

Falkland Islands Defence Force

TRAINING CAMP 1956

—— 16th - 28th MARCH ——

Lieutenant & Adjutant W. J. Jones
Company Sergeant-Major R. V. Goss
Colour-Sergeant R. Jones
Corporal V. T. King

Pte. D. Hansen	G. Williams
T. Livermore	P. Johnson
W. Alazia	T. Peck
D. Hardy	R. Hansen
F. Coutts	K. Mills
N. Goodwin	J. Rowlands
S. McAskill	P. Peck

Camp Chef: Mr. H. Johnson

This copy of the Chronicle is presented to you as a memento of the 1956 Training Camp. The Chronicle was issued mainly to create an atmosphere of good-fellowship throughout the Camp and the editor asks your forgiveness for the many errors appearing in its pages as he claims neither clerical nor literary experience

The purpose of the CHRONICLE is to give a brief account of the 1956 Defence Force Training Camp. The serious side, and the humorous side.

Although we may have waited quite a long time for this camp - we believe the last one was held at Canopus in 1939 - we've arrived, and to prove it, we're here.

The advance party moved in on the evening of March, 15th to prepare fires, lighting etc. This morning, the 16th, the main party were brought up and settled in. We must offer our hearty thanks to Pte. Alazia who, with his spacious, if not handsome vehicle, the "Mahogany Monster" took a great load off the other transport. We noticed, however, that the Monster coughed out once, just east of the Hangar, but after draining off some water from the petrol was soon heading for the station in leaps and bounds.

On arrival here we found everything in accommodation comfort that we could wish for: Electric Light - bless the old paraffin system - warm and comfortable bedrooms, with more than ample space. A generous supply of peat for the many stoves in the building just outside the door. The ~~galley~~ Galley is a cooks paradise, roomy, a good stove and sizeable pantry. A luxury we did not expect is the bathing hut, adjacent to the living quarters. For those who want to smell "Luxy" all day and keep their schoolgirl complexion intact can bath any time during the day - O.I.C. permitting. In this hut there are six baths, wash basins and flush lavatories - good luck Canopus with your over the rail system and tin tubbing baths. We must congratulate the Royal Marines and we are extremely grateful for such luxuries. Think what tents would be like.

No one need be gloomy in the evenings because there is a comfortable games room which also houses the BAR. The bar serves light Beverages:- Beer, Stout Minerals, Sweets and Cigarettes. It can supply other oddments as well ranging from studs to dart flights and lighter flints.

The Camping site is clean and pleasant and leaves nothing to be desired. We hope that everyone has a successful and happy training period, also that the weather is kind to us. It must be remembered that hours and hours of preparation have been put into the camp - mainly by the Adjutant - and we understand that he has worn out 3 or 4 typewriters during this period; besides checking aloud in his sleep lists of camp requirements.

We will endeavour to issue a daily CHRONICLE covering the events of the camp. Members with any tit-bits or humorous happenings for inclusion in the Chronicle please contact Staff Jones or Cpl. King.

HAVE YOU HEARD?

That Pte. Williams is Camp food examiner and after his fourth helping at dinner, pronounced the meal - O. Kay.

A Cpl. walked the full length of the building to plug in his electric razor and after trying several plug points found the power wasn't on.

A staff sgt. was wondering how much he could make by hiring out his electric razor, and electric iron.

The position of Impassable Valley? Is it near broken wine glass mountain or at the back of the Verdi.

That the Snow Goose is for sale. Chrysler Engine 14 knotter. Sound as a nut anyone in the fishing business interested please contact the owner, Collin Clifton.

That the N.C.O's had to get their own peat in today. Someone's going to learn better or suffer

3 TOP PRES

The MONSTER'S punctured. Pumps were manned but to no avail. A case of all the wind being on the wrong side of the tyre. Pte. Alazia's comment - "Absolute cussedness".

CHRONICLE 17th March, 1956.

A cold, wet, windy morning and everyone slow in turning out. The P.T. Class were soon away in their shorts and vest and given a good warm up by the Adjutant. Many were looking flushed and breathless when they returned. In any case the cook had a fine Breakfast of chops and eggs ready for them to sink their starving jaws into.

9.0 a.m. Room Inspection. Both rooms were tidy and clean but points would have been deducted for odd items lying around. Tomorrow, Sunday, the rooms will be inspected by the Adjutant and each room will commence with a possible 20 pts. Points will be deducted for anything lying around or presenting an untidy appearance. So tomorrow, lads, be EXTRA tidy. One squad had an hours arms drill during the morning. The afternoon was spent preparing the No. 1's for the Sunday Church Service. Some of the hardy energetic lads, between the vicious squalls, played soccer in the afternoon until one extra hard kicker punctured the ball, and that's that for today.

HAVE YOU HEARD?

That one Private snoozes and smokes at the same time. Evidently he enjoys that last puff before dropping off.

All arguments must cease at "Lights out" no matter what subject. It's too dark to argue in our room when the lights are off.

That in the daylight hours you can always see two sisters from the barracks. Don't rush lads.

That two lucky Pte's have been given light duties. They take turns in spending the evenings with JENNY... Jenny Rator the light girl.

