

Mr. James
14 Aug 71



DUKES' DIARY

LETTER FROM COMMANDING OFFICER

The notes for this edition of 'The Dukes Diary' were written before the events of the week of the 9th of August and we are keeping our accounts of those days for our next and final edition. All I will say is that apart from CSM Wright, who was wounded in the leg and Pte McDonald, who was wounded in the foot, all the rest of us are in very good shape - even if a little short of sleep. I visited CSM Wright and Pte McDonald in hospital this morning and found them to be in very good form.

I should like to congratulate Pte Hill of Burma Company on being awarded the Commander-in-Chief's commendation for bravery in his action in rescuing a child from a burning house in Catterick shortly before we came over here. It was undoubtedly a very fine piece of work and his commendation was very well deserved.

I understand that there have been one or two of you at home who have been worried that your husbands and sons may have been hurt and you have not been told. To put your minds at rest we will notify you if anyone gets hurt badly enough to need even one stitch. You can assume therefore that no news is good news.

Finally I should like to tell you how well everyone has done over the past two months. They have worked very hard, done a very good job in difficult circumstances and you can all be proud of them.

C. R. Huxtable

C R HUXTABLE
Lieutenant-Colonel
Commanding

14 August, 1971

EDITORIAL

Once again my thanks to all those who have submitted material for this, the second edition of the Duke's Diary. The poets have been at it again! Sammy Mocosen MP and Lien Reltub have been particularly productive.

This edition has been overtaken by events so, make sure you get your copy of the next action packed edition.

EDITOR

CORUNNA COMPANY SIGNALS DETACHMENT

Cpl Broe Bowler : Pronto
Pte Steve Blagbrough : Pronto Minor
Pte Keith Gale : Pronto Minor Minor
Pte Mike Stukalo : Pronto Minor Minor Minor

Good comms in the Army are hard to find
So this poem please bear in mind
10ft Red inverted V
Always in contact C/S 3
Pronto here is no fool
Got a B grading at his school

Heard on the Air:
Hello all stations this is 3, Sunray minor speaking, stolen car, blue ford
cortina Reg, 2-6-5 Tango-Sugar-K
(N.B. After all he is getting on!)

Hello 3 this is 39, send location over.
eh, eh, eh, 3 wait-----wait-----Dunmore Park over
39 wrong out to you....etc

Heard on the Stornophone:
Hello 3 this is the shopping party now 200 yds from Dunmore 199,198,197,
196 over.
3 "Get Stuffed" out.
The culprit being Pte Houghton of Andy Clydes Commandoes.....ACC

Note Lt Ward
RSO Captain near
When he is he will buy the beer
If funds are high
Or if funds are low
If he wants four pound
He will get a NO+
 Sorry Sir,
 Saluteing now+

To the immortal Yorkshireman:
Let us not look back in anger
Nor backward in fear
But around us in awareness

Heard on Multi-Control Net:

Hello 29 this is 21E the band has now gone out op sight over.
29 Which site Over.
21E 'Mmm'! ? the Annedale flats Over.
29 Roger Out.

He have a groovey barran,
By the name of Fredrick Dare,
Always turns up on Disco night,
With a lovely head of hair,
He is a very splendid chap,
And never has a care,
But one fine day I'll show the girls,
Whats under that mop of hair.

Pte 'Blossom' Beaumont - 7 Pl

7 Pl NOTES

A house search during the Army's recent sweeps was the highlight of months for 7. A four am start saw us deployed on No 55 with much stealth. All that was left was to wake the owner and tell him we wanted a quick look round his pad. However that was not to be so easy, as much pounding on the door resulted only in sore fists. Still orders said search the place so Cpl Roy Arrowsmith and Sir 7 applied shoulders gently to the Irish Oak. A meticulous search by the boys resulted in a big zero so we upped sticks and went home. (Ed. Sir 7 was more than worried about the damage!).

Personalities

Pte Dutch Butcher, running neck and neck with Tomo 74 for the noisiest soldier award. (Ed. Its not the only thing they are running neck and neck for).

Our heartfelt sympathies to Lcpl Andy Anderson who got as far as the docks on his way to his new posting to Huddersfield, before being recalled. 'Carnt see why he did'nt think it was funny - we all did'.

Sgt Joe Walker and Lcpl Ian Larnder have a reputation of 'Bovver Boys' around the Buffer. (Ed. Both PTIs). The locals call them the "Wee Sergeant" and "The Bopper" after they personally sorted out a gang of 'Yobbos'.

Sir 7's bodyguard Pte 'Muttley' Beaumont (Alias Blossom or Beautiful Mountain) is still in good form and keeping the morale up. We told the locals we fed him raw meat, which has got them thinking.

Afternote

Discos are still popular. The turnout is excellent, bulled boots, creases in combat trousers, pressed shirts, etc, etc, why the hell they earn't do it on muster next day I dont know!!

8 Pl NOTES

The Dukes are a grand old lot, Corunna being the best, they really make you laugh, lets put it to the test.

There is Major Mundell the Coy Comd, alias 'Dick', If there is trouble he'll be there, for he is very quick.

There is Capt Tighe the 2IC and he also likes a smash, but deep at heart he prefers his cash.

Then of course there is Staff Carter, he broadcasts all round camp, that he is better and he is smarter?

In charge of seven is Lieutenant Isles, If someone breaks a window you will not see him for miles.

Now 'Rocky' Gardner he's an aggressive lad, to hit a paddy on the chin he would be glad.

A little boss of seven is Joe Walker, he is only five foot one but God what a Talker.

Now I'm not going to say the CSM is one for flapping, I'd better shut up now or I'll finish up tapping.

.....

Pte 'Jock' White - 8 Pl

PIGS

Contrary to popular belief the pig is not a fat dirty animal from which pies and sausages are made: no a pig is far more complicated animal, more temperamental than a ballerina and needing more tender loving care than a new born baby. For the pig is prone to strange mechanical illnesses, especially on disco and social evenings more than any other nights, clutches begin to slip, gear refuse to engage, and other mysterious malfunctions take place in time for the pig to be put off the road before opening time. Much to the drivers dismay.

The loading and making of the pig varies from Coy to Coy. One Coy use their pigs like Roman chariots, with soldiers adorning the exterior riding shotgun in wild west style. The latest loading craze is to pack the pigs with troops, close all doors and hatches then when the 'debuses' takes place, it happens under a thick smoke screen, care of Messrs. John Players, H W Mills and Sons. This was a very crafty directive from higher formation. Strange diagrams are printed on the pigs and one Coy have taken a tip from a current army training film shown twice a week on TV by chalking such names as Peter Perfect and Penelope Pitstop on their pigs, it is rumoured that this produces a higher speed performance.

For all its shortcomings there is no doubt that the pig gives a greater feeling of security to its occupants than its softer skinned relatives, and all who have served in Ulster will remember the pig with real affection.

9 Pl NOTES

We can now just about say we have reached the half way stage of our Ulster tour, we look forward to the second half passing as swiftly as the first! We may even encounter some 'Agro' who knows! At present the major flash points at C/S 33 are 'Disco 71 and the Offrs/Sgts Mess', Newington and the Buffer just dont compare.

The glorious 12th (July) passed without incident, over the three days or so covering this 'Orange Anniversary' most of the platoon had very little sleep - six hours in some cases. In spite of this, the whole platoon kept up an excellent standard during the many hours spent adorning various streets of Belfast. It is very tiring task in and out of a vehicle standing on streets on a warm day, and becomes a test of self control when a little boy or girl - even a drunk tells you what you are not and that your parents were something you never believed!!

It made a pleasant change for us to spend a few hours out of town on the range, even so the inevitable sentry still had to be posted. Leave to England is as welcome as an ice cold beer to a chap in the desert, so all you gorgeous girls back home, forgive us if we dont rise at 0730 sharp on the first day of our leave! No doubt the odd tall story is told in exchange for a pint of Websters in the depths of Yorkshire.

