



DUKES' DIARY

holiday of a lifetime

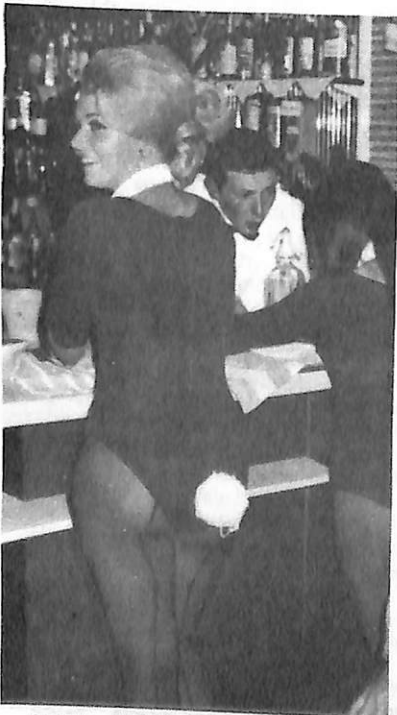
IN THE BESSBROOK MILL



"COME AND GET IT LADS!"



TYPICAL ACCOMMODATION
(OTHER RANKS)



SGT's MESS WAITRESSES



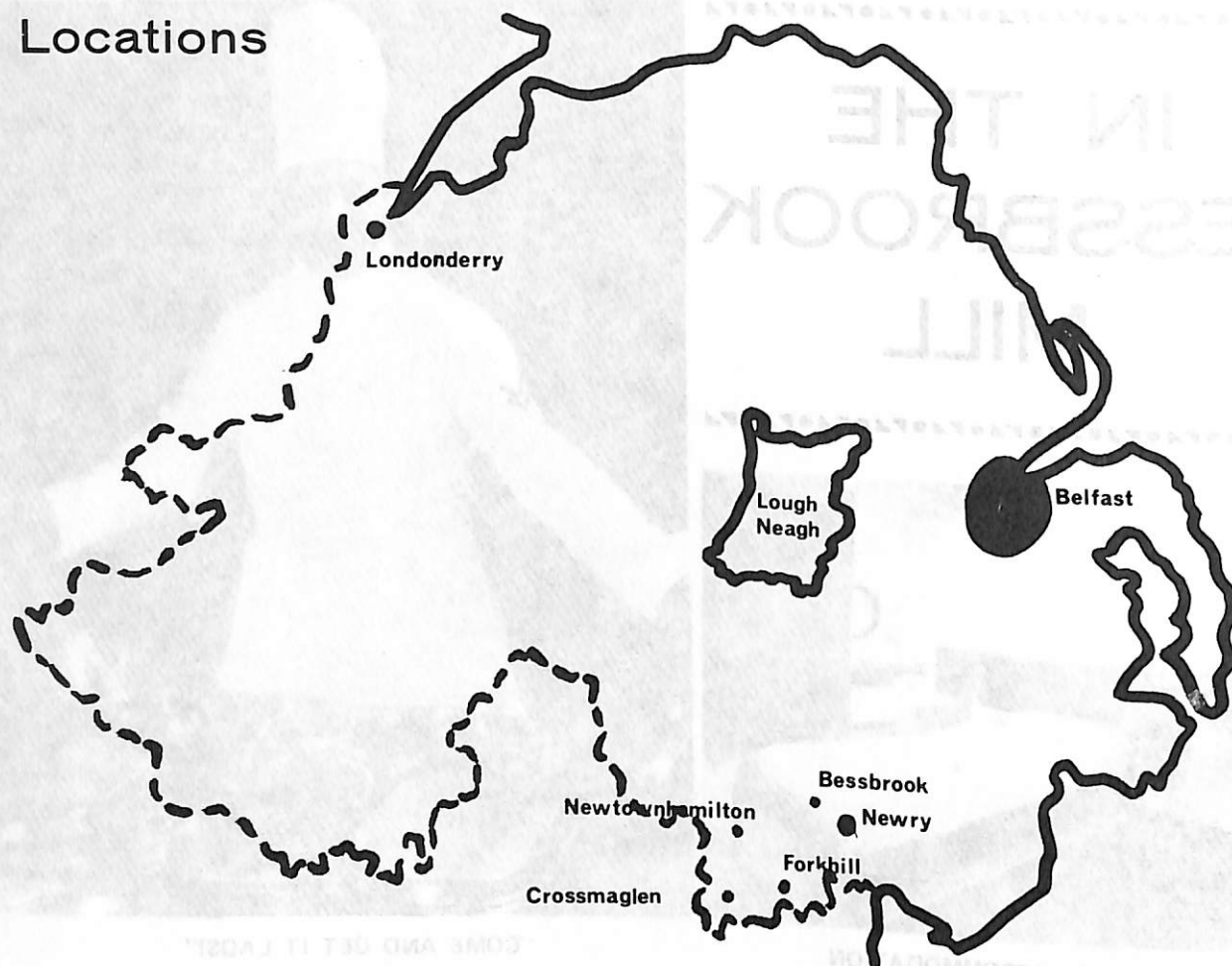
THE KIND OLD LADY WHO
CLEANS. THE ABLUTIONS



A PLEASANT OFF DUTY
EVENING IN THE MILL
CANTEEN

DUKE'S DIARY – JULY 1972

Locations



Bn. HQ., Command & Admin Coys	—	Bessbrook Mill
Drums	—	Bessbrook RUC
Alma Coy	1 PI	Henry Taggart Hall, Belfast
Burma Coy	2 & 3 PIs	Black Mountain School, Belfast
Corunna Coy	—	Bessbrook Tech School
Somme Coy HQ & Mor. PI	—	Newry
Anti Tank PI	—	Crossmaglen
Vigilant & Assault PIs	—	Forkhill
	—	Newtownhamilton

QUOTE

If the new adjutants dislike of haircuts and uniform spreads, we'll be known as Peter's Pansies by Christmas.

FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of Private George Lee of Alma Company. He was shot whilst on patrol in the Ballymurphy on 6th June, 1972. All of us in the Battalion offer our most sincere regrets to Mr. and Mrs. Lee on the loss of their son.

We have had a busy month since the last edition of the diary as you will find from reading the accounts which follow. We have unfortunately suffered a number of casualties both from gunshot wounds and as a result of an explosion. Those involved were Cpl Dyson, L/Cpl Wright, L/Cpl Foster (REME) and Pte Dales, all of the Somme Company and Petes Banks and Morris of Alma Company. You will all be relieved to hear that the reports I have received of their progress are very encouraging and that they are all well on the way to recovery.

In case this note sounds as if it is all give and no take I should put the balance right, since we have been here we have recovered 24 weapons, over 2,000 rounds of ammunition and 1878 lbs of explosive, we have effected 38 arrests for various offences and we are all satisfied that we are doing our share of the work. It will not be long now before we are all back in Catterick. You can rest assured that we are all in good heart and looking forward to some leave in August.

As this should be the last foreword I shall write to the "Diary" I would like to take the opportunity to thank everyone at home; wives, mothers, girl-friends, book and cake senders and all the letter writers for the magnificent support you have given us.

ALMA COMPANY 1 PLATOON (BULLET PLATOON)

Since our last notes were published, the most important thing to happen to the platoon has been that we were the ones chosen to remain in the Henry Taggart Hall when 2 and 3 Pls moved up to the Black Mountain School. We were sorry to see them go, but we now have room to swing a cat (only we have no cat).

The passionate leave programme is in full swing and the ones who have already been are looking forward to its end (they don't like doing double stags on guard whilst the lucky ones are away). Some ladies from Scarbrough sent us some cakes and Sgt. Simpson wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Roseanna to thank them for 1 Pls share. It turns out that the Brown family own a guest house in Scarbrough and will be pleased to meet anyone from the platoon who visits the town. Needless to say Staff is in the process of organising a holiday there for the Simpson family.

It appears that everytime Cpls Frear and Gomersoll set foot in the 'Murphy' they get shot at (last seen doing a hot pursuit). Cpl Bowden has got into the habit of counting his foot patrol each time it stops (Pte Brear please note) and Pte Harrison is now known as 'Bullet' since he made the National Papers.

2 PLATOON

Since the last missive, several things have occurred in the 'Murphy'. We have suffered one tragic loss in the platoon, and Ptes Banks and Morris managed to share a bullet between them. However, both are well on the road to recovery in 'sunny' England. Hurry back lads!!!

The Pl Comd now occupies a very smooth caravan in Black Mountain School, while the remainder of the platoon share a sort of pre-fab. Rough justice is it not? Although the platoon lives at Black Mountain, painting the Taggart is still a top priority as Coy HQ and C/S 11 need all the help they can get.

The sappers are building a nice high 'bullet-proof' fence for the Taggart and whilst 12B were guarding the work party L/Cpl Best was heard to remark to the Sappers "Its pretty dangerous around here you know." As the Sappers scoffed at this a single shot passed over the Taggart from the 'Murphy.' The Sappers promptly dived for cover and the scaffolding, they had taken two hours to erect, slowly subsided to the ground!

We are amassing a considerable number and variety of empty cases and, much to Cpl Hey's delight, 'His' live 303 round found in a sniper position.

'Stiffy' still pursues his nefarious nocturnal activities, constantly muttering 'that should never happen,' to himself.

L/Cpl Shim is still a family favourite in the Murphy, but he takes it all in his stride as usual.

Pte Butterworth's moustache is nearly eleven-a-side now and soon Cpl Waterman claims 'Buttie' will have enough for a rugby match on his top lip.

When Pte Hartley found out that he was to share a 24 hour OP with one of C/S 11s favourite characters he was heard to comment 'I might as well take a Box's Soldier up there all day!'

C/S 12B hold the record for rapid deployment. They all took cover in half a second when their trusty patrol commander kicked a tin can at four o'clock in the morning in the centre of the 'Murphy.'

QUOTE

Pte Cordingley: "First we have the good news:

"Alma Company is to have a sheet exchange!!!

Now the bad news:

"1 Pl will change with 2 Pl

"2 Pl will change with 3 Pl

"3 Pl"

DUMB CONVERSATION OF THE MONTH

Once again donated by Pte Harrison, 1 Pl.

'Excuse me, Sgt Barnett, do you want these sandbags tying or do you want a bow in them?'

ODE TO ALMA

We are the lads of Alma
And in the streets we'll fight
But not just yet my boyo's
'Cos disco's on tonight.'

We'll wait till Saturday evening
When Paddies have had their fill
Of drink and song and women;
We'll do 'em then we will.

'Cos we're all lads from Yorkshire
Raised on Tetleys Beer
And thats why we're complaining
Cos we can't get none out here.

So We'll do the Flats at breakfast
We'll do Falls Road as well
And when it comes to dinner time
We'll give the Springfield hell.

