

NEWSLETTER EXMOUTH 1968
SATURDAY 27th JULY

Friday and Saturday were to be 2 days in which to settle in, get the Camp fully staffed, and to get to know who we were with and what we had to meet. Starting from home on Thursday evening the Advance Party got off quite well and headed out for Kidderminster to collect the tents. The lorry was quite large and there seemed to be lots of room until all the kit was on board, then folk wondered where they were supposed to Sit; however this was soon sorted out and a little niche prepared and the party settled down for an enjoyable ride, perhaps was a little bumpy at times and maybe just slightly cool but they were all very tough. Only incident was at Bristol when they called for fish and chips and the proprietor and an art student were having a discussion, seems she was looking for models and Porky and Robbo stepped forward but alas even their fine physiques were not good enough. Eventually camp site was reached and the goods unloaded and the first tent erected, then the lorry was off again leaving the party behind, and we believe they got down to a few hours sleep but were so keen on the job that they were up again by 4 am to start on the latrines - good lads.

Back home Aztec called at the Chapel during Friday morning to collect some of the Campers and these were so keen that they had been there for quite sometime, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the mini-bus. All aboard and Off for a good Camp, and good time was being made when tragedy struck at Bristol in the form of a puncture. Alas the mini-bus had to pull in to the side of the road and then began a hectic search for a jack and other tackle, but they were in luck (or thought so) as a garage was just along the road, but this turned out to be not so good when they could only borrow a very small jack and then couldn't get the wheel off. By this time the C.O. happened to be passing along that road and like the good samaritan thought he would stop to See if he could help. A visit to the garage and an argument with everyone in sight didn't help at all but Cpl.Southwell had been touring the area and found a place much more helpful and very soon the wheel was changed and the old one taken to have the puncture fixed, then the party was off again, but of course a lot of time had been lost and there was so much traffic on the road that the party couldn't make much headway - arriving at the camp site eventually about 7 pm.

Meanwhile back at the Camp the Advance party had been busy putting up the tents and tackling the latrines, but unfortunately nearly all in the wrong places. The C.O. made himself popular by suggesting that everything be moved and the Camp set to in taking everything down and moving along a little. The Marquee was erected very quickly with the assistance of everyone available but the size of the pegs that had to be knocked in looked absolutely enormous, especially as folk were feeling very tired by then, and were asking when a meal would be ready. Then as it got dark and no more work could be done they all retired to the Marquee and sat down to sausage and mash and cocoa, perhaps not a four course dinner as was expected but nevertheless most enjoyable. Then time for prayers and off to bed with everyone wanting to get some sleep - actually not more than a slight murmur was heard from any of the tents and this for only a very short time before the whole camp was silent. During the night the Adj., Mr.Lerwill, Mr. Phillips arrived and also a very Special present for Aztec in the form of his lady love, but he was so tired he couldn't bother to get out of bed to see her, no doubt he will make up for it later on.

Saturday was to be another working day and after breakfast off flakes, beans on fried bread, bread/butter and jam and tea the camp was divided into different parties and set

to getting jobs done. The latrines were attacked with some gusto and Steve P. remembered his days of mechano sets as he sat down to bolt together the framework whilst others started digging holes. Imagine their thrill when told they were in the wrong place and had to be moved further along. However the task was continued in another spot and the latrines took shape. Boys were coming along asking if they were ready for occupation but were being told in no uncertain manner what to do (and where to do it).

Dinner time came along and great appetites had been worked up and the kitchen staff had prepared meat pie/potatoes/carrots followed by rhubarb and custard; actually the rhubarb looked a little off but we were assured that it was something the dog had left over and with a little sugar it all went down.

Again many anxious pleas for the lats to be finished and so a working party of the C.O., Porky, Spud and David Parry got down to the business of digging out the holes. More like working on the rocks at Dartmoor but at last the job was done and threats of violent action against anyone overusing the bogs.

By this time most of the work had been finished and so the Adj. took a party down to the beach for a swim. It was quite a long walk through the Caravan Camp but lots of things to see on the way down and the walk was made more beautiful by the scenery (the lovely flowers we mean 2). The sea was rather cold and the seaweed rather messy but it was a dip in the sea and folk didn't complain too much. After the swim it was a game of football for some and this turned out to be a little rough as folk prepared for the match on Monday evening against another B.B. camp close at hand.

And so the end of our first full day in camp. We should have had a camp fire but things went astray, or at least the Sgt. did, and not much wood was gathered, but as we had missed our morning watch we were having an evening one instead and so to the Marquee for supper and a short service. This was conducted by the C.O. and he spoke about courtesy and politeness, showing us how we need to bring these into our everyday lives in defence of other folks weakness.

After supper it was time for a quick dash to the lats. and then prayers in the tents. These were led by the tent commanders and it is hoped that all through our Camp we can get this feeling of meeting God and offering up our thanks and difficulties to Him. Lights out and settle down for the night. Our thanks for the day to the cookhouse who did well under adverse conditions and now the kitchen looks rather like the Ritz; perhaps tomorrow we may see Mr.Lerwill and Mr.Phillips in their White hats looking like real chefs.

Here we must say a word of praise to Glynn Cousins for his bugle playing especially as at times he plays all the right notes whilst Kevin Farnell plays all the wrong ones, must be difficult to keep in tune. Some of the calls were perhaps not quite right but we are confident that as time passes these will be polished up. No great incidents to report I did hear that Mr.Phillips decided to take a headlong plunge into a ditch as they were coming to Camp but after a struggle they were able to get him out again. We don't know what to-morrow will bring but we do know that we want to have a grand day so let's make sure things go as we want them to.

Sunday 28th July 1968

Sunday, the Sabbath Day, the day of rest; somehow this doesn't always seem to work out just so at Camp. Certainly it's Sunday, the Sabbath Day but the rest part of it doesn't last too long. Anyway more about some of our volunteers later in the letter.

Skinny and Tent no.2 were on orderly and so we were able to relax in the knowledge that everything would be under control, providing Mr. Lerwill and Mr. Phillips did as they were told, but one look at those mighty muscles of The Bone would be enough to deter the strongest. Breakfast was just like home, except that at Camp folk are up in time to eat it, whilst at home they don't bother to get up until much too late. Porridge, Bacon/Egg fried bread and the usual extras, all very tasty. Being Sunday it meant no P.T. and folk can be seen looking a little jaded and fat around the middle at the lack of exercise, but this will be remedied soon.

