

The Gunners' Gazette

VOICE OF THE 359

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PRICE TWO PENCE

FOREWORD

by

COLONEL W. H. HYNES,

COMMANDING FALKLAND ISLANDS FORCE.

THE GUNNERS ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED on their enterprise and initiative in producing a monthly periodical which will give interesting articles and some local colour. It will undoubtedly be of great interest not only to the Battery itself, and especially to its out-stations, but to all members of the Force.

One of the things which we miss more than anything here is the newspaper, and *The Gunners' Gazette* will help to fill the gap: It is very well produced and printed and I predict a wide circulation for it in Stanley. It is certainly a very good two pennyworth, and it will be an interesting souvenir in days to come.

I wish *The Gunners' Gazette* every luck and the success which it well deserves.

HERE WE ARE!!

THIRTY-NINE DAYS after the formation of its Editorial Committee, *The Gunners' Gazette* takes its bow.

A suggestion by Fred Cartwright, a brief notice-board announcement, a meeting, and the great decision was made. We owe our name to Ted Bowles, whose entry won the 10/- prize. Ted, by the way, asked me to express to the Treasurer his satisfaction at the promptitude with which the money was delivered. It is not true that he was waiting outside the office all night for it!

As our name implies, we are the mouthpiece of the Gunners. For their benefit we were founded; for their enjoyment we shall not cease to strive. That does not mean that we are heedless of the patronage of those outside the fraternity of the 359. On the contrary, we invite all our friends—and we flatter ourselves that they are not insignificant in number—to share in our literary experiment.

A venture of this kind will not flourish on modesty alone. We are confident of ourselves. With all due deference, we express the belief that we are pretty good. With each succeeding issue, we intend to become even better. You can help us to achieve that aim. Your advice, your opinions, your suggestions, will be welcomed by us. If you have anything you think we ought to know, write to us. If you have any criticisms to offer, we ask you to voice them. Only thus can we operate to our mutual enlightenment.

THE UNITED NATIONS FIGHT FOR FREEDOM. Freedom is a big subject, sweeping in its implications. Within its spacious orbit spins a satellite with which *The Gunners' Gazette* is vitally concerned—the Freedom of the Press. This particular branch of the luxuriant tree of Freedom has, like the other branches, been pruned to conform to the exigencies of war.

We respect the restraining hand of Wartime Censorship. It is a vital aid to security, one of the necessary evils which the people of Britain and the British Commonwealth must endure till the day of victory. So that Freedom may be placed within the grasp of all men and women after the war, the British people have foregone that most precious birthright. Let not those powers be abused, nor extended beyond their appointed time.

OUR TEMPORARY HOME.

SOME TIME AGO a certain newspaper in England printed an article purporting to be a soldier's impressions of the Falklands, and of the people who live in these islands. The article was unadulterated tripe and ought not to have been published. The article in question dealt, *inter alia*, with hospitality in the Falklands, and many unkind things were said.

The writer wishes to pay tribute, through the medium of *The Gunners' Gazette*, to the magnificent way in which the people of Stanley have accepted the members of this Force into their homes. The hospitality, both in Stanley and out in the "Camp" on both islands has been lavish to the extreme. Officers, N.C.O's and men who have been lucky enough to spend leave outside Stanley know what "Camp" hospitality is like.

The writer is convinced that he is voicing the opinion of the majority of the members of this Force when he says how truly grateful we are for the many acts of kindness displayed by Falkland Islanders. We owe them a debt of gratitude which mere words cannot repay.

— N.B.

A FLY STORY.

A LADY IN THE TOWN told me (this is true, by the way) that until a few years ago the common fly was unknown upon this island. Then one day an Australian boat came into Port William laden with a cargo of them packed in very much the same way as the troops on the —— Bay, except that the flies had no hammocks, which was, I am told, an advantage, as the strings did not keep breaking.

Two of these flies, it seems, applied for permission to go ashore, and the Officer i/c Insects, who was at that time a big Bluebottle (who knew a "Brockman" when he smelt one) gave them a pass from 10.66 to 19.18 (which was when men were men and 359 was only a number). Now where were we? Not in the Globe again, surely? Oh yes, these flies! Well, once ashore, a peculiar thing happened. One of the flies found that it was not a fly at all, but a flyena (or flyess, whichever you prefer).

At once they proceeded to substantiate their discovery, as a certain table-tennis friend of mine would have said. What I mean is that they got cracking, and, forgetting in their bliss all about the Australian boat, lost no time in raising a large family.

You see how time changes things. Once this place had boats and no flies; now it has flies and no boats. (Apologies are tendered to the flagship *Scoreshy* and the battle-cruisers *Royder* and *Afterglow*).

BOOKS OF THE MONTH - Reviewed by our Illiterate Expert.

"PENGUINS AND THEIR HABITS," by THOMAS BANKS.

Mr. Banks' own inimitable style is well to the forefront in this book. Some hopeless photographs by Cartwright complete this remarkable volume. No booklover will want it on his shelf.

"I GOT RHYTHM," by NODDER.

This author, who also writes under the name of "Chopsticks," tells us the secret of his success.

"HEART-THROB," by OWEN CHANDLER.

A touching drama concerning a young man who doesn't know which girl to choose from his host of admirers. The climax comes when he forgets to grease his hair one evening, and they fall for Pat Pattison instead! You MUST read this delightful story.

"THE COMPLETE PIGGERY," by MARK CHANDLER.

This expert breeder covers an important subject in simple (bad) language. Feeding, cleaning, midwifery, etc. are all dealt with in a concise manner.

"THE SIX-INCH NAIL," by HARRY BLACKBURN.

Grips you from cover to cover. What happens when a six-inch nail comes into contact with a sledge-hammer will keep you enthralled for hours. Really smashing!

"THE ASCENT OF MOUNT LOW," by COPPERTHWAIT & LESTER.

The worst travel book of the year. These well-known mountaineers describe the hardships and dangers of their thrilling adventure.

FIRESIDE FRIEND — — Our Confidential Adviser

Why keep your troubles to yourself? Why fret and mope when "Fireside Friend" is waiting to help you? Send your problems to him and have the benefit of his advice. Address your queries to "Fireside Friend," *Gunners' Gazette*, Stanley Camp.

"BROWN EYES" (Officers' Mess)—Don't be too discouraged with your cap comforter. We know it's last year's model. Why not "Twink" it pale blue—a little camouflage netting and a dark blue chin strap, and presto!—you have a 1944 Falkland model.

"LITTLE FATHER-TO-BE" (Room 9, Stanley Camp)—1-dozen safety pins, 1-yd. soft butter muslin. Forward me a stamped addressed envelope and I'll send you a chart of simple "Build You Up Exercises."

"FALLING HAIR" (Harbour T.H.Q.)—It is annoying that one cannot obtain hair cream these days. I am so thrilled, I simply must pass you on a little secret—C.70, a little white lubricant, essence of diddle-dee, mix well together and you have a simply divine hair cream.

"UNFAITHFUL'S" (James Street) boy friend has become a Gunner and now writes to say that he loves his little "Bofors" more than he does her. He's only kidding, "Unfaithful." Write and ask him whom he would rather sleep with. Can't imagine him cuddling his little "Bofors" on a cold winter night, can you?

"DEPRESSED" (Snake Hill)—Why not try "Dowing" it? Start with one bottle the first night and increase the dose nightly. By the time you arrive at your twelfth night your depression will have flown. Any canteen will supply you.

