

DUKE'S

DIARY

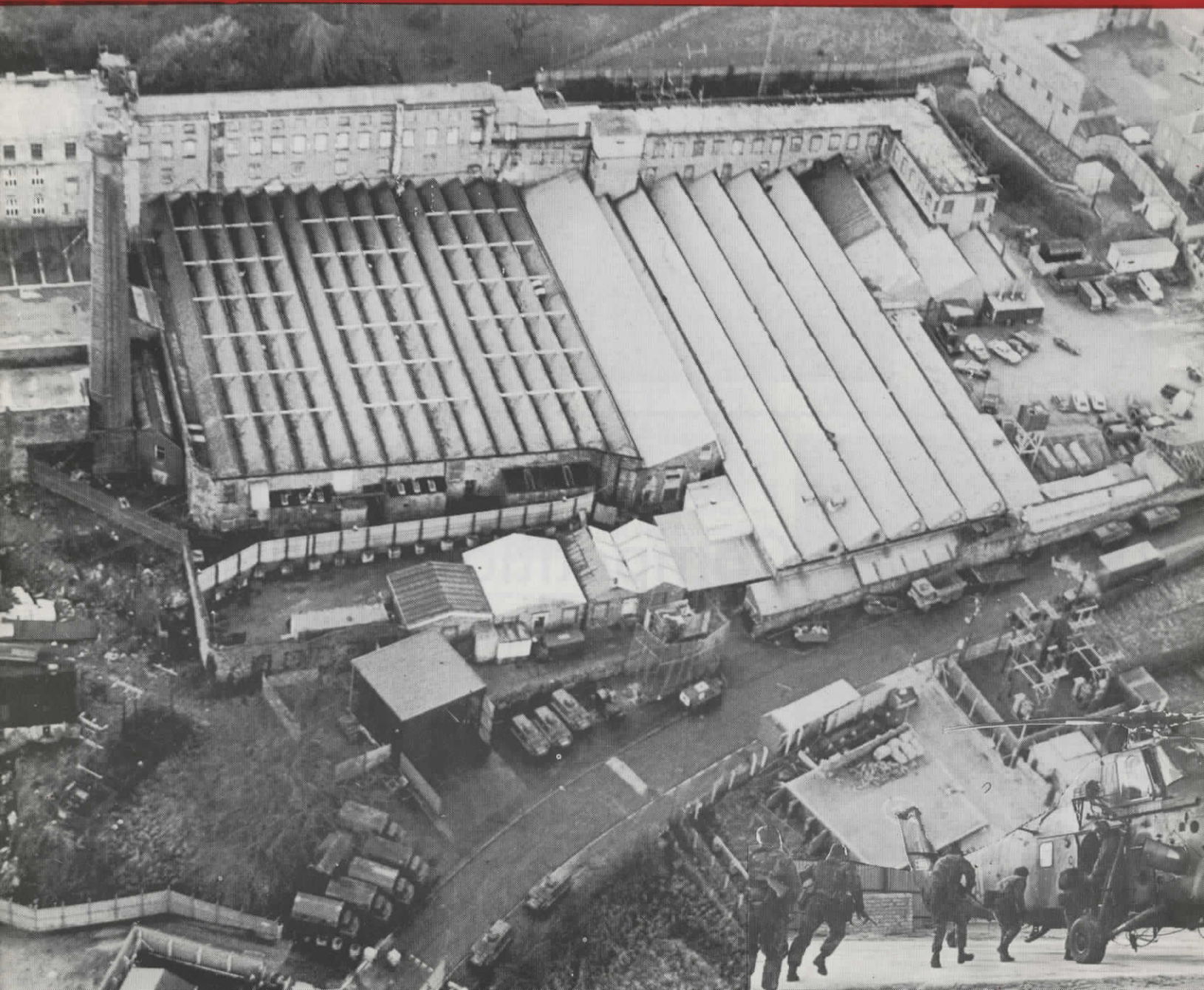
DECEMBER '81 — APRIL '82



33



LXXVI





What a disguise.

★

This way General
— OC Somme not
impressed.