Tent Inspection was rather a close thing and though many little things were wrong and the Adj. had to mention items which will not be allowed in future, generally the standard was high and after a very keen tussle tent 3 (Spud Murphy) were eventual winners followed jointly by Nos. 5 and 4, with No. 1 rather a long way back. Pity about those buttons in tent No.4, but one remembers all the trouble last year over an alarm clock, also the long sleeves that lost the flag, and if it happens again the lads of tent 4 have threatened a lynching party.

Our Morning Service was conducted by the C.O. and he reminded us of Daniel and his beliefs and his strong convictions and courage despite the many difficulties and hardships put his way. A complaint about the tea at elevenses, it seems that Sally was in some ways responsible and folk expressed their opinions as to what they thought of his tea making.

Down to the beach for a swim and this day the water was less mucky but very cold. Actually once in there were a number of attractions and generally folk didn't want to come out too quickly. Robbo had his eye on a couple of 12 year olds but their Parents had their eyes on Robbo so nothing came of that one.

Dinner was a real treat and this was the meal Mr.Lerwill had been preparing since Saturday. Beef and Yorkshire pudding/potatoes/peas/roast potatoes followed by Pop-tarts and custard and washed down by bottles of pop. A good round of applause for the Cooks and the Bone felt he richly deserved it.

After dinner it was rest period, with threats as to what would happen if folk didn't take the Opportunity of sitting or lying quietly outside their tents. Actually tent 1 were a little frustrated as it was their turn to dig a pit for the cookhouse but they set to in good spirit and after the first hour had managed to get the grass Off the top. It wasn't until Farnell came along that any of the hard work was done and then having shown them what to do he retired to his tent for a short time, either for a short rest or to eat his tucks. Soon the hole was nearing completion and a few other volunteers came along to help out but by this time it was time to get ready for tea and so the rest period was over.

Tea brought out the jelly and fruit and this was scoffed very quickly by the hungry campers. Now time to prepare for our evening link up with the Other B.B. camp close at hand and parade into Exmouth. Meeting them in the village we followed their bus into Exmouth outskirts and the parade was assembled. Fortunately it was only a short

march to the Church but the pace of the band was such that it took about 5 minutes per 100 yards and there were fears that some of the lads would drop off to sleep even before we arrived, but arrive we did and for most it was the earliest they have ever; been to Church. Unfortunately the B.B. were put on the one side of the Church right at the front so there wouldn't be much chance for a crafty nap, but the Adj had warned what would happen to anyone caught napping and so many eyes were on him to see exactly what would happen. Fortunately no one dropped off so all was well. The Service was very good and the singing most inspiring, especially the chorus sung by a group of young people. After the Service the parade reformed and set off on a march through Exmouth and along the front, a Special police escort clearing the way. Once again the pace of the band was rather slow and the step was changed with rapid repetition. Congratulations to our own Boys for their smart turn out and bearing on parade, upholding the high traditions of the Boys' Brigade. The only comment about the band was that if they play football at the same speed then Monday evenings game should be a walkover. It seems it will be the Villains against the Saints so this should be a good game.

It was hoped that the party might spend sometime in Exmouth during the evening but actually the time was pressing on so we made our way back to Camp and there the Orderly Squad and many others set about finding some wood for a fire. Very soon the sound of sawing and chopping could be heard from the lower field and lads came scurrying back to Camp with their various loads. A fire was prepared but as most of the wood was rather green it took sometime to get going. However it was a fire and very good to sit around and sing some of the Sunday type choruses. To-morrow evening if the weather holds good we should be able to let ourselves go with some of the old favourites.

And so to the end of another day and one which will leave many memories in our minds. Some we should like to forget and many we should like to retain. It was interesting to see and hear of some of the Post Cards being sent home to Parents and others; can't think what folk will feel when they receive some of them, that is if the Post Office haven't confiscated them on the way. Didn't get many characters to-day; being Sunday everyone was on their best behaviour but no doubt folk will let their hair down in due course.

After Lights out the N.C.O's and Officers get down to a discussion group in the Marquee and so fierce were the conversations and arguments that the meeting didn't finish until after midnight. Interesting to hear some of the points raised but the idea of such meetings is that folk will get things off their chests instead of holding them down inside. One thing that came out of the meeting was that everyone realised the need for the right sort of spirit to prevail in our Camp and as a B.B Company this can be only the spirit of Jesus Christ - as soon as we all come to this realisation then things will sort themselves out accordingly.

A good day with lovely weather once again and some folk not doing the sunbathing too much. If we go on at this rate we should get some nice suntans before we go home, but no doubt some of this will get knocked off when we really get down to a few good wholesome beach games and football matches. Roll on Monday evening and let's show the Saints what Hells Angels are like.

Monday 29th July 1968

After the relaxation of Sunday to-day was to be a day of exertions and by evening this was soon evident by the way folk were walking around, or hobbling or limping, complaining of sore backs, bruised muscles and sore noses from being ground into the sand on the beach, but no doubt a good nights sleep will put things right and then off again nextday.

Early morning P.T. and those lads who thought they couldn't touch their toes will soon learn differently. Chance to loosen up some tight limbs and canter around the camp site. Good way to work up an appetite for breakfast although for some it was evident they would rather starve than have to go through that, but as the camp wears on P.T. will become more enjoyable so good things to look forward to. Breakfast and some of that excellent porridge produced by the Kitchen staff. The way Robbo lashes on the sugar we can see where all the fat comes from. A few tins of Popeyes spinach might turn some of it into muscle, but alas we think it has gone a little too far.

As it was a nice dry morning again, with the sun shining, preparations were well in hand for tent inspection and by breakfast at least one tent had their brailing rolled up. Standard of Inspection was much higher and naturally competition became more fierce. After a very close tussle tent 4 (Porky Morris) took the flag with 92% closely followed for the second day by tent 5 with 90%. Good effort so let's make sure the standard rises each day.

Morning Watch and a chance to learn a little more of our real purpose in being here. Conducted by the C.O. he gave a little insight into services we attend, pointing out that we are not expected to cling to every word that is spoken, but that we should feel somehow more refreshed each time we meet in Jesus' name.

