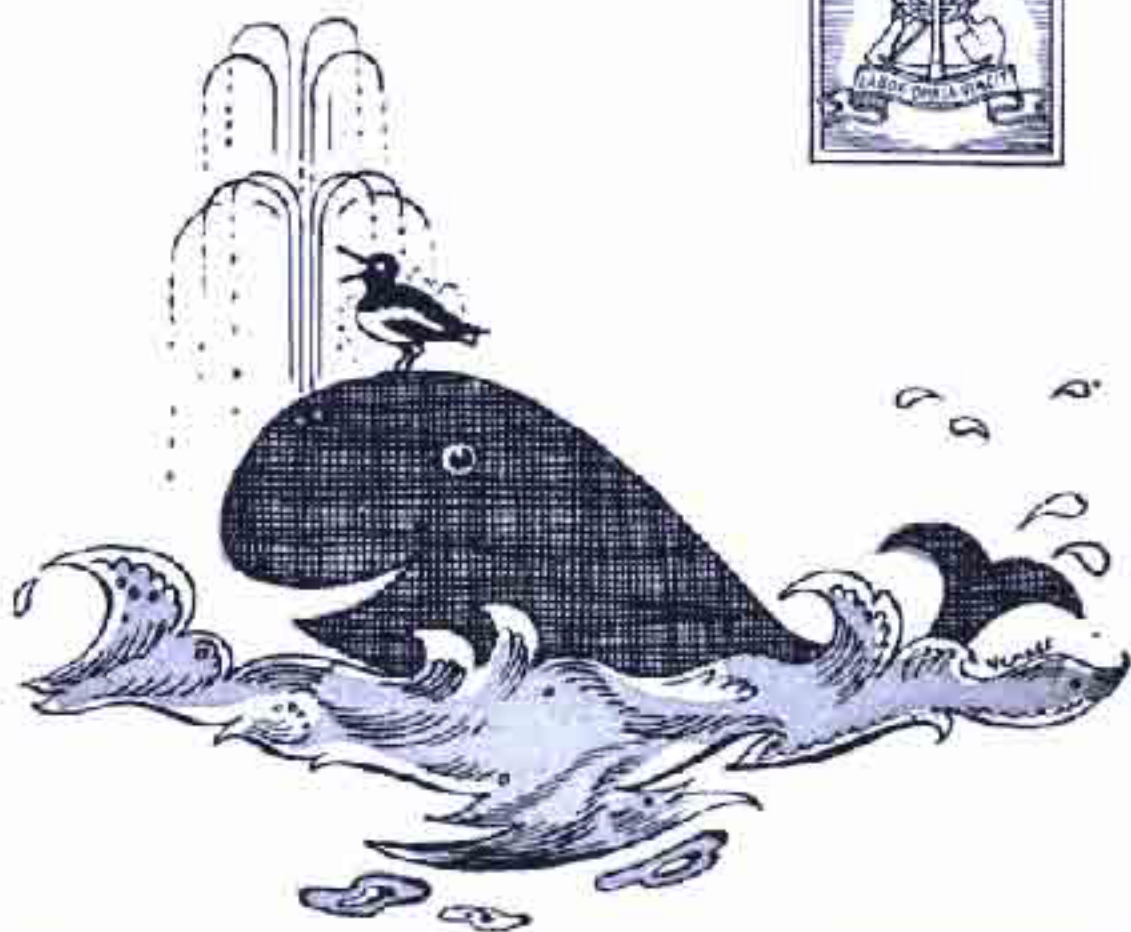


The Pioneer



THE MAGAZINE OF 30 GROUP PIONEER CORPS

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THE PIONEER

No. 1

CONTENTS:

	Pag.
Foreword Lt.Col. J. E. Adamson, D.S.O.	6
The Chronicles of Livinhat R. J. D.	7
Sports and Pastimes	9
Harringay Notes	11
Cookhouse Philosophy Sgt. G. F. Churchill	12
In Faeroe Land W. T. Richards	13
The Banner Brigade	15
Letter from Home	16
Suspense Cpl. S. Lewis	18
The Ash Grove	19
Random Reflections 'Oggle'	20
The Sandboys' Notes	22
The Beachcombers' Notes	23
Sandy and his Medical T. Martin	24
Windyridge Notes	25
Church Notes Padre G. C. V. Knowlson	26
The Silver Bullets	27
Editorial	28

FOREWORD

It is perhaps customary to write a few words of apology before inflicting a new magazine or special book on the public. I make no apology.

This little magazine is published by Pioneers for Pioneers and their friends. Anyone else who buys it does so at his own peril, but if he thinks it interesting we hope he finds our next number more so.

If No. 1 of the "Pioneer" brings a smile and even a little cheerfulness into the lives of some of our Pioneer Comrades working and fighting in all parts of the world, then all who have helped in the production will be happy. Many difficulties have had to be cleared before we could proceed at all. These have been overcome and it is hoped to make a monthly issue as long as we remain in the Faeroes. My thanks are due to our Editor, Major J. E. Karney, and to all those who have worked for and contributed to this issue.

I take this opportunity on behalf of all Ranks in 30 Group Pioneer Corps, of sending to our Director and all brother Pioneers our best wishes for 1943 and a happy and safe return Home when Peace shall dawn.

