

NEWSLETTER SWITZERLAND 1969 MONDAY 28th JULY

Our first newsletter of camp and there must be so many things to report about. Firstly we managed to get away from Chapel in good time and good style. Fortunately Dave our driver hadn't seen the mound of foodstuff to be packed in the coach, or he might have had second thoughts on coming, then again perhaps his stomach did turn over a few times when he spotted some of the motley crowd he was to take away. At last all was packed or crammed in the coach and amidst the usual kisses and tears of farewell we set off.

Journey down the motorway was uneventful and we reached Dover around 1.30am, only to find we had to wait quite a time before being allowed on board, but even then the immigration officer decided we looked a rough crowd and wanted all out of the coach to check, this was only because such folk as Porky, Robbo and Spud had individual passports. Trip across from Dover to Ostend was not too rough, just the price and taste of the coffee that was rough, also the cost of the breakfast was a little high. At last daylight and land and then a little wait whilst the driver paid his way into the Continent, then we set off once again and were making good time until we missed a turn and this put us back quite a bit. By now folk were getting a little restless and asking when we were going to stop, poor Sal just had to stop somewhere and so an appropriate bush was found for him.

Eventually we reached a little spot in Belgium and decided to look for a toilet, this was left to Mr. Parry and so he made straight for the Police station and we thought we were going to have to bail him out, but soon he reappeared and informed us that a toilet awaited us. It was thought that ladies first might be the rule, but we should have warned about those continentals. It seems that nothing is done singly over here and even the men want to be included when the ladies proceed to the toilet. When it came to Porky's turn he was pleading for some girls to appear, but alas to no avail. Mr. Walton came back with his trousers all wet and tried to pick on poor little Mike, but we think it was a girl who walked past at the particular time and made him a little nervous.

German border and a long wait whilst forms etc. were completed and money changed hands, but then we were off again with everyone having worked up to frenzied heat due to the hot sun. Lots of crashes etc. along the Autobahn and some long hold-ups, but we had a good driver with us and whilst everyone slept he pressed on, or was he asleep too some of the time? About 7 pm we arrived at Mannheim and the driver took us straight to the Hostel, by this we mean it only took him about 2 hours to find the way. A party were on the steps to greet us but we didn't hear much cheering from them. Everyone into the Hostel, whilst the Ladies and senior members went along to their Hotel, they weren't roughing it with us. Down to a meal which was quite exciting and then a chance for a wash to freshen up and then out to see the nightlife. Actually we were very close to the Rhine and most folk went along to watch the boats sail or motor by, and perhaps there were other things that folk did, but pleased to say we didn't get any extra members back at the Hostel with us. Forgot to mention that Spud had found himself a young lady on the boat and we thought a big romance was on the way, but when she threatened to jump over board unless he left her alone it soon came to a halt.

Breakfast at the Hostel which was rolls, butter and jam and coffee and then a long wait by the Rhine whilst the folk at the Hotel were getting ready. Throwing stones at tin cans

seemed to be popular and a great cheer went up each each time Porky got within 2 feet, at one time he almost hit one tin but in fact he had been aiming at another. Eventually Dave the driver arrived and we all piled in, then to the Hotel where we were told of the good things to eat the others had enjoyed, then we were off again on the last leg. Sun was hot and the coach was hot and soon everyone dropped off again, only to wake up when we pulled in for a slight snack just before reaching the Swiss border. By now it was scorching hot and folk were looking for a bit of shade. Spud had been put in charge of the money to share between the Boys and no wonder he was having a good scoff whilst all others were looking on, but he does assure us he gave them all a pfennig each and couldn't see what all the fuss was about. Next came the Swiss border and another long wait. At the German one we had sought the experience of Porky as Interpreter but this time Dave did it alone and eventually they decided to let us through.

It Wasn't too long before we reached Zurich then Wallisellen and then a few enquiries brought us to the site, only to find there was no one about. We hadn't been there more than a few seconds before we heard tremendous bangs and found that a rifle club was very close at hand, perhaps this was to warn us to keep off other folks property and not to touch the fruit on the trees. The site was a little different from what was expected but the actual house was impressive and it didn't take long to sort out rooms and decided where everyone was to sleep. Out with all those things from the coach whilst Mr.Allen and Lerwill went along with one of the locals to sort out Milk, Bread etc. and returned after a while with the necessary items. Having settled in a little it was decided to let folk off to the swimming pool whilst a meal was prepared, and whilst the writer was not at the pool it was learned that a good time was had by all, especially the little rough stuff when Mr,Parry seemed to be the centre of attraction and soon got the nickname of DAD.

Back to Camp and tuck in to sausage/mash/Carrots with Rice pudding and then it was time to turn in. The night was very hot and the mosquitoes etc were out in good force, in fact many folk are showing signs of their attention, but no doubt soon we shall get hardened to them. It didn't take too long to settle down despite the heat and we think most folk enjoyed a good nights sleep.

Morning of Sunday came and Mr.Parry was up with the lark, or was it up for a lark because we understand he was in the ladies room serving tea, but we can get this sorted out with his wife when we get home. At the moment David and Bryan only have to ask for money and they seem to get it from him, must be they are holding him to ransom a little.

Morning inspection being a little different to normal camp was good and then to breakfast and Morning Service. Our theme was Living and Learning and we were reminded of the things of life we learn from experience and folk who can pass this on to us. Some folk had been asking about morning P.T. but being Sunday this was left out, although after watching the antics of some of the lads in fly swatting whilst they were on parade it rather looked as if they were going through a P.T. session.

Down to the Lido seemed to be the order of the day and it didn't take long to get down there and into the water. Folk looked a bit pale and pasty against some of the tanned bodies. Things started off excitingly with everyone wanting to get in the movie sequence, jumping, diving and falling off the boards, but we never got Mr.Parry with his star jump, never mind we can get one another day. Mr. Walton enjoyed his swim but

even more so he enjoyed his filming, the only trouble was that everytime he had a good scene to snap some dashing female would seem to walk past the camera. When we see the results we shall have to look past the beauties and just notice the scenery behind, That one will take some explaining when he gets back home. After a long day at the pool it was back to Camp for an evening meal of meat pie/potato/carrots/peas and then plums and custard (the latter to keep folk on the move).

Our evening service was on the theme of The Boy who helped Jesus, and this reminded us of the things each one can do however small or insignificant we may think them to be. Rest of the evening until 9pm was spent as leave and most folk went for a stroll, with some of the older ones having to use the walking sticks. Spud and Porky had sore throats and were seen gargling away outside, but there throats didn't seem to bad later when the singing was under way.

Nine o'clock and our first Retreat and then in for a sing-song which was led by the Adj. Voices were in fine fettle and David Graham helped out with his guitar. One of the tables offered to sing a solo and Bryan Parry, Terry, Colin Gater and Mike Murray gave a rendering of all things bright and beautiful, but looking at that lot we had second thoughts.

And so the end of our first full day in Camp, and one which brought fun and games, plus other things, and even a little sunburn. Soon things were quietening down and the Camp was asleep, except for the C.O. and Mr.Walton trying to fiddle the books, but even they gave up in the end.

Let's hope Monday brings as much excitement with lots of glorious sunshine.

Tuesday 29th July 1968

Day started in brilliant style and was to remain like it all the time. Not a breath of wind about so those poor white bodies would have to be subjected to the burning sun, and certainly by evening many of them were very sore. Breakfast of flakes, rolls and usual extras, but by now the rolls were getting a little stale and folk were giving rather dirty stares in the direction of the Q.M.

