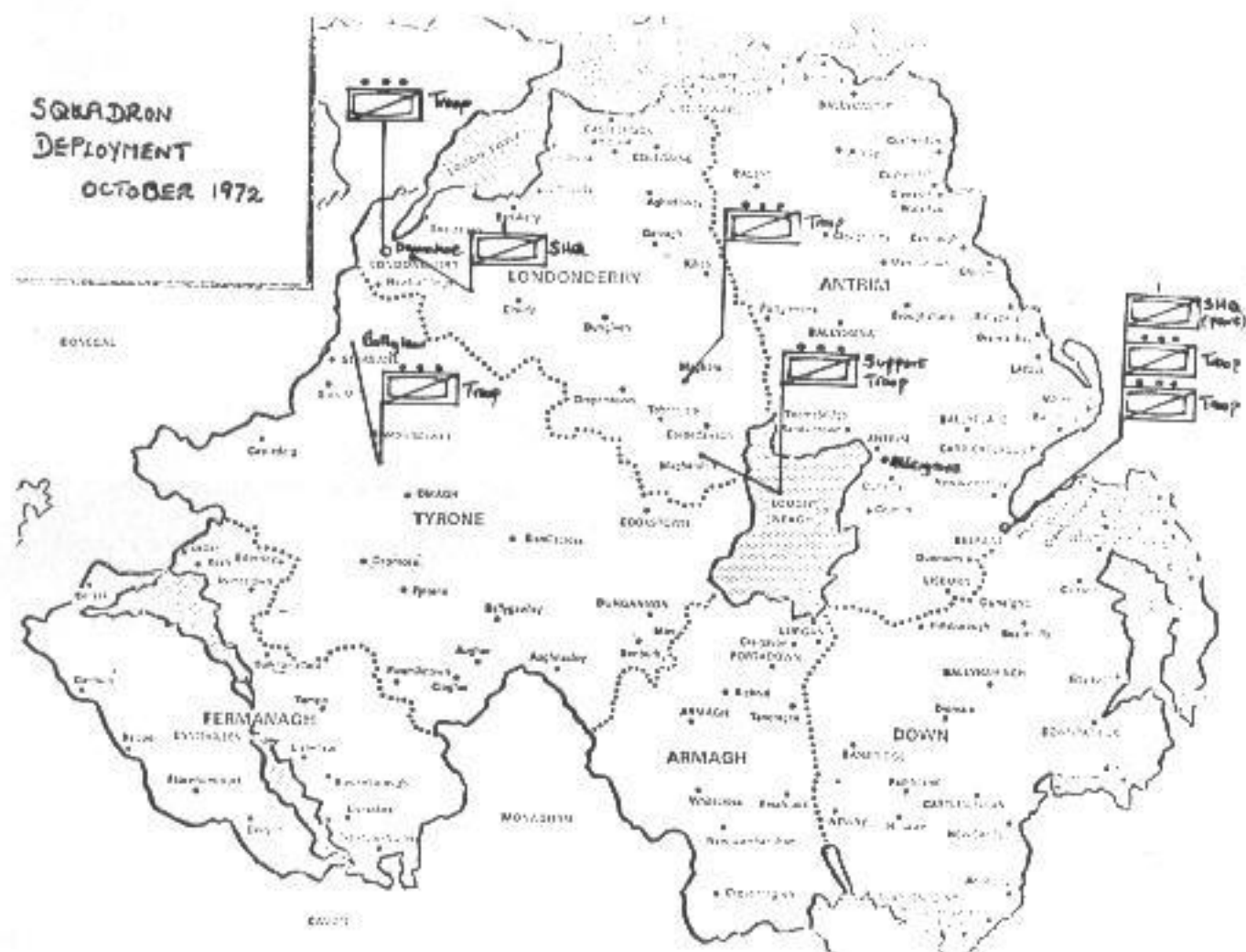




'A' SQUADRON

Northern Ireland 1972



EDITORIAL

'A' Squadron arrived in the middle of the truce, saw it broken and witnessed the ensuing violence leading up to Operation Motorman, and the operation itself. We have lived in Aidergrove, Belfast and Londonderry and, at the moment of writing are deployed throughout Belfast, Co. Londonderry and Co. Antrim as the map shows.

Rather than let all this pass without record, and being very encouraged by the response to the six weekly newsletters, we decided to publish a more permanent record both for ourselves and our families.

We have tried to write down the things which we found amusing, interesting and even frustrating—like all forms of warfare there are brief periods of intense activity followed by long periods of comparatively little other than the mundane.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

<i>Date</i>	<i>Event</i>
9—25 May	Internal Security Training.
28 May — 18 June	Leave.
21 June — 23 June	Exercise Antrim Alert.
26 June	IRA announce ceasefire.
27 June	Advance Party of Squadron Leader, Operations Officer, five troop leaders, SQMS, three troop sergeants and LAD NCO leave for Aldergrove.
28 June — 2 July	Takeover from 'A' Squadron, The Blues and Royals.
3 July	Squadron arrives.
9 July	IRA break the truce in Lenadoon. SHQ and three troops with 1 RS.
12 July	SHQ and eight troops deployed for the marches.
13 July	CO arrives for a visit. 'C' Squadron start to arrive. Lenadoon operation with 1 PWO.
14 July	Our Saladins arrive. Move to Albert Street Mill. 6th Troop stays with 'C' Squadron.
31 July	Operation Motorman.
9 August	CGS is escorted round Andersonstown by 2nd Troop.
22 August	3rd Troop operation at Royal Victoria Hospital with 3 RGJ.
1 September	Warned to move to Londonderry on 18 September.
6 September	Operation Eagles Claw.
18 September	Move to Drumahoe Factory, Londonderry, leaving half SHQ and 2nd and 3rd Troops in Belfast.
2 October	Troops change over leaving 4th and 5th Troops in Belfast.
16 October	Troops change over leaving 1st and 2nd Troops in Belfast.
3 November	Leave for England.



MOTORHAWK

Editor: Mr. G. H. R. Tilney

Photographs: John Gronow (The Lancashire Evening Post)

Sergeant Cornes

Corporal Shaw

Corporal Moulton

Trooper Barron

OBITUARY

Second Lieutenant R. W. Williams-Wynn

Robert Williams-Wynn was killed on 13th July, 1972, by a sniper's bullet in Andersonstown, Belfast. It was the start of one of the first operations in which the Squadron was involved after arriving in Northern Ireland. At the time he was leading 1st Troop whom he had commanded since he joined the Squadron in Singapore in August, 1970.

Not only was Robert an experienced and decisive troop leader, but he was an excellent sportsman both on horseback and as a member

of the Regimental Ski Team.

He commanded his troop with firmness but was always sympathetic to his soldiers needs. He was a cheerful person with a quick sense of humour, and his two years in Australia gave him a breadth of outlook valued by everyone in the Squadron.

After his service he looked forward to returning to his family estate in North Wales. We offer to his father and his brother, David, our deepest sympathy.

INTRODUCTION

To say that the Squadron was as busy as the average infantry battalion in Belfast would be an overstatement. But like so many occasions when armour is involved, it is regarded as a deterrent and is used when things become very uncomfortable and perhaps beyond the capability of the infantry to control with their light weapons and limited protection.

When we first arrived in July we had a dual task to provide support for the infantry in Belfast, and to patrol and provide regular army presence in the police division in South Antrim, including Larne, Carrickfergus, Antrim itself and Lisburn. The day on which the advance party arrived was that on which the IRA announced their truce, and until the truce was broken armoured vehicles were not allowed into the city. We therefore concentrated in the country areas and spent a considerable amount of time in getting to know the towns and local police and dignitaries.

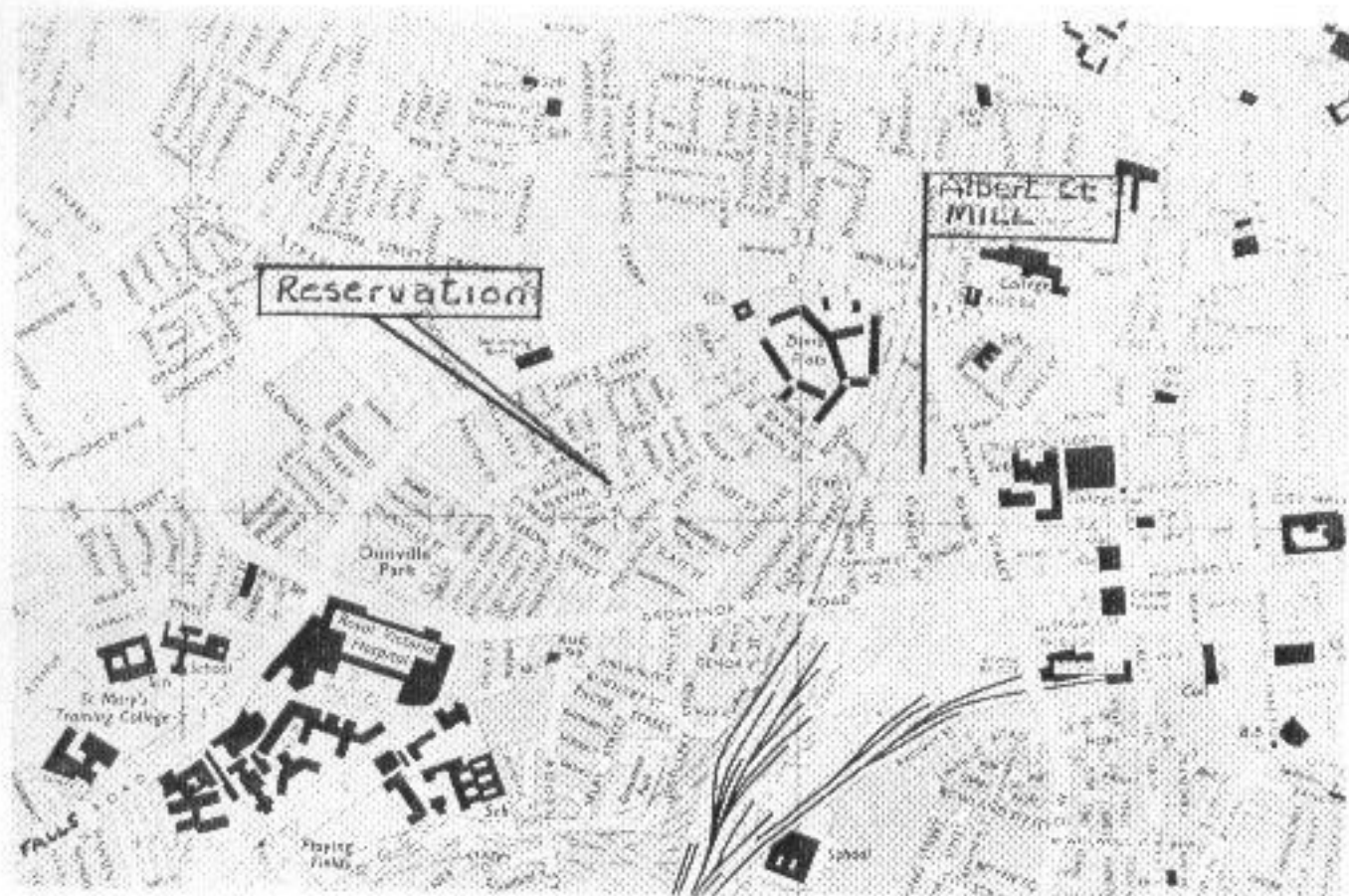
It was during this short period that we put in our first TV appearance when Sgt Holland and part of Support Troop were sent out to cover the area following the discovery of two bodies near Aldergrove.

After only ten days the truce was broken, of which more later. During the next three weeks we were kept extremely busy and were delighted for our own sakes but not for theirs that 'C' Squadron relieved us in Aldergrove

and we moved to Albert Street Mill in Belfast, unfortunately leaving sixth troop behind to help them. We took part in many operations during July using our Saladin armoured cars—the first time they had appeared on the streets of Belfast in any numbers. Our jobs included close protection of sappers, escorts and of course armoured operations. One troop patrolled all the main roads of Belfast four times every twenty four hours, and to avoid all our eggs being in one basket in Albert Street, this troop lived in comparative luxury on HMS Maidstone. We were delighted to find Major Terry Cripps as commandant and Sergeant Major Young as his assistant. They made everyone very comfortable, and what is



The Mill under attack



Home Ground!

more, produced a marvellous fridge for the Officers' Mess.

At the end of July there was a vast increase in the number of troops in the province and at 4 a.m. on 31st July Operation Motorman started. We had formed six troops for this operation, kept one in reserve and had the rest deployed with 2 RRF, 2 Para, 40 Cdo, 1 RGJ and 2 R Anglian. The operation passed off with remarkably little shooting or aggro and the infantry started their major task of gaining intelligence.

After two days, the troops returned to the mill and continued with their normal patrols and operations. One troop lived with 2 RRF in Andersonstown and one was constantly on call to 2 R Anglian in the Lower Falls/Divis area. White Road patrols went on as before.

