

DUKE'S

DIARY



33

DECEMBER '81 — APRIL '82



LXXVI



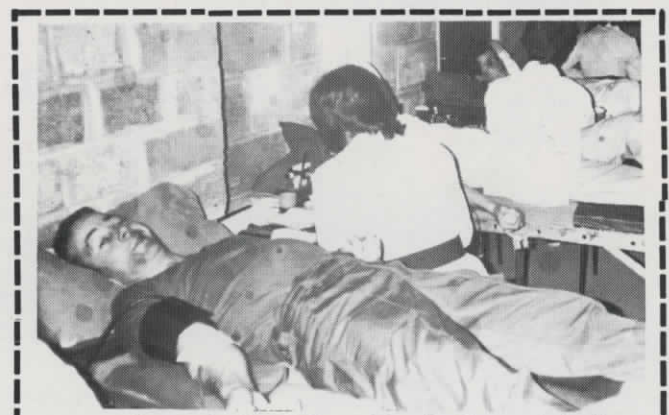
Message from the Commanding Officer

I trust that this second and final 'Dukes Diary' from our seventh tour in Northern Ireland will brighten your day.

For those at home it's only a few weeks now, for those in South Armagh keep at it, keep on your guard and make sure the 'Dukes continue to come up the hill'.



Keeping watch in woodland in Northern Ireland, from left L Pt Chris Owen, Corp Stan Acklam, Pt. Darren Johnson of Widewood and LCpl Geoff Selby.



The smile says it all — he's positive that he wants to give his blood.

★

Pte Heavey, tripping the light fantastic in Forkhill.

★



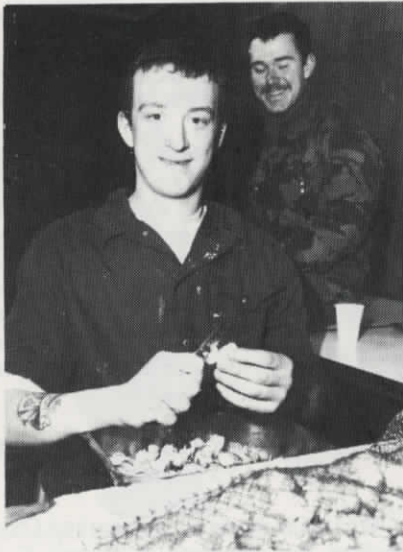
Oh yes . . . well . . . er! . . .



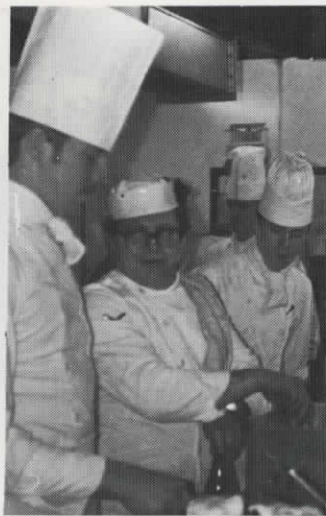
Capt Atkinson models the latest broken — pattern flannels.



Major (You're nicked!) Gilbert



Pt Tim Allsopp of Swallownest helping out preparing the sprouts for dinner in camp at Forkhill.



A gale of cooks at Forkhill.



Pte (I'm gonna kill a bridge!) Davidson.



Its tough at the top!



Terrorist recognition training?!!



I see no ships!!

Keeping watch from one of the camouflaged observation posts near the border, from left, Lt. Jack Kilburn, Pt Tim Newhouse, Corp Stan Acklam and Pt Robert Addyman.



Part of the good life.



"Three little men who all unwary, Come from the soldiers seminary."



Cpls Dooler and Acklam pose beside the 3 Platoon prize-winning Christmas Card at Forkhill.

SEX SCANDAL AT BESSBROOK

A 'Dukes Diary' special investigation team have revealed the astonishing scandal surrounding the illicit love affair between 'Steeleye' the dog and 'Diddles' the guardroom cat. Rumours about the affair have been circulating round the Mill after the two animals were reported to have been seen in a compromising position somewhere near the guardroom.

The owners, CSgt Budden and Sgt Waterhouse, have both firmly denied the allegations. 'Dukes Diary' however, is in possession of certain evidence that a 'relationship' has sprung up between 'Steeleye' and 'Diddles' which goes beyond a mere passing friendship.