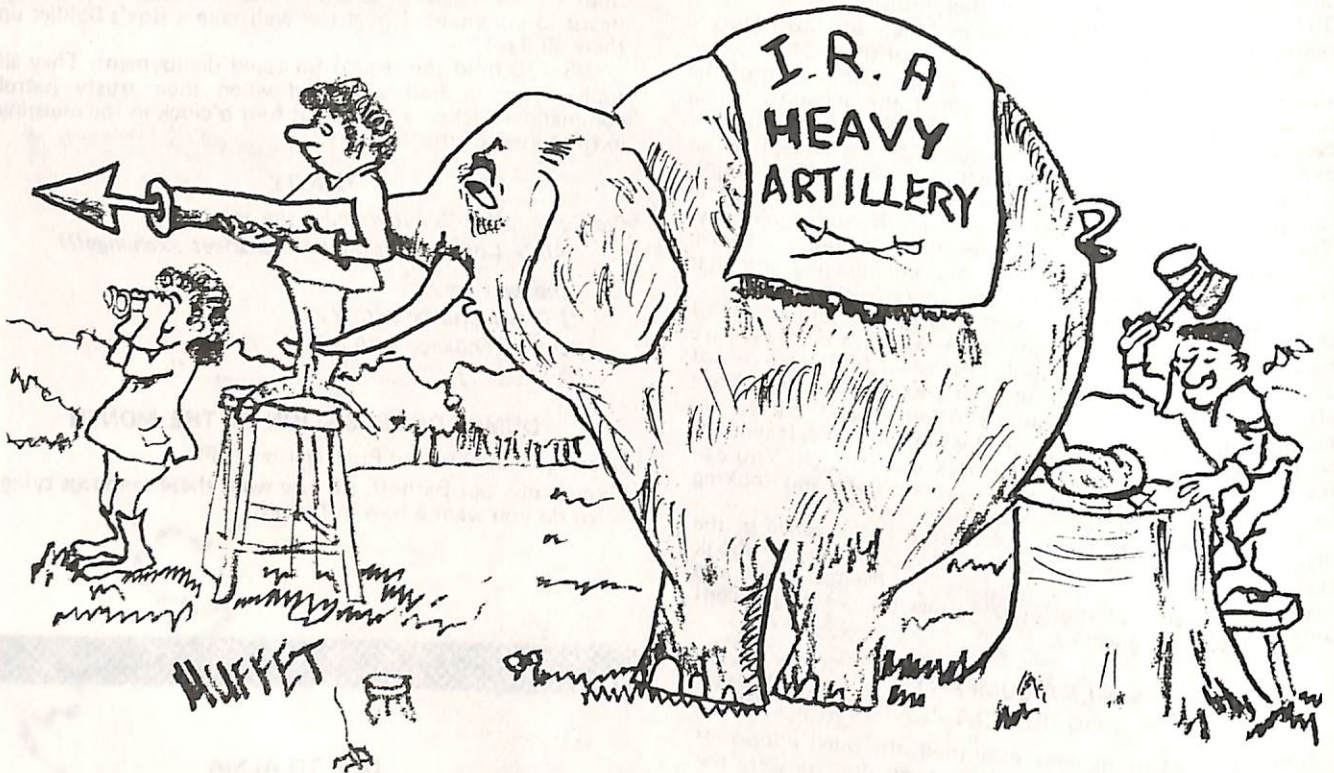
And if we've got some time left
(And I think we'll have a load)
When it comes to teatime
We'll sort out the Crumlin road.

And that'll teach the Irish
To stock up with DD
Cos serving that to a Yorkshireman
Is like serving him with tea.

So next time that we come here
I hope that they don't fail
To remember that we're coming
And get some Tetley's Ale.

'Gun' Aimer : Does it hurt ?

'Trigger' Paddy : Only when I hit my fingers by mistake.



3 PLATOON

Since our last dispatch for the Dukes Diary, from this far flung corner of civilization, life has calmed quite a bit. Incidents still occur with fairly frequent succession, and life is not without it's more amusing moments.

As far as the platoon are concerned the main event during the past month has been the move from Henry Taggart Hall up the road to Black Mountain School. The Alma are sticking to their motto to "have gun will travel." The move has enabled the platoon to find more room for itself, and now we are all settled in, life is much more bearable. The lack of female company became very apparant when the platoon arrived at the school: there were stares of wild-wonderment when female teachers were spotted and one person was heard to say "whats 'em, creatures from outer space or somewhere"? The amount of moaning and grumbling that goes on has reached a new peak, though one can take heart if one believes in the old saying that a moaning soldier is a happy one.

The main worry from the Ballymurphy are the dogs: these animals have been trained by the natives to bark at

and even attack soldiers. Pte Bailey, with help from L/Cpl Mizzi, specially lent from 1 Pl, managed to decrease the dog population by one. The scruffy mongrel quickly became a three times winner at Crufts once the "Pig" had accidentally run over it.

"Muffet" is still turning out poems, jokes and cartoons at an alarming rate.

Cpl Raine has not yet managed to get to the top of Black Mountain, and so has gone off to Towyn to be told how to do it.

The platoon commander reckons that Ptes Porter and Taylor have megalomaniac instincts because of the number of games of Risk they get through.

Ptes Billington, Johnson and Wilson (the platoon drivers) have been wondering if it was worth joining the M.T. at all with the amount of tommying they have been doing recently.

Sgt Robinson has now announced, much to the dismay of the platoon, that his Rugby training does not start until July, Heaven help us then.

Finally congratulations to Cpl Rainey on his well deserved promotion.

OVERHEARD IN THE BALLYMURPHY

Young Irish kid to brave Tommy (namely "Muffet")

Young Irish kid: "What's the difference between a Scooby-Doo and a Tommy?"

Muffet: "I don't bloody know."

Young Irish kid: "You can't melt a Tommy down."

LETTER FROM A SON IN IRELAND TO HIS MOTHER IN YORKSHIRE

Dear Mum,

Thank you for your last letter; I'm glad that Dad has got some sense at last and has helped to swell the ranks in Armley. I'm also chuffed to hear that Sis has joined the Pudding Club, I bet she'll soon have a swell time.

Oh, before I forget, thank you for my birthday present; I've always wanted a luminous sun dial, so I can tell the time at night as well as by day. By the way Mum, that photo I sent you; I know I told you that we travelled light on the streets, but it was taken in the showers and it wasn't my baton you saw.

Before I forget Mum, I wish you wouldn't keep writing to my Sgt asking him to make sure that I'm well tucked in at night. I know that I'm your little blue-eyed boy, but I am 36 years old now and am quite capable of tucking myself in.

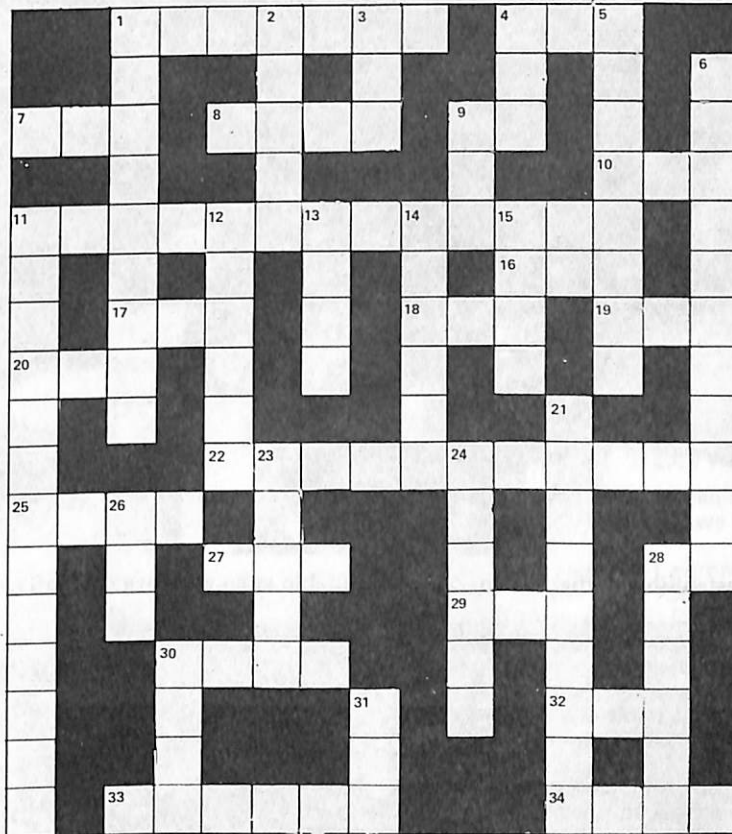
Well, Love look after yourself and watch out for them bank managers that go around hiding in cupboards.

Your loving son,

Muffet

THE ALMA COMPANY CROSSWORD

All entries have to be delivered personally, on foot, to the front door of the Henry Taggart at 1800 hrs any Friday.



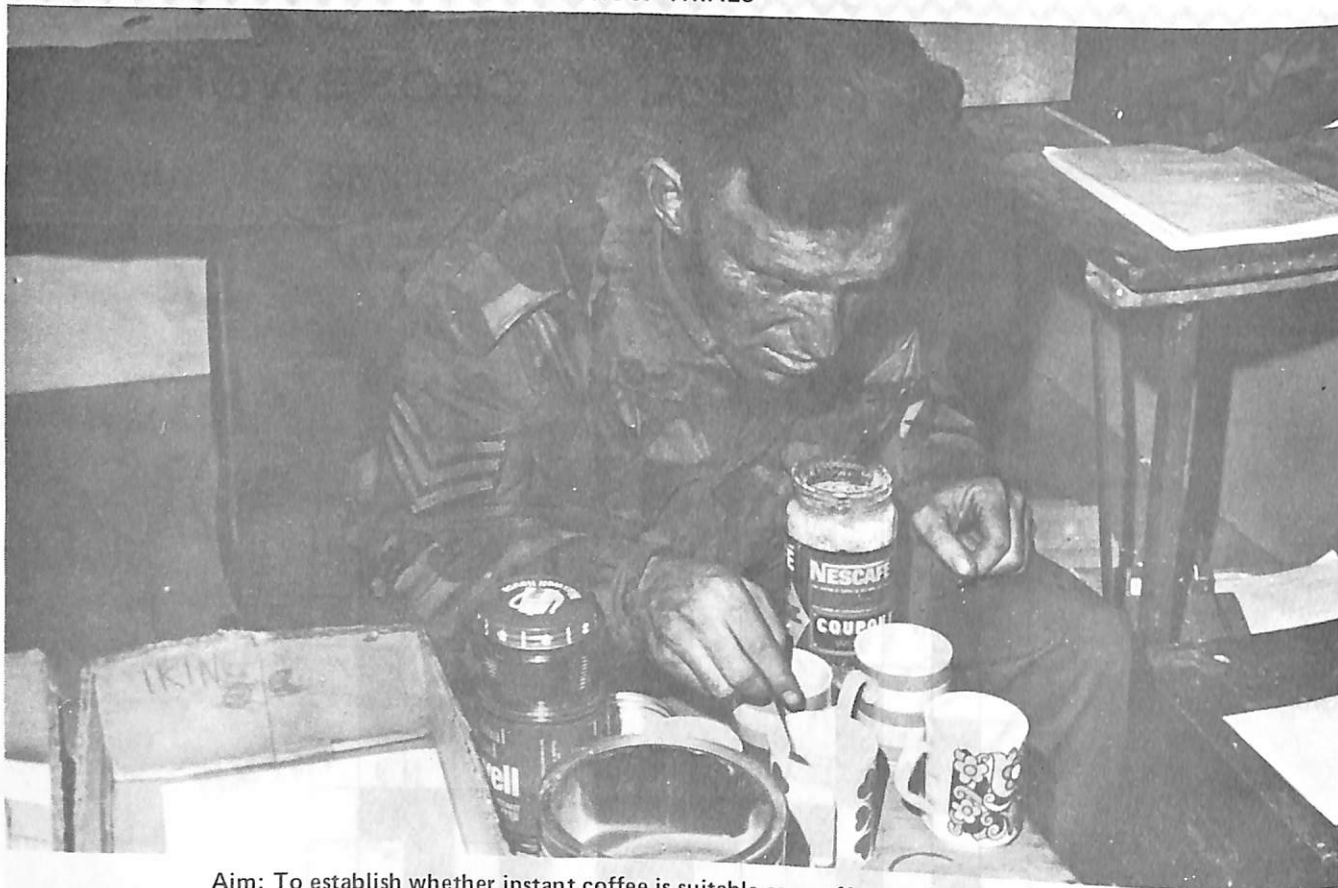
ACROSS

- 1 & 1 Down This Company does not laze about the streets despite its nickname (7 & 9)
2. M.P.s who serve in Belfast, and flourish.
7. This unit looks after the modern day "Brown Bess" (1.1.1.)
8. A cold bowler.
9. The "Anti-Tanks" minimised.
10. The Northern Telegraph Reporter has nothing to report (1.1.1.)
11. Someone recently described this wonderful area as a nice place in the sun.
--- out for 249
16. Slippery as an ---
17. A rather odd name for a man? I don't think so.
18. We in Alma go to work on one every night.
19. A large recepticle for a bomb
20. A geographical feature of Dover on review in Alma Coy (11 & 6) Poetic license allowed.
- 22 & 14 Down These are other kinds of nocturnal birds apart from soldiers.
25. He deals with explosive situations (1.1.1.)
27. It should really be called battledress (1.1.1.)
28. Night Sight!
29. During this period of time we shall all be returning.
30. He must be a prodigious boy to mend such complicated pieces of machinery (1.1.1.)
31. The Medical Officer, looking outside his back door, will find a part of Belfast.
32. The M.O. deals with these people.