While we were in Aldergrove we tasted the freedom of being able to 'walk out' into Crumlin and Antrim. In Belfast the rules were very different and apart from being invited to the occasional disco in permanent bases, no one went out at all. When operations were at a low

ebb this became irritating and irksome.

However, we spent time on the ranges at Ballykinler and two troops spent the weekend with the Royal Air Force at Bishops Court. This gave them a break, very welcome for anyone stationed in Belfast itself for four months. We ran R and R leave from Monday to Friday, a slight stretch of the rules, and this was eagerly awaited. We were lucky enough not to have to cancel nor change anyone's plans against his wishes.

In early September we carried out 'Operation Eagles Claw' designed as a survey of traffic entering Belfast. It required troops to spend long periods in observation posts and our intelligence cell to work through reams and reams of paper overnight. It was during this operation that we were told that the Squadron was to move to Londonderry leaving two troops in the Mill. The troops who moved were deployed entirely independently with 20 Med Regt RA and later 2 RWF, 2 RGJ and 2 LI. Support troop moved to Magherafelt and became master of the town and the southern

end of Co. Londonderry for five weeks. All the others rotated—those in Belfast spending many hours escorting Royal Engineers round the hard republican areas of the city suffering constant indignities at the hands of bottlers, stoners and gunmen. Squadron Headquarters also divided itself between the Belfast detachment under Captain Hodson and Londonderry where Captain Colquhoun ran the Ops room for Drumahoe factory, with no troops to command.

The Squadron Leader and Squadron Sergeant Major were left with one landrover to share and spent their time in either Belfast or Londonderry (or almost anywhere else) where people were prepared to entertain them. The pressure on our LAD and echelon was considerable at this time with daily runs to Ballylaw, Maghera and Magherafelt—about 150 miles round trip everyday—and calls to the LAD at any time of day or night to repair some erring vehicle. It is all credit to these

troops that we were able to fulfil what was asked of us so successfully.

As 'Motorhawk' goes to publication we are entering our last three weeks in Ulster and eagerly await first of all 4th November when we land in Liverpool and more than that November the 8th when we start a fortnights leave with our families.



Why does this thing keep looking at me, Sergeant Major?

1st TROOP

1st Troop has so far had an eventful two and a half months in Northern Ireland. Soon after arriving at Aldergrove we found ourselves thrown into the confusing gun-battles that ended the ceasefire. It was in one such battle that we suffered a tremendous loss—that of our troop leader—Robert Williams-Wynn, in Shaws Road, Andersonstown. It was a great blow to the troop who had been led by him for almost two years. Fortunately, however, time did not allow the troop to ponder over this tragedy as we were soon moved down to Belfast, and were heavily engaged in working for battalions in all the trouble spots.

It was at this stage that Mr. Bowes-Lyon, who had previously been in command of Assault Troop, took over and has rapidly had to adapt himself to our ways. Since he took over, the troop has found itself in the Ardoyne, Andersonstown, Turf Lodge and, of course, in home country, namely the Grosvenor Road area. The troop's morale was always at its highest after a night of action,

though some of the comments concerning those of Irish birth would have made many a vicar decline another cup of tea—even the Irish vicars themselves.

Many of the troop have left during the last two months, and there are obviously new



We're quite good at taking photographs as well! Mr. Bowes-Lyon and L/Cpl. Leonard



Londonderry, Tpr. Goodenough, Mr. Bowes-Lyon, Tpr. Hansell and Cpl. Wainwright

additions, but for all their attributes none was a greater loss than Sgt Eadsforth who had been a devoted and loyal sergeant to the troop for some considerable time. Cpl Wainwright came down from 'C' Squadron to take over temporarily as troop sergeant, and was then replaced by Sgt Binns.

Cpls Beveridge and Batchelder—the latter has now left and gone to SHQ—were the constant 'frontrunner guides' of the troop on their runs around Belfast. Indeed, whether it was providing an escort for Mr. Whitelaw or General Tuzo, or racing at near breakneck speed to the rescue of some pinned down infantry on the opposite side of Belfast, Cpl Beveridge held everyone in awe by the way he guided us around the streets. He is also to be congratulated on his recent promotion to full Corporal. L/Cpl Leonard spent a great deal of time cleaning up the troop leader's turret, only to find that within 24 hours his

efforts were quite abortive. However, he still finds time to read up to four letters a day from his wife. Tpr Chappell managed to break a finger, in his armoured car, and this left Tpr Goodenough to take over as the troop leader's driver—an unenviable position for any driver at the best of times—especially in the early hours of the morning when it becomes positively dangerous. Tprs Sloan and Loines were frequently to be seen with paintbrushes in hand after the 'paintbombs' had been flying, and they also excelled themselves in the art of squeezing past barricades and frightening senior military officers by missing them at 40 m.p.h. with very little to spare. Tpr Smethurst joined the troop from Bisley where he had excelled himself, and took to the troop sergeants' gunners' seat like a duck to water.

Tpr Hansell, who drove Robert Williams-Wynn when he was killed (and was himself

wounded) in the shoulder by the same assassin's bullet, has happily since returned from hospital and is now recuperating in SHQ. The troop looks forward to his return.

Tpr Broom continues to make himself useful to the troop—sweeping up after them all and making coffee with plenty of sugar in it, but has now returned to his old haunt in assault troop.

After two months in Belfast, the troop moved to Maghera and then lately to Strabane on the border. Life seemed a holiday in comparison to our earlier activities, though Sgt Binns and his gunner, Tpr Fenton, still managed to fire at some border gunmen, scaring them badly and a little more besides. We now look forward to our final two weeks in Belfast.

FORT ALBERT

It is certain that if Queen Victoria's husband had ever set eyes upon the 'dark, satanic mill' that sports his name in a similarly named street in the depths of Belfast, it is likely that some form of Royal deed poll would have been proclaimed to change his christian name. For nobody, royal or otherwise, could ever wish to be associated with such an appalling edifice. Built some time in the disastrous rush of the industrial revolution, Albert Street Mill, or 'Fort Albert' as it was named by some cynical soldier on first perceiving it, is a solid, oblong block of soot-stained brick that lies under the watchful eye of Divis flats, or to those whose geography of Belfast is vague—between the city centre and the Falls Road area.

What is much more important is that this disastrous piece of architecture was also the home of 'A' Squadron for some two months of the Belfast version of last summer.

Recollection, it is said, brings only fond memories, but Fort Albert is the exception to the rule, for the mind immediately turns to

moving large numbers of sandbags, the wiping of greasy plates upon the seats of trousers, and the interminable smell of what seemed like the Corporation's main sewer running through the back yard.

Nevertheless, it was still a place called 'home' for us, and there were plenty of occasions when tired bodies welcomed the pulling into the narrow gateway that formed the entrance to the mill. The fact that the fourth floor was made habitable for us on arrival, gives great credit to the adaptability of the whole Squadron who worked hard and with great gusto to turn thousands of square feet of floor space into habitable accommodation. Offices, rooms, a shop, messes were built, and what is more extraordinary, made comfortable. Luncheon parties were given by the officers, during which the most edible food to be had in Belfast was devoured.

With two redundant lifts and eighty-four steps to our floor, our daily exercise was well catered for. Indeed, sometimes of an evening, when a couple of blast bombs had been thrown into the backyard, and the odd Thompson had done some chattering, figures were known to take the eighty-four stairs in tens.

We are horrified to hear recently that the loo's have suffered a dastardly attack from without, by a large blast, and the resident quartermaster did later deny he had had a very good dinner the night before. The oriental gentleman who served such high priced coffee also suffered in this attack on Fort Albert—however he is said to have recovered sufficiently to have bought another



The Porticulis



It!

chain store. A quartermaster sergeant was blasted from his slumberland in the same occurrence, and woke to find himself on the floor with a fine, open view of Belfast by night.

Another feature of life at Albert Street, was the graffiti on the walls, a well practised art throughout Belfast, but one which took on new dimensions at our home. Statements such

as '2nd to none,' 'assault troop rules', '10 beds for sale — apply 1st troop', and 'The Squadron Leader sat here' were common and indeed we found ourselves with many gifted verse and rhyme composers. Unfortunately the Squadron Sergeant Major had an uncanny gift for recognising writing, and many budding little Byron's found themselves with brush and whitewash in hand afterwards.

We still use 'Fort Albert' at the time of writing, for two troops are detached to within its confines, but shortly now we shall bid it farewell, and then can we reflect that after all, the passages of time must make way for development, and the new motorway will smash straight through it, raising its stockades to the ground.

After Thought

Chateau Albert, 1972, for those familiar with the great wine, has reached fermentation, and will shortly be ready for tasting. A vintage has been declared for this prince of Hocks.

2nd TO NONE

Having not sent out any form of an advance party 2nd Troop rather dipped out on accommodation and vehicle buckshees, but being good recce soldiers it didn't take us long to find out the few delights Aldergrove had to offer.

Although our days of patrolling the country were short lived we did manage several cups of tea and a short stay in both Carrickfergus and Larne Police Stations. Eager to get down to the city we also procured a Landrover and taking advantage of the ceasefire went and visited one or two battalions as well as doing some foot patrols with A Coy, 3 R Anglians.

After the operation when the truce was broken we went back to Aldergrove in time to escort 'C' Squadron from the docks. We also took the opportunity to tell them that they had not just come out in order to bring our Saladins but in order to take over our Ferrets in Aldergrove for four months.

Sgt Bob Smith was the first member of the Squadron to be hit by a bottle but it put him

in hospital with ulcers and Corporal Bernie McVay took over. His first big operation was "Motorman" during which we went to help 40 Commando. As in most other areas this went off quietly and we spent the majority of our time sitting on a street corner in the New Lodge from whence we did occasional patrols.



Tpr. Howse, Tpr. Jackson, Tpr. McNulty and L/Cpl. Conroy

During this 36 hours the Assault Troop Saracen we had with us managed to rip a large sheet of metal from the side of a bus. As if this wasn't enough for the poor passengers L/Cpl 'Smiler' Conroy, ever the comedian, couldn't resist the chance to grab hold of an ankle he saw through the hole. This very nearly caused a man sized hole in the roof of the bus.

One night when we were out on a White Road Patrol we were ordered to go and RV with 1 PWO at the roundabout on the East of Queen's Bridge. They were about to mount an



The Senior Subaltern at Glencorse Ranges

operation with the 2nd Fusiliers on the no-go area of West Andersonstown, the barricades of which we had recced previously. First, we had to move there with 2nd Troop leading three Saracen mounted companies of the PWO. The lead Ferret having missed the first turning it was left to the Troop Leader's Saladin to lead the convoy. Nothing can be

seen at all when it is raining as it was that night, with the result that Mr. Dashwood was to be seen like a mobile "jack-in-the-box" going down the Falls Road popping his head up through the hatch to check that the correct route was being followed. While sitting on Glen Road Cpl McVay suddenly saw some five people, one with a gun, leaving a house. He was itching to pull the trigger, but by the time he was able to check whether they were I.R.A., they had gone.

In fact the only shot we have fired in anger was with the "Elephant Gun"—whilst patrolling up Ramoan Gardens. We were stoned by a yobbo hiding behind a hedge. Cpl McVay travelling at the back with his turret traversed rear, saw him, and his gunner, Tpr Nobby Hawkins, scored a beautiful hit which dropped the yobbo senseless.

Cpl Joe Foster decided after six weeks that life in Ireland was much to tame and left us to do an NBC course. He was replaced by Cpl Jacko Jackson. Obviously his driver and namesake, Tpr Raymond Jackson, didn't like this change as on one of the O.P.s on Operation Eagle's Claw he tried to set fire to his vehicle and half the countryside around, while trying to light a cooker.

During our tour, there have been a series of visits to Belfast by high powered people. The first of these was the Chief of the General Staff, General Sir Michael Carver, late Royal Tank Regiment. 2nd Troop (being the smartest and most experienced troop in the Squadron) was automatically given the task of escorting him. Off set the advance guard under Cpl McVay who reported back that they had found a sit-down strike of about 150 people doing their thing with dustbins on the Springfield Road. By this time the General had already set off and so the main party continued knowing they would find him stuck there. But on arrival there was no sign of him. Eventually he was found making a surprise visit to another company base, totally oblivious of the fears for his safety. He then left for the Light Infantry at Flax Street ahead of the advance party, leaving the whole troop to follow in his wake. Things went from bad to worse and having had lunch at Flax

Street he rushed off to Girdwood Park without telling us. Twenty minutes later, when we were getting rather bored waiting for him, we were told what had happened to him. Luckily he didn't get into trouble but we were in such a state that SHQ decided it would be unwise to give us anybody else to escort.

It was during Operation Eagles Claw that we were told to go to Tennant Street to help out 1st Battalion The Parachute Regiment with stropky Protestants on the Shankill. Driving up the Shankill on the way there in blissful ignorance of any trouble our peace of mind was rudely disturbed by the shattering of lots of bottles on our vehicles. Unfortunately Tpr Steven Smith got a lot of glass in his eye but after a week off he is rapidly finding it difficult to think of any good reason why he shouldn't rejoin the Troop.

