

# 132 JOURNAL

EDITOR: H. R. KIRBY

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

V. R. MINTER      T. WHITTY  
W. W. P. INGLIS      J. HARE

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Twopence

This Journal is for circulation only  
within the The Falkland Islands and  
must NOT be mailed overseas.

## FORCE COMMANDER'S MESSAGE

Lt.-Col. A. T. M. E. MOMBER, R.A.

MR EDITOR, may you not be likened unto the Foolish Virgin for your temerity in asking me to rush into print on this your first issue?

I, a mere soldier, who though perhaps approaching, have not I trust as yet reached, the age when gout and liver compel many a Colonel Blimp to exchange rusty scimitar for scratching nib, and in one despairing effort to ease the blood pressure, so often to afflict the Press with his last epistle.

Though I am not endowed with the pen of an Ian Hay or the brush of a Bairnsfather, I take great pleasure in wishing the 132 JOURNAL the popularity which your joint enterprise and the invaluable help given by the Colonial Press richly deserves. May it enjoy a wide circulation not only within the Force, but also amongst our friends, the Navy and civilians here.

It is my fondest hope that the people of the Falkland Islands will look upon us of Force 132, not as the "remnants of an Army," but rather as a live and active section of a very hospitable community, for that will always be our foremost endeavour. Good omens are not lacking.

My own Gunner motto *Ubique* I find incorporated in the device of the Royal Mail—that ancient link with the Old Country. The men of the Falkland Islands Defence Force man the same guns that I, too, manned on England's southern shores, and on the rugged coasts of Wales and Scotland.

How indeed could life be anything but pleasant in a land entirely peopled by men and women of our own blood, reserved but hospitable, quiet, but permeated with that deep faith in our Our Common Destiny which has never left the issue in doubt.

Good luck Mr Editor. By your labours may you win through to the wide circulation I hope you may enjoy.

## THE SELECTION AND TRAINING OF POTENTIAL OFFICERS

FIRST, let it be clearly understood that this should not be confused with the War Office pamphlet under the same heading. This is the low-down. This is what really happens.

A circular turns up in the unit one day stating that Officers are urgently needed and that every likely man should be considered. What happens? The C.O. runs rapidly through the nominal roll and rules out those who are doing most of his work for him; then he rules out the sanitary men, janker wallahs and so on. From the remainder he selects half-a-dozen and sends for them and gives them a simple intelligence test (it is usually simple because the C.O. has to know the answers). From the results he selects two men who can write legibly and informs them that they are now unpaid local acting lance-corporals, and that he proposes recommending them for a Commission. Nothing happens for some weeks, then comes a rocket from Headquarters saying that two lance-corporals are no damned good alone, a serjeant must be included. So the C.O. sends for his useful stooges, and says "Look here chaps, one of you has simply got to go." So the stooges toss up for who goes. The loser's name is then put forward.

Six months elapse and nothing happens. Then, out of the blue comes a frantic phone message that Sjt. Brown must be at H.Q. at 0900 hours the following morning for interview by the Colonel. The interview over, again nothing happens, Sjt. Brown is quite convinced that all his troubles are over and that they have forgotten all about him. So he applies for his privilege leave and away he goes. After three days he gets a telegram recalling him from leave. Back he trudges to be informed that he must report to W.O.S.B. at 1000 hours on the morrow. The rest of the evening he spends blanco-ing his equipment and pressing his best B.D.

Next day, the unfortunate victim turns up at W.O.S.B. This he will find is a magnificent mansion somewhere in the heart of the country. He reports to the Orderly Room Serjeant, who says "Sjt. Brown—you're Number 185 from now on." No. 185 is then handed a ticket which he pins to his breast like a ticket for a children's Sunday School treat. Having dumped all his kit in his room except F.S.M.O., rifle and sidearms, he is handed some thunder flashes and blanks and told to fall in outside.

For the next two days No. 185 crawls on his tummy for miles and miles, wades through streams, crosses rivers on ropes, falls in ditches, and does everything calculatod to ruin his best B.D., spoil his blanco and break his spirit.

At every meal some stooge sits beside him listening for any sound as his soup disappears, watching to see whether he eats his peas off his knife and generally trying to catch him out.

Sharp at 0900 hours on the third day our now dispirited No. 185 takes his seat in the lecture room. Then follow a series of psychiatric tests, all of which seem to him to be ridiculously easy and a frightful waste of time. Then in the afternoon he is hauled before a number of Colonels. He starts off with a fiery old Poona wallah who sings the praises of the Indian Army. But No. 185 is insistent that he doesn't want to go to India and that curry disagrees with him anyway, and he is cast aside like an old glove. Then follow a few minor Lt.-Colonels and finally the President! Ah, the great moment has come.

On hearing his number called No. 185 marches smartly into the President's office and whips up a very smart salute. Unfortunately the orderly has placed a chair just inside the door which No. 185 doesn't notice. He picks himself and his hat up and mumbles "Good morning, Sir," and is promptly told to sit down. That's better. This old Johnny looks easy, he thinks. Then follows a volley of questions covering No. 185's life from childhood, all of which he knows perfectly well he has answered at least ten times since starting in on this Commission racket.

Within a few minutes the finds himself outside wondering how he has got on. He is told he may leave. He needs no second bidding and disappears promptly to the local for a pint.

Then, an agonising wait for the result of the Board. Some four or five days later a D.R. turns up with an official looking envelope which Sjt. Brown opens to find that he has got through. He takes it in to the Chief Clerk who passes it on to the C.O., whereupon Sjt. Brown is sent for and congratulated by the C.O. For the rest of his stay in that unit the C.O. calls him "Old man" and treats him like a long-lost brother.

That, I think, should be sufficient for the moment. In succeeding months I shall take you through Pre-Octu, on through Octu and finally out to the first unit as a very proud subaltern.

"POTOFF."

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### JANKERS

Don't send my boy to Jankers—  
It's the first crime wot 'e's done!  
It's true 'e copped the Serjeaut  
A proper fourpenny one.  
But it's really not 'is fault, sir,  
'Is temper is so 'ot;  
For wot 'e's been and done, sir,  
'E's sorry like as not.

Tho' the Serjeant walks on crutches,  
And 'is eye is rainbow hued,  
'E is the one to blame, sir.  
'E was so shockin' rude!  
So 'eed a mother's prayer, sir,  
Forgive 'er 'asty son;  
Don't send my boy to Jankers—  
It's the first crime wot 'e's done.