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CLUES

Across

1. A re-arrangement of the extremist army produces a fresh atmosphere.
3. A more representative peace-keeping force (1.1)
4. An alternative to trips in Belfast
11. The Dukas recently guarded it and have now set it up in Ballymacarrett (10.6)
13. Tell on (slang)
14. To possess
15. The reverse of our role initially (1.1)
16. We paint everything this colour
19. A single Scottish soldier
21. Another one in the coffin and there won't be enough left for the bombs
24. The seat of government in the six counties
27. "Bovver"
28. The beginnings of the local regiment (1.1.1)
30. The initial and surname of the author of "No Surrender"
31. To begin with in night attire, they are the reserve army (1.1)

32. One way to lose weight, quickly
36. A short newspaper chief
38. No longer 35 down, now more mobile
39. He was banned from the Crumlin Road for the first time in 100 years on the twelfth
42. Petty Officer or Post Office (1.1)
43. The Doc (1.1)
44. A girls name in the evening
45. Let's run without direction to make our present position.
47. "___" you like it (Shakespeare)
49. Put a T in a Lord and the Adjutant will answer to it.
52. "To ---- his own" (Saying)
54. The same direction twice round the Inland Revenue forms the South of this Island
56. The degeneration of the joints (medical abbrev) (1.1)
57. A record next to nothing produces our entertainment here in Belfast
58. One tunes in to it

Down

2. The governing body of rugby and a hundred gives the beginnings of the local police force (1.1.1)
- 3,4,20,49 & 48. Togetherness, plus accommodation with a conveyance, and where the budgie came from forms one of our locations (5.5.6.4)
4. See 3 down
5. Northern Nomads
6. Fish - part of the foot
7. What the two sides cannot do. Hear! Hear!
9. The Gunners (1.1)
10. About landlords gives the definition of the Catholic extremists
11. A dull colour and not trendy, but nevertheless a flash point location (5.6.)
12. Funny peculiar? No, half of the other type
16. The Boss (1.1)
17. A rifle (1.1.1)
18. He's in charge of all broadcasts (1.1.1)
19. He's a Sergeant but no Mick
20. See 3 down
22. Where it's --!
23. He's supposed to be clever (1.1)
25. The good ship lollipop?
26. Three times the hue of the South
29. Our predecessors start thus (1.1.1)
33. A current measure, not a civvy bobby
34. "To be or not -- be" (Hamlet)
35. The senior NCO (1.1.1)
37. Its father's name is secret, so when it is born it will have to answer to Mum's
40. He never says no!
41. A medic who drives
46. He was shot by the Jocks in Academy Street
47. They cater for us (1.1.1)
48. See 3 down
49. See 3 down
50. That's far --- much, also
51. A single listener
53. The same as 47 across
55. The Engineers (1.1)

Note: £5 prize to the first correct entry. Two £1 prizes for runners up.

Send your entries to: RMO, 1 DWR, BFPO 801

ADMINISTRATIVE COMPANY - THE MAIDSTONE

Here we are very nearly half way through our tour. These last two months seem to have past quickly due to the fact that we have all kept very busy.

Just recently we have had a spate of visitors who decided that the Maidstone was the best place to spend a nights R&R. We hope we made them welcome and look forward to seeing them on board again. The Company obviously has 'good contacts' to be able to get fish and chips delivered to the ship by Taxi at 2100 hrs!

The MFV continues to make weekly trips out into the unknown. We try to keep in radio contact but after two radio checks - silence. Last week the fishermen came back with a bumper catch which included 400 mackerel. They went down very well in all locations. The families officer came down on his monthly swan, and was seen walking round the ship pouncing on soldiers muttering 'more money for your wife' or 'why havont you written'.

The football team took on Command Company and a good time was had by all even though it was rather wet. The score was seven all.

A morning on DIVIS rang certainly made a change and it was a pleasure to get out into the countryside.

The highlight of this month arrived when the Company was asked to provide a search team. The MTO was in charge and they stole silently off the ship were under command of OC ALMA. Their job was to search a house and intelligence reports suggests they were heard a mile away - Sgt Jackson, for goodness sake get something for that cough! Can you imagine the feeling of some poor female when she opened her door at 0430 hrs to find the 'HEAVIES' consisting of the MTO, WO II Waltham, RQMS Ashby, CSM Conloy, CQMS Reddy, and Sgt's Pearson, Firth, Jackson and Plomer standing on her doorstep. Reports have it that the RQMS searched her room four times overseored by WO II Waltham. They found nothing, in the house, I mean. The 'HEAVIES' are raring to go again. Watch out IRA.

QUARTERMASTERS DEPARTMENT

The first two months in Ulster have certainly brought certain changes into our lives. However life aboard MAIDSTONE has it's compensations and now we know our way round the various docks, companion ways, etc,etc, it doesn't take quite so long to get from place to place.

Our life ashore is different too - ASHBY and ALAN (Sounds like a song and dance team !!) travel around the battalion area weekly with their mobile store of new clothing and old jokes. In fact it is reported in a PWO Journal that RQMS Ashby's stock of jokes is good for another two years now that he his with a new battalion.

The pioneers under Sgt Jackson are frequently called upon, Normally in the middle of the night, to mend doors broken open by enthusiastic search teams. Sgt Jackson himself is reported to be mass producing Maidstone plaques for the 'Dukes' and to be flooding the ships' crew with Dukes badges and regimental insignia. We are most sorry to be losing LCPL Mitchell and Pte Teale who shortly depart on pre-release courses. However we are hoping to recruit two replacement carpenters in their place. Potential handyman please note.

Ltcol Todd along with one or two more members of the department have been permanently attached to the CSMS Escort Group. 'TODDY' when nominated as a potential Guard Dog Handler is reported to have asked that his dog be trained as a 'Fatter' too!!

QMs Phone almost permanently engaged with enquiries about the next Disco. All other members of the Department are coping with normal work plus a liberal dose of guards and escorts.

"Which sergeant has recently had his beard tinted"

COMMAND COMPANY

The 'Heavies' have undoubtedly surpassed themselves this month, the top award going to the SDS ('mail run' for the uninitiated) for their action in picking up a stolen car and running it off the road and then handing it over to the police. Cpl WAITE is alleged to have judged the manoeuvre to a split second when cutting in front of the unsuspecting thief.

This action was quickly followed by the Dhobi run ('laundry for the uninitiated) which found a suspect bomb wrapped up in brown paper. Having cleared the street and sent for the bomb disposal man it was found to be a hoax. Just as well or we might never have seen the Dhobi. Well done Cpl NELLIST, keep that Dhobi moving.

Having taken on the task of escorting Water Cannons around the City, Cpls PEAT and WAITE have had several moonlight flits to the Falls during 'Aggro'. Records turn out time stands at 4 and half minutes from call out to time of leaving camp. Cpls SHAW and WILSON who command a Cannon each have been itching for a squirt but all they've managed so far is to water the football pitch. In this weather?

Talking of football we could hardly describe the Company team as 'yer actual Leeds United', however much fun appears to be had by all. So far we've won one, drawn one lost three. The following have played: Lcpl JAGGER, Pte PALMER, Sgt BASU, Cpl BARNETT, Cpl PEAT, Cpl WAITE, Lcpl UTTLEY, Pte PARKHOUSE, Lcpl CUSHORTH, Cpl WILSON, Cpl BELL, not to mention our referee - Pte COOPER - he certainly appears to be on our side. Apologies to anyone that's been missed.

Well there we are - 60 down and 76 to go. Days that is.

