

NEWSLETTER HORTON 1970
MONDAY 20th JULY

Commanding Officer (C.O) – Captain D.W. Pearce
Sergeant Major (S.M.) – Sgt D. Graham
Quarter Master – (Q.M) – Lt. D. Munton
Sports Officer – Sgt D. Graham
Canteen/Medical – Sgt L. Findon

Squad 1 Commander – Cpl D. M'Quilkin
Squad 2 Commander – Cpl S. Pearce

Well at last we are in print. Folk were beginning to wonder whether we were to be brought up to date with all the latest news at Camp, but after a couple of silent days the press has started to roll so watch out candid camera will be watching, and reporting on all your activities. Thursday night and around 4.30pm the C.O. arrived home by lorry to find the pavement outside his house littered with all sorts of belongings - at first it was thought the baliff had been around but it turned out to be Mr Parry organising the camping equipment and not bothering a cuss about the neighbours getting past. Loaded on to the lorry and just before 6 we set out for Kidderminster, grabbed the extra equipment and set off for Horton. Journey was good and weather very kind to us. First stop was a point in the mountains described by the signpost as being the highest point and it was here that folk spent a few moments. Then on to Glen Neath and a stop at the first chip-shop. Here Mr Parry was his usual, generous self and treated us all to pie and chips. Off again for Horton and we arrived at about 11:30pm. It was a good night and didn't take too long to take all the things off the lorry. It was evident very soon that cows had been around the field and left their landmarks behind. Mr Parry was first to discover this when he went groping around for a hammer and caught something else instead. Up with the old brown tent, in with all the goods and off with the lorry, C.O. and Mr Parry.

We understand the ones left behind had a good time during the night and next day. By the time the main party arrived on the Friday afternoon the others were looking quite well, some of them bronzed and others like lobsters. Back at chapel things had gone a little astray. Mr Munton couldn't get the minibus into gear, but did manage to get it stuck in second. However a garage soon sorted things out and the party made off about 9:45am. Journey was good with a couple of stops along the way and they arrived about 3:00pm. First meal was sausage and mash, with fruit and cream to follow and then a little later we had our supper of cheese and cocoa and turned in with everyone feeling quite tired and in fact the camp settled down quite quickly.

Next morning dawned very bright and the camp was up very early. Sgt. Findon was his usual popular self when he awoke the orderlies and the Sgt. Major did a good job in getting Kevin organised on the bugle. In fact some of the locals have been commenting on his bugle playing, but alas it isn't quite what he expected. Kevin however came out with a typical reply but we dare not print that here.

A little morning P.T. to loosen aching muscles and after breakfast a chance to see what could be done for inspection. It wasn't a full inspection but the standard was quite high. Uniforms were laid out but some of the haversacks were looking a little grubby. It wasn't

possible to split the two squads so the tent flag was handed to be hung outside the tent, as a reminder of what needs to be done to win in future.

Morning Watch and the C.O. took us through our series of services for the remainder of camp. Morning games and this took us down to the beach and a chance to air our lungs in a short sharp game of football. David Parry was his usually dashing self in a big pair of gum boots, and in fact looked funnier still a little later when he went into the sea with them on. Some story about not getting his foot wet, but judging by the smell one would think they haven't been wet for quite some time. After a little rock putting it was arranged that Brian Parry, Steve, Les Findon and Mr Munton led the party into the sea. Water was a little cold but soon folk were in and splashing about like mermaids. Unfortunately there wasn't much talent about in the sea so folk didn't stay in too long.

Back in the sand dunes Kevin felt some lady was taking a keen interest in him and invited her over, but alas she didn't take up his offer. Sand burying seemed to be on the programme and various folk had a turn at being laid out. Biggest struggle of all was with the medic (Les Findon), perhaps the lads let him struggle a lot so they could get stuck in, in fact Mr. Munton took a hand on one occasion but soon broke off when he found himself under the lot.

Sandwiches and tea on the beach and a game of baseball. It took some time to get things sorted out, but one or two folks did have some good knocks, including one where David Parry tried to knock out the C.O. by flinging the bat at him. Eventually David Parry's team beat Steve's by 2 rounder to 1, but even this led to quite a bit of confusion.

Back to camp for our evening meal and then a party went off for wood. It didn't take long before folk were coming back to camp with arms full of all sorts of wood, and a little some of the locals were complaining of missing gates, hedges, and bits of caravans. It was a good fire and the singing went down quite well. John entertained us with a couple of choruses about Dr. Doctor Bannister on the bannister but we couldn't get Mario Lanza to sing Edelweiss. So to bed and threats of reprisals if folk didn't get down quickly. The C.O. had a ghost story to read but once again Terry couldn't get the meaning.

Sunday morning and a little lie in. Terry and Kevin were on duty but most of the day was spent in trying to find them. No P.T. but a good breakfast of bacon and egg, rolls, butter, jam and tea. Morning Inspection was in full uniform and standard was quite high. Cpl. M'Quilkin and Squad 1 just managed to beat Cpl. Pearce's Squad 2 by 82% to 80%, but we understand there was some confusion over bits of rag found lying about.

Morning Watch was conducted by the C.O. and he gave a short talk on 'Love', reminding us of the story of the Good Samaritan and looking deeper into its issues.

Morning bathing parade but of course being Sunday no beach games. Bathe was good and there was a few young ladies about to liven up things. Should mention here that early in the morning one of them had been to see us at Camp and even looked into the Wash Tent to see the natives having a wash. She was on the beach in her pale blue and Les Findon couldn't take his eyes off her; would have liked to get his hands on her too, but we managed to hold him back.

Dinner of steak and kidney pie, new potatoes, carrots, followed by rice. After dinner the Camp set off for a walk over the hills to the caves at Port Eynon. It was a good walk and a chance to work up an appetite for tea. The last bit of the walk was a scramble when the news was passed around that everyone had to be back at Camp by 5 o'clock. The Sgt. Major was waiting anxiously to book the late comers but at the last minute everyone rushed in to make it just with a couple of minutes to spare.

After tea the Camp got ready for the evening service at the little Chapel. The service was good and the address left us with things to think about - next week we look forward to conducting the service at the Chapel and hope to inspire the locals with a type of Youth Service. Later in the night folk set off for more firewood and returned with enough for the fire, although some of it had to be sawn and smashed a bit smaller. Things were a little late getting under way, perhaps it was because there were a few young ladies about and lads had their thoughts on other things. Les led the singing again and it was good to hear some of the choruses. Forgot to mention we did have a ROO-ROO the previous night and the fire was stoked up for the Sgt. Major. On Sunday night it was built a little higher, and perhaps a little hotter but he managed to clear it, much to the disappointment of the rest of Camp. And so to the end of another day with everyone feeling a little tired but it seems not wanting to sleep too much. Perhaps we ought to get up much earlier in the mornings, we shall have to think about it.