DOWN

1. See 1 Across.
2. A poison.
- 3 & 5 Modernised town of Yorkshire in our area (3 & 8)
4. To exercise one's posterior.
5. See 3 Down.
9. A tree in the grate?
11. This dark hill is also a place of learning.
12. The colourful part of the bird who is also a dab hand at the hammer.
13. The Dukes are one of these serving in Ulster at the present.
14. See 22 Across.
15. An abbreviated American found in the alphabet.
21. One would have thought by their name that we were in Royal Company.
23. One would like to warm welcome at this place of resting.
24. Automobile on a slope is hiding someone of importance.
28. A poetic light.
30. He has produced a number of the crosswords in the Dukes Diary.
31. The modern ministry of public blunders and wonders is a bit back to front (1.1.1.)

TROOP TRIALS



Aim: To establish whether instant coffee is suitable as an effective camouflage cream.



SPOT THE BOTTLE COMPETITION

Prizes to be Won!!!

Can you spot the Bottle? Put a cross where you think it should be and send your entry to Alma Coy office. You may submit as many entries as you like, but as our Sergeant Major can't count more than three, he will only judge the first three.

1st Prize

A free trip around Ballymurphy in L/Cpl Mizzi's rickshaw.

2nd Prize

A whole weekend in the Henry Taggart Memorial Hall: All facilities free, but bring your own bed space.



"Well, the Sergeant Major told me to have a shave"

'Bullet' Harrison.

OVERHEARD ON THE AIR

"Hello 1 this is 13; two members of my sub-unit are being chased down New Barnsley by a 2-year-old kid brandishing a hammer."

"1 Roger; do you require help from the stand-by platoon?"

"13 No, I think I can deal with this myself, wait out."

BURMA COMPANY

Note from Maj Pugh to the Adjutant:

1. Please find attached Burma Company's Dukes Diary Notes.
2. 6 Pls were such rubbish that the PI Comd has been asked to re-write them. I trust they will reach you in time.

(They didn't.....Editor)

COMPANY HEADQUARTERS

Since our last issue, some major improvements have occurred, thanks mainly to the Royal Engineers and the Department of the Environment. As a result of Pte Allen Kay being nearly buried alive when a sangar collapsed, all the old sangars were pulled down and some excellent mediaeval style embrasured fortifications put up instead. Inside, the sentry is safe from every conceivable attack, except boredom.

The key men in that many sided coin, Coy HQ are anxious that their boredom talents should not lie buried for ever. So Cpls Shadbolt and Peat have penned a few notes which are liable to have them either prosecuted for slander or tarred and feathered!!

B COY SIGNALS DETACHMENT

After an unsuccessful attempt to introduce their own version of Voice Procedure, the platoons have had their radios withdrawn and are being issued with pigeons instead. Rip Van Winkle Cone has only been allowed to go out once with Sunray. When he did, he was shot at, which enabled him to give the Infanteers present a first class display of "reaction to effective enemy fire." He has since confined himself to the Ops Room and bed. Mr. Football (Pte Squires) keeps trying to change his duty every time there is a football match on TV, however we're wise to him now....

RADIO HOWLERS

"Hello 23, this is 2, fetch Sunray. Over."

"23, Sunshine speaking over."

"Hello, this is 3, permission to switch to standby over."

"O, yes Out"

"Hello O, this 2, me too over."

B COY MT (HEAVY DUTY) SECTION

Those battered but loveable pigs are demanding and getting more attention than we lavish on our wives, can this be true!

L/Cpl "El Fredo" Lawrence has been elected MT Marksman of the year (See 4 PI notes last issue)! "The Buddha" Wooley and "El Cliffo" Brown have both shown a surprising turn of speed both in and out of their pigs. However Brown insists he will not drive a 'pig' because he is on a diet and pork is fattening! "El Bazzo" Thewliss has already won the Golden Blanket Competition and still 5 weeks to go. Sharpe, Burke and Hill, thank god are the only drivers left.

Harry Hanson has the strongest right arm in Bessbrook. He says it is because of all the petrol he pulls but we have our doubts. Last, but not least we have the finest collection of pin-ups and freak-outs in the country covering our walls.

COMPANY COMMANDER COMMENT

They must have, they are the only room to go to sleep with their lights on! Anyway well done Bob Peat (sometimes Section Commander 5 PI) power corrupts.

4 PLATOON

Since the last issue of the Dukes Diary, there have been a few changes in 4 PI. Rupert 1 has gone to pastures green and 'Daring' Dowdell has taken up the reins after having done time at Warminster telling them a few things about Guerrilla Warfare.

Heard in passing—

"White, what time is it?"

"Half past Corporal"

"Half past what?"

"I don't know, I haven't got a little hand on my watch."

Heard on the Radio—

"Hello 21, this is 2, move to Grid I spell 249176, Over"

"21 Wilfred Out"

DowdellInitiations—

Orangutan: A small member of the gorilla family, height approx 5'4", dark hair, eyes slanted and close together, answers to the name of 'Smith'

Congratulations—

(1) Well done Ray, for winning the Bessbrook Golden Tankard, we are sorry it cost you a badly sprained right wrist, but it must have been worth it.

(2) Congratulations to all the parents and wives of those members of the platoon who have been on leave. Thank you ladies for sending them back to us on time, we hope they will be rested up by the time they come back to you again.

5 PLATOON

It has been rumoured that the Boss (Mike the Bike) needs a wheelbarrow. We wonder why? Any offers, please contact 'Mike the Bike', third caravan on the left past the pigeons in the Tech.

We would like to congratulate Leslie on his 28 day course of log pushing with the Kings Own Border in Ballykinler. "Sleep on dear Leslie."

Best wishes to Lord Snowdon on his departure to 6 Pl, keep clicking.



Cpl Theodore discussing the weather with a labrador who has kept the Dublin Road vehicle check point company every day since we arrived.

QUOTE

Callsign 31B, waiting for the Ops Offr to check whether a car is on the Wanted List:

"Can you hurry up, the dustbin lids are going like tommy guns."

BALLYKELLY

As everyone knows, we are to take over from the 2nd Bn The Royal Greenjackets (2 RGJ for short) in Ballykelly in March 1973.

As most of you will also have seen, there has recently been quite a correspondence in the press about the conditions for wives in Ballykelly. A copy of one of the letters is printed below:

NICE PEOPLE

Unlike Jill Roberts, the "barbed wire bride at 16" (last week), who has been in Ballykelly, N. Ireland, for only a few weeks I and other British army wives have been here for a year. We can honestly and truthfully say that never before have we encountered such friendliness and helpfulness as we have received from the people of Ballykelly.

They are good, kind Irish folk who don't like what's going on, as most of us don't.

—Full name and address supplied.

We have arranged for Major Miller to spend some days in Ballykelly at the end of July. After this, he will be preparing a brief for all families on quarters, schools, shops etc which will be issued at the beginning of September.

Because we are going as one of the Resident Battalions, the current peace moves will not alter this posting.

QUOTE

Ops Officer to all foot patrols "A Piper Aztec will be flying overhead on an authorised flight this morning. Do not stop and detain."

QUOTE

RMO to OC C Coy: "Pte..... has tonsillitis"

Major Mundell: "Is it infectious?"

RMO: "No, not unless you kiss him."

QUOTE

Letter from an admiring wife to her husband in the Mill: "Someone should give you a medal for all the hard work you are doing."

QUOTE

QM to CQMS Somme: "Let me have the measurements of your windows and I'll issue you with curtains."

SSgt Hall: "Don't bother, we nailed up a few blankets."

QUOTE

Adjutant, refuting accusations that he is never at his desk: "It's not swanning, it's spreading goodwill."

(He is now known as the Goodwill Guru of Bessbrook)

QUOTE

Corps of Drums Sentry when asked if he had heard a burst of automatic fire: "No, the wind is rattling the corrugated iron of the sangar too hard."



"THE CORUNNA"

7 PLATOON

In the time since the last Diary was published things have gone relatively smoothly and uneventfully. Two of the better built members of the platoon decided it was time to cut down on the calories and persevered hard for two weeks or so. Sad is the tale though of Ptes "Muttley", Beaumont and "Oggy" Fitton, Muttley has retired to a bed in the Musgrave Park Hospital and at the loss of his friend and mutual encouragement, Oggy has once again set about the steak pies with a vengeance.

Without a doubt the most terrifying incident to date was when a foot patrol sleuthing round in the early hours of the morning heard a prowler in the Ulsterbus Depot. Much stealth was used in the approach and on entering one of the garages they were confronted with a pair of slanted glinting eyes. A sharp stab at the right hand pouch produced a torch to get some light on the scene to see what fiendish creature they had cornered. It turned out to be quite the biggest Irish Wolf Hound anyone had ever set eyes on and everyone agreed that it would have been quite possible to put a saddle on the */+*?!

Worse was to come because having eyed us balefully for a minute or so whilst the patrol compared its size to a double decker bus in fairly colourful terms it suddenly bounded towards us at a rate of knots. Everyone froze but in fact it just shot past and scuttled down the street with its tail between its legs. The patrol commander continued in much the same fashion, but in the opposite direction.

All are agreed that Pans People have never looked more sexy than on the night of 15th June. However with five more Top of the Pops to go, no doubt they will get even better with each successive show.



31B (Pte Doran) to 3

"H3 this is 31B, there is a man lying on the pavement, over."

"3 roger, what's wrong with him"?

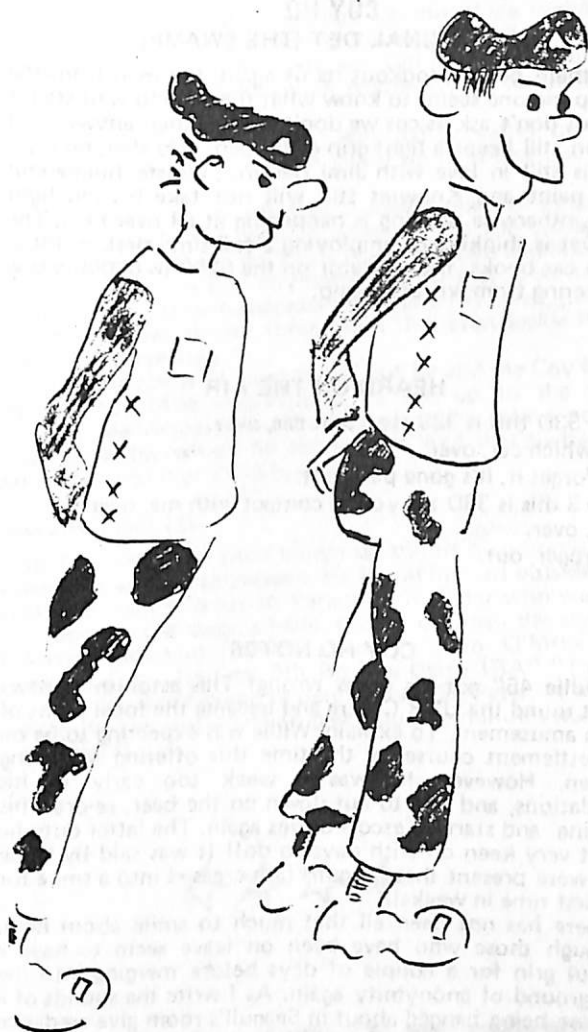
"31B he's abbreviated over."

"3 say again over"?

"31B he's had too much to drink over"

"3 roger out."

The Recce PI Arms Find—What Really Happened



"Coruuna needs some good publicity, Go and find an arms cache. If you can't find one, borrow one from the Recce PI."

8 PLATOON

Newry Humour (1)—

1. Setting: Corner Sugar Island/Canal St, late one night when a patrol were dripping wet after patrolling for 3½ hours.

Actors: Pte Steadman, with glasses misted up and water dripping from the end of his nose.