DIDDLES INNOCENT SAYS PROVST SERGEANT

Sgt Waterhouse, when pressed for information on the affair, strongly denied that his cat was in any way involved with 'Steeleye'. "There's nowt wrong wi' my cat" he told our reporters. "It only comes in here to keep warm. The rumours are totally without foundation. If I thought there was anything going on between them, I'd lock the pair of them up. In separate cells of course."

THEY'RE ONLY GOOD FRIENDS SAYS CQMS

When our reporters approached CSgt Budden for comment at Burma Coy Stores, they were met with a barrage of abuse from behind the locked door. "I'm issuing you with knack all," he shouted through the keyhole. When told that we were only investigating his dog's alleged affair with 'Diddles' the CQMS said that the two were just good friends. When asked if we could interview 'Steeleye', the CQMS replied that he was out at the moment. He told us that we might find him over at the guardroom where he sometimes goes looking for a bit of pussy!

UNNATURAL SAYS ARMY VET

A spokesman for the Army Dog Unit at Ballykelly, Major P. Jepson, when asked to comment, said "This is a most unnatural carry-on and this sort of conduct would not be condoned amongst Army dogs. Of course 'Steeleye' is not an enlisted dog and one might expect conduct like this from a dog of such low breeding." When asked about the cat, Maj Jepson replied, "The despicable little

animals have been the downfall of many a good doggie. They would sell their own whiskers for a tin of Kit-E-Kat." When asked for further comment Major Jepson barked loudly at our reporter, peed up against a chair leg, then ran yelping into his basket where he began chewing a large rubber bone!

CSM Heron demonstrates items of sophisticated search equipment to the Colonel of the Regiment!



CSgt Budden has decided not to seek political asylum in the South in case they put him in one!!



Middlesborough FC Manager Bob Heron looks delighted as his new centre forward signs on. "I've been looking for somebody big up front all season," he said!!



Captain (Jaws!) Kilburn



Pte Elcoate 9 PI and tonsils!



Major Roberts trying to keep his hair on!!



As we all suspected — Life in Crossmaglen is just one long picnic!



Sissors can't cut stone. 15 Love to Morgan.



Drunk up and dried up!!

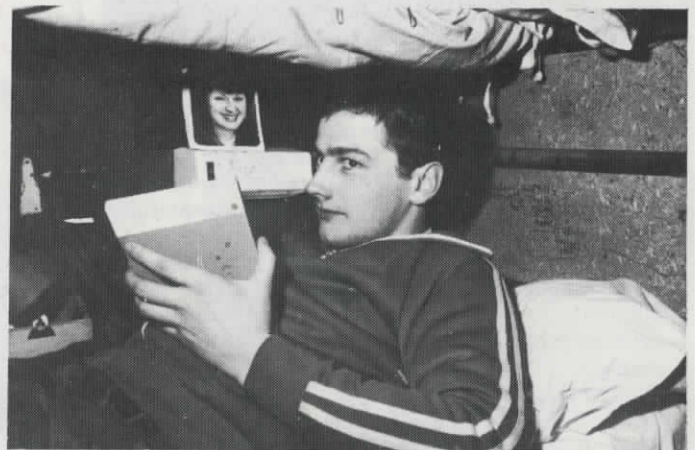
Buzzard went to the MO and said
"Doctor, I think that I am going insane"

Doctor — "I know how you feel. Isn't it maddening!"

INCIDENT AT CROSSMAGLEN

(Or — What didn't appear in the NIREP)

He shuffled slowly down the corridor, dragging his huge misshapen form (which had been cursed on him as a child by a wicked stepmother). At his every step the earth shuddered beneath his feet, the wind howled and screamed at the shuttered windows. The Ops Room door was locked and bolted against him, but it splintered into a thousand pieces, shuddered and gave way as he pressed against it. Then into the room he burst — the mad major Phartz-Thornton. He stood poised for a moment, clad only in his gold lame jock strap, foaming saliva trickled from his grimacing lips, his contorted features illuminated by the flickering perimeter lights. Suddenly he strode across the room with a great stode. Then, snatching up the signallers rifle (sharpened at both ends), he hurled it wildly at the cowering, whimpering form of Captain Witherspoon-du-Bentmorgan. "A curse upon all my enemies," he roared, whereupon over a hundred soldiers turned into frogs. Then with a wild scream of hysterical laughter he leaped on to a up-armoured roller skate and rode off round the square smiling and waving at the cheering populace . . .
to be continued.