Morning inspection was up to standard and so far no one has been in trouble for dirty uniforms etc, but alas we were to see a few defaulters a little later. Service conducted by the Adj. was on the theme of Living and Looking and he reminded us of the many wonderful things of life we could see to enjoy, and also those we could see but need to avoid. We haven't had any mail as yet but no doubt it will come later. During the early afternoon the C.O. had a supply of cards and stamps and lads were engaged writing home, no doubt asking for more money to add to their meagre bank accounts - in fact some lads are down to their last £20 so soon.

It was suggested that we might have games at the swimming pool but upon arriving there we found Monday was a late Opening day and so we had to plan a game of football on the car park; as there were a number of cars about it was decided to have a sin-bin for any Wild kickers and David Parry obliged by being the first one to be sent there, soon to be followed by many others. The game ended in a goalless draw and also a lost ball when a rasping Shot from Spud managed to bounce into the swimming enclosure and we were too late to get it before the locals were on the scene - expect it was one of those gnomes of ZuriCh we hear so much about. Swimming was enjoyable although we weren't able to stay in too long. Unfortunately Mr.Lerwill hadn't time to go in at all because of having to get back to prepare the dinner, but not to worry he did manage to get a picture of a cow with a bell round its neck - can't think this is as exciting as those Mr.Walton was taking the previous day.

Dinner of stew/potatoes with rhubarb/custard and this went down very well and then it was thought we might Spend the rest of the day at the swimming pool, so the ladies prepared necessary sandwiches, or chunks of bread, for us to take along.

Forgot to mention our defaulters in the form of Gater, Rogers, Murray, Clarke, all first year folk learning things the hard way. Necessary jobs would be found for them later.

At the swimming pool it was very hot and rather packed but when Mr.Parry got cracking with his antics plenty of room was found very quickly. Diving boards came in for plenty of attention but some of the dives weren't so hot, in fact Terry Biles and Colin Gater have quite a few bruises to show from some of their less spectacular efforts. A game of cricket was organised and it didn't take long before a crowd of locals had gathered, all wanting to take part. Some of them proved quite good, whilst others swung the bat as though it was a scythe, but come to think of it this is the way most of our folk do it. It was hoped to have some of the senior N.C.O's take part with us, but they were otherwise engaged, sitting neath the shades of a tree and crooning soft things into girl-friends ears. Can imagine one croon from Porky would sound more like an old bull frog croaking away, but it didn't take him long to realise that what they really wanted was to see his dashing antics on the football pitch, so he promptly set too and showed them a few of his daring tricks. Spud Would have liked to get closer to the girls but the thought of Jennifer loomed in his mind, also his sunburn was a little painful.

Teatime at the pool and out with these huge sandwiches and tea it didn't take long before the lot was scoffed and then some wanted to get straight back into the pool but were warned of the danger of swimming on top of a meal. A few quick jerks soon shook the food down and then there was a rush to get into the water. When the sun had lost most of its shine it was thought time to make our way back to camp, and weary bodies could be soon plodding their way back up the hill. Mr. Walton had had a very tiring day and as soon as he was back he was down on the bunk for a sleep, although he told the Adj. he only wanted to have a little rest and wouldn't be dropping off. Now we know where all that snoring comes from that keeps us awake at night.

Dave our driver had been out and bought some Shorts and quite a dashing figure he cut at the pool. Of course he came in for criticism from Porky and Robbo but no doubt he will get his own back when he leaves them at the German border on the way home. Talking of shorts reminds us that Mr. Parry met with a slight accident during the afternoon. Whether the shorts were too small and what went into them too large, or whether there was a slight fault in the material we don't really know, but very soon both sides started to part company and then more of him came into view than should have done - silly arse boy.

Bank at Camp a camp fire was being prepared by Squad 2 and it was evident that the roo-roo was to be a sordid affair. Actually it was thought that David Graham was to be the participant but he cried chicken at the time. Singing was good and some of the choruses were very rousing with the Music Man coming in for Special attention, but like all good things it had to come to an end and so the day closed with our usual Last Post and hymn and prayers. It had been a good day and we should have learned something from it - those with sunburn learned quite a lesson.

Tuesday we are off on a day trip to Lucerne so we look forward to exciting adventures. Day closed with everyone settling down, perhaps not as quickly as they should, but every time Porky put his arms around Spud he was told to lay off because of the sunburn. One other great event to report is that John Rogers can jump in now. He needs only to hold on to the side a little, stand on the bottom step with his rubber duck on then he can manage the rest. Not to worry though John, you carry on, we will make a swimmer of you yet.

Wednesday 30th July 1968

This was to be our first day out and a chance to see some of the sights and places of interest. Lucerne was our destination and the day proved to be most enjoyable. Once again the sun was very hot when we got up and it looked as if it would stay that way, but later in the day it started to rain and by evening it was pouring down.

Breakfast of fried bread with beans and the usual rolls and extras and then a quick clear up and ready for morning watch. Theme was Learning by Listening and we were reminded of the times in life when we need to listen to the experience of others, also to listen to the voice of God.

Ten o'clock and everyone was ready for the Coach. Once inside it was noticed how clean it looked after our rampage on the trip over, but the driver soon realised that it wouldn't take long to bring it back to its original state. Journey to Lucerne was pleasant and although the countryside wasn't so very impressive, nevertheless we did catch glimpses of some good scenes etc. Arriving at about 11.30 we parked the coach, only to find there were others there from dear old England, in fact one from BRUM. Colin Gater found that there was a coach load of girls from England, but judging from his experience the other day when he tried to grab a girl at the swimming pool, we suggest he leaves well alone. After tucking into sandwiches and tins of pop, folk began making their way to various places. Some were interested in the boats, whilst others wanted something to eat, and others wanted to have a look round the shops, finding that everything was so very dear and probably most of the items were either made in England or Hong Kong.

Unfortunately it was later in the afternoon when the rain came down, actually it had been rather dull from the time we reached Lucerne but by about 3.30 the skies opened and folk had to make a dash for shelter. Five o'clock and time to leave and strange to relate but everyone was back on time. No one had pinched the coach so we all piled aboard and made for Camp. Unfortunately the rush hour traffic had started about this time and most of the way back to Zurich we were stuck in long queues but with a bit of good British driving by Dave we were able to bulldoze our way through and arrived back at Camp about 7pm. The rain was pelting down and though we had expected to have a swimming parade, actually it was thought to be too wet, much to the displeasure of some. and so we messed about until evening meal was ready.

Dinner consisted of meat balls with potatoes, beans then trifle and cream. The Q.M. had to go around explaining the serving instructions for the trifle, so there must have been something special in it. Most tables used up their supply, but it was noticed that some of the chicken-hearted were not taking part. The meat balls were very tasty and perhaps a little more so than the one referred to in the song. Mr Walton tried hard with the Canteen after the meal, but it seems folk are not interested. Our pop supply is almost at an end in fact we have enough left for one day only. The Q.M. is making enquiries about further supplies but we wonder if folk are interested in paying local prices.

Nine o'clock and time for Retreat, fortunately the bugler was allowed under the shelter of the roof so we didn't get any wet notes; then all back into the Dining Room for singing, rhymes etc. led by the Adj. and some hidden talent was discovered from some of the individuals and some squads formed themselves into quite good quartets. Who knows we may have found some rare talent which has been hidden for so long. Michael Murray's rendering of All things bright and beautiful was a joy to behold.