Irish Matron: "You look wet love and you must be cold." (said sympathetically).

Steadman: "Yes I am, and my feet are killing me." (said long suffering).

Irish Matron: "I hope you will get bloody pneumonia." (said adamantly).

2. Setting: O'Meath Road Block: A Fire Engine returning from a fire near the border. Fire Chief leaning out of the window passing the time of day with a road block NCO.

Fire Chief: "What do you think of the weather down here."

NCO: "Not too bad if it would stop raining."

Fire Chief: "Yes. Do you see those mountains over there?"

NCO: Yes"

Fire Chief: "Well when you see those mountains it's going to rain, and when you can't see them, it's raining.

3. Question.

How many Irishment does it take to put a light bulb in?
One to hold the bulb, two to turn the chair.

4. Setting A Newry Protestant going for an interview with St. Peter at the Pearly Gates.

St. Peter: "Good evening to you Patrick"

Paddy: "Evening sir"

St. Peter: "Have you done anything of note during your time on earth."

Paddy: "Well sir, I carried the Union Jack through the Derrybeg Estate."

St. Peter: "Oh yes, and when was this Patrick."

Paddy: "About 20 seconds ago sir"

9 PLATOON

The "Cop shop" in Newry is gleaming nowadays. Since the last edition we have discovered the artistic talents of Messrs Heath, Bratley and Whitwam who between them decorated our TV room, cookhouse and kitchen. A lot of hard work was put in by everybody, including Sgt Jackson and his pioneer team who were with us for a few days improving our living conditions (especially the bar). Well done Tommy.

Half way through the tour; not much excitement since our first few weeks but still we plod on devotedly with what has to be done. As each days tasks are completed, valuable information, including Cpl Wraggs consistent N.T.R.'s and Cpl Frank's frequent Rubber Bullet Reps (he just loves them) go up to Sgt Natrash at Coy HQ.

Our relationship with the Police is now firmly established and well maintained by all concerned, Capt. Andrews (PRO), and Sunray in particular.

Nearly half the platoon have been home on their well earned 4 days R and R and have enjoyed the break.

However, rumour has it that the odd few married soldiers were glad to get back for "a spot of rest and recuperation."

Volleyball, 9 Pl v Coy HQ (and the rest). The Rest were narrow victors after a hard fought set in which the official scorer, Pte. Bratley, was sacked, threatened with jail and Sgt Nash of the Rest took over, competitive spirit?

L/Cpl Kay wears a big smile nowadays; his new cooker has arrived and is now awaiting instalment. "Better dishes from now on lads," he promised us. Good old cookie! With all the facilities available to them, L/Cpl Whiteley and his merry drivers keep the 2 cleanest pigs in the area.

Pte McDonnell when he is not on the phone, sometimes gives Cpl Nellist a hand in the running of the stores, Arms Kote and bar.

Well folks that's it. Next stop, 1st August, the West Riding of Yorkshire and gallons of Tetley Beer. See you.

Newry Humour (2)—

Ambush somewhere North West of Newry 0230hrs

Low whisper "Cor aint arf..... cold, wish I was back in Halifax in bed!!"

Sunray: "Shhh!!! a long silence ensues.

Suddenly a voice from the rear "Hey there's a..... viggie creeping up on us!"

Sunray: "Where"? Moving rapidly to join the sentry, who points out a pair of legs on the far side of a hedge.

An alert Sunray: "..... me there's two of the"
A quick decision "You two take the one on the right, we will take the one on the left."

They move off crawling through the long wet grass. in which the Section soon discover plenty of evidence of there being cows about. After about five minutes crawling and cursing suddenly there is a loud "Mooo."

You silly its a cow"



"Well, it wasn't there when I came through Smith!!"

COY HQ

COY SIGNAL DET (THE SWAMP)

Hi there people, lookout its us again, the men from the Swamp, no-one seems to know what the Swamp is or stands for, but don't ask us cos we don't know either; anyway Cpl Morton still keeps a tight grip of his pen, "No sign, no kit." Bray is still in love with Jimi Hendrix, Wolstenholme still can't paint and Knowles still will not take his red light down, otherwise nothing is happening at all over here. The Sigs Det is thinking of employing a full-time clerk to fill in stolen car books, the operator on the 0200 to 0800hrs stag is suffering from writers cramp.

HEARD ON THE AIR

Hello 33D this is 33B stop that car, over.

33D which car, over.

33B forget it. it's gone past, out.

Hello 3 this is 33D are you in contact with me, over.

3 No. over.

33D roger, out.

COY HQ NOTES

"Willie 45" got his dates wrong! This astonishing news swept round the UDR Centre and became the focal point of much amusement. To explain, Willie was expecting to be on a resettlement course by the time this offering was being written. However, he was a week too early in his calculations, and had to cut down on the beer, re-draw his bedding, and start on escort duties again. The latter duty he is not very keen on with days to do!! It was said by those who were present that Seagulls face creased into a smile for the first time in weeks!

There has not been all that much to smile about here, although those who have been on leave seem to have a wistful grin for a couple of days before merging into the background of anonymity again. As I write the sounds of a suitcase being banged about in Seagull's room give credence to the rumour that he is off on leave. Both he and Molar (whom we expect bright eyed and bushy tailed to-morrow) were thinking of offering violence to any docker or airline pilot last week! However, those outfits must have got the message!

"Chips" Nash is in fine fettle, he really is a growing lad and it is rumoured that he and Sgt. Leachman are finding it difficult to negotiate the Dining Room doors. Grinsdale is lashing the "Keys" on his own, and Cpl Petre is producing the bacon sarnis with clockwork regularity. If I see another baton carrot.....!!

The MT are in good fettle, ably led (Vocally) by Cpl Waterhouse. They now let him count up to twelve (see last issue).

The canteen run by Pte Bell is now a place of sartorial splendour which is a pleasant change from the old look. 'Dinger' seems to have the Fruit Machine taped and doesn't bother to draw his pay anymore! By the way, you might like to see the canteen calender when you next visit, just to remind you how, there's some holds that even Jackie Pallo might find interesting.

Major Mundell is in good form, but he and the Coy have had precious little opportunity to live up to the title Mundells Mauraunders, but he did get stuck into a police lunch yesterday which he enjoyed, at least that's what he said on his return at 2100 hours!!

Newry Humour (3)-

An IRA man had been blown up by his own bomb and winged his way up to Heaven. He found himself outside the great door which leads to Paradise. St. Peter who was on duty opened the door a little, peered out into the stygian darkness and said "Who's there?" "Sean O'Malley, a member of the 1st Coy 5th Bn The Derry IRA" "T'devil you are, you can't come in here" quoth St. Peter. "I'm not coming in, I've just come to give you five minutes warning to get out"!!



C Coy, Ptes Watson, Fawcett, Wizzard, Jarman, Savery and Horsfall 56-7 PI members with only one fog between them.



Did you spot our last editions deliberate error? The correct spelling of the name of the gentlemen in this photograph is Horsfall.



Major Mundell and his Sergeant Major discuss the proper method of searching lavatory pans for tommy guns.



C Coy, Sgt Nash Int Sgt
"So this is what fresh air is like"

QUOTE

0210hrs, the CO on the telephone from the Bn Ops Room to B Squadron, The Scots Dragoon Guards, trying to organise an early morning search of a house.

CO: "Is the Duty Officer there?"

Scots DG operator: "Who is speaking?"

CO: "CO Dukes"

Operator: "I can't get him unless its urgent"

CO (losing patience): "Get the Squadron Leader instead"

Operator: "Is it important"

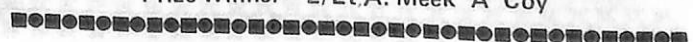
CO: "Bl.....!!!!"



Solution of Last Edition's Prize-Crossword CROSSWORD No 1

	1	N		2	A		3	C		4	B		5	T	6	R	7	O	8	P	
9	C	10	R	11	O	12	S	13	S	14	M	15	A	16	G	17	L	18	E	19	N
15	L	16	O	17	R	18	D	19	I	20	R	21	O	22	E	23	N	24	A	25	17
18	A	19	N	20	T	21	A	22	L	23	L	24	O	25	W	26	T	27	O	28	C
Y	22	23	H	24	A	25	N	26	O	27	I	28	D	29	A	30	T	31	E	32	E
M	26	27	O	28	D	29	D	30	N	31	Y	32	O	33	I	34		35		36	I
O	F	28	A	29	G	30	E	31	O	32	N	33	L	34							
31	R	32	A	33	T	34	E	35	S	36	F	37	O	38	R	39	K	40	H	41	I
E	H	35	O	36	O	37	A	38		39											
	35	36	B	37	E	38	S	39	B	40	R	41	O	42	O	43	K	44	M	45	I
39	M	40	B	41	R	42	O	43	D	44	I	45	O	46	E	47		48		49	A
42	I	43	R	44	O	45	N	46	L	47	M	48	I	49	L	50	I	51	T	52	A
45	N	46	C	47	R	48	A	49	N	50	O	51	G	52	O	T	53	R	54	55	I
E	A	48	P	49	E	50	T	51	E	52	R	53	G	54	A	55	R	56	D	57	N
51	B	52	O	53	R	54	A	55	H	56	A	57	R	58	A	59	R	60	61	62	E

Prize Winner- 2/Lt.A. Meek 'A' Coy





After all the war stories Somme have been telling, we should have been able to dream up a good caption for this one, (Photographed at Crossmaglen) but all ours were unprintable. The Editor will present a prize of a free ticket from Belfast to Catterick (valid on 1st August 1972) for the best caption received

Address entries to:
Capt Mellor, 1 DWR, BFPO 801.

SOMME COMPANY THE BORDER SCENE

The IRA
Now keep away
From Crossmaglen itself
Instead of which
In every ditch:
Claymore bad for Alf

The UDR
Come by car
To Newtownhamilton
And on patrol
They find a hole
And in it big black John.

The Anti Tanks
Search all the banks
Around Forkhill town
But best of all
They get a call
To shoot some gunmen down.

In every base
There is a case
Ready packed for home
And then Argyles
Will walk those miles
While Somme to Yorkshire come.

But 'fore we leave
We will retrieve
Some rifles and some "jelly"
We'll add to that
Another Pat
As well as Mick O'Kelly.



Somme Coy soldier to partner "This is the first disco night we've had at Crossmaglen."

UP COUNTRY SOMME

When first the C.O. saw Crossmaglen
He decided that he'd send the men
So Somme Company were sent up there
To keep the peace, not to drink beer.

Our days are spent on border patrols
Fortified with Molar rolls
Or for a change we'll take a walk
And with some farmers talk.

Then there's the Eagle high in the sky
It wouldn't fly with Robson's pie
Inside the boys of the Mortar Platoon
Over a picture of Peter swoon.

Inside the camp is Seagull's joy
"Pick up that cup, you naughty boy"
He's heard to shout it every day
But in a rather different way.

The Company Commander then had the urge
Upon the Ops Room to have a purge
He got some brushes and signallers too
And painted the walls a lovely blue.

The Second in Command runs the shop
That serves us with our sigs and pop
He'll get you tablecloths, hankies too
All served with a smile as he's days to do.

The purveyor of rations is Molar Hall
Whos shows great skill with the oval ball
Three times a week he drives his truck
Forkhill, Newtownhamilton then Bessbrook.

And now my little rhyme must end
Just when I dream't I was Seagull's friend
He's awakened me from my deep slumber
"Order's tomorrow, what's yer bleedin' number."

SHADES OF MADAM POMPADOUR

At Crossmaglen there is a vending machine which dispenses four types of beverage. One evening Pte Ellis came into the Ops Room and complained that the section making the chocolate drink had gone wrong and was producing a foul concentrated mixture. Our sympathetic Seagull replied:

"Well, you'll have to drink tea then won't you"

However the boys got the last laugh, because when Sgt Hewson repaired the vending machine they quickly discovered that if you pressed the button for chocolate, no money was required.

ANTI TANK PLATOON FORKHILL

Things here have been nice and peaceful, with the exception of the Boss (Lord Forkhill) saying "leave-only 4 days to go."