Pt Paul Wilson of Maltby getting pen to paper to write to the penpals.



LCpl Sean Casey with his penpal pin ups on the wall in the sleeping quarters at Crossmaglen.



SSgt Lister taking a really acting part in "Op Pony"!!



"... and then, children, they all went home to the Princes Kingdom and lived happily ever after..."



Major Thorn relaxing in the Officer's Mess!



Well there we all were minding our own business on the Concession Road doing the odd VCP, checking the odd car, when suddenly down the road it came. Now it's not often we get them this far inland. The probable explanation is that it was stormy out at sea and it was looking for a more sheltered passage. The captain and crew were very polite after we'd asked them to stop and heave-to. All the documents were in order, ships log, cargo manifest etc, just a cargo of bicycle pumps, inflatable rubber dolls and other items of surgical rubberware for an address in Bessbrook — nothing suspicious there! Anyway, after a careful search we allowed them to cast off and continue their voyage, but as Sgt Elwell was heard to remark as it disappeared over the horizon: "There's something bloody fishy going on here!"

ROUND THE SALE ROOMS

(From our antiques correspondent)

The Baruki Sangar came under the salesmans hammer at Sotherbys recently during a sale of unsightly military furniture. It was withdrawn from the sale after failing to reach its reserve price of one pound thirty pence.

In the same sale, a life size wax model of Major Thorn was bought after a late telephone bid by a collector from Wigan who wishes to remain anonymous!



I think that someone is under pressure.



Pt Mark Johnson, right, with his bunk mates in Crossmaglen.



A word in your ear!!



Thanks from all the men, Sheena, for brightening the Tour so glamorously.



Snap!



Sleeping Beauty was woken with a kiss.



Lieut Chris Harvey takes his turn in the "Guess the weight of Miss Wellie," competition



"Anthony Sweeney, will you take this woman . . ."



Too many Cooks!



Ever a gentleman, Mr. Pugh modestly lowers his gaze as Miss Wellie has a dry run on the new Officers Mess bidet!!



Guess who is the innocent party?!!



Finalists in the Forkhill Beauty Queen Competition!



A MESSAGE FROM THE PADRE

It has come to our notice that certain soldiers have been dying without obtaining the necessary authority. All soldiers are reminded that the order to die can only be given by the Medical Officer, after consultation with the Padre. The correct procedure for dying is clearly laid down in Battalion Standing Orders, DCI 367/47, and the Manual of Army Death Duties 1952.

For the benefit of those soldiers who might be unfamiliar with these orders an extract is published below:

PROCEDURE FOR DYING

1. On being given the word of command 'Die' the soldier will take a pace forward with the left foot in slow time. Following a pause of two-three he will sink slowly to his knees, whilst at the same time allowing the eyes to glaze. A further pause of two-three is followed by the whole body being prostrated slowly on the ground. Throughout the movement, eyes must look to the front and remain open.

Common Faults:

- a. Allowing the limbs to twitch
 - b. Allowing the eyes to close.
2. The soldier will then be allowed to draw his last breath, consisting of one part

oxygen and four parts nitrogen in accordance with the Army Weights and Measures Scales 1932.

3. The Death Rattle will only be used on ceremonial occasions and then only for officers above field rank.

4. A map showing the route to heaven will be drawn from the Quartermasters stores and will be entered on the soldiers AFH 1157.

5. On arrival in heaven, the soldier (who must now be called the 'victim') will be issued with the following equipment:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| a. Clouds fleecy white | Qty 1 |
| b. Halos Shiny | Qty 1 |
| c. Wings Flying 1939 pattern | Qty 2 |
| d. Gowns Long White Shimmering | Qty 1 |
| e. Harp Musical Golden | Qty 1 |

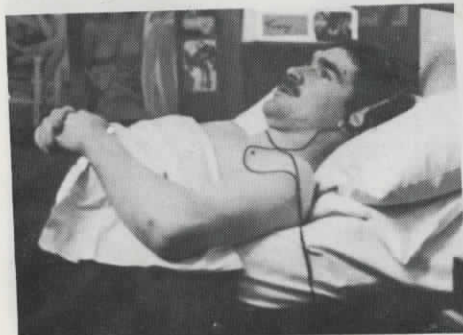
Note: Wings Flying must be regularly cleaned with 303 Blanco (Flickering Stardust pattern) available at all celestial branches of NAAFI.