Only 1 defaulter, in the form of Kevin Farnell and his task would come later during the afternoon. Elevenses and this time the taste was much better. A lot of comment going on at the time about Porky's swimming trunks and also Skinny offering his shorts to anyone who cared to get them, but he wasn't too keen when an attack was made and folk tried removing the shorts: anyhow it was sorted out in the end much to Skinny's joy, and possibly pride.

Morning Swim but first a little quiet game of football just to warm up in case the sea was cold. Having divided the party into two teams the Adj. promptly took the whistle and stood back to let battle commence. Firstly of course a pitch had to be cleared but the locals soon dispersed when they saw what a motley crowd was going to play by them. Game started in good Spirits and it must have been all of ten seconds before the first foul was committed. After this it was a succession of petty fouls and some not so petty, but this could be put down to the sand and really folk didn't mean to tackle dirty or hard. According to everyone playing the fouls were accidental but alas the referee didn't think so. On one occasion Bryan Parry not thinking much of Porky decided to bury him in the sand, so a vicious tackle brought him to the ground and then a gentle rub of the nose in the sand did the rest. The result of the match was a win for Porky's team 2 - 1 against Tom's team but by this time everyone had forgotten what we were trying to do and instead were each trying to do each other.

A nice swim after this soon soothed away the aches and pains. The water was very cold going in but once in it was O.K. and indeed there were even some waves and lads

didn't really want to get out, but the thought of that lovely dinner soon made them scurry bank to Camp, no doubt doing a bit of sightseeing on the way. One interesting Story of Tom walking along with Robbo and Tom making advances to rather a sweet maiden and suggesting a meeting during the evening, but she took one look at Robbo and said to Tom, O.K. as long as you don't bring your mother along.

Dinner and some of that lovely stew prepared by our Staff. It was most excellent but the dog could be seen prowling around looking for the bones which had been bought for her. Actually it was her own fault they had been bought the previous day and left in her dish all day with only an occasional nibble at them, so Mr Lerwill thought they were too good to waste and popped them into the Stew. Plums and Custard to follow and again gallons of pop, at this rate we shall have sold out before the Danes arrive.

After dinner our chance to have some leave but only the Sgt. wanted to get away from it all. Some lads went down to the beach and tried climbing the cliffs but they are reminded of the danger of this and it is suggested they find a safer amusement. The C.O took a party along to fetch some calor gas and had to act as cheperone to them especially as the vivacious, handsome, virile personality was aboard, Porky, and all the girls swooned at the sight of him; we think they swooned but maybe they fainted at the shock.

Back at Camp a little football practice for the evening and the body swerve being practised. Also the long Johns came out and Porky cut a dashing figure with his long shorts and bracers, looked like one of the hill-billies. A quick snack of bread and butter for tea and a dreadful thought that it was Mr.Phillip's birthday and we had all missed it. We suggested that he would have to leave it until Tuesday so then we can make a good showing for him.

Now for the football match and into the mini-buses and round to the other camp. One look at the pitch and it was realised that our C.O. must have had his wrong glasses on when he said it was in good condition. Standing in one goal it was just possible to see the crossbar of the other one and added to this were the tufts of grass, but not to be deterred we got cracking and very soon the fur started to fly. Alas a mistimed cross by the C.O. in our goal presented a gift goal to the other team, and some of the comments from the line didn't help very much. However we fought back and then Sally equalised with a great goal. Then an akward bouncing ball completely baffled our goalkeeper (must have had those specs on, the ones he had when he said about the pitch, and he made a desparate lunge for the ball only to see it spin away into the goal. A quick word with Spud Murphy soon put matters right however for he equalised once again, but said he couldn't keep doing it and would the C.O. be more sure of his play. Half time and the other team had to change players because the pace was rather hot for them. During the second half we did most of the attacking but trying everything we still couldn't get the ball into their net, and during this time they managed to get their third goal with a breakway effort. Play became hotter and tempers a little frayed and tackles more desperate but their goalkeeper played so well that we were not able to get the ball into the net, although the ball was in their goalmouth for long spells. The end came with the home team winners by 3 - 2 and offers of a return match, this will have to be later in the week when the Danes are here so perhaps they will have some good footballers. After the match a cup of cordial and biscuits was supplied and then we went into the Marquee to take evening prayers with them. Some good choruses were sung and their Chaplain had just arrived and gave an excellent short address.

Back to our Camp and time for Retreat and then to the Marquee for the rest of the stew for Supper. Actually other things had been added since we had it at dinner time and as it was piping hot it really was delicious. So time for bed and a well earned rest. Muscles to be put right, bodies to be rested and bruises and other scars to be attended. The end of a good day which should hold many happy memories for all. Perhaps Tuesday may bring some mail because so far no one has heard from home, although we should imagine they are still getting over the shock from the Postcards. Character of the day would be Farnell as he fought with the pick and shovel in the hole, but he won through in the end and is certain he doesn't want to do that again.

Tuesday 30th July 1968

Another glorious day weatherwise, but also a very good day for all sorts of activities. Tent 4 with the Hillybilly and the rest of his family were on duty so we thought things might be a little quieter, but alas it wasn't to be so alas we saw and heard just as much from him, and talking of seeing there is a lot to be seen. Day started with morning P.T. and Tom and Sal having a struggle fighting for places in the one relay game, whilst at the same time Farnell was throwing away his teams chances by running round the wrong way. Not to worry though it was good fun and helped to bring on that appetite for breakfast.

Breakfast and this time Saugage and fried bread, cornflakes and the usual extras, but it seems that everyone is being fed too well on other stuff, because the bread and butter doesn't disappear too quickly. So far, apart from the casual glances as Boys go along to the beach, we haven't had any romances in Camp. There are a few suspect ones where folk stand and gaze at each other but nothing big has come from them. Poor Skinny is missing his ladylove and wondering why she isn't writing, but then it is 4d for a stamp and perhaps she doesn't think he is worth that much. The only thing we can think of saying is Postman, Postman please come quick. Poor old Skinny's being sick.

Morning Inspection and to-day things had improved and the marking was much higher. In every tent was found some sort of paper or other stuff and some of the haversacks need a good clean, but things are getting better so we might even get to the point of finding nothing at all wrong one of the days. Tent 2 (CPR. Southwell) were winners with 95% to be followed for the third day by Tent 5 with 91%. Defaulters' Parade and one begins to think of a romance between the C.O. and Farnell because they seem to get together so often. However we can only think it is because Farnell likes so much digging his pit and would be disappointed if anyone else was given the task.