J. A. S. Adamson
Lieut Colonel

The Chronicles of Livinhut

(Clerk awaiting Orders.)

There will be two memorable dates. Date of disembarkation from the U.K. and date of reembarkation. Two opposites which will enclose many happenings not to be entirely forgotten. For instance on Friday 19th September there was an occurrence unique. At 1730 hrs. fifteen crates, and two barrels, of beer were delivered to the canteen and at 1930 hrs. there was a pay parade with plenty of Kroner—unique occurrence of two good things

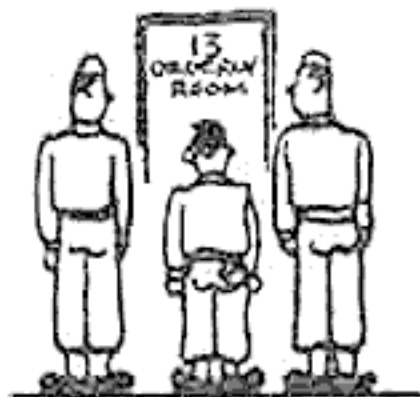


"Two good things making one bad"

making one bad. The following day (ref. 256) a healthy Pioneer was given M. & V. and turned septic, a septic Pioneer was given M. & D. and turned sour.

Another good and another bad thing happened during September. A bundle of pencils was received from the Stationery Office; this was a good thing. The C.S.M. entered the Orderly Room at the same time as the pencils; this was a bad thing.

From May 28th to September the most memorable event was undoubtedly the completion of the camp paths. The path to the Canteen was viewed with general approval (who was delighted) and is still constantly tested, especially between 1900 and 2200 hrs. The



"One in Three capless"

path to the Orderly Room has had more traffic at 1800 hrs., one in three at this time being capless.

Falling into line with the spirit of collaboration and interlocking of effort a Ford-Dennis amalgam was effected on the lakeside road during October. One result was that a 30 cwt. truck belonging to the younger Ford (Old Ford's son) received a dent in the bonnet from Dennis. Technically known as an 'indent' this required help from the Light Aid Depot. This Depot has no connection with the famous Light Brigade which was put on a charge in the Crimea. This taught us very little about the Russians but it may have inspired Americans in Rhode Island to knit Balaclavas for Pioneers in the Faeroes and

cannot, therefore, be considered entirely bad.

This Chronicle would not be complete without a mention of Sundays. Every other Sunday is called a rest-day, though the exact reason for this is not known. On these days it is not unusual to see Pioneers exploring the hills and waterways of the Island, but the shade of Lewis Carroll turned over when the Sergeants Mess was emptied for a Recce:

'O Sergeants come and see with us,
The O.C. did beseech.
'The distant spot, the pleasant plot
Where we shall fill the breach.
We cannot do without you now
—It's not beyond your reach.'

The senior sergeant looked at him
But not a word he said,
The senior sergeant blinked his eye
And shook his heavy head,
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave his yearning bed.

'But wait a bit,' the others cried,
'Before we take the track,
For some of us are out of breath
And all of us are fat.'
'Get mobile' said the C.S.M.
They thanked him much for that.

'Now here we are, the O.C. said
'Behold you see the place
Where you and I and all of us
Perhaps one day will face
The terror and the fury
Of the Germanic race.'

'O Sergeants' said the 2nd C.
'You've had a pleasant run
Shall we be trotting home again?
But answer came there none,
And this was scarcely odd because
They'd fainted every one.'

Linlithgow dares to predict that
during March still more pitching
will be laid, still more M. & V.
eaten and the second of the memor-
able dates will become still nearer.

R. / D.

TALL TALES

At a Company "Quiz" recently a man was asked the name of Nelson's Flagship. Unfortunately he was not too sure. The audience in attempting to assist gave the "V" sign—he complained to the Question Master that they were being rude.

Three blood transfusions were necessary to save a woman patient's life at a hospital. A brawny young Scotman offered his blood. The

patient gave him £10 for the first pint, £5 for the second pint—but the third time she had so much Scotch blood in her that she only thanked him.

A woman was bemoaning the fact that her husband had left her for the sixth time. "Never mind" sympathized her neighbour, "he'll come back again." "Not this time," she sobbed, "he's taken his dart board."

SPORTS AND = =
PASTIMES = = = =

We are firm believers in the old saying that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". But it is Tommy in this case who has been disporting himself.

In August last we had our Sports Day. You remember that was the day on which Summer fell in 1942, and we made the most of it. All the senior Officers of the Forces arrived and most of their Forces came with them. The heads of the civil population came with their population.

The day was a howling success, the high spots being the "tug o' war" in which the Pioneer Corps beat a lusty Faeroese team, and the races for the Boys and Girls who skipped over the ground like greyhounds.

We are looking forward to the next Sports Day.

Our Football matches may not have been up to the Wembley standard of skill but we got plenty of fun out of them. We played against other units, against civilians and inter-Coy. matches. The skill of the civilians teams was a surprise to us and the games were most exciting. We hope to beat them this year.

Bang. Bang. Bang. That is the noise of three darts hitting the board and it may be heard nightly all over the Camps. The Group

inter-Section competition is going great guns--I mean, great darts--and the Officers' Championship is being fought to the last double and the last dart. Can anybody say why it is so hard to get double one?

We played a team of Faeroese lassies at Pass ball. It is a game of great skill and we intend to learn more about it before we try to play them again.