## Camp Personalities—No. 1



## We'd Like to Know . . . ?

. . . . If the 'spooks' that are said to inhabit the Power House at night are genuine ghosts of good repute or merely spirits? Seems a bit rum to us.

. . . . The reason for a certain cook turning shipbroker one night recently when he sold the Roydur (on tick?) as a serviceable battleship to two unsuspecting individuals?

. . . . Whether all the people who enrolled in the Primrose Purity League have kept the vows taken at the initiation ceremony? We learn on good authority that the President himself has been seen having a tipple.

. . . . If anyone in or out of the Services has ever heard the butt of a rifle referred to as the 'handle'? The first time we heard it was the day of the Governor's inspection.

. . . . Whether the Serjeant who has offered a prize to a football team if they win the trophy will need to find a 'gold mine in the sky' to pay for it?

. . . . Who owns the dog which barks all night in the Officers' Mess?

. . . . Who started the rumour that the five large packing cases on the public jetty contained snuff?

. . . . Whether Dr Hamilton has heard of an 'uphill' goose?

. . . . Whether anyone has found the stove which left knuckle marks when a certain driver bumped into it?

. . . . Whether the two boilermen will warm themselves up with the gratuity they received for warming the water?

. . . . Whether the F.I.D.F. had a premature celebration when they heard that 'two barrels' had been shipped from Montevideo?

. . . . If a certain motor driver has yet found the 'light'?

. . . . If it was due entirely to military training that caused a certain Colour Serjeant to shout "Five rounds rapid fire," when he fell into a ditch one night, or was it just high 'spirits'?

. . . . The effect on the nervous system of a certain lineman who, when testing the telephone lines, heard the voice of a person in high authority replying to his question "Is that you, Bert?"

. . . . Whether the lad in the Sigs., who was observed patching his underpants with a piece of '4 by 2,' can vouchsafe the flannel as possessing hard-wearing qualities?

. . . . If the gunner who went into a store in Monte. to buy a shaving outfit, and was observed caressing a beautiful rug priced at 150 pesos, really intended to "purchase the rug tomorrow," as he was overheard to promise?

## CONCERT IN CAMP

ANY doubts as to the success of the Odd-Sands-Odds were dispelled after the first two or three items of the programme had been given at the premiere show in the camp on 20th March. The chorus 'girls' might have been a little less bashful and given us more time in which to study their form—perhaps this will be amended in the next performance.

McDermott and Neill in an *Old Mother Riley* sketch were on top of their form, and some good singing was provided by MacKenzie, Fynes, and Lafferty.

Elliott's effort as a snake charmer was exceptionally good and original, and his antics in the *Wakey, Wakey* sketch, emphasised by the rigid appearance of his collaborators in the second act, were appreciated by everyone. The band also provided some good numbers but the community singing certainly needs more 'go.'

The *piece de resistance* of the evening was unquestionably Egan's rendering of *Force 132*. The mistfit dress, the make-up, the pipe, combined with the actions of Egan himself, set a standard which will be very difficult to improve.

The curtain finally descended on the *Hill Billies* in which Grant gave a good account of himself as a soloist with *Tumbling Tumbleweeds*. Generally speaking, the show was very good, and if the sketches can be lengthened a minute or two more, there is every prospect of the show gaining an 'excellent' when it is put on in the Town Hall in the near future.

T. S.

## FORCE 132

Last year they broke the news to me,  
That I had got to cross the sea:  
They said, "Young man, we've a job  
for you!  
You've got to join Force 132."

They sent me home to say farewell:  
Those fourteen days were really swell.  
On the fourteenth day I was feeling  
blue,  
'Cos I had to join Force 132.

When I got back the serjeant said,  
"Cheer up my lad, you'll soon be dead!  
You've got to cross the ocean blue  
With all the lads of 132."

They gave me kit both warm and cool:  
The clothes I got made three bags full.  
They gave me rounds, a rifle new,  
And a pair of boots, size 132.

We were crammed so tight aboard the  
boat,  
I thought that it would never float.  
To have a wash, I joined a queue  
As big as all Force 132.

Now the boat rolled here, and the boat  
rolled there,  
And soon we all had food to spare!  
Then all the lads began to rue  
The day they joined Force 132.

When we had gone eight thousand miles  
At last we reached the Falkland Isles.  
The Kelpers say they never knew  
A dirtier lot than 132.

So when this war is fought and won,  
And when the job has all been done;  
On that great day, without a sigh,  
To 132 I'll say goodbye.

J. WINCHESTER FRASER

The Padre's Corner

## EASTER

IT was Sunday evening in the village church, the hour of evening service. The pews were better filled than usual: it was not just the ordinary evening service—it was Easter Sunday. That made a difference!

What is Easter anyway? In Britain we think of it coming round about the time of the golden daffodil and the snow-white narcissus with its sunset coloured centre. In the Falkland Islands we think of Easter falling at the time our flowers are almost over for the season, the potatoes lifted, the peat safely in the shed, and ahead of us—winter.

So in one part of the world, Easter heralds the close of a period, while in another it announces the awakening of all within the soil to a new season of blossom, colour, fragrant scents, and sunshine.

Easter is more than a season of the year. It is a Christian Festival, commemorating the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The first Easter, in all probability, took place in Jerusalem over nineteen hundred years ago, and when it became established in the Christian Church's Calendar, the Festival was considered to provide the climax to the Feast of the Passover, at which the paschal lamb, typifying the Christ, was sacrificed. Easter takes its name from the Anglo-Saxon word *Eostre*, an ancient term symbolising the goddess of light or Spring, whose festival was in April, but it is of interest to recall that the name in the Greek and the French is taken from the Hebrew word for 'Passover.'

In the early days of Christianity, there was considerable difference of opinion as to when Easter should be celebrated. Until the Church Council at Nicaea decided the matter in 325 A.D., the Christians in the East celebrated the festival on the same day as the Jews celebrated the Passover, and the Western Christians celebrated Easter on the first Sunday after that date.

Although in 1929 a fixed Easter was suggested in the British House of Commons, nothing has been done about the matter. One large branch of the Christian Church saw no reason for changing things.

So how do we fix Easter? In the same way as a Christian did in 326 A.D., by deciding that the festival takes place on the Sunday after the full moon which falls on or next after 21st March. This year Easter Sunday falls on 9th April.

At this season it is well for us to recall what Easter stands for and to ponder upon the Christian Church's Message of Eternal Life. Easter is a season of deep significance to all thinking people.