Morning Watch theme was looking at God's Man as the Forgiver and reminding us that to be forgiven ourselves we need to have forgiveness for others in our own hearts. Still no mail, unless it has gone to one of the other camps by mistake. Can imagine their surprise at getting letters from girl friends in Birmingham, Need to watch out lads you might be losing some of your lasses.

Elevenes and then down to the beach for morning games and Swim. Unfortunately the sea hadn't gone out far enough to play games so it was swim first. Sea again cold but some rather good waves once folk were in. After the swim some folk had a mixed game of baseball come cricket which provided a certain amount of entertainment, or perhaps it was the sight of the hill-billies in their swim trunks and bracers that caused the laughs. One woman wanted to know why the bracers, and we were able to explain that it was to hold all the fat in place. Spud, Robbo and Tom were getting very friendly with the girl at the Candy-floss kiosk and hoping for special attention, but all their persuasion and charm were to no avail and they still need to pay if they wanted one. Sal took a look at a girl walking round in a type of grass skirt and thought he was back home. He tried desperately to get a box of matches but alas none about.

Dinner time and a special cottage pie with beans, followed by gooseberries and custard. Shouldn't think we have any constipated lads in camp now after that alot, but there are plenty more if anyone feels the need. Meal was excellent once again and our thanks to the kitchen staff.

Afternoon and a further chance to get off the site. Some folk did make it down to the beach but we can guess it wasn't the sea or sand they were after. Findon and others decided to explore some of the rocks but poor Findon took a tumble and ended up with a gashed leg. He was lucky the sharks weren't after him, because the smell of blood usually attracts them, but then one smell of his blood would be enough to drive them all away. Glynn Cousins was so taken up with collecting specimen fossils that he forgot about the time and arrived back at camp well after tea. He brought along a couple of tins with various fish and other things in, suggesting they might do for the Officers' supper, or perhaps it was his birthday present to Mr. Phillips. Actually Farnell did us proud with his bugle playing for Cookhouse. No one knew exactly what it was he was playing and one tent fell in for inspection whilst another came out with their swim things, but then it got through that it was cookhouse and things were sorted. Not bad really Kevin but no you can't play Last Post yet, we'll just let you paint it instead.

Tea time was a treat provided by Mr. Phillips on his birthday. Fruit and Cream Cake and the usual extras and this time the ladies joined us so folk had to be a little better behaved, but can't really remember whether in fact they were. After tea a party decided to go to the showers on the Caravan site and get off some of the caked dirt and grime from the last few days. It seems they are the sort that one stands under and pulls down a chain. Tomorrow they have promised to take Porky without his glasses, and we can visualise where they might lead him and what chain he will be pulling. Volleyball nets were fixed up during the evening and games got under way. Carl Lane, Alan White as some of our smaller and younger ones could be seen doing their antics whilst The Bone was giving all the instructions. He remembers his great playing days and is passing on his vast experience to others.

Tent 4 could be seen busily preparing a camp fire and it was hoped for a good sing song, as this was our fifth day in Camp and as yet we hadn't had a chance to sing some of the old favourites. Unfortunately the wood was a little green and the fire a little late in being lit, but some sort of glow was there and the singing was enough to Warm folk. The Scouts camping in the field below came out with some of their chants and we had to reply with some of our special ones but when it came time for the Roo-Roo the fire just wouldn't burn brightly and the Adj. had only a damp squib over which to leap. Great things are promised for later on however and it has been suggested that the expression "We'll burn the pants off him." may come about.

And so back to the tents and a chance to rest some weary muscles. Actually there were a lot of sore backs and legs etc. from the previous night's football match, and on one back particularly a special balsalm was rubbed in and this seemed to do the trick; the only thing is that in the tent the rest of the lads lie right at the other end and whisper B.O. Camp prayers were led for us by Cpl. Morris and then Boys took individual prayers in their respective tents. It is rather difficult to think of things to say and we know everyone gets a little nervous, but if we know it is our turn then why not a silent prayer beforehand asking for strength and guidance. Actually our prayers are meant to be something from the heart and it shouldn't be too difficult to think of things to pray and say, but we mustn't leave it until the very last minute and expect that things will just come naturally and fall into place.

Well the end of another good day; forgot to mention the couple in the form of Steve and Trevor who did a good job in clearing away some of the cow deposits from the field. We now give them the posh title of Depositor Collectors and trust they will spend many enjoyable hours. Our character of the day must be Farnell again and he bravely fought

with the pick, and took the pit a few feet deeper, and then just to show he had strength left he played cookhouse for us. We think though he is getting a little fed up with the title so we must see if someone can take it from him.

Thursday 1st August 1968

For many the day started very early during the morning, in fact it was a left over from the previous day as the Danes did not arrive until about 4 a.m. It was decided that the best thing was for them to be put down in the Marquee, so as not to disturb the beautiful sleepers in their tents - can imagine what some of our lads would look like in the morning if their beauty sleep had been disturbed.

Good weather once again and a further chance to get a little brown, but one look at the back of Farnell's neck and it would seem that is brown enough, or perhaps a little soap and water would remove some of it. Breakfast and a chance to meet with our visitors. Tom was a little amazed at the height of some of them, as he imagined them to be little lads to be knocked about. They in turn were a little amazed at Robbo, as they wondered how it was possible for so much fat to be carried around on so little a person. Now came the time to put them in their various tents and introduce them to the other lads. Names became a little difficult but no doubt these will soon be sorted out, and whilst we may have special names to call them, we can imagine what they will be calling us in their own way.

Breakfast and a chance to taste some of our English cooking, although to start it was cornflakes this followed by fried bread and egg omelette, very tasty and perhaps because they were so hungry, the lot was soon scoffed.

For inspection it was thought the best thing was to let the Danes see how we do things and then let them be in on the act on Friday. Standard was quite high but not as high as the previous day. Tent 2 were eventual winners and our congratulations to all involved.

Morning Watch was a little mixture of English and Danish. Our C.O. taking prayers and the talk in English and Palle and others doing certain parts in Danish. It is hoped that the language barrier will not deter any of us from realising our one aim is to serve Jesus Christ, and we trust this message can be got home during our Camp together.

