

Tras su manto de neblinas,  
no las hemos de olvidar,  
"Las Malvinas Argentinas",  
clama el viento y ruge el mar.

Ni de aquellos horizontes  
nuestra enseña han de arrancar,  
pues su blanco está en los montes  
y en su azul se tiñe el mar.

Por ausente, por vencido  
bajo extraño pabellón,  
ningún suelo más querido,  
de la Patria en la extensión.

¿Quién nos habla aquí de olvido,  
de renuncia o de perdón?  
Ningún suelo más querido,  
de la Patria en la extensión.

Rompa el manto de neblinas,  
como un sol, nuestro ideal:  
"Las Malvinas Argentinas"  
en dominio ya inmortal".

Y ante el sol de nuestro emblema,  
pura, nítida y triunfal,  
brille, oh, Patria, en tu diadema,  
la perdida perla austral.

¡Para honor de nuestro emblema  
para orgullo nacional,  
brille, oh, Patria, en tu diadema,  
la perdida perla austral.

Para honor de nuestro emblema  
para orgullo nacional  
Brille, oh, Patria, en tu diadema,  
la perdida perla austral.

## *El Legado Infinito*



1982 - ∞

VGM Gustavo A Tellini

Kriel  
2019





# The Infinite Legacy

*Memoirs of an Argentine soldier in the Falklands*

Gustavo Alejandro Tellini







*“To my fallen comrades,  
those of us who survived  
and to the new generations  
who must keep the memory alive.”*





## AS A WAY OF PROLOGUE

I am Gustavo Alejandro Tellini, a soldier from the class of 1961 (I did my military service with the class of 1962 due to a deferment of my studies). I was part of the 7th Mechanized Infantry Regiment "Colonel Conde" RIMec 7, based in the City of La Plata, Province of Buenos Aires (a regiment with a long history in service to the nation).

In the Falklands I joined the Commando Company, heavy mortar section, stationed at Wireless Ridge (approximately 5 kilometers west of Port Stanley), supporting the 1st line of the Regiment located on Mount Longdon, the site of the final battle.

The regiment to which I belonged had the highest number of casualties in combat. (36 heroes).

## **Why Legacy?**

Over time, one sees the need to convey one's experience in the Falklands during the conflict, recounting what was experienced, in this case supported by images, so that anyone interested in learning more about what happened can find simple, yet concrete, material.

The proposal is designed from its format (website) so that it is free, massive and accessible to all ages (the greater the dissemination, the greater the impact).







## GRATITUDE

Here I pause and think of all those who, throughout this time, encouraged me to carry out this project:

To my family, whom I always accompany, who in their own way, have also lived through the War.

To my brothers of the Malvinas Mob, Roberto Piccardi and Ricardo Lago for having shared many achievements within the War Veterans Liaison Commission of Lomas de Zamora (of which I was vice president for many years) and to the rest of its members.

To “Las Nicoleñas”, Grandmother Ana and family from Saladillo, for those letters to the unknown soldier (later friendship granted) Grandmother Tita and Mariño Family.

To my Grandmother Agustina, who even in her illness, knew how to wait for my return to then leave.

To those who share this project, contributing their time and knowledge, so that this material that has been able to be obtained.





MALVINAS NEVER FORGET!

*@theinfinitelegacy*





# **PART ONE**

## **“BEFORE THE WAR”**





## CHAPTER 1



This boy is me, born in the Partido de Avellaneda, Province of Buenos Aires, in a working-class neighborhood, next to the Roca train tracks, a child frozen in time, with a serious look, without knowing that in my youth I would be in a war that would mark my life and that of an entire country.



When these photos were taken, I couldn't have imagined the cold, the fear, the uncertainty, or the courage I would have to learn in the Falkland Islands. I didn't know that history was waiting for me, or that one day I would be a part of it.

That boy grew up, and one day he was in the Falklands, walking its soil, sharing the silence of its nights, the sound of the wind and the weight of a war that left indelible marks.

Today, looking at these images, I understand that this is where this book was born. The Infinite Legacy arises from the need to tell the story, to remember and honor my comrades, to speak for those who can no longer speak. It was written so that new generations know what happened, so that they understand that the Falklands War was not just a war: it is memory, it is identity, it is homeland.

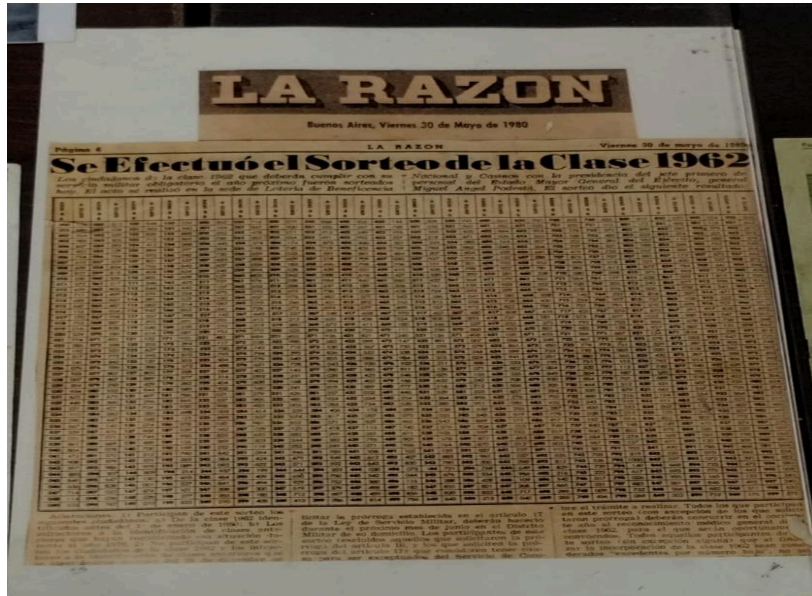
This war did not end in 1982 because as long as someone remembers, as long as someone tells the story, as long as someone reads... the legacy of the Falklands will be infinite.





## CHAPTER 2

### “THE DRAW”



The photo shows the draft lottery for the class of 1962, most of whom went to the Falklands. There were also classes like mine, from 1961 and earlier, who, due to deferments from secondary and university studies, were also part of the group and did their military service alongside that class. In addition, some units were made up of soldiers with very little training, from the class of 1963.

This image may seem like just a newspaper page, but for me it's so much more than that; it's the day my destiny began to take shape without me even knowing it. Among those thousands of numbers printed in ink are the ones that marked those who had to perform mandatory military service. Behind each number was a name, a family, a whole life ahead of them.

The draw was held every year and was public; it was done by document number and defined who had to join the Armed Forces, that is, who had to fulfill mandatory military service. "**the strong one**". A public draw was held in which a number between 000 and 999 was assigned to each combination of the last three **digits of**



**the National Identity Document of the males in the class who would turn 18 the following year.**

This draw was done with a drum full of 1000 balls, supervised by the National Lottery and the General Notary of the Nation, which was broadcast on the radio and published in the newspapers.

**It wasn't "being saved by low numbers" as it's popularly remembered but the military authority then established - based on recruitment needs and quotas - a cut-off or admission number.**

**Men whose lottery number was higher than that cut-off number and who also passed the medical exam were called up for military service.**

On the contrary, **Those whose draw numbers were below the cutoff number were exempt and did not have to join.**

Once summoned, **the lottery number also influenced the outcome** within the Armed Forces: the lowest assigned numbers among those summoned were referred to the Army; the intermediate ones to the **Air Force** and the highest to the **Armada**. In addition to the lottery, there were legal exceptions, such as those who were the sole support children of widowed mothers.

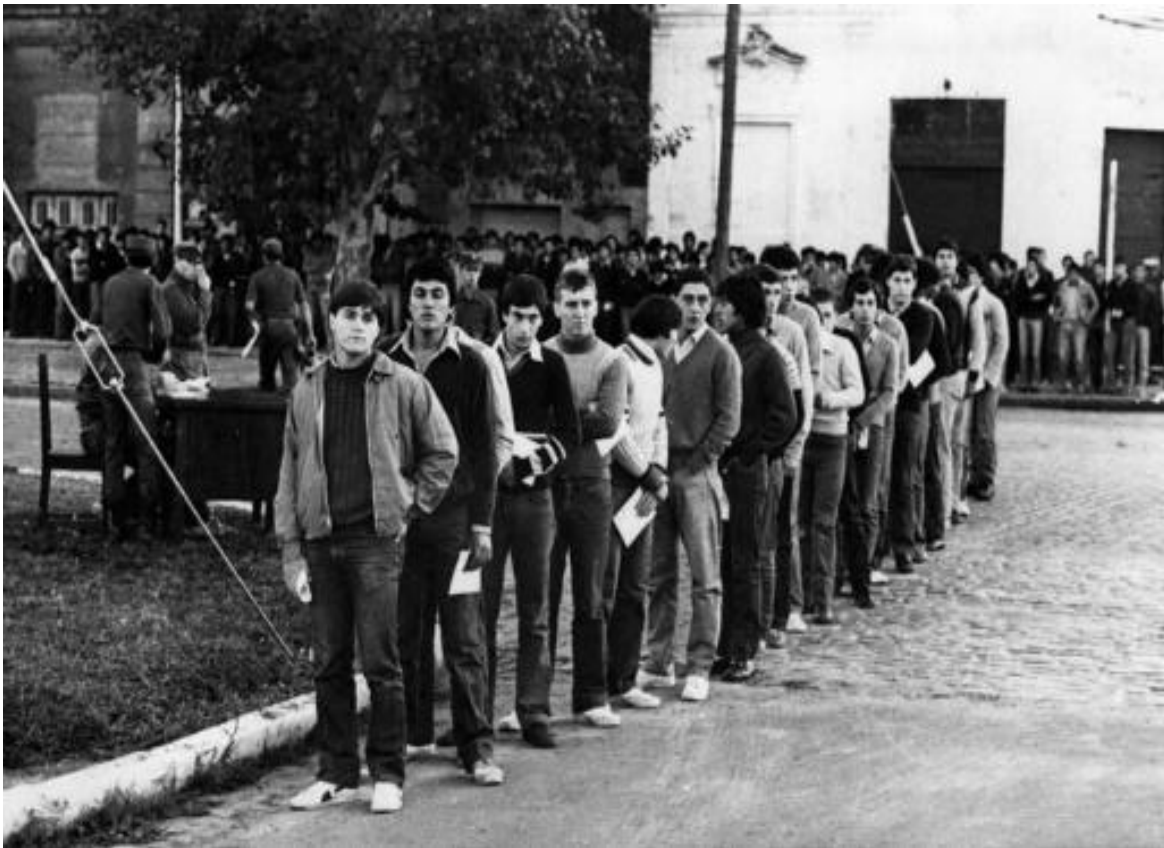
I remember the waiting, the anxiety, the radio on; nobody imagined then that that lottery, which seemed like a simple formality, would end up leading many of us to a war. Nobody thought about the Falklands, nobody thought about the cold, the fear, the distance, the death, but that paper was the first step, that yellowed sheet is part of my story and the story of thousands of young people who stopped being kids too soon.