W. F. MCWHAN, C.F.

## FOOTBALL NEWS

Scots II, 4 : Scots I, 2

Wednesday, 8th March, saw the clash between the two platoons of the Royal Scots, and a right hard game was served up. After Grant had headed the first goal for No. 2 from a corner kick taken by Heary, No. 1 came away strongly and Lyons was brought down in the box by Cunningham, McLaren scoring from the resultant penalty.

The fat was then in the fire and both teams went at it hammer and tongs. Ten minutes from the interval Crease put No. 1 ahead with a brilliant goal to the delight of No. 1 supporters, but No. 2 fought back strongly and were bothering Kyle when the interval arrived. The second half developed into a ding-dong struggle, but after Grant had equalised for No. 2, No. 1 fell away a bit and Grant completed the hat-trick putting No. 2 in the lead. Lafferty then scored, removing all doubts as to the verdict, and the game finished with the 'Canaries' good winners.

In a friendly game between Force 132 and a combined team of Navy and F.I.D.F., plenty of good football was seen and the Force team won by two goals to nil. McLaren, Kyle, Heary, and Paul were best for the Force, while in a strong 'Rest' side, the half-back line gave a good display. D.C.

### POSITIONS IN THE LEAGUE (Matches played to end of March)

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals		Points
					For	Ag't	
Scots II	6	6	0	0	20	4	12
F.I.D.F.	5	3	2	0	21	8	6
Scots I	6	2	2	2	21	18	6
Navy	6	2	4	0	14	18	4
Corps I	5	1	2	2	7	11	4
Corps II	4	0	4	0	1	24	0

### DARTS LEAGUE

At the opening game of the League between the Navy and F.I.D.F., scoring was slow until Higgs made 104. Newman put up a good show, while the 'event' of the evening was provided by Ethgrove who returned no score at all with three darts. On the whole it was good game and the F.I.D.F. secured a 2-0 victory.

The Cooks, who stepped into the breach made by the withdrawal of the Serjeants, beat the Officers in their first match by two games to one.

In the first match between Scots I and Corps I, bad finishing in the legs by the Scots gave the Corps a 2-0 win. In the return match, however, the tables were turned, and the Corps went down decisively, the score being reversed.

Both teams made a slow start in the Scots II v Corps II match. After playing two legs the score was even, but in the end Heary gained the victory for the Scots.

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## TOWN HALL DISASTER

SHORTLY after six o'clock on Sunday, 10th April last, Stanley was roused by the fire alarm. The Town Hall was on fire! The news spread rapidly and a large crowd gathered to watch the efforts of the fire-fighters to save the building, but the fire had got a good hold and it was soon evident that nothing could be done to save the Hall and all efforts were directed to save the Gymnasium and the Roman Catholic Church.

Fortunately, it was a calm night with little wind, otherwise the consequences might have been catastrophic. The real effect of the loss is only just beginning to be felt, as almost every local event was held there—dances, concerts, wedding parties, etc. It is true that the Gymnasium is being brought into use, but it lacks the cheerful atmosphere of the old Town Hall.

The Garrison will feel the loss considerably, but the real brunt must be borne by the local population who will have to wait some years before a new building is completed.

## APPRECIATION

THE following letter has been received from the Hon. Secretary, British Red Cross Society, Falkland Islands Branch :—

To the Editorial Committee, 132 *JOURNAL*.

Dear Sirs,

I am instructed by my Committee to send you grateful thanks for the donation of £1 18s 2d, profits from the first issue of your Journal.

We wish you every possible success for future issues.

Once more, many thanks.

Yours faithfully,

M. Lewis, Hon. Secretary.

## THE SELECTION AND TRAINING OF POTENTIAL OFFICERS

LAST month my readers followed the adventures of Sjt. Brown as far as the War Office Selection Board; now comes the call to Pre-Octu, and off he goes, picturing himself in the uniform of a 2nd Lieut.

To his surprise, the Camp Commandant is not at the station to welcome him. Instead there is a lance-corporal, probably local, acting, and unpaid. Sjt. Brown is hustled, with about twenty other would-be officers, into the back of a lorry, and whisked away to camp. There he is given an extraordinarily uncomfortable bed in an equally uncomfortable Nissen, and told to report to Company Office.

The Commandant enters and delivers a 'pep' talk, consisting principally of telling them what a hell of a good job he did in the last war. He is followed by a brand-new 2nd Lieut., who explains that all badges of rank must be removed, and that Cpl. Smith will be in charge of the squad until they leave Pre-Octu. Cpl. Smith appears, and, to Sjt. Smith's amazement, it is the L/A/U/L/Cpl. who welcomed him. This man is elfinly small but he has an amazingly loud voice, and crisply he tells the party to fall in 'ahtside.' The party shuffles to obey, and Sjt. Brown takes stock of his companions—an odd R.S.M. or two, several C.S.M.'s, about twenty Staff Sjts., and the rest Sjts. L/A/U/L/Cpl. Smith then addresses the gathering something on these lines.

"I'm L/Cpl. Smiff. From now on I'm yer farver and muvver until yer leaves. Anyfing yer wants yer comes ter me, if yer want a pass yer comes ter me, if yer want ter go sick yer comes ter me. Unnerstand?" With that the party dismisses to remove chevrons and crowns and coats of arms, all breathing odd remarks which seem to have some bearing on the faithfulness of Cpl. Smith's mother.

First parade next morning is at 0730 hours and Sjt. Brown is not used to early rising. Alas, first two periods are P.T. For ten minutes Sjt. Brown and his colleagues puff and blow trying to keep pace with the instructor. They halt outside a building and are horrified to find they are at the 'Open Air Swimming Baths.' After half an hour alternating between ice-cold water and shivering on the edge of the bath, they finish and run back to change.

The rest of the morning is devoted to foot drill and this form of exercise leaves an aching void in Sjt., sorry, Cadet Brown's stomach and at lunch time he devours his plate of unappetising slosh with relish. In the afternoon the cadets go out on convoy and our friend thoroughly enjoys the motor-cycle trip until the weather changes, resulting in a severe wetting for our champion. His temper is frayed and he doesn't enjoy his tea at all. Within a week, however, he is used to being wet and miserable and is quite resigned to his fate. And so he passes out of Pre-Octu a competent driver and motor-cyclist. Promotion to OCTU doesn't worry him in the least. His experiences there will be told next month.

POTOFF."

## TALLY-HO!

I AM a fox and I have just seen my brother Joe torn to ribbons, but to show that I'm not prejudiced I want to clear up all this controversy about blood-sports by putting the fox's point of view on record.