OPS ROOM

The ops room has become a sort of father confessor to all and sundry. At all times of day and night people with problems with roll up at the door and burble out their troubles to the duty officer or SNCO. In an attempt to stem the tide a splendid sign was made by the pioneers which, in letters of sparkling white on a bloodred background, says: "RESTRICTED AREA - NO UNAUTHORISED ENTRY". The effect was immediate and most gratifying. Now when the idiots turn up they tell us what a nice sign we've got before wasting our time.

The adjutant recently attended a conference at which he was delighted to learn that he was not only the adjutant, but also the leader of the "A/OPS cell". The granting of this charter has caused one of the most intensive paper battles in the annals of the regiment. In their the zeal to ensure that matters are referred to the correct department both the Adjutant and the Ops Offr hit on the happy idea of passing everything to the other; thus we mark all letters "A/Ops", and they slink in at dead of night and drop piles of paper in our in tray. This procedure is known as teamwork, and is a major factor in the army's new aggressive image.

A photograph of the ops room may be found elsewhere in the magazine. It should not be thought that it has always looked as it does now. For three weeks several people were of the opinion that their life's mission was to rearrange the layout of the room. Pte Willy Wilson was sure that the right way arrangement was for him to have a large and impressive desk from which he could direct operations and generally superintend the work of the officers and SNCOs.

Sgt Manion, who at the time was the Ops SNCO though WO 2 Coll has since taken the job over in addition to his other duties as assistant RSO) was equally certain that the best plan was for him to have the place of honour, with the remaining bits and pieces, (ie the CO, Ops Offr etc) crushed into a corner. The ops offr didn't really give a damn as long as people stopped messing around with the furniture, and the matter was solved by the second in command who produced a diagram and insisted in putting it into effect during a major parade. As you can see, there is plenty of space for anyone who wishes to perform a pas de deux in the centre of the room to do so, but should you wish to read one of the numerous letters and so on which decorate the walls, then you must be thin fit and agile, and not mind if people curse you freely for making them move.

In conclusion: During "Doonwatch", at three in the morn
When everyone else is long gone
You can hear through the door
A voice shouting "MORE"
The duty officers run out of porn.

LAST LAUGH FROM EXERCISE NELSONS TOUCH

Extract from a letter written by the Captain of HMS Fearless to the Flag Officer Carrier and Amphibious Ships explaining away the loss of 66 Life Jackets on Exercise Nelsons Touch:

"During an assault, I do not have spare sailers who can divest the military, either by vocal or rapist means, of their life jackets while they are properly bashing off into the bundu."

INTELLIGENCE SECTION

The reason why no notes appeared last time is that security was so good nobody knew where the section was. This has been solved by placing a large notice on the door saying "NO ENTRY" which immediately entitles everyone to have a look inside.

Intelligence is extremely interesting in Ireland, where, for once, we are dealing with real live buds that can be seen every day by the soldier on the street. Recognition of targets takes on a new meaning, and perhaps the most important part of our job is taking and producing of photographs for company use. Lppl JAGGER pleaded for a darkroom from the moment he arrived, but after eight weeks he is beginning to fool like and look like a pit pony, Lppl ROBERTS, our resident typist, tries to hide on Sundays when the Intelligence Summary is written, and Sgt WALLER slaves away with Cpl HARSTON on the warding system.

If you read between the lines (Drill paper slowly in Shamrock juice, humming the tune "Bill and Ben, the IRA men" Writing will appear) you will see that we work pretty hard with as long hours as anybody. The IO has cut down on his sleuthing since they said his Dukes Tie and cavalry twills were too conspicuous, and now spends more time in uniform.

A 'crowd' (technical military name for a gathering in Northern Ireland) can easily be formed by Special Branch, CID, Brigade and Unit Intelligence personnel all in civilian attire. These operations are always marked by the sight of large numbers of people so busy ignoring each other, the enemy slips away.

Never mind, for the first time for a bit the Int Section is slightly important, and are no longer glorified pinstickers. Watch out Mc and O'.

BORNEWS

Somewhere in Girdwood, between the Ops Room and the rusty tangle of barbed wire which constitutes the perimeter fence, lies BOR 1 D.W.R. Within its confines lay heaps of damp curling paper and under these six likely specimens of that now almost extinct breed, the Clerk.

The Clerk is recognisable at a glance - his deathly pallor, excessive lines of worry on his face and cyclids (HMSO stapled to the forehead) are immediate giveaways. At the head of this elite band is an equally ghastly - hued, worried and sleepless Adjutant (A Ops), whose movements are limited between the Ops Room, BOR, the officers mess and the occasional sortie into strife-torn locations such as Maidstone etc!

To endure BOR life it is apparent the Clerks have the ideal temperament, - patience and an overwhelming air of efficiency. Whilst trying to maintain these it becomes difficult to suppress the occasional wish that Alexander Graham Bell should have been hung from a telegraph pole or that some people could be given lessons in the use of the telephone! Other tribulations include the reluctance of HMSO to provide 'anti - smog' eyeshields of durability to combat the BOR atmosphere, and the thought that if Adler had 'Addled' instead of making typewriters then perhaps people would start writing letters again!

It is early in the morning; the muted rattle of a typewriter can be heard in the chill air. In BOR a clerk, brain ticking over smoothly, sighs wearily as he adds another name to the flight list. (Three days later Private SNOOKS, screaming awfully, is forcibly made to board the plane to go on leave!)

The Chief Clerk rustles his way quickly through the ever - increasing pile of bums in his tray, whilst the Adjutant squints through the swirling smoke at his letters. From the next office the Gestetner Rotary Duplicator Mk III (the same we had 5 years ago) pounds noisily to the accompaniment of the racking coughs of smoke - laden lungs.

The bosses turn in their beds, content that the world is in capable hands.

Another day has begun in BOR

SIGNAL PLATOON

At the time of writing the RSO is somewhere in England, we think, where he is to attend a wedding. Whose? We are waiting to see if he brings someone back with him.

Did you hear about the signaller and rifle platoon Sgt, who were travelling back to camp by train? They were sharing a compartment with a pretty girl and an old woman when the train entered a tunnel. Half way through the tunnel the light went out. Seconds later there was the sound of a kiss followed by a vigorous slap.

Well thought the old lady, what a good girl. Such fine character. How odd, thought the young girl for the Sgt to kiss the old woman and not me. Smart Pronto, thought the Pl Sgt, he steals a kiss from the girl and I get hit. Am I clever thinks the signaller. I kiss the back of my hand, hit the Sgt, and get away with it.

CROSSWORD 2

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CLUES

Across

1. House of Congress (7)
6. Horse (3)
9. Formal speech (7)
10. Giant (5)
12. Female deer (3)
13. Depression (5)
15. Social Rank (5)
17. Spoor (4)
18. Forbid (3)
19. At that time (4)
21. Hadley ----? (4)
25. Vigour (3)
26. Suitable (4)
28. Mohamedan religion
31. Pine away (5)
32. Digit of the foot (3)
33. Spheres (5)
35. Awards (7)
36. Limit (3)
37. Rubbed with grease (7)

Down

1. Shell fish (5)
2. Turn up soil (6)
3. Hills (4)
4. Mineral (3)
5. Seaman (6)
6. Helps (4)
7. Chimney substance (4)
8. Look scornfully (5)
11. Swiss city (6)
14. Set alight (3)
16. Beast (6)
20. Rain cloud (6)
22. Smaller (6)
23. Rent (3)
24. Supple (5)
27. Warm (5)
29. Shortly (4)
30. Loan (4)
31. Learned (4)
34. Limb (3)

SNIPPETS FROM THE ALMA

We really feel there is a little need for a prose summary of the doings of the Alma; for a start, there's plenty of verse (and worse). Anyhow we in the Alma believe that action speaks louder than words.

Actions? Well there was the all time record "CLAMP" (shshsh we can't tell you what that is) which 2 Platoon carried out for four hours and seven minutes without its Platoon Comander. After a light breakfast and a drive in the morning sunshine Lt Newell and his escort appeared with the cheery greeting "Good morning Happy Clampers".