"DUBIOUS" (Cookhouse, Stanley Camp)—Certainly you can send your cellular drawers home to your wife. French knickers are not available in England nowadays.

YOU LUCKY PEOPLE!!

OUR GENEROSITY is almost running away with us and, not content with the competition on page eleven, we have thought of another way of giving you 15/-, but this time in two instalments.

Somewhere among the 500 copies of *The Gunners' Gazette* which have been printed there are two which differ very slightly from the remaining 498. A single word somewhere—we are not telling you where—has been altered by our printer.

Compare your copy with that of your neighbour, and see whether you have one of these two, because if so you may molest any member of the staff of *The Gunners' Gazette* (loitering or otherwise) and calmly insist upon relieving him of 7/6. Remember, however, that you must produce the copy in question.

NOTE—Should none of this prize-money be claimed, it will be forwarded to the Fund to Provide More Chickens for the Major (T. Buller, Hon. Treasurer).

THIS PAGE IS AT YOUR SERVICE.

We have been asked so many questions, been given so many arguments to settle, that we have decided to turn this entire page

"OVER TO YOU"

1. *Gunner A.H.*—"How much money shall we be entitled to in the form of gratuities at the end of our Army service?"

This question has been raised in the House of Commons, but no decisions have been made. We can only say "Wait and See!"

2. "Can you inform me why we have not had our credits made up-to-date and entered in our A.B. 64's, Part II?"—asks *Gunner Arthur Chadwick.*

It's all due to that eight thousand odd miles of water between us and the U.K., Arthur. There was considerable delay in the pay-rolls reaching home about the time when the balances were being computed by the Home Paymasters. Application has been made for the balances of all men's accounts, and they will be entered in the pay-books when they are received.

3. *An inquiry from Snake Hill*—"Will someone please explain to us poor ignorants the reason for the entry of certain figures down the left-hand side of our A.B.64?"

Briefly, lads, it's to make things easier for paymasters, that's all. If you would really like to see the A.C.I., let us know. We have a copy of it here.

4. Now we'll leave the Army for a while and try to give satisfaction to *Room No. 6, Stanley Camp.* They say: "How is glass made? Some say from earth and others from water.

Silicates, chaps. These are the crystals of sand, lime, carbonate of soda and red lead, and are fused by heat. Earth wins this argument!

5. "What is an eel—fish, reptile or animal?" asks *Keen Fisherman.*

Fish. Of the order Aphodes, or soft rayed.

6. *Gunner Tom Davies* wants to know what a fifteenth wedding anniversary is known as.

Crystal wedding, Tommy, but you're a long way to go yet!

7. Rather a complicated affair, this, and in two parts. The gentleman prefers to remain anonymous, which is as well for him.

(a)"If a soldier stops his wife's allowance, and later has cause to resume it, is his wife entitled to draw any money for the period during which it was cancelled?"

(b)"If it is stopped completely, can a dependant's allowance be granted to his child?"

In answer to (a) we would point out that, when a soldier makes a request for his wife's allowance to be stopped, unless divorce proceedings have begun or instructions have been given by the soldier for the institution of legal proceedings, the matter will be referred to the County Welfare Officer with a view to reconciliation.

Since Family Allowance cannot be stopped unless it is certain that reconciliation cannot be brought about, it would seem unlikely that a soldier would wish to resume normal domestic relations with his

The success of this page is due in no small measure to the co-operation and advice of J. D. Smith and C. Hanwee.
GENTLEMEN, WE THANK YOU!

wife after having reached the point of instituting legal or divorce proceedings. No doubt if such a case did occur, it would be dealt with on its merits. No provision is made in the A.C.I.

(b) *Here, an Allowance would be issued to the guardian having charge of the child or children. A deduction is made from the soldier's pay and this varies according to the number of children for whom the Allowance is paid. For example, if there are three children, the amount to be deducted from the soldier's pay will be equal to the normal deduction from his pay where the Allowance is in issue to his wife and children, i.e. deduction of 1/6 a day where his rate of pay is more than 4/- a day.*

8. What is the present position with regard to "duty free" labels for parcels from this island?

Four duty free parcels per year may be sent to the United Kingdom by any one individual. Labels may be obtained on application from B.H.Q. via Troop Offices. Unfortunately, owing to LOCAL restrictions on purchases from shops by Imperial Troops, there is very little one can send home. It is stressed that these labels are intended for all members of His Majesty's Forces, wherever they may be stationed.

You've had it, for this month. Address your queries to O. T. Y., "The Gunners' Gazette," Stanley Camp, Port Stanley.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE."

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL PLAY has been produced by the F.I.A.D.S. and their performance of *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* reflected the highest credit upon the casting.

For the purpose of providing his profession with documentary evidence of his observations, a clever doctor involves himself in criminal activities. The reaction of his associate crooks whilst engaged in their work, and the character and emotional parts throughout the show were very well portrayed. His subsequent winding-up of this powerful gang after their most daring and successful coup marks the beginning of complications, which eventually prove to be the doctor's downfall and bring him within the scope of the law. The closing scene was exciting, but it did not reach the brilliance with which the author's material could have made it. Perhaps the doctor's discussion with his learned and distinguished client, Sir William Grant, K.C., was rendered rather too casually. It did not seem to me quite to strike the right note.

Dr. Clitterhouse, played by Kenneth Kitchen, was a most convincing master-mind crook, ably supported by Thomas Mitchell as 'Pal' Green. In conjunction with Emily Bradley, the latter gave a lively and enthusiastic display.

J. Thurston Leyland, as the crafty and suspicious fence, Benny Kellerman, showed just the right amount of cunning to be expected from such a character.

As in previous shows, Stewart Davidson gave a smooth performance. We have come to recognise him as a C.I.D. man, and he did not disappoint us as Chief Inspector Charles.

Paul Docker must be congratulated both for the casting and for his own very excellent interpretation of the poor bedraggled and sickly "Badger."—M.M.H.

THANKS.

THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE of *The Gunners' Gazette* desire to express their thanks to Captain Bradley and the Staff of the F.I. Printing Works, without whose co-operation this publication would not have been possible.

They are grateful, also, to the various contributors who have assisted in making our pioneer number what it is, and more especially to those whose talent the limitations of space alone have denied recognition.

And finally, to those whose fond indulgence induced them to place so many useful match-sticks in the Contribution Box at Stanley Camp, our homage is due. We were profoundly moved by this gesture of loyalty.

REMEDY.

NORMAN JEFFRYES' great resolve is no longer secret. It is not even security. We congratulate you, Jeff, on being the first of the 359 to find the real cure for boredom on this island.

Good luck, too, to Miss Minnie Pedersen, who is about to undertake the enormous job of looking after you. (By the way, Jeff, ours is still — a whisky neat!)

TRIBUTE.

THREE YEARS AGO today marked the enlistment of the 'Brigstock' boys. Some of them are now among the most valued members of our Heavy Troop, and we appreciate their comradeship.

Didn't realise, on December 12th, 1940, what you were in for, did you?

DANCING.

A SUCCESSFUL DANCE was held in the Town Hall on Wednesday, 24th November.

It was good to see many members of the Battery present, and we were fortunate in having the support of more than the usual number of the fairer sex.

Jimmy Hawkett and his boys kept things going with plenty of good music, assisted by vocalist Pat Pattison. The "Q" made an efficient M.C. and the bar was in the capable hands of George Hepburn. A good evening which will add to our reputation for running the best dances in the Town.

SOFT LIGHTS . . .