Of course I'm a clever fox, or I shouldn't be alive to-day, but I can honestly say that I derive considerable amusement from the local Hunt. Hunt, by the way, is a collective noun describing horses, dogs, and an ill-assorted bunch of pot-bellied Stockbrokers, hook-nosed Licensed Victuallers and lesser human fry such as Peers of the Realm. Why, only last Tuesday those mangy, flea-bitten dogs, which are called the Pack, fetched me out of Hog's Bottom where I was peacefully devouring the remains of a chicken I had "won" during a reconnaissance the previous evening and chased me for a couple of miles. I don't take kindly to exercise on a full stomach, so I holed up after crossing a stream so as to confuse my scent and from the safe haven of an old badger-hole I watched the fun.

Whilst the dogs awaited the arrival of the horses and humans, they smelled around, they scratched, they fought, and, thanks to the convenient presence of a tree in the vicinity, they performed some peculiarly canine and intimate duties which would have nauseated a more sensitive fox than I.

When the dolts on horseback had contrived to open the gate about half-a-mile back, they began to arrive in ones and twos at the scene of the hold up. I heard several loud remarks made about my unsportsmanlike conduct. As though crossing a brook would have any affect on my scent! Like all foxes, I stink, and those stupid animals would easily have picked me up again on the other bank.

Well, to cut a long story short, everyone milled around indecisively for about half-an-hour. Dogs howled, men shouted, and horses kicked each other just for the hell of it. At last, a word of command from an inane-looking individual, who was dressed like a Ruritanian Life Guard, contrived some sort of order out of the confusion, and they all trooped off. I expect they went and had one.

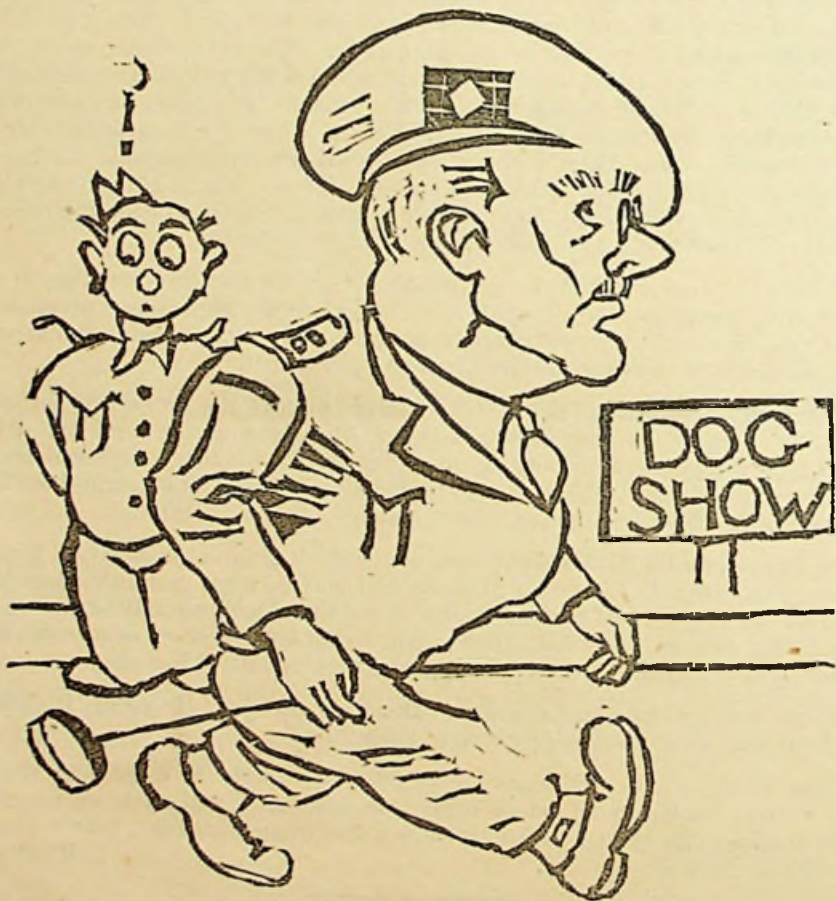
There you are then—a day's sport! Don't pity the fox. He enjoys it. Pity the poor fools who go to so much trouble to chase him.

Just to show I'm not scared, I'm going to ask to be a hare in my next reincarnation, because a friend of mine tells me that Beagling is an even more stupid pastime than Fox-hunting, in which the human element hasn't even the sense to ride horses!

REYNARD

A limited number of copies of the April issue of  
132 JOURNAL are still available, and readers  
may obtain them on application to the Editor

## Camp Personalities—No. 2



## We'd Like to Know . . . ?

... If it is true that a certain member of the R.E's. has perfected a process to run a car successfully on a mixture of water and petrol?

... Whether the Mount Low warriors have argued to a successful conclusion the question of a vessel having a fo'c'sle aft?

... To what use Les. intended putting the button which he fished out of a drain?

... How many different autograph books have been collected from people in town by a certain driver-lineman?

... If the 'forest' on Mount Low will ever grow sufficient timber to provide the F.I.D.F. with a set of new goal posts?

... If the 'David' who missed the R.E.M.E. 'Goliath' has yet passed his aiming test in T.O.E.T.?

... If there is any foundation for the rumour that one of the Sigs. E.S. men is endeavouring to reduce his waistline from 26 to 18 inches?

... Who was the individual who had his face slapped during a dance in the Gymnasium, and why?

... What is the reason for one of the best Canaries being unable to sing solo?

... If the Signals' hens produce better eggs by having their nest-boxes cleaned out with a pair of tweezers?

... Who is the mythical Sapper Hill, F.I., who was detailed by the Dental Officer to attend for treatment? It appears to us to be a case of asking the mountain to go to Mahomet.

... Who is the Gunner who starts to 'tell you one thing' and invariably finishes up by telling you nothing about five or six subjects?

... Whether the Officers' Mess propose to start a Ludo League?

... Whether a certain Private remembered to call at Government House and sign the Visitors' Book?

... Is it true that the Common Ranger's dog is doing special training in case of another encounter with the Beagles?

... Where have all the 'pups' belonging to the Officers' Mess dog gone to?



## The Padre's Corner

GOD wishes us to try to live the Christian life day by day, and that means at the work bench as well as anywhere else. Many have welcomed the innovation in course of this war of the Industrial Chaplain who looks upon a factory as part of his parish, and is prepared to go there, take an interest in the welfare of the workers, and be prepared, if necessary, to be in the works at three o'clock in the morning to conduct a brief service for men and women on the Night shift during their 'break.'