And so to Londonderry—at least we will be going up two weeks later than everybody else for, as usual, it was necessary to leave the best and most efficient troop behind.

A few words about the other members of

the Troop. Tpr Tom Howse, the Troop Leader's loyal but long suffering gunner/operator, has finally moved to a different vehicle. The last straw came when Tpr Dave Winstanley drove his Saladin into the back of another vehicle in the middle of a riot forgetting to notify his crew in the turret, with the result that Mr. Dashwood had to have three stitches to a "war wound" on his eyebrow and Tpr Howse had an extremely sore nose for about a week.

In spite of all this our drivers have all driven extremely well including Tpr Phil Barber and Tpr Paul "Banzai" McNulty who, thank goodness, doesn't live up to his nickname.

LATE PRESS

There is regrettably no truth in the rumour that Tpr Barber has gone on a diet.

Mr. Dashwood has had his hair cut—once! and has woken up. Tpr Winstanley is still asleep.

CATERING CORNER

Once again the cooks have completed a tour in Ireland unscathed. Under the capable leadership of Cpl Perce Johnstone, they have offered the delights of the kitchen in Aldergrove, Belfast, Londonderry and privately for those lucky members of the squadron at Magherafelt. We have also provided strong men for SHQ whenever needed. None were so feared as Pte Casson, who not only spread fear among the Irish but also gave the cooks a few anxious moments with his 106 varieties of a potato. Although Pte Roberts did not arrive until half way

through the tour he soon fitted in with the slick, gastronomic team and produced food beyond compare—which is more than can be said about his continuous tales of Elvis Presley. Finally we would like to thank the Hussars for accompanying us to Ireland and for supplying their jovial comments which made our life so much better. (Ed.: All the cooks, and particularly Lance Corporal Lowe, are to be thanked and indeed congratulated for the superb spreads they produced for the Officers' parties).

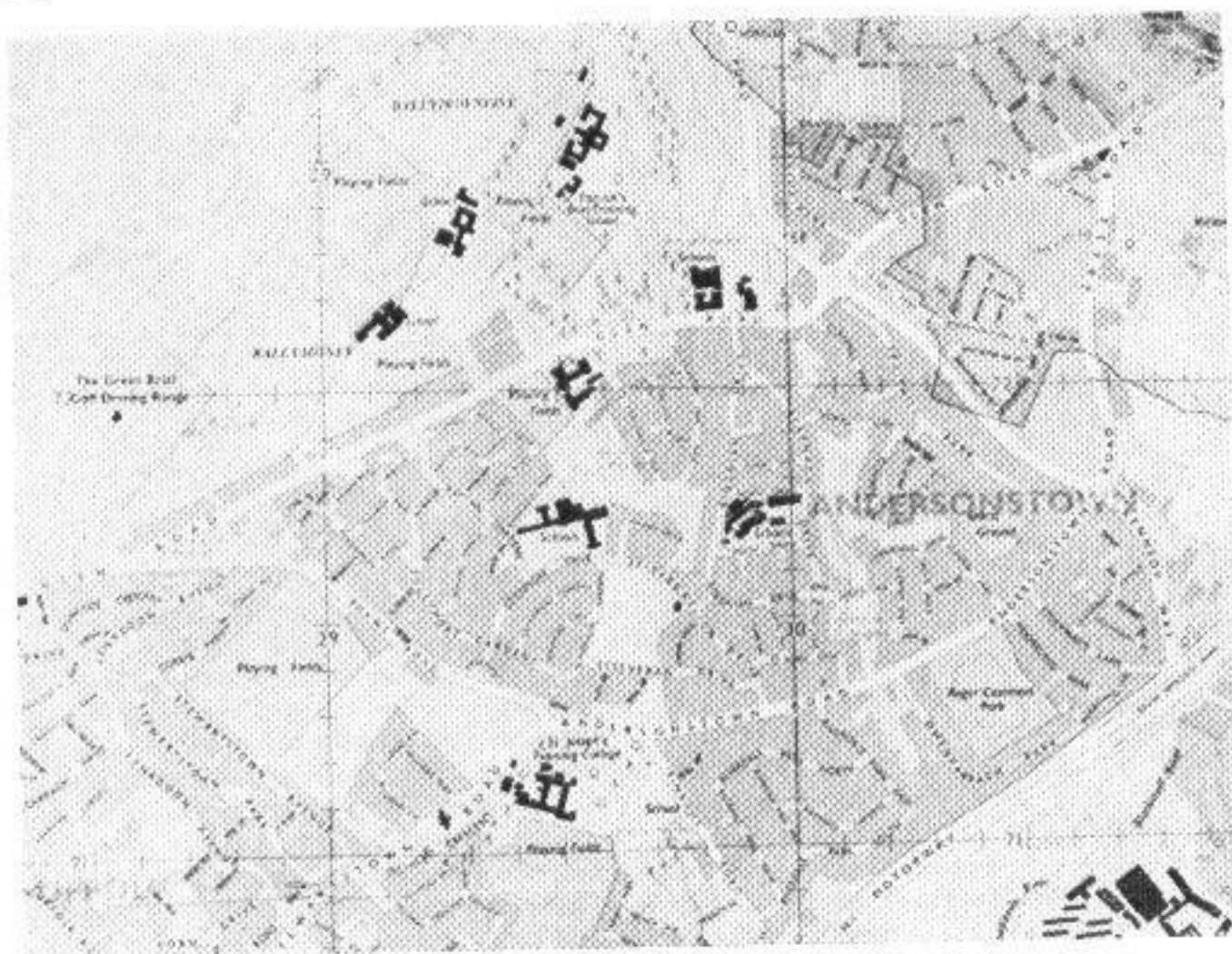
THE END OF THE TRUCE

During the week of 3rd July there was mounting tension in the Lenadoon area of Andersonstown because people were moving out of houses in the Protestant area but were preventing Roman Catholics, said to have been intimidated from elsewhere, from moving in. This was the reason used by the IRA for breaking the truce on Sunday, 9th July.

On Saturday, 8th, a PR visiting party of Major Eyre, Sergeant Major Burgess and our two photographers, Cpl Shaw and Tpr Barron, were in Lisburn when the Squadron Leader was suddenly sent for by Brigade Headquarters and told to muster as much of the Squadron as possible and join the Royal Scots at Musgrave Park. We collected SHQ (Tac), 2nd, 3rd, 5th and Assault Troops and eagerly awaited orders. The plan turned out

to be that it was thought likely that the IRA were intending to break the truce in Lenadoon, and that we were to act in support of an operation to stop the Roman Catholics, urged on by the IRA, from moving into empty houses. We all crowded in with the gunners at Musgrave Park for the night and moved up to battalion headquarters first thing on Sunday morning. It was not until five to four that Sunday afternoon that the operation was launched. Within minutes the ambulance, with L/Cpl Hammond and Tpr Annett, was busily carrying Jocks injured by rioters back to the Battalion and Squadron Headquarters at Drenta House.

We had two main tasks—to patrol the triangle of roads surrounding Lenadoon—Stewartstown Road, Shaw's Road, Glen Road

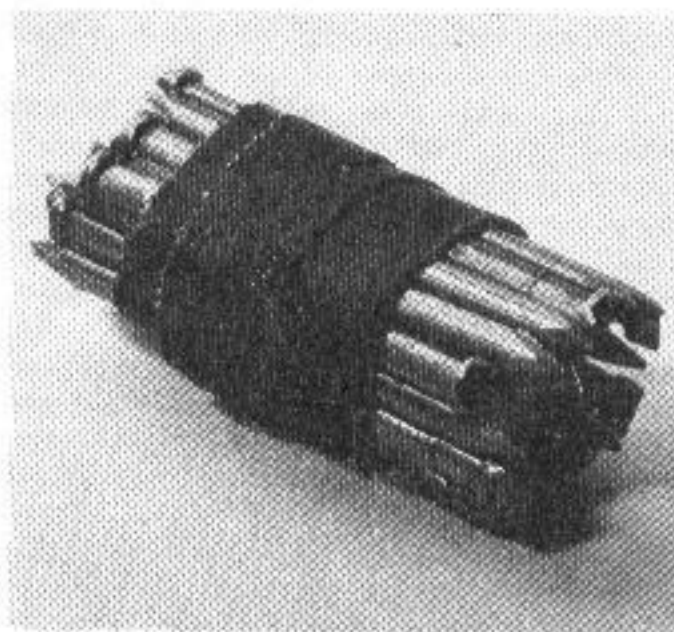


Lenadoon and Andersonstown

and Suffolk Road to report movement between Lenadoon and the rest of Andersonstown, and to take some of the heat off the Royal Scots by crowd control particularly on Shaw's Road. At about six o'clock the IRA opened fire on the Royal Scots in Lenadoon Avenue. Shooting and general aggro increased and by 6.30 2nd Troop had been fired on and petrol bombed. By 7 o'clock the situation was worsening. Assault Troop set up a barrier and dispersed a mob at the Southern end of Shaw's Road with rubber bullets while 5th Troop, who had taken on the Shaw's Road patrol from 2nd Troop reported suffering constant shooting and petrol bombing. By 8 o'clock the Royal Scots had consolidated the position and the area quietened down. SHQ then, and noticeably not before, took to the streets and promptly had a fire on one vehicle which Tpr Tait put out very quickly, but this was followed by a blast bomb under Cpl Shaw's Ferret—they didn't stay out long. Our total reported bag was nine petrol bombs, one nail bomb, one blast bomb, some thirty-five aimed rounds, damaging six spotlights, ten tail lights and numerous aerals. Not only that but the vehicles looked as though they were ready for a circus—every colour of paint in the rainbow had been heaped on them. 3rd, 4th and 6th Troops then took over and continued patrolling throughout the night and on the Monday. Gradually we withdrew until by mid afternoon we were deployed with SHQ, 1st, 6th and assault troops back in Aldergrove,

4th troop with the Royal Scots, 3rd troop with the Kings in Springfield Road and 5th troop with 2 Fd Regt in Musgrave. The echelon heaved a sigh of relief as they had fed us for three days by vehicles from Aldergrove—a real meals on wheels service.

So ended our first operation and we arrived back to be told that 'C' Squadron were to join us at the end of the week bringing out our Saladins for us. We just had time to take this in and prepared for the next major operation which was to help control the marches on 12th July, again with our neighbours in Tidworth, The Royal Scots.



*An IRA version of a child's toy—
A Nail Bomb*

3rd TROOP

Having arrived, in fact, at Aldergrove, we began patrolling around County Antrim and found many distractions from a guided tour of Carrickfergus Castle to tea and cakes with the three lovely sisters at Templepatrick. Not being allowed into the city with our 'Panzer's' we piled everyone into one of MTs Landrovers as much as was possible and tried to find our way around, noting with feverish enthusiasm all the bombed houses, ripped up paving stones, pock-marked walls and the occasional cul-de-sac. These trips used to delight our more wary members.

During the orange marches we were engaged on Balmoral Avenue with the counting, checking and gaping at the thousands that went past—all done to the harsh staccato of Trooper Joe Cook's instamatic—a most tiring day but a great experience for anyone who had not witnessed them before.

The first action encountered by the troop was the breaking of the Provo ceasefire in Lenadoon. However, amid all the bricks, bottles, petrol and nail bombs, the troops still maintained that Ogbourne St George had



The Fighting Third in 'Derry

provided 'hairier' action. We all pray that the powers that be will prevent 'C' Squadron from enlisting into the ranks of the Fianna.

In the weeks that followed life became exciting with both high and low velocity rounds pinging off the armour on almost every patrol. It was while we were working with 1 King's Regiment in the 'Murph' that Sergeant Dougie Redmond and Cpl Harry Best collected their first armalite rounds—Sgt Redmond's still being buried in the turret of his Ferret to this day. Needless to say it has never been painted over but left for all to see.

Over Operation Motorman we found ourselves under command of 2 Royal Regiment of Fusiliers. The troop cordoned off La Salle/Genevieve School in West Andersonstown in preparation for our hosts to move into it. The operation itself went like clockwork with no 'aggro' or shooting.

Shortly afterwards, again under command of 2 RRF, we unwittingly drove into the middle of a riot outside Roger Casement Park. Mr. Tilney and his gunner, Tpr 'Crudles' Jones, were feverishly endeavouring to line up one of the little devils with the 'elephant' gun but rather forgetting that L/Cpl 'Ginge' Patterson and Trooper Timothy were behind. From that day on L/Cpl Patterson lost all faith in the macrolon surrounding his turret when an iron bar came straight through leaving a gaping hole only inches from his head. Trooper Timothy, it seemed, remained completely oblivious to all as he insisted on keeping a very large steel helmet securely padlocked to his head, leaving only his nostrils to see through.