This is not just news, it is the beginning of a journey that would take us to the Falklands and mark us forever.

### **“THE AFTER THE DRAW”**

In this photo, we are young people in a line, waiting. Each one with a piece of paper in their hand and a story yet to be written; no one speaks much, glances say more than words.



After the draw came the day of the appointment for the medical examination; it was the second step, the moment when the number ceased to be a piece of paper and began to become a destiny.

We were summoned in groups to barracks and military hospitals. In my case, I went for my medical examination at the 10th Brigade, also located in the city of La Plata.



We arrived early, formed a line, and waited our turn. Some tried to hide their nerves, others stared at the floor. We all knew that our immediate future depended on that examination.

The doctors examined us one by one: weight, height, eyesight, hearing, blood pressure, general physical condition. They were trying to determine if we were "fit" for military service. If they found any health problems or other conditions, you could be exempted; if you were healthy, you were officially enlisted.

That's where the wait ended.

That put an end to all doubts.

There was no turning back.

Those who passed the test knew that in a short time they would be leaving their homes, their jobs, their neighborhoods, and their families to put on a uniform. We didn't know where they would send us, or what awaited us; we only knew that life was about to change.

Today I look at this image and see more than just a line of young people. I see fear, uncertainty, courage, kids who didn't yet know that some of us would end up in the Falklands; I see a generation that stopped being young far too soon.

This photo is not just a formality, it is the moment when destiny begins to take shape, it is the prelude to a story that would mark us forever.

### **“MY NAME WRITTEN IN HISTORY”**

When I entered military service, in my case the 7th Mechanized Infantry Regiment "Colonel Conde" located in the city of La Plata, Buenos Aires Province, one of the first things they asked for was my National Identity Document. That small green booklet that I had carried in my pocket until then, which went everywhere with me



and identified me, was now in the hands of the Army. From that moment on, it was kept at the Regiment, as was the case with all soldiers.

He was no longer just an ordinary citizen; he became part of an institution (the Argentine Army) with rules, schedules, and orders.

The document remained there until the moment we were discharged (period of military service completed and subsequent return in my case to civilian life). which I obtained in December of 1981, at that time they returned to us the signed and stamped ID card, which proved that we had fulfilled our duty to the Fatherland.







This photo takes me back to March 1981, to the "Los Cerrillos" ranch, located in San Miguel del Monte, Buenos Aires Province, where the unit carried out its military training (In basic training, recruits are taught military exercises, weapons handling, shooting, and field techniques).

In the photo is (center) Corporal Manuel Medina, my instructor non-commissioned officer, on the right of the image is Private Máximo Terrero, who was also my tent mate during the training period and my brother in the Malvinas mob.







## “THE VACCINE”

This vaccine was given to us when we entered military service, to **"to free yourself from all evil"** It was very powerful, it was called TabDiTe **"The military service vaccine"** It immunized you (hence its name) against typhus, diphtheria, and tetanus for about five years. In many cases, it caused fainting, fever, and general malaise.





Once the vaccine was administered, a day of rest was given, meaning no physical activity, due to the potential discomfort. In my case, it was administered under my shoulder blade in a single dose and caused no discomfort. The same syringe was used to inoculate several soldiers.





# **PART TWO**

## **“ROAD TO THE FALKLANDS”**





## CHAPTER 3

### **“THE FLEET ARRIVING IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS” “OPERATION ROSARIO”**



On the morning of March 28, 1982, troops from the Argentine Army and Navy embarked and set course for the islands under the orders of the Operation Commander, General Osvaldo García. Their objective was to land and recover the Falkland Islands, which had been in the hands of the British Crown since 1833, that is, almost a century and a half of usurpation.

On March 29, due to inclement weather and rough seas that prevented meetings of commanders and officers, the guiding principles for the operation were broadcast by radio. These instructions established the intention to conduct a bloodless operation, meaning that every effort would be made to avoid inflicting casualties on the British enemy, even at the cost of suffering their own losses.

On March 30, due to the bad weather conditions prevailing in the South Atlantic, with winds of more than 70 km/h at that time, the execution of the operation was postponed, setting April 2 as D-Day, the date on which the landing and occupation of the Islands by the Argentine forces was finally carried out.



These photos depict the moment of the landing; they are not staged or heroic scenes, but the raw reality of those days: the frozen sea, the constant wind, and that strange silence that precedes the unknown.

There are no battles or explosions shown here, but it says much more; it shows the beginning of this story that would stay with us forever. The Falklands War began there, with that landing, and it still lives on in every memory.





<https://www.argentina.gob.ar/ejercito/malvinas/operacionrosari>







“APRIL 2ND RECOVERY OF THE MALVINAS”





On **April 2, 1982, Argentina launched “Operation Rosario”** A military landing in the Falkland Islands. Within a few hours, Argentine forces managed to take control of the capital, **Port Stanley** forcing the British garrison to surrender. Following this, General Mario Benjamín Menéndez was appointed governor of the island.





The United Kingdom, governed by the **primera ministra Margaret Thatcher**He reacted immediately and organized a **naval task force** to recover the islands. The British response included economic sanctions and the mobilization of a large war fleet with more than**100 ships and 28,000 soldiers**.





2 de Abril - 1982 - Puerto Argentino

















This image shows General Leopoldo Fortunato Galtieri, de facto President (government not elected by popular vote) and Chief of the Armed Forces, in Plaza de Mayo announcing to the population the recovery of the Falkland Islands.





On April 2nd he found me at home; I had not yet received any summons, any document ordering me to appear (at that time I was working at the "San Bonifacio" Technical Institute, an industrial school in the area, which held my job until I returned from the Islands; I want to emphasize that beyond holding my job, they paid my salary even while I was in the Falklands).

The news arrived as events that change history often do, suddenly. On April 9th, a conscript who lived three blocks from my house in Lomas de Zamora arrived at my parents' house around 9 in the morning. He brought a summons letter (I had been discharged in the first wave in December 1981). It was all brief; my parents were at home with my brother and my grandmother, to whom I explained that I had to return to the Regiment.

I needed to take a few things (underwear, a coat, and other small items), which I packed in an airplane bag. I had a light lunch and got ready to go to the Regiment. I took the La Costera bus, which came from Morón and had two branches: one through Adrogué and the other through Av. Pasco. From there, I arrived in La Plata,



where I took another bus that dropped me off at the Regiment's entrance (19th and 51st Streets; today it's a themed plaza, and the unit was moved to Arana).

Once I arrived, I was greeted by the duty officer, who knew me from my military service training, and he told me, "You're coming with me," and that my combat role would be as a substitute Mortar Chief. The first question in my head was, "What is a mortar?" I had no idea what he had told me, since my time in the Regiment was spent in a finance office (I was in charge of the Regiment's expenses).

I was assigned to a unit where I didn't know any of the guys, so I had to adapt and start to learn what it was all about, since they talked about mortars, cannons, equipment bags, straps and other things that were all unknown to me.

After joining the Regiment, there was a family visit for a couple of hours; my parents, brother, and sister-in-law came. We shared the time they allowed us, and that would be the last time I would see them until my return.

Life in the barracks continued, already in the different destinations, settling into the idea of what that Commando Company and its different sections were.

After a few days where there was uncertainty about how our stay in the Regiment would continue, we saw faces of concern, very few of joy and several of surprise.

The moment arrived when we were informed that in a couple of hours our Regiment would depart for the Falklands, that was on April 13th, we went by bus to El Palomar Air Base, then between military and commercial planes we would arrive in Río Gallegos, too soon in another flight arrive at the Falkland Islands.

The arrival on the islands not only signified the beginning of a military action, but also the start of a stage marked by expectations, uncertainties and a strong patriotic feeling.



The initial recovery was rapid, but it paved the way for a larger-scale conflict that would transform the reality of those of us who participated and of an entire country.

Thus, Operation Rosario remains in the collective memory as the moment when history ceased to be a diplomatic claim and became a concrete fact, full of emotion, hope and, with the passage of time, deep reflection on its consequences.





## CHAPTER 4

### “WE’RE GOING TO THE FALKLANDS”











After April 2, 1982, different units from the country began to converge on the Falkland Islands in a staggered manner; the weather would be a determining factor in being able to arrive.

In some cases the planes were dismantled inside, so the soldiers sat side by side; some of the units from the interior of the country would arrive near the airports by train and then fly to the Falklands.





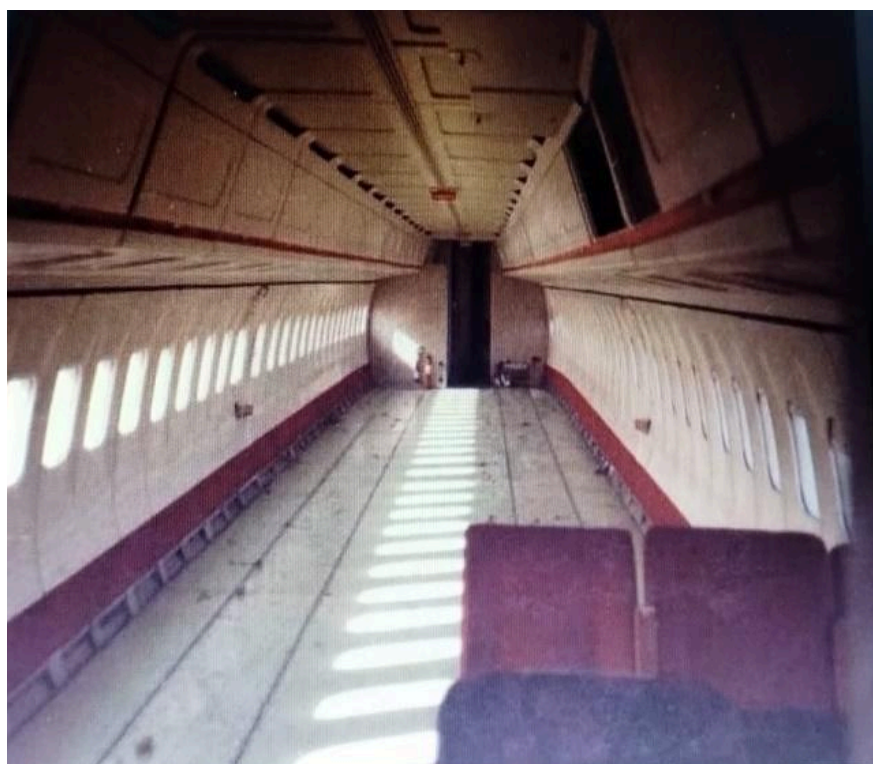




I remember going by bus from La Plata to the El Palomar Air Base, to catch a plane to Comodoro Rivadavia, and from there to the Falklands. They took us on board in sections, and we went on a commercial plane.