AND SWEET MUSIC — a table near the band — "Bring some drinks, waiter." Midnight! The spotlight on a graceful couple showing us how the tango should be danced — on with the dance until the early hours . . . "Just a dream of the good old days, you say?" But you're wrong! It's just happened.

Congratulations to the organising committee of the Charity Ball for giving us the most enjoyable evening at the Town Hall since we arrived.

A TOAST.

AND LASTLY, *The Gunners' Gazette* wishes all its readers a Happy Christmas and an even Happier New Year.

To all soldiers, but particularly the Gunners of the 359, we say "Here's to Peace; Peace for all time. Here's to Home, not for a week or a fortnight, but Home for good, with Hitler and Nazidom in ashes and Japanese tyranny banished forever from the World."

MATCH OF THE MONTH.**Artillery's Heavy Barrage
beats West Yorks.**

DESPITE THE FACT that the Gunners' defence was badly weakened by the absence of King and Edleston through injury, they proved to be too good for the Yorks on the day's play.

Porter came in at right-back, Jack Wilding left the forward line to replace Edleston at right-half, and Denham filled Wilding's place at inside-right.

The biggest surprise came within the first five minutes when Rust, whom the Yorks defence were finding a rare handful, received the ball in the penalty area. From him it went to Denham, who beat Holt with a well-placed ground shot. The R.A. inside-right was one of the stars of this game and he gave a great exhibition of ball control.

The Yorks attack took control from this period with Heath the danger man on the right wing. Dickson at this point played with inspiration, and made a grand save from a header by Glover. Heath netted, only to be judged offside. Midway through the half the Infantrymen scored a well-deserved equaliser when Heath drove a fast shot into the net, following clever play on the left.

Half-time arrived with the score 1-1.

The second half opened almost as sensationally as the first. The R.A.'s attacked with renewed vigour, and Holt saved on several occasions, before Haig gave the Gunners the lead, following a goal-mouth scrimmage. Holt scrambled the ball away, but Referee Allen, who controlled the game admirably throughout, had no hesitation in pointing to the centre spot.

Both teams were playing grand football now, and the crowd was on its toes as almost certain goals were saved at either end.

During a strong attack down the right wing, Edwards had his centre handled in the fatal area and Skipper Joe Chadwick scored from the resultant penalty, thus rounding off a splendid afternoon's work, both in attack and defence.

Matthew very nearly added to the score on two occasions and Rust went clean through only to see his shot brilliantly held by Holt.

The Battalion were not beaten yet, however, and pressed strongly, but sterling work by the Artillery's defence, in which Swindall and Palmer had the measure of Dyson and Heath on the right, foiled them.

Porter, after a modest start, was now at the height of his form, and twice he stopped Glover in the nick of time as the latter raced through on his own.

W.Y. persistence was finally rewarded when Leybourne scored the finest goal of the match, a characteristic drive from twenty yards out which flashed from a crowd of players into the net like lightning.

The Battalion went all out in the closing minutes to avoid defeat, but the Artillery's defence, with Wilding outstanding, held out.

Result: Royal Artillery 3; 11th W. Yorks 2.

SUMMARY NOTES.

R.A. superiority at half-back gave them the victory. Sam Dyson was not his usual self, and the star of W.Y. was Smith, at right-back, who tackled vigorously and cleared his lines with great coolness. He did not allow Matthew much scope.

Although he did not score, Rust played an important rôle in his team's win.

The West Yorks' forward line played sparkling football, and was good to watch.

Well played, both sides! !

THE L.A.A. FOOTBALL TEAM, at the moment of writing, have played 7 matches, won 1, lost 4 and drawn 2.

I have seen most of the L.A.A. matches and I always come away with the feeling that with a few minor alterations, their team would vastly improve its position in the league.

Admittedly, they are short of forwards, but they are spoiling a good defence in an attempt to find an attacking formation. In their last match, E-Heston was wasted in the forward line, and King should have been in his normal position at full-back. The defence picks itself: Pattman; King, Ashley; Edleston, Scott, Driver.

The selectors are then left with the problem of finding a combination of five forwards, and particularly a centre-forward. Kelly's moderate performances hardly entitle him to a place, and there is no doubt that the services of Singleton, who played some strong games last season, are missed.

Why not take a risk? Leave the defence alone, experiment with the forward line, and build around Davies and Dickson.—F.S.

FOOTBALL CHALLENGE — The London boys (so they say) will meet and beat, on Christmas Day, the best that the Rest can field — losers to buy one bottle apiece!

Every month "The Gunners' Gazette" will interview for the benefit of its readers one of the

"Personalities of the 359," and here is No. 1, BOB O'ROURKE.

I FOUND HIM in the canteen, where he was looking after the bar for the evening. Usually keen to air his views on almost any subject, he was reticent when I produced my notebook, but I pleaded, and he relented.

I said: "You hear a good deal about men being browned-off. Are you browned-off? Why is it that some people are? What steps would you take to obviate this?"

"You mean bored?" Bob betrayed his flair for niceties. "It is up to a man himself; entirely up to himself," he said emphatically; but his next remarks did not amplify this. "Boredom arises from a sense of frustration, a lack of mental stimulus. Men are often so far from the things and people that they hold most dear that they just cannot take an interest in anything." But Bob had no helpful advice to offer for eradicating the evil, and, a trifle disappointed, I changed the topic.

"Did you want to come into the army? How long do you think the war will last?"

He answered deliberately, poking the fire as he began. "I would have volunteered, but for domestic worries. For one thing my wife was expecting a baby. Where I worked, behind a public-house bar (how I hated the life!) all the male customers seemed to be in uniform, and I felt my position keenly. Then women in shawls would come over to me and say 'I've a son fighting for you, my lad, in Libya.' Yes, I certainly did want to join the army."

He thought the war would last a few more years—possibly five—because "Germany and Japan cannot let up. They must go on and on, whatever the cost."

"What plans, if any, have you made for after the war?"

Bob rolled a cigarette, as is his habit. By this time we had moved from the fireplace to a position behind the counter, where he could attend to his customers and me as well.

"I've been figuring . . ." he began, and paused. Then suddenly "It is my duty to make as much money as I can. I don't care how I make it, but make it I must." After this outburst, he talked rather vaguely, and I suspected that he lacked the tenacity to put such a mercenary resolve into

operation; that he would fall short of his ambition, as had his elder brother 'whose heart always ruled his pocket.'

The next issue Bob skirted. It was "What about England? What kind of a post-war Britain would you like to see?"

"The British people have been fed upon promises. You cannot deny it." He spoke with energy. "No doubt the pledges, some of them, were made in good faith; they may be kept, but in modified form."

"Half the loaf," I murmured.

"Exactly."

"But you," I persisted, "What would you do for post-war Britain?"

"Clear out the slums. Look after the children; cause them to grow up in the sure knowledge that the country is doing all it can for them. Let's have real democracy; hard word to define, but somebody once said that it meant 'No man is so great that he cannot wear the overcoat of another.'"

"By-the-way, Bob, could you enlighten us on the subject of your nationality? Your name is Irish, of course."

He laughed. He was in his element here. "English. I am of Irish ancestry, though. The prefix 'O' means 'son of.' Many drop it for business reasons; indeed, it is often not politic to use it. But not me. I like it."

"Quite seriously," he reiterated, "I am proud of my name. It has a long history." And Bob delved into many interesting details of it that space forbids me to repeat. He wound up, "A colleague of mine gave me an open invitation to visit the place in Eire where the O'Rourke's used to abound, but I never went," and then as an afterthought, "Perhaps it was as well. He is serving ten years now—I.R.A. activities."