Let's give a word of praise to those worthy folk who helped to set up Camp for us. The Advance Party who put up the tents and managed to find the best one for the C.O., but we understand this was a mistake. Les Findon's handling of the Marquee and the fact that it isn't up properly. Steve and Kevin's assistance on the lats. (made a good job of them, but of course Kevin has had plenty of experience in the pest), David Parry's help with the hole, ably supported by Macker. In fact all who helped to start our Camp off on the right foot. We hope for a good time together, but above all we trust God's blessing will be on all we say, think and do.

TUESDAY 21ST JULY

From ghoulies and ghosties and long-legitty beasties, and things that go bump in the night, dear Lord deliver us. This would seem to have been the cry of Sgt. Findon during the night, when he left his tent for a short time to make a special visit and discovered others had thought of doing like-wise. At first he thought it was the cocoa he had had for supper, or perhaps it was the ghost story read by the C.O., whatever it was it scared him and all he managed to do was scream out 'back to your beds', this produced a sudden stampede and a lot of giggles, then all ways quiet. Les strolled back to his tent with an air of authority, feeling he alone had had the courage to send them all packing, but even now he doesn't know whether it was some of the lads playing about, or just Bessie the Cow out for her midnight stroll.

Early morning P.T. and the Sgt. Major is hotting up the pace. The relay race is increasing in length and perhaps by the end of Camp should have reached about 20 runs. Trying very hard to get the Q.M. to take part, but so far without much success. Breakfast of flakes and rolls/butter and the usual round of complaints from Terry. We understand that he is to go on another camping spell with some of his pals from School, and that his house is stocked up with tins of beans, meat paste and jam, should be a good camp, especially if Terry is to do the cooking.

Inspection standard was lowered a little and Squad 2 (Steve Pearce) scored 80% against Squad 1 (Macker) 78%. Good to see the flag changing hands. Morning Watch theme was Service and the Q.M. conducted the Service for us. At this point we should mention that it was David Parry's birthday and he had had one rousing chorus of 'Happy Birthday' in the tent early in the morning. Presents were flowing thick and thin, or perhaps it was just thin. Kevin couldn't afford much so just passed on his best wishes, and the rest of camp did likewise. Mrs. Pearce, soft as ever, bought him a cake and a Doodle, but this he cherished until next day (the doodle that is, the cake was greedily eaten by his table-mates).

After Elevenses it was time to bid a fond farewell to David Parry, just for a short time whilst he had a lift into the Hospital at Swansea. He tells us that it was to have his big toe dressed but John knows different to that, and he thinks it was a trip to the looney bin. Later in the day he came back to the beach with a starved look on his face, but he had all sorts of stories to tell about the Nurses at Swansea, now everyone is going around trying to get hit with the sledge hammer or pick so that they can go and judge for themselves.

It was decided to spend the day at the beach as the weather was good, perhaps a little windy at times. Folk were soon covering up from the sun, although in a lot of cases it is evident they didn't do it quickly enough. Wonderful cheese and paste sandwiches again, but something good to look forward to for our evening meal. About this time the Medic started to feel a bit queer, that is a bit Queerer than he was before. Actually his girl friend Kate had come down to the beach and this had sent his heart all a flutter, especially when he joined in the game of football. Unfortunately she was on the same team as him, so he couldn't make any of his dashing tackles, but we did have quite a

job in getting him away each time she scored a goal. He has been watching too much world cup football and was ready to pounce on her each time the ball was in the net. But alas things didn't work out too well at all. Actually Kate's parents had told her not to mix with the boys, but to find a girlfriend; so she took a good look around and spotted one with just the right style of hair for her, and we understand they have been seen together on a number of occasions. This of course didn't do the Medic much good and early in the afternoon he had to retire to camp with an upset tum or something.

Back to camp for evening meal and this time the cookhouse had excelled. Shepherd's Pie was on the menu and strange thing but we haven't seen the bloke who was looking after the cattle etc. earlier on, but we don't think he was the Shepherd part of the pie. Robbo had been in the cookhouse helping and the end product was a delight. This followed by Rhubarb and custard and then the usual rush for the Special reserved area of Camp. Pity we couldn't fix coin boxes on the doors, could have made a fortune in just one evening.

After tea the camp went off to various to look for wood and returned sometime later with a little. Seems their main hobby had been playing sand-castles and building canals on the beach, but at least it kept them out of mischief, or at least we hope it did. Camp fire was quite good and the singing up to standard. Still we haven't had Edelweiss, but there is plenty of time yet. Again the fire had burned down a little too much for a good ROO ROO, but there is plenty of time left, and now we understand there is a little paraffin to help things along.

Forgot to mention that we had had our first defaulters. Kevin and Bryan had not been behaving up to scratch, and whilst the C.O. was lenient with Kevin because of his help in blowing-the bugle, he was a little harsher on Bryan and found him little jobs to do. Some of the N.C.O's had not been doing things as they ought and were admonished by the C.O. and they have elected to dig the next set of holes for when the Lats. have to be removed.

Well another good day, weather very kind to us again. Lots of good fun, plenty of good food, and again we pray for God's fellowship with us.

WEDNESDAY 22nd JULY

Day started brightly without any sign of wind, but thank goodness the wind came later because it would have been a scorcher. Camp had settled down quite quickly during the night and no incidents were reported of folk leaving their tents, or in fact the Medic rushing around the field in his pyjamas shouting get back to bed, get back to bed, only to find it was the cows he was yelling at.

A little morning P.T. to loosen those stiff muscles, whether they are stiff from exercise or from the sun it's hard to tell, but it's nice to get some fresh air into the lungs so early in the morning. Breakfast with lovely porridge (much to Bryan's disgust, because he was on orderly and would have to clean out the dixie). Beans on fried bread and usual extras. Morning Inspection brought about another change with the tent flag, Squad 1 winning it back again with increased marks 87% to 85%, but Terry Biles was muttering a lot under his breath about it all being some sort of racket.

Morning Watch was led by the C.O. and he reminded us of our responsibilities whatever the cost or consequence. No defaulters, or perhaps the Sgt. Major was being kind, at least everyone thought he was such a nice feller that they would like to lay him to rest in the Wash tent. It needed all of them to lay him down and peg him out, but no doubt he can have his revenge in some other way.