The assumptions, speculations and the like were left behind; on April 16, 1982, he arrived in the Falklands.







## **ALREADY IN THE FALKLANDS**

I arrived at the islands at approximately 5:30 PM. We disembarked, and while some groups went to sleep in a stable, we had to sleep there in the open air, without any shelter, covered with a plastic poncho, on the damp grass. Seeing that the weather was terrible, very cold and with a drizzle that accompanied us for much of the night, it felt long. The cold seeped into my body as the hours passed. I slept a little, leaning against my gear bag, waiting for daylight, which finally arrived around 9:30 AM. It was hard to warm up, but it would be the prologue to what I will tell you later.









General Galtieri visits the islands; he is received by the Governor, General Mario Benjamín Menéndez





View of the positions where the 7th Regiment was mostly stationed

At about 9:30 am we began the walk to reach the position inside the island, the journey was approximately 5 or 6 kilometers from Port Stanley to our position of the Command Company of the 7th RIMec Regiment on Wireless Ridge.

As I mentioned before, we had slept outdoors and were freezing. That morning, we had to walk without our packs, as you can see in the photos. Our situation was different; our packs were loaded onto trucks. We only carried light weapons and helmets, which I suspect was because we had slept outdoors all night. As we walked, we warmed up a bit, and after a couple of hours of ups and downs, we arrived. There, our position began to take shape.



















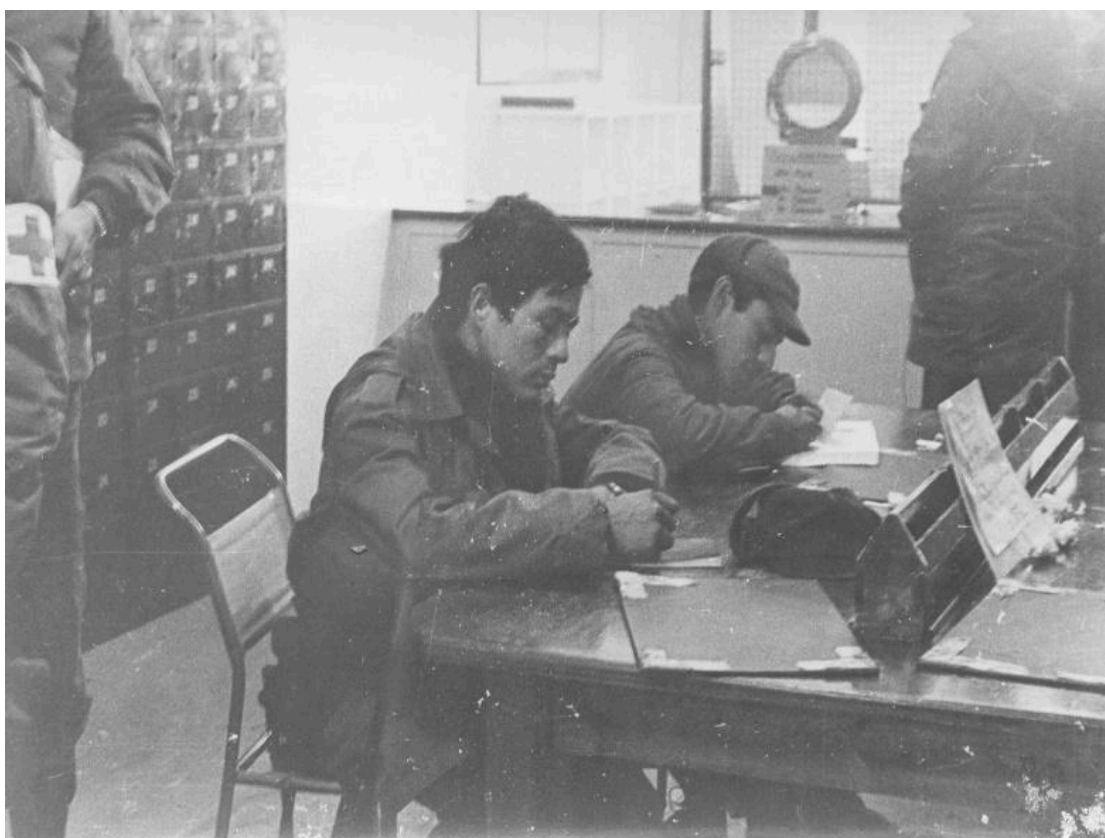












## CHAPTER 5

### May 1st: British Attack and Argentine Defense

On the morning of May 1st we woke up to the sounds of bombs, they could be heard in the distance, we could see the smoke that generated so much noise, standing at one end of our position a lieutenant asked "What is that little smoke?" we just looked at that place and did not answer, then someone said... "it's at the airport."

The objective of the English air force was to destroy the airport runway, as it was the only link we had with the continent for the transport of supplies (various items), food, letters and other things.

It was a vital point; if they achieved their goal, we would be isolated.

The noise was becoming known; there were attacks at different times; the Argentine anti-aircraft guns made themselves heard and respected, repelling the attack of the British air force.

Thus began the real war; we stopped "assuming" and began to experience what was really happening.

We also saw "our own troops" planes fly by (something we found out later) 150 meters above our heads, and if they had the chance, some of them unloaded their magazines as the planes passed by. **They appeared out of nowhere and we had no idea, that's why we opened fire.** Hitting a plane with an FAL rifle is complicated; they teach you to calculate the size of what you're seeing, and then consider how it might seem three or four times in front of you due to the projectile's speed relative to the aircraft's speed. In conclusion... **forget it, impossible except** with higher caliber weaponry.

Due to a lack of knowledge, planes belonging to our own troops were shot down; in short, this day marked the beginning of the same war.





Airport in Port Stanley before May 1st







Image after the British attack of May 1st



Photo taken after the conflict ended, English testimony of how the runway was left.