Then there was the time CSM Pickersgill fell off the Disco roof and came to no harm. The Coy Comd was sorry about this (the fact that he came to no harm) as he was looking forward to filling in the accident report form: Was he on duty?Did the accident take place on a military training area? Was he to blame? Did he show any negligence? Should he pay? No you can relax Mrs P, he was fixing the floodlighting. Fixing the flood lamps is the CSM's main nocturnal activity and he now answers readily to the nickname Florence (as in Nightingale).

A word about our Intelligence Sgt, otherwise known as callsign One Mike (for muscles), or better known to the United Boys Club as Uncle Fred. He is a man of many parts. When he is not collecting secret information he is either taking the Platoons on musical PT or planning challenges; he abseils down the 80 ft walls of Brown's Square or organizing expeditions for the sixteen uncontrollable members of the United Boys Club. He also likes porridge. Some explanation is required: He provides a tape - recorded mixture of brisk pop and soul music to urge the Platoons to greater efforts during their circuit training. He recently went on a reconnaissance for a United Boys Club outing to the mountains of Mourne and found the mountain hut occupied by a number of Quaker ladies; maybe he doesn't like porridge after all, but he enjoys his Quaker Oats.

The more serious business of searches also has its lighter side. The Alma was pleased to welcome a very high powered team from the Maidstone to assist with a dawn search the other morning. This consisted of, among others, The MTO, RQMS, SQMS Waltham, CSM Conley, and Sgt Jackson, altogether some 300 years of military experience. The search report reads "....., the occupant opened the door, saw Sgt Jackson and said, "Be jaysus it's Christmas," the search then commenced."

The other night the OC stopped and searched a crowded Taxi and found that labels on the suitcases in the boot showed they had come from Moscow. The conversation that followed went,

OC: "Have you really just come back from Moscow?"
Passenger: "Yes."

OC: "Sorry to have to delay you - welcome back to Belfast."
Passenger: "Huh, Quite a home from home."

As a result the OC's complicated initials JBKG have been abbreviated to KGB.

Enough of words back to action.

CONGRATULATIONS

Many congratulations go to:

Lcpl and Mrs Frear
Lcpl and Mrs Watson
Pte and Mrs Ijeh

On the recent additions to their families. Mrs Frear and Mrs Watson showed great skill in having their babies when their husbands were at home. We are sorry that Pte Ijeh selected the wrong week for his leave.

COMPANY HQ

There's a certain portion of the Company
Feeling very blue
We haven't had a mention yet
We're all in Company HQ

There's the OC and the 2IC
The CSM and Staff
They help to keep the morale high
By giving us a laugh

The rest they are the Coy clerks
Drivers, signallers and cooks too
Who if they see they've got a mention
Will give up feeling blue.

And then we have the PTIs
With all their muscles showing
But when they've gone three flights of steps
Are stood there puffing and blowing

PS Don't forget the Storemen
I know 'we' nearly did
Because we hardly see them
Nine times out of ten they're hid.

PLM SIGNAL SECTION

The one thing that riles us and gets our goats
They've insisted on verse for the Signals' notes,
And as I Try and Try again
I hope the brain can stand the strain
Les Welburn's just returned to the fold
With stories of Bangor yet to be told
He hoped that his girl friend would go with him too
But her mother wouldn't let her, can't blame her can you?
Jack Cone's wife spends most of her time
sending him undies to the front line,
We must also mention the letters Jack's had
When he replies he uses my pad.
Of Peter Coates there's not much to say
As he's in bed for most of the day
What he is dreaming we're wondering too
To see his face would probably amuse you too.
Woody has taken up pen this to write
And it's taken him nearly all night
We'll have to go, Tich Waller's quite mad
We've used all the time that he said we had.

URBAN SWINE (U/S FOR SHORT)

From our Agricultural Correspondent.

I have for some months been engaged in a fascinating study of a new agricultural phenomenon in Ulster. This is the evolution in the last three years of an Urban breed of swine. This beast thrives in built up areas, prefers a liquid diet and produces a distinctive whine when on the move, it normally moves with a mate, although, strange to relate, both beasts appear to be of the same sex - female. They appear to have a very short gestation period and they spawn, not piglets, but semi-armoured creatures which are not unlike human beings, at frequent intervals.

They are hard skinned and are occasionally found to have a prickly ring in the end of their nose. I should be glad of the help of any reader who has had occasion to observe these creatures with the answer to these questions:

Has anyone seen a male Urban Swine?

Has anyone seen a pair mating?

What happens to their progeny after spawn? I suspect the creatures are marsupials and accept their offspring back into their pouches.

I should be particularly glad to see any unusual photographs.

ALMA MT NOTES

At the time of writing these notes we have been in Northern Ireland for 59 days, 7 hrs, 42 mins, 30 secs but it doesn't seem so long. More like half that time.

We have now got down to a set routine more or less, with Lcpl BUTCHER in bed most of the time complaining that he doesn't get enough sleep, but with 'Big Tom' (CSM) chasing him to get his hair cut we don't wonder.

Speaking of haircuts, on one of the early morning searches one of the drivers (who shall remain nameless) a member of the search team, was down on his hands and knees, about to go under a bed when in came Sunray of call sign Delta, Bravo one four, coughed and checked the driver for his long hair. The driver collapsed, laid to attention and said "Sir !!! " "B....." (under his breath of course).

On two occasions we have been up on the ranges. The first with 2 Pl and the second time with 1 Pl. It was stated after the results came through that the drivers are going to be issued with sniper rifles (QM take note).

We have had two additions to our family, Ptes' JONO the Nose' Johnston and 'Bob the Stirrer' Morris. The old sweets being Cpl Willy Willson, Lcpl Pat Price, Lcpl Butch Butcher, Pte Taff Rogers, Pte Stumpy Sullivan, Pte Johnny Gurk' Wyng, Pte Dad Clarke, Pte Sonny Fowler.

Our Pl mascot 'SOW' the hamster is getting big and fat. Now could it be the Cookhouse Rations? We wonder, it seems a long time since we got rid of our white mice!

Last week the Coy thought that four of our numbers had been put on fatigues, but it was the CSM who thought the yard needed cleaning up so he got four of us to re-shale it. Needless to say there were four 'stiff bodies' walking around for days after. On seeing this the Colour Sgt thought that a loosening up tonic was needed. So he got us painting the Battlements, but being who we are and what we are, we took it in our strides.

(Big Heads What)

1 PLATOON NOTES

Although the routine of our tasks has now become more endurable with practice, we still enjoy relating some of the funny things that always seem to happen, especially when the unexpected always turn up.

When we first arrived, getting ourselves accustomed to the duty roster did prove quite fatiguing. These were the times when some of the platoon, when awoken for a sudden callout, would do and say some hilarious things, from the Pl Sgt downwards: he is sure to be remembered for his tremendous effort in calling in a loud voice for More troops, More tanks, More Ammo, and TREACHE BREED TOAST !!!! Lcpl Gomersall, when called for Vehicle Check, took to the street carrying a chair!! Then to the amazement of the Check Team proceeded to sit on it, in the middle of the road quite oblivious to his surroundings. The Vehicle Check Points have been the source of the majority of our hilarious episodes, too numerous to mention here, but I feel sure that the participants of these events have already passed onto you, in their letters, more detailed accounts. At the same time we feel sure Sgt Toplis has not recorded to his spouse the time when someone "who shall remain nameless" forgot to tell him the armoured 'pigs' had been electrified. He still holds the record for the longest
MOOOOOOUUUUUUNNNNNNTTTTTT.