DISCIPLINE

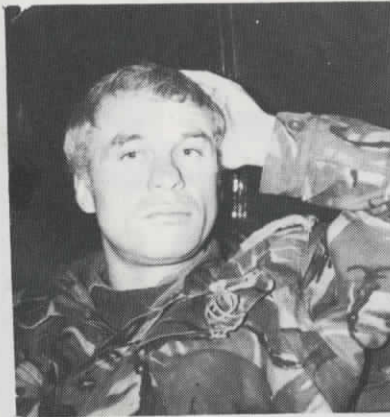
1. Dying without proper authority is now a pevalent offence. Disciplinary action will be taken against offenders in future.



Sgt 'Geronimo' Hughes



I can't seem to feel anything!



"Now that's a very good question."



Firepower!



The hills are alive with the sound of music!



CSM Basu and friends!



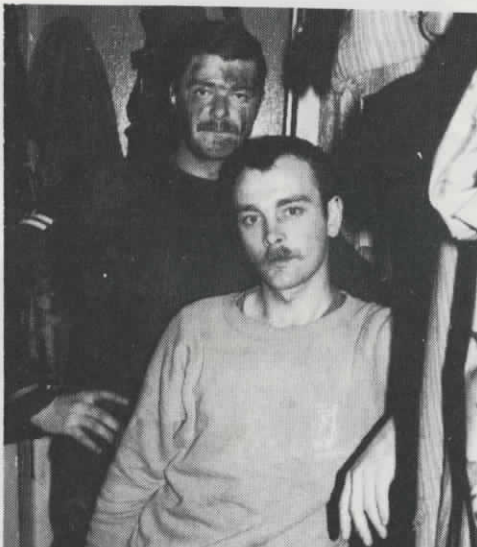
He was a lovely baby!!



LCpl Capewell on hearing that he will be down on the concession road for the next twentyeight days!!



We all live in a something submarine!!



Cpls Sutcliffe and Penaluna at ease.

RC and Prod lived next door to each other. The RC had 10 children, the Prod had only two. Ond day the RC asked the Prod what his obviously successful method of contraception was.
 Prod: "I use the safe period."
 RC: "Whens that then."
 Prod: "When you are on nights."

The word hepaticocholangiocholecystenterostomies may not mean much to you, but it means a lot to Sgt Taff Rance (from Wales you know) who is just recovering from it.

A workman was asked by his foreman to dig a deep home, 40 feet by 100 feet, in one day.
 "I'll never do that in one day."
 "We'll give you a JCB," said the foreman
 "You can keep your blasted medals. I'll still never do it in a day."

Murphy on Mastermind. Murphy what side was the Pope shot on? Murphy says either ITV or BBC 1.