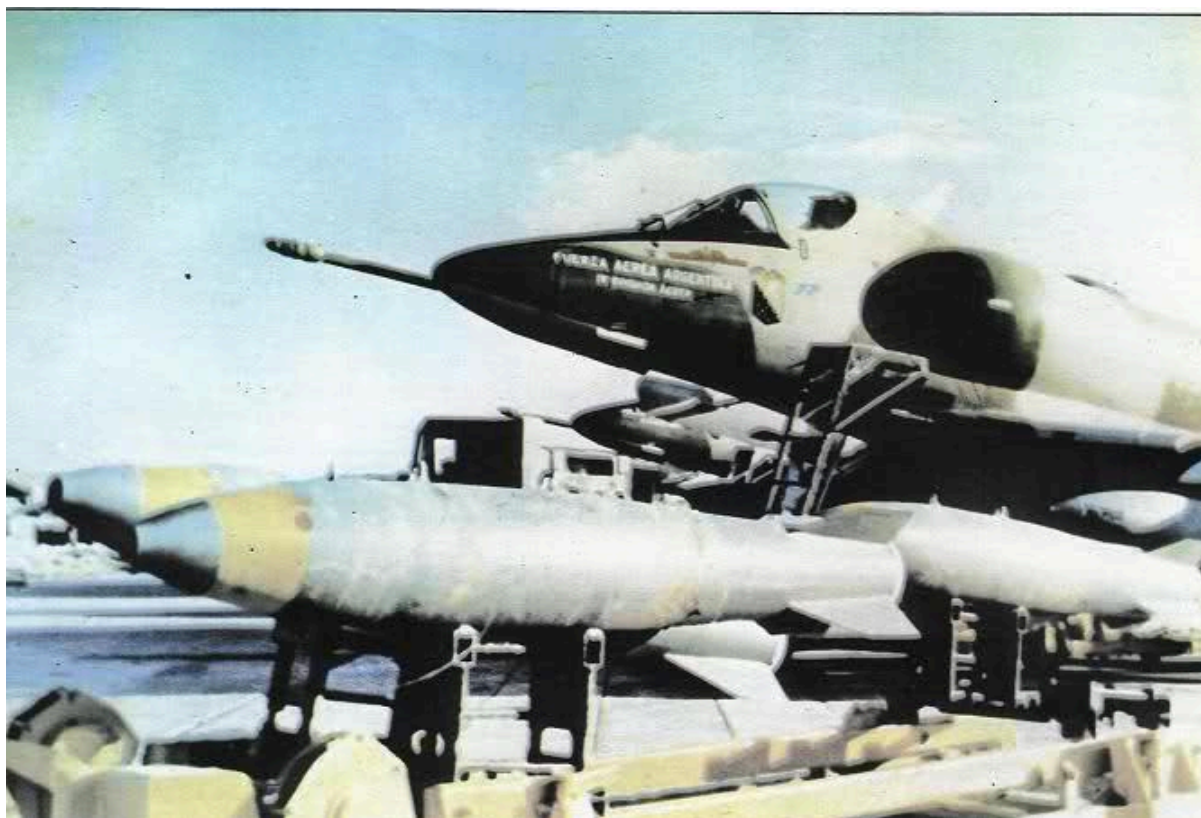




VYCA

ALREDEDORES

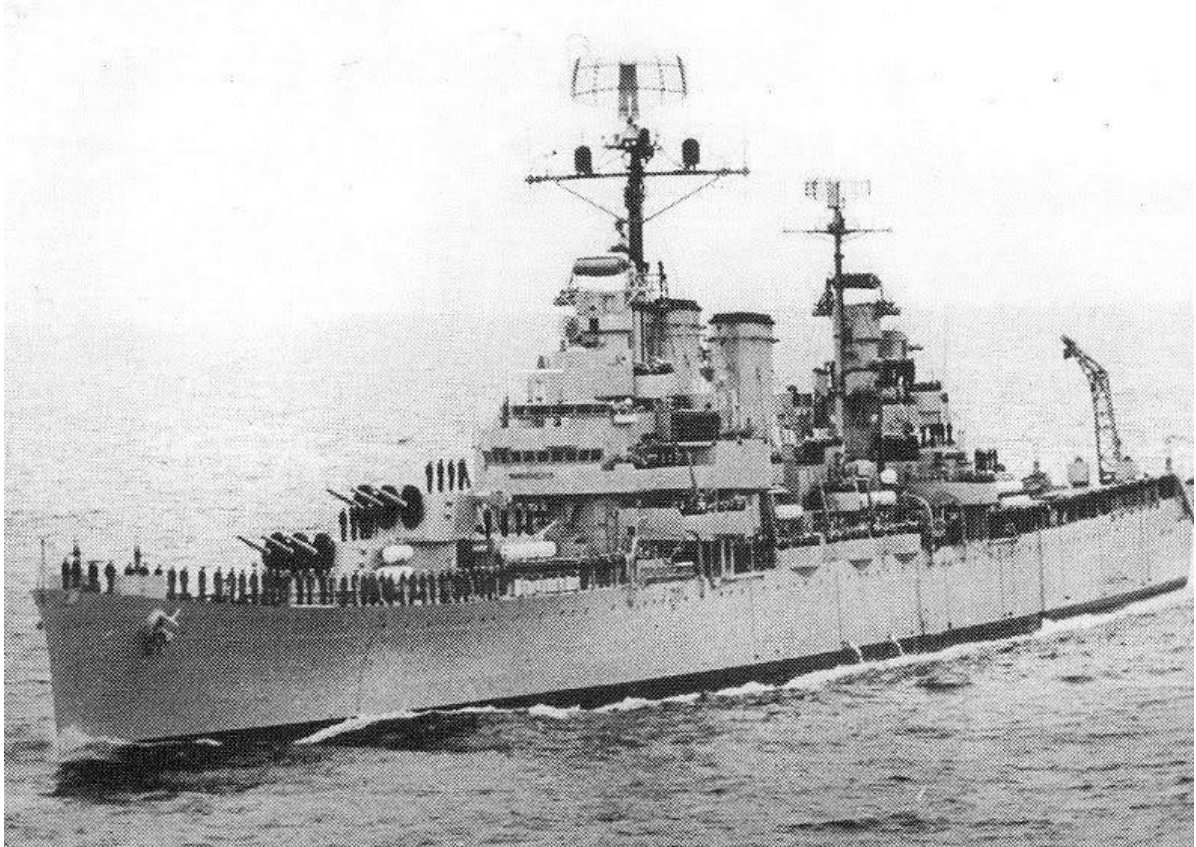
RADAR Y DIRECTOR DE TIRO DE UN SISTEMA ANTIAÉREO SKYGUARD, CERCA DEL AEROPUERTO





## CHAPTER 6

### SINKING OF THE ARA GENERAL BELGRANO



On April 16, the General Belgrano cruiser departed from the Puerto Belgrano base for the Malvinas and South Atlantic Islands theater of operations, with 1093 crew members.

On April 19, the cruiser was on patrol northeast of Staten Island.

On April 23, it remained in the port of Ushuaia for a day for refueling and ammunition resupply.

On April 28th, in the war zone, two destroyers and an oiler were added to the cruiser's task group.



On May 1st, it sailed eastward on approach to the enemy naval base.

On May 2nd, due to a change of mission, the maneuvering course was reversed further east while awaiting action. At 16 hours, it was attacked with 2 torpedoes by the British submarine HMS Conqueror. At 17 hours, the ARA General Belgrano sank to a depth of 3000 meters, and search operations began.

On May 3rd at 1 PM, a naval aircraft spotted the rafts. An hour later, navy ships began the rescue, and the survivors arrived in Ushuaia.

May 9th marks the end of the naval and air-naval search operations.

### **323 CREW MEMBERS OFFERED THEIR LIVES FOR THE HOMELAND.**

*Source: Chronological summary of the cruise. Argentine Navy*

We kept realizing that the war had started, and after some news arrived from the airport, our day continued with even more tension.

On May 2nd at about 4:30 pm, what is considered a War Crime was committed, the sinking of the ARA General Belgrano, now known as the Crube (outside the exclusion zone, the 200 nautical miles).

The survivors spent dramatic hours at sea, with waves around 6 meters high, adrift in rafts that had a set capacity and, due to technical issues, could not exceed a certain weight; many were rescued suffering from hypothermia.

Perhaps with time one understands that the ARA General Belgrano incident was a result of not being able to destroy the airport runway.

It was another one **REALITY SLAP.**





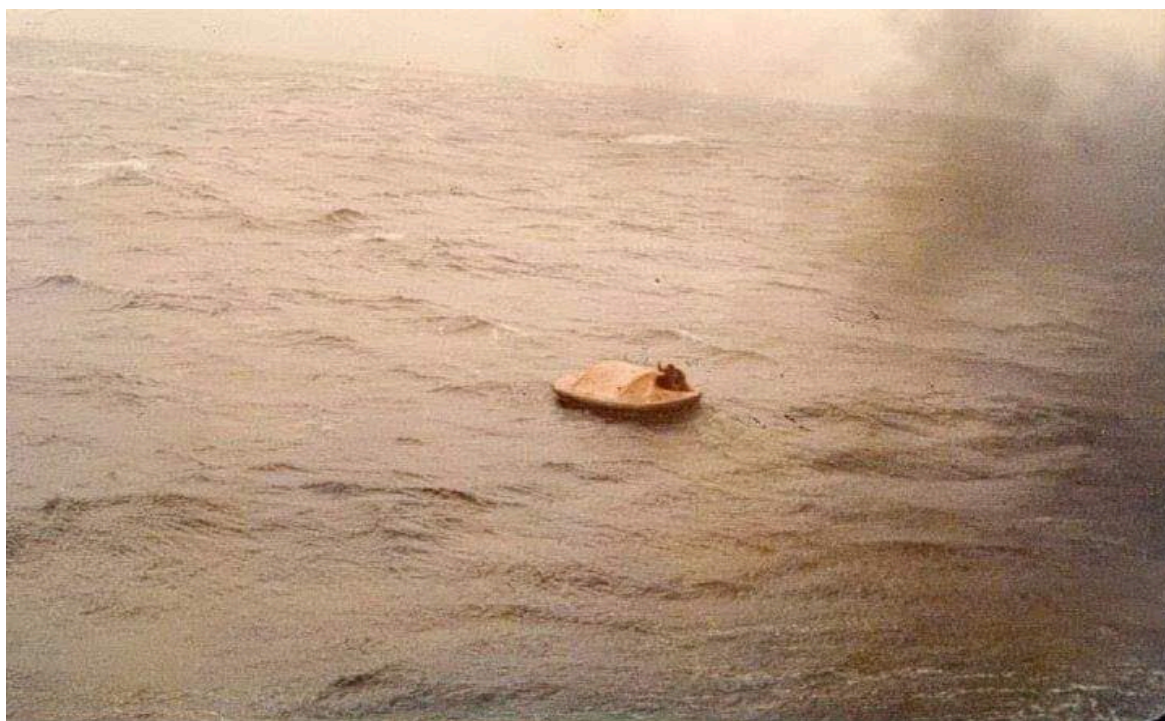














**RESCATARON A 123 TRIPULANTES DE LOS 1.042 QUE COMPONIAN LA DOTACION; CONTINUAN INTENSAMENTE LAS TAREAS DE SALVAMENTO**

**ALEVOSIA: TAMBIEN ATACARON AL AVISO "SOBRAL", QUE, DESARMADO, IBA EN MISION DE RESCATE A NAUFRAGOS**

[illegible]

840 CUENTA PER. WED ANTE  
LOS COMERCIO DE NUMERO  
15, 17 Y 19, DE LA COMPA-  
ÑIA DEL PUERTO DE LA  
COMUNAL BOLCANO Y DEL  
PARQUE DE LOS SORPRESIVOS

[diarioshistoricos.blogspot.com](http://diarioshistoricos.blogspot.com)



El número 1161 "Quercus Belgicae", consiste de un árbol vivo por parte de un espécimen para muestra de madera reciente obtenida.

[illegible]

## LA ONU PREPARA: SU INTERVENCIÓN

**crònica** 

## SE "EVAPORA" EL APOYO A LONDRES



## CHAPTER 7

### June 11-12 Battle of Mount Longdon

### THE FINAL BATTLE



On the evening of June 11th, I was on guard duty. I saw an exchange of ammunition on Mount Longdon and alerted a sergeant who was near me (also on guard duty). Our dialogue went something like this: "Hey Gordo, look over there on Longdon, it's not normal, we've never seen anything like that." He replied, "Relax," I'm sure two advanced groups crossed paths again.

I kept watching for a while and insisted again, I told him why he didn't call the front line to see if everything was okay, which he did, and suddenly he said to me "soldiers wake everyone up, there's chaos."

I went tent by tent giving a red alert, in less than 15 minutes we had our bosses giving firing orders to support the front line there on Mount Longdon.

Each mortar had 5 crew members and there were 5 mortars deployed. We fired a good portion of the ammunition, correcting our aim, as we began to experience the sinking of the base plates (we had to adjust the firing angle shot by shot).





We spent several hours like this; the hammering needles of the mortars were frozen (the solution was to urinate on them to melt the ice covering them with the heat of the urine).

Morning arrived and we tried to improve the motherboard situation, but it was impossible, meanwhile the battle on Mount Longdon continued sporadically (since not everything was destroyed in a short time). **We were still arranging ammunition when the naval shelling of our position began (June 12). They were firing heavily at us. At one point, we heard the thunderous sound instead of the whistling that indicated how close it was, so we went out to look for cover. But it landed close by, and in the middle of running for cover, the shockwave lifted me into the air and threw me headfirst into a hole. Three more comrades fell behind me, leaving me holding the weight with the FAL rifle, since otherwise I would have been strangled by the helmet strap.**

About five minutes passed in that situation, and we managed to regroup. We returned to the mortar and fired what we could. Later that same day, just a couple of hours later, a projectile landed five meters from where our mortar was positioned, and we all watched it plunge into the mud. We were stunned, unable to understand what was happening.