You see, wherever we live and work we can be assured that God is interested in us. One of the great present day problems of the Christian Church is to demonstrate this fact to the people. I feel that today, more than ever before, Bill, Tom, and Andrew need to know the Lord in a personal way. He who while on earth served as a Carpenter, understands our problems, and He is willing to be our Leader if we only let Him stand beside us at the work bench.

There is no barrier between God and Man unless of Man's own making; our interests are God's interests too.

W. F. MCWHAN, C.F.

## CHILDREN'S DAY

AN afternoon's entertainment for children was held in the Gymnasium on Easter Monday, when the young folk of Stanley were the guests of the Force.

The shrieks of laughter from over 300 young throats during the showing of Walt Disney's *Dumbo* left no doubt that the guests were enjoying themselves. In the games which followed, considerable amusement was caused—and, we fear, several clean frocks dirtied!—in the musical circle event, which was won by the Misses Lena McLaren and Mary Short.

The Master of Ceremonies, Sjt. Nicol, was sorely pressed by a crowd of youngsters awaiting their numbers to be called in the draw for lucky dip prizes, and over 50 children left with an assortment of games, while special money prizes were given to players in the six-a-side football match.

We wish to extend our grateful thanks to all the helpers for their assistance in contributing to an enjoyable afternoon.

## BROADCAST TO THE FALKLANDS.

THE first special programme broadcast by the B.B.C. to the Falklands on 24th April proved a very weak show indeed. Will Hay's fans may have enjoyed it, but it is nevertheless true that he is at his best as a schoolmaster, and even Dorothy Carless cannot make up for his lapses outside the classroom.

Let us have news from home by all means — especially items that affect the living conditions of our families and relatives there—and, if possible, a personal message or two such as Bob Yates sent to his people, but let us be excused a life sentence of such idle repartee as we were dosed with in the first broadcast.

If that is the best programme the B.B.C. can devise, it would be far better to have a half-hour of gramophone records.

## REINSTATEMENT IN WORK AFTER WAR

THE main amendments to the law affecting reinstatement in work after the war as proposed in the Reinstatement in Civil Employment Bill are quoted as a matter of interest to those concerned. It must not be regarded as a full summary of the Bill.

The pledge of reinstatement is now extended to volunteers in the armed forces and women's auxiliary services as well as men and women giving whole-time service in civil defence in consequence of an enrolment notice under the National Service Acts.

Persons wishing to exercise reinstatement rights must apply in writing to their former employer not later than the fifth Monday after the end of their war service. Either at the time of application or later, they must give a date on which they will be available for such employment. That date must not be later than the ninth Monday after the termination of their war service.

If the employer cannot immediately re-employ the applicant, the latter can keep the application alive by renewing it at intervals of not more than 13 weeks. The employer is placed under an obligation to reinstate the applicant at the first opportunity at which it is practicable, after the applicant has stated himself to be available for employment.

A person is to be reinstated in the occupation in which he was employed before his war service and on terms and conditions not less favourable than he would have had, had he not joined the forces. If that is not possible, the employer must reinstate him 'in the most favourable occupation and on the most favourable terms and conditions which are reasonable and practicable.'

The employer is under an obligation to employ a reinstated applicant for the following 26 weeks, or for so much of that period as is reasonable and practicable. The terms and conditions of employment are not to be changed to his detriment unless it ceases to be possible to maintain them unaltered. If that happens he is to be given the most favourable alternative employment available.

The Bill lays down certain tests for determining what is 'reasonable and practicable' in the reinstatement of an applicant and his employment for 26 weeks. Their effect is to give a preference to seniority in employment. An applicant is not to be reinstated if that can be done only by dismissing someone else, who before either of them joined the forces, had been longer in the employment. If there are two applicants, of whom it is practicable to reinstate only one, then the one to be reinstated is the person who had been longer in the employment before joining the forces. In no case is a former employer under any obligation to take an applicant into his employment after six months have elapsed from the end of 'the present emergency,' a date to be fixed by Order in Council.

Reinstatement committees are to be appointed to deal with disputes and will consist of a chairman, an employers' representative, and an employed persons' representative, all to be selected by the Minister of Labour. Provision is also made for the appointment of umpires to hear appeals against the decisions of the committees. An application may be made to a reinstatement committee by any person who claims that he has reinstatement rights under the Bill that have been denied him.

## FOOTBALL NEWS

Scots II, 2 ; F.I.D.F., 2

A large crowd turned up to see the game between the league leaders on May 7th and they were treated to a real struggle. Five minutes after the start Grant put the Scots ahead with a fine drive and this goal set the locals on their toes and in a sharp attack on the Scots goal a penalty was granted, but Cormack saved the kick taken by Miller. Shortly after, the F. I. D. F. equalised when a cross from their outside right was judged to be over the line. Sullivan at centre half was playing a hard game, and he put the locals ahead with a fine goal. The Scots gave the local defence plenty to do and just on half time Grant put the Scots on level terms with a brilliant goal from a fine cross by Heary. The crowd got plenty to shout about in the second half because, although the ground was in very bad condition, both teams went all out and in a hectic twenty minutes barrage on the locals' defence Steen and Aldridge came out with flying colours. No further scoring took place and the point gained by the 'Canaries' gave them the league championship.

In the 'derby' game between the two Corps teams both sides gave a good display of football despite the adverse weather conditions and only a great goal scored by Clark gave the verdict to Corps I. D.C.

### POSITIONS IN THE LEAGUE

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals		Points
					For	Ag't	
Scots II	10	7	0	3	28	11	17
F.I.D.F.	8	5	2	1	30	14	11
Navy	9	4	5	0	20	23	8
Scots I	9	2	3	4	25	25	7
Corps I	7	2	3	2	8	12	6
Corps II	7	0	6	1	4	30	1

### DARTS LEAGUE

In their 'derby' match Scots I were on their best form and thrashed their rivals, Crease making the unusual score of 150 with three darts. Muir and Hope got out for the winners. The return game found the Canaries still smarting from the last encounter and in a close match they managed to reverse the score. On both sides scoring was only moderate and Heary and Stanley finished for the winners.

Corps II continued their run of victories by beating Scots I, Salmon putting up a score of 127 for the winners.

The match between Naval Wireless and Scots II was quite good with scoring at a high standard but poor finishing by the Navy lost them the game.

The Naval Base had their revenge by beating Scots II in their return match. The Army were well below form and the Navy fully earned the points.