Robbo was to leave us at this time, as he thought he would be able to get a better lift if he left earlier. We were sorry to see him go and amidst fond farewells and with tears in our eyes we waved as we left the field for the beach. By the time we reached the gate we had forgotten all about him.

It was decided another full day to be spent at the beach, especially as the weather was so good. Actually a little wind had sprung up but this was a good thing because once again folk were showing more signs of redness. The Medic had issued orders that no one was to lie about without clothes on, we didn't quite know what he meant by this, but realised he meant no sunbathing. To prove how stupid it is he just lay there having a good sunbathe himself and knows all about it now. As John said, if Les knew it was stupid to do it, why did he do it himself, and of course we know the answer to that one. Usual sandwiches and just a little cake, but David Parry thought the cake would be much better with a layer of sand and promptly upset the lot on the beach. Not to worry, however, the pieces were scrabbled up and soon gobbled down.

A quiet game of football just to start off things on the beach, and after a tense battle fought hard on both sides Macker's team scored the winning goal. After this a quick bathe in the sea for some it was only a dip and then out again. Unfortunately there aren't many big waves yet, but we hope to have some before the two weeks are out. A spot of sunbathing for a while and then all down to the beach for another rousing game of baseball. Just before this one of the locals had enjoyed things by being buried in the sand and then very unceremoniously carried and dumped into the sea. Bryan went along to help carry her but couldn't quite make out where he should hold, so had to be content with just walking by the side.

About 5.30 everyone wandered back to Camp and dinner was set for 6.15. This time it was Stew and very tasty it turned out. Generous helpings all round, with seconds for most. Les didn't fancy all of it and asked whether we could sort the gravy from the rest, but this couldn't be managed and so he set watching the campers greedily scoff their way through the bowls of stew. This was followed by apples and custard and it was sometime before folk thought of wanting to leave the Marquee.

It was wood gathering for most and around 9 o'clock folk were arriving back with great chunks of log between them. Fire Chief Steve promptly set to to get a good blaze going and was ably assisted by Second in Command David Parry. Singing was a little quiet and the Entertainments Officer couldn't arouse any enthusiasm. In fact the couple of bright Spots were when Kevin dressed as a dancing girl with his towel around his waist and legs and then did a Very clever vanishing trick by disappearing down the pit. Couldn't make out whether it was more food he was after or whether he had dropped his false teeth, but it was good for a giggle. During the excitement John was enjoying his soup so much that he thought of tipping it over his anorak, and Terry promptly obliged by helping it on its way. Alas the fire was rather low for the ROO-ROO and the Sgt. Major cleared it easily. Perhaps tomorrow a little more time and thought can be put into it then things can be made quite hot for him. C.O. finished off the day with a squelchy murder story just for Terry.

TUESDAY 23rd JULY

To-day the weather was not to be as hot as on previous days, and quite a strong wind was blowing, but nevertheless at times it was just too hot for some, and our dear friend Medic was working overtime with his T.C.P. and plasters. Steve and Dave Parry were on duty and were a little in the early hours of the morning to find someone had wet the bed, or at least they thought it was so and were just about to blame Kevin, but then discovered the Sgt. Major was in the doorway of the tent wishing them a good morning.

A little P.T. but nothing very strenuous and we haven't found out so far who is in the lead with the relay race. Breakfast of flakes with fresh cobs, Danish butter and scrumptious jam, or perhaps this is what it should have been; however the stale bread and margarine wasn't too bad. Inspection but no brailing to be rolled, as two of the main stalwarts were on orderly. Standard was high and not many faults were found. John, alas, forgot to clean his haversack properly and was duly admonished. Squad 1 just pipped squad 2 for the flag, and lead now by 2 wins to 1.

Morning Watch was conducted by the Sgt. Major and he gave a short talk on 'a vital issue', reminding us of the many discriminations that happen daily in our lives. After elevenses it was down to the beech for the rest of the day and this time Kevin and Mack suggested we might pitch our spot amongst the rocks. Perhaps they had met some talent there on the walk they had the previous day, or perhaps it was that they enjoyed their own company so much they just wanted the rest of us to share in the happy memory with them. It wasn't a bad idea actually because the wind was quite cool at times and it gave an opportunity of playing our games quite close at hand. Hit and run cricket was started but very soon David Parry got a little upset because some many others were coming to take part - he thought an appeal had gone out to youngsters as far afield as Oxwich and Port Eynon, but eventually he was put in to bat and of course didn't last very long.

Lunch on the bench and the usual round of paste sandwiches. Perhaps we will get a change one of the days and instead of paste on one side only, it will have been spread on both sides. Thought of having something other than paste is a bit remote. After lunch many wanted to have a wander far and wide. Kevin asked could he go to the shop for a bottle of pop, but he took so long we thought he had gone back to David Graham's old place opposite the old Chapel. Eventually he arrived back just in time to take part in the bathing parade and his explanation of his disappearance was that he had only been having a chat. Hope he wasn't getting tangled with the locals, we remember what happened to Skinny Southwell at our last Camp. Football seemed to be quite popular and started in the usual sporting fashion, but very soon standard deteriorated and instead of football we had a hacking match, with the poor C.O. having to take most of the rough stuff.

About 5.0pm we made our way back to Camp and then shortly after sat down to sausage and mash, followed by rhubarb and custard. Only David and Bryan were very interested in the sweet, poor John, we can't get him to eat anything with milk in it. Not to worry though, he is keeping up the canteen sales, and so far has managed to finish off the snakes.

After tea the general thought was for wood and a party set off for the cliff tops to search for old trees etc. On the way they met Kevin and Steve who were standing beside a great heap of cardboard from a caravan - hate to think who it might have belonged to. Kevin assured us that everything was O.K. and he thinks the owner said that was the one he wanted smashed up. Just along the cliff from there we found lots of cut down branches etc. and struggled back to Camp with arm loads. Terry was a great help, each time we loaded his arms full he walked two paces and then dropped the lot; it was getting quite cold and dark by the time we managed to get back to Camp.

Camp fire use a good one and started off so brightly that we thought of changing the proceedings and having the ROO-ROO first, but the S/M. wasn't having any of that. Singing was rather weak and we are thinking of having strong words with the Entertainment Officer; but have received an assurance from him that on Thursday he would sing his famous rendering of Idleweiss, so perhaps things can be better in future. By the time Roo-Roo came along the fire was burning quite well, and as a last gesture David Parry threw just a little bunch of twigs on to help dampen the flames a little. This only made them roar a little higher, however, and the S/M, whilst doing his usual jump, failed to find the centre of the blaze and we feel he leaped over the side. Once again plans are being laid for the Thursday evening fire to see what can be done.