And so the day drew to a close. No mail has been received and in fact the first lot out was only sent off to-day, so probably we shall be home before some of it reaches there. Mr. Allen was busily engaged writing about 15 Cards, but we noticed he did it after his wife had gone to bed, so there must be a hidden meaning there.

Forgot to mention that from the previous day we had found a likely squad to dig a hole. Gater, Murray, Rogers and Clarke were the chain gang and they were so happy in their work that they didn't realise time for Retreat had come, and alas they were late again so were promptly in trouble once more. After inspecting the thing they called a pit we realise how much we miss the services of Kevin Farnell, if only he could have been with them for just a short time things would have been so much different. Can imagine Gater with the pick stuck in his head and Rogers being buried a few feet under, but we will get them to our way of thinking shortly.

Mr. Allen led our closing hymn and prayers and we were honoured by the piano playing of Mrs. Lerwill. And so our day came to a close. Everyone seemed fairly tired and dropped off quite soon to the sound of drenching rain outside, hoping that it was just a local shower and that by the morrow we should have the wonderful sunshine back with us again. It did give a chance for those with sunburn to give them a rest, and it was noticed that we have a number of red lobsters with us, but Mr. Parry's Nivea cream should do the trick for them, he wants the cash for it deducted from their bank accounts.

Thursday 31st July 1968

After the previous day and night's rain our day started off quite well, although we didn't enjoy such wonderful sunshine as before. Squad 4 of Graham, M'Quilkin, Prickett under the expert of John Rogers were to serve us for the day. Actually John didn't have too much trouble, but Macker (being a first year Camper) was a little tiresome at times. Breakfast of flakes and rolls, but Thursday we are promised a cooked one again. Inspection was up to usual standard, except that we have a few slightly bearded members with us, if only we had a camp cat that could lick it off for them.

Morning watch was conducted by Mr. Parry and he Spoke on Living and Doing, reminding us that Looking, Listening are good but we must be able to put these things in into practice by what we are prepared to do. Again no mail early on, but later in the afternoon two letters arrived, one for David Carr and other for Mr. Parry; this from his wife wanting to know where he has been for the last week, apparantly he didn't tell her he was coming away. Down to the baths for a game of cricket and the highlight of this was the excellent innings of the Staff team. Tent 5 tried to put up a good show but were no match, even though they were helped by some sloppy fielding when they were batting and got many extra runs this way. The Staff had a score of 12 runs to beat and suffice to say that just two of our batsmen knocked these off. Mr. Walton played a grand game behind the wicket, at one stage he gave an impression of the prima ballerina as he did the splits just to stop a loose ball; have to say that he also took two catches - have to say this or he won't speak to us again, but he and Porky also managed to muff up a good opportunity. Squad 1 were the winners of Boys game, beating Squad 5 in the final. Into the lido and a quick dip before rushing back to Camp. The locals have taken the hint after seeing our antics for the first couple of days and in fact there was hardly any one in. Mr. Parry gave himself quite a scare earlier on when he discovered he still had his teeth in, and promptly took them out and hid them behind a bush, looked rather funny later on to see that squirrel running round with Mr. Parry's false teeth stuck in his mouth.

Dinner of Shepherds Pie/Potatoes/Beans then Rice and we were all very pleased to see that our Q.M. had been able to lay on a fresh supply of drinks at the right price too. It seems that went to the local factory and bottled their own so watch out what your drinking. During the afternoon folk were doing all sorts of things, some playing volleyball and badminton whilst a football match was arranged and very soon most were taking part. Teams were evenly matched - all the talent on one side and the rubbish on the other, and it wasn't long before Spud had to leave with a shoulder injury and then Bryan Parry left for a short while with a suspected broken leg. Spectators were out in their thousands but alas they were in the form of flies etc, it was fun to watch every chasing around clapping like mad just to try and kill a few. David Woolley's team scored first after a mix up in defence by Terry Biles mob, but soon they fought back and were eventual winners by 2-1, scoring twice in the last minute. Dave the driver was a stalwart in attack (why didn't someone tell him which side he was on, he was kicking everyone in Sight) and Mr. Allen played like a bulldozer, he it was who had Bryan off the pitch for a minor injury. Just before 5 o'clock we packed in to prepare for tea and nurse some of the bruises etc.

Tea was rolls with jam and paste, also cake and this passed without incident. Mr. Walton is still battling away with his canteen sales and he reports that sales were a little higher yesterday - must have a word with the Cook and Q.M. to see that they cut the

rations down a little. Some folk actually had almost two whole spoons of rice yesterday, and one table even managed 6 baked beans each - much too extravagant.

During the evening we hoped to go for a swim and Mr. Parry led us a short-cut that he had found. Perhaps if we hadn't gone via Zurich we might have reached there in time, but when we did arrive it was to find they were shut for the night, so folk made their way back to Camp and took part in various games etc again. Some went for walks in the woods and even though we didn't have a roll-call later we were a little disappointed that we have not lost anyone so far.

Squad 4 had been preparing a camp fire for us and it looked as if it was going to be a good one. Actually it was so high that a ramp was being built on the roof so the Adj. could have a good take off for his ROO-ROO, but when Retreat sounded at 9 o'clock it also brought the rain and although we started the fire it was obvious it was going to be too wet to stay outside, so it was a mad rush back to the warmth of the Hut.

In the darkness just under the trees, two figures could be seen deep in conversation and this turned out to be Dave the driver with a young lady who lives locally and he had met earlier at the lido. He was most disgusted at having to come inside as he had been crooning soft things into her ear and they were studying the moon and stars, and once inside of course she was soon snapped up by Gater and led to his table. She was very pleased to be with us as she wanted to improve her English, but we can only think she probably speaks with a right Brummagen accent after last night. Singing was good and the usual rousing choruses were gone through but all good things must come to an end and 10 o'clock came and we had to think of settling down. The Adj. led our closing hymn and prayers and then back to the billet where the C.O. was to read a squeamish story about flies and other ghoulish things, we trust everyone slept well after it and didn't feel the need to scratch much during the night.

And so to the end of another day. Again one filled with fun and games and experiences. Robbo had suggested digging the pit deeper and promptly set to with the pick and shovel after dinner, he didn't mind this too much but the sight of the coach bearing down on him with the C.O. at the wheel made him turn a few shades of white paler.

Dave the driver was to have his reward with the young lady because he was able to take her home, and if you want to know why the Adj. has a bald patch on one side of his head its because he sleeps next to Dave and he Spent the night tossing and turning in his bed, plucking hairs out of the Adj. and saying she loves me, she loves me not. Spud spent the night sitting up because of his sunburn and even his close pal Porky wasn't able to put his arms round him because his shoulders were just too sore.

We don't know what Thursday will bring but we do know that a certain individual in the Staff room has promised to get up to make the tea, this should be good. More about it to-morrow.

Friday 1st August 1968

Early morning, before even the lark is up, and there is a stirring in the Staff billet. Creaking of boards and bones, grunts and gasps, then the sprightly figure of Dave the driver appears from the top bunk - he is going to make the tea. Actually what happened was that he couldn't sleep anyway, thinking of his beloved Doris, so he thought he might as well be up and doing something useful. It didn't take too long, about an hour, to get a cup, but what an experience for everyone - perhaps one morning he will do the same for the Boys.