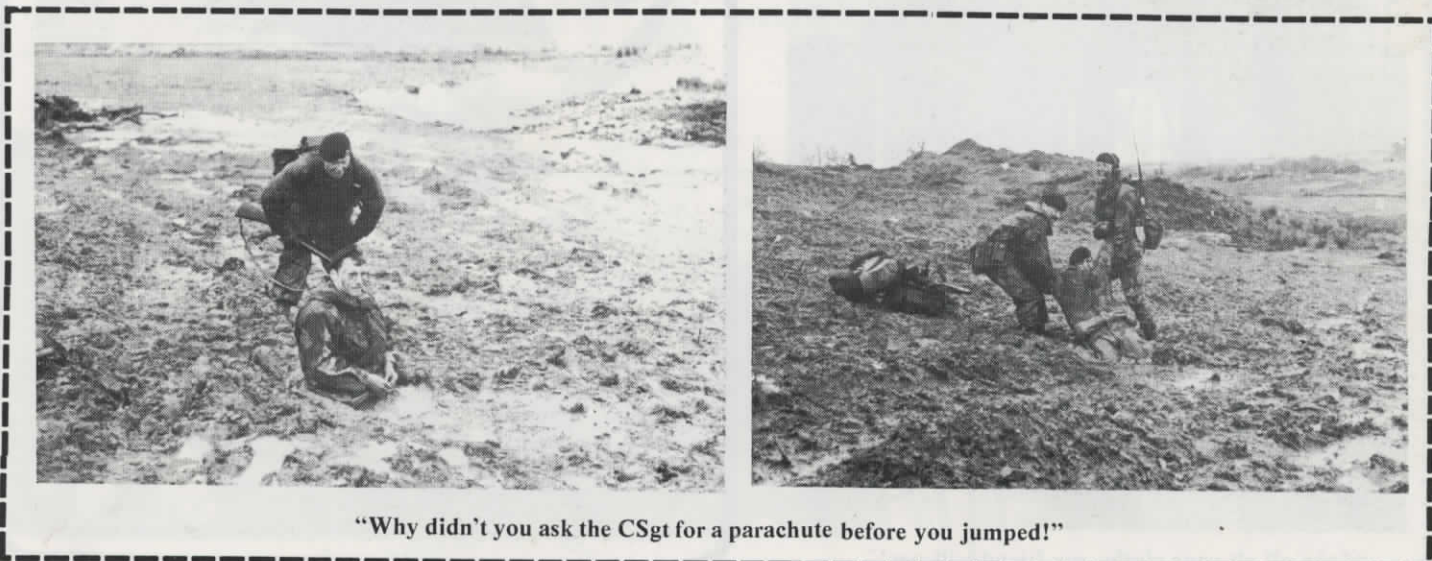
This wee nun was playing darts — first two darts hit double top, the third one hit the wire and bounce off — hit her head and she died instantly. So Murphy the scorekeeper shouts, One-Nun-Dead-In-Eighty.

Girl: "I've just been raped by a Conservative!
 Policeman: "How do you know he was a Conservative?"
 Girl: "Cos I've never had it so good."

Paddy Cynicism:
 A husband (or wife) is a person who sticks with you through troubles you wouldn't have had if you hadn't married him (or her) in the first place.



LCpl Chapman throttling Pte Brown.
 "Alright then, you can have my baconburgers."



"Why didn't you ask the CSgt for a parachute before you jumped!"



Thank you

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Combined Services
Entertainments have
done the
Battalion proud —
Five shows to date.
Two of the acts
in a recent show.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



"Grayley in clover"



"Take off all your cloths. my friend will pay!"

IF YOU FEEL LIKE THIS
CHEER UP!

COMEDIAN!
Pickpocket!
Strongman!
Dance team!
Jazz group!
Sharon Ross!

6 GREAT ACTS
(MAX N° 50 MEN PER COY.)



Stop it!! — It tickles!



On your marks get set On the Dublin Road.



'Walkies'



Scalpel — Forceps



Bill Bailey's Choggie Shop

★
Crowthers ruination:

If I had my life to live over again, I'd make the same mistakes sooner.

★

THERE IS NO TRUTH IN THE RUMOUR THAT:

The new Adjutant likes to adorn his uniform with large, frilly gold tassels!

The Ex-Adjutant designed the last 'Dukes Diary' so that it would slip under doors more easily?

The only time Burma Coy found any weapons was when their search advisor went on R&R!

The only time Corunna Coy found any weapons was when they did a check on the Arms Kote.

Captain Kilburn has relatives living south of the border on the Dublin Road, visits them occasionally but always takes a large military escort!

The CO recently gave some of his old clothes to Oxfam who are now looking for a twenty-five stone starving African.



Some Mothers do have them.



Wishing everyone a heli' christmas.



Not only a man's but often a Patrols best friend!!



One of our Pen Pals ready for Take Off!!



In full support of the civil power.



You said that you wanted a sunshine roof — Sir!!

Classic Poetry

A soldier stood on the Dublin Road
 Eating a place of scollops.
 One fell down his trousers
 And burnt him on the ankle.
 (It missed his bollocks completely)

Cpl Wallace telephoned Aldergrove and asked "How long does it take to fly to Leeds/Bradford?"

SSgt Byrne said "Just a minute"
 Cpl Wallace said, "Thank you very much," and put the phone down.