Well, things kept going from bad to worse. That same day, our Company Commander and his assistant were wounded, adding to the chaos, and to top it all off, our position had already been detected by the British. We held out through the nights of the 12th and 13th, this time under the command of a Captain. The die was cast; we couldn't hold out with our mortars, and according to reports, Longdon had already been taken. I saw our first line retreating, their faces showing exhaustion and terror, just like our own. So, the decision was made to withdraw as well. There was nothing more we could do without the means to halt the enemy advance.















Monte Longdon (AFP)



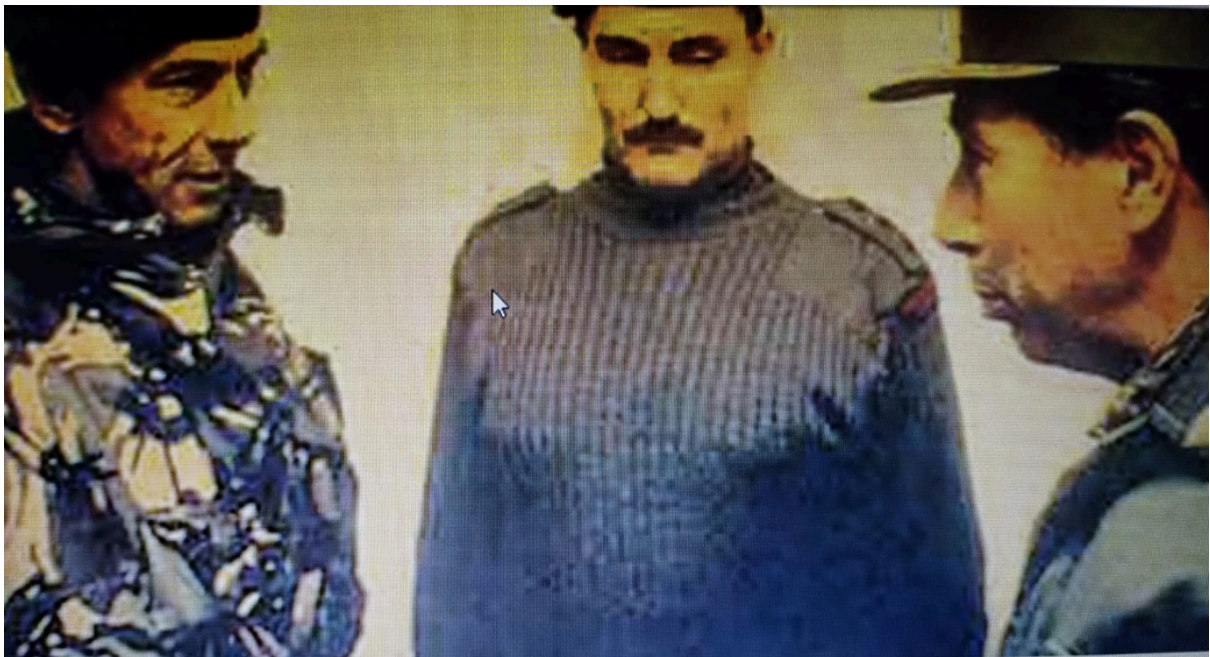


## CHAPTER 8

### June 14th: End of the War

On the morning of June 14, General Mario Benjamín Menéndez, like Oscar Jofre (Commander of the Defense of Port Stanley), concluded that the Argentine forces had no further options and that continuing the resistance would only result in more casualties. The governor of the islands contacted the Military Junta to warn of the imminent fall of the Argentine garrison, while also describing the devastating situation of the Argentine forces and suggesting that Argentina comply with Resolution 502. Leopoldo Fortunato Galtieri completely rejected the idea of surrender and ordered a counterattack with the 3rd and 25th Infantry Regiments.

On the afternoon of June 14, 1982, the Joint Commander of the Falklands, Brigadier General Mario Benjamín Menéndez, agreed to the surrender with the Commander of the British Land Forces, Major General Jeremy Moore; and they signed the surrender document on June 14 at 23:59 hours. (*Wikipedia*)







Once the cease and desist agreement was signed, we went to the town. There, along the waterfront, we saw several containers already open, and inside them was FOOD, yes, the food that wasn't reaching us. We ate cheese, opened cans of quince and sweet potato jam, and ate with our hands, DESPERATELY.

That's what war brings too, doing things that weren't right, but how to explain the hunger we had, and those on the front lines had it much worse than us.

On June 14th, the surrender was signed. As we were arriving at the governor's office, we had orders to disable all our weapons (as if that would do the British any good). We were taken prisoner and spent the night in a shed. Although uncertainty remained about what would happen next, at least we knew that the war itself seemed to be over.



On June 16th we boarded the Canberra, but I'll tell you about that when I arrive in Puerto Madryn.

Wars serve no purpose; you see so much human misery, lives are lost, and when you arrive you feel disoriented from reality. Nobody knows how to treat you, and generally people think we're "crazy," and even today we still struggle to keep the Falklands/Malvinization movement alive.









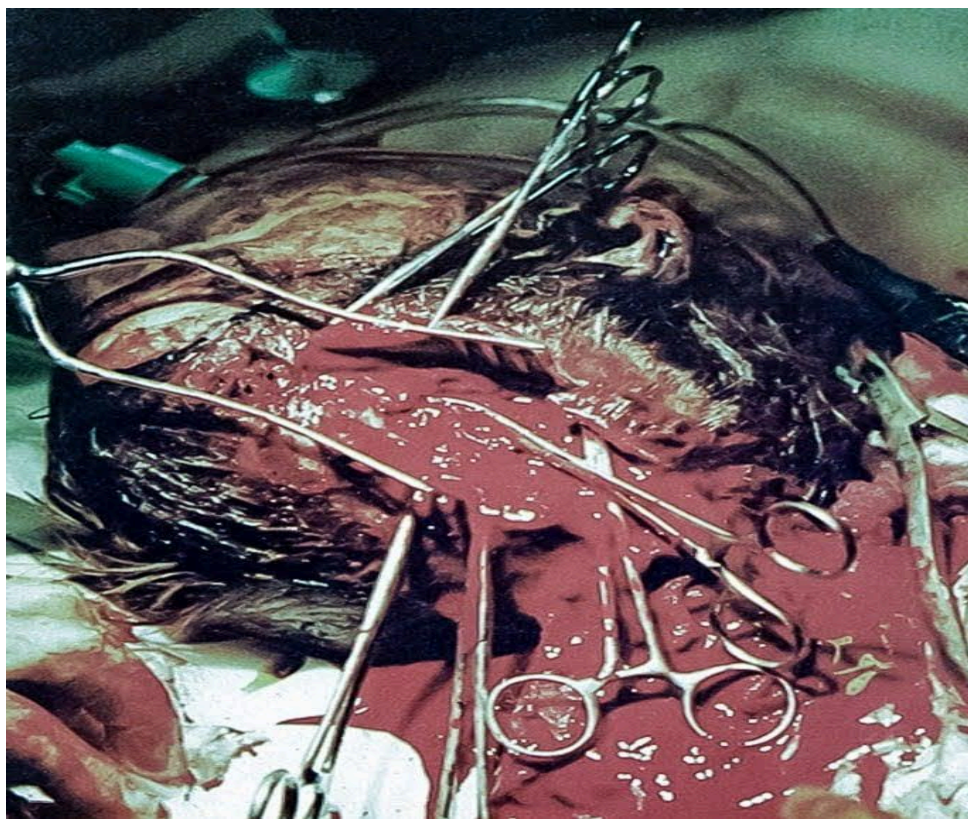


## CHAPTER 9

### HEALTHCARE IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS





















Women, primarily nurses and surgical technicians, played a vital and often unspoken role in the Falklands War (1982), providing critical medical care and emotional support to wounded soldiers. Although they did not fight directly on the islands, they worked at the Comodoro Rivadavia Re-deployable Hospital and on ships, experiencing the horrors of war firsthand and staffing intensive care and burn units.

Healthcare during the Falklands War was characterized by the heroic efforts of medical personnel, overcoming a lack of adequate equipment and complex logistics. The operation of the Joint Military Hospital in Port Stanley, the first-aid stations on the front lines, and the work of the [unspecified personnel] were particularly noteworthy. Relocatable Military Hospital in Comodoro Rivadavia. *Fountain: Argentina.gob.ar*



Key points to highlight regarding healthcare in the Falkland Islands:

- Joint Military Hospital (Port Stanley): It was the main center, equipped with 150 beds and operating rooms to stabilize the injured before their evacuation.
- Relocatable Military Hospital (Comodoro Rivadavia): Key to the reception and treatment of injured evacuees from the mainland, operating since April 12.
- Women in Healthcare: Female surgical nurses and healthcare personnel played a vital role, especially at the Comodoro Rivadavia hospital, providing emotional support in addition to medical care.
- Challenges and limitations: There was a shortage of medical supplies, ambulances, and difficulties in air evacuation following the loss of air superiority.
- Common pathologies: In addition to combat wounds, numerous cases of "trench foot", burns and problems resulting from extreme weather were treated.
- Staff action: Frontline doctors, nurses, and stretcher bearers risked their lives to provide immediate assistance under fire.
- Evacuation: Complex operations were carried out to evacuate the wounded from the islands to the mainland.

*Fountain: Argentina.gob.ar*

These aspects reflect the intense work of the health service, which operated with dedication and professionalism under extreme conditions.

*Source: La Nueva Provincia*







# **THIRD**

# **"GO BACK"**



## **CHAPTER 10**

### **RETURN TO THE CONTINENT**

On June 14th we were taken prisoner of war, that night we slept in a shed, although there was still uncertainty about what would happen, at least we knew that the war itself seemed to have ended.

On June 16th we boarded a boat and after a while of sailing we saw the silhouette of a very large ship, they began to illuminate it and we saw that it was none other than the famous Canberra (for us it was sunk, so it was rumored) they took us up to it by a staircase in the middle of the ocean among very restless waves.

The Canberra was a luxury ocean liner, where I was put in a cabin with three other comrades (carpeted floor with pile about 3 cm high, background music, and a private bathroom). We couldn't believe where we were; we showered about three times each, had breakfast, lunch, and dinner, plus a cigarette each time we were in the dining room (other soldiers traveled in the hold and even in a large lounge on the ocean liner).