A little mail and Skinny receiving something from Birmingham, although he wouldn't disclose from what source. He seemed to wear a certain smile afterwards so perhaps it was from his beloved. Alan White decided to have a birthday, after seeing how we looked after Mr. Phillips the previous day, so the camp promptly sang a chorus to him, but this only because they knew he had received a food parcel from home and were particularly interested in its contents. No doubt there will be a big scoff-up in that tent sometime, if not then there will probably be a big duff-up for Alan White.

Games on the camp field for a while, as the sea was right in again. This time the Danes introduced their game of handball and decided to show us how to play. We caught on quite quickly and were eventual winners of about 5 - 2, but it was felt that perhaps we play it a bit rougher than they are used to playing, anyway we know how it goes and perhaps we can have many more games in future.

Down to the beach and this time it was very packed again. Even the language barrier didn't seem to matter as lads were describing the individual scenery to the Danes. Swim was good though there were no waves at all but as time was so short we had to get in and out again very quickly and then back to Camp for Diner. On the way back 3 of our visitors got lost and at first we thought they were fed up with us already, but soon they were found and brought safely back to the fold.

Dinner was liver and onions with usual extras, followed by steamed pudding and custard. All very nice and our visitors tucked in as well as the others, although perhaps some of them were not too interested in certain bits of it.

During the afternoon most folk went down to the beach again and the Adj. took along a small party to go on the boats, but alas they would have had to wait too long so decided against it, stopped and built sand castles instead.

Teatime and nothing special except extra marmalade, lemon cheese etc, but even so appetities had been worked up and these had to be filled. During this time it was announced that a special trial period for budding footballers would be held after tea to choose the team for later in the evening. It was soon evident that not many footballers had joined us but we did manage to find a goalkeeper and he proved most useful later on. Off to the other camp and now on the way we were to be led by a pipe major in the form of Palle. Marching through the village like the Pied Piper with all his little followers he struck a dashing figure but the villagers didn't think much of it and kept to their homes.

The match was the usual sort of thing expected from friendlies. Hard work from the very beginning and although we did most of the early attacking, very soon we were a goal down. However our forwards fought back and after many scrambled efforts and one rather dubious decision we managed to score and equalise. After this another hard decision went against us so we came off at half time with the score 1 - 1. In the Second half the home side went all out on attack early on and managed to get 2 goals which meant we had to fight even harder. Try as we would we couldn't get the ball home and even went to the extent of injuring their goalkeeper in the hope this might do the trick but soon we were further goals down as they attacked once again. Eventually Tom did manage to pull one goal back with a very well timed header but time was against us and we came off having lost 5 - 2. A good hard game but unfortunately once again they had had the edge on us. During the match our Danish friends with Palle had been making themselves known to the folk from the other camp and we even had the sounds of the bagpipes to break the night air, this was supposed to spur us on to greater things but alas it didn't do so.

And so back to Camp and our camp fire. This time it was a bit brighter than other night but it took so long to get warmed up that it was at its best by the time we were due to leave. Singing was led once by ourselves and once by the Danes and perhaps we can teach each other some good songs. And so to bed and a chance for the visitors to get a good nights sleep.

One incident during the day was the flag raising ceremony. When the Danes came out with their flag it was thought the flagpole might not stand the weight. In fact the two flags just about fitted, but we hate to think what might happen should we get any strong winds.

Forgot to mention that Glynn Cousins parents had come along to pay a visit but he was so happy and contented here that he didn't even want to speak to them. Perhaps he was frightened they might want to take him home with them. Well we don't quite know what to-morrow will bring but we do know that we want to make full use of our time, so let's hope it is another good day for everyone.

Friday 2nd August 1968

This was to be probably our hottest day of camp and yet we had decided to go out for the day. Actually the N.C.O's had made the decision and when they saw the weather they were most disappointed. However it turned out to be a good trip and by evening everyone was feeling a little tired but quite happy. Danish Boys were up early for morning P.T. and prior to this had nipped down for a quick wash, but someone had turned off the water and this was as good an excuse as any to miss out. Farnell had promised to have a go at his neck but couldn't find any water, so yet another layer has been added to those already there.

Breakfast of porridge, sausage and fried bread with usual extras and lots of brown bread over because it seems even the Danes are not interested too much in this, but Mr.Lerwill can always make another of his bread puddings so it will be used up in some way. Tent Inspection standard had dropped a little with so many silly little things going wrong. Winners were Tent 5 after trying so hard all camp, our congratulations to all concerned. Morning watch theme dealt with our lives to-day in preparation for our lives ahead, telling the story of Lazarus and the rich man, and helping to show what our actions need to be. Just a little mail again and this time Spud received one of his special girl friend letters. Well we think it was from his girl friend but after looking at Spud's hair we wonder which is the girl and which the boy.

Defaulters' Parade saw the appearance of one of the stalwarts who thinks it part of the camp routine to see the C.O. each day. Actually Cpl. Southwell and Farnell had been having one of their affectionate arguments which ended in an uproar, but it seems they are friends again now, just watch each other like a cat and mouse.

So time to set out for the trip to Torquay. Whilst the Adj. and Palle were dishing out money to everyone insight others were preening themselves in case there were any special folk to see. Mr.Lerwill changed from a tough old camp cook into a dashing debonair tourist on holiday, and cut quite a figure as he paraded around camp. Mini-buses were packed with the necessary bodies and off we set, but alas no.1 bus had a fit of the agues and wouldn't start. After a little coaxing and persuasion from all aboard it coughed twice and spluttered into life, or perhaps this was Skinny recovering from his tussle with Farnell. Making good time the convoy headed along the road to Exmouth, only to be stopped by a blue car which Mr.Phillips recognised as his own and wondered what it was doing at Camp. It was discovered that Mr.Parry and young Martin had come along to see how things were going. Tears of joy were in David and Bryan's eyes as they saw their dear old Dad. Throwing themselves on to him they pleaded that they wanted to go home and went into detail as to the brutality they had been receiving, especially from their Tent Commanders. Mr.Parry brushed it all aside, kissed them gently, patted their heads and sent them off with loving care, assuring them he would look into the matter. Strange but Porky seems to be a lot quieter now and David Parry doesn't seem to have to do all the work in their tent, so the appearance of Mr.Parry has had some affect.