# 132 JOURNAL

EDITOR: H. R. KIRBY

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

V. R. MINTER      T. WHITTY

W. W. P. INGLIS      J. HARE

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## THE FUTURE

ONE has become accustomed to crises since the war began, but this one is of special significance to every member of Force 132. Briefly, it is this—the *Journal* has ceased to exist as a monthly publication. Further numbers will appear when material and contributions are forthcoming in sufficient quantity to make up an issue.

The contributions and enthusiasm which made the first number possible have diminished to an alarming extent. Various reasons have been put forward. For example, it has been suggested that support would be increased if it were printed in Scots and English, and to overcome this difficulty, the Editorial Committee have undertaken to act as interpreters. Again, it may be that the now not-so-mythical newspaper *The Clarion*, conceived by the Sergeants' Mess, has robbed us of many contributors. Competition should act as a stimulant, however, and since *The Clarion* is an annual newspaper, its correspondents have little excuse for failing to pour out 'copy' for future *Journals*.

From another standpoint the position of the Force printers themselves must be considered. Every single letter, space, comma, etc., of this magazine has to be set by hand in the men's own time, the proofs checked, corrections made, and the requisite number of copies printed and folded. All their spare time for at least a week is thus mortgaged.

The Editorial Committee have laboured for some time for the removal of the ban on mailing the *Journal* home. Their efforts have not been in vain. Readers who so desire may now send copies to friends at home.

Last, and most important of all: is the cause to which the profits from the sale of the *Journal* go—The British Red Cross Society. With the new campaign in France, the commitments of the Red Cross will be greater than ever and even the small contribution from the *Journal* will be missed.

The more material that we get, the more frequently we shall publish. So come along soldiers and civilians alike with articles, stories, or interesting gossip. If you have an idea for a good article and feel unable to write it up, please don't hesitate to send it along—we'll write it for you.

Help us to keep the *Journal* going for your own entertainment, and for the sake of those, our less fortunate comrades, whose burden the Red Cross has undertaken to lighten.

## THE SELECTION AND TRAINING OF POTENTIAL OFFICERS

"CHOWN... STANNATHAZE... ZHEE... CHOWN." The R.S.M. moves slowly and deliberately towards No. 2 in the front rank—he stops—he looks—he leers, thrusts out his chin and lets out a bull-like roar, "Get up orf your b... knees, Sir."

Yes, it is our old friend, Cadet Brown. He has been at O.C.T.U. for six weeks now, and for forty-two days he has been regretting that he ever allowed himself to be talked into applying for a Commission. He is convinced that everyone is after his blood, and it all seemed to start from his second day. It was like this, he was on fatigues cleaning up the garden at the back of his billet, and there was a tree there that made the place look untidy, so he borrowed a saw and cut it down. It was only a little tree . . . . and the fuss everybody made! He will never forget the way the Major looked at him and barked, "Who d'you think you are—George Washington?" Funny the way that name got round the O.C.T.U., everybody called him George Washington now.

And look at the row there was on that exercise when he led a Commando raid and pinched the enemy's transport. Completely demoralised the attackers, but the Umpires said it was cheating. Stupid clods—he'd have got a V.C. or something if it had been a real war.

After that first six weeks though, things began to look up. Battle training over, "Georgie Washington" came into his own. He absorbed everything the lecturers doled out and did quite well in his exams. Then came the last day—examinations at midnight. But

posting orders were handed out. Sixty men drew instructions, fifty-nine went to Scottish Command, N. Ireland and various Mobilisation Centres, but our hero opened his envelope to find he was posted to his home town.

His leave over, 2/Lieut. Brown has to report to Command H.Q. for posting to a unit. Unfortunately, his leave finishes on a Friday night, and he is due to report before 11.00 hours on the morrow. Feeling very important, he reports in good time and is interviewed by several officers concluding with a few words of good advice from the Brigadier himself. He finds himself posted to a unit whose barracks are in the very street in which he was born, and after listening to careful instructions on how to find the place, away he goes scarcely believing it true.

He reports to the Adjutant just before 12 o'clock. To be an Adjutant one must be a big squirt; this one was no exception to the general rule, and instead of welcoming our protege with open arms and telling him what a bit of luck for the unit it is that 2/Lieut. Brown should be on its establishment, the Adjutant gives him a dirty look, glances at his watch and says "Not much good reporting on a Saturday, better push off till Monday."

On Monday at Orderly Room a very nervous 2/Lieut. appears before the C.O. and is told what is expected of him, and away he goes to perform his duties as a Commissioned Officer wondering how anyone could possibly know as much or be as good an officer as the Colonel seemed to think he should know and be. He soon found out . . . .

"POTOFF."

## FALKLAND FINANCE

THE old Yellow Book is still the best investment with a steady guaranteed return. Those who do not wish to have all their eggs in one basket, however, may find room for their surplus cash in the shares of some of the popular businesses mentioned below.

The entertainment world has always been a speculative one for the investor, nevertheless some good turn-overs have been made in short risks taken in cinema theatres. Among these may be mentioned the CUNLIFFE KINEMA CORPORATION which stepped in at an opportune hour and took over the business of HARRIS'S (PICTURES) LTD. whose shares were falling rapidly on the rumour of the sale of a 75 per cent interest to the Boy's Brigade Company.

Exceptional interest was shown in the foodstuffs market recently when the failure of the WANG'S HILL SALT CO. was announced.

The RE-ELECTRICAL SUPPLY CO. has also been in the news. Extensive alterations to their second-hand premises are almost complete and it is confidently hoped that their experiments with their patent 'on-off' switch will leave the enterprise permanently in the 'on' position. It should also be remembered that one of its subsidiary concerns, the CROSSWELLER LIGHTING AND FUSING UNLIMITED, was awarded a large contract for box-screened street lighting but results are rather dim.

Holder of shares in BEAGLES (1941) LTD. have been persistently hunting for a dividend, but it seems evident that the business is being dogged by bad luck. A much better outlook is forthcoming from the bird fanciers section where SAVAGE

EGG PRODUCERS (SOMETIMES) LTD. are getting their products laid on a firm foundation. A recent slump in production was believed to have been due to the close proximity of the linemen's hut to their.

Competition in the photographic industry is very keen. Since the partnership of MESSRS. BOND AND SLAVE was dissolved, two young firms are striving to gain the leading position in the market.