Childrens' Parties are a success or they are not. Being Pioneers, ours are in the "are" class. We made toys, most of the food and a "Party" spirit (not the bottled variety). Then we went into a huddle with a committee of local ladies. The result was three gaily decorated rooms stuffed with toys, good food, orchestra, jugglers, singers, artists and what nots, Christmas Tree and children. All the Coys. sent helpers who quickly made the kiddies feel at home but could not understand the demand for second and even third cups of "Kaka".

Father Christmas paid a visit to each of the parties and dealt out a selection of toys which must have made the kiddies think that here was the real "Santa Claus" himself. They sang and danced till the Band were exhausted. Their youthful exuberance crept into the hearts of even the most hard boiled Pioneers, who joined hands and danced as lively a measure as any of the children. Our little guests enjoyed the Parties. So did we.

Our compliments to our Group Commander on a happy thought organised to a happy conclusion.

THE PIONEER

Major T. H. Briggs, M.C.

Lieut. A. G. Stewart.



Lt. Col. J. E. Adamson, D. S. O.
(“The Old Man”)

Capt. G. C. V. Knowlton.
(The Padre)

Capt. E. G. Surman.

PIONEER PERSONALITIES

HARRINGAY NOTES

Having now consumed tinned foods for nearly one year the saying that a person has a 'cast-iron stomach' is almost a fact. Even 'M. & D.' says a 'Tinopener' instead of a No. 9.

And whilst on this topic of remedy and cure, may I bring the new 'Cure' to all ailments, 'M & D.' (Medicine and 'Drome')—'Up the Drome'.

In more serious vein, I would like to point out that our standard of health has been very high.

Entertainment of good quality is now regular and varied.

The N.C.Os of this Company who have attended the 30 Group P.C. Course have almost without exception passed with flying colours and the men are all ready and keen to excel with the weapons of war as well as with weapons of work.

So far ahead are we that the Russians have to keep on the "hurry up" to catch with our 'News Bulletins'. A thousand and one things could be said to show the improvement in conditions that have come about since our arrival on the Is-

land, and now we know that nothing is gained without effort, when the need is observed, the effort will be forthcoming, and we look to the future with eager confidence and hope.

Personal Pars. Those people who asked about the funny-tasting soup the other night should know that the Sergeant-cook had a hand in it.

Several Pioneers have given their girls wonderful presents while on leave but who was the man who gave his such a wonderful past?

What short-sighted Scotsman got off the leave-train at Edinburgh and made the awful mistake of going into a place he thought was marked "Laddies"?

Have you heard about the dumb chap in the Company who was courting a local belle? When someone told him she was repugnant he made frantic enquiries into how much he stood in credit!

Who committed suicide in the canteen by saying that after he'd had a good look around the Company he'd decided that the stork and the cuckoo were man and wife?

Cookhouse Philosophy.

By Sgt. G. F. Churchill.

"Good health, chum, jolly good health." "What's the grub like? Passable?" "It should be, it costs well over £10,000 a year to feed a Pioneer Corps Company."

"What's that! The tea isn't sweet—you think the sugar boat must have gone down? No, chum, it got here all right. The 'missus' at home isn't getting much sugar either, is she? In fact you're getting just twice as much as the 'missus'—twice as much as the kids too."

"Why?" "Well chum, you are a contrary blighter aren't you? You grouse because the tea isn't sweet enough and when you're reminded that you're getting twice as much as the folk back home you say that's wrong and you don't want it. Chum, the reason you get twice as much sugar as the 'missus' and kids is because of the job you're doing, and the climate you're in. Yes, chum, that's it, sugar is an energy food—a fuel food and our cleverest dieticians have advised the British army catering authorities on what is the minimum amount of sugar and other foodstuffs that is necessary to keep you healthy and enable you to do the job you're doing.

Oh yes, chum, the dietician blokes have considered the question of collective catering and have made a sufficiently liberal allowance to be sure that you get considerably more than the minimum necessary calories, vitamins, carbohydrates, fats, proteins and sugar."

"What's that chum?" "The 'missus' and kids?" "Oh yes, our dietetic scientists look after them too. The rationing scheme at home is worked out by the Food Ministry in conjunction with the Ministry of Economic Warfare, but the food scientist has the deciding vote on what is the minimum of this or that foodstuff that must be allowed for the individual consumer, plus that little bit extra, just in case. Winning the war is a big job chum—isn't it? And a complex one. Saving all the shipping space that we possibly can yet safeguarding the health of the whole nation is just as important as killing Germans."

"What's that, chum? The tea still isn't sweet?"

"When you were on embarkation leave the 'missus' gave you a better cup of well-sweetened tea, on her half as much as your army allowance, than you are getting now? I expect she did chum. My 'little lady' did the same for me, but I have my doubts about that 'slimming racket' she said she had been going in for. Not using sugar herself indeed—but then wives are wonderful; aren't they?"



IN FAEROE LAND

Rains on the hills we see as we rise,
 Rains on the hills hides the sun as it dies.
 But through it all a glory will come,
 A job to be done, a war to be won.
 Toiling by morning, toiling by night,
 Toiling for the King and the things that are right.
 The going is hard and the roads are rough,
 The oilskins soaked, but, the men are tough.
 We'll work, and sweat, and swear, and strain,
 Untill the world knows peace again
 Men of iron, men of steel,
 Each puting his shoulder to the wheel,
 Untill at last will come the day,
 When we say good-bye and sail away,
 Leaving behind us the job complete,
 Where once was mud, now a city street.