The day was to be quite bright without being too hot and we didn't have any rain. We don't know whether to hope for really hot weather again or accept the dull stuff, because whatever it is there are always thousands of flies and things about. We ought to award the tent flag for the person with the biggest bites - must have a line up sometime, although perhaps there are one or two in rather difficult spots.

Morning P.T. and all the camp excited at the prospect of a run through the woods, even Mr.Parry joined in and so too would the C.O. but he was busy taking pictures. A brisk trot through the woods then back to Camp for breakfast and this was to be bacon/egg with usual extras.

Mr.Allen took the morning Watch and spoke on the virtue of faith,or loyalty; reminding us of the loyalty we owe in our lives to people and things. Swimming parade but before this it was football on the grass beside the pool. Squads 1 and 4 played each other and Spuds mob (no.1) were winners by 7 - 4. Porky's mob (2) played David Carr's rovers but were beaten 3-2 and then in the final No.1 were beaten by 5 - 4, again some good hard football but all played in a most friendly spirit.

A quick rush to the changing rooms but before we could get into the pool the attendant was there to make sure everyone went through the footbath, so as not to take too much grime into the main pool, must have been looking at Bryan's feet at the time. Onething that had us worried for most of the day was that squad 5 under Les Findon were on duty. The cook and Q.M. were running around in circles wondering what jobs Les would have them doing next, whilst Bryan Parry and Colin Rogers Spent most of the day telling each other what a nice fellow Findon is, and whilst all this was going on Robbo was doing all the work.

Dinner time and this was stewing meat with potatoes and peas, but as someone mentioned they must have been the ones that couldn't get into the Birds Eye packet. Following this was something that looked like fried bread covered with some of these gorgeous flies we see about, but it turned out to be bread and butter pudding with creamy custard - please don't complain how can you expect the cooks to watch the cooking and Findon at the same time.

A little mail had arrived and Micky Moore was to receive three bits. Actually they were addressed to him as a Private so someone must have known he would be up to some tricks and probably reduced to the ranks by the time mail arrived. Mr.Walton had one from home to say how the cat next door had done things to his strawberries, but his wife says they taste quite nice nevertheless.

During the afternoon folk were split on several ventures. The Adj. took a party to the pool for a second swim, whilst the Q.M. went for fresh supplies of pop; and Mr. Parry led a party through the woods where we understand they had a wonderful time. Actually they came across a damsel in distress, her car having got stuck and so Sir. Gallant stepped forward to offer his services. In broken English he mentioned how he was a car owner and new all there was to know about them and from the way he talked she must have been left with the impression he owned half shares in the British Motor Corporation. He was a bit put out however when Mr. Lerwill jumped into the driving seat and issued instructions for all to push, but eventually they managed to get the car out, for which the lady was most grateful - wait until she gets his bill perhaps she wont be too happy.

Tea time and peaches and cream and other good things and we noticed there were a few gaps on the tables, actually Spud, Porky, Sal and David Carr had had tea leave and gone off into the wilds of Zurich, perhaps they were off to see the night life there. Some of the juniors were pleased to see them off and we didn't see many tears shed at their departure, but a great groan went up later in the evening when they came back again. Gater had been through all their kits to see if anything was worth while having, but alas he had to put it all back again.

The evening saw games of volley-ball and badminton being played, also a little golf and then the highlight when John Rogers had a shave. He had been telling of his romantic incidents when he is at work especially in the lifts with the girls, and he thought he would like to look his smartest and most charming when we go off for our day out on Friday. Retreat and Robbo was trying hard to get the fire going, after a little gentle persuasion he managed to get a good start and very soon things were going very well. The cookhouse had prepared soup and this was most tasty, but we haven't been able to get any cocoa yet. Some good singing again and then Terry Biles did a version of the fire dance jump for us and quite well did he perform it, but Robbo and the C.O. could be seen preparing things for the Adj's leap later and just before ten, when the fire had burned down quite a lot, and the Adj. was thinking how easy it would be thug Robbo stepped forward with a load of timber and got things going to a great height. The chant was started and soon picked up by the hungry mob, thirsting for blood and burning flesh, but with a mighty bound the fire was cleared and Sal made quite a soft landing the other side. Spud's Squad are on duty on Friday and you should see the fire they have prepared just along from the tennis courts, this should prove interesting.

C.O. led our closing hymn and prayers and then back to our bunks after another good day. Just a week since we left dear old Birmingham and one more week to go. Inside the bunk there was time for a couple of short stories and now lads will be asking to have a closer look at the tins of meat before they eat anymore at mealtimes. They would like to know just what sort of meat it is. Also little girls are warned to beware of men who get caught in girders, just take a large flat stone along with you.

So the camp settled down for another night's rest and look forward to what Friday will bring, especially as it is Switzerland's national day and there should be lots of fun and games.

Saturday 2nd August 1968

Early morning and a misty shroud is all around us and thoughts of going up to the mountains didn't look very promising. However, this was a sign of some better weather to come and it wasn't long before the sun broke through and the day began getting warmer. No morning P.T. as we wanted to set off earlier, so there were many groans and moans from the Boys. Breakfast of flakes and rolls and this time best butter, but alas one of the tables didn't know about it and they were stuck with the margarine again. Morning watch was conducted by the Adj. and his talk on Hope helped us to realise our own hopes and aspirations and our future to the future.

Ten o'clock and after having stocked up with necessary bottles of coke etc. Everyone proceeded to the Coach. Doris was there to see us off and though Dave pleaded with her, unfortunately she wasn't able to go with us. Journey started off not very excitingly, firstly Mr.Allen had so many girl friends to see in Wallisellen that we were left for ages whilst he flitted from shop to shop, then we had to stop for diesel and this took quite a long time, seems that Foxalls account isn't so very good here in Switzerland, or perhaps the driver looked a bit suspicious to them. Eventually we were on our way again and it was good to see the amount of flags and other bunting the locals had put out just for us. Les Findon was quite chuffed and sat in the coach waving like some kingly monarch, but later in the evening we were to find out it wasn't really in our honour. The Swiss were celebrating their national day of independence. Our trip was to take us to the mountains and when we had journeyed a few kilometres the other side Zurich we began to see a lot more of the real Switzerland. Beautiful chalets nestling in the fields and beneath the hills, our destination was Wildhaus and long before we reached there we were struck by some of the magnificent views. The C.O. and Mr.Lerwill were hanging out from the front of the coach to take pictures and Mr.Allen was supposed to be holding them safely, but why he needed to have his foot in their backs shoving like mad we don't know.

After some expert manouvering we managed to get the coach parked by the side of the first lift which was to take us part way up the mountain range, then all out for a quick scoff of the sandwiches and drags at the bottles of pop. Porky's assistance was needed as interpreter at the terminal as the man spoke only in German, but alas something went astray again as they didn't think they had a chair big enough to take the coach itself. It was sorted out soon and the first stage to Oberdorf was in pairs, this gave us a feel of the thing and wasn't really too high. Next stage was to GAMSALP and this was by individual chairs and it looked mighty steep. Feet were marked out where folk had to stand and Mrs.Allen had the experience of being swept off her feet by some Swiss Don Juan, this in fact is more than her own Don does. Everyone arrived safely at the top and the view was wonderful, although there was quite a mist about. It was thought we might climb even higher, but the way was rugged and steep and many fell by the wayside. Colin Gater and Bryan Parry made for the snow and ice that we could see in the distance and managed to bring a lump back but it had melted quite a lot by the time they got back to us. At one stage we thought we had lost Les Findon but someone remembered seeing him going to talk with the cows. Soon we were able to pick him out as we noticed one without a bell. He was telling them all about the B.B. and how he is the Mace Bearer and sometimes Mr.Pearce lets him have the keys to various things, but they were just looking at each other and shaking their heads and thinking very interesting, but stupid.