Over and above our former numbers, we welcome Trooper 'Ernie' Pattle who came from MT Troop and who is now distinguishing himself as the Troop Leader's aggressive, dog chasing driver, and Trooper 'Skip' Inskip who arrived from 6th Troop shortly afterwards. Trooper Taylor unfortunately failed his driving cadre but is full of confidence of passing it on our return to Tidworth. Trooper Ron Warren has shown himself to be a very able Ferret Commander and while Mr. Tilney was enjoying his R & R it is reported that Trooper Warren virtually ran the Troop (my apologies to Sergeant Redmond—Ed). Trooper 'Pappy' Smith remains a very useful member of the troop—many weird and wonderful things have been discovered under the driver's seat of the Alpha callsign.

Over Operation 'Eagles Claw' rather more fun was recorded than registration numbers. On one occasion Sergeant Redmond and his gang—out on the inevitable King's type foot recce.—discovered a since patented idea of dispersing 'yoblets' without the normal immediate action. They laid an ambush in a deserted barn and when the 'Yoblets' entered Trooper Taylor arose from the lengthening shadows in true Hitchcock style (covered in a white sheet) to the eerie accompaniment of sound effects from Trooper Cook and the rest. The yoblets turned and fled fearing for their very souls and have never been seen again from that day to this.

When the Squadron split up during the last month of our tour, we sadly said goodbye to



Does Mr. Tilney keep all his gunners behind bars?

Sergeant Redmond who went to 4th Troop. We wish him the best of luck for the future. It was later discovered by our CID man, Trooper Jones, that he had in fact departed taking much of our 'buckshee' kit along with him. We now realise that we should have had his hands against the wall, legs apart, and frisked him and his luggage as he left. Future 3rd Troop Sergeants—'ACHTUNG!' Sergeant Charlie Cornes arrived from SHQ to take his place. He has since quickly settled down amidst our troop of barrack room lawyers and looks promising.

The final incident worth recording was while we remained in Belfast with 2nd Troop. Callsigns U13 and Bravo were hurriedly called out to the scene of a bomb scare on the junction of Crumlin and Woodvale Roads. We

arrived up there and promptly received ten shots of armalite smack on the nose. Believing that the bomb scare was only an ambush the Troop Leader reversed his Saladin to within ten yards of the house in question so that he could get a better field of fire at the hidden snipers. Unfortunately, the house blew up at that moment, half burying the Saladin in rubble. Trooper Pattle decided that this was the ideal moment to fulfil his driving ambition and quickly flattened a lamp post while he thought no one could see him through the thick smoke.

We now all look forward greatly to 4th November when once more we shall be united with our families after four long months in Ulster.

AN OFFICER'S DIARY

Monday, 26th June—Arrived home after a hectic day shopping for last minute items, in time for a quick bath, dinner and out to the Plainsman Club where so many old friends were wishing each other well. We were lucky enough to meet Tom Williams and those old squadron supporters, Mark Goodhart and Conor O'Brien. It was a jolly party and ended all too early.

Tuesday, 27th June—Usual early call and off with the advance party to Liverpool where Tut Urban Smith and John Pharo-Tomlin were there to see us off. It was so kind of them to make the effort to come from Manchester to bid us farewell.

Wednesday, 28th June—It was a warm summer's morning as we docked at Belfast and were guided so quickly by the Blues and Royals to their large but very pretty house at Aldergrove. Jeremy Smith-Bingham, Hamon Massey, Alec Armitage, Thomas Messel and Christopher Boone gave us a thoroughly enjoyable introduction to our stay.

Sunday, 9th July—By now Richard Dashwood had managed to force himself away from Tidworth, and the elegant David Bowes Lyon

from the Hythe Training area; and what a relief it was to have them with us for Mr. Seamus Twomey's entertainment at Lenadoon. We were so pleased to see many Tidworth faces about including Nigel Stisted, David Hay, Chris Mitchison and Gordon O'Neill Roe.

Thursday, 13th July—Tom Williams came out to visit and was able to make some useful calls. Only a few gamesters came out to throw stones in the Falls Road but it gave him a taste of our life. He left next day after a hectic night.

Monday, 24th July—Stopped patrols early in time to have a few friends round to drinks. We were particularly happy to see Richard Powell and his company officers from the Welsh Guards. Mickey Barnes who used to fly a helicopter for us, Robin Drummond—soon to join us at the Mill—and some officers from the Royal Scots.

Wednesday, 26th July—'C' Squadron at Aldergrove gave a most generous and charming evening party. Amongst those who were lucky enough to be invited and were so well looked after by John Rawlins, Bill

Williams and Robert Dean were Kerry Hodson, Tim Colquhoun and Anthony Woodd. Also there was Padre Guthrie, who served with the Regiment during the war and whose parish is now Antrim, his wife who baked us all so many delicious cakes during our short stay at Aldergrove and of course their delightful daughter, Anne—looking so bronzed in a chic little white dress she ran up herself.

Sunday, 6th August—It is surprising how very civilised soldiers can be in Belfast and at very short notice Barry Lane and his officers of 1st Battalion The Light Infantry gave a luncheon for twenty in the city. A truly delicious prawn cocktail was followed by cold table and curry. Operation Motorman had started and it was particularly pleasant to see so many of the Security Forces including Simon Bradish Ellames, now commanding the Life Guards (on their feet in East Belfast), who amused the whole company with his stories of France, and Geoffrey Howlett, commanding the 2nd Parachute Battalion. The British army excelled in its variety of uniform, and despite many attempts to achieve similarity there were as many 'uniforms' as guests.

Tuesday, 15th August—Today is the birthday of our Colonel in Chief, HRH The Princess Anne. We had sent her a telegram wishing her many happy returns of the day and were honoured to receive a very prompt reply from Her Royal Highness. In her honour we gave a luncheon party on the fourth floor of our



Fine now Tim—but just wait till morning!



More tea, Vicar?

mill and though sorry that several guests had pressing military duties at the last minute many came including Colonel Jeremy Swynnerton, the Deputy Brigade Commander, Barry Lane and two of his company commanders, John Morgan and John Hemsley, and Jeremy Reilly now on his third visit to the city and always an excellent host to our troops at Garnock Hill. 'C' Squadron were able to send two officers and Eddie Sheen, who looks after both squadrons with such apparent ease, spared a couple of hours to come down from Aldergrove. We had hoped to provide some local sea food but the day of the week combined with the dock strike made this impossible—trout and cold table was therefore the fare with a subtle little Hock and disaster—pink port. Corporal José and Trooper Drummond made the party go with remarkable smoothness despite the appallingly cramped surroundings.

Thursday, 24th August—Brigadier Guy Wheeler, who has been on a quick visit to the Cavalry in Northern Ireland spent a couple of hours with us before going on to the Headquarters at Lisburn. He visited the Sergeants' mess and then sat down for a very quick lunch. We had invited Simon Bradish Ellames, and Malise Graham and Dan Christie from the North Irish Horse—what a joy to see plain clothes again—to meet him. Malise, whose Regiment, the Queen's Royal Irish Hussars, took over from us in Paderborn, had just returned from Kenya. John Rawlins jetted in from England in time for the party.

Thursday, 31st August — Some feverish activity had been going on and this morning we heard that we are off to Londonderry to take over from Andrew Parker Bowles' squadron of the Blues and Royals on 18th September. Mid week leave has been going on successfully and everyone has brought a few little extras for the mess. Anthony Woodd arrived back laden with paté chocolates—and flowers from Kent. We have decided to give a party to say farewell to Belfast on 11th September. Our cuisine (all Lance Corporal Lowe's work) has made an invitation to lunch with 'A' Squadron, the most eagerly awaited in Belfast—the chatter round the messes proves this over and over again.

Monday, 11th September Usual brigade conference followed by a plaintive radio message to 'finish the shopping'. Back at 11.30 to find the food (lobster) still crawling round the kitchen. However, all went well and by 1 o'clock Avocado pears, Lobster (now

dressed) and our usual Stilton, all with the trimmings, were ready. We were lucky that The Governor, Lord Grey (father of Jeremy Grey in 'B' Squadron), General Robert Ford and his charming ADC Christopher Price, Brigadier Sandy Boswell, Bill Stanford, Geoffrey Howlett and Alex van Straubensee were among twenty-five who stayed at lunch until 3.30. There was just time to go along the passage to my hairdresser, Pat, before being whisked off to Aldergrove in the Landrover for the Trident flight to England and a few days with friends before returning on Friday. Our move to Londonderry seems all too close, but it will give us a chance to get some fresh air and see the country. We shall be split up and it is doubtful whether we shall be able to see many friends. However we look forward to 3rd November when we shall be able to celebrate our return to England by opening Chateau d'Albert—laid down when we first came to the mill.

4th TROOP

We took to our wheels on the third of July expectant of a four month tour doing our thing "country style". We arrived ten strong, Mr. Woodd, Sgt Lowden, Cpl Eadsforth, Cpl Holmes, Tprs Walsh, Crawford, Tucker, Reynolds, Loines and Henwood, and patrolled the countryside North of Belfast in Ferret Scout Cars, or 'whippets' as the Irish like to call them. Cups of tea and Irish coffee, with the landed gentry made an otherwise tiresome job, quite enjoyable. With the fragile truce palpitating in Belfast our "aggro wagons" were kept well away from the city. When the truce was shattered who was there the next day, leading the Second Field Regiment Royal Artillery, and the Royal Scots into the bullet scarred housing estate of Lenadoon? Yes, you've guessed, it was 4th Troop.

A hurried move down to Belfast on the 14th of July with the addition of L/Cpl Higgins to the troop has ensured a very busy last six weeks. Trooper Gannon also joined

us from England, now the troop leader's gunner. On the twenty-third of July, 4th troop, then on ten minutes standby, was called out to help the Welsh Guards pin down some



Bang, bang, Belfast.

(Left to right) L/Cpl. Higgins, Cpl. Eadsforth, Sgt. Redmond, Tpr. Walsh, Tpr. Loines, Mr. Woodd, L/Cpl. Cain, Tpr. Blake, Tpr. Reynolds, Tpr. Tucker

gunmen in the Markets, an area equivalent to the Gorbals of Glasgow. A fierce gun battle ensued; Mr. Woodd and Tpr Loines both discharged their pieces. Mr. Woodd fired his commander's .30 in the direction of the gunmen's fire, and his pistol to extinguish a street light that was illuminating his vehicle, the ricochets of which came dangerously close to a very concerned Sgt Lowden and his crew further down the road. Tpr Loines, the then troop leader's gunner, fired his sterling at the remaining street light. Both, needless to say, were extinguished promptly. A week later, in an operation with the 2nd Royal Anglians Cpl Eadsforth's vehicle was raked with fire from a Thompson Machine Gun whilst Sgt Lowden's was hit by a blast bomb, the blast of which, lifted his beret from his crown, depositing it on the road 30 yards behind him, an experience 4th troop has not been allowed to forget.

Cpl Eadsforth and Tpr Crawford, on the other hand, determined to get to grips with the little varmints that continually stoned our vehicles, armed the "elephant gun" with a "special load" and blew themselves up. Cpl Eadsforth suffered a badly sprained wrist and Tpr Crawford a charred face and ringing ears. Samuel Hawker's (an ex 14th Hussar) book on shooting is clearly deficient from their libraries. Tpr Tucker, a Saladin driver, had the unfortunate experience of breaking down in the Suffolk Road—a street in the heart of West Andersonstown. He was, however, mobile after five minutes, whether it was to test the nerves of the remaining section or not we shall never know.

Cpl Higgins, always short of rubber bullets, had the nasty experience of a petrol bomb landing uncomfortably close to him after expending all his rubber bullets in a previous engagement with vicious youths. He had every reason to be perplexed, though he is a soldier who always takes things in his stride. During the last month we have had L/Cpl Cain in the troop. He was invaluable in teaching the troop the art of mackerel fishing. While suffering from a septic foot, now cured, the troop missed his presence considerably. Tpr

Henwood, now a fully fledged driver, after being yet another of the troop leader's gunners, enjoyed a two week break on a driving cadre.

On completion of the move to Londonderry 4th troop found itself posted to the "enclave", a strip of countryside dividing Londonderry from the border. Relieving a troop of the Blues and Royals we were greeted with the stirring news that, on average, one armoured vehicle a week had been claymored by the IRA, and quite credible it was too. The roads were



Tpr. Crawford dominating the area

narrow, bordered by steep banks and thick foliage. Luckily no attempt was made to mine our vehicles during the two weeks we were there. We were, however, involved in a shooting incident at the border carrying out a VCP on the infamous "Bomb Alley". We were fired upon. Cpl Eadsforth and Tpr

Walsh, in true Indian style, had dived into a nearby ditch whilst Mr. Woodd crawled through the driver's hatch into his turret, before another two shots rang out. However, the keen eyes of L/Cpl Cain and Tpr Henwood, then observing in the turret of the Saladin and Ferret scout car respectively, failed to spot the gunman. He or she got away.