The past week we have had the Royal Engineers in the camp fortifying the RUC station, with two new sangars. Most important piece of woodwork in the place since we came has been the bar in the canteen. This is now the domain of Cpl Sellars (Hic).

The cook and his mate are living 24 hours per day in the cookhouse with us having 12 engineers plus 7 Recce Pl. He says he may as well feed the troop at Crossmaglen too then he will be feeding S Coy. The telephone to the C.Q.M.S. has been red hot with demands for L/Cpl Taylor's 80 tins of beans.

Cattle rustling is still the big thing in the area, only now they are taking fully grown cows as well as calves (think big).

This is the time of the year for the fox hunting boys. We are getting quite a few at the police station, as in Northern Ireland you get a bounty of 50p for the tongue, in England you get the money for the tail. We are thinking of sending the tongues over here from England, and getting them to send us the tails, when we get back to Catterick.

We used to sell Domino Cards, but seeing as how the only people who have won are the NCO's (by sheer chance of course) the lower ranks are reluctant to buy them now, even though we still have plenty of cards left.

The rabbits are getting less in number in the local area, probably owing to the PI hunt, I think some of them may have wised up now. When they hear a pig or a land-rover they make tracks for their holes to get out of the way. L/Cpl Hayes got one, the only trouble was we have seen a bigger mouse, still L/Cpl Hayes was happy.

We are thinking of starting up a firm named Rent a Poacher. Applications should be forwarded to our chief poacher Cpl Parkinson and chief guide Sammy (See Advert below).

Let us take this chance on congratulating L/Cpls Birks, Hepworth and Walker on gaining sub rank.

ADVERT

'RENT A POACHER' Specialists in rabbit's, wood pigeons and trout, by appointment to Lord Forkhill and Supplier's of Messes from Forkhill to Bessbrook. Fresh young bunnies £1 each (more if they only have two legs.)



VIGILANT & ASSAULT PIONEER PLATOONS NEWTOWNHAMILTON

'WILKIE'

Alas poor Yoric, we knew him well
His departure from us, will surely tell
43 Bravo being one man light
This really tells on their guards at night
He left the Army, and went home to Dad
No more to drive the sergeant mad.

Never mind Wilkie
For you it's over
From now on you can live in clover
We take this opportunity
Though maybe late
To wish you all the happiness, Mate.

Signed 43

Once again the Vigilant and Assault Pioneers take time to write and wish all our readers a fond Hello.

Since our last notes in the Duke's Diary, it has been very quiet in our location. Even the local cattle rustlers have deserted us for fresh pastures (namely 42's ranch Shilo). There have been very few changes within the platoon with the exception of Pte Wilkinson who was posted to deepest civvy street (Huddersfield) and our Percy who had left the Ops Room for pastures green, namely foot patrols.

Replacing Percy is Pte Armitage, who now runs the Ops Room single handed (so Deputy Martin says). Marshall Thorn is still riding high on the Rocking Chair cowboys (Hawkeye). Because of the absence of Peter Perfect the competition for air space has had to be suspended. Hurry back Peter your friendly voice is missed by all.

There is a general lack of action in the area for which we are very grateful. We should have no trouble with the Cross-country race next year. We spend more time hedge hopping than chopper hopping. Still it keeps us happy. Best of all it makes the reflexes snappy 'Quote' and it also makes us sleep hard 'Unquote.'

Deputy Martin has been organising the ship once again as we have in recent weeks been hard at it painting and decorating HMS Newtownhamilton RUC station. Where once we had a rusty old stove is now a fully psycadelic silver and black old stove and chief Fothergill was heard to say "When he's done painting his galley, he's going to put peace signs and flowers on the wall in order to cool down the ships company at meal times."

LOST AND FOUND

A piece of white crushed plastic has been found by Ranger Adams, whilst leading a posse out on the prairie. It was brought in and has been positively identified by Marshall Thorn as a ten gallon hat for a Leprechaun. Any Leprechaun having lost his hat should contact the Marshall and give a positive description and it will then be exchanged for a pot of gold.

CUTTING FROM THE 'SUNDAY TIMES'

The persistent innocence of the Irish Tourist Board is a rebuke to us all. For example, a leaflet is available at the Board's Offices in London advising visitors on What You may shoot in Ireland. "You will find the shooting laws and customs here reasonable and fair....." it says, in part. "You are asked, whilst you are in Ireland, to shoot only the kind of birds and animals mentioned. You are also asked to observe local practice and not shoot to excess nor shoot over the same ground too often."



Fred Pickering's first trampoline class at the Bessbrook Tech. All 12 students passed the 'Elementary Bronze Award of the British Trampoline Federations proficiency scheme.

COMMAND AND ADMINISTRATIVE COMPANIES HEADQUARTERS

Well here we are again. It doesn't seem all that long since we last wrote a few lines, my how time flies. Everybody in t'Mill are doing fine and are looking forward to the time when they will be home again.

CSM Hartley had his photograph taken, talking to the Lord Mayor of Bradford, it is now pinned on the office wall and every morning he looks at it and says "arnt I lovely," but it's a toss up between him and CQMS Reddy who is the loveliest as they both spend all their time in front of the mirror saying "Mirror mirror on the wall who is the loveliest of them all."

Many is the day when we see CSM Kelly sat at his desk looking at 'Kelly's Folly' pulling his hair out trying to fix a days duties, Kelly's Folly is the name given to the Duties Roll by Capt Jago the doctor, CSM Kelly being the only one that can understand it.

The Mill Manager Major Ivey is still making rules for the Mill, I think someone should tell him we are leaving soon and not staying the rest of our lives.

A warning to all wives. The cry is House or Line and most have got the Bingo Bug so if, after he gets home, you find him missing we suggest you send a search party to the nearest Bingo Hall.

L/Cpls Uttley and Foyle are doing an excellent job seeing that the mail gets to us on time, mind you the MTO is getting a little worried after having to replace at least six windscreens in the Wells Fargo Landrovers, it appears that the kids here don't want the mail to get through, but through hails of stones they always manage it.

Finally The Sheriff, Sgt Lofthouse, and his Deputy Cpl Waite seem to work hard. When passing the guardroom, the following conversation can always be heard "3 Kings, 123 Straight, AKQ and a 10 Flush."

OPERATIONS ROOM (Ye Olde Coffee Shope)

The Ops staff down at Bessbrook Mill
Are often seen to use the quill
Logging it in, logging it out
Never knowing for sure what it's all about.

Capt Fitzgerald is in no doubt
That he would be better if he were out
Back to the Trg team at the end of the tour
Or to a company, he's not sure

The Ops W.O. is at it in vain
Trying to get his NARATs right again
From a sweaty brow to a nice cool shower
He will be alright for another hour.

Cpl Akeroyd is our new acquisition
Working as a clerk in an exhalted position
His coffee is famous, his jokes are old
Never has there been one quite so bold.

Our visitors are numerous
Our hours are long
Today is today and yesterday is gone.

Our tour is almost over
The day is growing nigh
Back to Catterick and our loved ones
At the end of July.

(1A)

INTELLIGENCE SECTION

Believe it or not the officers mess toilet at Bessbrook Mill produces an average of 600 photographs each week. The fittings, they say, of the aforementioned ablution (loo, khasi, throne room, bog, call what you will) have adapted themselves rather well to the photographic processes used in the Bn. Darkroom, the mind boggles. The staff of this palatial hole, codename Crawford's Cave, have declared it a 'no go' area in a form of reverse apartheid to make up for the Rhodesian born occupiers of both offices next door to the Int. Office, although relations on the whole are cordial.

In the second half of our tour we are going to try and produce some usable intelligence between our long periods of dogsbodying even though it sometimes seems that there are over 500 members of the 1st Bn The Duke of Wellington's Regiment opposing this.

The show must go on! And to prove it the goon-like gang of this office (Bloodnock, Minn, Moriarty, Eccles and Seagoon) have compiled the list below:

Occurrences of Note

On 15th June 1972 one of the chairs in the Int Office finally wore a hole in the floor, which was swept the following day.

Intelligence Bonus

(a) It is confirmed that more people are using the pill in the Republic, documentary evidence will be provided by this office gratis (for nothing too).

(b) The low water level of Spring tides in Dublin Bay, which is 9 feet below Mean Sea Level, is 21 feet below a mark on the base of Poolbeg Lighthouse and if anyone disagrees we'll demolish Poolbeg Lighthouse.

(c) If all the ice that formed in the guttering of Bessbrook Mill during the winter was laid end to end in the Mill passages, it would melt.

(d) Finally, to conclude, what's more to finish off with, I would end with a modern day fairy tale of Bessbrook Mill and the Jolly CSM who would daily meet his girl-friend Iris in the sandbag emplacement all round the Mill and of how he became upset when she fell out of alignment, but the jolly CSM in question has threatened that if I do he'll have me on guard for the next 42 days so I won't.

OVERHEARD IN THE MEDICAL CENTRE

Patient: "Is the MO in?"
Bandsman: "No on Ops duty"
Patient: "Sgt Budden then?"
Bandsman: "No on SDS"
Patient: "Ambulance driver?"
Bandsman: "Taken it to Workshops again"
Patient: "Can you do my verrucca then?"
Bandsman: "What's a verrucca?"
Patient: "Forget it."

OVERHEARD IN THE RADIO ROOM

C/S 33: "I have some stolen cars for you"
L/Cpl Woodward: "Can you take them round the back as there's not enough room at the front."
C/S 33: "*/@£-&

SENT IN ANONYMOUSLY (POSTMARKED DARLINGTON)

SEPARATION

A decade ago you left me in charge,
Insomnia's rife the bed is too large,
The house is so shiny, so spick and so span,
No clue at all that here lives a man.

No vests or socks behind the door,
No ash nor slippers on bedroom floor,
No warm arms in bed at night,
No cold shoulder when all's not right.

My Omar Shariff, her Gregory Peck,
You've left us for Ulster, but Oh what the heck,
We've coffee and zoos and outings galore,
And life is exciting or is it a bore?

The children want Daddy to put them to bed,
So where are you all, Jack, John or old Fred?

A. Duchess

MT SECTION

Sorry we didn't manage to make the last edition, but someone stole all the pens out of the MT Office, Hustwick we think, anyway we've blamed him as usual.

We'd like to welcome L/Cpl Eadie and Cfn Lawton who are attached to us for the tour and are likely to be remembered for years to come for their hair: (shoulder length just about). The MTO was seen to go red in the face at the sight of these heads of hair on legs and walked around the yard for the following two days mumbling something about taking a commission. He does this most of the time anyway so no-one took too much notice.

Forkhill detachment are in the lead as far as breakdowns go, and Billy Banks reckons Trev Collins has joined the IRA. We'd be able to blame Hustwick if he was up there.

Vince Lambton has gone on a course and the silence is terrific. We all send our sympathy to the troops at Borden and assure them that a gag doesn't stop him. (He's got a runaway tongue).

Chuck Crowley is still eating well. He weighs about seventeen stone now. Blimey, you'd think food was going out of fashion the way he goes at it. He's getting so fat just lately it's not true. Jamie swears blind he fell down in the yard and rocked himself to sleep trying to get up the other day.

Sgt Pye works too hard and all the lads reckon he's out to get a few days rest. (That paragraph will probably be censored because it's poor old Sgt Pye writing these notes).

That's about all for now anyway, we'll all see you in about 5 weeks time. Mind you Mrs. Rawcliffe I can't vouch for Pete, the last we heard about him was when he was interned at Long Kesh. Sorry about letting that one slip.

