We managed to capture the first couple of vehicles and drive them away but they soon had managed to jam a number of vehicles together and hurled bottles and abuse at us from behind their barricade. So the battle continued, with us trying to advance to the barricade and the crowd beating us back with extremely accurate volleys of bottles. The crowd had also started to attack the Church Hall but were successfully beaten back into Seaforde St.

All the time this was going on we had the added problem of the Prots who were trying to have a go at the Catholic Area as well.

However, help came at last from the other direction in the form of the Vigilant and Mortar Platoons who had managed to get in behind the rioters. We were then able to advance to the barricade and, as the rioters' attention was drawn elsewhere, we proceeded to collect an amazing amount of transport in the form of lorries and vans. Then came the clean up and our home was surrounded by a mountain of beer bottle crates.

Since that time we have had our tranquility punctuated from time to time with less violent incidents, mainly the 'Womens Affair Committee' who have expressed at length their feelings and demands in the most flowered of language; what a gaggle - if one only would talk at a time it would make life much easier.

We no longer see our basket-ball players any more. Many of them we congratulated on their accuracy in the local game of bottle throwing and as a result we have faced them in the courts.

However, our time at St Mathews is waning and soon the sun will dip behind the steeple the last time for the Dukes. Will it be 50 years before we return again? One never knows.

We welcome to the platoon Sgt Lawrence who is strictly 'Q' and Cpl Hopper from the P/O. Lastly, thanks to Kent who acted as medic for a while and did a splendid job during the riots.

Vigilant Platoon

The Vigilant Platoon - who are they? Oh yes, didn't we hear something about missiles attached to string? Rumour has it that they arrived in Belfast some time during July.

We can now, through the Dukes Diary, confirm that we are in fact here. Arriving on a misty morn way back in July after an overnight passage from Heysham by ferry we were met on Donegall Quay by members of the Recce Pl and taken to the Majestic Maidstone, which was initially to be our home. During the first week after our arrival we had two major tasks. The first was to learn our new role in Northern Ireland under the watchful eye to the Recce Pl. The second was to investigate a rumour that the Maidstone was an Airfix Model stand. Neither tasks were completed as training had to finish in three days, and despite several attempts the Airfix Stand rumour was never confirmed. In fact the Navy for some odd reason became quite indignant about it.

We spent the first month operating from the ship and anyone who wanted our services simply indented for us from the Bn Ops Room. "Freelance and Nocturnal" was our cry, and oddly enough it was heard the loudest on Company Disco Nights, when we always seemed to be out. We managed to be tasked for nearly every 'odd job' that was going, but at least we were able to see the whole of the Bn area, which is more than the Company personnel have. The first month passed without any real major incidents, with the exception of the heated discussion in the Pl as to why the tide was always in and the gang plank like Mount Everest on our return from long tiring night patrols.

After the first month we were attached to our parent Company, Soume. We spent some weeks in Ballymacarret working peacefully alongside the Company. The only problem that might have arisen was our continual use of St Mathews kitchen in the middle of the night. However, the anti Tank platoon were most kind and never really complained about us eating their rations.

Then came internment, followed by the most hectic few days we are ever likely to have to endure. We went from place to place anywhere and everywhere, sleeping on floors, in corridors etc. We finally came to rest at Dunmore Park, living with Corunna Coy who have made us welcome even to the extent of unthinkable luxuries like a private telephone and television. We now share everything from cockhouse to Disco and shall be content to finish our tour here.

Congratulations are due to the following nestings:

...../.....

Ptes John Sharpe, Derrick Bye, David Kendall, Michael Gilbert.

Congratulations are also due on Pte Jim Briston's promotion to LCpl.

THE VIGILANCE OF VIGILANT

Down in Belfast where the Tommies prowl
Nocturnal as the proverbial owl
The men of Vigilant live up to their name
For this action's not just a game.

From Ballymacarrett to Dunmore, Girdwood,
New Lodge and many more,
We switch from one to another with
skill and practical ease
Our movement as unpredictable as any
forward breeze.

Soldiers of fortune, we work for anyone
and when our work is over we swiftly move.
Each job we view with rightful pride
As one well done for our side
And to the future we turn our face,
Our duty to secure the future of the Irish Race.

ODE TO IRELAND

It's said that Ireland was a wonderful place,
But bombing and shooting have changed that face;
Where once children's voices rang out merrily
All now is quiet as they look furtively
round each corner and at each stranger;
Wondering and thinking are they in danger.