After a lot of messing about and driving round all sorts of places we eventually arrived at Torquay. It was a gloriously hot day and folk were sweating hard in the buses but the thought of a lie on the beach and possible dip in the sea seemed great. Parking the buses was a problem but this was solved at a handy car park close to the town centre and sea front and so folk were able to wander off with a warning to be back at 6 pm. Generally it was a tour of the shops and perhaps a little to eat. Findon was feeling in a

most generous mood and bought a snack for all his party, about 6 in all, so the next time we go out for the day he's the guy to be with.

During the afternoon groups of folk were bumping into each other and telling of things they had done and sights they had seen. The Adj. took along a small party for a swim and trip on the boats but alas they decided to come back again; thought they might have sailed away and left us, but it wasn't to be. At 6 pm everyone was back at the car park and ready for the journey home. The mini buses started well and soon we were off along the road. It wasn't long before the C.O. had to pull into a garage and then the party got split up and made route for Camp. Mr. Parry was travelling with Mr. Phillips as his navigator, but talk about the blind leading the blind, they travelled most of Devon before arriving back at Camp. It seems they took the wrong route somewhere and Mr. Phillips gave directions to bring them back on the road again but they ended up miles from anywhere. David was just about to write home to his mom saying his Dad had found a blonde in Torquay and hadn't come back to Camp, but everything turned out well in the end.

Back at Camp folk were feeling a little peckish and Mr. Phillips got started in the Cookhouse, but without the assistance of Mr. Lerwill things were chaotic. Soon the smell of cooking supper could be detected and a little later the figure of Mr. Lerwill marching into Camp and so everything was ready for our supper to begin. It was about 9.15 when we got started so there was no camp fire and some folk from another camp thought they would like to help themselves to wood from our fire but they were quickly shown the order of the boot.

Supper over and time for our hymn and prayers which just worked out nicely to time. Of course no washing up had been done but what a wonderful gesture from the Tent Commanders to offer to go back to the Marquee after Lights Out and wash all the dishes - this is Christianity. Must say Farnell hasn't stopped laughing at the thought of his Sgt. washing the dishes, in fact if he makes a good job of them then Farnell promises to let him do it again.

Well the end of another day, once again lots of memories to store up. Some folk had bought odd presents ready to take home and the C.O. had suggested they be left in his tent until the end of Camp, but nothing exciting about them and nothing worth pinching.

Everyone settled down very quickly to sleep, although there was a lot of noise coming from other Camp sites, but then they are going home on Saturday. We noticed another B.B. camp being erected in the next field to us and wondered what they will be like, perhaps we shall get a chance to play some matches against them, although if the Boys are as old as the tents then they must be some pensioners coming in.

Saturday 3rd August 1968

The weather to-day was not to be as good as we have been having, but nevertheless it was dry, although perhaps a little cold. Day started in fine form with early morning P.T. despite the night-run which was to take place folk didn't seem to mind using surplus energy, must be the good nights sleep everyone is getting. Breakfast of cornflakes, beans on fried bread with everyone getting tucked in. Morning Inspection and the standard had risen a little from the previous day. Tent 2 seemed to have gone haywire on their paper and lost many marks for it, perhaps Alex the Dane thought it was the tent with the most paper, because we believe he was responsible for collecting it in. After a close struggle tent 4 emerged as the victors closely followed by tent 5.

Morning games were played on the field and these consisted of football and volleyball. Tent 5 played against no.2 at volley ball and after drawing 1 game each No.5 managed to gain a win in the play off. At the same time No.1 tent were thrashing No. 4 tent at football by about 4 or 5 goals to nil, but then of course No.1 had their Sgt. in goal and as football is his game who could have got a goal past him. Down to the sea for a swim but Palle pointing out that it was too cold for some of the Danish Boys to take part. In fact when we got to the beach they didn't even want to swim by us but scrambled off to the rocks. Sea was very cold and without a ripple of a wave, but it was good fun whilst it lasted. Usual banter from Porky during the changing session, including the immodest incident of him standing there having wet his pants, but then this is Porky and it seems nothing can change.

Dinner and faggots and peas with extras, followed by plums and custard. Needless to say all the lats. were occupied for most of the day after this lot. During the afternoon many folk decided to spend most of the time on the beach, or at least climbing some of the rocks. Findon again came back with his leg gashed and promptly patched it up like a patchwork quilt, still with blood streaming from the Wounds. Good job there are no vampires about or poor Les would have had it. Volleyball seemed to be most popular and many exciting games were played out. After tea the Danes played a team of English but lost 2 games to nil, then the teams were mixed up a little and things worked out much better. Mr.Lerwill and Mr.Phillips, assisted by Mr. Parry took a hand in some games and once again that dashing debonair figure of Mr Lerwill could be seen dashing across the court, whilst the 1 armed bandit stood close to the net popping them over.

It was during the evening that Farnell got caught up in raptures of delight at the thought of a lady friend. Actually the C.O. had seen him walking along the caravan site looking like something from a refugee camp with his red jumper and dirty shorts, and then it seemed that only minutes later he was back at camp preening himself for the kill. What a site as he fought in the tent with his hair to see if it would go into place, but as it has never seen a comb before it was a losing battle. Very soon he was ready and then moved like grease lightening. Oh, if only he would do the same for inspection and at other times. His figure could be seen sprinting along the road to the caravans with his heart panting madly and his bit of pocket money burning an hole in his pocket. What a disappointment that he had to be back by 9 o'clock. He had just got to the point where the girl's father was reading about Tingha and Tucker when he had to leave. Not to worry though Kevin you live to see her another day.

And so time for our night run with everyone keen to get started. Actually the course was rather short and the country not too difficult. Camp was split into teams of 1 Dane and 2 English and just after 9 the first team set off. Having to pass close to the cliff edge and

then collect 3 flowers on the way back. By half past nine the last team had left and folk settled down at Camp to prepare a meal for the lads as they arrived back. Soon lights could be seen and Porky, D.Parry and Rene Meincke were back, with all sorts of gruesome tales about where they had been and what they had seen and done. At regular intervals other arrived back until just after 10 all were safely back in the fold. Keith Soutwell, Sally Francis and Alex Hansen were the last to arrive, but then they had been a trip around Exmouth. Mr.Phillips was cooking supper and this went down verywell. Tohburn had prepared a wonderful camp fire for us and this was burning brightly, so now we will leave it in his care for the rest of camp. A sing-song for a short time and then back to our tents for a good night's sleep. It had been a good day and folk must have been feeling very tired, but from tent 1 could be heard Farnell's voice saying she loves me, she loves me not as he lay plucking the hairs from his Sgts. legs.