That in between squalls you got a lovely view of the city.

Old Timer "Look ere son,,I'm one of the old sweats of this army".

Rooky "I know, I can smell that."

That Nick's dog also thinks that the Adj. should retire from soccer. He was caught in the act of towing the Adj's boots towards the beach. A runner was despatched to retrieve them at all costs.

That the N.C.O's constitute the sports committee.

That there is only one Pte. with a photo of his M beloved above his bed.

Mr. Johnson, the cook, told me that he almost had a "Tit-bit" for the Chronicle when he narrowly missed slicing the end off his finger. We are happy to report that bandages stop the flow of blood and the main stay of the camp is still at his post.

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 ---CAMP CHRONICLE---
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P.T. 7 a.m. Full Muster
 8 a.m. Breakfast, Eggs & Bacon
 9-30 a.m. Room Inspection

The Adjutant made a thorough inspection and awarded the following points:-

No. 2 Room 20 pts.
 No. 1 Room 17 pts. This room had three points deducted for careless placing of equipment and other odds and ends. The occupants of this room must watch for these errors tomorrow and attempt to redeem their lost points.

10 a.m. Religious Service. The Rev. J. Gould kindly visited the Camp to conduct the Service. This Service was greatly appreciated by the Camp members.

12.00 Lunch: Roast Mutton, White Turnips, Cauliflower, Gravy, Mint Sauce, Fruit & Jelly

6 p.m. Supper: Salad & cold meat. Jelly & Fruit, Stewed Fruit & Custard.

Capt. Green came up to the Camp during the morning and remained until after Lunch. Capt. Green regrets that he is unable to attend the Camp full time but intends to spend every available opportunity with us. During his short stay with us he, and the Adjutant were able to arrange an exercise for Thursday, p.m.

 Camp Scraps:

The Adjutant returned from Town this morning with various musical instruments which have already upset the peace of the Camp. Cornets, Tubas and Accordions are constantly moaning their lot throughout the bedrooms.

It has been rumoured that the Adjutant was heard whistling "No Heart At All" whilst dressing for P.T. this morning. This story could have been correct because this came apparent during P.T. Even when the Sgt. Major's shorts dropped round his ankles the Adjutant made no let up. The Class ended with deep breathing Exercises - as if we weren't all breathing deeply enough. To really put the lid on the Adjutant called for volunteers to accompany him on a short run. Pte. Alazia's comment on the run: "Had I known that we were going to Watt Cove I would have taken my Fishing Tackle"

 Have you heard about the Pte. who wanted Passionate Leave? ---- already!!! The Cook discloses we are eating too much--- Healthy Appetites. Pte. Williams was tearing around the Mess Room yesterday blaming everyone for taking his fork. He found it in his own hand. Pte Williams wishes it to be generally known that he will deal personally with any complaints about today's Menu, another case of, "Gravy on the Green". We hear that we are to have a Religious Forum quite soon. Just as soon as the Prophet gets his good books from Stanley.

Has anyone ever caught a fish as large as the one that's always gets away?

P.T. 7.00 to 7.30 a.m. 8.00 Breakfast - Porridge, Sausages
Fried bread, Gravy.
9.00 Room Inspection. Result. No. 1 19 pts. One point was
deducted for a damp towel found among bedding. We all know
who the culprit wasso does he!
No. 2 room. 19 pts. One point deducted for dirty rag found
beneath peat box.
9.15 Rifle Drill. Remainder of morning (except for 15 mins.
break) spent on L.H.G. and H.H.C. Instruction.
Lunch. Roast Mutton, Cabbage and Potatoes. Soup.
1.30 - 2.00 p.m. Rifle Drill. Remainder of the afternoon
(except for Tea break) spent on further L.H.G. and H.H.C.
Supper. Boiled Fish, Stew, Rice Pudding.

This has been a miracle day right from Sun-up. First the
Generator was started without the aid of the duty N.C.O.
Then Staff Jones left the N.C.O. room proclaiming that he was
about to SHAKE a couple of orderlies but received the shake
himself because he found the orderlies already at their duties
....without the usual 3 or 4 calls. When the other "Campers"
rolled out they found a perfect morning, quiet, calm and sunny.
Moody Valley looked transformed overnight: thrushes and sparrows
were in song, the sun was playing its warm rays on the bosoms of
the Two Sisters, and the sheep in the valley grazed peacefully on
the green acre. High up a couple of Turkeys circled, focussing
their buzzards eyes on the grass carpet below searching out their
breakfast. The rest of the day was perfect, calm, with brilliant
sunshine which continued until the light faded and our Two Sisters
put their dark clothes on for evening and pulled their fur wraps
round their shoulders. This glorious weather enabled the Instruc-
tors to make final preparations with the Light Automatic Weapons
before going on manoeuvres. Several exercises, using live ammuni-
tion, are planned from Wednesday onward. The dry ground made it
possible for the full day's instructions to be given out of doors.

NOT A BANG AMONG THEM. Following up a report that there was a
quantity of High Explosive Mortar Bombs on the ridge north of the
W/T Station, a party of 14 men went out in search of this danger-
ous deposit. After a short search these turned out to be nothing
more than empty Mortar Bomb containers.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW... What was the peculiar odour in the
N.C.O.'s room at Lunch time? What caused the Adjutant to pay for
9 beers?