Time to start back again and once more to be swept off our feet but this time by a more powerful character. Mrs. Newman tried to hang on to him and take him with her, but he managed to fight off and break loose. We're not suggesting who it might have been but the weight in one of the chairs was a bit much and it was sagging quite a lot more than all the others, a lot of the way down his feet were scraping the ground and he felt rather cheated - we're not saying who it was but we hope his canteen sales go well to-day. Back to the bottom again all safe and sound. We were a little worried about Terry Biles but it seems everyone else went into fits of nervous tension whilst he remained cool and calm.

Did you notice that it was the only time since we arrived at Camp that Mr. Parry was sitting still and quiet, frightened out of his wits by the height. What a wonderful view coming down and what a surprise to find it had been raining, especially as we hadn't seen any sign of it at the top, must be that in Switzerland the rain comes from beneath ground instead of out of the skies. Journey home again and we left behind us all the wonderful views. Poor David Graham had a slight headache and found out just how much it costs to get rid of one, perhaps he will have second thoughts next time.

Back about 7pm and dinner was soon under way and this time the cookhouse had the valuable assistance of the C.O. It was quite evident his presence had been noticed, particularly when the custard was served, actually it was a crafty plan on his part, because they don't want him to help again. Our meal was corned beef/potatoes/beans with apple crumble and custard, all very tasty.

By this time the locals had started arriving in great numbers to take part in the festivities just down the way. Pretty lights were on and a huge fire was soon under way. It was thought we might like to join with them and the N.C.O's could be seen preening themselves and covering each other with after shave, hair oil and talc. powder, it was a case of the same old features but smelling perhaps a little sweeter. The fire was an enormous affair but the Adj. wasn't interested, something about not being able to leap so high after a huge meal, sounds a bit fishy though. Folk were mingling with the locals and the N.C.O's trying hard to mingle with some of the local girls, but it seems that apart from the few little ones who were jiggling about on the stage there wasn't much other talent about. Poor Sal, all that after-shave wasted, he was wondering if there is any way to scrape it off again and put it back into the bottle.

Ten thirty and time for the Juniors to leave for bed, but the C.O. did read them a bedtime story, something blood thirsty and heart-chilling about Goldilocks and the 3 Bears. Robbo busied himself outside collecting glasses and very soon we had sufficient to last quite a time, some of the beer stains had to be washed off some of them but the tea should taste quite well from these.

And so time for all to leave and time for Dave to escort his Doris home, possibly for the last time. In fact she came up to him gave him the nod and they were off, alas for Dave it was the last we saw of him all night. So we all turned in whilst the natives outside were still doing their war dances and the drums beating incessantly. It had been a wonderful day and one we shall remember for many years, so much film had been used up that we shall need to hire one of the local cinemas for a night when we get back. After a restful night's sleep we wake to see what Saturday has in store for us.

Sunday 3rd August 1968

For most of us the day started out in brilliant style, although perhaps folk were a little weary through having to listen to some sort of music all night, but for one individual it was to be a night on the tiles. Dave our driver had seen his dear Doris home and then lost his way, arriving in the early hours of the morning he found he was locked out of the hut and all his efforts to rouse someone were of no use; he did manage to make them hear in the Boys billett but they didn't want to know him. Back to the coach he plodded and decided to kip there for the night. Now he knows what it was like for us trying to get some sleep on the way over, but at least he didn't have a mad driver at the wheel screaming round all the corners.

It was a glorious morning and the session of P.T. went down very well, just a chance to build up appetites for breakfast. It was flakes again with fresh rolls and butter. Morning Watch theme was on the virtue of Love and the C.O. reminded us that Christian Love is teaching and training and sometimes punishing and being punished, and not just the sentimental sort of love we hear so much about. No mail to-day but forgot to mention that we did have a little when we were on our way out on Friday. One letter for Spud had a Special big kiss scrawled across the back, so perhaps his dear Jennifer is missing him still and longing for the day when he will be home again in her arms.

Games Of volley-ball were played on our own courts and the eventual winners were squad 3, beating squad 4 in the final. Squad 3 now become football and volleyball champions. Down for a swim and the lido was rather packed, all those locals just going to get a little sunburn. Very soon we were in trouble through throwing the ball about and generally misbehaving, as some old dear objected to our antics, so it seems we haven't left them all back at the Chapel, there are some old moaners over here as well. Soon it was all sorted out and then into the water for a fresh dip and then onto the grass for a sunbathe. Back to Camp to tuck into those meat balls yet again. Funny thing is that they were not shown on the menu at all, but so far we have had them about 3 times. Hate to think how often we might have had them if in fact they had been shown. Anyway they were quite nice and went well with the potatoes and carrots, this followed by plums and thick custard, made this time under the expert eye of our Q.M. bless him.

After dinner it was thought we might go for another swim and by about 2.30 most folk were ready with their kit. We hadn't got far down the lane before the skies became very dark and the wind started blowing gale force, so a quick about turn and we had just made the safety of the hut when the rains came down and really the skies opened up once more. All sorts of games were got out and we sat in the comfort of the hut thinking of those brave ones who had decided to have tea leave and go off to Zurich, especially as we couldn't remember them taking a coat with them. Actually when they got back later in the evening they hadn't seen rain at all, so it must have been a little cloud just over our spot.

Tea time and a rare treat of bananas to go with our bread and butter. Some folk were more at home sitting on top of the tables crossed legged and peeling away at the skin, rather like feeding time at the Zoo. We should mention here that there is always trouble on the Staff table at meal times because certain individuals will insist on bad etiquette whilst Mr.Parry tries hard to show them the right way. In fact he went so far as to bring his own salt pot but alas some rogue has gone and pinched it.

During the evening, and as the rain had ceased and the night looked quite pleasant, it was thought to go for a walk. So Mr Parry planned another of his short Strolls. Heading in the direction of the airport they made good time but were robbed of their goal as they couldn't cross the autobahn in front of the airport, although they could see the planes. However, it was a good walk and should have tired everyone out for a good night's Sleep. Other folk went off in different directions and Spud has found another swimming pool, so we must get to know more about this, perhaps the talent will be a little different and Mr.Walton may be able to take more pictures.

So the night drew on and just before 9 o'clock the orderlies were seen preparing a fire, but alas the wood was wet and the thing really didn't get going at all. Dave emptied most of the oil out of the coach but although we had a blaze for a time it didn't last very long and by the time the Roo-Roo came round it was a great heap of smoking nothing, but squad 3 promise to do something more exciting for Sunday night. Singing was quite good with each squad doing a solo turn and the star attraction was Les Findon's rendering of Eidleweiss, but unfortunately he was put off by the rest of the folk in his squad.

It was obvious by now that everyone was feeling very tired and in fact some were asking whether they could turn in earlier but when informed that reveille would be half an hour later and no P.T. this seemed to please them. Mr.Allen led our prayers and closing hymn and then back to the hut and a chance to listen to another gruesome story, this time about plucking hairs out of someones head, but it seems the head was detached from the body - we trust everyone slept well and that we haven't any headless monsters walking around Camp. Come to think of it perhaps Gater would be a little less noisy with his head tucked under his arm.