W. T. Richards.



"Dammit! I ought not to have gone back
for that tin of Woodbines."

THE BANNER BRIGADE

The days are drawing out and the gradual lengthening of working hours is making it increasingly difficult to carry out instruction and amusement programmes in the camp.

The dining hall concerts have unearthed some surprisingly good talent and the sing songs have been well attended and much enjoyed.

The darts team has still to be beaten after having played matches against most of the Companies in the island and we understand that Ptes. Coboon & Co. have also achieved a considerable reputation in the thirst quenching line.

The weekly whist drives have proved popular and have been well attended. In the Boxing arena the

outstanding points have been the great improvement shown by Pte. Martin and the good shows put up by L/Cpl. Baird, Cpl. Roach and Ptes. Smith and Phillips. All these have worthily upheld the prestige of the Company.

The Discussion Group's last meeting under the chairmanship of the C.S.M. provoked a lively discussion on Social Services. The Handicraft Section has up to the present been exerting its efforts in making the toys for the childrens' parties and has certainly put up a very good show.

It is hoped that by the time this is in print the recreation hut will be in full use and the reading and writing room will be ready for occupation.

ODE

Faroerne, pearls of the Atlantic
 In a setting so romantic,
 Faroerne Isles of mist and mountains,
 Rushing streams and endless
 fountains.

Faroerne, lovely as you are,
 I'd rather see you from afar.
 I think inside some cinema—

Cpl. A. B. Truss.

Letter from Home.

London, January, 1943

My dear Jack,

When I mentioned to your mother that I was about to "write to Jack", the dog was in the room basking in the warm radiance of a good fire. Nearly asleep too. But the word "Jack" awoke memories of eighteen months ago, and he looked up inquiringly as if to say, "Any news of him"? The explanation is that a number of soldier boys-and among them a "Jack" - were billeted and far away.

Several of them used to come in here for tea, or a bath or a shave, quite often all three of these. Jack was the one we knew best but he used to be quite at home with us. Bath and shave were the most frequented activities, and more often than not, in the summer anyway, he would shave while he lolled in the hot water of the bath. The dog joined in our extension of hospitality and they knew each other well.

Jack later went out to Malta and has come through that epic story of endurance and fortitude. No grumbles either. The old dog is now between 11 and 12 years old as you know so that was pretty good effort for him, wasn't it?

Since I wrote you, Christmas and New Year have come and gone and we have already got the thin edge of the wedge of Time into 1943.

It was a cheerier Christmas, I think, than any since the war began.

Everyone seemed to take more interest in the festive season. Holly branches and their red berries in the arms of gladsome bearers were much more in evidence. By the way I don't remember each profusion of red berries as there has been this season. There were battalions of Turkeys too, on the tables of the London merrymakers although nearly as expensive as gold. Some of our friends with small households resorted to the expedient of having half a turkey.

Well, we were glad to hear that despite hurricanes and blizzards you and you lads keep fit and well. I dare say no microbes dare put their noses into other peoples affairs so far north. Incidentally it is interesting to know that workers in refrigerated stores are rarely molested with colds and such like. There is some word of bread being rationed to save shipping. We are advised to use potatoes. No doubt the advice is justified, for, if shipping fails, we fail. We island fold live by shipping. Before this war, we were only able to supply $\frac{2}{3}$ of our requirements. Our tactful and efficient Minister of Agriculture has done well in sponsoring these efforts. Where green grass waved pleasantly

and restfully to the eye there are instead, in their season the sturdy growth and waving plumes of potatoes or the promising spears of wheat and corn. These can be seen from our sitting room window. A London Club recently banned the use of bread and rolls. Members ordering soup, for instance, were issued with potatoes in their jackets instead of a roll. The cheese jackets instead of a roll. The cheese ration is shortly to be cut to 3ozs. per person weekly. Wonder of wonders, a real egg in the shell made its appearance on our breakfast table the other day - a beautiful stranger in the very truth, nor did it get there by itself. I read somewhere that we were to have less meat in the near future and that vegetables are to be the basis of our food generally. The day lengthens slowly down here. Lots of clouds have helped the gloom of recent days. But the sun is stirring. We shall soon see a considerable difference in the daylight. We rarely appreciate our blessings until we lose them. sparrows meet in Committees towards sundown and hold great discussions and make great decisions. From higher up come the flutey notes of the blackbird and the melodious song of the thrush. A bird watcher told me the other day that the predominance of the blackbird this year was very marked: so much so that it has attracted the notice of experts who are trying to solve the mystery. The German Airmen have been over here again as

you know from the wireless. They were on reprisal raids: Stupid anaemic propaganda, but it seems to go down with those gullible folk over there. I was out the dog the following morning when I came across two freshly made holes - not far apart which looked like the imprint and resting place of unexploded shells. They turned out to be the resting place of small delayed action bombs. The area was later roped off and placarded "Danger: unexploded bomb". It has often puzzled greatly how the authorities ascertain that the holes were bomb holes and not shell holes, but you will know all about it.

I see we have a new "Typhoon" fighter capable of doing 400 miles per hour. It has been in action with good results.