SKITTYBITS.

Gene should only sing in the bath...Ay! With his head under the
water.

We think the efforts of the "Close Harmony Boys" warrant recording.

Pte. Alazia returned from 3 hrs. leave on Sunday and declared he
felt absolutely "surdoodle-ised".... It sounds a Mahogany Monster
of a complaint to us.

Pte. Goodwin has reached the conclusion that we all have SINUS
trouble. We shouldn't have allowed them to SIGN US in the first
place.

Perhaps you have noticed that the midday meal has been changed
from Dinner to Lunch - It still tastes the same to us though.

A SPECIAL THANKS to the fishermen who spent so many hours
at Hearnden Water catching our evening meal... It was delicious.

7.00 a.m. Physical Training. To break the monotony a game of 6 a side football was played. By the look of some of the scars on knees and shins P.T. is to be preferred. 8.00 Breakfast. Chops and onions. 9.00 Room Inspection. Result: No. 1 20 points No. 2. 18 points. Carelessly folded blankets caused the deduction of 2 points. Remainder of morning spent scrubbing bedrooms, passages, etc. The morning being misty and cold prevented any other training to be done. Lunch. Roast Mutton, White turnips roast and boiled. Swedes boiled, potatoes boiled. 1.30 p.m. Arms Drill, followed by a small scale manoeuvre. 3.45 Tea. 6.00 Supper. Shepherd's Pie, Roly poly pudding.

This afternoon the Adjutant took the able-bodied members of the Camp out along the north ridge. On this outing live ammunition was used. The enemy position, which was approached in extended line, was given a softening up with rifle fire followed by a final assault. In the assault the enemy's heads were kept down by firing from the hip until within about 50 yards of their position when the exercise terminated with a bayonet charge. All returned to camp warm, weary and ready for tea.

THE THING has struck the training camp in the form of violent vomiting attacks. No one knows the cause, but several members have felt its sting. Some say its too much sun, others say its the fancy sauce that Cpl. King introduced to go with the fish course last night, others say the fish were the cause of the trouble. May be they were surdoodle-ised because Pte. Alazia caught some of them.

Pte. McAskill was the first to go down and word soon spread around the barracks. All went well until about midnight when the Sgt./Major was heard to be upheaving violently. As soon as the Sgt/Major had finished his room mate Staff Jones also had to make a quick exit. In the darkness he ran into yet another one bitten by The Thing, Pte. Williams. "It's only me Staff", he moaned "thought I could Make the Wash room but I couldn't". Those afflicted have been recovering during the day but tonight we have several others who look as if The Thing has got them.

----- Camp Cracknels.

Who told the 3 geese in the vicinity of the camp that a Bren Gun team were after their blood.

If anyone hasn't heard the Cpl's FISH story please call at the N.C.O. room..... you'll need plenty of time though, it takes about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour to tell.

A Camp rumour says that Cpl. King and Pte. Alazia have formed a bond of Troutship.

Pte. Goodwin spent most of the day on his back..... under Staff Jones car changing a broken spring. I'll bet he is angling for a quick nip to town some time.

----- S T O P P R E S S

The latest report on those afflicted by The Thing says they are feeling much better but still keeping the bucket by the bed as a safety measure.

CHRONICLE Wednesday, 21st March, 1956.

- 7.0 P.T. A run around the boundary followed by breathing exercises, followed by 6 a side soccer.
8.0 Breakfast Eggs and Bacon, Cereals (3 kinds) can be had any morning. 9.0 Room Inspection. Both rooms were awarded maximum points. 9.30 Arms Drill. 10 till 12 Instruction on Bren and Vickers Guns.
12.0 Lunch. Soup, Stew and boiled potatoes. 1.30 Arms Drill. Full scale Manoeuvre until 4.0
6.0 Supper; Cold meat, Tomatoes, mashed potatoes Beetroot Stewed Prunes, peaches and rice pudding.

Tension is mounting as the night for the Terrorist attack draws near. Word has filtered through to the Adjutant that this Terrorist Mob, about 20 strong, will be making their attack between 6.30 and 9.30 p.m. tomorrow. The terrorists are being led by a fierce and indomitable fighter, at one time an officer in our force but now a ferocious rebel who enjoys working silently at night. The blood of many sentries has warmed his bayonet as he stalks at night, so ferocious and ruthless is he. We knew him as Capt. Green but is now known locally as John the Terrorist. Sentries have been briefed tonight with the method of dealing with terrorists found approaching the Camp. The Chronicle has named this attack . Operation P.V.D. because an attack is expected on one, or all of these buildings in the Camp compound. Namely: Power, Wash-house and Dormitory. Each man must bear in mind that when he fights tomorrow night he fights for his Light, Baths, Food and Sleep; so if you consider all these Camping amenities worth fighting for just .. GIVE 'EM HELL BOYS -- GIVE 'EM HELL.