We welcome back to the platoon, after their stay in Catterick, Ptes Washington and Austin. We have only one more young soldier to come Pte Adams, so as not to feel out of it - Jerry Green sends his regards wherever you are. We now have the benefit of Pte Beck's medical knowledge behind us and we welcome him also to ONE ONE. He has been kept quite busy since he joined us through one civvy car accident victim, Pl Sgt for electric shock, and reassuring the Platoon in general after their recent TABT jabs. Mind you all they wanted to know was if they would be fit for the next DISCO NIGHT.

Disco Night to the platoon is now termed as 'SMITH OO' night. Here Smith is in his element, and does the lad excel! The Pl Comd is now quite used to the local girls cry of 'Oh look its wee Smudge'!

To the wives of Cpl LINDOER, Cpl BOWDEN we extend our thanks for letting us have them back. Mrs' HALL, POPLIS ROCHESTER and GOMERSALL can rest assured our regards are sent to them and their husbands will all be home for their leave very shortly.

To close the platoon would like to send their congratulations to John Frear and his wife VIV on the birth of their second son.

THE SHY LCPL

A certain Lcpl went out last night and caused B Coy quite a fright,
Went past a house, heard a noise inside, thought to themselves someones
trying to hide
He cocked his weapon and went through the door, B Coys hearts hit the
floor;
"The IRA" they all said got all the others out of bed.
The search of the house was all in vain, so they all started to come
out again
As soon as they got out into the street, nearly a hundred soldiers did
they meet
A few red faces and a hurried goodbye, a certain Lcpl now is shy
There is a lesson to be learnt by his silly mistake, a mistake no other
NCO should make.
If it's not your area stay away, or you might not live to see another day.

2 PLATOON

Two NCOs went to Bangor. When they finally returned, one looked like Long John Silver (tooth missing). The other one was put in 'Dock' (Hospital) for 48 hrs for rest and recuperation. It just shows you how easy things are at Brown's Square.

DICK CORDINGLEY has at last woken up. For the past seven weeks he thought he was at Otterburn on a scheme. Well done DICK.

Mellor has, at last had a haircut. The Pl Comd did not recognise him and thought he was at Bangor.

Pte BUTTERWORTH searched a tramp and had to search his sack. In the sack was a rat unknown to 'Butty'. When he put his hand in to draw out the contents he got bit, but the Medics were soon on the scene to give 'Butty' an injection.

2 Platoon are in Belfast
the things we do are slick and fast
The Paddys think we are wasting our time
Trying to stop their wave of crime.

But we know we will win in the end
When all these Micks are forced round the bend
At 0400 am we knock on their doors
And we search in cupboards and under the floors.

The IRA have now got a shock
Because their crime has started to rock
All of Unity has had a fright
Because we come and search by night.

The Vigilantes stand in the rain
But their job is all in vain
We think they can not guard their bodies
Against all the Shankill Prodigies.

In October we have to leave
I'm sure not one of us will grieve
About putting this island behind our back
And going to Blighty and hitting the sack.

3 PLATOON

BROWN'S SQUARE

Here I am at Brown's Square, nothing to do but curse and swear.
Daydreaming about having a fag, wondering when I'll come off stag.
The IRA what's some people fear, others it's when we'll get a beer.
Tea and cakes that we get from the Prods' while the 'Fenians' give us metal rods
It's funny when you think of it though, neither side has owt to show.
The big parades went past today, the Fenians had to stay away
The Prods were singing 'God Save The Queen' and tried to create quite a scene.
The Cherry Boys were hanging about and all we heard was a feeble shout.
They revved their engines up so loud to try and drown the maddening crowd
I'm afraid this story has got to end before I go right round the bend.
So farewell to all who read there's something more important I need
Of all the things that I have said, the best of all I'm off to bed.

UNITY FLATS

Unity Flats is like a Zoo, trying to guess who is who
'Lilleys' brother tall and thin, one day we're going to fill him in.
Then theres Sam who cut his hand dressed up as if from another land,
The chip van comes round every night, Two Platoon caused quite a fright:
He refused to serve them that he did, and that really blew 'Nicky Newell's
lid,
They searched his van from end to end and nearly drove him round the bend.
But their search was all in vain and every night he's back again.
The local 'Alki' out every night, to see her really is quite a sight,
Two bottles of spirit she usually drinks and then very slowly starts
to sink
Sgt Simpson's usually there just to hear her curse and swear
Help me soldier she usually says and down onto her back she lays
Every night as if by chance they take her away in an ambulance
When she goes we wave goodbye, you should see her start to cry
The look of joy upon her face, we wish they'd keep her in the place.
The Vigilantes look quite rough, but we've heard they're not so tough
Long haired Yobs and Skinheads too, completes my story of Unity Zoo.

BURMA COMPANY

Company Headquarters

At the time of writing these notes the company has just finished entertaining 500 children at a tea party in Girdwood Park. Films were shown and the Regimental Band played. Everyone enjoyed it except the organizers who had only catered for 120. The cry of 'where are these small fishes and barley loaves' could be heard around Burma Coy that afternoon. Some of the mothers who attended proved that they were quite useful at riot control as they laid into the masses of children with rolled umbrellas (they obviously got their practice in this way).

The hard working company headquarters have once again been living up to their name. Major Cumberlege is still hungry but seems to be getting thinner. The poor Sergeant Major never has a moment to himself; if he is not slaving over masses of paper work, he is flat on his back in bed or in the Sgts Mess bar. Cpl Farrott ('Flip Wilson') went on leave a few days ago and has been walking around with that 'I've been to Soho' look in his bloodshot eyes. Pte 'Fus Brain' Barker occasionally does his thing and with a heavy hand tries to twiddle the knobs of a radio set. Pte Small the Company Clerk has recently been employed as a body-guard, although some say a strong wind might well blow him over. The Disco has been given a complete face-lift by Lcpl Barker and one-eyed Guirey, who incidentally are doing a grand job running the place. Miss Beatty produced a Star Cabaret Act the other evening when a husband and wife partnership sang Christian Hymns to an accodian amongst the beer swilling soldiers. The MT section has been worked the hardest of us all with 'Brother Boy' Oldham, and 'Skid Solo' Garner at the forefront. A Morris 1300 was stopped by Fred Lawrence's armoured car at a road block, the car was a write-off. Pte Garner wrote a police landrover off on the airstrip by the Maidstone. All is forgiven Keith, we know there is not much room on airfields.

4 PLATOON NOTES

We would like to make an announcement, If all the budding Bill Shakespeares would spend more time working instead of writing verse then the real workers may get some time off. We have finally past the twelfth of July, it was an hectic time with the Company sleeping on the streets for five days and nights. Morale was high and we were shown a great deal of kindness by people who stayed up all hours and supplied us with tea and sandwiches. We should like to send out our thanks to these people who treated us so well for it is obvious that they have so little to gain and so much to lose.

Quite a few of the boys have been away on leave and it takes them a good week to get back in the swing of Belfast again. It is quite funny to see them in Catterick Camp on leave with their backs to walls on street corners observing second storey windows.

We have some weddings coming up very soon, Ptes London, Elgar, Slater and Lcpl Sisson. We sincerely hope that we get an invitation to each one of these because there is nothing quite like a really good session on someone else's pocket.

We are now familiar with all the rogues in our area and were very surprised to see one of the wanted men was in fact the double of Sgt Hughes (small and fat with a shifty look).

Finally we look forward to the date of our departure from the Emerald Isle. It will be nice to see green fields again instead of grey bricks and concrete and the smell of rotting houses.