Goodnight and may all go well with you.

Your affectionate
Dad.



**"My big fights on tomorrow,
so if I ask for more beer,
don't serve me, see?"**



"She asks if I am getting nicely browned."

Suspense

By Cpl. J. Lewis.

He gripped me round my slender
 neck,
 I could not call or scream,
 He carried me to his dingy room,
 Where he could not be seen.

He tore away my flimsy robe,
 And looked upon my form,
 I was so cold and shaking,
 Whilst he was so hot and warm.

His fervent lips he pressed to mine,
 I gave him every drop,
 He drained me of my very self,
 I could not make him stop.

He made me what I am today,
 That's why you find me here,
 A broken bottle thrown away,
 That once was full of Beer!

THE ASH GROVE

COMPETITIONS

Army Educational "Spelling Bee"

Sergeants Mess V. Privates

Score: Sergeants Mess 34. Privates 28

It was gratifying to see by the attendance that this competition held some interest for other than the above mentioned teams, so it is hoped to repeat the 'Bee' at an early future date.

In this particular competition, the privates lead from the beginning by 2 points. At the 8th round they were still leading by 2 points, but in their magnanimous way, (who mentioned "fatigues"?) they decided to give the Sergeants Mess 'a chance', and in doing so, were beaten as the above score shows. It was a "close" match until the last two rounds and the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by all and caused great amusement.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW:

When were the Faroe Islands discovered and by whom etc.?

Should socks be darned on the right or wrong side?

P.S. We shall expect to see a reply to these questions in next month's issue.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Question:— Why are Cabinet Ministers called "Cabinet Ministers"?

Answer:— The word 'cabinet' came into use during the reign of Charles II. This sovereign had several favourite ministers whom he used to consult in his own private chamber or cabinet. Parliament passed an Act condemning all such secret conclaves. This Act never came into operation, and so gradually the Cabinet became the established group we know today.

It was not, however, until the year 1900 that the term "The Cabinet" was used in Official documents.

MONTHLY SMILE:

Pioneer Company on route march
 Enemys planes seen and heard overhead.

C. S. M. "For (blue pencil) sake, boys, don't look up, we might be taken for the Crystal Palace."

LITTLE CAIN: "Father Adam, Father Adam, why are you going to divorce Mother Eve?"
 FATHER ADAM: "She has been absent without leave."

Random Reflections. : : : :

It's an amazing thing but having decided to give the world the benefit of the meanderings of a somewhat futile brain, the moment pen or pencil touches paper every idea vanishes into thin air and the mind becomes as blank as that of a Faroese sheep, always assuming of course that a Faroese sheep possesses a mind—a rather doubtful assumption. At any rate, here are we, for the last few months living on one of the less beautiful pearls of the north Atlantic, working day in and day out on a project the importance of which we all realise, not without a certain amount of pride. And yet, I suppose the feelings uppermost in everyones mind are those of utter dreariness and monotony undispelled even by home made amusements, make believe pubs, which after all possess no more attraction than the ordinary canteen, cinema shows, good in their way but having none of the glamour and joy of the suburban picture house with its garish lights, its smartly uniformed damsels, or its comfortable plush tip up chairs. Every amusement has been provided for us by the powers that be, but there is always something lacking. It is an indefinable something which I think is summed up in the word variety.

We British in spite of our reputation for being stolid, stodgy, are a nation which must have a large amount of excitement in our lives. We like to rush hither, thither in buses, trams, through brilliant lighted streets or along wide open arterial roads in fast moving motor cars.

We like to drink our liquor in a crowded bar, in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, stale beer, what has been called the esprit du corps humane, pushed from pillar to post in an effort to pay a shilling for a pint of beer, grumbling all the time, but in our hearts of hearts we would not miss it all for worlds. We are, most of us, perfectly happy to queue up in the pouring rain for an hour in order to pay half a crown to stand for a further hour and a half watching twenty two other men kick a ball about in the wet, yet in these northern islands we grumble at having to walk a quarter of a mile through grim but certainly wonderful scenery to a first class band concert or a boxing show. And in that one word I think we have the answer to our discontent. This is a grim country, its grimness is depicted on the faces of the inhabitants, a kindly hospitable people in spite of their stern and rather hard appearance. They realise the hard, difficult and unending battle which has to be fought against the forces of nature in order to live, they know nothing of the pleasant coolness of an oak tree on a hot summers day.

of fresh strawberries with Devonshire cream, lashings of sugar, they have not tasted the joys of a tramp across the meadows or downs, that fleeting glimpse of the sea through a tree lined gap, the cold ham, the Stilton cheese washed down with a pint of beer from a pewter tankard.

All so little yet so much. Still, compensations can be found even in these hard northern latitudes. The sun shining on the snow covered hills turning the country into one mass of mother of pearl, the sight of two, three and sometimes four perfect rainbows stretching across the Fjord, and seeming to end at ones very feet. The sunset over the hills with its colourings, pinks, mauves, greens, blues and vermilions and then of course the glory of the northern lights. The sun transforming the myriad waterfalls into ribands of shimmering silver. Really with a little thought one could go on for ever.