During our second week Sgt Lowden left 4th troop to become troop leader of 5th troop. We congratulate him and wish him well. In his place we welcome Sgt Redmond who joined us from 3rd troop. Living with the 2nd Light Infantry at Fort George proved entertaining, and their hospitality was memorable. Our work involved country patrolling, snap road blocks and escort duties. A lot of the time there was spent working with a

section of a 2 LI platoon under command. Sgt Redmond when not involved in nuns and farmers daughters at road blocks discovered a new haven for the acquisition of kit, the Irish Tinkers—a motley crowd who roved the narrow country lanes. Tpr Tucker has been the only man in the troop to take his daily exercise seriously. Understandable of course, for he hopes for a posting to the Paras on our return to Tidworth. With a certain amount of physical and oral persuasion from the rest of the troop he takes to his feet daily for an idle jog behind our patrolling vehicles.

The remaining four weeks of our tour in Northern Ireland will involve 2 weeks at the sharp end in Belfast and the remaining two weeks at Ballylaw, 16 miles south of Londonderry and close to Strabane.

THE BATTLE OF THE BROADWAY

On the evening of the 3rd August the 3rd Royal Green Jackets telephoned Fort Albert asking for a troop of armoured cars to come and help them repulse an all out attack by the IRA on their base on the Broadway. 3rd Troop was at State One at the time, so they 'crashed out' and went straight down to the Royal Victoria Hospital annex off the Broadway. The situation was that an Observation Post manned by a section of eight men had been pinned down in a factory called Clarence Engineering Works Ltd. by heavy and accurate sniper fire from the Rodney. The troop's task was to put itself on the M1 Motorway between the Rodney and the factory in order to draw the enemy fire while the OP was evacuated behind. At 0030 hours the troop moved out of the Annex onto Broadway and was immediately hit by four or five bullets as they came whistling down from the direction of the Iveagh and Falls Road. Arriving, otherwise unscathed, the two

Saladins of Mr. Tilney and Sergeant Redmond moved onto the M1 while the two Ferrets under Cpl Best and L/Cpl Patterson went round the back to cover the withdrawal of the engineer section.

A steady fire was being kept up from the Rodney—a hard Republican section of the Beechmount—so the two Saladins returned the fire. After ten minutes all firing was stopped and the section was successfully withdrawn under the added protection of a local smoke screen. By 0100 the troop was again in the comparative safety of the Annex and throughout the rest of the night patrolled frequently in the Beechmount area.

In all, over 1,000 rounds were fired by the IRA that night, with about 460 being returned by security forces. Since then the 3rd Royal Green Jackets have had continuous threats from the IRA to oust them from their base at the RVH Annex Broadway.

5th TROOP

5th Troop arrived in Northern Ireland for the second tour with considerable changes in the troop. We welcome Cpl Renshaw back from the regimentation of the R.P. staff and Tpr Ashton from a Lancashire abbatoir where he gained considerable skill with a meat cleaver; Tprs Dixon and Bryan both from Lancashire; Tpr Bill Clarkson from Hong Kong and Cpl Gibson who was eventually extracted from M.T. Troop. Tpr Davies decided that civvy street was not for him and after a few months 'freedom' after leaving the 3rd Carabiniers he rejoined the army—and us. The old warriors remain; Cpl Hutchinson, Tpr Jones, and of course our troop leader, Mr. Hews.

On taking over from the Blues and Royals we got down to the serious task of patrolling the countryside around Aldergrove, Crumlin



Dress optional? Mr. Hews, Tprs. Clarkson, Bryan and Davies, Cpl. Renshaw, Tpr. Ashton, Sgt. Gibson

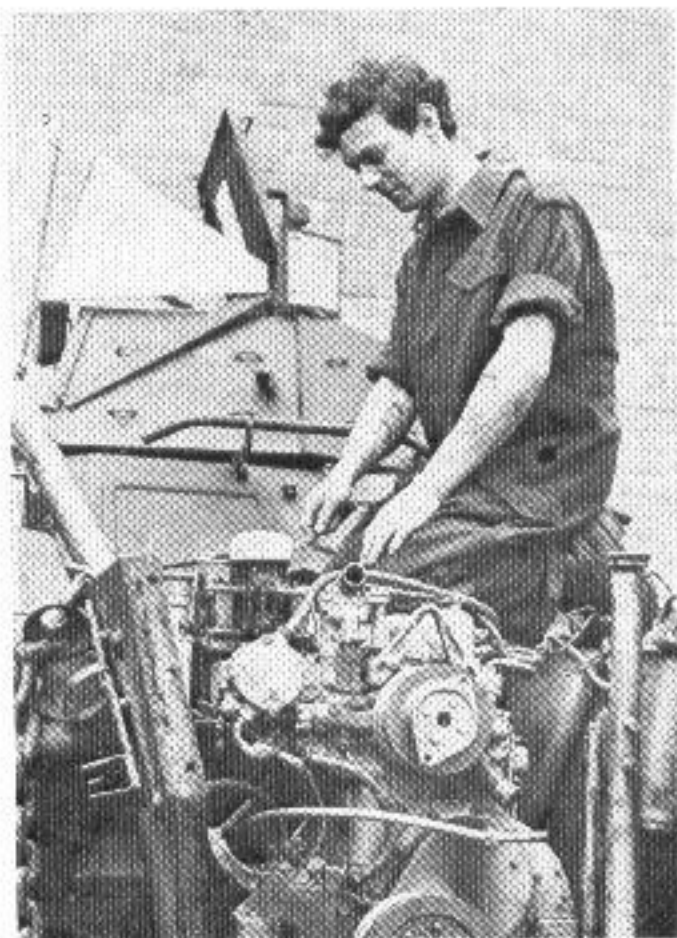
and Antrim. We were fortunate enough to make quite a hit with the local 'birds'. (Ed.: It appears you weren't the only troop).

However the IRA 'truce' was doomed to failure and on the 9th July we found ourselves patrolling round that unpleasant patch of Belfast, namely Andersonstown. During these patrols we found ourselves acting as 'Aunt Sally's' on numerous occasions; Cpl Hutchinson can place his name among the famous by claiming that he was hit by eight rounds from a Thompson. However, he

wasn't quite quick enough to return the fire. Soon afterwards Cpls Gibson and Renshaw drew sniper fire in the area of the Andersonstown R.U.C. station and for some extraordinary reason found this quite exciting. The following day, very tired, we all returned to Aldergrove to prepare for the move to Fort Albert that now appeared imminent.

Once settled down in the mill, we operated with various infantry battalions in and around Belfast, and it was here that we gained considerable skill in the art of firing rubber bullets at a moving target.

For Operation Motorman we were attached to 2nd Battalion The Parachute Regiment in Ballymurphy. During the whole operation not one single round was fired and we pride ourselves that the IRA were more frightened of us than the 'Red Berets'.



Cor! Look at the state of this, Sarge. Tpr. Clarkson in need of the LAD

It was after this operation that we were able to relax for a few days down at RAF Bishops Court. Unfortunately the beer in the Naafi soon ran dry, but to make up for it some of the braver members were able to take a swim in the sea, and this was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

When the squadron divided itself so drastically, we patrolled the countryside to the east of Londonderry and shared a school with 20th Medium Regiment Royal Artillery at Ballylaw. One of our ambitions was to try to draw the IRA into shooting at us. This entailed leaving one Ferret decoy for about twelve hours hoping that they would start firing at it. Unfortunately they were never prepared to take on 'Fiery Fifth'.

On 2nd October we relieved 3rd Troop in

Belfast in order to give them a touch of fresh air. It was at this stage that we sadly said goodbye to Mr. Hews whom we wish all the best to in Assault Troop. We welcomed Sgt Lowden who took over from him and at the same time congratulate Sgt Gibson on his promotion. Not long before Tprs 'Merlin' Blake and Edwards joined the troop from Catterick—we hope that they will be happy with us.

Our work in Belfast consisted mainly of escorting engineers through the hard area of Andersonstown where they are building new 'forts' for the SF to live in. When this spell is finished we shall be very close to the day we all look forward to so much—3rd November—when we return to Tidworth.

LENADOON AVENUE—JULY 13th

The infamous July ceasefire ended abruptly on July 9th after talks with the IRA and local tenants' associations had broken down over the issue of housing for Catholic families. That afternoon, soldiers of the Royal Scots came under fire and it soon became apparent that the IRA had used the ceasefire to turn the Lenadoon Estate into a haven for gunmen and their weapons. Considerable forces were needed to clear the area out.

On the night of July 13th, permission was granted by Mr. Whitelaw for such action to commence. By 2100 hours the entire battalion of the Prince of Wales Own Regiment was assembled on the Garrison stadium at Lisburn with 1st and 5th Troops and two sections of assault troop.

Half the battalion was to be led into the estate from the east and the other half from the west, with the aim of securing the area on a permanent basis.

This was indeed exciting—positive action was to be taken by the security forces to route out the terrorists after their insincerity had been revealed on the 9th. After some argument over who was to approach from

which direction a toss of the coin decided that 1st Troop would travel up Shaw's Road from Andersonstown and 5th Troop would enter from the west along the Glen Road from Lisburn. After their arrival, the two troops with assault troop sections were to set up vehicle check points in order to prevent all traffic from leaving or entering the Lenadoon Estate.

5th Troop encountered no enemy sniper fire



Tpr. Brian Hansell back with the squadron again.

when setting up their "block" on the junction of Glen Road and Suffolk Road. 1st Troop, on the other hand, came under heavy rifle and automatic fire the whole way up the Shaw's Road. At the top of the Shaw's Road, Mr. William-Wynn in his Ferret was shot dead and his driver, Tpr Hansell, was wounded in the shoulder by the same bullet. Amidst continuing sniper fire G/Sgt Holland ran to the stricken Ferret and managed to open the turret but Mr. Williams-Wynn had died instantaneously. With a bullet in his shoulder, Tpr Hansell then very bravely drove the scout

car to the Musgrave Park Hospital where he himself collapsed on arrival suffering from loss of blood.

Sporadic fire continued throughout the night from the area of Rosnareen Road and Lenadoon Avenue itself but no more casualties were sustained and by dawn the PWO's had established a hold on the half of the Lenadoon Estate with the Royal Scots securing the area to the south.

Since July 14th the security forces have dominated Lenadoon Avenue.

SIXTH TROOP

When planning for the squadron's tour in Northern Ireland started, we were told that we had to man six Ferret troops. Suitable people were extracted from all over the Regiment and under the eye of Guidon Sergeant Jack Kelly, the troop was formed at the end of March. Corporal Wainwright was troop sergeant and Corporal Jackson and Lance Corporal Cain the other car commanders. Troopers Smethurst (When he wasn't at Bisley), Pearson, Brooks, Inskip, Blake and Williams did all the hard work. The troop took over some very smart garages in RHQ block and a pair of Mark 1 and a pair of Mark 2 Ferrets. Training and settling down as a troop was punctuated by weekly visits to the Tidworth Bowl, and unknown to Sunray they quietly but quickly got down to the job of proving that they were the best troop in the Regiment.

When troop tests were run at Stanford it was 6th Troop, half a point ahead of 5th Troop, who won the Regimental Cup—a great achievement for the squadron and particularly for the Troop Leader and the troop.

On arrival in Ireland the troop was quickly in action, and was the first to open fire, but on the arrival of 'C' Squadron they had to be

left in Aldergrove. When they returned to 'A' Squadron in mid August it was as individuals and not as a troop. We soon learnt that we were not to hear a rich Scottish 'Uniform 16' on the net again—but the callsign has not been allocated to anyone else.

Well done, sixteen—it was a short but glorious life.



Two of the stalwarts, Cpl. Wainwright and Tpr. Smethurst

'IRISH'—OR IS-ESE

SCENE—The Ops Room

"Hello, David. I hope you are on immediate minus. I have just sent Godfrey to deal with some aggro on the Townsend Street interface, but I'm afraid it's building up there and I want you to take your troop down as well. Try to cream off the blue jean element at our usual yobbo filter, and if it escalates any more, I'll get Assault troop to go on a Yobbo patrol. Anthony is not immediately available as he is dealing with some minor aggro from some Yoblets in Durham Street. I don't want a long session, so try to cool it as soon as you can. Avoid CS, but get 17 to make the odd sally to make arrests if possible. I've got to go now to attend the roulement conference. See you later".

If any of our less well-travelled readers find this pearl of Irish contemporary drama a little difficult to follow, they should refer to the following glossary:

IMMEDIATE MINUS—In the Green Jackets, 'ready to go plus'.

AGGRO—(derives from the boover era of the 1960's)—violence (aggravation).

INTERFACE—where right and left meet to beat.

YOBBOBOS—unruly young gentlemen with tendencies to be naughty (Otherwise DYH—Derry Young Hoodlums).

YOBBO PATROL—two Ferrets as decoy followed (later) by an assault troop Saracen with a snatch squad.

YOBLETS—ditto, but under 12 (London-derry) Half trained (Belfast).

BLUE JEAN ELEMENT—Belfast yobbos (well dressed).

YOBBO FILTER—barricade intended to 'cream off' the blue jean element.