5 PLATOON NOTES

Oh Dear! it's time to write the platoon notes again. The platoon commanders brain is being taxed for the second time since our arrival in Belfast, the first time was when he wrote the first Dukes Diary Notes. A few minor incidents in the 'Buffer Zone' (Bother Zone) have kept us on our toes throughout the month and some say that half of the platoon are getting married to birds from Spamount Alley. Normally it is quite difficult getting any of the platoon into landrovers to patrol the area but between 4 pm and 5 pm every day Gallahers Tobacco Factory workers return to their homes and people clammer for the task of oggling the better looking girls. Cpl Thomas decided that it would be a good idea to buy a cricket bat and a couple of tennis balls and everybody including the platoon comander coughed up a few pence. Eventually lovesick Sherlock was booted out into the wild to find a cricket bat. He bought a Dennis Compton special and within minutes the platoon was playing the sort of cricket that would have made the old men at Lords and the Oval shudder.

Platoon Personalities

Pte Long John Wright who gave the platoon comander a much needed bath with a fire bucket. Pte Knocker Kay who was awarded the IRA Star for gallantry, and Pte Slimline Burgess - Sniper Extrordinaire.

Once again Mrs Cookson, Mrs Laherty, Mrs Thomas and Mrs Sherlock - keep your chins up we are past the half way mark.

6 PLATOON NOTES

Well hello again readers! There is still not much happening in the way of trouble but the platoon is ready for anything. Pte Small, our Chinese interpreter has been trying out his new found language on Pte Foo (The Hong Kong whizz kid). Unfortunately dear old Foo only speaks Bradford English but he is learning Chinese from Small!!

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6 PLATOON NOTES (CONT)

We would like to welcome back Lopt Smith, who found he was not quite up to the standard expected in the IRA. In the coming weeks we say farewell to our platoon sergeant, Sgt Lowney (Agro). We should like to thank him for all the services he has given to 6 Platoon and hope that he will accept the small present given to him by the platoon. 2Lt Best can be found at any time sprawled out on his bed with the soles of his size 14 boots vertical to the ground. The single soldiers of the platoon are still enjoying the highlights of the company disco but wish that the ladies could be traded in and new ones drawn up on exchange basis.

Poem by Pte Small

The NCOs who work so hard undergo a strain,
But everytime they leave our camp,
It always starts to rain.
The Disco is very good they say,
And sometimes very quiet,
Duties are quite bad today,
Enough to cause a riot.
Those long hours and lack of sleep,
We think the work so tough,
Until the CSM sees a beer,
And says thats quite enough.
There is an ending to our tale,
To serve through thick and thin,
To our duty and do not fail,
And do it with a grin.

FROM A 'MUM'

The CO has asked for a two way post,
For the wives to return the brilliant first toast,
So we must try to do our bit,
But we can not hope to match your wit.
The picture I paint is very Hum Drum,
But then I am only an average Mum.
The holidays are but two weeks old,
Will your children ever do what they are told.
We awake to cries of 'Whats on today?',
And then 'Operation Daybreak' is under way,
We carry out meticulous plans,
Into bus or car go our unrully clans.
And head for that spot on the crowded sands,
Wishing we had at least six pairs of hands.
Please don't think that this is a grumble,
It's all part of lifes rough and tumble.
It makes each day go flying past,
Until you are all home at last.
I'll leave you with a thought to remember,
During these long weeks of September.
Whilst you go about in your 'Paddy Bashing' vest,
We'll be all rigged out in our 'Kiddy Bagging' best.

BIG 'S' IS OUR NAME

Round Ballymacarrett Big S do roam,
For the next three months it is our home;
We roam around in little bands,
And know it now like the back of our hands.

The lads go out on foot most nights,
With Radios, Bullets, and illuminous sights;
To catch the IRA is our hope,
and shoot them down with the starlightscope.

The area itself is not very large,
But the people here know Big S are in charge;
They'll know that Yorkshiremen are the best,
And Big S will prove it, when put to the test.

Our mobiles wander far & wide,
As far as Stormont they do ride;
Their tasks are many, with little rest,
But they are in Big S and they give their best.

There's a burnt out shop in Seaforde Street,
Where the prods and Cats at times do meet;
Just down the road is St Mathews school,
Where the Anti-Tanks will always rule.

These lines are wrote in the dead of night,
Waiting for the morning light;
If the sets are quiet and the area dead,
I'll wake up Seagull and go to bed.

We are the guardians of the eastern front, with the teeming jungles of Belfast to deter visitors, from the GIRDWOOD REST CENTRE. Life is a happy round of Radio Checks. We have been attached and detached so often that the GNOMEs of GIRDWOOD often ring asking why we aren't answering the Radio. The incredible answer!!! we are currently with X Y or Z. Rumours reaching here suggest that errant PRONTO'S believe there is no fate worse than SOMME! And that at GIRDWOOD you go on leave once you do a duty???

During the Wimbledon finals WACA refused to leave the TV muttering- 'DAMN FINE KNICKERS MISS GOOLI', meanwhile Steve GRANT has become a fixture in 49 and says there is too much rank in the Ops room. GUNN has gone mad and confines himself to announcing TRAIN departures over RADIO PAULETT and GRUMPY is as expected - Mean, while the social life is hectic - we are invited out almost nightly to PIPE Parties (there a blast). CONGRATULATIONS TO PTONTO MINOR you finally made it HERE, even if we did have to repair your radio. See you in CATTERICK.

THE CARAVAN

In the yard stands this van alone,
To the Coy Comd this van is home;
It stands there supported on metal legs,
And words gone round he's making pegs.

When he's time, he sleeps in there,
But most of the time the van is bare;
But if you think there is a need,
Just knock on his door and your palm he'll read.

This van that stands on its chocks,
Was handed over by the Jocks;
The van itself is quite small,
And all that's missing is the Crystal Ball.

Its been there now for quite some time,
And now I'm running out of rhyme;
But all of you can take it from me,
That our OC is no Gypsy Rose Lee.

10 PLATOON NOTES

There is not a great deal one can add to the last notes from this platoon, as each day is taken up by the usual routine of patrolling and standby. To overcome any boredom that may be caused by routine the OC instituted a policy of change round which has worked very well indeed. Some of the mortar men were a little dubious about spending a week with the pioneers at Paulett avenue but they found the change to be quite refreshing. We have welcomed into our midst here aboard the Maidstone, several members of the Anti Tank platoon from St. Matts, who also agree that the change of job and location has done them the world of good. We are now hoping to send some of our chaps for a sort stay at St. Matts.

This months nickname from 10 Platoon goes to the platoon commander, who in fact has the choice of two.

We hereby chriten him with a training shoe full of
muddy water.....

.....ALF TUPPER.....otherwise known as.....

.....PETER PERFECT.

Poem by Pte Whitworth

Seaforde Street, Vulcan Street, Austin Street too -
there on the twelfth we were due;
standing and waiting, morning 'til night
hoping, (I think) there would be no fight.

In the morning one little band went past
and headed towards East Belfast.
No trouble was caused, they just didn't dare.
The reason? - We were standing there.

Noon came with three thousand along the paths
watching and waiting for the bands to go past.
As the procession came they made no fuss -
(just as well for there's plenty of us).

Along came the evening, crisp and cool.
The crowd came too, playing the fool.
Lots of Orangemen full of beer -
lots of soldiers still in good cheer.

The bands came back and passed our location
and we like true soldiers knew our vocation;
to help keep the peace was our task for the day
and this we did in our own quiet way.

THE 11 PLATOON SAGA

The combat Engineer Platoon in the guise of 11 Platoon moved into Paulett Avenue - Guess what? - Renovation started! New bin and swill areas. Lovely paint job. The normal task is well under way - a new volley ball court. There is a rhyme in by our poet. He will provide one a month - roll on the fourth one. One stalwart member of the platoon was walking around with his arm in plaster - fell off a ladder - he said. Now he is on leave - lucky chap.

The Discos started well to rumbles of pleasure from the licentious soldiery. The system of calling people is reminiscent of Platform 3 at Wakefield station. A hard fought volley ball match was won by Coy HQ supported by the signal platoon detachment. Callsign 42A runners up. On Wrights corner (Originally Bryson St/Newtownards Rd) there are two old ladies who keep us supplied with tea and sticky buns - nice at 0030 hrs.