Commanding Officer's Message

The aim of this diary is to illustrate our life in South Armagh, to raise a smile and to bring back memories in the months ahead. The Battalion has settled into its routine, the first eight weeks have flown, Christmas is over and we are fighting both the terrorist and the weather. Much of the patrolling is arduous, tedious, some very occasionally exciting and dangerous. It is not a time to relax or switch off.

We are getting excellent support from our friends the RUC, our helicopters take us everywhere and the soldiers are getting on with the job cheerfully and professionally. The cooks are working wonders and 'touch wood' all is as well as could be.

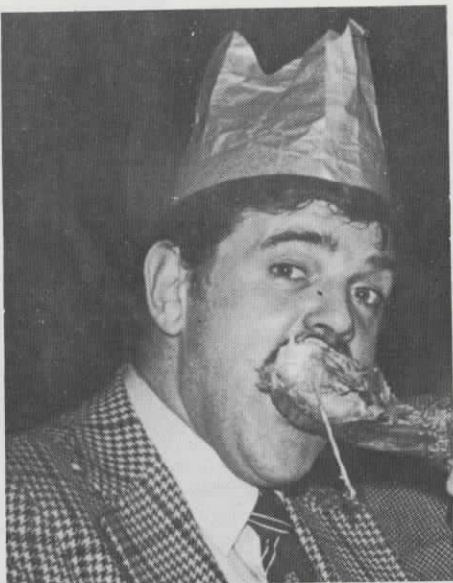
Of course we miss our families, or girl friends and the odd day off — but April is not far away. Keep smiling at home and we will keep with it here.



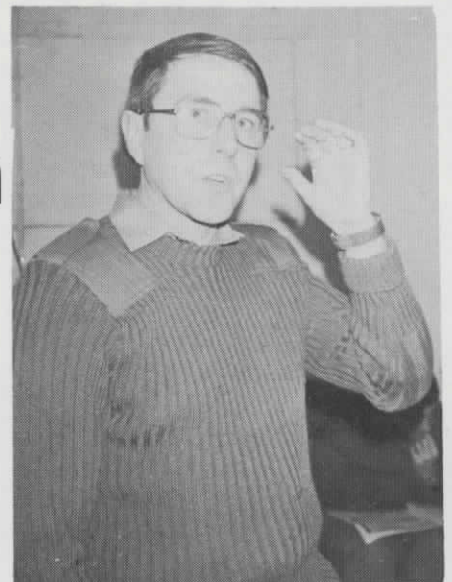
Caption Competition

£5 prize per photo

Entries to the Adjutant by 1 April 82.



A



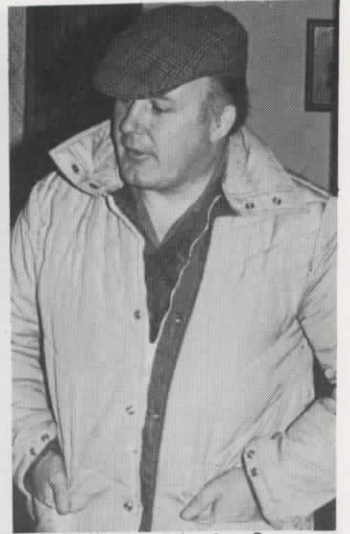
B



"Woger Out"



Power



Who's this then?



Int Orbat — or the future?