The weather was calm and warm today, although overcast, and just crying out for a manoeuvre. The Adjutant seized the opportunity to get us out on an exercise. There being no one ailing in any way (The Thing, having a day off, or having decided to withdraw) enabled the .. entire Camp to participate. Two sections attacked the enemy position on the hill north of the Camp. Using fire and movement tactics the enemy were soon mopped up by No. 1 and we gained a foot-hold on the ridge. After regrouping and surveying the situation we found one more strong enemy position to be wiped out before we could consolidate. Here, again, the same tactics were employed with No. 2 taking the final assault. Live ammunition, with Rifle and Sten guns gave the manoeuvre a realistic effect.

Anyone wanting to give his mates arsenic.... don't do it by putting old razor blades in the bath tub.

Definition of a COMMANDO out on manoeuvres. Come 'an do this, and Come 'an do that.

NUTTY CRUNCH? Have you seen the Adjutant's leg since Pte. Goodwin tackled him in the football game this morning?

"I'm walking behind you" is where the Sgt/ Major is going to be if the Adjutant takes a Sten gun on manoeuvres again.

Who said that recent manoeuvres were worked out on the Draught board by the Adjutant and Pte. Alazia? We hope events in the field move a lot faster than those draughtsmen did.

7.0 P.T. Exercises and Football. 8.0 Breakfast. Cereals, Fried Chops and gravy, Stew, Porridge.
9.0 Room Inspection: Both rooms were awarded maximum points.
9.30 Arms Drill. 10.0 till 12.0 Laying out and constructing Camp Defences in preparation for tonight's attack.
DINNER. Soup, Roast Mutton, Boiled Potatoes, French Beans.
11.30 till 4.30 Continued preparation for the attack by Terrorists. We mean to win at all costs.
6.0 SUPPER: Cottage Pie, Peas Milk, Pudding, Stewed Fruit and Custard.

WORTH MENTIONING. What a peaceful morning again! The grass sparkling with dew and the air crystal clear and exhilarating. Looking westward we noticed that our TWO SISTERS must have had a late night because they still had their ermine wraps around their shoulders until well after sun-up. Looking Eastward, the town too presented a picturesque appearance for once; helped by a long fog bank beyond which the morning sun gave a transparent effect. A truly peaceful scene.

We are now all prepared for the Terrorist attack and give ourselves a reasonable chance of winning.

One Pte. wants to know how the name Roll-ons Cove came about? Surely they were corsets those days.

Did you know that Pte. Alazia acts the part of MOTHER to the boys of No. 1. ? He even tells them their bed-time story after lights out. These appear to be very humorous and we are beginning to wonder if they are all clean.

The Sgt/Major claims that once round your own bed is enough P.T. for anyone.

Did you hear about Staff Jones tearing frantically around the Barracks searching for his 6th man for patrol, and found that it was himself he was looking for.

However did the Adjutant manage to beat the N.C.O's in the dart match? POLICY BOYS, POLICY. Youve heard of Jankers haven't you? Even for N.C.O's.

The Cook has one complain tonight. We are NOT eating enough.
BUCK UP LADS.

Pte. Hardy just can't fathom this army out. This morning he was detailed to empty all the ashes and tins over the beach. About an hour later he was detailed to go back to the beach and bring all the tins back again. Making about 5 trips with a bucket. He was puzzled but didn't say anything. Later on he is detailed again to take them another 2 hundred yards further up the hill above the barracks. Chances are that tomorrow he will be detailed to take them back to the beach.. It's the army Lad! You just do as you're told and ask no questions.

What was wrong with Pte, R. Hansen's vision when he returned from Stanley tonight? He saw a mullet with a bird's head. Is it the hot day, or what.

Do you think the Cook is an enemy agent? PEAS and STEWED FRUIT were on the Supper Menu, and he knows full well that we are being attacked tonight and that a sentry mustn't make a sound.

7.0 Unfit for P.T. Prepared Rooms for Inspection.
8.0 Breakfast. Cereals, Eggs and Bacon. 9.0 Room Inspection.
Result: No. 1 19 points. No. 2. 18 points. 2 points deducted for a member of this room leaving a piece of camouflage netting "accidentally" in No. 1 Room. If this sort of accident happens again stronger measures will be taken.
9.30 till 12.0 General Cleaning. 12.0 DINNER or LUNCH as we call it now. Soup, Roast Mutton, Cabbage, Boiled Potatoes.
1.30 till 3.30 Preparation of No. 1's Dressing Belt and Gaiters.
3.30 - 4.0 Arms Drill. SUPPER. Cold Meat, Salad, Tart and Custard.

From CURRENTS to CURRANTS. Pte. Goodwin, having a day off from his light duties, generously volunteered to help the cook with the production of some buns. After some consideration the Adjutant decided to allow him to proceed seeing he had made such a splendid job with the other type of currents. Whistles and bursts of song could be heard at intervals from the direction of the Galley which suggested that all was going well. However, the Editor of the Chronicle during his rounds was entering the Galley door when he overheard a discussion which suggested that something necessary had been omitted from the Bun mixture. It appears that the necessary ingredient SUGAR, had been left out. After a hasty discussion between the Cook and Pte. Goodwin it was decided that it wasn't too late to mix it in. Whereupon Pte. Goodwin made a dive into the oven and emerged with the first batch which were already cooking. These were put back into the mixture and mixed again with the sugar, ironed out, cut out and cooking recommenced.
Result: Some lovely light currant buns. Nice work Nutt.