Well this was one of those days when we didn't have too much excitement with the girl friends. Certainly there were one or two about, and in fact we have more girls than Boys at our fires some evenings, but we haven't heard of any great romances. Forgot to mention that earlier in the week John had tried his hand at wooing the French bird with the long pants, and even after trying to help her collect pebbles on the beach she wouldn't be co-operative so he gave in. Have you noticed, though, that he sits very close to Sue the farmer's daughter each night at Camp fire. It's hard to know what goes on in the dark with those two, but he had better get to like milk if he wants to get anywhere with Sue.

Well another day drawn to a Close. Once again a bedtime story from the C.O. and this time one about old feet being in the tea; yet again Terry couldn't see what all the fuss was about, because he thinks camp tea is made with old feet and sweaty socks. And once again he fell asleep half way through the story, but of course this is only like home when his Mom reads about Noddy and Big Ears and his Dad reads him the Valiant comic.

Late night prayers in the tent were led by Bryan and it is good to hear the sort of things folk think about and to know also that they so like to express thanks to people who do things for them. Another goon day and we look forward with interest to whatever tomorrow holds in store.

FRIDAY 24th JULY

Today was to be one of those days when we all got a wetting first thing in the morning, and not just the Boys tent. Wind was blowing quite strong and the rain coming down in fits and starts, sometimes quite heavy, but at other times horrid drizzle. By P.T. time it was not raining so the deer S/M. had the camp on a heads and tails race, and this produced some good fun. Terry and Kevin were on Orderly so they just watched from the marquee and passed necessary comments. Actually Kevin would have liked to have taken part but he was still worrying about those ghosts he had heard and seen in the night. Perhaps it was just Sgt. Findon still looking for his lost girl friend.

Breakfast of egg and fried bread with usual rolls and butter, and this time the rolls had been popped into the oven for a short while to bring up the freshness. Tent Inspection standard was high but once again no.1 just managed to pip no.2. This was to be a normal day in Camp, trying to keep to the time-table etc. as laid down, and perhaps it was a good idea because the weather wasn't as good as we would have liked.

Morning Watch was conducted by Mr. Munton and he gave a short talk on 'Playing the Fool' in relation to our association with God. It was thought a bath would be a good idea, especially as the sea would be right in and from what we could see from the camp site, it looked as though the waves would be big. This is what we found, although we had to move a little along the beach to miss the stones. Sea was quite warm and in fact David Parry and Mac. Came in with us. Waves were great and folk stayed in for longer than ever before. Later in the day we were to have another swim, and everyone was looking forward to it, but by the time we were ready to go quite a lot had fallen by the wayside. On the beach it was too windy for beach games so we made our way back to Camp and had dinner at the normal time. It was Hot-Pot (which is Stew with a posh name). Everyone tucked into good helpings and even John managed to get through a large dishful. Following this we had steamed pudding with custard and the usual round of questions for John on why he doesn't like custard and milk.

After dinner folk were allowed to do or go as they pleased and very soon we waved farewell to the S/M and Q/M who set off for a walk over the hills. Actually Kevin told them of a good cliff road, perhaps a little dangerous, but alas they didn't listen to him and even managed to find their way back to Camp in time for tea; this didn't please Les very much because he was just about to take over the camp, and had got everything organised as to what he was going to do. Tea of just bread and butter and jam, and this was quite a change from some of the evening meals we have been having.

Around 6.30 some of us set off for that other swim. Sea was coming in so we had a Quiet game of football whilst we waited. Don't know where Steve found the ball but we could see some little kid along the bench searching frantically. On the way down to the beach John could be seen getting in close to Gill and Sue, and really we need to keep a watchful eye on him. He's been asking Sue all about the Cows and calves, next thing we know he'll be asking about the birds and the bees.

Cold evening but prospects of a good camp fire, and it had been decided we would revert back to 9 pm for Retreat and sing-song. This time we did get our rendering of Idlewheiss, but poor John, he just doesn't seem to get to hear what things are, he

thought it was Idle Les he was singing about, hence the great round of applause at the end. Fire Chief and his second in command were busy once again stoking things up for a hot one, and indeed the end result was quite pleasing, plus the fact that some large logs had been strategically placed around the fire surround. The S/M was his usual lively self however and managed to clear the lot quite easily.

And so another day drew to a close and it is just a week since we were leaving from home. Weather over the past week had been quite kind to us and we hope that we might get rid of the Wind and have some hot, stifling days once again. Regrettably no ghost Story, because the C.O. had to see Calib home to speak with his Mother; at least this is what we think he was doing but why the two young ladies had to go as well we do not know.

SATURDAY 25th JULY

Our second birthday of camp. Yesterday it was Steve's turn and we understand that the tent gave a Special rendering of 'Happy Birthday' at some unearthly hour in the morning. Lots of cards and present were waiting for him, or so he thought, now he knows it is him waiting for the cards and presents. This was to be one of our days out and we were to set off for Porthcawl later in the morning. Wind was strong and there was rain about so the kind S/M. decided on no P.T. We took our breakfast a little earlier, but as this was only flakes and rolls it didn't take long to finish. Inspection was to be in full uniform and there should have been plenty of time to prepare things, but folk just seemed to waste a lot of time and found that by the time 9.30 came round they were not ready. It was not possible to award the tent flag, as the standard was rather low, so the camp will be parading as full inspection again on Saturday.

Morning watch and this time conducted by Sgt. Findon and he gave a talk on 'A God who makes demands'. Very little post again, just one from Robho to let us know that he arrived home safely although his pretty face didn't get him many lifts. Also he wanted to send back Terry's comb, but alas something went astray in the post and the thing arrived in two pieces.

We set off at 10.30 and the skies looked rather dark but it wasn't actually raining. Trip through to Porthcawl was uneventful, although John did feel a little sick one time. Arriving there we found that everything was shut up and we thought it was that they had heard we were on the way. Actually it wasn't opening time then but shortly after things did get under way and all the amusement places opened up. Very soon folk were having a go at all the things and money was flowing freely. Mr. Munton thought he might have to return to camp for some extra Bank cash, but folk did manage to last out. Fish and Chip shop seemed to be the first call and here Steve dug deep and paid the bill, because it was his birthday, but we understood folk had to repay him later in day.