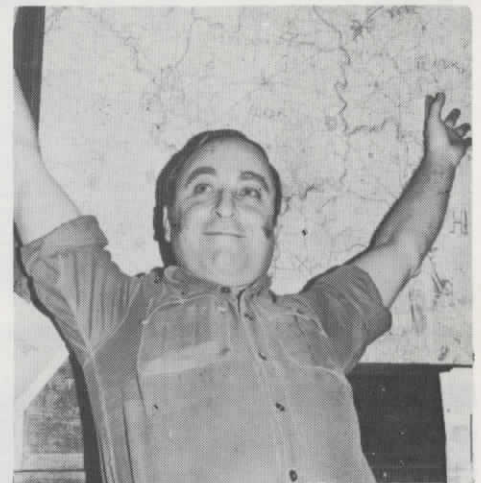
**TAC
HQ
& COP**



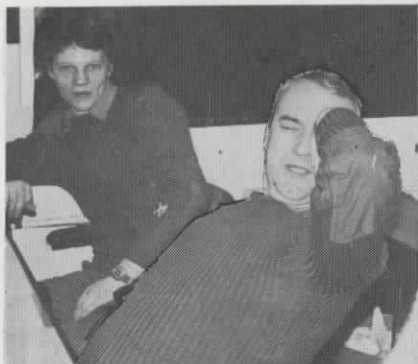
GOC COP and ferret — That magnificent duo!



"Call me Joyce" —
The new Co-ordinator



The big, noisy picture.



Buzzard — inbetween the sorties
— "Oh the effort"

Major Hoppe attended one of the Church Services in the Mill and was rather put out to find that the congregation numbered only seven, including the choir. After the service he complained to the vicar about the small attendance, saying: "That was a poor congregation this evening. Did you tell them that I was coming.?" "No," said the vicar, "but I fear the news must have leaked out."



COP also celebrated Christmas.



Hilarie Shapiro from the 'Huddersfield Examiner' drops in on Forkhill.

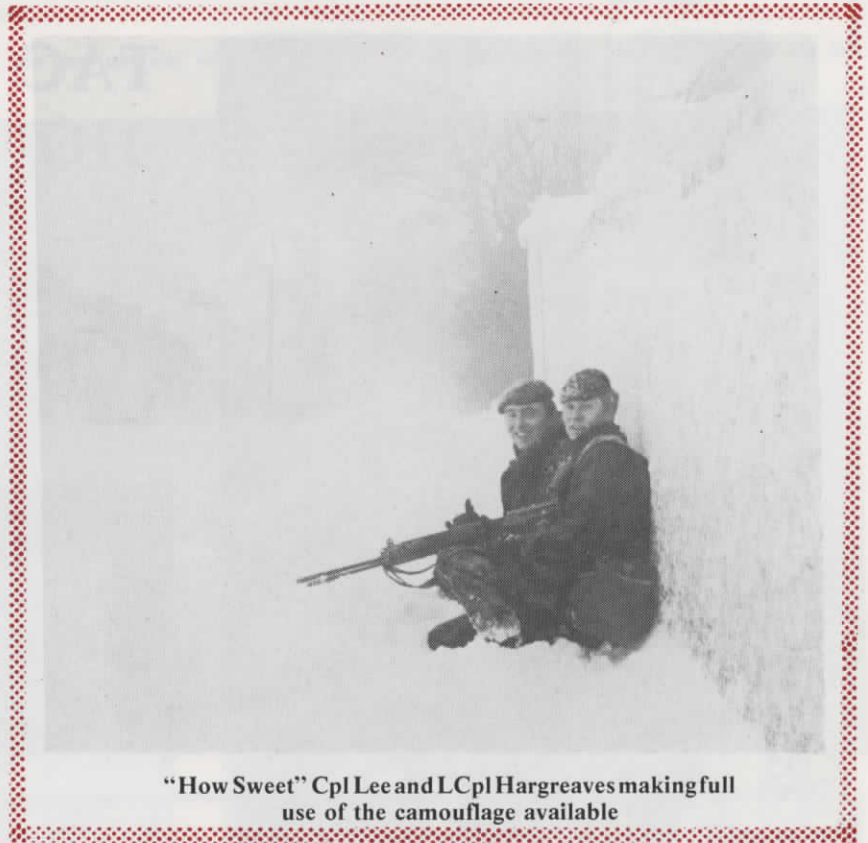


The Mayor of Kirklees with the Forkhill nutter.

ALMA COY



"Our father . . ."



"How Sweet" Cpl Lee and LCpl Hargreaves making full use of the camouflage available



Forkhill Catering Services Limited—too many spoil the broth?



"Food can be scarce at times, the weather harsh . . ."



. . . . and the predators are quick to swoop."



Posers 5 platoon at Newtownhamilton.



On guard with RUC supporting!