Try however to see life here from the point of view of the people who have lived their lives here, whose forefathers have tamed these unruly lands, and have torn a living from them. Note the simplicity of

their lives, their honesty of purpose, their delight in the simple things of life, a days work well done, the pride in their home, family, the meal dragged from the depths of the stormy Atlantic, their haycrop torn from the soil. Have you remarked the absence of police in the island, the fact that they are rendered unnecessary, not only by the absence of irritating bye-laws, but also by the absence of crime amongst the inhabitants. When you get really fed up think on these things, reflect that with all these discomforts and hardships, you don't have to worry where the next meal is coming from be it only M. & V. Your clothes, accommodation—even your cigarettes are found for you and when you do get home again you can bask in the reflected glory of having spent a winter in storm cursed Faeroes and of having borne a small part of the burden involved in the project which before this war was considered an impossibility by Germans, Americans and Russians alike, but will have been brought to a successful conclusion by those "Mad Dogs of Englishmen who go out in the noonday sun." Oggie.

"And, brothers" said the Negro minister, "don't run around with other men's wives." At this point a man in the congregation jumped up and snapped his fingers. After the service the man came round to apologize to the vicar. "Preacher, Ah'm sorry I made that commotion in church, but dat sentence of yours reminded me where I dona leave my umbrella yesterday."

THE SAND-BOYS' NOTES

This is a page devoted to us so perhaps we had better begin by introducing ourselves.

Our slogan is, "Give us the tools and we'll get on with the job", and it is with that spirit that the working parties leave camp each morning. We are not given to boasting, but the unit that passes our production figures will be the first.

Production is not the only thing that we have the lead in; it is a fact worthy of being noted down, that we formed the vanguard of the entire Garrison. For a considerable time the majority of our personnel were billeted in fish sheds and it was those same men, who construc-

ted a large part of the Hutted Camp. Camp construction is not the only task at which we excel, the fact that we have held most of the more important posts on the F.B.B. is in itself a tribute to our class of workers.

Yes, there are not many jobs that we have not had a hand in. Special concreting work is done by a private of the company. We supply clerks, batmen, medical orderlies and any other type of worker that you ask us for.

Finally, if 'that man' ever tries to take this Island, you will find we will do our duty to the end.

G. K. C.



"All I said was 'Two and fourpence for twenty'."

The BEACHCOMBERS Notes

When the Company flag ceased flying proudly over Guildford in those far off days, it seemed to all of us that the days of our social activity were doomed. After a year of this solitary confinement on "the Rock" we can look back over that year and feel that despite such adverse conditions we have at least managed to keep our activities in all spheres at a reasonable level.

As our main purpose on the Islands is efficiency in our job, the first consideration is how have we fared in that line. We need not go farther than to remember that we were the first Company to get sufficiently organised in all directions to win the Colonel's Silver Bugle and we can recall with pride how hard and determinedly we worked to see that our Camp was the first and finest of it's kind.

In the world of Sport our boxers have had even more opportunity to shine than in England. Pte. Russel has taken on all comers from the Islands and still remains the undefeated champion in his class, L/c. Singh, Pte. Jones, L/c. Ostle, Pte. Donoghue, Pte. Sladen—all are names that are well known among the boxing fans here and their gameness and fighting spirit has been often proved and appreciated in the ring. In the Athletic meeting too, we brought home as many winners as any other Company and

proved that we could walk, run and pull with the best.

Stage activities too have kept at a steadily level—we have two regular bandsmen who have played together since the Company's inception and are still 'swinging it'. Our "Bing" is at the time of writing still in Hospital in England, but while here he was as popular as ever.

Whist Drives are held at regular intervals and in our Camp now flourishes the "Brains Trust"—the only one of it's kind here. Meeting regularly every Sunday to discuss and comment—all are welcome on these evenings—apply Company Office.

With set expressions and such props. as revolvers, grenades, screaming minnies, stretchers, mugs, beds, boxes etc. come the enthusiasts of the theatre—nobly struggling along with a production of "Journeys End". The first of it's kind from this Garrison, it has many of our men in it's leading roles and will be excellent fare for playgoers.

And so we carry on with the old flag still flying from the mast-head. To all points of the Island go our members—the dear old Company is pulling more than her weight. While there's a job to be done efficiently, a matter requiring special qualifications,—then as always they can call upon us.

Sandy and his Medical

by T. Martin.

Whit a turn up in the McNab's hoose last week—Sandy got called up for his Medical. Opening the letter he cried "Maggie, the Second Front is gonny stert oany meenit noo—A've tae get examin't fur the Army." His wife looked up from washing the breakfast dishes and laughed at him.—"You" she cried "You're nae use for the sodgers." "Huh—that's whit you think" says Sandy—"Jist think hoo pleased Stalin 'ull be when he hears A'm goin' intae action. Heaven help they Nazis when ah get near them wi' ma bayonet," continued Sandy, stretching himself to his full five feet four.

Having had a nice warm bath the night before, and dressed in his new blue suit, Sandy next morning set out for his Medical. "Ah think A'll walk it" he remarked to Maggie, "and gie masel' a rar healthy look afore ah sees the doactors." "Ye fair fancy yersel' " retorted Maggie "but yer no' in the Cummandos yit and whit's mair, see and come back in time for yur dinner—A'm no gonny sit here aw efternin keepin' a dinner warm fur you—you and yur Cummandos—A'm gaun wi' Bella tae see

Clark Gable in the Paramount at hauf past two."