Congratulations to Pte WILLIAMS on the birth of a baby girl, lots of luck and many more!! Cpl PARKINSON went off on a fishing trip and had an enjoyable day in a rocking boat. Caught 4 cod and a bag of nails. Come again they said and so he did + this time he caught 2 cod and 3 haddock. During one short period we were in need of the Pied Piper, but PADDY NEE with Brush and Sharp-eye did just as well. Score: NEE - One, RAMES - Nil. (Curry?). More next time.

A MAN ALONE

Once there was a man, alone,
For this man had no spiritual home;
Then a light burned bright,
For a girl had come that was right;
She is beautiful and full of life,
And now she is this mans wife.

Once again this man is alone,
For this man is far from home;
Children cry in the night for their Dad,
But he is far away in Northern Ireland;
This man looks after others lives, and his own,
So that he can live to see his children fully grown.

Soon this man will be free of strife,
For he will be home in the arms of his wife;
This tour of duty is four months long,
He and his comrades are here to right the wrong;
This should be left to the Police,
But they just question and then release.

This is dedicated to my wife,
The one to who I have sworn my life;
And I know, no matter what, I'll not let her down,
For my love for her knows no bounds.

ANON

St MATHEWS

Life at St Mathews - that frontier post on the extreme East of the Bn flank carries on regardless.

That bastion of St Mathews church hall basically manned by the Anti-Tank platoon with a good smattering of Drummers, the occasional injunction of Assault pioneers and our own tame medic - Pte Earnshaw has taken care of its ward, The church, turning away from its gates many a drunkard bent on causing our trustee harm .

Although our duties are basically the guarding of the church we do have a 'Frontier Post' a couple of streets away whose purpose is to protect and watch over the northern approaches to our lair.

On one occasion when we had reported that an hysterical woman had attempted to improve herself on our hospitality. Coy HQ - that hub of the East Belfast wheel where I am told all the 'knuts and Bolts' live were heard to ask over the radio whether we had got rid of 'that hysterical woman' to which we replied, 'Long Gone,out'.

Things keep changing at Buckingham Palace - the shape that is. Forever the infernal scene is re-organising as well as the guards. Sgt Martin has not ceased to hammer and bang complete with a mouth full of nails, and the OC urges for the 'order of the big clear out' every so often. As a result there is a nail on which to hang everything and mounds of scrap metal and rubbish outside. By the time we are due to depart we will have our home just how we want it.

We have been given a multitude of gifts since we have been here ranging from the National dish of potato cakes to the National drink of Guinness - a Wedding never fails to produce an odd fiver from the proud father to be 'boy th'lads a porter' and refusal is taken as a personal blow to the man's pride. When asked if they are sure the report is 'definitely' - the national final word for all occasions.

...../23...

There has been no more news of this mysterious old nun who now the Dukes when they were here before, infact she becomes more of a mystic every day and 'nun' of us has seen her.

We welcome to our fold Cpl Sellars, who has rejoined us from a course full of Armed Vehicle Recognition but cannot tell an Austin from a Ford and Pte's Nendick, Hoyland, Drake and Hughes who have joined us from the Depot.

Lastly congratulations to Evans 86 who in a fit of uncanny sanity took a razor blade to his upper lip removing a walrusion moustache that had spread to the lower regions of his jaws and was sprouting forth to his face completely with a great confused mass of Ginger hair.

St Mathews has not been graced with one of the beautiful produced 'Dukes' Signs that other locations have and in view of the tremendous number of patrols that pass through our outpost we are contemplating manufacturing our own to read 'The last stopping place for refreshments before the Newtownards'. If the char - walla 'Smokoy Joe' were here he would make a fortune but it is the inmates of St Mathews who lose not gain giving these road runners refreshments.

EXTRACT FROM 'BELFAST TELEGRAPH'

SOLDIERS SAVED TWO FROM DEATH - FATHER

A HUSBAND told today how two soldiers saved his wife and daughter from bleeding to death after they fell through a glass door at their home in Seafarce Street, Belfast.

He is Mr. George Bell who has written a letter to the two soldiers - Corporal Stanley Dyson (25), and Lance - Corporal Michael Hayes (25) - thanking them.

Both men are in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and were on a peace keeping patrol when the accident happened. Mr. Bell's wife, Mary (56) and daughter Eileen (22), were standing outside their home when they were frightened by a dog and in a panic fell through the glass door.

It was then that the two soldiers arrived on the scene. Both women were bleeding badly but the soldiers managed to stop it and they were rushed to Dundonald Hospital.

The routine of foot and mobile patrols continues as does the Crunlin Jail Guard - a popular task. Road blocks and the odd dawn house search feature as well. These often have a lighter moments, C/S 33, on a house search, found a jar of sodium Chlorate (explosive substance) Pte 'Sam' Whiteley, after taking the correct procedure, proved it was not booby trapped and tasted the sugar looking substance, he was seen to smile and stated he quite liked it. It is also rumoured that he ate some Pollyfilla as well. Late night road blocks have the odd amusing or embarrassing moment - it depends if you are in the car or a searcher. All this helps the days to pass a little faster and bring the 21 October closer to C/S 33.

THE GLAZEBROOK SAGA - PART THE FIRST

Our handy man's the 2IC,
And Glazebrook is his name,
A Major with an MBE
He sweeps the floors and makes the tea,
Oh! what a way to fame.

At tent erection he's the best
(for jobbing is his lot
or so 'tis often said in jest!)
His talents rarely get a rest.
If banging in nails is the test
He's always on the spot.

So take a trip to Girdwood, where
his industry will shock.
It never ends, he's here and there
To fix a door or mend a stair,
The Glazebrook touch is everywhere
Round the Headquarters block.

But note the change when evening falls
and operations nigh.
He dons his garb when duty calls
And takes his guns down off the wall,
Slaps on his bandoliers and all,
Then 'Aggro' is the cry.

From handy-man to bandit chief,
Some doubt his sanity'.
His acts sometimes beyond belief,
Work being his aperitif,
and having as his own motif
Complete Calamity!

BEM

(To be continued when convenient)

NEWS FROM CATTERICK

In the days of yesterday when the well known Sgt Dodds was Regimental Pioneer Sergeant, there used to hang a notice in the Pioneers Shop which read "The impossible we do immediately, miracles take a little longer". This notice now hangs in the Rear Details Office !

But to be truthful our life in Catterick has been remarkably smooth and trouble free. This can be attributed largely to the excellent co-operation and help we have had from the families left behind and the other organisations in Catterick Garrison who are here to assist us. This includes the RSPCA who fostered a cat and a hamster at very short notice.

A number of people have passed through in the last two months either going to or coming from the Battalion. Rear Party CSM's great cry is "You will go one way or the other but you can't stop here". So far Pte Wilson RASC has been our quickest transitee - a stop of eight hours duration.

Cpl Tolley has arrived to help us out on the Clerking side. We have just about got used to his expressions of "I'm going ashore" "He's in the heads".

We have one Young Soldier with us now and he leaves in a week or so. The five of them have been doing a driving course with the QDGs which included a run to Scotland for a couple of days.

Our expectant mums have been producing their babies more or less on time. Mrs Watson and Mrs Frear (Wardrop Rd) timed it best and had theirs while their husbands were having their 72 hrs leave. The UFO is periodically heard to mutter "Two arrived, ten to go" etc. Yesterday it was "Six arrived, Six to go" keep it up girls; and our grateful thanks to the Maternity Staff at the Military Hospital.

The Housing Management Staff have assured us that all our families on the waiting list will be housed by the end of September, which will then give us about 270 families in Catterick.

The Dukes Diary is obviously widely read in Catterick because we received a couple of cartoons from "A Fan" two days ago. It is hoped there will be room to include them in this issue. If our fan reads this, thank you very much for your contribution.