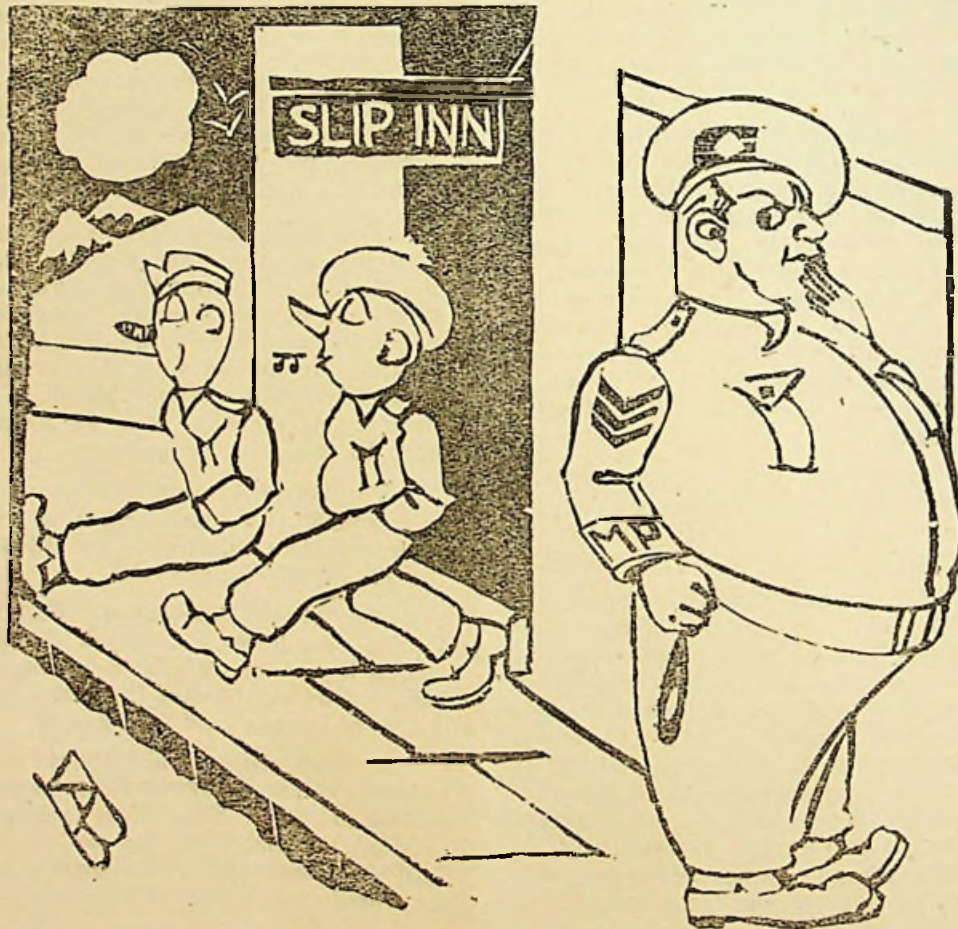
The business of DEATH SWINDLE AND CO. is developing rapidly while the CLARMIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY specialises in portrait work. Numerous enquiries have reached the JOURNAL seeking our opinion upon the best firm to deal with but caution bids us to be neutral. As a general rule the answer is to be found in the negative.

The SCOTT-SALMON TIN BOX concern specialises in mail orders, and we understand that this firm is not allied to the TIN SMITH FEDERATION.

The old established COOKE WATCH-CLOCK SERVICING CO. had a difficult task to keep time with their orders, but lack of spare parts leaves the business in danger of being wound up for good.

A young business which should soon be doing well is the DENIM BOILING AND CLEANING CO. They have recently acquired the rights to use the special Gardiner process and we understand that the overall expenses are practically nil.

One other proposition is worthy of mention—the HOWE DRAWING INSTITUTE. This enterprise has had a sketchy career, but the results obtained are, generally speaking, head and shoulders above the rest.

Camp Personalities—No. 4We'd Like to Know . . . ?

... Why a certain Serjeant is spending his spare time constructing a wooden box. Is it true that he contemplates taking one of the Beagles back home with him?

... Why the R.A.O.C. Office is known to the Ordnance boys as "The Morgue?"

... Who took the mouthpiece from the Trumpeter's instrument at a recent dance? Is it possible that some love-sick maid is cherishing it as a souvenir of something that has touched his lips?

... Is it true that the four R.A.'s who were the "jacks" have now been officially recognised as the Force Lifting Tackle?

... If a certain Corporal who was demonstrating the tying of a hangman's knot to two Serjeants had any ulterior motive in his mind?

... Why the Gene Autry Serjeant parades up and down the Hospital corridors (minus his horse) singing "Empty Saddles" and other songs glorifying the equestrian art?

... Who owns the bed in No. 2 Platoon which, when empty, is said to wail "Stan, Stan?"

... Who were the three N.C.O.'s detailed to chop wood for the Boilerman?

... How long a certain Private, who assists in the Church Canteen, requires to hack off three slices of bread?

... Whether a certain Officer has discovered that black pepper and mussels don't go well together?

... How many "Jeeps" are there on the War establishment?

... If an early morning fire can be more effectively doused by a hefty man wielding a fire extinguisher, while standing on a step platform in his shirt tails?

... What was wrong with the Scots N.C.O. who, having slept from 2 p.m. to 10.55 p.m., rose from his bed with the intention of going to the Cinema? Will midnight matinees be inaugurated for his benefit?

... Why two Cooks were given the honour of breakfast in bed on a recent Sunday?

... Is it true that since the 5 m.p.h. limit in the Camp area was imposed, all Drivers are keeping to the nearside, to allow Pedestrians to overtake them?

... Does the Scots driver, who invariably shouts "Hullo, hullo, hullo," on entering the Corps ablutions, think he is telephoning his wife?

... Why the 'Minister of Propaganda' chose the wrong door when making a hurried exit from the hut on a recent night. Was his journey really necessary?

## Daffo-down-dilly

"IN the Spring, a young man's fancy . . ." Unfinished as it is, the well-known quotation admirably fits the events going on in a section of the Camp. Almost every morning one can see the horticultural specialist outside the "Clink" watching eagerly for the first green shoots to appear.

Rumour has it that the small strip of ground was cunningly prepared by a special process. Actually, a gremlin friend tells us, six horses each took turns in ploughing the ground by dragging a knife and fork over it. Anyway, we know the horses have given quite a lot of stuff they didn't want towards the garden!

The design of the centre-piece is, we believe, taken from the coat of arms of the late Shah of Purkey—a guiding star bracketed on both sides by quarter moons. The dancing maidens are expected to be in attendance on Flower Show day.