Mr. Munton the S/M and dear John went along for a meal and much to John's disgust they wouldn't let him pay the bill. Actually he only wanted to pay for his own but those kind hearted settled it between them, now we know why Mr. Munton offered to take over the bank. Dodgem cars, big dipper, water dipper and many other things and it wasn't just Gill and Sue who were producing the screams, Les was doing his fair share, whilst Mr. Munton plodded back and forth making sure the items were able to support his weight before he ventured forth. Shooting gallery came in for quite a lot of attention and the little white figures were getting knocked off quite quickly. David and Bryan rather liked the coffin and made the corpse appear on many occasions. Very soon enough tickets had been collected for a soft cuddly toy, and this was claimed by Gill worth about 5/*, it must have cost about £2 to win.

Bryan managed to leave his BB hat somewhere on the fair and of course John had to drop his in the water but apart from this we all got back to the Mini-bus around 4pm.; then a call at the Shops to collect faggots for dinner on Saturday and off to Horton. On the way we passed a battalion camp of the Bristol battalion so thought we might like to pop in. Mr. Munton passed a few moments with their Q.M. discussing the best ways to

cope, but on being told that they had around 200 boys due in as against our 8, he felt it best to keep as quiet as possible.

Back at our own Camp we prepared for evening meal which was fried bread and egg, with bread and butter and jam, then another wood party set off to make sure everything would be o.k. for later on. Huge logs were found and promptly built into a very clever fire. Singing was a bit spasmodic but Mr. Munton did excel with a version of Sussex by the Sea, although we couldn't quite reach the same high notes as he did. Time for Roo-Roo and the fire had been well stocked with small pieces of hardboard. It was a good blaze with the wind helping a lot, but the S/M summed up the situation and jumped across wind, thereby missing the biggest flames; what a sad disappointment.

At this stage we feel so should mention the defending of the flag which took place on Monday afternoon; somehow it seems to have been missed from the newsletters. Robbo was here at the time and the N.C.O's challenged all others to try and get the flag from them. Having positioned themselves on the top of one high sand dune they hurled abuse at the attackers. Unfortunately for them they didn't realise the power of John, and very soon were reeling under wave after wave of marauders. Mr. Munton did a good job with battering ram type charges, only to find that as soon as he charged up one side he was pitched over the other. Poor Les came in for some punishment when he was sent hurtling into the brambles and nettles, his feet and ankles being cut rather badly. After a short hectic skirmish the battle was drawn to a close when John rushed in and wrested the flag from Steve, then made off across the sands to the Base. On the way he was stopped by David Parry but he in turn was robbed by S/M and made his way back. Good battle but unfortunately not enough people taking part and poor Robbo and his tribe had to admit defeat.

So back to Friday evening. Just as we finished Camp fire Mr. Parry arrived with his wife and other children; they had come to spend an odd day with us then take Bryan back home. It seems he has been writing asking that they come to fetch him. Now David is pining and wants to go with them. Again no story, so there had better be a good one for Saturday. We understand Kevin was a bit restless in the night and went for a midnight stroll, hope it wasn't down to the girls' tents, bit of a lad he is. During the night the wind was very wild and the tents had to be checked to make sure they would last through the night. Les was a great help and was so tired after his exertions that he overslept on the Saturday morning, but that's a story for another time.

SUNDAY 26th JULY

Kiss me goodnight S/Msjor, wrap me in my little woollen bed. This seemed to be the cry from the previous night and it was Les singing to David Graham after they had spent time trying to put the lads tents safe from the wind. Actually they were so wrapped up with each other on the Saturday morning that even the Q.M. didn't disturb them as he crept in for Stores, and the only thing to rouse them was the sound of Reveille being played. What a dastardly trick by the Q.M., poor Les was waiting for his early morning kiss.

It was hoped that the wind might have dropped a little but alas it hadn't and folk were to learn that it wasn't much good trying to lay out equipment, for as fast as it was put down the wind took it away again. , Actually Kevin was standing outside the tent holding John in the air in the hope the wind would do something with him, but to no avail and he had to put him down after a while. A little P.T. to loosen up aching limbs again and then to breakfast of porridge, rolls and the usual extras. Inspection standard had been raised from the previous day and everyone looked very smart in their full rig-outs. Squad 1 just managed to pip No 2 by the odd $\frac{1}{4}$ mark to take the flag again.

Morning Watch was conducted by the C.O. who gave a short talk on 'the God who Calls', reminding us of the many people who were called to greater Service in the Bible, and also the various ways in which they received the call. By this time Mr. Parry had made his presence known on the Camp and David was the first to rush up to him, showing him his toe, and his leg and his arm and other things and places where he had received cuts and bruises, but someone in the background shouted "Show him your head, and ask him what he thinks of that" and this seemed to quieten him a bit.

Morning Bathe but the wind was rather cold. The sea wasn't quite as rough as it had been but nevertheless the waves were quite high and very soon folk were prancing about in them. Kevin decided he didn't want to go in right away and lay on the beach for a while, but eventually decided to have a plunge, only to rush back for his clothes as soon as he realised just how cold it was.

Back to Camp and the smell of faggots and peas; these were especially for Mr. Parry, as he said it was his favourite meal, and heaped plates were greedily scooped and in fact some folk couldn't quite manage the Sago pudding which followed. Bryan was tucking in as this was to be his last proper meal of Camp and he knew he wouldn't be able to enjoy such scrumptious meals when he got back home. During the afternoon the N.C.O's (David Parry and Mack) got down to a Spot of hole digging in preparation for the removal of the latrines. Of course the C.O. had to put them right, but perhaps it was because he had had much experience when he was a lad. The wind was playing havoc with the screen and no sooner had the lats been removed then the wind blew them over. However, they were positioned again and once more those first class toilets were ready for use. Judging by the way Bessie and her mates go around the field, I don't know why we bother about building special lats.

Tea time and we had the ladies to join with us. Nothing special except for a little fruit; although Mrs. Parry had obliged with a bread pudding and it didn't take long for that to

be scoffed. After tea we had to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Parry, Joy and Bryan and amidst huge swelling tears David waved them off at the gate, whilst the rest of us made our way to the beach for another swim. At the bottom of the lane we met them again and it seemed they didn't really want to leave us, and so we had to have all those tearful farewells from David once again. On the beach it was thought a quiet game of football might be a good thing to warm folk. The wind was still very strong but the standard of play was high. Some of the locals asked if they could join in, but after a sliding tackle from one of our dear players, one of them thought enough was enough. Game ended with the usual lucky goal from Maka Astle and they won 4 - 3. Terry and Les thought of going into the sea to brave the waves, but it ended up with just Terry getting wet, although someone was heard to remark that Les was wet enough.

Camp fire and the wind had dropped a little. A good fire was got going and singing ably led by Entertainments Officer. John didn't think much to the singing and decided to lead us with his popular German measles song, and this caused good amusement especially the bits where the sparks were causing him to hop around a little.