MINOR AGGRO—see AGGRO. Normally just throwing stones or petrol bombs.

COOL IT—not 'pour CS on troubled waters', but withdraw and let them get on with it.

SALLY—dismounted charge by IS section firing CS or baton rounds from the hip.

ROULEMENT—military musical chairs.

SQUADRON OFFICE

Having been informed that we were to spend four months in the Emerald Isle, Cpl 'Kev' Whittaker—I was innocent—decided to do a Robin Hood by robbing the rich (RHQ stationery store) to give to the poor ('A' Sqn office)! The operation took place on a Saturday evening and was a complete success. We then thought—foolishly—that we would have ample stationery to last us throughout our tour, but we had not taken into account Squadron Leader 'I've been to Staff College' Eyre! Six weeks later and 60,000 sheets of duplicating paper poorer we were pleading and begging from all Bdes and units for any sort of paper—(2nd troop please note).

After a few days the mail system sorted itself out and our "Pony Express Rider", Cpl

Whittaker, dressed in boots, Third Reich style, "personal" flak jacket and pistols plastic, complete with caps, would make his way through the badlands to Lisburn. In the words of the Old West, "Nothing must stop the Pony Express". However, the pony express did not have a NAAFI canteen situated opposite the post office!

SSM 'I want a desk' Burgess found himself working—standing up—in the corridor of Albert Street Mill. A fortnight later, legs aching, and still standing up, we decided to give him a desk and let him move into the Sqn office. We're still not sure that we made the right decision. There are now three of us drinking coffee but only two paying for it! Guess who?



He had to stop then because it was the last sheet

Our tour has been interesting if somewhat hectic. We have moved three times. Five if you count the times the Ops room have moved into our domain and thrown us out. Tidworth still remains a great tourist attraction and there are rumours that we are shortly going back there for a short stay, and a holiday!



Robin Hood off again with his swag bag

'CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS'

One day in August when the senior subaltern was wandering in the wilderness with his long hair and a red and white spotted loin cloth a voice came to him from the eyre saying unto him 'Hello 12 this is 19 over . . . Hello 12 this is 19 over . . . Hello 12 this is 19 over . . . HELLO 12 THIS IS 19 OVER . . . '12 difficult—wait (yawn) send over'; '19 AT LAST are you sitting comfortably'; '12 yes over'; 'then I will begin. I would like you to be my prophet and go and preach about my people in all places and instruct the scribes about my people so that they may not be forgotten, over'.

Now Wodash (for that was his name) was a clever person—indeed that was the reason

he had been chosen by the Lord—surmised; and knowing that if he accepted this position of trust he would be able to wear loinclothes of even brighter colours and do less work and more sleeping, answered, in a humble voice', Yea Lord I would be honoured to proclaim the doings of your people'.

And so it came to pass that Wodash was seen often in the company of scribes and painters while his helpers went about in their chariots without him. So famous did he become that scribes came from the far side of the great sea to counsel with him and to behold the children of the Lord going about in their six-wheeled chariots breathing wrath

over the Philistines. And when the wives and families who had been left behind when the Lord led his children on their great journey read what the scribes had writ about their sons and husbands they rejoiced and were exceedingly glad.

And the Lord was very pleased with his Prophet, and he promoted him in gratitude for his loyal service.

Then the Lord having carried out many successful raids against the Philistines gathered his people together, parted the sea and led them back to the land flowing with milk and honey where a great welcome awaited them with fatted calves and jars of wine.

And what of Wodash, who had now taken a liking to the style of life and superior intelligence of the scribes. He gave up sleeping and went instead unto the great city, and wearing a coat of many colours he found even more fame.

Many times, even, did he have his likeness drawn in company of the rich and the learned, and published in the famous Tatle Scrolls in which he wrote pages praising the deeds of the Lord and his children in the land of the Philistines.

(Prophet is the Appointment Title of the Public Relations Officer—Ed.)

BELFAST DETACHMENT

Most of 'A' Squadron left Belfast on 18th September and spread themselves all over Northern Ireland. Two troops remained in Albert Street Mill under command of the Squadron 2IC, supported by key personnel from SHQ, Admin, MT and LAD troops. Anything Chris 'Fixit' Holmes couldn't fix was fixed by Sgt Armstrong and his wrenchmen.

We inherited a full-scale operations room but only four men to run it. However, "the

organisation", controlled by Cpl Trevor Batchelder appeared well able to cope. The Telex continued to issue staccato directives, of which the most poignant was: "curses, curses. Lift Lord L--gf--d. Stick him in Long Kesh".

The Squadron left us absolutely no paper except for the one vital variety, so feeling that it might appear rude to write letters on THAT sort of paper we decided to write no letters at all, a successful policy.

The troops carried out a number of operations under command of local infantry battalions and, reminiscent of the lady and the elephant in the Wild West Show, Mr. Godfrey Tilney discovered that it is unwise to park a Saladin beside a house which is about to blow up. He did not actually have to be dug out however.

Each troop spent an afternoon firing their personal weapons on "Glencorse Range", a disused quarry north-west of Belfast and they took the opportunity to examine and fire a selection of terrorist firearms, including Thompsons, Lugers, Garards and Armalites courteously supplied by the Irish Republican Army. We also did some more clay pigeon shooting with the squadron gun and despite Tpr Crawford's guile and muscle-power with the hand-flinger, most of us astonished ourselves by hitting most of—well, some of—the clay targets.



SSM Burgess

There was not much night work for the troops, unless discotheques come into that category, so Tpr Michael Gleadhill's detachment bar, variously known as the Hussar, and the Albert Club did good business.

We had been packed into the Mill like sardines but with most of the Squadron gone there was plenty of room and we made ourselves comparatively comfortable. The IRA continued to break the top floor windows of the Mill and they threw a great big bomb over the wall. It broke a lot of glass and

threw a colour sergeant off his bed, (4 p.m.) but he had no business to be on his bed, according to the heartless company commander downstairs.

We did not think we were particularly comfortable until the first change-over of troops took place, and the troops coming back to Belfast said it was like returning to a five-star hotel. I don't suppose Albert Street Mill gets called a five-star hotel very often.

(Ed: Certainly the writer of "Fort Albert" didn't think so.)

THE OPERATIONS ROOM(S)

We seem to have become experts in the art of removals and interior decorating during the last five months. Our motto "Ops Rooms for All" has brought us considerable trade. For example there was that one we set up in Tidworth last June, but I don't suppose one can really count that. How about that funny little room in Aldergrove? But that was hardly a success either because our carpet was too large and we had to turn the clerks out of their office so we could fit it properly. That magnificent creation was going to be our home for four long and dull months—we were bound to try to make ourselves comfortable.

Our next haven is better left undescribed here, as there are others who can find more apt words than I. Suffice to say that the Ops Room carpet wouldn't fit in the space provided for us so we bequeathed it to the Officers' (or was it the Sergeants') mess? At least in times of stress we were able to take shelter beneath the teleprinter.

The teleprinter . . . Now that was another shock. Some military joker decided it would be fun to give us one of our own. Well, I ask you! How could we of all people operate a teleprinter? Apart from the obvious reasons we were already up to our ankles in wire, radios, headsets, handsets, twinsets and telephones, not to mention "Charlie's Knitting Machine", so our completely unflappable staff had plenty to occupy them. The answer, in fact, turned out to be quite simple. We laid our hands upon the ambulance crew. After all said and done, teleprinter tape and paper



Back from Lenadoon, Tpr. Annett and L/Cpl. Hammond exchange bandages for bump

rolls resemble bandages and shell dressings. L/Cpl Hammond and Tpr Annett took to this new occupation like ducks to water. Of course, being a new and mysterious toy it was only natural that the rest of us should play with it as well and it was not long before everyone else in the Ops Room became quite proficient. It would not be unfair to say that we all had it taped in no time!—Sorry about that.

Perhaps the greatest, and indeed most practical creation was indeed "Charlie's Knitting Machine". This was really a contraption to behold. I am sure you will realize that one solitary telephone was hardly sufficient for the needs of the whole squadron. No, No! What we really needed was a whole collection of solitary telephones. Hence the birth of

"Charlie's Knitting Machine". This wondrous contrivance, the ramifications of which were too numerous to mention, consisted of a ten line magneto (army portable telephone exchange—to the uninitiated) to which had been connected our one and only telephone, and thence from the exchange by miles of wire of a variety peculiar to the military, were attached those astonishing field telephones so favoured in the trenches during the First World War. Thus was a caller from the outside world able to communicate with any department or corner of the building of his choice. And vice versa for that matter, too. Simple! you might exclaim jubilantly. But you would be wrong. The ten line magneto was not designed (if that can possibly be the right expression) for anything as practical. But fortunately our cornucopian signals sergeant was wise to the mysteries which lie hidden within it. In a jiffy, four blue flashes and a puff of multi-coloured smoke, the SQMS's storeman was permanently welded to the speaking clock. Actually, this collection of wires, plugs and sockets served us extremely well despite a number of inherent faults.

With all the modern pieces of equipment heaped upon us to enable us to carry on the fight, it soon became apparent that this sophisticated impedimenta was running us into the ground. Reinforcements were called for and following much signalling through the ether help appeared from "B" Squadron in Hong Kong in the form of L/Cpl Young. He arrived in the nick of time and all was well



Is this really where the best coffee comes from—Tpr. Eyles percolating.

again in the Ops Room.

Towards the end of August with the exception of the odd diversion, life began to show signs of becoming somewhat mundane. By that, I wouldn't want to paint the picture that we all sat around playing happy families. Every day was packed with its little excitements to keep us on our toes. But something different was required to amuse ourselves. Being ardent followers of Agatha Christie and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle we hit upon just the idea. We would institute a secret society. Within hours muffled voices could be heard behind closed doors, and strange figures began to pass in and out clinging to the shadows. Rumours of mysterious rites were rife. Cpl Flowers and L/Cpl Young threw away their uniforms and sprouted sideboards and moustaches. Mr. Dashwood and Mr. Hews were hurriedly moved out of their room so that it could become a temple. It was transformed. Locks were fastened on doors and tables were placed in ominous positions. Eccentric signs appeared and strange lists were hung on the walls. But alas, even then they were not content. They wanted to spread their ministrations further afield, out on the highways and byways, to the countryside and into the pubs. To achieve their aim they performed a masterly act. They converted Tpr Griffiths from MT Troop, and pinched Mr. Woodd's car. With their convert and their car heavily disguised they were ready. The Int Cell was born!

Well, there we were: Squadron Headquarters yet further sub-divided. The Ops Room now operated in two distinct halves, those who performed miracles with radio sets and teleprinters, and those who just performed miracles!

In the Ops Room, Int room, Wash room—indeed in every room in the Squadron there followed a period of confusion and bewilderment. Rumours were put about that we were to move to Londonderry. Signals were received on our teleprinter which even referred to the projected move. However, we didn't really take it seriously as Tpr Silcock informed us that the likelihood of such a performance taking place was frightfully slim, especially as nobody had yet asked him if he thought it a good idea.

But soon we received three telephone calls from normally responsible people in quick succession telling us to pack up our bags (and our Ops Room carpet) and drive off to Londonderry to relieve the Blues and Royals. This, of course, we would have been delighted to do straight away but within moments we had a further message from Headquarters Northern Ireland informing us that the proposed move was now off. There was no chance at all of us going to Londonderry. We passed on the necessary information to those who needed it and the SQMS unpacked his boxes and Sgt Bennett cancelled all the extra transport he had ordered. Would you believe that a few hours later the same day the whole order was reversed yet again? No sane man would. But, of course, four days later found us in Drumahoe, Londonderry.

This move was very much easier than the previous one as we were not taking everything with us. Cpl Batchelder, L/Cpl Young and Tprs Griffiths and Williams remained in Belfast to run the city desk and all the rest of us trooped off to yet another but more modern disused Government factory. We were fortunate here as our predecessors had a well set up Ops Room and little to actually hand over to us. We became a handling organisation for administrative telephone calls for the troops who were all farmed out round the countryside with infantry battalions.

Having no one to command gave us the opportunity to expand our empire a little further. We sent out "SHQ Tac" so we would have someone to pass messages to. This initially consisted of one ACV with Cpl Glaister



Cpl. Shaw's Dark Room

and Tpr Silcock sitting at Maghera RUC Station. They, unfortunately, became very bored with this and so set fire to the ACV as a protest. They then drove the smoking and charred remains back to Drumahoe to give the LAD some practice in rewiring. There was near mutiny and the protest reached dangerous proportions. Luckily Tpr Eyles was quickly on the scene and taking his courage firmly in both hands discharged Tpr Brooks' 30 machine gun through the hangar ceiling. Order was instantly restored.

[Ed.: Don't take this too literally. It was only the battery shorting out.]

There is little else to be said about the Ops Room other than that it boasted some of the best percolated coffee in Ulster and certainly had the best television reception in Londonderry. We have steadfastly endeavoured to maintain an even supply of paper for the troops and believe that we have satisfactorily upheld our tradition of maximum confusion for ourselves if not for the rest of the Squadron.