About three hours later Sandy returned and his face was tripping him. "Whit's up" asked Maggie. "Every-thing" replied Sandy, and sat down in a chair. "Whit are they gonny pit ye intae?" "By the things they guys said tae me, A'h think it'll be a nursing hame" said Sandy, and started to tell what had happened "After signing a paper that ah wisn'y daft—had never been ill in ma life—and aw the rest o' it, ah took aff ma claes and the doactors goat busy on me." He lit a cigarette and continued, "Five o' them there wis tae, the first tell't me tae read a board wi' a loat o' wee letters it . . . ah couldnae dae it wi' ma wan eye . . . another looked intae ma ears—musta thought ah wis coarn beef-goat me tae stan' oan wan fit . . . hit ma knee wi' a wee rubber hammer—bending and stretching and whit nut—then the last wan listened intae ma hert."

Sandy rambled on, and at last Maggie said "And whit grade did they pit ye intae?" "Ah went up tae the table expecting tae be grade wan, but the fella gie'd me a caird and this letter." Real disgusted like, he handed it tae Maggie—"Pair o' glesses" she muttered, "Here—awa' doon tae the coarner fur a coupla glesses, but jist tell yur pals ye wis too auld fur the Cummandos."

P.S. For real English translation please apply to any good Glaswegian!

WINDYRIDGE NOTES

Remember the wind, the rain and that first leave boat arriving, and the welcome our new visitor received! That twenty-four hours in the harbour was an anxious wait; we've no doubt, though, that one and all made up for it, and their hazardous homeward journey, by a happy Christmas at home.

Looking back, our time hasn't been too bad! . . . at first the novelty of the Island, native customs, and the continuous daylight, offset the poor summer and the mud at our camps.

We missed our cinemas, until we found we had forgotten all about them, and we began to settle down in our usual way when the link between home and ourselves was joined, in the form of mail.

The price of fags, and the goodness of the beer was a pleasure unto itself; and many an exciting evening at Boxing and the football matches; there's a whisper that, amongst the more recent companies, there are some 'bigshot' teams that will take some beating!

Came the mobile cinema, and concrete paths, and things began to look up, our beds were comfortable, huts were being wired down, and coal was arriving by the hundred ton.

Concerts appeared when daylight and working hours became shorter and we pay particular compliments to our Pioneer Bands and the more recent E.N.S.A. party.

Our cooks excelled themselves at Christmas and it was indeed a happy one, commencing with a friendly gesture on the part of the Sergeants' Mess, inviting the Corporals to a Christmas Eve party, which, from all accounts, was a splendid success. The old Canteen gaily decorated, was popular too, and did record business all through. Our P. R. I. profits have sadly dwindled, we admit, but we can not feel otherwise than that it was well spent.

Our Scottish friends did not forsake New Year, and falling snow, with chilly winds at midnight, did not deter them from gustily singing the old year out and the new year in.

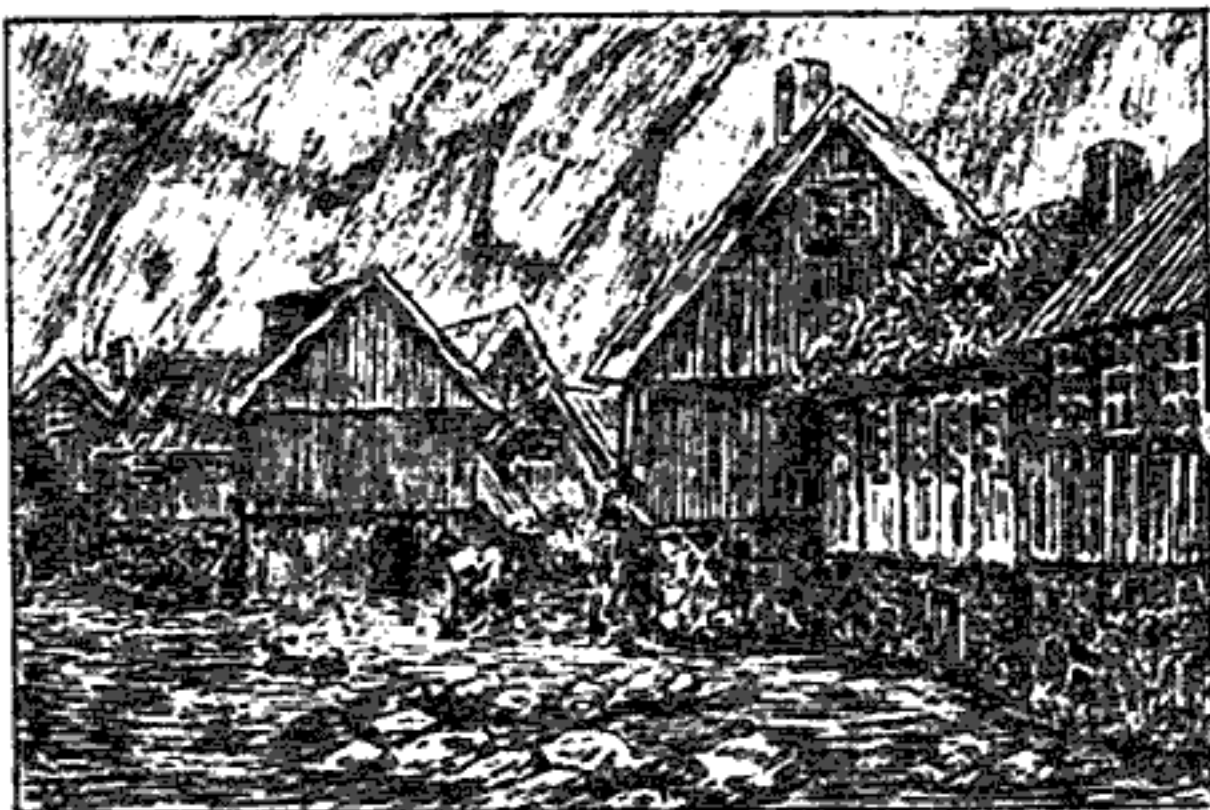
Yes! 1943 looks bright, with the Silver Bugle in our keeping and leave still progressing . . . the back of the winter, and of our job on this Island, broken, we think . . . more daylight and a brighter summer ahead while we get nearer to Victory.