The guards behaved very well, showing us the utmost respect.

Meanwhile, while sailing, the doubt remained as to where we would arrive, since we heard that Galtieri did not want to receive his Combatants; we received many versions and on the second day we learned that we would arrive in Puerto Madryn, Chubut Province.

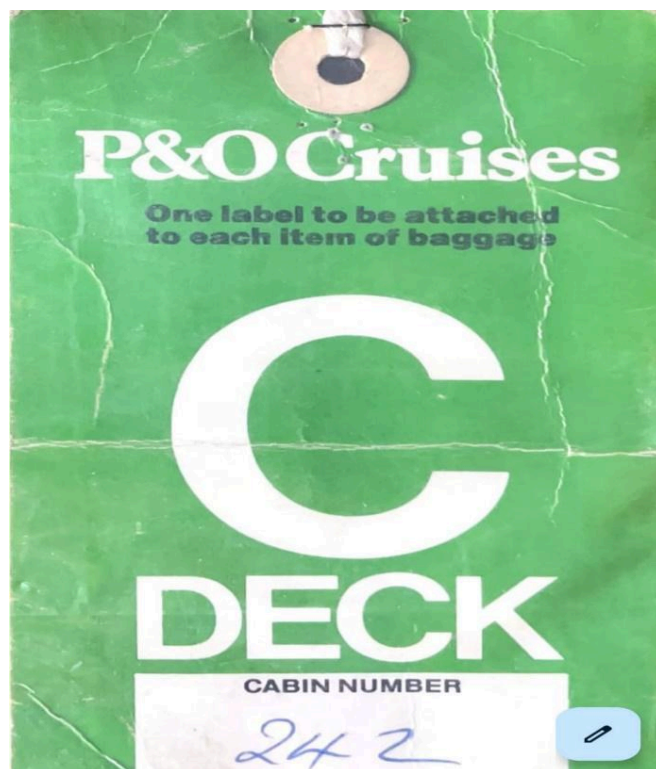






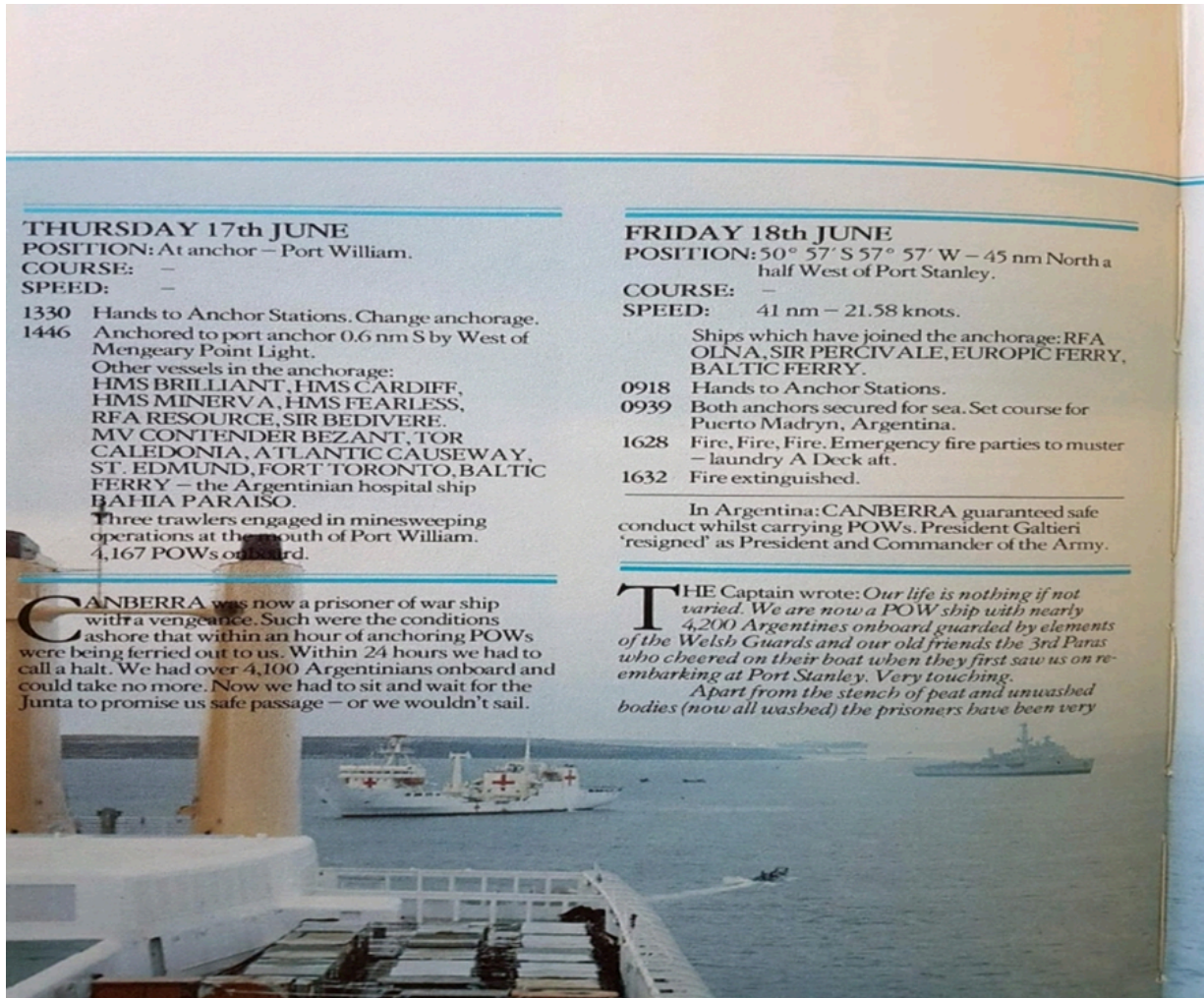








These images show pages from Canberra's travel log (in its original language) of the journey from Port Stanley (Falkland Islands) to Puerto Madryn (Chubut).



#### THURSDAY 17th JUNE

POSITION: At anchor – Port William.

COURSE: –

SPEED: –

1330 Hands to Anchor Stations. Change anchorage.

1446 Anchored to port anchor 0.6 nm S by West of Mengear Point Light.

Other vessels in the anchorage:

HMS BRILLIANT, HMS CARDIFF,

HMS MINERVA, HMS FEARLESS,

RFA RESOURCE, SIR BEDIVERE,

MV CONTENDER BEZANT, TOR

CALEDONIA, ATLANTIC CAUSEWAY,

ST. EDMUND, FORT TORONTO, BALTIC

FERRY – the Argentinian hospital ship

BAHIA PARAISO.

Three trawlers engaged in minesweeping

operations at the mouth of Port William.

4,167 POWs onboard.

CANBERRA was now a prisoner of war ship with a vengeance. Such were the conditions ashore that within an hour of anchoring POWs were being ferried out to us. Within 24 hours we had to call a halt. We had over 4,100 Argentinians onboard and could take no more. Now we had to sit and wait for the Junta to promise us safe passage – or we wouldn't sail.

#### FRIDAY 18th JUNE

POSITION: 50° 57' S 57° 57' W – 45 nm North a half West of Port Stanley.

COURSE: –

SPEED: 41 nm – 21.58 knots.

Ships which have joined the anchorage: RFA OLN, SIR PERCIVALE, EUROPIA FERRY, BALTIC FERRY.

0918 Hands to Anchor Stations.

0939 Both anchors secured for sea. Set course for

Puerto Madryn, Argentina.

1628 Fire, Fire, Fire. Emergency fire parties to muster

– laundry A Deck aft.

1632 Fire extinguished.

In Argentina: CANBERRA guaranteed safe conduct whilst carrying POWs. President Galtieri 'resigned' as President and Commander of the Army.

THE Captain wrote: *Our life is nothing if not varied. We are now a POW ship with nearly 4,200 Argentines onboard guarded by elements of the Welsh Guards and our old friends the 3rd Paras who cheered on their boat when they first saw us on re-embarking at Port Stanley. Very touching. Apart from the stench of peat and unwashed bodies (now all washed) the prisoners have been very*





In good English, with only a trace of an American accent, D2 politely declined saying English was perfectly acceptable.

Lt Cdr O'Shaughnessy spoke to D2 and enquired after some of her officers. Only a few months before, SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD had been at Portsmouth and he had been her liaison officer.

D2 closed to within half a mile and steamed on a parallel course. All eyes were on her and our Intelligence Officer, Lt Carl Graham, made notes. 'No Seadart missile on her launcher. No Exocet fitted. Dirty scuffs along her side – looks like she's been fuelling alongside.'

About ten miles ahead and just off to starboard was another warship. Her silhouette was obscured against the land and it took some time to identify her as the COMMODORE PY. We never got a good look at her as she led us into the mouth of the bay, always staying miles ahead.

At our masthead flew the Argentine flag. It is normal merchant ship practice to fly a courtesy ensign on entering foreign waters; and we saw no reason to depart from this centuries old custom.



*Our escort – D2.*



*Always courteous – flying the Argentine flag on entering Puerto Madryn.*





## SATURDAY 19th JUNE

POSITION: 42° 46' S 64° 38' W – 603 nm NW a  
half North of Port Stanley.

COURSE: 333°.

SPEED: 23.71 knots – 569 nm.

- 1006 CANBERRA enters Argentinian territorial waters. Smoke seen on the horizon – CANBERRA called on channel 16 by Destroyer D2 – the British built type 42 Destroyer SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD.
- 054 Enter Golfo Nuevo – sight Argentinian destroyer COMMODORO PY (ex US Gearing (Fram II) class).
- 316 Let go starboard anchor.
- 322 Two lines ashore forr'ard – ship port side to – modern bulk ore jetty at Puerto Madryn.
- 412 All fast forr'ard and aft. Six and two gangways shore.
- 443 Commence disembarkation of Argentinian POWs.
- 730 Disembarkation completed. Hands to Harbour Stations.
- 740 Let go forr'ard and aft; slip, weigh and proceed.
- 814 Anchor aweigh. Proceed for Port Stanley – initially escorted by D2.
- 048 CANBERRA leaves Argentinian territorial waters. D2 turns away.