DUEL IN THE SUN. It has happened! I knew it would, as sure as the wind went into the south east. The Cpl. and the Sgt/major have had a verbal battle which led from bets to threats, insults and abuse, and are now not on speaking terms. The Cpl's supreme insult was calling the S/M a human solidungulate. This insubordination raised the neck feathers of the S/M and a bout of fisticuffs would have ensued had not the army regulations clearly stated on page 111 that such occurrences must always be settled by a DUEL. With this evidence the S/M calmed down and with a truly sarcastic tone said, "Name your weapons. Is it swords, pistols or best out of three on the Ludo board"? Cpl. King not a good figure for sword play and no hand at throwing sixes at Ludo plumped for pistols. This Duel has been arranged for sundown tomorrow evening on the green in front of the Barracks. A tote will be run and other bets will be taken. All reserved seats must be filled before the contestants come out. Other Spectators must be out of tomato throwing range. The Adjutant in accordance with army regulations will be Umpire and official witness, count for the knock-downs and inform the next-of-kin. The Duellists will face each other on the green, turn outwards and march off a number of paces to be decided by the umpire, then turn about and FIRE. May God decide the right.

WE apologise for not leaving sufficient space for a write up on the Terrorist attack but we promise faithfully that this will hit the paper tomorrow.

Who was the Pte. who burst into the M.C.O. room and shouted DIE to the Sgt/major. We thought it was wishful thinking for the moment but found he only wanted DYE for his gaiter straps.

- 7.0 Bitterly cold morning, unfit for P.T. All hands turned out to give bedrooms and passages a washout.
8.0 Breakfast. Porridge. Sausages and Tomatoes.
9.0 Room Inspection and survey of No. 1 gaiters, belt, boots and rifle slings. Both rooms gained maximum points.
10.30 Guard of Honour for Dr. R.S. Slessor, Governor's Deputy.
12.00 Lunch. Soup, Roast Mutton, Peas, Butter Beans and Gravy.
1.30 Clearing away Trip wires and other defensive structures
Filling Generator Tank.
6.0 Supper. Stew. Fried Potatoes.
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VISIT OF GOVERNOR'S DEPUTY. This morning at 10.30 a.m. we were honoured by a visit to the Camp of Dr. R. S. Slessor, Governor's Deputy. As he alighted from his car he was given the Royal Salute by a guard of honour drawn up on the green in front of the barracks. After being met by the Adjutant he inspected the Guard.

On conclusion of his inspection he was entertained in the Adjutant's office where coffee was served. Scones and Buns were served, the work of the Cook and Pte. N. Goodwin.

On leaving at approximately 11.30 a.m., Dr. Slessor remarked on the smart appearance of the Guard in their No. 1 uniforms and also on the clean and comfortable quarters. Dr. Slessor was accompanied by Mr. J. Bound, Acting Colonial Secretary.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF CAMP. Last night the long awaited unrehearsed Concert was held in No. 2 room. Nearly all the members present gave solo turns. The few who were either too shy, or self-professed to be untalented, took part in the group singing. The opening skotch by Ben and Gene: a skit on cooking, was applauded and we must confess that this is the first time we've seen a fine chocolate cake produced from Pig-vine and Bull-rushes. Gene as Miss Something-or-other, acting official food taster, showed a fine leg. A bit hairy and not shown off to the best advantage by the No. 11 size Army Boots with which they were shod. Songs by Pat. Peck and Ken Mills were well rendered and warranted the long applause. Not to forget the dual performance of Soldier Bill Alazia who gave both song and recitation. If anyone can find a job that Bill can't turn his hand to please inform us. If he were in the U.S.A. we are shore he would be called The Mahogany Monster of Mirth. A grand accordion solo by Pat Johnson was greatly appreciated. Pat has a good ear for music and grand timing. Nut Goodwin was kept busy on the drums and did a nice job indeed. Not forgetting to mention the "Blow-suck" combination on their Harmonicas. Indeed, an enjoyable evening. We hope to arrange another concert before we break camp.

OPERATION TERRORIST. 22nd March, 1956.

By Thursday evening we had completed all our defensive positions Trip wires and Booby traps in readiness for the Terrorist attack that was to be made around 7.30 p.m. Our agents in Stanley had given us all the latest enemy movements so at 7.25 we were assembled for briefing. About this time our sentries on the north ridge reported Terrorist movements in the vicinity of the Hangar. After everyone had been briefed and checked for camouflage the Adjutant announced the Camp password. This was a word coined by Pte. Alazia and as far as we are aware, not known outside of the Camp. The password: "surdoodle-ised" At 7.30 we moved silently out to our positions determined to repel everything. The defence of the Camp, which included closely posted sentries along the Camp enclosure, heavily fortified Vickers posts at commanding positions, north of the Camp and within the enclosure to cover points where a sentry may be overpowered. At the south entrance, the road and bridge was heavily mined and covered from the enclosure by Bren Guns. The last scarlet streak of sunset was just visible to the westward as we settled into