"Have you anything to say about the boys in the Battery?"

Bob answered as I thought he would. But for the conviction in his voice, and the steady look in his eyes, which gleamed sincerity, his answer might have been a made-to-measure one.

"Wherever I go from here, I shall hope to meet as good a crowd as this. They are sound, decent chaps. No angels amongst them, perhaps

a bit clannish, and mixed, of course. But a good crowd, as good as anywhere." He repeated himself over and over again, as if urging me to absorb his words. A pause ensued. I admired Bob at that moment more than I have ever done before or since. Eventually I resumed.

"Do you feel that army life has altered you at all? In what way?"

"Wanderlust. I want to travel. Wanderlust has always been in my blood, and the army has brought it to the surface. By this time I, too, was smoking home-made cigarettes, and ejecting particles of loose tobacco from my mouth, I asked "What is your attitude towards rumours?"

"Harmless rumours help to keep men's minds occupied; they find relief from what we were talking about earlier—boredom. But—the tiny word exploded. Bob drew himself straight, assuming an almost vehement expression—"if they are malicious, cut them out. No time for them. Anything likely to prolong the war by even a minute—such things as smuggling letters home—discourage them violently, denounce them."

STONE RUN SCRAPS

Overheard in the canteen—"He was the finest type of Englishman; stood 6'2" in his socks, and feared nothing—except closing time!"

No. 1's of Stone Run are anxious to meet the No. 1 who, elsewhere, recently ordered "3, 4, 5 and 6 raise" when lowering a gun on to its axles!

They expect in the near future to hear of a gun being found at Surf Bay and its wheels in the vicinity of Stanley.

Said a Stone Run hen to its unborn chick—"Get cracking!"

Then there is the gunner who, whilst engaged in a certain noble pastime, recently informed his colleague that "if men were dominoes, you would be the double blank." How uncalled-for!

ODD ONE FROM THE COOKHOUSE—"If there is no jam in the cupboard there is a full pot under the bed."

We would like to know if there is any truth in the story that Gnr. Harris, W. V. is going to enter the World's Chess Championship when he returns to "civvy street"? And if so, what will his wife say?

I fired a final question, as Bob displayed across the counter an unpopular slogan 'No beer, no minerals, no chocolate, no chewing gum.'

"What are your suggestions for spending a leave here?"

"Montevideo would be my choice if I could afford it. Otherwise I am not interested. Anywhere will do, preferably in camp."

"Thanks, Bob," I concluded, pocketing my pencil. "Have you anything further to say about yourself?"

"I like the good things in life," he confided, "but I never get them. I aspire to go to Savile Row for my suits, but I usually finish up at the Fifty Shilling Tailors."

"I am of argumentative disposition. It does me no good, but I persist in it."

"I only had one real friend in the army. He was from Newcastle; the most generous lad I ever knew. I should have written to him, but I never did." And Bob smiled, rather ruefully.

Collected by C. J. B.

Since the training season began there has been a remarkable rush of volunteers for the pump. I wonder why?

Which reminds me. Is there any truth in the rumour that a certain gunner (Gunner Jones, I believe!) crawled up the pipe from the pump to the reservoir on the ridge to save himself a walk?

Also which pump-operator, i.e. gunner, carried out "Cease Fire" and "Halt Action" on the pump a few days ago?

Gnr. Lamb (Canteen Manager) wishes to draw N.A.A.F.I.'s attention to the following: "Claret for boys; port for men; brandy for heroes."

I presume that a large order for brandy will be forwarded from Stone Run Camp!

SPORTS FLASH—Owing to injuries received by both full-backs, Gunner Jones will be playing for the L.A.A. team in both these positions!

"WHO TOLD YOU THAT?" Give old Bill a packet of fags, a pack of cards and a dartboard and he'd be happy anywhere—he's a born fire-watcher. (Overheard during Stanley's blackout!)

"THERE'S NO QUESTION . . ."

FIRST IT'S EIGHTEEN MONTHS, then it becomes August (some even give the date, the 25th), then October becomes the favourite. Even the Major has a "dabble"—"probably the early part of next year." Now we are reaching the end of the year and there's no sign of leaving—but anyway, who wants to leave and why?

Let's weigh up the pros and cons:

Take food. At home we should be on short rations; no large, tasty meals, such as our cooks set before us. One egg a month, if we were lucky! How would some of our lads who, I understand, eat an average of twenty-four eggs a week, stand that?

Meat? Why, we have so much delicious mutton that we can't look a sheep in the face without having a guilty conscience, while at home we should be trying to make a quarter of a pound of Spam satisfy the family!

Then the drink problem. If at home we should be spending our one free afternoon and evening each week hunting for a pub where we could buy *one* glass of beer. Here there's an almost unlimited quantity of beer, admittedly fairly expensive, but apparently quite potent enough for most of us, and for 5/- the novice can get pleasantly mellow! Think again, you regular toppers, before you talk about going home!

What about the smokers? Look at the price at home now, even if you can get cigarettes. Here we have our weekly ration *before* we need to purchase the superior brands offered for sale in the canteen at ninepence for twenty.

After our food, drink and cigarettes we want entertainment, and there's certainly no lack of it here. We have our Garrison Cinema, where we can see a good film show twice a week, and for nothing. It is whispered that the seats are uncomfortable, and that the place is more like a refrigerator than a cinema, but if we were at home, sitting in cushioned seats, we should only fall asleep and miss half the film, which we had paid good money to see. We have a break while the reels are changed. This is an excellent practice, as it's possible to discuss the plot and debate whether the heroine will marry the right man, or, if it's a thriller, try and decide who did the killing. At home, with no breaks, we must maintain a silence until the end of the film, unless we are prepared to suffer abuse from our neighbours.

At the Town Hall we can see, for a moderate charge, variety, plays, and Gilbert and Sullivan—all very good entertainment. All this within easy walking distance, and with no taxis, tubes or buses to run away with our money.

England in the summer—hot, clammy weather with no chance of sea bathing as the beaches are mined; here always a cool refreshing wind blowing, with charming sheltered beaches where we can have a dip in clear, cool water (at least our P.T. experts seem to enjoy it!)

Walking at home is spoiled by continual fence-climbing, ditch-jumping and dodging out of the way of cars and bicycles, while here we can walk for miles without meeting a solitary person, undisturbed except for our fellow-sheep grazing peacefully around us.

I'll say we are lucky to be here. When the time comes for us to leave, and volunteers for a rear party are asked for, who will honestly be able to refuse? I shall for one—"there's no question . . ."

"FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!!"

Here is a chance to win some money. Below you will find ten simple questions. All you have to do is to write the correct answers on a sheet of paper, and send them, with your name and number (or, if a civilian, your address), to "Competitions," Gunners' Gazette, Stanley Camp. The token "Q Comp." on the back page **MUST** be enclosed with **EACH** entry. The sender of the first correct solution opened by us, or, failing the receipt of a correct solution, the most nearly correct, will receive the sum of 15/-. The Editorial Committee's decision is final. Closing date, December 22nd, 1943.

Now fire away and don't let the man next to you see what you are writing.