Well the end of another day and once again many good things to look back on. Tomorrow we look forward to the Special Service at the Church and wonder what sort of reception we shall meet. Steve led the prayers in the tent and mentioned something about us not minding some rain, since then it hasn't stopped and everyone looks at him with daggers. A Blood-curdling story to put everyone at rest, and this time Terry managed to stay awake, but this was just to tell us that he had heard it all before.

MONDAY 27th JULY

What a night, it rained all the time and when we awoke on Monday morning it was to a foggy mist about. Someone remarked that it probably meant hot sunshine on the way, but alas it didn't come all day. Actually being Sunday it was a chance for everyone to have a lie in, that is for an extra half-hour until 8 o'clock, and the startled looks on most peoples faces at the thought of being up on Sunday at such an early hour. Orderlies were Steven and Kevin so each time they were wanted folk just looked for a whisp of smoke and knew they wouldn't be far away. No P.T. of course, as to-day was supposed to be a day of rest, but often one wonders what rest means, especially at Camp. We'll have to ask Sgt Findon because each time the Q.M. wants him he seems to be having forty winks. Dreaming about his superb work on the Medic. side, and also his T.C.P. supplies. Actually a little later in the day he thought that perhaps S/M. would like to use some as aftershave, or body toilet, and promptly obliged by spilling it over his shoes and shirt, much to the S/M's disgust.

Breakfast and a good way to start the day. It was bacon, egg and fried bread, with hot rolls and butter. It wasn't possible to have a proper inspection, as the rain was tumbling down, instead the Camp assembled for an earlier Morning Watch, which as conducted by Mr. Munton who have gave a talk on 'A God who Judges'. Morning bathe but still the rain was pouring down. It was thought that the mini-bus might come in useful so we all set off for the beach, ready to change in the mini-bus for the swim. We didn't have to do this, however, as the locals had obliged with a posh new toilet block, and this came in very handy as a changing room. John couldn't quite make out where one bathed their feet and held them for a long time against the wall with the white tiles, but to no effect. Kevin had to explain that it wasn't meant for that reason. Swim was good although the waves weren't so good as other days. Folk didn't stay in too long and then another mad dash back to the toilet block to get dressed once again.

Back at camp the dinner was well under way and very soon we sat down to meat pies with new potatoes and carrots, followed by sponge pudding with custard, and in fact even manged to persuade John to have a little of the custard. During the afternoon the Staff and N.C.O's had a meeting to discuss various things for the new session, and lots of good ideas came up. It's hoped that when the Session starts we are able to put some of the things into practice.

Lads had a chance to study their various parts for the evening Service and we forgot to mention that we had rehearsed some of the hymns during our morning watch. Whilst the meeting was on Kevin and John had offered their assistance to the farmer in digging a pit for the dead calf. John was so moved by the situation that he felt sick as soon as a spade was put in his hand and Kevin had to do the work himself. The farmer told him where to dig the hole but Kevin thought it would be much nicer by the water tap, perhaps it will help to add to the taste of the water later on. The pit didn't take too long, but then Kevin has had lots of practice in the past.

Tea of fruit and cream with usual extras end then a mad rush to get ready for the Service. At the Church we had words with the organist to make sure he knew the hymns and also the speed of playing, but something went wrong somewhere along the line

because at one Stage in the service he was a bit upset at some of our party trying to force the pace, especially with the descant. Service was in the modern idiom and the C.O. in giving a short address said he hoped folk wouldn't be offended by altering some of the readings. At the end of the service a group of younger folk were a little put out, but soon realised that the entire proceedings were held in God's name and to His praise. Singing was excellent and it was good to see the place almost completely full. After the Service we had a short ride to Oxwich but it was a cold night and so we didn't stay too long.

Back at Camp the weather was dry and a fire was got under way. Second in command David Perry did a good job with the wood and a good blaze was soon under way. Singing of spirituals and other songs was good and even John found time to teach us another of his little songs, but we had to stop him after a while as he seemed to want to go on all night. S/M finished with a Roo-Roo but by then the fire had burned down quite a lot. On the Saturday evening he had nearly come to grief when he slipped in something left behind by dear Bessie, but managed to pick himself up in time.

Well this was the end of a good day, with plenty of things done and perhaps some things left undone. Following prayers in the Boys tent, many of them left to join in a short Communion Service in the Marquee, and we pray that God's blessing will upon all and the inspiration of Jesus Christ in each heart.

Monday we look forward to exciting things. Perhaps our run, if the weather holds. Mr. Webb is to pay us a visit so we hope he will enjoy our company and camp fellowship.

TUESDAY 28th JULY.

Monday morning and what a start to a day. Horrible wet and mist everywhere, in fact it wasn't possible to see the whole length of the field, and it didn't clear much for the rest of the day. This was to be the day when we were to receive Mr. Webb as guest for 1 night, and so everyone was trying to be on their best behaviour. Kevin started well by playing a good reveille, despite the water keep dripping into the mouthpiece. Just a little P.T. because of the rest we had had on the previous day. Mack and Terry were on Orderly, but Mr. Munton had to keep onto Mack to get something done. Perhaps the Q.M. thought he was an octopus the number of jobs he wanted him to do at the same time. Terry was his usual self and any time there was any work to be done he went into his trance routine, but we are getting wise to it now - only thing Kevin hopes is that he will stop belching each meal time.

Breakfast and we were to receive extra rations of fried bread and beans. Being Monday we weren't able to enjoy the freshly baked rolls, but we can get them again another morning. Morning Inspection and this time in full uniform again, in case Mr. Webb should arrive and expect to see everyone looking very smart and proper. Standard was good, despite the weather, but again No.1 just managed to win by that 1/2 mark.

Morning Watch and the theme to-day was 'A God who Cares', in which the C.O. reminded us of just how much God does think about us, and his concern centres on the lost ones. At this camp we haven't had our usual mail distribution, in fact not many folk have received any mail at all. Kevin has written home asking for extra money to be sent along, but so far to no avail, do hope he remembered to let them have the address. As he goes along the beach with his nose to the ground it isn't pebbles or shells he's collecting, it's nub-ends. Weather by this time hadn't improved at all, and so by the side of the water tap some of the campers went through a burial routine. C.O. was rather anxious when he heard about it and rushed down to see who it was being interred, but all was well it wasn't you know who. Actually it was the dead calf and quite a moving ceremony it was. With a little wooden cross and flowers and Kevin ready to play Last Post. John acted as chief mourner but no one knows whether he was crying or just sniffing all the time.