our positions among grass, bull-rush and other cover. It was an almost quiet night; the stillness broken only by the chattering of Moody Brook splashing its way towards the Harbour. Occasionally a sheep would bleat and the splash of a Kelp Goose or Logger duck moving among the rocks. The Harbour like a mirror reflected the town lights in long orange fingers. A perfect night for an attack, the ground dry to lie around on, and a hazy moon giving ample light which helped the defenders more than the attackers. At about 8.0 the stillness was broken by a single rifle shot at the east side of the Camp boundary. It appeared as if action had started but when the Sgt. Major enquired why the shot had been fired Pte. Alazia answered "Well it's like this. You see that bog over there, I've been watching it for a while and came to the conclusion it was advancing on me so I called 'Hands Up' and got no answer: So, I shot it. Pte. Alazia declared afterwards that his shot merely gave the attack the official opening. About this time the remaining agent of ours from the town managed to get through (the other 3 having been picked up by terrorists at the Hangar) and gave information about terrorist forces approaching the Camp. For a further 40 minutes or so nothing happened, until the quietness was broken by the sound of vehicles coming at speed from the Stanley direction. These drove close to the south entrance and opened up a barrage of rifle fire also keeping their headlights on and illuminating the west side of the Camp enclosure. This movement was supposed to distract attention from the west side where the Terrorists were moving up. From our point of view these would have been blown to pieces in less than no time. The road here was mined as mentioned earlier so any that may have got through would have come under almost point blank range from the Bren Guns. At this gate Cpl. King represented the Bren section and armed with a Sten gun he kept up a brave fight from his point of vantage until the car lights revealed his position. At this point he had to retreat hastily behind a Nissen hut and watch for an attempt by any survivors to storm the gate. Rounding one end of the hut he was challenged by a figure lying in the grass and before he could attempt to raise his hands or frame the word "Sur-doodle-ised" with his tongue, he was promptly shot. Right between the top of his denims and his web equipment. The Cpl. boldly staggered over to see who had shot him, to discover that it was one of his own men. Pte. Williams. "Gosh! I'm sorry pal" cried Gene "Why didn't you speak? I thought you were a Terror. Gee! I'm sorry old chap" etc., After a hearty laugh over the incident Cpl. King (in his dying gasps) ordered Pte. Williams to defend the gate. During this change of loyalty by Pte. Williams, the Terrorists had rushed the gates and entered so the Cpl. assumed that his position was taken and allowed the Terrorists to move into the camp (some of them hadn't fired more than a few shots so it wasn't fair to stop them) On the signal of a green Very light the 7 cars turned off their headlights and the Terrorists launched themselves against the west defences. These defences were penetrated in several places but our inner defence system soon had them annihilated. The entire west side of the Camp was alive with rifle fire. To the north two Terrorists were brought under Vickers fire and forced to surrender. (These two were armed to the teeth, one with wire cutters and the other with a cap gun) Nothing had been heard on the east side of the Camp since Soldier Bill fired the shot to officially open the manoeuvre, but at this point Pte. Alazia (Soldier Bill) came up with his second trump. With action going on all round him he became trigger happy (as he confessed later) and sneaking up on Pte. Coutts gave him the works at close range. A case of Coutts grace. The Sgt/Major when withdrawing forces from the northern defences also lost a Pte.. When Pte. T. Peck mistaking Pte. Goodwin for a Terrorist promptly shot him, and then went into a string of apologies for his mistake. Well you cant afford to ask too many questions in war time so I dont think we should worry over 3 casualties.

We were quite certain of our victory and the Terrorists were equally certain of theirs. In any case it is safe to say that all enjoyed the outing, and the BEER afterwards, no matter who won. Our regret is that we haven't enough camping time left to have another night attack. With so much enthusiasm shown by the old members as well as other non-defence force Stanley residents it seems safe to assume that we can have another outing at a later date. Provided there's BEER at the end of it.

Pte. Livermore returned to civvy street last night. We hope he enjoyed his stay at Camp as much as we enjoyed having his company.

THE QUESTION asked by a Pte. in Thursday's Chronicle about how Rolon's Cove got its name. WE have been told that some years ago, a man by the name of Rolon was in that area and got caught in a violent thunder-storm. During the storm he was struck by lightning and killed. The Cove now bears his name in memory of his unfortunate end. We believe this is the only incident of death through Lightning recorded in the islands. The Chronicle claims no authenticity of this story but the Chart shows this place as North Basin and directly below in small type, Rolon Cove.

WE ARE PRINTING this little verse to give you (married and single) something to reflect on during the next three days. With apologies to the unknown author:

Here lies a poor woman who was always tired;
She lived in a house where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing;
But everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But, having no voice I'll be clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never-
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.

We have all had our turn at scrubbing and cleaning, and all agree that 12 days is more than enough for any man.

Perhaps now you have read this verse you will appreciate how a wife, or mother feels after a life-time of cooking, scrubbing, cleaning and mending.

SO GIVE A THOUGHT you married men and lend your good wife a hand in the house. You single men too, don't forget that your Mum is a wife to your Dad. Not a machine for supplying you with Food, Clean Clothing and Darned Socks.