Monday 4th August 1968

Sunday started out as a misty day but this wasn't to last for long, and in fact it meant that hot weather was on the way. Reveille wasn't until 8 o'clock, just to give a chance for some of that lost sleep to be restored, and even the Orderly squad didn't have to get up until almost 8. Even so Dave the driver had so much sleep to catch up on that he didn't get up until about 9.

No P.T. being Sunday but the breakfast of bacon/Egg with usual extras was most enjoyable and everyone had good appetites. Morning watch was conducted by Mr. Parry and his virtue was prudence or Wisdom, reminding us of the wisdom of seeking advice, learning from experiences and turning to God for help.

About 10.30 we were all ready and after having a quick swig of tea and chomping on a couple of biscuits the party made its way down to the swimming pool to splash in the cool of the water and also to enjoy a little sunbathing. Place was rather packed with locals sunbathing but the pool wasn't so full. It didn't take long for lads to get up to their usual jumping, diving, splashing activities with a couple of chuck ins to help things along. After a while the sun was so gorgeous that it was decided to alter our plans a little and the cookhouse were informed we wouldn't have our dinner until later in the afternoon, this gave an opportunity for people to lie out in the sun, and oh boy do they know about it now. Once again we have several red lobsters in our midst, and the sight of Mackerels legs are a joy to behold, but they were always funny to look at anyway. Unfortunately we hadn't taken anything with us for eating or drinking so the shop did a roaring trade with drinks of coke, ice-cream and cakes and on one occasion Mr. Parry retired for a while with his party of ladies, they were off for afternoon tea and crumpets on the lawn, but we wonder who it was had to pay the bill. Mr. Parry didn't bother to buy anything to eat because each time the lads came by he pinched a little from their slices, the old scrounger.

Some of the dashing ones were looking around for talent but the locals don't seem much interested, and all that beauty treatment and posh hair styles were of no avail. Colin Rogers however seems to think he had something lined up and has been pleading with the C.O. to make sure we don't go out on Monday but stay in Camp and spend time at the pool. John Rogers is swimming like a fish these days; so we have been able to teach him something. He can jump in now and then glides through the water without his rubber ring; very soon we hope to have him in the deep-end and who knows perhaps jumping off top board before we leave. All good things must come to an end and about 3.30 the party started making its way back to Camp, perhaps a little stiff after the sun had done its work, but looking forward to a good meal. Cookhouse had seen that things were on the move and very soon we were sitting down to steak and kidney pie/potatoes roast/beans and then steamed pudding and custard, all very nicely cooked and most enjoyable and there wasn't much in the way of scraps when all had finished.

During the evening we were off to Zurich to the Baptist College to join in the evening service. The trip over was pleasant and we found the College on top of a hill just over from the Lake. It was to be an unusual Service so we were told but then we had some unusual people with us. Service was enjoyable and the hymn singing very good, even some tunes we knew, and there was no Choirmaster trying to sing faster than the organist so that we have a job to keep up. All sorts of folk were at the Service from

Baptist Churches throughout the World, including Spain, Australia, America and a B.B. Officer from Derby and even someone from dear old Birmingham. The address was unusual as it was in German and there weren't enough earphones to go all around, but those who could were plugged in and able to listen in to the translation. It was an experiment in Services and quite an experience to be there. In the visitors book were many of our folks names including a greeting from our Company so perhaps if we ever come back this way in future we can scan back through the pages.

Our ride back to Camp started off with a glorious View of the Lake at night, and we could see one of the paddle-steamers all lit up and looking very pretty, but David Parry with the rest of the mob in that Squad were more concerned with the camp fire, but alas we were too late getting back as it was about 9.50 and so things had to be put off until Monday.

Mr.Allen had stayed behind with some poor excuse about having to look after his daughter, but we understand he spent most of the time at the tennis courts, no doubt watching someone elses daughter of perhaps more advanced years. Anyway he had got out supper ready for which we were thankful and we enjoyed the coffee and cheese sandwiches before turning in. Some of the senior N.C.O's were complaining of being tired and wanting to get to bed, but again it was all hot-air from them as they were still talking a couple of hours later, unless less of course they were fast asleep just whispering soft things into each others ears. The C.O. managed to find another short story and this one left them a little apprehensive (whatever that means) of insects and things, especially things that land on ones neck. We ought to have a strict roll-call to see whether any of our party have been attacked in the night and their blood sucked from them.

Well the end of another grand day and Monday promises to be equally good. Somehow on Sundays we never find so many Camp characters to report about, perhaps its because everyone is being so righteous or could it be that they are saving things until Monday, we shall find out soon enough.

Tuesday 5th August 1968

This was to be another of those very hot days, it started out in brilliant style with the sun streaming through the windows from very early on, and the sound of the bulldozer droning away at about 6 o'clock. Many folk had Spent restless nights because of their sunburn and some were displaying their blisters to see who had the most or the largest. David Woolley had the widest selection, but then he has the body to suit. Just a little morning P.T. to tone up those aching limbs and prepare them for the cross-country race later in the day. A few quick exercises with the logs and fortunately no accidents, although it was noticeable that the Adj. moved Colin Gater from one squad to another in case things went wrong.

Breakfast and for the first time we had porridge, although many were asking what it was. Actually it was very nice indeed and Mr.Parry was able to have many helpings, but then he has quite an area of stomach to fill. Usual fresh cobs and rolls with lashings of fresh butter and jam, at least we were led to believe it was butter but we have a sneaking suspicion it was only margarine.

Morning watch was led by Mr.Allen with Dave the driver assisting with the reading, and the subject was the virtue of Justice, with hints and suggestions of how we can put it into practice in our own lives.

And so time for the cross-country and the runners were changed quickly and raring to go. The Adj. had planned a short route for the Seniors and an even shorter one for the Juniors, but remembering Denmark it was decided to have many extra markers placed and this is where Mr.Walton, Mr.Kane, Dave, Mr.Lerwill, Mr.Parry, the Adj. old Uncle Tom Cobby and all were to be used. At the stroke of 11 the Juniors set off in good style, having been warned of the rather steep drop just by the path they ignored Mr.Lerwill's warning and went plunging over the top. Back at camp it was all quiet whilst we waited for the first runner to re-appear; it was quiet because the Seniors were having a sit-down strike, and then they started singing protest songs but after a while they decided to reserve their energy and wind for the battle ahead. After 12 minutes Colin Gater came into view looking as fresh as when he had started, he was to be followed by David Parry and then Micky Murry and then a stream of others. John Rogers had been running in the Junior race just to make sure there were no stragglers, and he brought up the rear in good style. Then the Seniors were off, although they have been this for a long time. Again the warning of the steep bit was ignored and they fell headlong over but scrambled to their feet and went charging off in the direction of Mr.Walton, he thought it was some herd of wild animals and he wasn't far wrong. Through the woods looking for Mr.Parry and everyone thought he had gone back to Camp but eventually they came to him and were sent off to the next marker. Whilst all this was going on it was peace and quiet back at Camp with the C.O. preparing special film etc. for some good camera shots, then after a short while David Graham and Micky Moore came into sight holding hands and wanting to be joint first; then Porky and Spud also holding hands and we were becoming very suspicious as to what had been going on in the weeds, then Macker appeared on his own and later Sal. and he was followed after a while by Steve Pearce and Robbo and David Carr, again altogether, and we waited for Les to show himself, it wasn't too long before he came galloping into sight with the Adj. gasping for breath not far behind him, and this we understand cost the Adj. a bottle of pop. Two good races with plenty of excitement and our congratulations to all who took part.