**I**T was a lovely day, crisp and sunny, with blue skies and white fluffy clouds thousands of feet above us.

As we approached the Argentine coast smoke was sighted far off to port; a thin column of dirty smoke drifting lazily upwards. Shortly afterwards the radio on the bridge cracked into life; on channel 16 – the call-up channel – 'CAN – BAIRA, CAN – BAIRA, this is Argentine destroyer D2, D2 – Over.' The call was repeated a couple of times while both Captains conferred; then the Communications Yeoman was told to reply.

'D2, D2 – this is CANBERRA, CANBERRA – Over.'  
'CAN – BAIRA this is D2 – You are now in Argentine waters and I have come to escort you and help and advise, over.'

Everyone scanned the horizon for signs of D2. At first nothing could be seen except the pillar of smoke, still a long way away. Then the upperworks of a warship could be seen and minutes later they were tentatively identified as SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD, a type 42 destroyer built in Britain.

CANBERRA called D2.

'D2, D2 – this is CANBERRA, my course is 333° and my speed 12 knots. I will advise you of any changes in course and speed. Over.' 'This is D2, Roger, Out.'

So it went on. Short messages and short precise acknowledgements. 'Ask him if he would prefer to speak Spanish' said the Captain. Lt Cdr O'Shaughnessy, RN – was on the bridge. He had joined us at Port William as a Spanish interpreter.

– The Argentinian type 42 destroyer SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD.





little trouble. The great majority are only too delighted to be warm, dry, well fed and on their way home. Our ETA Puerto Madryn is around 1300 tomorrow. What will be interesting is the reception we will receive. It is a very odd situation as under the Geneva Convention one belligerent's ship should not enter the other's waters.

We have clearance and the guarantee of safe passage with representatives of the International Red Cross onboard in the form of a friendly little Swiss called Hugo. CANBERRA certainly goes in for 'firsts' these days.

The stories told by the POWs are quite incredible. Most of the conscripts are peasants and some did not even know they were in the Falkland Islands; they thought they were fighting a border war with Chile. All had been told that if they were caught they would be shot by the British. Even Officers believed the propaganda that they had been attacked by 15,000 British troops, of which 6,000 had been killed before Port Stanley. They would not believe that INVINCIBLE had not been sunk.

Most of the Port Stanley garrison were well fed and clothed and well armed. It must illustrate the value of well trained volunteer armed forces. No other country in the world could have mounted this operation and succeeded, in the time-scale.

CANBERRA was now a 'cartel ship'. International Law states that a cartel ship is a vessel engaged in the exchange of prisoners of war or in carrying official communications to the enemy. Such a ship is considered inviolable, but must not engage in any hostilities nor carry any implements of war except a signal gun.

181016Z JUN 82. FM CTF 317 TO TF 317 CBFSU  
ASCENSION.  
UNCLASSIC 19F  
Personal from CinC

I have had the honour to receive the following message from Her Majesty The Queen and pass it to you all with great pleasure. Quote I send my warmest congratulations to you and to all under your command for the splendid way in which you have achieved the liberation of the Falkland Islands. Britain is very proud of the way you have served your country. Signed Elizabeth R. Unquote.

Port Williams - BAHIA PARAISO in the foreground.



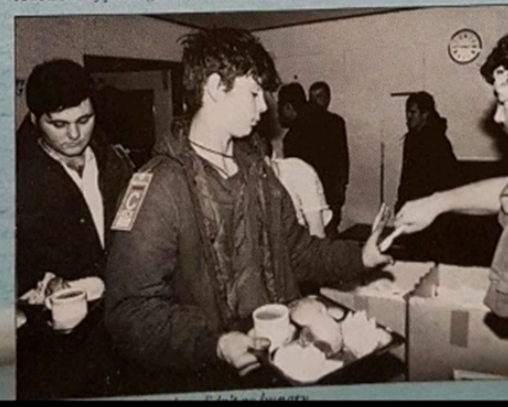
ATLANTIC CAUSEWAY in Port Williams.



The Argentine hospital ship BAHIA PARAISO.



A new sort of passenger in the Meridian Room.





As we got near to shore and could see clearly the town of Puerto Madryn a fast launch approached bringing the pilot onboard. A reasonable English speaker, he advised the Captain on his approach to the long modern jetty – only making one slip when he ordered the port anchor to be let go. 'I think you mean the starboard one' Captain Scott-Masson gently reminded him. The jetty was close under our port bow and they would not have welcomed an anchor dropped on it.

Puerto Madryn is largely English speaking – and Welsh! In the late 19th Century while Scots settled in the Falklands, many Welshmen made their home in Argentina. They came as sheep farmers and formed their own community down there on the dusty plains. They are full Argentine citizens, but retain their own language and customs, and are only partially integrated into the Spanish-speaking way of life.

The jetty jutted three quarters of a mile out into the deeper waters of the bay. Built to handle bauxite for the modern aluminium smelter ashore, it was spotlessly clean and didn't look as though it had ever been used.

As CANBERRA gently came alongside smartly dressed Argentine sailors ran to and fro to secure her lines. There were about 200 in the reception committee – many senior Argentine Army, Naval and Air Force officers who were busy saluting one another. A few nurses stood waiting and there was a long line of buses and trucks stretching back along the jetty towards the shore.

There were no families and, so far as we could see, no Press. It was all very clinical, subdued and rather impersonal.



Captain Scott-Masson surveys the scene as Robert Fox (BBC) reports.

Once alongside and a gangway was rigged, a General came onboard to negotiate the transfer of the POWs. Mr Berchold of the International Red Cross, who had sailed with us from the Falklands, acted as negotiator and referee. A cluster of officers and Red Cross officials gathered at the foot of the gangway.

Then, with no fanfare or fuss, the first of the prisoners, the walking wounded, went ashore. There was a burst of applause from those on the jetty and the General embraced the first few to disembark. Then the prisoners ambled off towards the trucks to be driven away.

At first the General stood at the foot of the gangway and shook the hand of every man. However after the first 100 or so he drifted away.

Now there was no welcome at all and 4,000 men filed quietly ashore. In three hours they were all off and we were ready to leave.

There were a few moving moments. Among the first to go ashore was one of the wounded Argentinians who had come onboard CANBERRA in San Carlos Water on 21st May. One of the 'three little pigs' (as they were known), he was carried carefully ashore on a stretcher. He looked back at CANBERRA and grinned. His bandaged hand waved – and the crew of CANBERRA, his friends and nurses waved back.

Many of the prisoners thanked us as they left. One took First Officer Upton by the arm and said 'Thank you for treating us so well. I am lucky. I will be home with my family in a few days; but I know that it may be a long time before you can go home. Goodbye, and thank you'.

Later, when all the cabins were being checked and cleaned, notices were found stuck up on the bulkheads – and they all said the same... 'thank you'.

By 1730 it was over. The Argentines signed for the transfer of their men. Brigadier General Gariay signed for them and our POW Commandant – Lt Col Andy Keeling, RM signed for our side. The Red Cross signed certifying that everything had been done in accordance with international law.

We slipped and sailed. SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD took up station and escorted us to the 12 mile limit; any further and she was liable to be attacked by our submarines. At 2048 she turned away and we were alone, on our way back to the Falklands to pick up more prisoners.



The Canberra docked at the Aluar company port on June 19th. We got off there, and in my case, they put us on an army truck and took us to the Trelew airport (before that, we had received the affection of the people of Madryn, something we did not expect; that date is known in history as The Day Madryn Ran Out of Bread, which I will tell you about later).











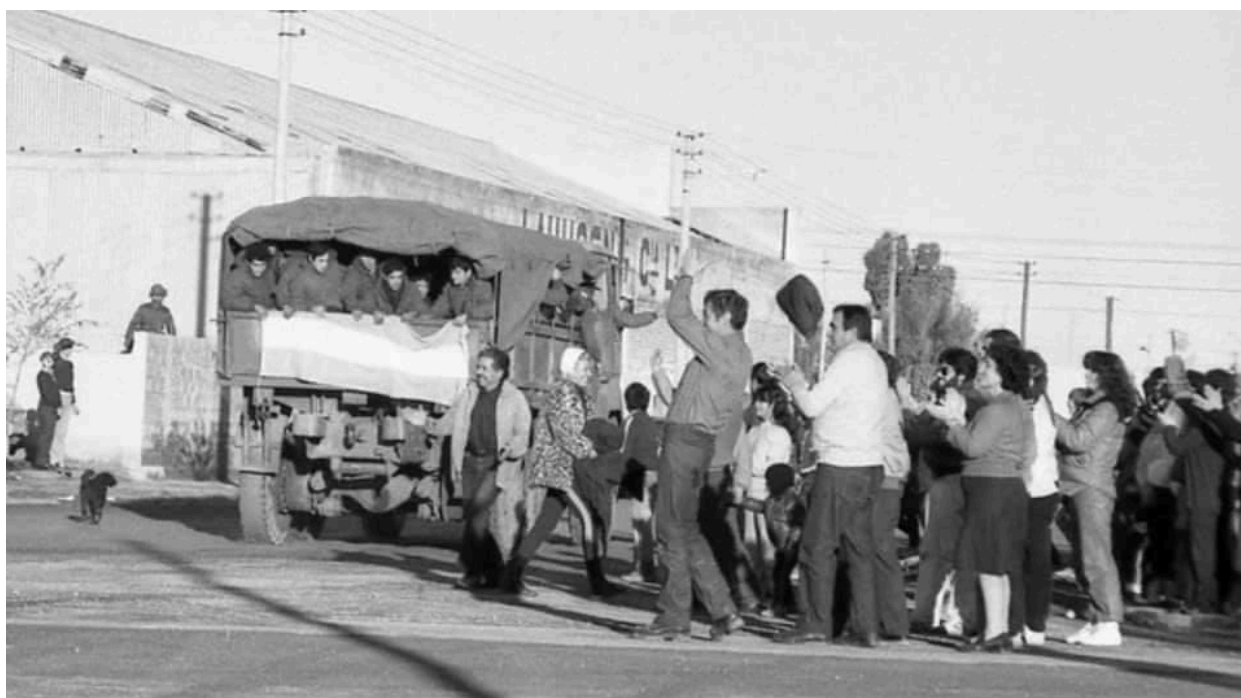












El recibimiento de los vecinos de la ciudad fue una auténtica sorpresa para los veteranos. 37 años después se emocionan al imaginar un nuevo homenaje de la comunidad local







On June 19, 1982, Puerto Madryn experienced a milestone of solidarity when, after the return of more than 4,000 Argentine soldiers on the Canberra ship after the Falklands War, the population came out to welcome them with food, exhausting the city's reserves of bread and food to feed the combatants.