HOCKEY NOTES

With some misgivings we accepted a challenge to enter for the Northern Ireland six a side hockey competition. There were a total of 20 teams entered and we were grouped for the preliminary round with 3 Queens, 21 Engineer Regt, HQ NI, 233 Sig Sqn 'B', which meant that win or lose we would play at least four matches.

Eight players set off for this epic contest; Lt Col Huxtable, Capt Nicholson (Team Captain), Capt Jago, Capt Tighe, Lt Gilbert, 2Lt Isles, Sgt Walker and Pte Coulson. Players were changed round so that everyone had at least 2 games. Somewhat to our surprise we managed to win our first three games, though as all the teams were roughly even it was not without a lot of hard work, but in the final game we lost by one goal to nil to 21 Engineer Regt. As a result we were second in our group and so did not go on to the finals; despite that we thoroughly enjoyed the trip out and hope to repeat it with a few friendly games in the near future.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD NO 2

Across

1. Capitol
6. Ass
9. Oration
10. Ogres
12. Doe
13. Blues
15. Castle
17. Sign
18. Ban
19. Then
21. Rill
25. Vim
26. Meet
28. Islam
31. Waste
32. Toe
33. Bulls
35. Honours
36. End
37. Smear

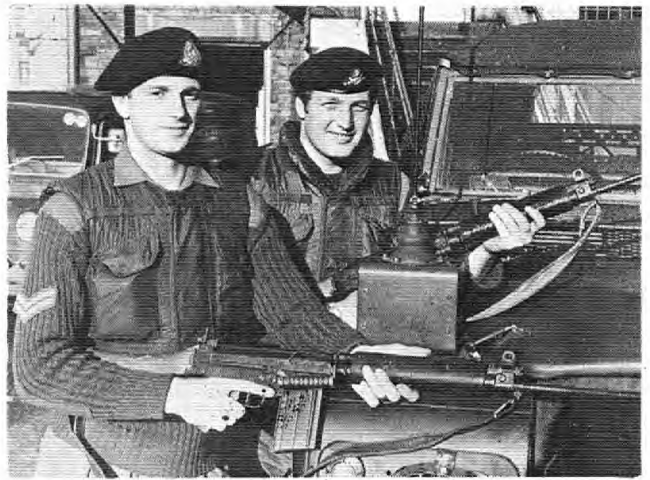
Down

1. Crabs
2. Plough
3. Tors
4. Ore
5. Lascar
6. Aids
7. Soot
8. Sneer
11. Geneva
14. Lit
16. Animal
20. Nimbus
22. Lesser
23. Let
24. Lithe
27. Tepid
29. Soon
30. Lend
31. Wise
34. Arm

DUKES' PICTORIAL



Salamander in action, fire fighting, with Pte. Suddaby and Cpl. Atkinson of Comd. Coy.



Cpl. Stanley Dyson and L/Cpl. Michael Hayes, "S" Coy, of "Daily Mirror" fame. See story "Soldier saved two from death."



S.D.S. taking a breather. Left to right:—Cpl. Atkinson, Pte. Suddaby, Cpl. Shaw, Pte. O'Neill, Pte. Twinburrow, Pte. Hayes.



Cpl. Atkinson, Pte. Suddaby and Pte. Hayes on Salamander escort.



L/Cpl. Dennis Foulds on duty in an Op. at Paulette Avenue, Ballymacarrett.



The Mortar Platoon returning to "Maidstone" after a patrol. L/Cpl. Clark, Ptes. Small, Marr, Maillard, Wright, Ferguson and Collins.



"S" Coy. Ops. room at Paulette Avenue, Major Edward Buckingham and Ptes. Hynes and Hoy.



Cpl. Frear, Mortar Platoon, commanding his mobile patrol from a "pig" as they leave the quayside at "Maidstone" to patrol the Ballymacarrett area.



The Bn. Ops. room—Sgt. Waller, W.O.II Coll. The Ops. Officer, Capt. Tim Nicholson and the Adjutant, Capt. Peter Mellor in the hot seats.



They thought it couldn't happen—Pte. Worsfold buying a round. Well, it didn't! It was every man for himself at the N.A.A.F.I. wagon in Brown Square. Left to right—Ptes. Deaville, Worsfold, Ryan, Turner and Fowler.



Sgt. Barnett and Pte. Watson about to leave Brown Square on a patrol.



A pregnant "urban swine" about to spawn in its natural environment. See "A" Coy notes for further details.



S/Sgt. Glencross of Corunna Coy. keeps fit at Dunmore Park.



Pte. Butterfield and Pte. White of 6 Platoon Burma Coy. keeping watch as the "Junior Orange Lodge" march by.



L/Cpl. Ken Dyke and Pte. Alan Goddard, Burma Coy. chatting with the R.U.C.



A noisy crowd passes Unity Flats.



Major John Greenaway seen "chatting up" the birds outside Unity Flats. He appears to have his own private nurse! Is there a halo over his head?



The York Road Girls Band marches past Unity Flats.



The Editor's escort, Ptes. Peter Evans and Jerry Knight with the "Maidstone" in the background.



Ptes. Mick McDonnell and Dave Kane receive their instructions from Cpl. Colin Fleming at Dunmore Park.



Pte. John Kwiatkowski on duty in the Op. at Dunmore P.M.R.



The M.F.V. returns to the "Maidstone" with a good catch. Mackerel for teal



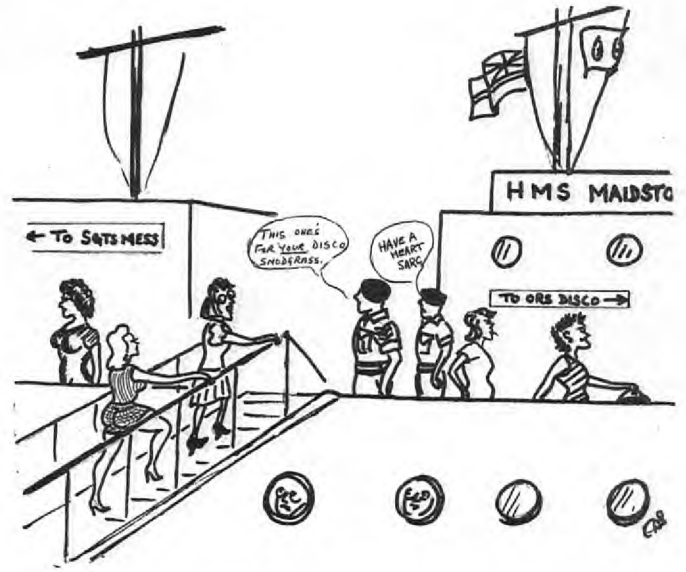
The Junior Orange Lodge on the march.



The Recce Platoon being filmed by a German Television team as they leave the "Maidstone."



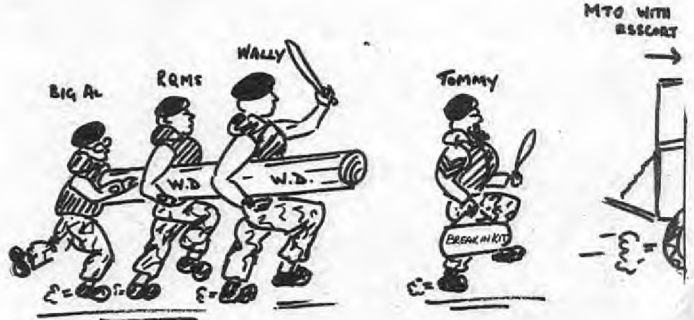
Would you care for a toffee Sergeant?



I don't care what your name is, open that boot!



There's something queer here Sarge, he's been through 27 times already.



"THE HEAVIES" Admin. Company Search Team.