Forgot to mention the incident of the eggs and Carl Lane. It seems the Butcher had sent 6 eggs short when delivering and so Mr.Philips took Carl along to the village to collect some. Having given him the eggs Mr.Phillips asked him to wait a while and not do anything rash, but alas the day was hot, Carl was tired and the eggs were heavy, so he decided to put them down for a while whilst he had a rest: One thing he forgot was that you don't put eggs down from a height of about 4 feet without something happening to them. This is exactly what happened, Mr Phillips came out of the shop saw the box on the floor and didn't think anymore until he opened the lid. Carl doesn't know what all the fuss is about, surely eggs do have to be broken before they can be used. People make such a fuss about any little incident.

Well the end of another good day. To-morrow, Sunday, a chance for folk to have a little rest and perhaps regain some of that vital energy which is so lacking.

Tuesday 6th August 1968

Well we have a number of days to cover, as we haven't had a newsletter for sometime. Certainly many things have happened and we'll try to remember all of them. Sunday was to be a day of rest after the exertions of the Saturday night run. No P.T. again and in fact it wasn't until Tuesday morning that folk were able to get up before breakfast and do a few limbering exercises. Just imagine all that surplus fat to be added to that already there - certainly folk come to mind readily.

Morning inspection and this time No.1 showing just what can be done. Standard was high and the flag was borne home by them triumphant with Farnell showing a huge grin, or was it a fiendish one. Our own Morning Service was conducted by the C.O. and his theme on God's Man in the Church reminding us of our responsibility as BB members now and what we must consider for the future. The Danes held their own Service but soon got fed up with it and wandered off to the beach. Swimming was fine, although sea again rather cold., Dinner was another treat from the cookhouse, Beef and yorkshire pudding with all extras, followed by pop-tarts and custard. It was expected that Boys would want to rest after this but although the English Boys remained in Camp the Danish ones were allowed to wander off in their usual get up of all sorts of long trousers and fancy clothes, but then they were feeling the cold - poor dears.

During the afternoon an N.C.O. meeting was held at the C.O's tent and despite the weather being very hot they wanted to hold the meeting indoors, seeming they had some special secret items to discuss. About the only thing most of them wanted was the cup of tea ably provided by Mr. Phillips.

Evening and off to the Church in Exmouth for Service. This was a good service with some fine hymn singing. Afterwards the Party went along the beach for a short time and everyone made their own way round to see what was going on. Then back to Camp and the camp fire and a sing-song before retiring to the tents. After Lights Out a Communion Service was held in the Marquee and it was good to have so many Boys attend. It would be wonderful to know that our Camp had made an impression on so many.

So Monday and our trip to London. Actually many Boys didn't want to go and these were left in the safe keeping of the Adj- who decided to take them out to Exmouth for the day, and we understand they had a game ten-pin bowling, golf and a play on the childrens roundabout. The journey to London went without incident, except the one occasion when Pier spilt a cup of coffee on to a woman's coat, but typical Pier he wasn't bothered one little bit, it was left to Palle to try to calm down the dear lady, this he did with all his usual charm and personality. Arriving in London the Party split up after a short time to make their individual way around. It was obvious that Carnaby Street was the place so many wanted to See but judging by some of the get ups our Danish friends have been wearing at Camp they don't need to go there.

First persons to lose on the trip were Sgt. Crowton and his lady love. It seems she had nipped to the toilet and her dear watch dog stayed outside to see that nothing happened. Meanwhile the party had moved along a little and they got split up. At Buckingham Palace they were able to meet up again but very soon were off on their separate ways. Instructions had been handed out that the Party were to be at Paddington at 6 pm. just before this time there was only one missing - Rolf. He had been with Tobern on the underground but alas hadn't got off at the right place and was being driven around the City. As the train left Paddington on its way back to Exeter the

Party waved goodbye to the C.O. who stayed behind to wait for Rolf. He had a long wait however and in fact didn't arrive back at Camp until 6 am on Tuesday morning. Some story about having got lost in London seeing the night life. It wasn't until later on Tuesday morning that a telegram arrived from London to say that Rolf had been located at Danish Y.M.C.A. and after some phone calls and a few mad dashes around Exeter later in the afternoon he was finally located and brought back to the fold. Palle has stopped worrying now and his beautiful golden locks turned just a shade of grey at the temples.

Back at Camp on Tuesday things were going along as usual. Early morning P.T. and a quick sprint around the Camp. Breakfast of bacon and fried bread with extras. Tent Inspection and the standard was very high. Actually only at one tent was any paper found and this they put down to sabotage. Tent No.3 took the honours with 96% and our congratulations to all concerned. Morning Watch theme was God's man and his pleasure, reminding us of the need to relax at times but warning us to be very careful just how we use our leisure and pleasure hours, expressing the need to make sure we don't enjoy things at other folks expense, and this was most interesting particularly as during the Monday several Boys had had pieces of equipment damaged by other folks stupidity. It seems the tent mallet had come into the picture quite a lot, but forgot to mention that when it was used on Bryan Parry's head on the Sunday evening it didn't have any effect at all, although when he sings 'Down by the Sea' he does sound a little off.

Just a little mail and this time some from Denmark. Most interesting one at Camp was the one for Farnell sealed with a loving kiss. He wasn't interested in the remarks, just the £2 inside for spending. Down to the beach for a game of baseball and our chance to show the Danes how to play. Game was most exciting and we think the eventual score was tents 3,4,5 beating tents 1 and 2 by 21 runs to 5. Some good batting and fielding and excellent pitching and some amusement for the many spectators watching. Now for a swim and this time only Tobern of the Danes wanting to go in. We use our swim each day as a chance to clean our bodies, so we hate to think what some of the Danes are like, as some of them haven't been in the sea since they got here. No wonder everyone makes them sleep at the far end of the tents.

Defaulters Parade and a squad of silly boys who thought it a huge joke to try to let down one of the tents during the night. They were warned as to their future conduct and promptly agreed to work in the Cookhouse on Wednesday as punishment.