Down to the lido for a cool bathe and a chance to show something the locals haven't got, all those blisters. It was into the water very quickly and stay in there until folk wanted to come out and dry and put some shirt or other clothing on. Macker cut quite a dashing figure with his long white stockings over his knees and his towel worn like a skirt, we understand a number of suggestions were made to him. Once out of the water lads sought the shelter of the shade and quite a number gathered neath the branches of the big tree, sunbathing wasn't going to be for them. We stayed at the pool until late in the afternoon, although some folk had slipped back to camp earlier and now poor Dave the driver has a body which rather looks like the pink shirt Robert Clarke brought with him.

It was a cooked meal the cooks had prepared for us and we sat down to corned beef/potatoes/peas with creamy rice to follow, once again there were complaints about the rice especially as some folk thought it was warm milk we were having and wondered why there were a few odd lumps floating about, but it all went down very well.

After tea we were setting off for the Airport and about 6.30 all piled aboard the coach. Spud and Robbo weren't too pleased because they had spent sometime during the afternoon with a couple of girls and wanted so much to be with them again. We understand they had a trip with them to the woods and we wonder whether Spud enjoyed this better than his trip through the woods with Porky in the morning. Actually we heard Spud telling someone that her figure was better than Pokky's but her lips weren't so big and sloppy.

We should mention that just before swimming Steve Pearce, Micky Moore, Trevor Prickett and Colin Gater had elected to stay behind and wash down the washroom floor, this was a noble effort on their parts.

At the airport we were interested in the planes, especially as they were from so many different airlines and countries. Folk could be seen gathering at one end of the promenade and we thought this was to watch the planes take off, but then it was discovered the air hostesses were coming along that way and these seemed more attractive than the planes. Les of course was able to put us in the picture and acted as chief guide, as he knew all about airports and planes; what a pity he didn't bring his Severn Valley Railway Hat along this would have made him feel really at home. About 8 o'clock we set off back to Camp and then the orderlies got cracking preparing a good camp fire. It was a dark cool night and the cookhouse had some special soup brewed up and a good camp fire was going. Usual songs and singers all rounded off with a good ROO-ROO, now John Rogers wants to know whether he could do a Roo one of the nights; we're sure he could but feel it would end up with him on top of the fire.

And so with everyone feeling quite tired, and the majority of our adults not coming out to the fire, we made our way back to the hut and comfort of those soft, dreamy bunks. Martin Parry tells us that he thinks they are more comfortable than his bed at home, but perhaps this is because he isn't having to sleep with David and Bryan. Another short story to help lull folk to sleep and then a quick dash round with the cough mixture and very soon everyone was in the land of deep dreams.

It had been a good day and we look forward to another good one on Tuesday; when we have an opportunity of spending most of that hard earned money we brought with us.

Wednesday 6th August 1968

Day started off in grand style. Early morning tea in the staff room and this time Mr. Kain did the honours once again, Mr. Parry having fallen down very badly on his duties since that wild spell earlier on. In the cookhouse however it was far from peaceful as they had been told that a certain squad was on duty again and this brought to mind special individuals who shall remain nameless, although their actions will live for ever. We estimate that about £20 worth of stuff has been broken so far.

Morning P.T. and another short run, although so many were coughing and sneezing and complaining of sunburn - it seems likely we shall be going home far less fitter than we set out. Breakfast and this time bacon and eggs and rolls etc., all most enjoyable but the Q.M. was to make up for it later in the day. Morning Watch was led by the Adj. who spoke on the virtue of Courage; the courage to stick to our convictions, the courage to go on when things are difficult etc.

So a chance for a quick bathe before setting out on our shopping spree. By now the sun was gloriously hot and we understand that at the pool it was in the water and stay there to cool down. Happily we report that everyone returned safely and then got themselves into uniform for the trip. Meanwhile the C.O had been off to the Bank to draw a little money and folk had put in all sorts of applications for varying amounts, it was quite obvious that the staff were to be treated to someone very nice presents, but this remains to be seen at the close of camp.

Journey to Zurich was hot and sticky and then Dave had to park next to a coach of footballers all the way from the States. It seems they were to play a series of friendly games on a tour of Switzerland but when we challenged them to a game and they took a look at some of our less friendly footballers they decided against it. What a pity we didn't know at that stage about our friendly match to be played on Wednesday evening. We could have invited them along to see the real masters at Soccer. Shopping and a chance to spend all that money, and it was quite obvious that just to buy a coke would use up most of it. After having looked for the shops for a long time, eventually we came across some sort of shopping area which we were informed by Dave was the cheaper district, what a comedian he is. Folk plodded their way wearily from shop to shop hoping for something good in bargains. Mr. Allen amused himself and passers by by trying to get the pushchair through one big shop where pushchairs were not allowed, and then he had to wait outside for about 45 minutes whilst Mrs. Allen was inside sipping tea and eating those long frankfurter sausages. Mr. Parry had his gaggle alongside him and it had been agreed that they would pool their money and buy some useful present that way. His list was as long as the coach but somehow we don't think he got very far through it. By about the second shop and after just buying a few trinkets most of the money had disappeared and he thought it was a hole in the plastic money bag, but alas it was just the price of things. Actually a little later in the afternoon when folk met up with him he was busy at a fruit stall trying hard to get them custom in the hope of a little side Take-Off but this didn't work out at all. In fact Steve Pearce did much better as some old crone thought he looked a bit hard-up and promptly slipped 6 Deutschmarks into his hand, no doubt whispering come up and see me sometime.

And so 6 o'clock came round and it was time for us to leave Zurich, interesting to note that no one was late but most people were broke and came out with all the same story about the high cost of things, shall have to wait until we reach home then buy a few oddments from Woolworths or somewhere. On the way back David Graham dropped in the village to arrange a soccer match against the local team and this is for Wednesday evening at some spacious floodlit stadium with a chance of a bathe afterwards. Selection of the team was left to certain individuals and what a motley crew they have chosen. Star attraction seems to be the goalkeeper but it is still a toss up between the experience and skill of Mr. Walton or the bully and bluff of Mr. Parry, put your choice on a piece of paper and hand it in to the Adj. Mr. Parry is paying 50 cents a vote whilst Mr. Walton promises exciting things from the canteen.

Evening meal and a rare treat of something Special from the cookhouse. The sausage/mash and peas were good but somehow folk didn't appreciate the skill and artistry that had gone into the making of the bread and butter pudding. At first it was thought that perhaps the Orderly had dropped it on his way in, or perhaps one of the cooks had sat on it by mistake but really we couldn't see what there was to complain about and on the Ladies table they all had good helpings whilst the staff tucked into generous piles. Mr. Parry's pile being more generous than most. Actually the custard had gone astray again and this time we had fresh cream but even this didn't wet folks appetites. Even the tea didn't get drunk but the pop sales soared.

Camp fire was a little later, starting at 9.15 and before this a squad of people had been out collecting wood and quite a load they managed to get from somewhere, some of it still with apples on so perhaps we shall have some irate neighbours to the camp in the morning. It would be nice to see them even if it is only to complain. Robbo was taking responsibility for the fire assisted by Mr. Parry, and between them they got a good one going. Singing we kept off the popular ones so that they can be fresh for our last night, and once again Les Findon gave an impression of his Caruso style with a rendering of eidleweis, must have been that shower he had earlier when he should have been working, it freshened up him up a little, because as his bed partner complains, he certainly needs freshening up.