Great plans have been made for the Flower Show later in the year. Meanwhile, somebody's knees are going to get very sore, as the gardener has been frequently seen on all-fours messing about with the clods of earth—or are we mistaken if we assume he was praying for the bulbs to come up?

The daffodils are expected to give a grand display. Among the varieties growing in the plot is a new giant sort which has (if our catalogue is correct) three stripes on each petal. This has been named the "Nicolette."

Other plants are being obtained from a local estate, and we are giving a name to one of the best Lupins as soon as it arrives. It will be called the Thomas Melville Morgan in honour of Dundee, and to commemorate an auspicious occasion.

## All the Gen

By our Rhyming Reporter.

TWO blokes were tickin' the other night and I listened and got all the gen on the length of our stay in these islands, and details of how, where, and when. It seems that somebody's sister, who knows of a guy in Hong Kong, knows all about what we came here for and what's more she knows for how long. They thought that this girl lived in Ireland, though it could have been elsewhere, of course, but the news they said she'd got hold of was straight from the mouth of the horse. The chap in Hong Kong has a cousin who touts for a bookie in Surrey, and this fellow says, quite honestly, there's no reason why we should worry. For he's had a card from his uncle, who's quite a big shot in a way—mixes with bankers, M.P.'s and such like and hears what they all have to say. The woman who does this bloke's washing is the person who gets all the dope. She gets it quite by accident like and it's absolute Gospel, I hope. According to what this woman says, and it isn't my place to doubt it, she recently read a document giving all the details about it. A vessel is certainly coming—she thinks it's a ten thousand tonner—belonging to the Red Ribbon Line, with a name like *The Scarlet Runner*. It's due to arrive here any time now, the date is already decided; it might be the sixth or the seventh, but that hasn't yet been decided. I heard them mention the month of course, though I'm hanged if I can remember if they said April, June, or July—or if it was even December. Now that's all the gen as I heard it; and I think I've explained it most clear, the only thing I'm worried about is that they never mentioned the year!

## THE "DOOM"

THE following report has been received from our special medical correspondent who has been investigating the mysterious malady which has been attacking troops of late.

The 'Falkland Doom' is a disease peculiar to troops sent to the Falkland Islands, and appears to have four clear stages. It starts with a period of acute mental stress coincident with the disappearance of the 'big boat' through the Narrows. During this early stage the keen desire for home, female society, and sympathy manifests itself. The young ladies of Stanley then take a hand in an attempt to alleviate suffering. There follows a period of recovering morale in which the patient overcomes his depression and begins to sit up and take notice. The onset of this second stage is noticeable in that the victim suddenly starts worrying about his personal appearance etc. Thus it is quite a common sight for officers to be seen washing the interiors of gumboots with soap flakes, and O. Rs. start sending home to Dundee for Royal Scot cap badges.

Then follows a lengthy period of boredom. This is the sufferer's normal state and symptoms are of various kinds. For example, the victim may develop a grudge against his superiors and the Army in general. He even scours the camp for odd pieces of wood and builds shelves and so on in his billet. (We seem to remember seeing the C. O. himself picking up bits of wood from time to time.) On the other hand, the symptoms may be of

a less dangerous nature, and one finds the patient spending days making an elaborate checking and filing system for mail. It is understood that the Tomlinson System is available to anyone interested on enquiry at the Dental Surgery, while the Elliott plan of cable logging is less intricate but equally accurate.

The final stage is a critical one, and careful nursing is necessary to prevent the introduction of Union Jacks, Firing Parties and the like. The victim becomes rumour-conscious. The repeated reports on the Stanley Grapevine that the Force is going home in October (or November or December), give rise to dreadful hallucinations. The patient often gets out of bed during the night, and rushes round the ward muttering "And I did mean to take my kit off first!"

The only known antidote for this malignant disease is a mouthwash known as "Jungle Juice." Those unfortunate enough to swallow this gargle, may be accommodated in "Nicol's Hotel" on application to the Orderly Sergeant.

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## ANNOUNCEMENT

The ban on mailing copies of 132 JOURNAL overseas has been removed. Copies of this and future issues may now be sent home.

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## FOOTBALL

At a recent meeting held in Camp it was decided to start another football league. A committee of four was formed with Sjt. Whitty as Secretary.

This season will see a different formation inasmuch as the Corps are entering only one team, the vacant place being taken by a Force Select team who must be regarded as the dark horses. The league champions of last season are in the favourable position of being able to field an almost unchanged team, and are confident of adding to their laurels.

No. 1 Scots have been strengthened by Cassells, allowing Kyle to come into their forward line. Taking this team all round they should be well to the fore.

The Corps with only one team must be a force to be reckoned with this season and it will be interesting to see how a blend of Corps I and II players hit it off.

The Force Select team which has not yet been chosen will consist of players of all Force teams taking part in the league, and has very bright possibilities. Under the direction of our old friend Pte. Philp they should do well.

I fully expect that our rivals, the Navy and F. I. D. F. will give a good account of themselves. I am sure that the league promises good sporting football and it will be a very hard job to pick the winners.  
D.C.

## FORCE CONCERT PARTY

MONDAY, 31st July, was the opening night of yet another successful show by the "Odd-Sands-Odds." This time the show ran for three nights and introduced a new innovation in the shape of a one-act play, which was the second best item on the programme. "The Dear Departed" is the old, old story of relatives haggling over the belongings of the dead father. Mrs Martin and Beattie Braxton gave sterling performances as the dead man's daughters, whilst Alan Carr seemed to take a singular delight in returning to life. Cooke and Windebank gave good performances, and Olga King as the little Victoria should have quite a fan mail in future! The cast should not be discouraged that I give them only second place, because I am prejudiced. I could sit and listen to Bobby Egan all night long. This time he had a new song about people whom all the audience

knew, which was a winner from the word go, and to him goes pride of place.

The singing of Fynes, Grant and MacKenzie was better than in previous shows, I thought, MacKenzie's "Hundred Pipers" going down particularly well. Of the many excellent sketches I single out Deveney and Egan as the two "neutrals" at the "fitba'," and Cooke as the old student returning to his school-day haunts for special mention.

I thought the Nigger Minstrel number which preceded the Finale a big improvement on the Hill-Billies of past shows, and hope a similar effort will be included in future.

On the whole, I think I would be voicing everybody's sentiments if I concluded by saying to all those who participated and made the show possible—"Jolly good show, Chaps, keep it up!"

V. R. M.