1. What is the highest mountain in the Falklands, and what is its height?
2. How many inches does Axel Pettersson measure round the waist?
3. What is the average number of rainy days each year in the Falklands?
4. How many street lamps are there in Fitzroy Road (East and West)?
5. Between Force H.Q. and the Garrison Cinema there is a milestone. What is the inscription on it?
6. Who delivered the sermon at the Cathedral on the evening of Sunday, Oct. 31st, 1943?
7. How many bottles of beer were sold in the canteen, Stanley Camp, on Dec. 12th, 1943?
8. Where recently have you heard the phrase "Rot 'im"?
9. How old is Sergeant Murphy?
10. Which (married) member of the Battery has the most children?

"THIS ABOVE ALL."

SO OFTEN HAVE WE SOUGHT to quench our thirst in the waters of indifferent films, that the last fortnight has brought us atleast one very pleasant surprise. There were few who, seeing the title "This Above All" billed at Les Hardy's, associated it with immortal Shakespeare.

War: an Englishman's love for his country; the fiasco of the campaign in France; Dunkirk; disillusionment; desertion.

A household of the pseudo-aristocracy; of languid port-sipping snobs, reclining upon cushioned sofas and murmuring fatuous platitudes about the prospects of invasion; a girl, member of that family, who saw through the brittle shell of class hypocrisy, loved her country, refused to watch it meet desolation and ruin without lifting a finger to help it; told her family so, bluntly; joined the W.A.A.F's and prepared to fight for what she loved.

Such were the two settings of the film version of this moving story of Britain in her most perilous hour. When they merged one dark night, with Tyrone Power and Joan Fontaine in the leading rôles, the prospect was bound to be alluring.

There was some plain speaking in this show—straight talking of a kind that England needs, lest once again the harsh words "In vain" be scrawled across the monuments of her dead heroes. — E.P.B.

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(1943) Unlimited



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The Gunners' Gazette

VOICE OF THE 359

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F. CHAPMAN

S. F. CARTWRIGHT

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PRICE TWO PENCE

FAREWELL.

OUR TIME IS UP. Our sojourn on the Falkland Islands is at an end. Sooner than we anticipated we are bidding farewell to our numerous local friends, in whom we have found so much to admire during the past eighteen months.

We owe them a deep debt of gratitude. From time to time, in small ways, we have tried to show our appreciation of their hospitality, yet at the end of all our efforts, the debt still endures. But the men of the 359 will not forget, and as the darkness closes upon these Islands of the South Atlantic, their voices will echo across the deep.

Goodbye, thank you — and may God Bless you all.

.....

The Committee of *The Gunners' Gazette*, caught in the rising tide of culminating events, has flung together this, our second number, in a manner quite inconsistent with the Editorial Dignity. We offer no apology. If our current issue suffers by comparison with its predecessor, we know that our faithful friends will understand that even *The Gunners' Gazette* cannot stem the flow of military progress.

In expressing the hope that we shall soon be seeing home we do not betray any secrets. Jubilation is high in all ranks, for home means a great deal in the life of most of us. It implies a bond of affection which the shadows of war cannot dim, nor time and distance sever. Sad indeed would be the lot of the man of whom, in the words of Thomas Gray, it could be said:

For him no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Nor busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return
Or climb his knee, the env'd kiss to share.

There is, we trust, none of this ilk in the 359: none whose pulse will not beat a shade faster, or whose hand not tremble slightly when the misty outline of the Motherland appears once again on the horizon.

We present the second of our series "Personalities of the 359,"

BILL HUTCHINGS.

THE FRIDAY AFTERNOON PAY PARADE was standing at ease. Upon it was fastened the hostile glare of the Sergeant-Major. All was quiet.

Suddenly, over the brow of the little slope which leads to Davis Street, appeared a figure; a black, scruffy figure.

"Yahoo!" it said.

The B.S.M. rotated the hostility a quarter-turn. The parade relaxed, like a bomber pilot released from the beam of an enemy searchlight, and followed surreptitiously the travelling gaze of the W.O.2.

The urchin advanced and, undismayed by the combined attentions of some eighty men, repeated in a confident voice, "Yahoo!" A ripple passed through the ranks.

The 'Q' emerged from his sanctuary, and surveyed the grimy spectacle. "Have you been working on coal?" he inquired.

"No, whitewashing, 'Q'" came the response, a shade quicker than lightning.

The 'Q' stopped in his tracks; tried to look ferocious — failed; tried to look indifferent — failed again; and finally darted back into his lair, to avoid looking something which he had not intended to look at all. The ripple repeated itself.

It is always the same; whether he is collecting money for the Red Cross at football matches, doing a turn for the "Gun Flashes," manipulating the crane down on the jetty, riding a horse into the canteen, or just having half a pint in "The Globe," Bill Hutchings, in current parlance, can "get away with murder." Of course, he knows just how far his personality will carry him; and within those boundaries he stops. One day he forgot to stop, and the outcome was, I believe, seven days C.B. At other times, Authority, which should have quelled him ages ago, is deeply constrained to eat out of his hand.

His partnership with George Hepburn at the Town Hall was perhaps the greatest hit ever made in Port Stanley. Yet he has no recipe for popularity.

"I have done things on this Island" he told me, "that I wouldn't have dreamt of doing, back home. Surprised myself, I have."

"I go up on the stage," he continued, with that frankness for which he is remarkable, "and my knees' knocking. Scared stiff, I am. And then I looks at the crowd below, all staring, and I

thinks to myself 'I'm as good as them, any day.' After that I just act natural, and that's all there is to it."

But he didn't think much of my idea that he should adopt the stage as a profession. He was emphatically opposed to it. "Not for me. I'm going back to the job I had before this lot, Boiler-maker, I was. And he shook his head, slowly, as though to imply that Bill Hutchings, boiler-maker, was a great force to be reckoned with.

"I had one other job," he resumed, in answer to my next question. "I worked in a beauty par-lour!" and he burst into peals of laughter. When Bill laughs, there is only one thing to do. I joined in.

"It was a dead loss. By the time we started work, somewhere about ten, we had to think about knocking off for dinner. I soon packed that up."

Mrs. Reive, who among a thousand other kindnesses used to wash our football shirts for us, said to me one day: "Who is that boy who came down with the laundry this morning? He looks too young to be in the army." She was surprised when I informed her that Bill had been in khaki for five and a half years; had served in France and been shipwrecked during the evacuation.

"We left St. Nazaire in the *L*——; it wasn't long before we were bombed. Squibsey and me were in the water for hours and hours — well, a long time, anyway. It was great fun, swimming about from raft to raft, askin' 'em if they'd any room for you!"

And Bill talked on, mixing humour and seriousness, as is his habit, and filling glasses almost subconsciously.

"Let's have a party" is one of his favourite expressions. Like nearly everybody in the Battery, he loathes the beer sold in the Canteen. Like so many of those who so consistently repudiate it, he nevertheless continues to drink it. One night he had a party — he and his Scottish counterpart, Alan Kelly. It was a Saturday night and when I looked in at a quarter to ten, there were just the two of them, laughing at themselves and at one another, and doing the Highland fling to the radiogram. Obviously it had been a great party.

He is not interested in women, to all accounts. He had a girl once, he confided; but when he

returned from leave he found her married to a sailor. "Good luck to her" he commented, without a trace of sarcasm. "And then, of course, there was Mimi — bit of alright, she was. Yahoo!"

He drinks a good deal for a young fellow; drinks to keep his spirits down, not up. "But for that, I should be in Murphy's Hotel," he grinned.

"Completely irresponsible," said a sergeant, and on the face of it, nothing could be nearer the truth. Somehow, though, I am not so sure about it. I think Bill could, and would, be responsible, if he were convinced that there was anything to be responsible about.