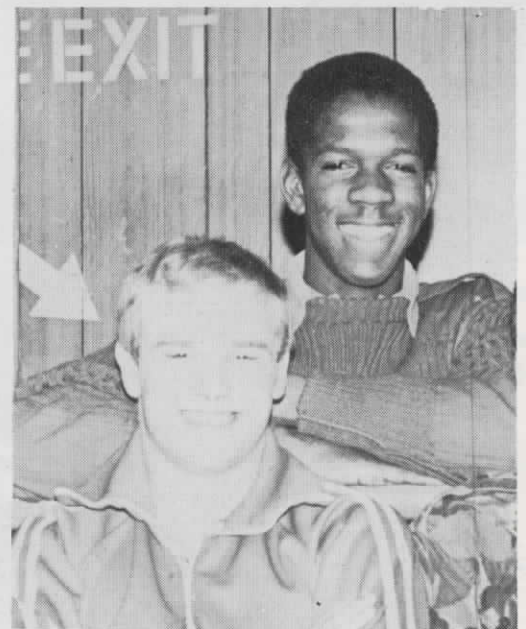


The Burma Bomb — safely under control.

BURMA COY



Coy HQ in the field.



A black & white photo

CORUNNA COY



LCpl Grogan — smiling in Crossmaglen?!



Taking cover — was she really that bad?



Japanese businessmen now stay in "single unit" motels — a new arrival settles in.



Do you normally wear your medals on patrol, Maj Thorn?

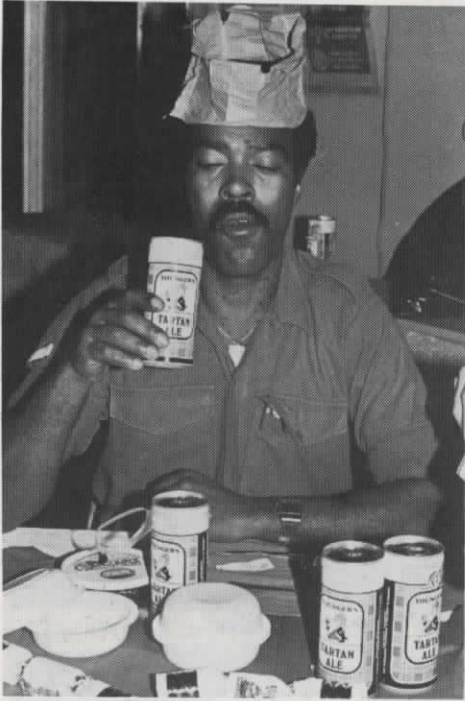


"Just checking" CSgt Lister plots the movements of the duckshooters.



Neigh! Neigh!

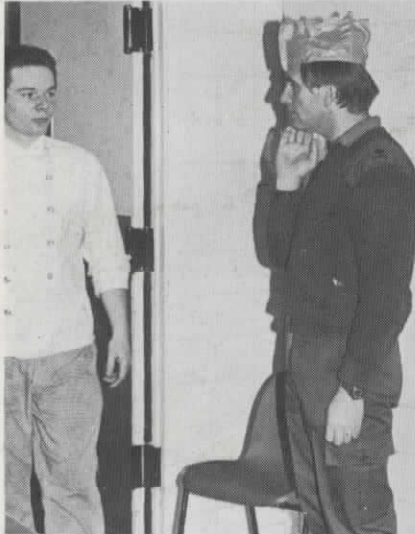
ECHELON



Eat, sleep and drink — all at the same time.



Falcus under pressure



Tired, worn out and unshaven —
Pte Mann gets a grip.

AN XMAS CAROL

Good King Billy he looked out
Down across South Armagh

Wondering what the Dukes were
doing,
in that TAOR

Newtownhamilton, Crossmaglen,
Bessbrook and Forkhill

We are here for four months more,
Oh-Oh, Bloody Hell-ell-ell
Words by Bernard Crowther
Music by Hunter and Long



Cool and casual — what goes up must come down —
sometimes a little quickly!



Stan and Oliver



This is the Nine O'Clock News.
"Cut!"