ASSAULT TROOP

Hello there! Greetings from the land of bombs, bullets and bogs! By the time you good people read these notes we will have finished our tour. During the tour Assault Troop have got some interesting and varied tasks and operations under their belts. The troop was run initially as a typical rent a troop, with sections working with troops for the majority of the time, and the only time the

troop see each other is when they pass on the stairs of our great metropolis, Albert Street Mill. Occasionally we worked together as a troop and these occasions have proved most enjoyable (if one can use the word)! Like the time Tpr Jeff Henry hijacked a bread van to catch some yobbos who would insist on stoning the section (on a Sunday as well!). I don't know who was most surprised, the



17 Charlie clearing the route, led by Cpl. Moulton

yobbos, when Bravo section dismounted and caught them, or the breadman when he got his van back!

A few weeks ago two sections went off to operate with the Light Infantry in that very select suburban green belt area commonly known as the Ardoyne! This proved to be very interesting indeed and a whole lot of "knowledge" was gained by both sides! Messrs. Cornish and Platt disappeared to the fish and chip shop for a week and the locals now believe that the Prussian Eagle is the cap badge of the SAS! This was also Sgt. Jim Eadsforth's introduction to Assault troop work. By the way, he denies the rumour that after the first day the SQMS had to come and re-supply him with fresh underwear as he had used all of his six sets!

Our operations with support company in the Ardoyne were over all too soon and we found ourselves preparing for operation Eagles Claw. The foot patrols were by far the most popular within the troop. Dawn would see a section leaving the mill kitted out for the day, with food and water, with one unfortunate carrying the A41 radio. The section would

be dropped off at a pre-arranged point and picked up again at dusk. These patrols went on for about two weeks. On average each section covered about ten miles daily in mostly ideal weather conditions. Our latest addition to the troop, Cpl Hutchinson arrived just in time for these walks; he could be seen putting his feet down very daintily, mumbling to himself that his feet had to last a long time.

Come 18th September and our move to Londonderry. (Some of us left the Mill on that bright morning not feeling at all well!) The busy task of settling down was soon under way with L.J. scavenging the factory obtaining the luxuries that were denied him at the mill. No sooner had assault troop drawn their bedding and unpacked than we had to hand it all in and move again, this time to Magherafelt—our base for the rest of our tour. We moved into the RUC station under command of a company HQ of 2nd Royal Greenjackets. Our job was to be that of an infantry platoon—a job for which we were better equipped than much of the infantry—anyway we thought so. Our tasks were many and varied. They included

a daily mobile patrol and a town foot patrol. The foot patrol proved very popular, with everyone finding out where to get the best tea and buns and which 'birds' to chat up. Cpl Tony Komorowski, L/Cpl Arthur Nettleship, Tpr Roy Tyson and many others came out very well on the latter. Tpr Ernst Platt, 'la' Musk and 'la' Chris were content to sit on their beds in their very comfortable surroundings and do their 'chatting up' through the windows! Talking about comforts, it is rumoured that the first member of Assault Troop who found the bathroom just stood and gaped in open mouthed wonder for fully five minutes at this long forgotten luxury.

Our nights would be spent on foot patrol, lying in ambush, lifting an undesirable or one of the countless other things that have to be done over here.

The lads were kept busy but they were happy and the time spent at Magherafelt was by far the most enjoyable of our whole tour. During this time the troop said goodbye to their troop leader GSgt Holland. He had been with the troop for eighteen months and had commanded it for the whole tour this year. He will be sadly missed. Also to go were Cpl 'Solly' Moulton who went to 2nd Troop and Cpl Mick Greenwood who had

already left from the Mill for the green, green grass of home. They were both first class section leaders whom we were very sorry to have lost. Cpl 'Jacko' Jackson arrived and can be seen in earnest consultation with L/Cpl 'Polly' Whitehead his very capable 2IC discussing how it should be done. Mr. Hews has arrived as the 'new' troop leader and is lucky enough to be taking over in time to see the climax of a very successful and enjoyable year. Next year we are to provide the assault troop for 'C' Squadron as well when the Regiment moves to Germany.



Victory to the SF. Messrs. Hutchinson and Henry with their finds

TECHNICAL TAILPIECE

Quite the largest and slowest wheels in the squadron belong to our technical department, in the persons of Corporal 'Legs' Dixon and Lance Corporal 'Sleepy' Woodward. However in spite of all this and masses of forms, signals and other wondrous bits of paper all apparently called 'zero two's' they provided all our spares if not 'now', then certainly by tomorrow. When we get back to Tidworth they will both return to HQ Squadron but we are very grateful for all their very hard work over the four months.



An Irishman is a person who firmly believes what he knows to be false.

BISLEY

The successes of the Regiment at Bisley this year do not need repetition here but we were very proud to have the following members of the Squadron in the Regimental Team.

Captain Hodson, L/Cpl Nettleship, Tpr Smethurst and Tpr Holden. They all returned to the Squadron on 30th July after some well earned leave.



IRISH TELEPHONE CONVERSATIONS

"Hello, is that Dublin double 3 double 3?"
 "No, this is Dublin 3, 3, 3, 3."
 "Oh, sorry to have troubled you."
 "Thats all right, the phone was ringing anyway."

VISITORS

Since we arrived in Northern Ireland, we have been delighted that the following have found excuses to visit us:

13th July	Lt Col Williams	Commanding Officer
15th August	Col Swynnerton	Deputy Commander 39 Inf Bde
	Lt Col Reilly	2 RRF
	Lt Col Lane	1 LI
16th August	Rev Webb	Regimental Padre
	Captain King	Regimental EME
	WO1 Andrews	Regimental ASM
24th August	Brigadier Wheeler	Commander Royal Armoured Corps, 3rd Division
	Lt Col Bradish Ellames	
11th September	Lord Grey	Governor of Northern Ireland
	Major General Ford	Commander Land Forces
	Brigadier Boswell	Commander 39 Inf Bde
	Lt Col Stanford	19 Fd Regt
	Lt Col Howlett	2 Para
20th/21st September	Robert Satchwell	Lancashire Evening Post
	John Gronow	
22nd September	Lt Col Williams	Commanding Officer
25th September	Major General Hobart	Director, Royal Armoured Corps
	Brigadier McLellan	Commander 8th Infantry Brigade (departing)
		Commander 8th Infantry Brigade (on appointment)
9th October	Brigadier Mostyn	



So that's now you do it. General Hobart listening to Corporal Moulton, watched by Corporal Flowers and Corporal Johnstone



Mr. William Whitelaw and Lt-General Sir Harry Tuzo thank Mr. Bowes-Lyon for their escort

LAD

The advance party of the LAD left Tidworth in the Leyland and Consisted of S/Sgt Woods, L/Cpl Stanley, L/Cpl Lambert and Cfn Rowlett. The trip to Ireland was uneventful except the Leyland was in front of the convoy at one stage and had to stop to let the rest overtake.

The main party consisted of Sgt Armstrong, Cpls Smales, Beattie, Landreth and Eckett, L/Cpls Reynolds and Boyd with Cfn Sharratt. They arrived at Aldergrove with the remainder of the vehicles and all were in working order.

The LAD settled down to the job of unloading its vehicles and getting prepared to repair the Squadron's vehicles but this wasn't to last for long before we had to pack up for the move to Albert Street Mill. The due process of unpacking began again and this time we stayed a bit longer before the packing began again for the move to Londonderry. This time we only had 46 packing and unpacking days to do before the end of our tour—but who knows.

The LAD were split with 3 remaining in Belfast and the remaining 10 going to Londonderry. The move up went off without breakdowns on the part of the Squadron. The most embarrassing moment being was that the Leyland broke down. This for the LAD seemed to be an occupational hazard for on the change over of Sabre Troops which was spread over 4 days there were no Sabre Troop



Spenders and Menders. Cpl. Eckett, Cfn. Rowlett, L/Cpl. Woodward, S/Sgt. Woods, Cpl. Dixon, Cfn. Lock, Cpl. Butcher, Cpl. Beattie, Cpl. Lambert

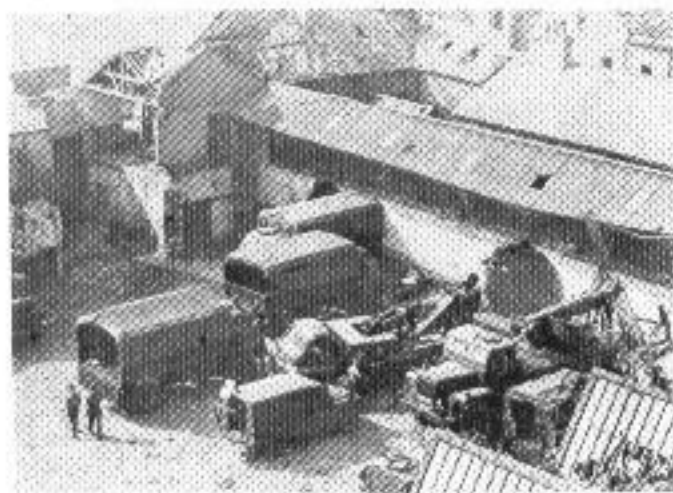
breakdowns but the Leyland, true to form, broke down twice more.

Somebody should have told the IRA that the LAD had left Albert Street Mill because they dropped a mortar bomb behind the LAD office causing a fair amount of damage in and around the area but glad to say there were no casualties.

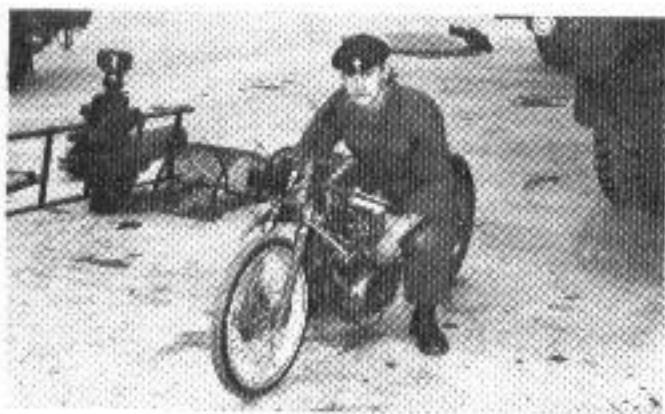
Whilst on a tourist trip for the Colonel on his first visit the IS screening was stuck in the upright position. The driver who at the time was the Squadron Leader stopped and the Colonel got out of the Landrover and put the IS screening down. This action so put the Squadron Leader out of his stride that S/Sgt Woods had to point out that Landrovers definitely go faster if the handbrake is released to which the Colonel added "That must be 40-Nil for you Sergeant Major".

The recovery section of the LAD has been on permanent loan to Tpr Barker who seemed to have a complete monopoly on the Leyland any time day or night. If not for one vehicle than for two—now he is a foot soldier!

Cfn Stevie Rowlett built a dragster motor cycle. He used just about any metal and parts he could find. The frame is a combination of an old motor cycle and water pipes from Albert Street Mill. After much drilling and throwing away of parts (to make



LAD's corner



Steve and Marigold

it lighter) the bike is now complete and running.

Cpl 'Erbie' Eckett the armourer, being jealous of Cpl Landreth the gun fitter, who is also our welder, wanted to try his hand with the welding torch. The job given to him was to make a drain cover. He immediately measured one side and found it to be 11" and proceeded to make an 11" Hexagon. With great prowess with a cutting torch after some time he produced this drain cover. On attempting to fit it he found that the hexagon he made should in fact have been octagon!

The recovery Mech Cpl Beattie seems to have had the most varied of excitements during our stay. Sgt 'Charlie' Cornes decided he wanted to try the Navy and tried to float a Saracen which failed miserably so he returned to the Squadron a wiser man. During the change of vehicles between C Sqn and A Sqn the people decided that stones weren't good enough and promptly a beer barrel was thrown at the recovery wagon. On further investigation this was found to be empty which was a great disappointment.

Since arriving in Northern Ireland we have had one promotion—that of Cpl Landreth. There was the arrival of L/Cpl Boyd's child who was picked as the LAD mascot. In the last few days we have heard that Cpl Smales is leaving us in January and we wish him all the best in his new posting. On return to UK we will say goodbye to Cpl Eckett, L/Cpl Lambert and Cfn Sharratt who will return to HQ Squadron.

Afternote

It has been rumoured that L/Cpl Reynolds has left the army—only to go to the dogs.

ADMIN TROOP

With a lot of advice, telephone numbers and two overladen 3 tonners, Admin Troop said farewell to Cpl Dave Bullock and sailed forth to do its bit in Ulster. What appeared to be the proverbial "cushy number" vanished rather quickly as the ceasefire was broken and the troops hot-footed it into Belfast. Our 'meals on wheels' service rolled into action and tea, stew and headlamps were exchanged for the usual insults and war stories on the street corners.