"How about a job on *The Gunners' Gazette*," he called out in the Mess Room. I wish we had

five thousand copies to sell instead of five hundred. We would only have to give them to Bill, and wait for the money.

Bill Hutchings — supreme, unconventional, irrepressible, he possesses in abundance the spirit which wins wars without knowing why it is winning them.

To know Bill is to love him; and since everybody knows him, we can only arrive, by simple mathematics, at the conclusion that everybody loves him.

I wonder what he will say to me for writing all this?

FALKLAND ISLANDS FORCE INSPECTED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

THE WEATHER WAS VERY KIND to us when the Force staged its first and last full ceremonial parade for an inspection by the Governor last Saturday. The entire garrison was drawn up on the Football Field under the Command of Colonel W. H. Hynes and practically all the inhabitants of Stanley were there to see the fun. The Governor, who was in full dress, was greeted by the Royal Salute played by the Drum and Fife Band and he then carried out his inspection. When this was over he addressed the troops. It was a simple speech of gratitude and farewell, in the course of which he pointed out that the parade was a unique and historic occasion in the history of the Colony because there had never been a garrison before and there might never be another. He left no doubt in the minds of his audience how greatly the sending of a garrison for our protection had been appreciated by everybody in the Falkland Islands, and his wishes of God-speed and good fortune to the men, all of whom had become our friends, echoed the feelings of every civilian there.

The parade on the Football Field ended with another Royal Salute and His Excellency moved off to the Saluting Base on Victory Green to take the March Past. This part of the programme also went off without a hitch, and to a mere civilian was perhaps even more impressive than the earlier parade.

To us any ceremonial Military Parade is attractive, not merely because we so seldom see one, but because we like the glamour of a military band, the gleam of bayonets and the swing of marching men. This parade had all these in full measure, but in spite of the attraction and the sunshine we felt it to be a sad occasion. We are losing many very good friends and, living as we do such a long way from home, we can have only hope but no certainty that all plans to meet again after the war will be fulfilled. You can, however, be certain that wherever you are or whatever you are doing you will be often in our thoughts and that you have left behind in the Falklands most precious memories of affection and admiration.— A CIVILIAN.

"OVER TO YOU"

"Can the Editorial Committee give us any information as to the state of Battery Funds?" U.B.

Yes. Here is the Expenditure account as at 31st December, 1943.

FUNDS ON ARRIVAL	£252
INCOME.	
Profit on canteen sales	£775
" .. entertainment & dances	72
Grant from public funds	73
Sale of radiogram	45
	£965
LESS EXPENDITURE.	
Extra messing	£419
Canteen amenities (sports and welfare)	294
Christmas revelries	155
Grant to Sgts. mess	20
Other expenditure	126
	£1014
EXCESS EXPENDITURE OVER INCOME ...	£49
FUND AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1943 ...	£206

NOTES—The item other expenditure includes wages, lorries to Canopus, garden seeds, etc. (2) The cost of Battery pigs is included in extra messing. When sales are completed, the amount will be credited. (3) Battery chickens bought out of extra messing, were installed on L.A.A. sites. These were killed and eaten at Christmas. The chickens at Stanley camp, strange as it may seem, were financed entirely out of Officers' Mess Funds. They were given to the Battery to eat at Christmas. Should the person who so kindly wrung the neck of eight of them not long ago, read this, he will realise that he reduced the amount of the Christmas dinner considerably. (4) The Officers' and Sgts' mess have always paid for fish, vegetables, etc., when these have been bought.

Our thanks are due to Captain A. G. Hewitt, R.A. and Captain E. Agius R.A.S.C. for their invaluable assistance.

"Why were approximately 2½ million force cigarettes of the best brands sold to local tradesmen, while the men of the forces could obtain only cigarettes of inferior quality at their canteens? Nobody can blame the tradesmen for buying the cigarettes but even they must surely agree that the soldiers have cause to complain. E.G.B.

The stocks sold to local traders were R.A.S.C. stores and nothing to do with N.A.A.F.I. Apart from administration of personnel, there is no connection between the R.A.S.C. and E.F.I. (Naafi overseas) and there is no interchange of stores. R.A.S.C. supplies are purchased, controlled and disposed of by the War Office, and Naafi supplies are purchased from the Ministry of Supply by a civilian management. The cigarettes in question immediately became subject to duty on being purchased by civilian traders and are being sold at normal civilian retail prices.

"We are not supposed to eat food in our hut. So why have we been able to buy eggs from the canteen?" writes D.J.

Surely you know D.J. that eggs purchased in the canteen should have been taken to Corp. Jackson, who would at all times have been only too pleased to fry them for you.

"Somebody is trying to convince me that the Beaver is Canada's emblem, and I say it is the maple leaf. There's a shilling on this, so please put us right?" SHORTY.

Official answer is the Beaver with the Maple leaf as an alternative, so we suggest that you call it a draw and donate the 1/- to battery funds.

Where did the expression "5th column" originate? is an inquiry from the Wireless Station.

It originated in the Spanish war. General Mola stated that he had four columns available for attack on Madrid and a fifth column (of sympathisers) inside the city.

"How long has Gibraltar been a British possession?" CIVILIAN.

And the answer is about 250 years. It was taken by the British under Admiral Rooke in 1704 and ceded to us in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht.

JEFF'S WEDDING.

HISTORY WAS MADE on January 4th, when Norman Jeffries and Minnie Pedersen were married at Christ Church Cathedral, Jeff being the first member of the Battery to take the plunge here.

The service was conducted by the Rev. G. K. Lowe, assisted by the Rev. G. A. Lewis Lloyd, C.F.

As our Fashion Page Editress has gone to the South Shetlands to discover what the well-dressed seal will be wearing next winter, we can't oblige with a description of the dresses. The bride and bridesmaids all looked very charming, and we congratulate Sid Goldsmith (the Molyneux of the Falklands) on his excellent work.

At the wedding breakfast the health of the happy couple was proposed by Major Bradbury, and we join with him in hoping that it will not be long before they are re-united in England.

The dance which followed was one of the friendliest parties we have been privileged to attend, and we can only say how sorry we are that more Gunners have not been married here.

The success of the evening was in no small part due to the untiring efforts of Jimmy Hawkett and his Band (of which Jeff has been a member of long standing).

Good luck, Jeff and Minnie, and happy landings!

FAREWELL DANCE, 8th January, 1944.

TO ANY CASUAL OBSERVER, strolling along Ross Road on the night in question, it might have seemed that another "Saturday night dance" was getting under way the rustle of evening dresses, the distant strains of a waltz, the disappointed crowd of "those-who-try-to-get-in-without-a-ticket" milling around the door of the Town Hall. But, as soon as one entered the ballroom, it became immediately obvious that this was no ordinary dance.

To begin with, there were Gunners everywhere . . . dancing, standing around the edge of the floor, on the balcony and in the bandstand. I had never realised, until that moment, that there were so many Gunners on the Island. I had not been there long when I was introduced to the daintiest sandwiches I had had for two years, and about thirty minutes later Gunner Cross 'brought down the roof' with his stirring vote of thanks to the people of the Falkland Islands.

No Battery celebration would be complete without a speech from Gunner Hawkett, and, with well-chosen words, he expressed (at least half-a-dozen times!) on behalf of the Battery, thanks to Lieut. Smart, whose energy, imagination and enthusiasm had been the mainspring of Gunner entertainments for over a year. Lieut. Smart was presented with an autographed photograph of the Dance Band, to remind him of the many successful musical occasions in which his band had participated.