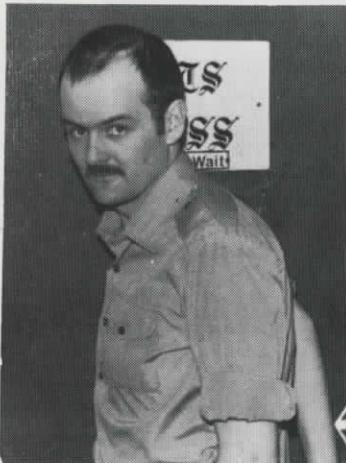
One of the Forkhill sappers went to see Captain Phillips RE outside the new block and said, "Captain, the shovels haven't arrived yet, What shall we do?"
 The Captain said: "Tell the men to lean on each other until they come."



Anyone calls me a good cook again, and I'll stab him.



One day on the pad was a cock-up
 When a Wessex its load it had took up.
 It dropped all its load
 All over the road,
 Said Ankers 'Oh what a bad hook-up!
 (Actually he said something else, but we like to think
 this is a family magazine Ed)



Caught red handed having a
 coffee break.



Stone dead and cold as marble.

~~~~~  
 A CONTRIBUTION FROM THE  
 INT SECTION

Did you know, that if all the ice which  
 formed in the guttering round the Mill in  
 the recent cold weather, was laid end to  
 end along the Mill corridors — it would  
 melt!

~~~~~



An artists impression.





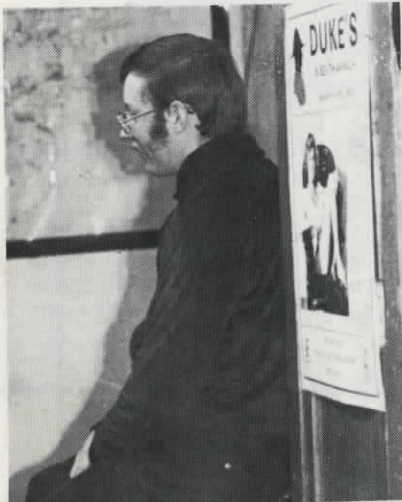
Dustbins do get in to some odd spots in the Mill!



Oh!! Haven't I done well!!



Well! Tarzan pulled a bird dressed like this.



LCpl Kebble keeping his hands warm.



The man with more than a hint of Howard Hughes!

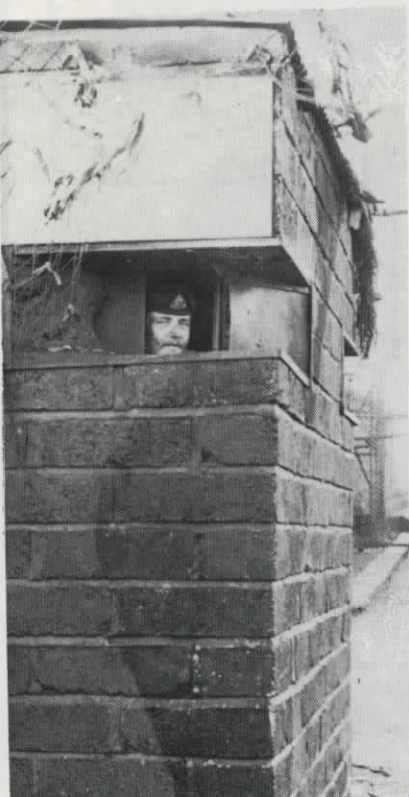
A young man who was obviously in agony waddled into his doctors surgery. "What's wrong with you?" enquired the doctor. "I've got a cricket ball lodged in my rectum." "How's that?" pursued the Doctor. "Now don't you start."



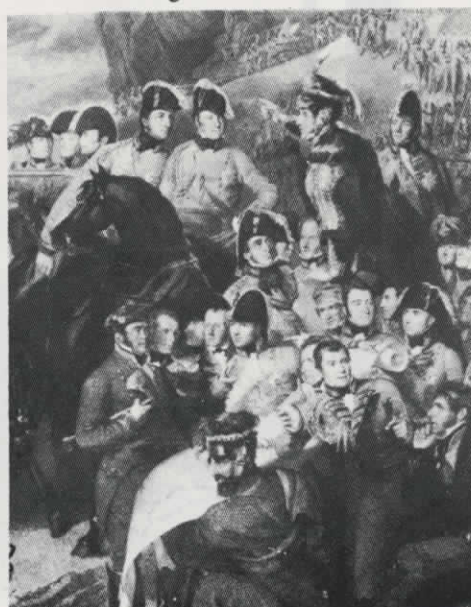
Blagie with chin rash.