7-30 a.m. Reveille. 8 a.m. Breakfast: Chops & Fried Bread,
Cereals, Coffee.
10 a.m. Religious Service, conducted by the Rev. J. Gould.
12.0 Lunch: Soup, Roast Mutton, Cabbage, Roast Potatoes, Jelly
& Fruit.
2 p.m. Visitors arrived at Camp and remained until 5-30 p.m.
6 p.m. Supper: Cold Meat, Salad, Cold Pudding.

At 9-50 a.m. Mr. Draycott arrived in his car bringing
with him the Rev. J. Gould and Capt. Green. A short but very
appreciable Service was held during which the following hymns
were sung:- 127, 165, 108.

DUEL AT SUN-DOWN

Perhaps we shouldn't say too much about the Duel. We think
everyone will remember this incident. The incident was made to
look so serious that the entire Camp had the Breeze up and it
wasn't until the Adjutant started tittering half way through
the charge that the tension was eased. From this point the Duel
became an hilarious farce, enjoyed by all. The shooting with
V. Pistols went off better than expected and some close shots
were recorded. The result by unanimous vote: a draw.

DARTS

Last night a Dart Team consisting of four retired and two
Active members of the F.I.D.F. arrived in Camp at about 8 p.m.
to match their skill against a Camp Team. The teams and results
were as follows:- Visitors: W. Grierson, A. Middleton, M.
Lehen, J. King, W. Etheridge and F. Berntsen. Camp Team: Pte.
Alazia, Pte. Coutts, Pte. Williams, Cpl. King, C.S.M. Goss and
Lt. Jones. The 1st Tournament, 3 legs of 301 and the 2nd
Tournament, 1 leg of 301 was won by the Camp Team; 11 games to
7 and 4 games to 2. The 3rd Tournament, Doubles 1 leg of 501
was won by the visitors, 2 games to 1. A very enjoyable
evening was spent by all.

VISITORS

Today was visiting day and some 37 visitors came up to the
Camp. The weather was easily the poorest we have had since we
came up and we thank them all for braving the stormy blast to
cheer up our Sunday. We hope they liked our tea and scones made
by Mr. Johnson and the cookies made by the current man. The
impromptu Concert and the restaged Duel we put on for their
amusement. We were pleased to see them all, and hope they were
pleased to see us.

TIT-BITS

Have you heard about the Pte. who had a call to the Wash-
house during the night and whilst there a spirit appeared in the
doorway before him. The Pte. at first was shaken but putting
on a bold face said, "Your wasting your time around here." "Why?"
answered the spirit. "For the simple reason," said the Pte., "that
spirits aren't allowed in this Camp."

What N.C.O. tucked Pte. D. Hansen in his bed last night and
kissed him good night? Could this have been the cause of
Reveille being $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour late this morning?

Here lies the body of Williams Morgan,
With a mouth almighty and teeth accordin,
Stranger, tread lightly on this sod,
For if he gapes, you're gone by God.

Today is the first day that we have had to go over to the
ablutions in our Great-Coats. We find its a good scheme; there
isn't half as much face to wash with a Great-Coat on.

- 7.0 Another dismal grey morning with incessant rain. No P.T.
8.0 Breakfast: Porridge, Eggs and Bacon.
9.0 Room Inspection - Maximum Points awarded to both rooms.
9.30 Bren Gun and Vickers Training.
12.0 Lunch: Soup, Boiled Mutton, Mixed Vegetables, Boiled Potatoes.
1.15 Bren and Vickers Guns taken on to North ridge to give crews firing practice. Fire was directed into Hearnston Water with good results. Grenade and Mortar firing followed.
6.0 Supper: Hot-pot, Mashed potatoes
Rice Pudding.
-

The Darts tournament between the 3 rooms was played off today. The Adjutant, Pte. T. Peck and Pte. Coutts met in the final and after some fine games the Adjutant proved himself Champion of the Camp. Well done! Sir.

There seems to be a difference of opinion over which is the better weapon, the Bren Gun or the Vickers. We suggest that a means of settling this argument would be to arrange a "DUEL" between the two sections. One gun placed on Bender's ridge and the other on the North ridge. Both crews to start out an equal distance from their gun position, move up and commence firing. Both guns to have a similar quantity of ammunition. If there is sufficient interest shown in this duel we will try to arrange it for tomorrow afternoon. As the writer and the Sgt/Major have great knowledge of "Dooling" we will be only too pleased to act as umpires.

Pte. Alasia seems to have had a hectic time during his Sunday Evening leave. It appears he spent it in his garage trying to clean the jets of the Monster.

Which Orderly had to have the second call this morning?.

Which Pte. is crowing over his Grenade throwing? Just because he was the only one to get his to smoke.

Pte. Goodwin holds the record for assembling the Bren Gun.

HEARD ROUND THE BREN.

Sgt/Major. "Which is the larger of those two magazines, Pte. Coutts?"

Pte. Coutts, "The biggest one, Sir!"

WE all know that the Vickers gun is water cooled. So what do you do in the desert? Some say you connect up to a Camel. What we would like to know is: "How do you connect that length of hose to the Camel's hump?"