Down to the beach for a swim and happy to say Geoff Neale had come to pay us a visit for a few days. It seems the weather had been the same all the way from home, so we wondered whether Mr. Webb would make it. The camp was in a mutinous state due to there having been a full inspection and him not turning up, but he was to arrive a little later. In the sea it was quite good with big waves again and whilst it took rather a long time for people to get in, once in they stayed quite a while. Surfing was a great sport and David Parry endeavoured to show his skill at one legged stuff, but alas something went wrong and he and two halves of the board parted company – not to worry, they aren't very dear, just about £3 and he's got Bryan's bank balance to use up.

Back to camp and this time for dinner we enjoyed hot pot, but it had a slightly different flavour and there was even the suggestion that it had been burned, but of course this wasn't quite true. Afternoon and it was decided to hold a sports afternoon at the beach. Folk were competing for the camp sports trophy, presented by David Graham and such

was the enthusiasm no one could be seen on the camp, and we thought they had all rushed to the beach to get in some training. This wasn't so, however, as it was discovered all the lads were hiding in their sleeping bags in their tents, but they were soon roused by the C.O. It was about this time that Mr Webb and his son Derek arrived expecting to find lovely sunshine, but it had taken them ages to find the camp site even, due to the mist. They were quickly ushered to the beach to enjoy the sports afternoon, it was good fun and once there everyone took part as expected. David Parry excelled in the discuss and cricket ball, whilst Steve took the shot and hammer and Terry won the sprint and tied for first place with Steve in the long jump. Points had been awarded on a handicap basis and one of the highlights was the keen competition between Terry and Les, because the loser was to have to buy the Mars bars all round. Great fun in the hammer when firstly Terry almost bashed it on his foot and then on a second attempt didn't get it out of the circle, and David Parry had an almighty swing only to almost decapitate the rest of camp who were standing have a chuckle nearby. Folk had been told not to use some of their wilder expressions whilst Mr Webb was about, and it was a good job he wasn't within hearing distance when the hammer went flying over.

Back to Camp for tea and out with the fruit and cream, cake and usual bread and butter and extras. During tee the S/M and C.O. had been working out the points for the sports, and then it was announced that Steve had won with 54, followed by Terry with 49, Les was a little upset and thought some sort of fiddle was on but he gave in at last and provided Mars bars for all - for he's a jolly good fellow.

During the evening there wasn't much activity other than the fact that some had gone off to the farm for wood. They found a couple of wheels and made them into a water trolley and now John can be seen pushing his pram around with the dixie on, but by the time he has filled the thing and got back to the Marquee it is empty again; never mind though it helps keep him out of mischief. Others were playing odd games in the Marquee with Les and the girls playing Pirates and Travellers. Thinking he was acting like Long John Silver and wanting to lure the girls to his secret hide-out, but they weren't having anything to do with that.

Too wet for camp fire, and this was the first night we had missed. Lanterns were set up in the marquee but the S/M couldn't jump high enough to clear them for a Roo Roo. Some good singing and it was nice to welcome a couple of the folk from the Church as mentioned in our Sunday letter. And so the day drew to a close. Weather wise it had been dreadful but nevertheless we all had had a good time. Back to the Boys tent and the prayers were led by Terry, and then a few rousing hymns and choruses helped to send the lads to sleep. In the Sergeants tent it was all panic as they had to make way for Geoff and Derek, and Les didn't want to give up his bed space. He kept looking strangely at these pair and wandering who was to wake him in the morning, to wake him with his usual morning kiss, but we understand he didn't get a call at all we think we know why.

WEDNESDAY 29th JULY.

Tuesday morning awoke to find that at last the horrible wet mist and rain had gone, and also the wind had dropped a little. Perhaps it was to be a good sunny day after all, in fact it wasn't too bad. All had been well in the C.O's and Sergeant's tents. Mr. Webb had dropped off to sleep quite quickly and didn't in fact wake up until about 6.30am. Mr. Muntun had been awakened by dubious noises during the night and looked straight across to Mr Webb to see if he wanted a peg on his nose, but it turned out to be Bessie chomping away at her breakfast, so all was well. Les Findon was a little late, as usual, and just about made it in time for Reveille, but then he is always behind.

Just a little P.T. to enable a few pictures to be taken. Perhaps these will be circulated throughout the B.B. to show how P.T. should not be done. Breakfast and we had to look after the guests by providing porridge, followed by fried bread and beans. Unfortunately we hadn't been able to get rolls on the previous day so we had to make do with fresh bread - well it would have been fresh had we used it up on the previous Saturday.

Morning Inspection and this time a full one. Standard was good but because of the very bad, weather over the previous days, it hadn't been possible to wash through many haversacks and these were allowed to be laid out on the kit. Squad 2 took the flag with the 1/4 usual margin over Squad 1. Morning watch was conducted by the S/M and his talk was on 'God who is a Father' prayers were led by Mr. Webb.

Elevenes and then down to the beach for one of those quiet games of football. Mr Webb's son took part, and no doubt wishes he hadn't after just a few minutes play. Swim after was good with some quite big waves, although the sea was rather cold. Back to Camp and preparations for that Curry and Rice dinner we had been looking forward to. Unfortunately Mr Webb and son had to leave before lunch, or was it because they didn't relish the idea of any of it. Cookhouse provided them with a boiled egg and bread/butter and coffee to see them off, then waved a tearful farewell as they left. Geoff and S/M had been over to Port-Eynon for chips and soon the aromatic smell of curry was wafting over the camp, with Mr.Muntun doing a very clever impersonation of one of our brethren from another land. Kevin kept eyeing him rather suspiciously and mumbling 'I wonder where he came from, but Mr Muntun just smiled at him and kept saying 'I very glad to meet you'. John and Les couldn't tackle the curry and rice so special fried eggs were prepared for them, much to the disgust of the rest of Camp. Meanwhile all others tucked in to great helpings, and in fact there was little left over at the end.

During the afternoon it was rather windy and a little cool at times and as most folk were either full or tired, many elected to stay on Camp and have a rest. It took ages to persuade Les to open the Canteen but after many requests and not a few threats he finally gave in. Suddenly it was time for another meal and this time we had just bread and butter with paste or jam, plus a slice of cake. Surprising how everyone's meal had gone down so quickly from lunchtime, because most folk got stuck into the eats again.

At tea it was announced that a 'run' was to be held during the evening. Gill and Sue were taking part in the run and were the third team out. What they were a bit worried

about was whether John would be lurking behind one of the rocks on the cliff and spring out to take them to his mountain hideout, but all turned out well. Steve wasn't able to take part as he had hurt his back during the morning game of football and in fact had spent some time lying on the C.O's bed, then in the afternoon on Les's bed – he was doing the time keeping and recording. After a while all were safely back with all sorts of stories, especially how Mr Munton was hidden away behind the Y.H.A. at Port Eynon, his story was that he had been watching some of the long haired youngsters going in and didn't want to be dragged in by them.