Cpl Bell ringing to say the phone is out of order.



Oh! What BOR



Commanding Officer's weekly 'O' Group.



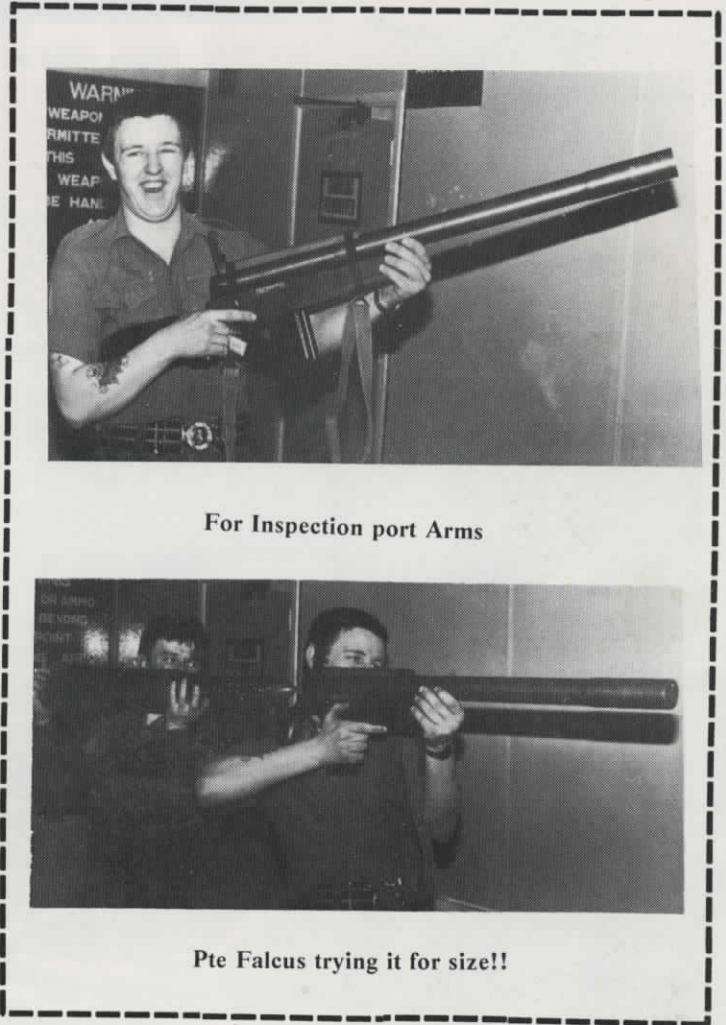
Hopeful entrant in the "Spot the Meat Ball," competition



Our lives in their hands!



Yes, he is a funny looking chap.

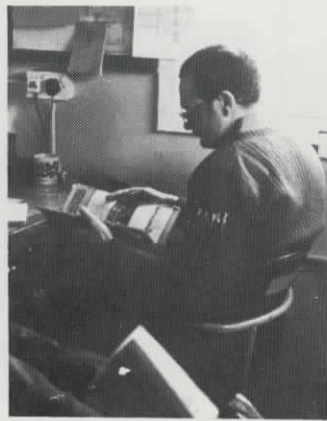


For Inspection port Arms

Pte Falcus trying it for size!!



There was a Jolly Miller.



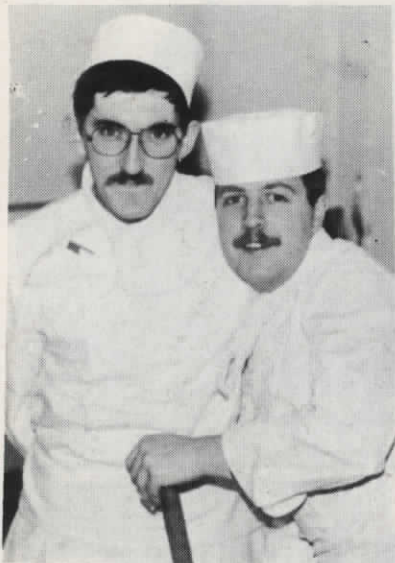
Buzzard minor, minor, minor



Padre Jim about to leave on a visit.