Much too soon we made a hurried departure from Aldergrove to the Mill, which is best forgotten less we once again cause RQMS(T) Nicholls to imitate the feathered ones. Suffice to say, after a count of heads, armoured cars of sorts and what 'A' Sqn SQMS insists was a two legged locker we had arrived.

The mill, being just that, offered plenty of scope to our Sqn handyman Tpr Jack Lock-

wood who set to work with a vengeance. After watching the Pioneers and G/Sgt Ben Layhe get us off to a good start, for which we were exceedingly grateful he suddenly developed



"Just sign here". "Q" Holland joins the company with SQMS Leeming and Cpl. Thompson

into a one man 'wimpey' team. Room dividers, lockers, bars, bookcases and even shotgun cases appeared overnight alongside unlimited supplies of wood—the SQMS fully expected to see another floor added to the mill.

During the initial settling in period which proved to be a rather busy time the troop was once more called to display its versatility. Bolstering up our battle weary sabre troops Tpr 'Arms' Askins drove for 2nd Troop (wings can always be straightened) Tpr 'Ollie' Almond gunned for numerous troops and Tpr's Meehan (no relation to Martin) and Gleadhill filled up Support.

Once again the order came to pack, or was it unpack?, or even partially pack our kit for Londonderry. We opted for the first and discovered we'd swapped one "factory part worn" for a much cleaner one, and vastly improved surroundings. Cpl Holmes was left as our rep in Belfast and, so it is rumoured, has offered his assistance to our QM Major Sheen if he finds himself stuck! One is left to ponder the thought of whether his connections in the film industry, the RUC and that holy of places Kinnegar have anything in common.

For the remainder of us at Derry things are now remarkably quiet with a daily milk run to our four detached troops. Cpls 'Smudge' Smith and "Tommo" Thompson continue to account for the essentials whilst the SQMS chases after registered numbers. Cpl 'Colin' José is fast improving his skill at producing "sarnies" for the Squadron bar and all of us look forward to an uneventful trip back to Tidworth.



*Our one man Wimpey team.
Tpr. Jack Lockwood*

HATCHES AND MATCHES

Our congratulations go to the following:

Births

L/Cpl and Mrs. N. K. Boyd a son, Steven Keen, on 18th July 1972.

Tpr and Mrs. P. Bowman a son, Graham, on 5th August 1972.

L/Cpl and Mrs. G. Patterson a son, Mark Graham, on 17th September 1972.

Sgt and Mrs. J. Eadsforth a son, John Edward, on 20th September 1972.

Tpr and Mrs. R. Jackson a daughter, Tina, on 21st September 1972.

Tpr and Mrs. C. R. Thackwell a son, Jamie, on 30th September 1972.

Marriages

Tpr Silcock to Miss Charlotte Morris on 22nd August 1972.

L/Cpl Conroy to Miss Christine Ann Hunt, on 6th September 1972.

GUNNERY TRAINING

When the infantry received Saracens we were asked to train their gunners on the .30 Browning. Every troop did this and to help us we were delighted to have Sergeant Major Fletcher, 9/12L, from the gunnery school to help us.

They seek 'em here,
They seek 'em there,
The Irish seek 'em everywhere,
Are they in 'Derry,
They move every day,
That damned elusive Squadron 'A'.

MT NOTES

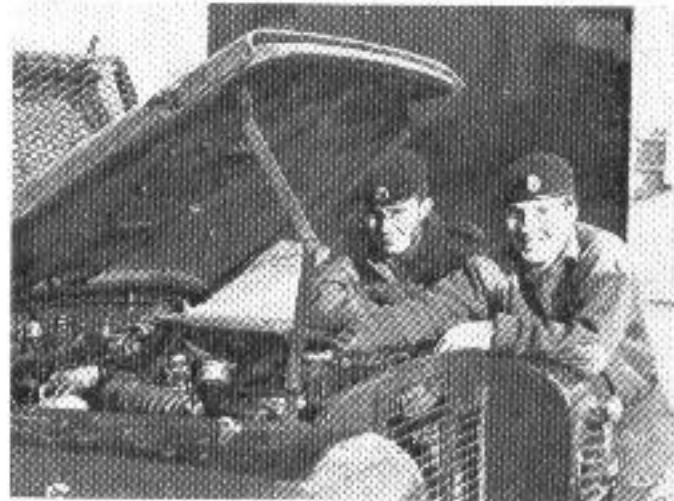
All the vehicles arrived in one piece at Aldergrove, and we set about preparing them for the job on hand, so off the lads went to unpack their cases which contained only civvies, with the thoughts of 4 months of wine, booze and swinging disco's. But all dreams were shattered when somebody decided that 'A' Squadron should go to that beautiful holiday camp called Albert Street Mill with everything 'thrown' in (bottles, bricks and everything else except the kitchen sink.)

(Ed: 3 Tp thought they had collected a kitchen sink but it turned out to be an elsan).

But on arrival we lost Troopers 'Lug's' Pattle and 'Lover' Griffiths who wanted to become fighting soldiers but we got in return L/Cpl 'Body on the street' Platt, Tpr 'Give me an SLR I'll do shotgun' Cooke also Cpl 'Fix it' Holmes.

The times MT were really the toast of the Squadron were on the R & R and disco runs. Who said Tpr Harding was teaching the tea girl at Aldergrove how to manouvre the tea trolley around the tables? It could only have been Tpr Bowman, but there is a strong rumour that Tpr Wyre might be able to drive

a Landrover before he returns to Tidworth. As the troop gets settled in Londonderry all heads are together trying to figure out a way of getting Sgt 'You won't get me outside the mill' Bennett as shotgun, but you can never tell as cigarettes might grow in trees yet one day. But nobody can complain about the good service rendered with a smile by MT Troop. You only had to ask for a vehicle and nine times out of ten it was there.



*MT Troop. Tpr. Wyre and L/Cpl.
George Platt*

THE FIFTH BOOK OF INF Leviticus

1. For in those days in the land of Ulsta dwelleth three Tribes. And these were the Tribes of Ira and the Tribe of Raj and yet again the Tribe of Uda. And the Sons of Ira loveth not the Sons of Raj nor yet the Sons of Uda.

2. And the Tribe of Ira rose and slayeth many in the land of Ulsta and amongst those slain were many of the Tribe of Raj. But the Tribe of Raj kept the Law of Wite which is writ in the Tablet of Gold.

3. For it is writ in the Tablet of Gold that the Sons of Raj shall not slay the slayers of Ira but shall have a Profile low as the belly of the Serpent. And the Tribe of Ira mocked the Sons of Raj and forbade them to go in the villages of Ira. And they went not but kept the Law writ in the Tablet.

4. But the Tribe of Uda were wrath and sayeth the Land of Ulsta is ours and we shall go where we wish. So they buildeth Ramparts of Chariots and wore visors of Polaroid and swore to slay the Sons of Ira. And yet the Sons of Raj did nothing but read the Law.

5. And the Tribes of Ira which feareth not the Tribe of Raj trembled and sayeth, what shall we do for the Tribe of Uda is many and their Profile is high and they have no Law.

6. And rose Jon, Son of Steven, and gave counsel to the Tribes of Ira. And he sayeth let us call a Peace that we may strengthen our Arms and tell the Sons of Raj to fight those of Uda that we may slay them when they are weak.

7. And it came to pass.

"A" SQUADRON NOMINAL ROLL

1st OCTOBER, 1972

Squadron Leader, Major J. V. Eyre
Second in Command, Capt. K. M. Hodson
Operations Officer, Capt T. A. Colquhoun
Squadron Sergeant Major, WO2 (SSM) M. H. Burgess
Squadron Quartermaster, Sergeant SQMS L. K. Leeming

SHQ Troop

Sgt Smith
Cpl Batchelder
Cpl Flowers
Cpl Glaister
Cpl José
Cpl Shaw
L/Cpl Hammond
L/Cpl Young
Tpr Annett
Tpr Barron
Tpr Bishop
Tpr Brooks
Tpr Eyles
Tpr Griffiths
Tpr Johns
Tpr Silcock
Tpr Whitehead
Tpr Williams

1st Troop

2Lt D. J. Bowes-Lyon
Sgt Binns
Cpl Beveridge
Cpl Wainwright
L/Cpl Leonard
Tpr Chappell
Tpr Fenton
Tpr Goodenough
Tpr Hansell
Tpr Loines K.
Tpr Pearson
Tpr Slean
Tpr Smethurst

2nd Troop

2Lt R. J. Dashwood
Sgt McVay
Cpl Moulton
L/Cpl Conroy
L/Cpl Davey

Tpr Barber
Tpr Howse
Tpr Hawkins
Tpr Jackson
Tpr McNulty
Tpr Smith S. W.
Tpr Winstanley

3rd Troop

2Lt G. H. R. Tilney
Sgt Cornes
Cpl Best
L/Cpl Patterson
Tpr Cook
Tpr Inskip
Tpr Jones
Tpr Pattle
Tpr Smith R. D.
Tpr Timothy
Tpr Taylor
Tpr Warren

4th Troop

2Lt A. R. B. Woodd
Sgt Redmond
Cpl Eadsforth
L/Cpl Cain
L/Cpl Higgins
Tpr Crawford
Tpr Gannon
Tpr Henwood
Tpr Loines J. S.
Tpr Reynolds
Tpr Tucker
Tpr Walsh

5th Troop

Sgt Lowden
Sgt Gibson
Cpl Renshaw
Tpr Ashton

Tpr Blake
Tpr Bryan
Tpr Clarkson
Tpr Davies
Tpr Dixon
Tpr Edwards
Tpr Jones
Tpr Tait

Support Troop

2Lt R. G. Hews
Sgt Eadsforth
Cpl Hutchinson
Cpl Jackson
Cpl Komorowski
L/Cpl Blackburn
L/Cpl Morrow
L/Cpl Nettleship
L/Cpl Whitehead
Tpr Breslin
Tpr Barker
Tpr Broom
Tpr Broe
Tpr Coundley
Tpr Gleadhill A.
Tpr Henry
Tpr Holden
Tpr Kazimierzak
Tpr Kester
Tpr Lowery
Tpr Leeworthy
Tpr McCullough
Tpr Pitt
Tpr Platt
Tpr Redhead
Tpr Thackwell S. T.
Tpr Thackwell C. R.
Tpr Tyson J. C. A.
Tpr Tyson R. F.
Tpr Wyper
Tpr Yule

Admin Troop

Sgt Bennett
Sgt Keegan-Boyd
Cpl Dixon
Cpl Holmes
Cpl Johnson (ACC)
Cpl Thompson
Cpl Upson (RAPC)
Cpl Whittaker
L/Cpl Barlow
L/Cpl Lowe (ACC)
L/Cpl Platt
L/Cpl Smith

L/Cpl Woodward
Tpr Askins
Tpr Bowman
Tpr Cooke
Pte Casson (ACC)
Tpr Davies
Tpr Gleadhill M.
Tpr Harding
Tpr Lockwood
Tpr Meehan
Pte Roberts (ACC)
Tpr Warrington
Tpr Wyre

LAD Reme

S/Sgt Woods
Sgt Armstrong
Cpl Beattie
Cpl Butcher
Cpl Eckett
Cpl Landreth
Cpl Smales
L/Cpl Boyd
L/Cpl Lambert
L/Cpl Stanley
Cfn Lock
Cfn Rowlett
Cfn Sharratt

Temporary Membership

The following served with 'A' Squadron in Northern Ireland and have now either been posted or returned to HQ Squadron. We are most grateful for all their hard work:

G/Sgt Layhe—Carpenter
Cpl Foster—Posted 25 August
Cpl Greenwood—Posted 31 August
L/Cpl Cornish—Posted 28 August
L/Cpl Reynolds—Discharge 23 September
Tpr Drummond—HQ Sqn 30 September
Pte Le Clercq—HQ Sqn 11 August

Regimental Echelon

When 'C' Squadron relieved us in Aldergrove, the Quartermaster, Major Sheen set up a mini echelon there to look after both squadrons. RQMS Nicholls went to help him and after a lot of very late nights and hard work sorted us out. Most of the administration can now be done on the golf course.



The Bar at Drumahoe—Cpl. José mine host

A sqn 14/20 H main (Londonderry), Det A Sqn 14/20 H (Belfast), A Sqn 14/20 H Tac (Maghera), 14/20 H (Tidworth).

—O—

We HQS in Ireland are,
Nothing to do but spread out afar,
None have even an armoured car,
So let us all repair to the bar.

DESIGN

Night Vigil

Hush, children,
Listen,
There's an extra
Whistle
In the wind
To-night.
Hear the wheels
Churning,
Tarmacadam
Turning,
Stealthily,
To hold the peace
For Mr. Citizen
In red-brick bed
He sleeps,
But not uncaring
For the fate
Of Jock,
Or Mac,

Or Adam,
Leaning,
Cold fingered.
On his metal bar.
Landrover
Easing
Through the night
Forever watchful
For the man
Who might
Have levelled
Gun.
A soldier
In its sights,
Hush, children,
Have a care
For a brave man,
Protecting us,
Out there.