FORECAST OF (UNLIKELY) MT EVENTS FOR JULY 72

- 1st—The MTO gives day off to all MT (December 25th)
- 3rd—LAD declared a no-go area by Cfn Bramley.
- 4th—Barricades erected outside FAMTO stores. L/Cpl Banks wears mask and glasses.
- 6th—Something goes wrong in MT. Hustwick not blamed.
- 7th—Hustwick admitted to Belfast Musgrave Park Hospital with shock.
- 8th—Cpl Lambton joins monastery and takes vows of Silence
- 9th—86 monks with earache join MT platoon.
- 10th—Cpl Peat gets his coveralls dirty.
- 12th—Chuck Crowley goes on Hunger Strike.
- 14th—MT parade for publication of Bessbrook Mill Rule 1000.
- 16th—Fred Pontin bids for Bessbrook Mill and MT section as camp and comedy act.
- 17th—MTO goes beserk and sets fire to 19 ER 07 (that might happen).
- 18th—Sgt Pye doesn't have his photo taken.
- 19th—Mr. Whitelaw releases 20 more internees. Sgt Rawcliffe amongst them.
- 21st—RMO denies that Prof Goode has been in a coma all the time.
- 23rd—Jamie comes back with definite proof that the Pope is a welder at 8 Fd Wksp.
- 25th—Staff Pearson brings Q car back.
- 26th—Georgie Best says he won't drive anymore, National papers want his story.
- 28th—Argyle and Bolton Wanderers arrive, MT refuse to leave Mill and stage sit in.

SIGNAL PLATOON

The downhill stretch of our tour has at last been reached and "dinky-do" charts can now be seen in abundance adorning the bed spaces and walls in duty places. This period of the tour being significant, of course, by virtue of the fact that people can now start saying ".....days to do" without receiving scowls, punches or the odd missile, from their neighbours.

Most of the Signal Platoon at Bessbrook have had their leave and are now back with their noses to the grindstone. (There is absolutely no truth in the rumour that several members of the PI have reported sick with bedsores!!)

On the subject of sickness, heard the one about our poor Pte Morton 66. He reported sick a while ago stating that he had a tooth that needed filling. The dentist, however, had other views and Morton is now bemoaning the loss of three of his "molars." By way of consolation to him he can now slip chips into his mouth without opening his teeth (a great labour saving stunt).

On an even lighter (or is it brighter) note, now, the members of the radio room have been reshuffled and that great radio operator and mediocore poet, Sgt. Bob Kench alias Stench has transferred next door to the Ops Room whilst our equally mediocore poet Cpl Barnett has been persuaded to go outside the Mill at last as COs Operator.

We might, now I come to think of it, have a candidate for a case of "Bedsores!" Not you Cpl Barnett. We were going to make a tribute to our intrepid tels tech, Sgt Bill Taylor. Why we should make a tribute to him I haven't a clue but according to him he never gets a mention in the mag. Well, Bill, you've got your mention but we can't think what to say as a tribute.

The Mill Detachment continue to keep in contact with the out-stations both physically and on the air. Cpl Bowler can now boast the strangest looking antenna in the area, namely a Yagi which Cpl Wicks made for him. Both Mr. Ward, (he worked out the lengths) and Cpl Wicks (he did the work), were very relieved when it worked. In fact I think Somme can honestly say they've never had such good comms. They could still improve them if they turned the "box" off! Going back to the antenna, we'd like to thank the Doctor for lending us his ambulance to transport it down.

Doomwatch is proving to be a very poetical period and over the past few weeks the poor operators who have been saddled with this watch have been churning out reams of poetry. We have included two of the clean ones below. Several days ago the A/RSO and Sgt. Rawcliffe paid a visit to workshops at Long Kesh. At the Guardroom Sgt Rawcliffe discovered that he hadn't his ID card with him, so WO II Conley (who had his!) said he could vouch for him. This wasn't good enough for the sentry who immediately put Sgt. Rawcliffe in the Guardroom. This prompted our poet to compose the following:

Now here's a little story,
I'm happy to relate,
About our FAMTO Sgt,
Stopped at Long Kesh gate.

Pete has just made history,
And this we've just learned,
For he's the first British Soldier,
Ever to be interned.

They let him out, it's sad,
But this he had to say,
"I'll never enter politics,
Or join the IRA"

The other one is dedicated to the Recce Platoon:

STEVE'S DREAM

He'll scream and bawl, rant and rave,
"They'll drive me to an early grave,"
They're always there blocking the air
It's enough to make any RSI despair.
But wait, champagne out, let off a balloon,
They're closing down in the Recce Platoon.

RECCE PLATOON

Since last 9 Alfa went to Press,
OC Recce has had some success.
With faces black, on a morning damp
Call sign 62 found an IRA camp.

Some time later this team of fame
With ATO's help left a car in flame.

Then call sign 63 came on the scene
Finding Co-Op sugar in a stream.

ATO blew it on the spot
This, we know, could have been our Lot.

The above lines give some idea of what we have been up to since our last notes. Vehicle and foot patrols continue, with Sections joining Somme Coy on the Border to add a little technical polish to the area. Our NOD, with Thermal Pointer exited Cpl Goddard!

The PI is now proficient in the operation of Radar, if only it had an IRA detector built in. With the prospect of an IRA truce, our outline for Future Events is:

Periods run by IRA:

- How to avoid checkpoints
- Undetected movement by day and night
- Concealment of weapons
- Intelligence
- Communications

Periods run by Recce Pl:

- Area cleaning
- Cookhouse fatigues
- Vehicle maintenance
- The ability to cause utter confusion at any given time,
- Sleep deprivation.

Could the Tech QM please arrange for the PI to be brought onto IRA (Official) ration strength, in Baxter's Bar, Rostrevor for the period of trg. Also it is noticed that the IRA use girls for certain Ops, could Tech QM please make available WRAC on the scale of one per two men.

REFLECTIONS OF A RECCE PLATOON WIFE

Miss Devlin we would like to say
It would please us very greatly,
If you could repeat in our home town
The speech you gave just lately.

The one in which you called our troops
Names unjust and vile.
And said they should keep out
Of your precious 'Emerald Isle'.

I promise you a real big crowd
To listen to your talk,
And a welcome as big as you gave our men
Who through our streets you walk.

Men have been shot and wounded
Because they follow orders,
Do you think they like to patrol
Along your country borders.

God help you little Bernadette
If we should meet one day,
For you would be buried under ground,
If we could have our way.

We've heard enough from your sweet mouth
To last us all our lives,
So go to Hell where you belong
To please us Army wives.

No one asks us what we think
When our men are sent to fight,
But maybe in time you will find out
Some dark and rainy day.

To sign our names we will decline
But not for lack of courage,
We want our husbands home again
Without a Sniper's bullet.

QUOTE

C.O.: 'Well we are in the hands of the Paymaster as Duty Officer this evening.'

Tech Q.M.: 'Yes Sir, that's why I have kept uniform on this evening.'

QUOTE

S. Sgt Vinson: 'It has taken me five years to understand the Yorkshire sense of humour, and now they go and post me!

OPERATIONS ROOM NOTES

The Ops Staff consists of the Ops Officer, the Ops WO (WOII Middleton) and the Ops clerk (Cpl Akeroyd). However, membership is unlimited. We are never short of advisors or coffee drinkers. Some of the advisors would be amazed to know that firstly we only class them as coffee drinkers and secondly when they are not available for comment, life seems to go on amazing.

The greatest achievement to date is the Statistics Chart. We are proud to announce that errors have been reduced to less than 100% (See back of this Diary)

Latest statistics: The following have been consumed in the Ops Room:

20 tins of Coffee (8oz. tins)
124 tins of condensed milk (½pt)
62 lbs of sugar.

HEARD ROUND AND ABOUT

Capt Andrews: "You really cannot expect a chap to hand over just like that, I have got two months knowledge in my head."

Ops Officer: "I am walking around with 29 years knowledge in my head."

Sioux Pilot: "Landing in 5 minutes, secure landing site."
Burma Coy: "The site is secure, there is already an Eagle sat on t'ground"

From Burma Coy: "One casualty dropped at Red 85" Superficial damage???

SEEN ROUND AND ABOUT

Two senior members playing a bastardised form of drafts; believe it is connected with who buys the wine at night. Intelligence Officer will submit a full report.

The Phantom Porn Pincher, Capt Burke art thou reading them below?

DREADS OF THE OPS ROOM

Stolen cars from Corunna
Helicopter requests from Somme
Written reports from Burma

"Hows about another cup of coffee"

Memo for the Paymaster
(Our latest Duty Officer)

The Phonetic Alphabet for "Q" is not "Waltham."

BORVIEWS

The absence of notes from this department in the last Dukes Diary was noticed and commented on by all and sundry. That is why, dear readers, you now have the privilege of reading a piece of literature unparalleled owing to its extremely high rubbish content.

However, back to the present, to the land of rules, canteens without stock, no smoking signs and close confinement; back into the grey nether-world of the Mill where we, like gremlins, daily poke our heads out of our little holes, foggily thinking of some suitable derogatory comment with which to start the day.

The work cave is situated in the hub of the subterranean complex in which we live. This unfortunately means that we are subjected to the goings on and peculiar habits of some strange neighbours, albeit that they are cave dwellers as are we. A constant source of excitement are the tiffs in the Ops Room which are heralded by the usual cave-man grunts, bellows and growls and which usually culminate in the Ops Ofrr being dragged by his hair along the corridor by the Ops WO after they have 'made up.'

The Signals rarely disturb us much these days, the only notable occasion being when, on picking up the 'phone one day, one of our members asked for a line; this was quickly produced, unfortunately it still had somebody's washing on it.

One of the main problems we encounter in the Mill is the existence of 'n' number of troglodytes who wander aimlessly around, thus prompting the following lines:

The Orderly Room
Will be the doom
Of many a poor, misguided man
Who thinks he can
Walk in and out
And round about
Without explaining why.

For day by day
They come and say
'Pray tell me, when's my posting?'
And promptly get a roasting
From nasty men
Who wield a pen
And rarely bat an eye.

Do not intrude
For it is rude
To tramp within these hallowed walls.
Just hear the bawls
When in you come
Sucking your thumb,
A speedy way to die!

Of course, the grim words of warning do not have a lasting effect upon our day to day routine. Indeed, some members of Bn HQ have quite an easy and relaxing time of it, escaping regularly from the claustrophobic surroundings of the Mill:

Koorbezalg Drahcir picks flowers
In Ireland's leafy bowers,
While behind the wheel
Of the space-mobile
Morton sits and glowers.

The country evening falls
So Koorbezalg he calls
Down to Ormeath
To pick a wreath
To grace the Ops Room walls.

However, we shouldn't be too hard upon the personage mentioned above as he is getting a little 'dinky' these days, besides which, all the world likes an eccentric.

And now an untrue story:

Pedro Wilson was quite proud
Of the growth upon his face.
One black day he met Jock Waite
Who said 'That's a disgrace.'

Our Pedro was not amused
He called on Speed the Spic
And asked him for some sleazy ruse
To make the Morons tick.

So Speed the Spic went to Jock Waite
(Keeper of lags and felons)
And said 'Look pal, you're not so big
My wife plays for St. Helens.

So if caution you'll not observe
When Pedro you espie,
My wife'll give what you deserve
And poke you in the eye.'

Alas, the feud could not go on,
The RSM was wary
Of NCOs who went to war
With faces sprouting hairy.

Says RSM 'You two will meet
To duel in the morn
With razors both, there to decide
Who'll be the one who's shorn.'

The outcome of this dubious tale
Is that the hairs have vanished,
But, instigator of the wrath,
Our Speed the Spic, is banished.

He dwells afar, but not alone,
His wife is with him there,
Both bemoaning cruel fate,
And Pedro Wilson's hair.

There is no truth in the following rumours!

(1) That Staff Milner's GSM N. Ireland will have a picture of Rip Van Winkle on it.

(2) That Sgt Manion has been commissioned by the World Geographical Society to make a film entitled 'Voyaging by Rover through the Irish Bogs.'

(3) That the Padre is going to be promoted Bishop in order that Cpl Mortimer can use him as a chess piece.

(4) That Cpl Akeroyd and the Ops WO are engaged.

(5) That Cpl Wilson has insured his facial growth for £10,000.

(6) That L/Cpl Nuttall supplies all the grease for use in the MT.

(7) That Pte Casey has declared apartheid in the Mill.

(8) That nobody knows who Pte Greenwood is?

CORPS OF DRUMS

Since our last notes, we have a few new faces with us, the first being SI Pickering, who, with a few well chosen words, cheers up the lads every morning:

"Come on lads, a spot of PT this morning." – Oh, those words!!