We can't keep on meeting like this!



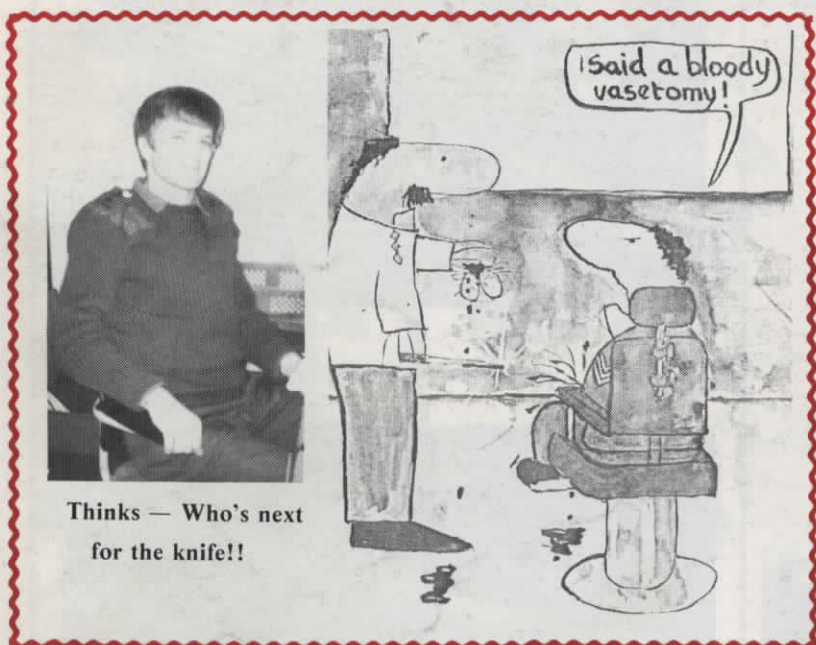
Acc Posers!



Buzz wired up for sound!!



LCpl Bailey caught in an unguarded moment.



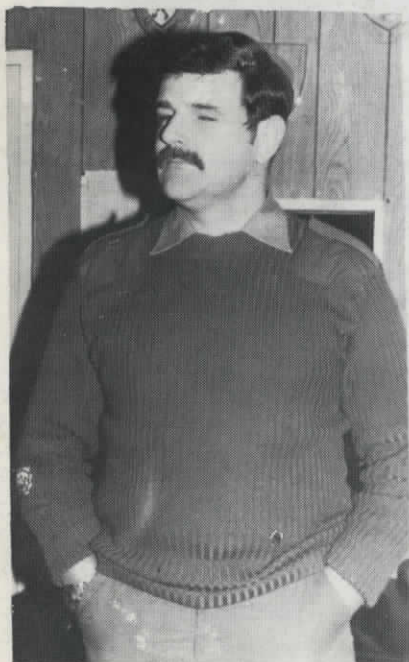
Thinks — Who's next for the knife!!



"And the last one His Worship the Mayor caught in the Calder was so long . . .!"



Mac notes the odds while Sgt D gets the bet on.

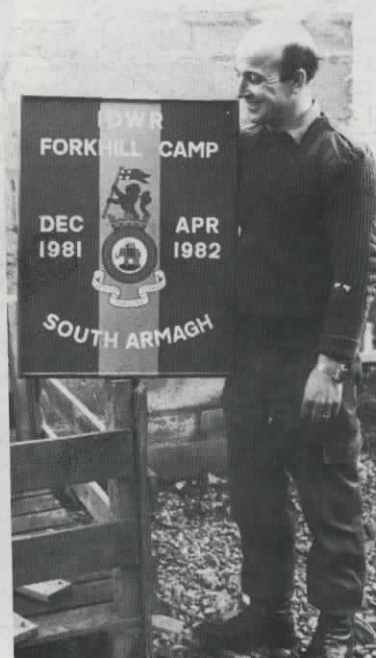


"You sly Dog you"

★ ★ ★



The MT. maestro and his pupils.



Sign Writer "Non pareil"