7.0 P.T. Drill and Football. 8.0 Breakfast: Cereals
Chops, Tomatoes, Fried Bread.
9.0 Operation Tumbledown. 12.0 Lunch: Soup, Roast Mutton
Mashed Potatoes, Cabbage. 2.50 Bren and Vickers Guns
on North Ridge. Firing
practice into Moarndon Water
6.0 Supper: Cold Mutton, Mashed Potatoes. Plum Pudding.

It was a welcome change to have a morning suitable for P.T.
We wonder how many will think of doing exercises and deep
breathing when they return to civvies? The Chroniclers
are staunch believers in it and love to feel the crisp
morning air biting into the lungs. Keep it up lads its
good for you.

OPERATION TUMBLEDOWN. At 9.45 a.m., No's 1 and 2 Sections
left Camp and moved off in the direction of Moody Valley.
After reaching the brow of the hill we started climbing
westward towards Tumbledown Mt. Climbing continued for
about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour until we reached broken terrain suitable
for exercises. No. 2, commanded by the Adjutant then went
forward and took up a defensive position which was attacked
by No. 1 commanded by the Sgt/Major. Following a brief
halt the procedure was reversed. By this time we were right
at the top of the Tumbledowns with a grand view all round.
Many got their first view of Fitzroy waters and settlement;
visibility was marvellous, we felt on top of the world.
The air was like wine, cool and refreshing. The silent
mountains with their scraggy tops stood majestically
against the blue of the sky. Our friends the "TWO SISTERS"
were almost near enough to touch but stood shyly aloof
because we were looking right down their very bosoms. By
this time the sun was out and almost cooked us as we
clambered down the rough slopes towards the Camp. Wearily
and hungrily we tramped back, all agreeing that it was the
best manoeuvre of the camping period; carried out in ideal
fighting country. A nice hot bath followed by an excell-
ently cooked dinner soon had us ready for the afternoon
training.

The DUEL between the Vickers and the Bren Guns was fired
off this afternoon on the north ridge. Not in the manner
proposed in yesterday's Chronicle but both guns were tested
in every manner of fire. Any target that the Brens could
lay a burst of fire on the Vickers followed suit. When the
Vickers traversed, the Bren layed a traversed fire as well.
Single shots in ponds were answered by single shots from
the other side. The Chronicle eye-witness considers the
friendly feud resulted in a draw; both Guns showing great
accuracy and good weapons if ever called upon to serve
their proper purpose.

WE feel it only proper, in this eve of departure issue, to
give a brief summing up of the Training Camp. The first,
and biggest Bouquet goes to our cook, Mr. Howard Johnson.
His cooking has been excellent, plentiful and varied. He
has also shown his capabilities with the finer arts,
puddings and scones. Special mention should be made of the
splendid Plum Pudding served with tonight's Supper.
Thanks Howard, we really appreciate your service and with
us you're TOPS. The weather hasn't been too good but every
possible moment has been spent on outdoor training and
great headway has been made with the use of weapons and
field tactics. Our only regret is that we couldn't have
more Manoeuvres and Terrorist attacks. The last named was
a grand experience and very educational for future schemes.

We must compliment everyone on the spirit of comradeship which existed throughout the Camping period. There was only one incident, as we all know too well, and apart from putting everyone off their supper had no ill effects on the friendly atmosphere. You will recall this difference was settled by a "DUEL". In our opinion the P.T. was rather a failure. Not through lack of attendance, but any fat we managed to shift by exercising Howard Johnson put back with the next meal. Our little concerts produced some fine talent and enjoyable little bits to talk about when reminiscing. For instance, wont we always be reminded of Ken when The man from Laramie is played? The washing facilities have been a most valued asset to the Camp and appreciated by all. Especially on return from Manoeuvres, when tired and footsore a hot bath was refreshing.

The Chronicle wishes to say cheerio to all the Campers and thanks to everyone for your contribution to a happy time. Wouldn't it be a grand life if all arguments and interchanges could be kept on such friendly terms?

There is nothing left to do but the packing up and return to Stanley. Before we bow our way out THE CHRONICLE wishes to place on record our sincere thanks to Naval Authorities who so generously permitted us to use their buildings.

LAST MINUTE QUIPS.....

Heard on GOAT ridge: "You aint kidding!"

Whatever made Pte. Pat Peck plug his electric razor in when he knew perfectly well that the power wasn't on?

SOLDIER BILL while acting the part of a Bron gunner was told to give covering fire while the remainder of the section moved up. His reply was "I'd love to oblige and I can see the enemy on the top of that sharp rock but I haven't any ~~ammunition~~ AMMUNITION"

Bye, Bye, Everyone,

from
THE CHRONICLERS.

The Adjutant wishes to record a note of thanks to everyone who helped in any way towards making the Camp such a success. A special thank you is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson for seeing to our varied needs. (from fountain pen ink to chlorodyne). Mr. and Mrs. Draycott for turning their home into a milk and stores depot, also for other services rendered. To Ben and Bill for generously placing their vehicles at our disposal and thereby ensuring a smooth running of Camp life.

THANK YOU.