About 9 o'clock and the camp fire had been started and everyone was looking forward to a quiet little sing song then off to bed. It wasn't to be so, however as certain folk from the caravan sites and guest houses had taken up the C.O's offer of hospitality and about 30/34 turned up for the camp fire. A hurried scramble to try find cups and other things and eventually when all had gone home the Q.M. had given them our Wednesday morning breakfast – what a jolly good fellow he is.

Les led the singing again with his usual burst of speed, which meant that we sang about 2 songs every half hour. John caught the German measles again and all in all we had a good time. Things went on a little longer than usual but when we did manage to get them all off home the C.O read his bed time story to the lads and we closed down for the night.

It had been a good day with the usual amount of games and excitement. Folk seemed to settle down quite quickly in the lads tent whilst outside the Q.M and C.O were wondering who Bessie was talking to outside the Sgts tent. It turned out to be 'you know who' and he explained he was trying to shoo her away. Actually one of them had a torch and in the dark this was the only thing that distinguished one from the other – as Kevin says 'they're both apair of silly moos'.

Position of the teams on the run, just in case anyone should be interested, were Mac and Terry first, David Parry/Kevin second, David Graham/Les third, Gill/Sue fourth and Geoff/John last, but then there were so many exiting things for them to stop and see.

THURSDAY 30th JULY

Well the weather was so much better yesterday, sometimes the clouds were a little heavy and we thought rain might be on the way, but it turned out that it was to be a mainly sunny day. This was to be our day when we were off to do a bit of shopping in Swansea and buy our folks back home a little reminder of our holidays.

Breakfast was once again beans and fried bread, but as Macka keeps asking for this then the cookhouse can't really be blamed for keeping the customer happy. Actually all our food had been scooped the previous night at the camp fire so it was a question of scarping up the oddments to see what we could make, and finally we managed to provide enough for all.

No tent inspection as we didn't want to waste too much time. Mr Munton had the bank well organised and was preparing to pay out large sums of cash until the C.O took a hand and stopped him being too reckless. Morning watch was led by Les Findon and he gave a short talk on 'A God who hears and answers prayer', reminding us that God does provide for us but not always in the manner in which we like.

After watch the camp got dressed in uniform and as the weather was good it was decided to wear our whites for the first time. Around 10 we piled into the mini-bus and were off for Swansea, arriving there about 10.45. C.O had told everyone we would be leaving again at 1 o'clock and so there was a mad rush to get to the shops and buy those special presents. Eating houses seemed to be one of the more important items and Kevin let them know he didn't want plaice or hake he just wanted fish. No doubt many stories of shopping expeditions could be told, but none of them have filtered to our paper, perhaps it's because some of them we couldn't print anyway. All were back at the bus just in time for 1 o'clock then David Parry reminded us of the surfboard that had come adrift from the previous day and one which he had promised to replace. A quick dash to the sports shop and a real bargain board at only £2.8.6., this being 1/- dearer than at other shops. It was a problem to get the thing into the mini-bus without breaking it, and it was passed along with loving care and nursed like some special girl-friend, perhaps a good job we didn't let John get his hands on it, knowing how he would handle a girl-friend.

One or two presents were exhibited and the C.O happened to be in one shop when Kevin popped in for a few fags, no doubt to take home to his dad, or perhaps he will have a quick puff at each first then put them back in the packet. Journey back to camp was uneventful but plans were being laid for an officers/Boys football match, losers to pay for something out of the canteen for the others.

Back at camp everyone got changed and then down to the beach. This time it was rather crowded and as the tide was almost right in there wasn't room for a proper game, although a kick about was organised. Match postponed until after tea. A swim later on and tis was great. Waves were quite big but there were a number of rocks about, as Mr Munton found when he took a kick at one of them. It took some time for Mack to make up his mind as to whether he was going in or out, but then after a little persuasion he finally gave in and allowed himself to be half drowned by some of the others.

Back at camp for high tea and we had cold meat with potatoes and peas, followed by Sago pudding, It was all a bit heavy and not the proper food for a football match, but time was to be allowed for it to go down. Around 7 o'clock we set off for the beach, muttering threats and curses under our breath at the opposing teams. Beach was quite clear and the sea was a fair way out. John in goal with Kevin as defender and David Parry sweeper up, then Mack and Terry on the wings, whilst the Officers had Mr Munton in goal for a while, to be replaced later on by Les and the C.O. S/M and Geoff on the attack. It was a hard game with no holds barred, and one in which the players got more kicks than the ball. Mr Munton on one occasion thought of sitting on Terry to keep him quiet, but Terry managed to wriggle free. Boys team were in the lead by 7 goals to 1, then the Staff fought back and eventually the scores were level at 8-8; then it was decided to play winning goal. Les promptly obliged by throwing the ball out to Mack who smashed it back past him for the winner. Good game but whilst the Staff tried to keep to the rules, alas these were being flouted by the Boys team, and what we hadn't told them was that we were going to let them win anyway.

Back to camp in time for a change into some less sweatier clothes then it was time to prepare for camp fire. We didn't know who or what to expect, but as we hadn't much to offer in the way of sandwiches it didn't really matter. A good fire was got under way and quite a number of folk arrived. Singing was a mixture of old and new, then, as some folk had arrived from the group who had been at the Church on Sunday, it was thought a few choruses would go down well and so we promptly obliged. Again proceedings went on a little longer than usual. We had our Last Post at 10 pm and to-night Kevin did a good job, he hasn't quite got the last bit just right, but we do congratulate him on the effort he has put in to it. And so to bed with just one full day left. In the C.O's tent both he and the Q.M. were sorting through the presents to find out what folk had bought for them. They came across a couple of dolls amongst other things and then decided this was far enough.

It had been another good day with no time wasted. Folk had all sorts of wounds to lick and heal and Steve was still hobbling with a sore back, although he does manage the short walk to the gate each night, but we think this is just to wave to his Mom. Mr. Munton and Les are doing their Laurel and Hardy act quite well and both managing to blame the other for things that don't quite work out, perhaps it's since the Q.M. forgot to call him that one morning.

We Almost found a job for Les yesterday when all the telephones were out of order in Horton and Port Eynon, unfortunately he didn't get to hear about it until it was too late - what a pity, we had visions of Les standing by the phone box saying 'right' about ten times, then doing nothing - no wonder the G.P.O. charges are to be raised for next year.