Midnight came all too soon, and when the last waltz was announced to mark the end of a very successful evening, one could sense, beneath the atmosphere of celebration, a feeling of sadness that this was 359 Battery's Farewell Dance.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

NUMBERED AMONG THE PERSONNEL of the departing force is a contingent of the Falkland Islands Defence Force—some twenty men who have volunteered for more active participation in the fight for liberty.

They are forsaking a life of security for the unknown. No picnic, no carefree vacation is in prospect for them. They leave a remote country on the very fringe of hostilities for one which is stripped to the waist, scarred and battered, but proud and unbeatable as ever, and happy to welcome to her shores men like the F.I.D.F. volunteers.

We wish them good luck. We applaud their decision, and we believe that they themselves will, when they see England, realise that they have unquestionably done the right thing.

FROM CAMBER.

FURTHER TO THE GOVERNOR'S REFERENCE to the hospitality of the Falkland Islands to H.M. Forces, we would like particularly to mention one person, Miss M. Peck, popularly known to the boys as "Ma" Peck. The boys from the sites on Camber wish to thank her for the hospitality and kindness she has shown them all, and we would like to thank at the same time the rest of the islanders for all they have done for us during our stay on the Falklands.

["Ma" Peck is but one of a score of local ladies to whom we would pay personal homage if we had room—ED.]

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

FROM THE BEGINNING of the first act there was a note of quality in Mr. J. A. Woodgate's production of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "The Pirates of Penzance." The dresses and costumes were magnificent, and a very high tribute to the artistry of the wardrobe mistress, Mrs. A. E. Woodgate, who is to be complimented on their striking effect.

I enjoyed most the choruses—the Pirates led by their boisterous King, Mr. J. R. E. Marshall and ably supported by the King's lieutenant Samuel, played by Mr. T. I. Biggs, were a pleasure to listen to. Mr. Biggs has an excellent baritone.

Major-General Stanley's elegant daughters also provided some very good singing and supported their principals very well indeed on every occasion.

Mr. A. R. Carr as Major-General Stanley gave a polished performance and his song, "I am the very model of a modern Major-General," received a tremendous ovation.

I thought the most outstanding performance of the show was Frederick, the Pirate Apprentice, played by Mr. D. Snow. He set a brilliant standard, which was maintained throughout the evening. Ruth, played by Mrs. A. Sheppard, gave a lively interpretation of Frederick's nurse, and her solos were well rendered and appreciated.

In the second and last act the policemen's chorus, led by their inimitable sergeant Mr. R. Boulter, was a decisive success, the solo and chorus "When the focman bares his steel" being particularly well rendered. Mabel, played by Miss Joyce Gleadell, and Edith, played by Mrs. E. Kelway, were generous contributors to the success of this set.

To the Musical Director, Mrs. E. M. Pitt, the very able accompanists, and all the cast and helpers—thank you. It was an inspired performance.—M.M.H.

Readers may find the following letter instructive as well as entertaining:

Dere Sir — I was verry intrested too reed in yore larst issew of *The Gunners' Gazette* about the orrijin of the fly pest that abownds on thees Highlands thanks too the dere mister blewbottel whos lack of foursite let the too flies ashore where owing to a startling diss covery fownd that thay hed in there power the golden oportownitty off razing a fammily wich thay promptly did givving us the pest of flies we fownd much two hour diss-cumfort larst yere I think orl of us curst thees pests espeshully wen at suntyrn or uther we where apt too fele drowsy and arfter serching for ours two find a kwiet spot owt off the way off sarjents wiv pipes who snoop around looking for chaps evving a ard ernd rest settle down to a kwiet snewz only two find that the dessendants off those too flies seemd tu think that we where scent ear for the purr puss of there enjoyment hand delites in may-king hour lives mizzerubbel by holding a sportz meating on the mowst tender parts off hour bodice suffering this larst yere i swor Hide get ridd of the brewts this time hand i caim uppon a simpul but shore method and so uthers may bennefit i forword it two yu oping that yu will publish it ferst catch the fly holding it cairfully by the legs tern it over jently hand lay it on hits back taik a fether and tickel it under the chin with it this will maik it open its mowth two laugh pour sum sand down its throte this will maik it choak kwite simpel isnt it ? oping my methud of distrakshun will pruv helpfull toothers shud yew publish hit.—i ham yors uncaunny Pete Bogg.

STONE RUN SCRAPS - - - Collected by C. J. B.

There are very few scraps around Stone Run these days, due to the rapid developments of the last two or three weeks:

x x x

One little "scrap," however, deserves immediate publication. It concerns a well-known gunner of Site 8 who indulged in a little horse-play recently, but unfortunately for him there WAS a horse!

x x x

Luckily he has a very thick skin, which is difficult to peel!

x x x

Which reminds me. Members of the Force will be interested to know that even a cool guy can be "peeled" by a hot potato!

x x x

AN ODD. ODD ODE—It's nothing much to think of—

But every now and then,

I wonder where Mr. Gandhi

Carries his fountain pen.

x x x

Heard during an inspection (NOT at Stone Run Camp):

"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,

Just take a delkko at this spot of rust!"

ECHOES OF A HOLIDAY.

AWAY FROM ALL THAT. Away from the wind that always blows; away from the sheepskins hanging upon the wire fences: away from the sanitary cart, and the tinned food, and the peat.

Above all, a rest from the Army. After four and a quarter years in khaki that was what I needed most. Those absurd morning parades, distinguished by their ill-fitting denim overalls and grotesque headgear. The monotonous ritual of folding blankets, and the hygienic repetition of placing boots (soaked in tallow) beside them. The Orderly Sergeant, touring the barrack rooms to see if the little boys are in bed: care and maintenance, amendments and hand grenades.

These, all these—receded into the darkness of the evening of December 16th, 1943, as the good ship F— bore me through the Narrows, and I prepared to vomit my last associations with Port Stanley back into the waters which lap her scanty beaches.

... ..

We left the dockside in a hurry, intending to waste not a moment of our holiday. But we had to get some money, and in our folly, we believed that we had only to find the authorities, present our credentials, and the cash would be forthcoming

We rang the bell. No answer. We rang again, peering through the grille. "Perhaps we need a password," I thought. The door opened, and a gentleman smiled at us, or rather beyond us, into the hall.

"Do come in," he said.

There being nobody else about, we obeyed, and produced the necessary documents. The gentleman scrutinised them.

"Warm, isn't it?" he murmured.

Entered gentleman number two, with a bold shining forehead.

"You require £x?" he suggested, and pointed to the amount on the document.

"Yes," I answered, brightly.

They both looked very disappointed, and gentleman number two rummaged in his pockets without any apparent success. Then they disappeared. By now we had watched this exhibition of dauntless efficiency for about half an hour, and enthusiasm was beginning to flag. Came a third gentleman, elderly and bowed and wearing a white coat.

"A surgeon," I muttered.

He began to pace up and down with a look of grave anxiety on his face. It was patently obvious that someone was seriously ill.

Gentleman one popped his head round the corner.

"Are you Carnill?" he queried momentarily.

"Yes."

A look of relief crossed his harried features.

"Then you must be Brown," he sighed, and popped back again.

Gentleman three continued to pace up and down.

"Will it be a boy or a girl?" I wondered.

Re-entered gentleman number two, beaming munificently. Obviously here was the

ECHOES OF A HOLIDAY—continued

money.