For most of Camp the afternoon and evening meant down to the beach, although it had been rather a cold and dull day. Tobern had arranged a wood collecting party and soon a huge fire was being built, with the aid of some dear old chap who had appeared from somewhere. He was giving them the benefit of all his years experience and when they found out he was 92 years old they thought what a marvellous chap he was, but then looking rather closer they thought he resembled Mr. Phillips in many ways. Retreat was played a little earlier than usual 9 pm and the poor Old Sgt. had to rush to get in on time. The fire was started and soon it was blazing fiercely and Porky was rubbing his hands with joy at the thought of the Roo-Roo, but alas down came the rain and thought it was only slight at first, soon it came down more heavily until everyone had to evacuate to the Marquee. Porky hung his head in despair muttering about the injustice in the world to-day but parying for a good dry night to-morrow.

In the Marquee the singing got away to a good start and Down by the Sea was given a good airing with solos from Walter, Farnell and others. It was raining very heavily by now and everyone made a quick dash back to their tents to get down into the warmth of their sleeping bags. It wasn't long before the whole camp was sleeping peacefully forgetting about the wet weather outside. Funny but no one wanted to get out during the night to try any pranks.

Well the end of another good day and to-morrow we go off to Plymouth for a chance to do a bit of shopping and then a tour of the Naval Dockyards. It has been suggested that everyone is tied together in case of accidents, alternatively we all hold hands as we go around, can just imagine Skinny and Farnell walking about holding each other's hand, but then they seem to want to get so close to each other, what about the other night when Skinny wanted the feel of Farnell's soft tender touch on his Cheek- Farnell immediately responded to the call and it took about 5 minutes to bring Skinny around. His only comment as he came round was Oh Kevin, your so strong and so impulsive.

Thursday 7th August 1968

Down came the rain. Actually this was a continuation from the previous evening. It had rained mostly throughout the night but it was hoped that it would clear very soon for our trip, but alas this wasn't to be. No morning P.T. as we were to have an earlier inspection, but perhaps it was as well we didn't have any P.T. or else folk might have worked up good appetites, because as it was the breakfast went a little astray. Everyone looking forward to their beans on fried bread but one of those unfortunate incident in the cookhouse and the lot was on the floor. Now Carl Lane explains how he came to drop the eggs the other day and all those naughty things they said about him he is repeating back to them. Not to worry thought plenty of bread and butter to fill the gap. By now it was raining quite hard and the inspection was to be a general tidy up in the tents. The adj, did a quick tour and whilst the flag was not being awarded it was obvious that some folk had made an effort whilst others didn't bother.

So off to the mini-buses for our trip to Plymouth. It was a mad scramble to get to our own green one and the Sgt. was feeling quite pleased that everyone wanted to be with him, but actually the reason is that the other one has to be pushed on every occasion and folk are getting a bit fed up with it. Journey to Plymouth took a very long time with folk getting lost at intervals, but eventually we arrived safe and sound only to find that time was rather short and we would have to grab a quick bite before our trip round the docks. A mad dash to a local cafe and then a long wait for some whilst their fish and chicken was being prepared. The trip through the docks would have been very good but alas the rain came down and very heavily. Our little guide was doing his best but couldn't seem to keep everyone together. Looking down into some of the dry docks it was a long way to fall and the C.O. had to keep an eye on Farnell in case anyone was tempted to see how long it might take him to get to the bottom. Palle was used as an interpreter between the Guide and the Danes, but as he couldn't understand half of what the man was saying it was rather difficult, particularly when he pointed to one old tug and suggested it was the Queen Elizabeth. Eventually our trip came to an end with everyone absolutely drowned and wanting something to eat and drink. A quick drive into the centre of Plymouth and a scramble to get into the parking lot and then folk were let off for a couple of hours to do a bit of shopping. Fortunately the rain ceased for a while and gave a chance to dry off a little, and after folk had eaten and shopped they were feeling much better. Back to the mini buses and a little push to get the grey one going and then a scramble to get out of the parking lot, but the barriers were a little too fast. For our drive back to Camp we took the route of Dartmoor and past the prison. A grey, sombre looking place and no one seemed too interested staying the night. A group of prisoners was seen marching back to the prison and Tom Bannister just managed to check himself in time from waving to his dear old dad. During the journey Sal was describing just what happened to the beans on the morning and had got to the point of explaining what they looked like spilled all over the floor, when the Sgt decided this was far enough and promptly stopped the mini-bus so that Sal could go into more detail outside. All well again and a pleasant ride back to Camp. The rain of the day had made the gateway a little sticky and vehicles had to have two or three goes before making the climb into Camp.

Now the rains came down again and in fact so did the washing Tent. It had been suggested that perhaps the other camp might know something about it and Skinny was threatening all sorts of dreadful things, but the thing was soon righted and it was decided that perhaps the wind had done it. Unfortunately no camp fire so after having our late dinner we remained in the Marquee for a sing-song. Some Of the Danish lads

wanted to go to the Dance being held on the Caravan site and promptly got up in their rig-outs and set off, but it seemed a waste of time as they had to be back in camp by 9.30, and in fact shortly after this they wandered back again.

And so another day came to a close. Perhaps a wet and sticky one but as it has been the only one so far we couldn't grumble. Many lads had bought presents on the trip and it was suggested these be left in the C.O's tent, but this didn't meet with much success as only a couple of folk left any behind. Actually the C.O. and Palle had hopes of playing with lots of toys and things during the night but there wasn't anything to play with.

During the morning there had been a little mail from home but this seemed to be for Bryan and David Parry from their dear old Mom saying how much she missed them and longing for them to be back home again - she must be crackers.

This was one of those days when a lot happened but not much to report in our newsletter. We should mention that Spud, Sal, Terry and Glynn offered their services in the cookhouse for the day but by the end of the day Mr.Lerwill and Mr.Phillips were going grey haired looking for them to do various Jobs.

It was Pier's birthday to-day and during the evening meal a birthday card was handed over, having been signed by all members of the camp, and a rousing chorus of 'Happy Birthday to you' was sung. During our own singing it is good to hear the Danish Boys taking part in the solos of 'Down by the Sea' and what sweet voices they have, particularly Torbans. We couldn't get Skinny to sing a verse for us, however, but then he reserves his singing voice for the Choir at St. Pauls. He wouldn't want to associate his sweet tenor with the rough, coarse voices around camp.

Thursday is our last full day of Camp and we must make full use of it. We hope that the weather is good and we can get out and about.

It was fun to watch Porky and Robbo demonstrating with mallet and tin what they thought of doing to the Adj's tent, but this remains to be seen. We only have a few aspirins so don't get too many headaches.