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ARMS DUMP PRESS CUTTING

Picnic time in Britain brings out holiday folk to field and forest. But - do you know that 800,000 tons of ammunition are still stored on roadside verges and quiet rural woodlands? Do you know that there are fifteen hundred miles of bombs along our roads, and that one of peacetime's biggest clean-ups is going on right now in a nation-wide blow up? Did you - well we'll go on anyway.

One thing about the country, it's so nice and peaceful - sometimes.

Remember those famous last words, "Surely, this couldn't be a live one?" Nobody wants to hear any new ones. You'd think butterfly bombs in trees and beach-mines along the coasts would be things of the past; but they're not - yet.

Army camp chiefs were planning to sail off every dump area. Result was a scream from field and beach-hungry holiday makers, so they put up plenty of warnings and left it to everybody's common sense. Dumping ground is the army-built port of Cairnryan and a special fleet handles the shiploads of surplus explosives. 30,000 tons a month go overboard and if Davy Jones ever learns how to fire a gun, the mermaids had better look out.

Free doctoring for valuable animals is provided under Allied orders at Salisbury. German pets line up - all that's missing are the old waiting-room magazines. Next please.

It's grim being a griffon with tummy-trouble but a wise old man can take his medicine.

Ma - a slight case of homesickness; so he gets some artificial desert sun.

He can't tell you where the tooth is; but the X-ray plate will show it. And after that, no more horse-laughs till it's out.

Look out, fellas, here's that man again.