He is of course, ably assisted by Jungle Jim (L/Cpl Everett)! Cpl Hynes has also joined us from hospital in Blighty. He is easily the most popular of the three, as he hates PT.

Incident-reps

(1) Cpl Lister and his section were fired on in High Street whilst on foot patrol. A man fired at them with a pistol then drove off in a car. Smith 22 thinks he hit the car when he fired but alas it got away.

(2) Cpl Sullivan's section became c/s 64 for about 16 hours when they were detached to help the Recce Pl out on a cordon and search operation in the Rostrevor area. It was a long, cold, and wet operation, but dividends paid off when an IRA camp was discovered with camping gear and weapons; so the cribs changed to smiles and thoughts of how worthwhile it all was.

QUOTE

From sangar to Ops Room:

"I have just heard an explosion from the new building site area."

"Okay, I will check it out with Zero."

"Hello, Ops Officer here"

"Sir, my front sangar thinks he heard an explosion from the new building site area."

"He's quite right, the builders are blasting. Didn't you know?"

SCHIZOPHRENIA – A CASE FOR TREATMENT

It has been rumoured that the lack of Medical Notes in the last edition was due to the Medics being so busy that they had no time to commit their war stories to paper for your edification. This rather concerned your correspondent as he felt that if true it could only mean that the Battalion were in a bad state of health. He therefore investigated.

Let me immediately set your minds at rest Dear Readers. All the lads are fit and well and in good spirits and the Medic's skills have fortunately only been required on a few isolated occasions. Then "Why no notes?" you ask. The reason would seem to be that some strange schizophrenic-type madness has invaded the Medical Centre, perhaps the spectre of past Psychiatric MOs haunting them!

Capt Jago seems to be developing a second string to his bow by taking his turn on the Duty Officer roster and has on one occasion even usurped the Adjutant's pen and signed Battalion Routine Orders. He obviously is preparing for a rainy day should the General Medical Council ever strike him off their Register.

Sergeant Budden is seen most days commanding the SDS on its adventures to the border locations. He has purchased a personal weapon to protect the mail (he obviously doesn't trust WD property!) and has been overheard telling one Weapon Training Instructor how to fire from the "Weaver" stance to obtain greater accuracy. Shipbuilders beware when he moves onto greater things.

L/Cpl Ijeh has forsaken the relative safety of the Medical Centre for the rigours of working as a Company Medic and seems to have attached himself as Major Mundell's personal bodyguard, he is now known as 'Odd-job Ijeh'. He assures the MO that he still runs a daily sick parade, but is never in when visited.

Ptes Baker, Kent and Mowbray each live in one of the three border locations supposedly to look after the Somme Company inmates. However making up "Posses" to catch local cattle rustlers and poaching rabbits for the Officer's Mess seems to take up most of their time.

Pte Slater is now in General Practice in Bessbrook, that is when he can spare the time from his correspondence course and he has recently started to draw his hallucinations, he protests that they are diagrams to help illustrate his answers to the course. Neutral observers think otherwise.

Pte Greenhow is now by appointment Chief Advisor on tyre-changing to the MTO, he gets in little driving these days as the ambulance is always off the road in Workshops. It would appear that the voodoo has even struck down that monster.

Some of the Bandsmen have survived their tour of duty with the Medics without falling victim to the disease, but it is said that Bandsman Clegg has volunteered to come out for a further month, which only goes to prove that it is infective after all.

"Is there any cure?" you ask. The MO says there is and after all, he is supposed to know! He assures me that a prescription of beer three times a day and female company (nocte) should bring about an instant return to sanity when they get back to Catterick.

FOUR BATTALION PERSONALITIES
AND WHAT THEY DO
IN THEIR SPARE TIME



The Chief Chuff:
Enter Chief's office, there's nobody there, where can the gaffer be, tell us Oh where. Sweet inspiration, we must use our heads also our ears and follow the ZZZZZZZZZZs!



Doctor Budden:
The SDS takes a wrong turn, or "I never did trust Sgt Budden's map reading."



A Defender of England's frontiers, or; Why we lost the war.

☆
☆

LADIES

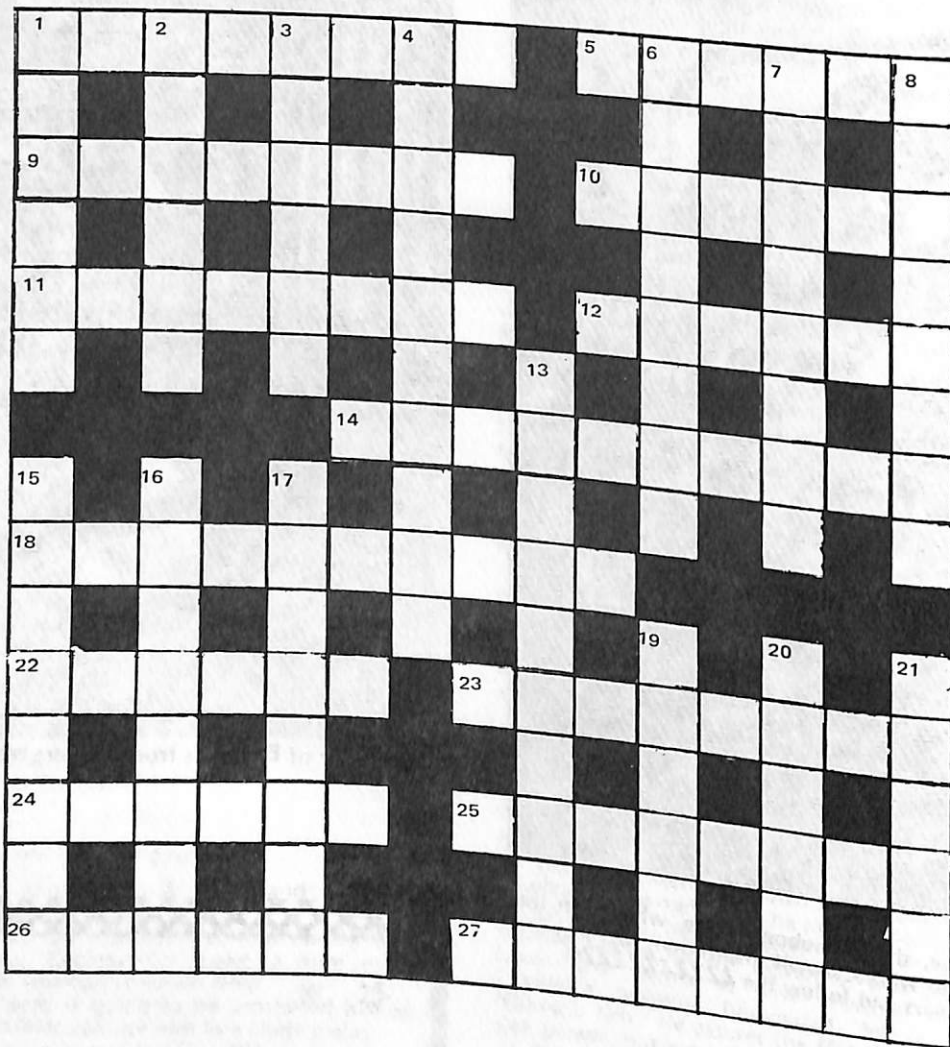
Our suave, debonair, curly brown hair, blue eyes, batchelor doctor has a bet on to see which member of the Officer's Mess will receive the most letters from girls during our tour. Ladies, if you have nothing to do this evening, drop a loving line to:

Captain Roger Jago
1 DWR
BFPO 801

☆
☆

CROSSWORD

This Edition's Crossword: Solutions to CSM Kelly by 20th July. £3.00 for first correct answer pulled from a hat on 21st July.



CLUES ACROSS

- 1 I can palm into mournful sound (8).
- 5 Limited it in the penalty (6)
- 9 Second thoughts about the defences (8)
- 10 A key crossing within your pocket (6)
- 11 Puss seen anxious uncertainty (8)
- 12 Set move company (6)
- 14 Where to keep a golden eagle? (6, 4)
- 18 Dents women given at certain ages (10)
- 22 White fencing (6)
- 23 Believe the alternative you owe him (8)
- 24 Do one no return for battle (6)
- 25 Mixed up the same bent at the bottom (8)
- 26 Flag Officer? (6)
- 27 Sounds like on posting a letter going uphill (8).

CLUES DOWN

- 1 Fondle a vehicle going East on ship (6)
- 2 Unassuming fashion on the little street (6)
- 3 Initially the urban district in a mixed up role can be noisier (6)
- 4 I match in numbers for guts (10)
- 6 An old penny in strange fools pouring down (8)
- 7 Mocking the driver with one hundred and Capone (8)
- 8 To make is difficult for the poor belted fat man (4, 4)
- 13 Little Edward and I on the hill with the wrong sail make the front page (10)
- 15 Aid the sailor companion (8)
- 17 Was son initially no good mixed up in the end (8)
- 19 Stick a small advertisement in this place (8)
- 20 A non drinking finish to listen to (8)
- 21 More Hackney tea King on broken ceremony (8)

**SIGNAL FROM A SQN
ROYAL SCOTS DRAGON GUARDS
ON THE DAY THEY LEFT ULSTER**

Bye bye Newry
We're all off home today.
We catch our flight at Aldergrove
And leave the IRA.

The QOH were here at first,
But left four weeks ago.
The RDG have settled down
With Hardy as IO.

Their boss is called Mike Dangerfield,
Their 2IC is Woodall,
Who, though not bad at social life,
At tactics knows f.... all.

The Duke of Boots from Belfast came
And started in great style.
They had success in Derrybeg
But only for a while.

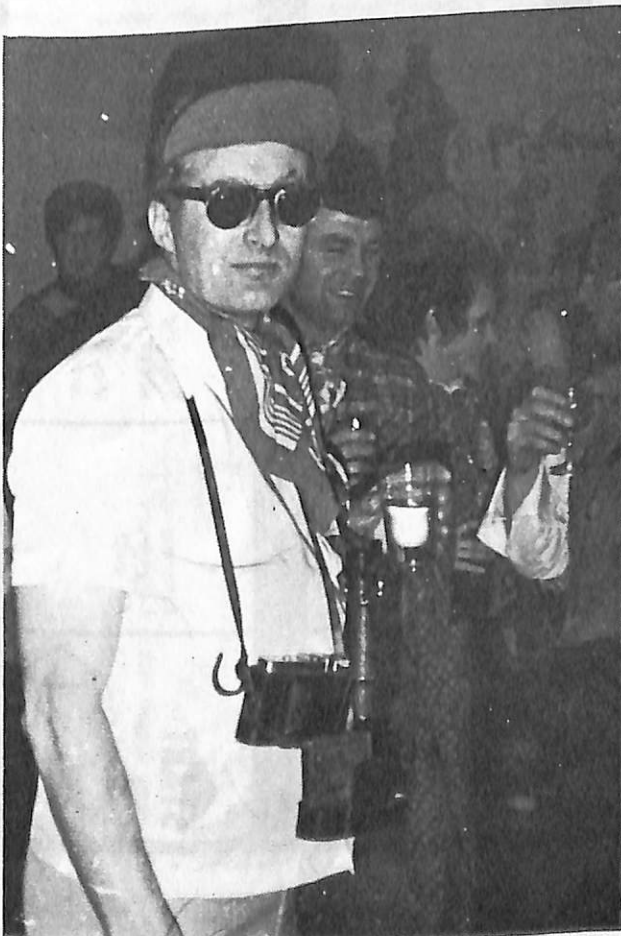
The 16/5th to our North
Are our only Lancers.
They seem to have a social life
And rumoured they have dances.

The Gordons have their pipes and drums
To fill up another space,
It has been said, though not confirmed
They're playing Amazing Grace.

The Engineers have helped us out
With Barricades and bridges.
Our social life has not been great
But the women are not frigid

The UDR and RUC
Have always been good blokes
They've told us of some hideouts
Where we're guaranteed some pokes.