Who plants the bombs, the gelignite
which blasts our homes in the still of the night?
It is planted by those with no respect
for women and children and those who expect
to live a decent normal and godly life
in this battered country torn with strife.

What can we do to help them to forget?
Bring 'em to the Disco at Paulette!

DUKES' PICTORIAL



Men from 6 Platoon, Burma Company, face an angry mob in the New Lodge Road—10th August, 1971.



Cpl. Bernie Barnett and 2/Lt. Keith Best start to clear the barricades in the New Lodge Road—10th August, 1971



The "heavy" Squad from Admin. Company deployed in Ballymacarrett on 9th August, 1971, with Somme Company.



Peter Sellers and his oriental colleague Swami Vistru Sevananda during their "chant-in" outside Unity Flats on 8th September—the theme was peace!



Ptes. Henstock and Calvert and L/Cpl. "Andy" Anderson of 8 Platoon Corunna Company on patrol.



Ptes. Dalliday, Conner, Watson, Thompson and Toddy bringing up the rear on patrol in the buffer on 9th August.



11 Platoon of Somme Company debuss at the junction of Sherriff Street/Mountpottinger Road on the day of Internment.



Ptes. Jacko Jackson and Bob Bareham, Burma Company, outside the main gates of the Crumlin Jail shortly after a bomb had been thrown from a passing car—22nd August, 1971.



L/Cpl. Bob Bradley stands watch in the Dee Street area of Ballymacarrett.



Will they never forget 1690? 2/Lt. Tim Isles and L/Cpl. Harris watch as the "girls" go by.



The Heavy Squad from Admin. Company working with Somme Company in Ballymacarrett on 9th August.



"He was there"—looking for a sniper. Pte. Pete Lord of 8 Platoon Corunna Company.



After the riots—the clearing up began. S/Sgt. Mike Carter of 8 Platoon Corunna Company in the Lodge.



Left to right: L/Cpl. Waterman and Ptes. Robinson, Banks (asleep?), and Butterworth of 2 Platoon, Alma Company, about to deploy.



Pte. Frank Moodie, 5 Platoon, Burma Company, taking cover at the end of the New Lodge Road after the barricades were removed on 10th August.



Sgt. George Minto of 8 Platoon Corunna Company removing the evidence—petrol bombs.



The day the Echelon moved—who had the keys?



C.Q.M.S. Stewart in the New Lodge Road on 10th August—doing a kit check perhaps?



No-one knows why he's there. We all assume that S/Sgt. Hemmings is waiting for the bar opposite to open.



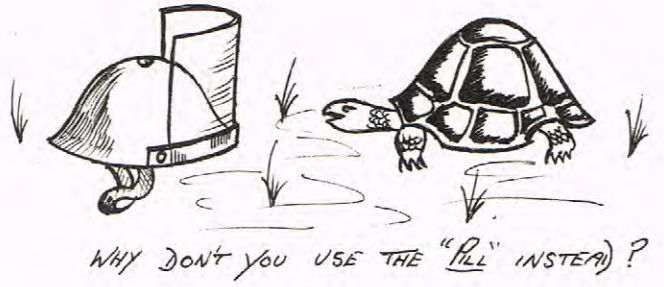
One of Corunna Company's chariots. L/Cpl. Harris riding shotgun, 2/Lt. Tim Isles and Pte. Thompson in the Lodge.



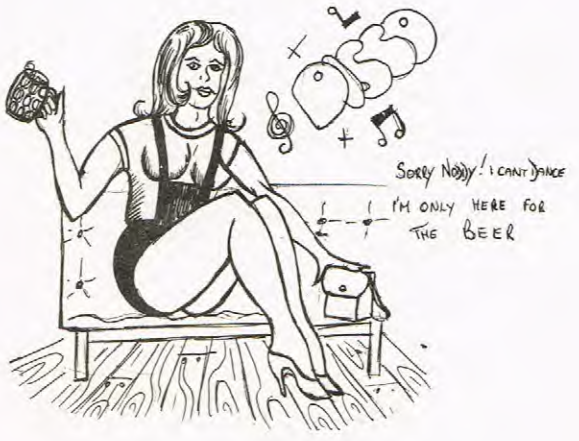
Brown Square ("A" Company) and the Shankill Road.