"Paybooks," he twinkled boyishly. We handed them over. He paused. "You know, where I live, I can hear the lions roaring in the Zoo."

"Really," I murmured, stifling an oath.

"Ah, yes, but only if the wind is in the right direction." He sauntered over to a typewriter, and presently revealed a severe physical handicap. He could use only one finger !

Two hours later, with tears of gratitude in our eyes, we departed. Impervious to his personal inconvenience, gentleman two had insisted upon our accepting his last few centesimos. Of course, it was by no means what we had hoped for, but we had the additional assurance that they would do their utmost within the ensuing few days to remit the remainder. Did ever you see such a touching gesture of national goodwill?

... ..

There is no war at Monte Video. No ration books, no blackout. Sometimes I imagined an Air Raid Siren, which usually turned out to be an impetuous motorist trying to blast his way through the traffic.

The Road Regulations are horrid. When approaching a crossroads by car, make as much noise as possible and accelerate. If you get across before the other fellow, very good. If you get across after him, not quite so good. If you appear to be arriving at the same time, push the footbrake through the floorboard, curse like hell, and buy a new car. Who cares if you get killed?

Not the police. They are attired in such a way as to make one think they have just emerged from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. I watched a member of the force on point duty one day. For a time he did the job thoroughly, blowing his whistle and extending his arms at suitable moments. Then the sun became too warm, so with a shrug of his shoulders he left the box and relaxed in the shade of the pavement, and complacently allowed the perspiring motorists to work out their own salvation.

... ..

You English soldier? I meet you, please tank you. You well? I well mucho. Once I stay in England. Savoy, you know? I like him mucho, men and women goo-od to me.

One day I go back when no Hittle he bomb more. My son away today, he play in R.A.F. at Germany till none left. In Savoy I dance a lot, the people clap, many weeks then leave. You like here, see women, stay long? Much luck, nice country, kill Germans.

You glad to meet myself, good-bye, Viva Inglaterra!

In Appreciation of the Falkland Islands.

The "359" has had it's stay,
 With work complete we sail away.
 Know not where we next might be,
 Perhaps in France or Italy.
 As we sail away across the ocean,
 All leave you with a mixed emotion :
 The Falkland Islanders are kind,
 We think of friends we leave behind.

With the very best intention,
 Our Billet Holders we must mention.
 Without bother, grouse or fuss
 They did their very best for us.
 No task too hard, they still keep trying,
 Their bit to keep the "Old Flag" flying.
 The "359," each man elects,
 To give to them our best respects.

Within these isles of wind and snow,
 A welcome waits where'er we go.
 We sit with pride and warm our feet
 Around your hearths and fires of peat.
 Each kindly action, great or small,
 Endeared you to us, one and all ;
 Your very best you nobly tried.
 We look upon your work with pride.

So Falkland Islands show your grit,
 Continue trying, do your bit.
 We fear no foe, we do or die,
 No force on land, or 'plane in sky.
 We fight for England, Home and Beauty,
 Our Country calls us "Do your duty" ;
 Never from your labours cease
 Until we win the hard-earned "Peace."
 The Nazi beast shall never reign,
 While the British Lion waves his mane ;
 Our Empire lives, it ne'er shall die,
 "Good luck. Falkland Isles — good-bye !"

ERIC CROSS.

The Censor's View.

We all know the Censor, and have thoughts about him too,
 But has it yet occurred just what the Censor thinks of you ?
 He opens up your letters, to read of love and laughter,
 And in the case of single chaps he soon knows what they're after.
 He reads of Yakker, Masher and Pip,
 Always giving their sergeants the slip,
 And so I shall try to portray in rhyme,
 Just what I think they write home every time.

Yakker would start with 'My dear little wife,
 In Stanley I'm leading a hell of a life ;
 Since I've been manager of the canteen.
 The sight of a beer-bottle turns me quite green.
 But still I contrive to do my best
 To encourage an offer from any guest.
 Funds, of course, are still very low,
 And if you've a spare fiver I wouldn't say no !'

Masher adopting a different line,
 'Indeed and to goodness, I'm doing fine,
 Perhaps you may think that this sounds rather funny,
 But I now last the week out with just Army money.
 I know that you're wondering and would like to know why,
 I work so b—— hard there's no time to get dry ;
 In fact I am trying to save my fare home,
 So that once more the mountains of Wales I may roam.'

Pip would say 'My darling honey,
 Please find enclosed a spot more money.
 I still have a dabble once in a while.
 Though I guess I've already made a big pile.
 The sergeants and I don't get on any better,
 But I'll write about that in my next green letter.'

I present this rhyme to the Gunners politely,
 But will they accept it ?— not Pygmalion likely !
 They'll probably say verse is not to my gain,
 And to the Committee it's only a pain.
 Yet I hope to gain my ambition yet
 And get Shakesbeer's work in *The Gunners' Gazette*.

WILLIAM SHAKESBEER.

FOOTBALL.

League Winners challenge The Rest.

"D" Company 0; The Rest 3.

(Glover, Leybourne, Chadwick.)
(Half Time 0-3.)

The Rest made two changes in their team to meet the league winners, "D" Coy. Holt replaced Thomas in goal and Edwards was substituted for Heath at outside right.

It was a disappointing game, the weather being largely to blame, for there was a troublesome wind blowing which made control of the very light ball exceedingly difficult. It was also responsible for the comparatively small number of spectators.

The Rest, kicking with the wind during the first half, made the mistake of over kicking in the opening stages. Glover was a live wire at centre forward and Leybourne and Edwards formed an excellent right wing. In defence Stein, of F.I.D.F. gave a strong display at right back and with Chadwick and Edleston saw that "D" Coy. did not get many scoring chances. Alexander netted soon after the kick-off for the Rest but was adjudged offside. Glover eventually opened the scoring when Edwards put over an accurate centre. Frangleton kept Dyson very subdued but the chief fault with the Rest's play during this half was that Edwards, a very dangerous winger very seldom received the ball. We saw him co-operate with Leybourne in one very neat movement which nearly resulted in a goal but apart from that he was either waiting for a pass that never came or else had to go back and fetch it for himself.

The players who took the honours for the Rest were Stein, Chadwick, Edleston, Edwards, Glover and Leybourne. It is very difficult to pick any individual stars in the league winners' team because they played hard football and put up a good fight against a better team. Undoubtedly one reason they did not score lay in the fact that Dyson was allowed very little scope in which to out-manoeuvre his opponents.

At the end of the match the Force Commander made the presentations to the League winners and runners up, the Heavy A.A.—W.J.P.

At the start of the season, the Heavy A.A. Battery looked as good a bet as any for the league honours. We had a strong forward line and the best half back line on the island. But the absence of King at right back left us with the task of finding a good deputy. Unfortunately for us, we had to meet D. Coy., the eventual champions, before the appearance of George Porter in our team. From his first game to the end of the fixtures, he proved himself one of our strongest players. The match against D. was not particularly brilliant, but we were much slower than our opponents on that night. The R.E.M.E. and the Navy did us a good turn by taking a point each from Dyson's team, and so for a brief spell we were at the top of the league, by virtue of our goal average. Playing against a gale in the first half, we were easily beaten 5-1 by H.Q.(A) There could be no doubt as to who was the better team that night. The Heavies football from then on went to pieces and most of us realized we had lost the championship. Our supporters still hoped to see the unexpected happen, but although such teams as M.G. Coy. and A. Coy. gave D some hard games, they were never beaten. Summing up the results of the season's football, I think D. Coy. were good winners of the league.—F.S.