Evening hymn and prayers were led by the Adj. and then back to the comfort of our beds and this time a couple of short stories of macabre quality all about what to do with sisters or Moms that don't want to play. It had been suggested that we were looking for a volunteer Orderly Squad and no doubt by morning we shall have found some willing helpers. Robert Clarke was so excited at the prospect he just couldn't keep still, but then he is the same when he sings Down by the sea to us.

And so the close of another day with tired aching limbs and frustrated souls at the shopping spree that went wrong. Some folk bought watches and there were a number of cowbells and tin whistles and horns, and it should be quite interesting when the customs ask anything to declare and we start rattling that lot.

Whilst the Boys slept the Staff were busy discussing tactics for the important game of football and Mr. Parry was pacing out distances to see just how wide are the goals, Whilst Mr. Kain wanted to know whether we had brought the cricket score book with us. This game should prove most interesting and we hope to report more fully to-morrow.

Thursday 7th August 1968

This was our last full day of Camp and the weather started out in usual style, glorious hot sunshine which was to last most of the day. In the Staff room it was peace and quiet as those members who were to play in the soccer match later on were having a last minute lie-in and in fact Mrs. Pearce elected to make the tea; training her right for when she gets back home.

Morning P.T. and this time it was an exercise session but whilst some worked hard others lazed about in the sun, only to find they had an extra period to do after. Whilst this was going on our volunteer Orderly Squad of Sgt. Murphy and Robert Clarke were busy in the cookhouse, grumbling like mad but doing the work nevertheless. Breakfast and a shot again at porridge, this time it was much thicker with less salt and folk tucked into generous helpings, although it was noticeable that the Q.M. wasn't being tempted and he had a dishful of flakes - coward.

Morning Watch was led by the C.O. and his talk was on temperance, but not the non drinking one; rather our own temperaments and the whole build up of ourselves. It was after the service that Mr. Parry made a charming speech and then the two sergeants stepped forward looking as bashful as ever to make presentations to the C.O. and his wife of a musical chalet and stop-watch, most gratefully received and thanks all round.

Then down to the swimming pool where we were to stay for a big part of the day, as the sun was very hot and folk wanted to add that finishing touch to their tans. It was much cooler in the water but when the sandwiches were being given out there was a mass rush round the tuck box. After the sandwiches had been devoured folk just lazed around in the sun whilst Mr. Parry did a sterling job in keeping them Cooled down with odd cups of water, in the end however he came unstuck for David Parry gave his back a rinse down without giving him time to take his shirt off. During this time some folk had wandered off to the shops in Wallisellen to see if there were any better bargains, and in fact there were one or two interesting items to buy and people were able to do their last minute shopping, and then as the afternoon wore on folk drifted back to Camp to prepare for the big game. Cookhouse had been working very hard over the fish fryer and we were treated to an evening meal of chips, eggs, baked beans and sausage with pears and cream to follow and this time our Q.M. had made himself very popular.

Then we started dressing for our trip to the stadium. Promptly at 7pm our guide came and we followed behind in the coach. Journey was quite a long one and we passed many likely looking places for football but eventually we drew in beside an old barn and there were lots of jokes about this being our changing room etc., what a giggle because in actual fact it turned out things were even worse, firstly the place was a probation camp and this seemed rather appropriate, then the dressing room was an open lean-to shelter by the side of an open air pool, this looked rather inviting but we were to find out more about it later. The pitch looked a bit small and the grass had recently been cut but fortunately for our star player the goalposts were rather smaller than normal so he managed to fill them quite well, although later we were to find out he always managed to be at the one whilst the ball was going into the Other.

A little kick about and this was almost sufficient for some of our older and dearer players but they managed to survive until the whistle sounded the start of the game. Les Findon was resplendent with his stop-watch, whistle and linesmen's flags, but unfortunately he

wasn't called upon to act as referee they had a good man for the job, although as Mr. Allen was to remark he was a bit short-sighted with some of his off-side decisions. Game had only been in progress 35 seconds when Mr. Parry had a chance to show how good he is, that was one goal we were down, but we put on a brave face and tried hard then came another of his daring dives and we were two goals down. Bryan offered his specs, David threatened all sorts of physical violence unless he pulled up his socks and got more into the game and this he promised to do and promptly let in a third goal. By now our supporters were getting a little worked up and Mr. Walton we think was shouting encouragement from the touchline, but some of the remarks didn't quite sound very encouraging, but the team was ready for the call and now our forwards began to shine and decide that attack was the best means of defence, particularly as it meant a goal every time our defence were beaten, and Mr. Allen had made a pact with their right winger that he would give him lots of room in which to run and move about. Very Soon came our first goal: a corner which was taken by Spud and he floated over the ball to David Parry who jumping to get out of the way, found the ball had struck his head and gone into the goal. This inspired the team to greater effort and just before halftime the Adj. got in a good goal just inside the post with the goalkeeper unsighted (actually we think these goals were in reverse order but it was 3-2 at half time).

Then on came the floodlights for the second half and this time we realised we had them going. Our forwards were combining much better: although Sal was a little dubious of Mr. Allen and decided to play left back with him to help out. A tactical change brought Mr. Parry into the forward line and David Parry in goal and suffice to say we didn't have another goal against us due to some very fine saves. It wasn't too long before we scored the equaliser through Macker then all out for the winner. Our spectators were jumping with joy and chanting England, England and the players were getting quite excited too, in fact Porky fell over one bloke a couple of times in his eagerness to get to the ball, much to the dismay of that particular player, and with a little Swiss abuse thrown in. With not much time to go we forced the winner with Spud doing the honours and then we hung on to this slender lead. Certain of our team were looking a little tired and their were anxious stares in the direction of the older ones, but they had paced themselves well and managed to hold out to full time with the score in our favour of 4-3.

A good game with handshakes all round afterwards and then a quick dash for the comfort of the pool. It was really warm in there and the bottom had a soft velvety touch, but this we understand was slime, unless it was the decayed bodies of others who have played there in the past. Some lads thought they saw a frog in there but this turned out to be Gater without his glasses. Unfortunately Spud and Sal decided the mucky water wasn't for them and they were going to have a nice shower back at camp, but alas this wasn't to be so much to their displeasure and so they had to turn in sweaty and dirty.

Back at camp it was great preparations for the last of the camp fires and very soon Robert Clarke had one going, then Mr. Parry took over and kept it alight for the remainder of the evening. We had a round of the usual songs and even John Rogers was getting very bold and came out with a particular verse about Porky and his dummy, much to Porky's disgust but everyone else's amusement. Head, shoulders, knees and toes was a struggle but at the thought of an extra duty folk soon took part, although it was obvious certain people would rather have the orderly to do.

And so the end of our last full day. Mr. Parry led our Camp hymn and prayers and then the Boys made their way to the bunks, but no story as it was rather late. At 11 o'clock

the N.C.O's sneaked out to join the Staff at a little supper and Sal struck a dashing figure in his (or his Sisters) dressing gown, but as everyone was rather tired they didn't stay up long.

And so we look forward to our last day when we have to tidy the place up and leave things as we found them, although there will be a couple of windows missing through the antics of Spud and Terry, lets hope these are the only things we get broken before we leave, although no doubt there will be many broken hearts left behind.