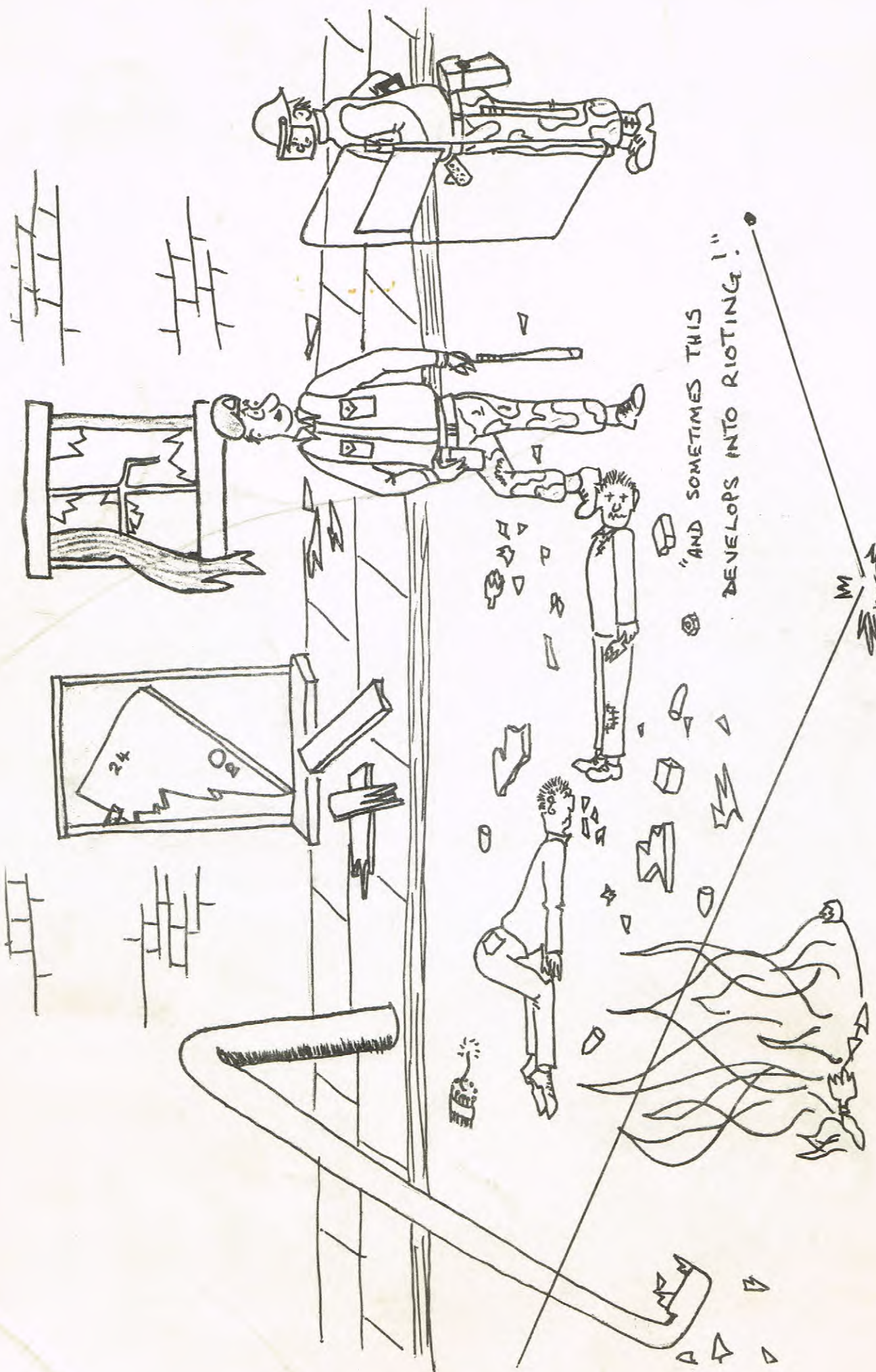


Left to right: Pte. Pemberton, Cpl. Bone and L/Cpl. Sudden of 2 Platoon about to deploy outside Unity flats.



DARLING, CANT YOU FORGET STATE 3 ON YOUR 72 HR PASS!





"AND SOMETIMES THIS DEVELOPS INTO RIOTING!"

THE HANDOVER PERIOD