Before we end we say farewell
To Bush at Brigade and others.
'B' Sqn will be there quite soon
So look after all our brothers.



"There is no truth in the rumour that the Commanding Officer and Capt Redwood-Davies have joined the UDA"

STATISTICS

Between 261600 April and 262359 June 1st D.W.R. (less Alma Coy) have achieved the following (Alma Coy cannot be included because being in a separate Brigade, we don't have details of their vital statistics):



(a) Operations

- 1 Number of persons arrested – 38
- 2 Amount of explosives found – 1878lbs 8ozs
- 3 Amount of explosives exploded by the enemy – 1307lbs 8ozs
- 4 Weapons found and/or captured: 3 M1 Carbines, 3 .22 rifles, 4 .303 rifles, 1 Thompson, 4 Shotguns, 9 Revolvers, total 24.
- 5 Amount of ammunition found – 2159 rounds.
- 6 Number of cars searched – 15,351
- 7 Number of stolen cars recovered – 11
- 8 Number of rounds fired at enemy – 67
- 9 Number of rubber bullets fired – 10
- 10 Number of occupied buildings searched – 74
- 11 Number of rounds the Bn has had fired at them – 110.
- 12 Number of stolen cars on the Bn List – 889



(b) Administration

- 1 Number of miles driven by 1 DWR vehicles – 191,683 miles.
- 2 Top mileage in one month by one vehicle – LR 35FJ66 (B Coy) 4162 miles.
- 3 The CO has driven – 3,698 miles
- 4 The 2IC has driven – 3,383 miles
- 5 Number of gallons of petrol used – 19,760 gallons
- 6 Number of feet of teleprinter paper used – 15,600
- 7 Transmission time on teleprinter – 453 hours
- 8 Number of battle batteries used in A41's – 751
- 9 Number of Secret or Confidential signals dealt with – 399
- 10 Number of toilet rolls issued – 491



(c) Messing

- 1 Amount of meat eaten – 6,900lbs
- 2 Amount of vegetables eaten – 8,960lbs
- 3 Poundage of baked beans eaten – 5,100lbs
- 4 Amount of eggs eaten – 60,500
- 5 Amount of sugar consumed – 3,110lbs
- 6 Amount of milk drunk – 900pints, 7,000 tins
- 7 Amount of potatoes eaten – 15tons, 6½cwt





(d) Elephant Hunting

Number of elephants shot by the 2IC – Nil

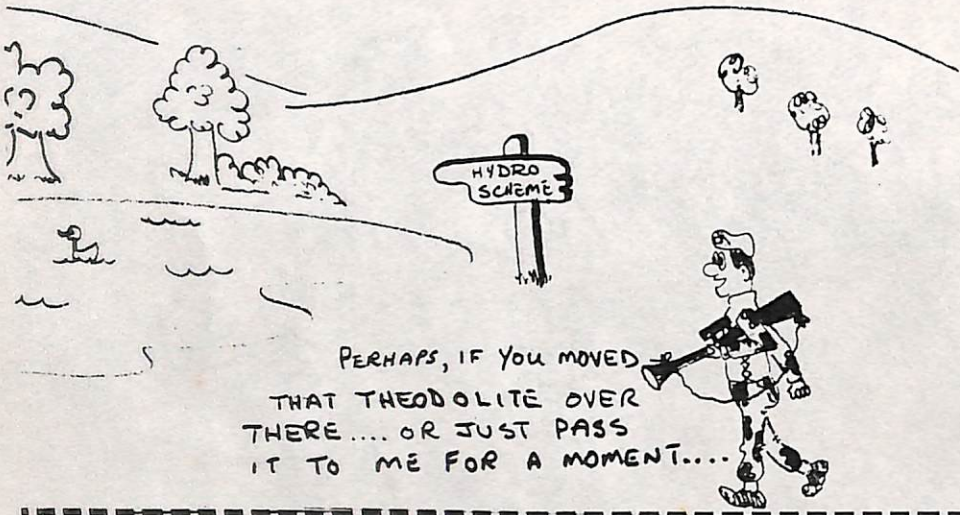
(e) The QM, Paymaster and PRI refused to supply statistics on the grounds that these might incriminate them.

PLAY THE BALLYMURPHY GAME

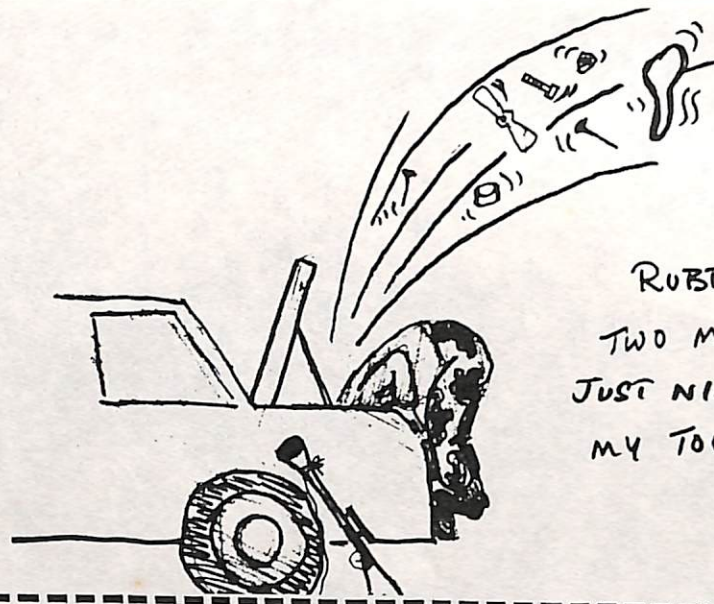
ANOTHER EXCITING GAME FROM THE ALMA'S RENOWNED OP'S ROOM

<p>30 FINISH</p> <p>So has your Tour Go on a Months Leave.</p>	<p>29</p> <p>The tour has been extended—</p> <p>Wait for 3 turns</p>	<p>28</p> <p>You capture a wanted man— (Bryson?)</p> <p>Go straight to the Finish</p> 	<p>27</p> <p>The Peace Moves are gaining momentum—</p> <p>Continue as normal</p>	<p>26</p> <p>You are getting too confident—</p> <p>Deduct 5 from your next throw</p>	<p>25</p> <p>Big gun battle in the Bull Ring Kill 2 gunmen</p> <p>Get GOC's commendation</p>	<p>24</p> <p>Bomb at the Henry Taggart</p> <p>Return to 23</p>	<p>23</p> <p>Boredom is setting in</p> <p>Stop for 2 turns to engender interest</p>
<p>15</p> <p>5 shots at the patrol in Glenalina Park, 2 injured</p> <p>Miss one go to get casevac</p>	<p>16</p> <p>Area normal</p> <p>FREE GO</p>	<p>17</p> <p>You are petrol bombed—deal with it quickly & continue</p> <p>No bonuses</p>	<p>18</p> <p>You are paying a visit to the RVH</p> <p>Miss one turn</p>	<p>19</p> <p>Area is too quiet</p> <p>Do 5 press-ups</p>	<p>20</p> <p>2 very much wanted men pass by your, patrol without being recognised</p> <p>Begin Again</p>	<p>21</p> <p>You show restraint in front of shouting women</p> <p>Go to 26</p>	<p>22</p> <p>You are injured & returned to England</p> <p>DISQUALIFIED</p>
<p>14</p> <p>Small crowd tries to start argument</p> <p>Ignore them and continue</p>	<p>13</p> <p>3 shots, Murphy Drive. Good reaction</p> <p>Add 2 to your next score</p>	<p>12</p> <p>You have thrown back an unexplod- ed bomb at a bomber Go back 6 paces for not defusing</p>	<p>11</p> <p>A blast bomb has been thrown at you, no cas., bomber detained Go forward 5 paces</p>	<p>10</p> <p>Shot, Wait Out</p> <p>Miss 2 turns for slow reporting</p>	<p>9</p> <p>Area Normal</p>	<p>8</p> <p>You are nominated for OP duties for the next 24 hours.</p> <p>Miss 1 turn</p>	
<p>START</p> <p>Henry Taggart Hall</p> <p>GO</p> 	<p>1</p> <p>Patrolling Ballymurphy All quiet</p>	<p>2</p> <p>Your Pig is being stoned heavily</p> <p>Miss 1 turn to sort it out</p>	<p>3</p> <p>Everything Normal</p>	<p>4</p> <p>Woman gives you some useful info.</p> <p>Go to 7</p>	<p>5</p> <p>You lose radio contact—</p> <p>Return to base to sort it out</p>	<p>6</p> <p>Area Quiet</p>	<p>7</p> <p>Patrolling Normal</p>

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF... SCHH.....



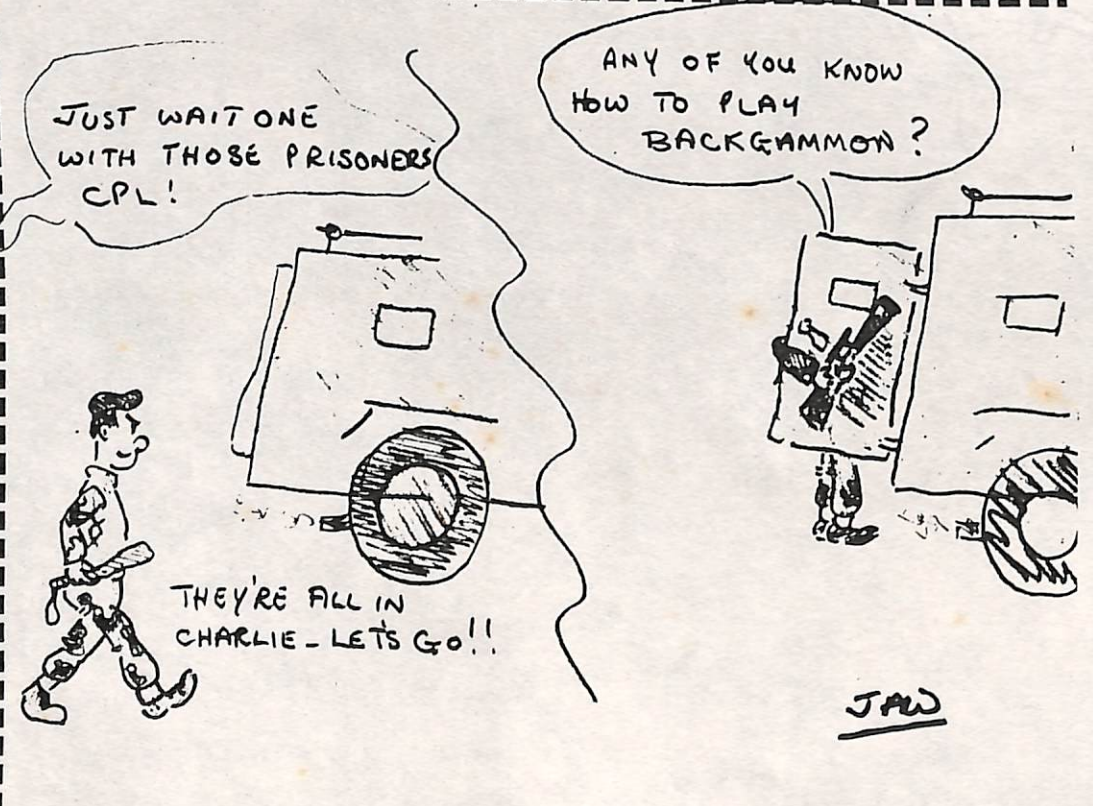
PERHAPS, IF YOU MOVED THAT THEODOLITE OVER THERE.... OR JUST PASS IT TO ME FOR A MOMENT....



RUBBISH MORTON!
TWO MINUTE JOB!!
JUST NIP AND GET MY TOOL KIT!



SANDBAGS AND PLANKS ARE ALL WELL AND GOOD, BUT, (MORE MORTAR MORTON!) IF YOU WANT A PERMANENT SANGAR.....



JUST WAIT ONE WITH THOSE PRISONERS CPL!

ANY OF YOU KNOW HOW TO PLAY BACKGAMMON?

THEY'RE ALL IN CHARLIE - LETS GO!!

JAW