CHURCH NOTES ::

Most thinking men are inclined to realize that there are big issues at stake behind the present conflict of Military powers, big Spiritual issues. We know that this is true and it is in connection with these issues that we are writing. Man is more than physical nature. He is a soul; his spirit directs his actions. The Worship of Almighty God is essential to man's true well being. The Church in our midst seeks to offer you opportunity for Worship and Service. In Worship in the

fellowship of the congregation you can find that which will inspire you in these difficult times and raise you above your environment and difficulties. We invite you to join us in Worship and Praise and Prayer and Thanksgiving to God, our Father, Sunday by Sunday. Services are held every Sunday in the Lutheran Churches. Your denomination does not matter, the service is simple and open to all. For Communicants there are regular opportunities provided for receiving the Blessed Sacrament. The Padres here are always willing to help with personal matters, so approach them.

Padre G. C. W. Knowlton.



THE SILVER BULLETS

We are proud of our name. If you don't understand why we have it, ask one of us or some other soldier.

We will soon be finished with evening instructional Parades because the daily hours of work have been made longer. Well everything has it's drawbacks, as the man said when his Mother in Law died and he had to pay the funeral expenses.

Napoleon is said to have crossed the Alps in an open boat. A poor show compared with crossing this Island in an open threetonner.

As far as we are concerned, leave is something like nothing only there does not appear to be any of it.

Theme song for leave parties:
"Waiting, waiting, waiting".

Motto for same:

"I go = I come back."

It is quite common to see a conjurer bring rabbits out of a top hat. We claim to be the first of the Pioneer Corps to have a pig for a pork dinner taken out of a "Cap FS." (Very tasty. Very sweet).

We are very young, the babies of the Group in fact. We will celebrate our 1st Birthday in a couple of months. It has been said that in this war, youth will tell. Nothing new in that. Youth always did tell but we have learned to keep our mouths shut. (Security Section please note).

Having just completed a job which for Security reasons must remain nameless, two of our Sections know how the Pyramids were built.

VALE

We regret to announce the departure of our genial second Lt. A man with the sun in his heart sure, was Major T. H. Briggs, M. C. His voice and his smile were so cheerful, we were always happy when he came along to inspect or instruct us or dropped in for an odd cup of tea.

We knew that he must get promotion and that he would be taken away but all of us hope most sincerely to meet him again some fine day.

Till then we all heartily wish you good hunting wherever you go. Give a thought sometimes to the Faroes. Cheerio, Uncle Tom, cheerio.

 EDITORIAL

'Tis passing strange, indeed, to find the Editor having his say at the end of the Magazine instead of baggin the first page and the best print all for himself. But we (why the heck is an Editor always "We") looked on the production of this book as a job and like good Pioneers always do, we completed it and then found time to talk about it.

What do you think of No. 1 of your Magazine now that you have read it? Well, maybe you are right but don't forget you wrote it. We take quite a good view and we offer congratulations to all the authors and artists whose efforts appear therein. Not forgetting a special word of thanks to one or two keen lads who have given a lot of time to help get this issue published. We would also like to say how much we appreciate the kindly assistance we received from the staff of our contemporary "Fanfaroe" who placed their local knowledge entirely at our disposal.

We are even now in process of preparing No. 2 for printing and will be glad to receive any Mss. or drawings you may feel in the humour to produce (including some of the rude remarks about ourselves). Please have your Mss. typed-- a fag to your Coy. clerk will fix

this-- We will print your name as author or a *nomme de plume*, whichever you give us. Contributions should be short, the length of the articles in this issue will give you the length we like to get. Drawings must be in black and white.

Get cracking then, and hand your stuff to your Coy. representative for transmission to our Editorial Buildings (I nearly wrote "Hut").

Regarding the notes for your Coy. page-- We received quite a lot but they were of interest to nobody except a few of the members of the Coy. We were reluctantly compelled to *blue-pencil* them. Try and make these notes and items peculiar to your Coy. but with a touch of general information and interest in them. I know it ain't easy but it can be done.

We also received a large number of humorous articles, paragraphs etc. We found we had to eliminate these with a red pencil as the normal Editorial blue pencil did not show up against the colour of the humour. "Keep the party clean". Do not write to us pointing out that we have omitted this and that. We know it. Blame "security".

We are about to proceed by boat to interview the Printer. We trust that you would wish us "Bon voyage".