Despite the imposed military cordon, residents took to the streets, offering bread, pastries, cookies, and warm clothing to the soldiers, breaking the silence and disinformation of the dictatorship. So much food was spontaneously donated that the city's bakeries ran out of flour and bread, a symbolic act of the warmth received.

In 2016, the City Council established June 19 as "The Day Madryn Ran Out of Bread: For the Solidarity and Gratitude of the Neighbors."

This event is remembered as the city's greatest gesture of love and brotherhood towards War Veterans.



Then we flew from Trelew to Aeroparque (we arrived at night and they made us run to some trucks that would take us to Campo de Mayo, there they wanted us to stay for a week to improve our image (feed and dress well), we only lasted one night, we bothered the 2nd Chief of our Regiment so much, who came as the highest rank in the Canberra, Major Carrizo Salvadores (the corn) who made the arrangements and the next day something like 15 buses arrived from La Plata to pick us up.

We left Campo de Mayo heading towards La Plata, and the General Belgrano road near Florencio Varela began to fill with people welcoming us.

It took us a long time and when we arrived in La Plata the line of buses couldn't move forward, until we finally arrived. We were at the Regiment (there I saw my parents and a neighbor who was doing his military service at the Regiment) I think, for less than 2 hours and we left, not caring about anything (they asked us not to talk about the subject because otherwise they wouldn't give us the ID), I returned the clothes they gave me in Campo de Mayo and in a week they returned our ID.

For a long time we were silent, people didn't know how to treat us and it took a lot to achieve everything that was achieved, thanks to our own initiative.

In short, this is the story that left 632 dead, many wounded and a destroyed youth, but with the Honor of having fulfilled our Oath to the Flag and the Homeland.







Here we show how the different units returned to the mainland:

### **BUQUE NORLAND**



- On June 12, the ship “Norland” landed 933 men in Montevideo – Uruguay.
- On June 21, the “Norland” again reached 1992 men in Puerto Madryn.



## ADMIRAL SHIP IRIZAR



- On June 22nd, the Icebreaker “Almirante Irizar” transported 1700 soldiers from Puerto Argentino to Ushuaia, Tierra del Fuego.
- On June 22, 415 Marines and 62 Air Force soldiers in Ushuaia.
- On June 27, 956 men from the Argentine Army landed in Puerto Madryn.



## **BUQUE BAHIA PARAISO**



-On June 14, the day of the ceasefire, the “Bahía Paraíso” was in Punta Quilla and from there it moved to Puerto Argentino to fulfill the mission of recovering personnel and producing recruits for combat, in addition 2100 men of the Argentine Army embarked to be withdrawn to the mainland.





## SAINT EDMUND SHIP



-On July 14, Saint Edmund returned 636 hostages from the three branches of the armed forces to Puerto Madryn. These men, who had been held in military prisons on the islands, were received with military honors by the Commander of the Marine Corps, Rear Admiral Carlos Busser.



# **QUARTER “THE LEGACY”**







## CHAPTER 11

### IMAGES OF WAR





































Querido Soldado:

te escribo para agradecerle la buen labor que estás desempeñando en el sur. Desde acá todos los argentinos nos sentimos orgullosos de Vos y todos tus compañeros,

Me llamo Silvia Castagnola tengo 16 años, soy de Lomas de Zamora, Buenos Aires. Te pongo 16 años pero realmente tengo 15, aunque en pocos meses cumplo los 16, el 11 de agosto.

Yo ya leí varias cartas que recibieron algunas de mis compañeras y me gustaría mucho tener esa dicha de que un soldado Argentino me responda esta carta.

Sé que tu tiempo es para tus familiares, la patria y tus amigos pero yo te pediré que un minuto de tu tiempo lo ocupes respondiendo esta carta que te envía una hermana Argentina que se enorgullece con Vos.

Desde el 2 de abril ustedes fueron sembrando la historia de la Patria.

No sé como vos, como te llamas, de donde sos

This is one of the many letters sent to the unknown soldier (methods that were used to accompany soldiers in their moments of distraction; from these letters have come friendships, courtships and even marriages).







The images that accompany these pages are a testament to a part of our history that should never be forgotten.

Each photograph reflects moments lived during and after the Falklands War, the courage, the sacrifice, the uncertainty, the camaraderie and the deep marks that the war left on those of us who lived through it.

The war was pain, absences and wounds difficult to erase, but it also left a legacy of memory, identity, respect and recognition towards our Fallen and War Veterans.

May these photographs help keep the memory alive, so that new generations may know what happened, understand its consequences, and never allow oblivion to take the place of history.



## CHAPTER 12

### POST-WAR - FINAL MESSAGE







**TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN**

The International Committee of the Red Cross attests that, according to its records:

|                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Name and first name    | TELLINI Gustavo Alejandro                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Date of birth          | 02.11.1961                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Nationality            | Argentina                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Rank                   | "Soldado"                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Service number         | 14.721.558                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Repatriation           | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>Prisoner of war in British hands visited by ICRC delegates and repatriated under ICRC auspices on the British ship "Canberra" on 16.06.1982 and arrived at Puerto Madryn on 19.06.1982</li></ul> |
| Sources of information | <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>ICRC records</li></ul>                                                                                                                                                                           |



Geneva, 30.06.2021

Prisoner of War Certificate issued by the International Red Cross







Photo taken next to the 120mm Mortar (heavy mortar) at the Colonel Conde Mechanized Infantry Regiment "RIMec7".







At the headquarters of the War Veterans Liaison Commission of Lomas de Zamora





That image reflects the moment of entry into the 7th Regiment, where two bell rings announce that a Veteran is entering the unit.











Everything preceding these words has been worked on with dedication, care, commitment, and with an eye to the future.

As a song by León Gieco (Argentine musician and singer) says, “EVERYTHING IS STORED IN MEMORY,” and as such, having created this book is to bear witness to countless images and sensations experienced.

It is up to you to continue raising the flag of the Falklands; you will be responsible for continuing the claims for our sovereignty.

Those of us who participated in this feat will one day no longer be here; we will have left this world. That is why this Infinite Legacy will accompany you forever.

The idea is that the more it is publicized, the more people will know OUR HISTORY, know how to DEFEND what is ours through diplomatic channels, and demand that it be done because...

**MALVINAS NEVER FORGET!!!!**



**Sources used:**

- <https://www.argentina.gob.ar/ejercito/malvinas/operacionrosari>
- Wikipedia
- Chronological summary of the cruise. Argentine Navy
- Argentina.gob.ar +2
- The New Province
- Malvinas Foundation Ushuaia Tierra del Fuego
- Puerto Madryn War Veterans Center, Chubut Province
- Mario Acosta - Photos
- Gastón Ballesteros











Those who accompany Gustavo in **"The Infinite Legacy"**.

## URIEL QUIROZ CONTRERAS

Following a talk given by Malvinas War veteran Gustavo Alejandro Tellini at Kindergarten No. 904, a very special encounter took place: the family of **Uriel Quiroz Contreras** He invited the veteran to his house, and there the boy gave him a painting he had done.

The painting depicted the Argentine flag, the silhouette of a soldier, and the Falkland Islands. The drawing has a very particular characteristic: the soldier does not have a defined face, but is represented abstractly. This allows it to represent not just a combatant, but all those who defended the homeland in the Islands.

Months later, the idea arose to create a book with images and narrative called **"The Infinite Legacy"** This work seeks to bridge the gap between generations and keep the memory of the Falklands War alive, so that younger generations can learn about, remember, and continue to pass on this fundamental part of our history. It will also serve as educational support material for teachers at all levels, as well as for the general public. This book will be available digitally, free of charge to everyone through the website [www.ellegadoinfinito.com.ar](http://www.ellegadoinfinito.com.ar)

When looking for an image to represent the book, Gustavo Tellini decided that the painting given to him by Uriel would be the image that would represent it publicly; it was not a random choice, in that simple drawing there is a pure and sincere look at the memory of the Falklands.

This project is made up of war veteran Gustavo Tellini, teacher Belén Michiels, Mr. Miguel Eggly, Mr. Mario Acosta and the child Uriel Quiroz Contreras.





The infinite legacy symbolizes that the memory of the Falklands does not belong only to the past, but lives on and is passed from generation to generation, because in every child who listens, learns and remembers, the legacy continues.

## MARIO ACOSTA

**Mario Acosta** He is a photographer from the city of Puerto Madryn (Chubut Province). His passion for photography led him to investigate all kinds of period images, discovering that his research could contribute to a greater photographic wealth. He joins the team of ***Infinite Legacy***, sharing their personal material to enrich these pages.

## MARIA BELEN MICHIELS

**María Belén Michiels**, Professor in Early Childhood Education, currently working at Kindergarten No. 904 in Juan Eulogio Barra, Adolfo Gonzales Chaves District, Buenos Aires Province.

My participation in the project ***The Infinite Legacy*** It began when I contacted Gustavo Tellini to give a talk at our institution. Over mate and conversation, he told me about his dream of writing a book to share his experiences and preserve the memory of the Falklands War.

At that moment I told him, "I'll help you and we'll do it," and so began a journey of many months of work, dedication, and learning.

Despite the distance, we shared countless hours of video calls, research, writing, and organizing material to bring this project to life. It has been a true honor for me to be part of the book and to accompany Gustavo in realizing his dream.



Before starting this project, I knew very little about the Falklands/Malvinas cause. However, this project allowed me to learn its history in depth, understand the importance of keeping the memory alive, and appreciate the legacy of our war veterans. Today, I feel committed to continuing to work to raise awareness about the Falklands/Malvinas among new generations, passing on the history, values, and memory of those who gave so much for our country.

## MIGUEL ANGEL EGGLY

Being part of the project **"Infinite Legacy"** Creating the book and website about the Falkland Islands conflict is not just a professional commitment, but primarily a profound decision, driven by respect for history and a commitment to collective memory.

When Belén introduced me to Gustavo and told me about his idea, I was immediately intrigued. Because the Malvinas cause remains an open wound in the heart of our identity, not just a date on the calendar. His proposal to "Malvinize" the issue through a first-person narrative, featuring direct testimonies from those who lived through the conflict, captivated me at once. It's about reclaiming history through living memory.

And not only is a historical document created in book format, but also, in its idea of creating a website, it allows it to transcend physical and generational boundaries.

