

NEWSLETTER GURENSEY 1971 SUNDAY 18th JULY

Well, this is our first letter of Camp, but we hope it isn't to be the last. We have taken a long time to get into print and need to cover a few days, but nothing too exciting seems to have happened since we arrived. Looking at some of the characters we have with us it shouldn't be too long before news is flowing in. Haven't heard much about the trip over or whether in fact any folk were doing the things they shouldn't have been doing. Mick Murray up to his usual form managed to lose his hat over the side, so we're told; what a pity he didn't dive in after it, we wouldn't have missed him. Arriving at the camp site we found it packed with folk from the Leicester Company and Kevin was eyeing them up to see if there might be any good scraps, but we managed to keep him well away.

Our first meal of mash and bangers was soon put away and later we joined with the other camp at their Concert. Some good items were put on and no doubt a few of the ideas can be remembered for when we have a show. Robbo was quite impressed with the camel, particularly the last bit with the water. And where did they find that character that could sing like Keith Southwell, in fact we thought it was him come to haunt us. In retaliation we were going to send on John Rogers with his doctor song, but didn't want to stir up things on the first night.

It was a little crowded for the first night's sleep, with lads packed into tents about 10 or 12 and the Ladies and children were huddled together in their respective quarters, but pleased to say everyone seemed to have a night sleep, but perhaps it wasn't so good.

Friday morning and despite the fact that our own lads were told not to get up at reveille, so as to give the other camps a chance to get their wash, we found that at the first note of the bugle they were out as keen as mustard and raring for a wash - wonder what will happen on the following mornings. Some tent commanders were reporting some of the characters they had discovered - like the Tank, and Paul Bailey, and Sal was terribly impressed with Peter, or was it that Sal was depressed at the thought of him. Actually Peter isn't such a bad lad if one has the time to listen to him all day long - seems he has taken a liking to John Rogers, so we can see a good friendship there.

After breakfast on the Friday we had to set-to and clear our things from the one site to the next and then down to the beach for our first swim. Everyone as keen as mustard once again and in fact some wanting to get into the sea before the parade started, this was soon sorted out and then folk got themselves into partners ready for the swim. Unfortunately at this stage Mr. Allen felt he had had enough and wanted to swim away from it all even though he had all his clothes on, fortunately some seniors and the C.O. were there and managed to grab him before he got too far, but alas they weren't in time to stop him going head first into the foaming brine sounds just like Clementine. Funny thing he wasn't too happy about it, but later realised what had happened and we brought him round to our way of thinking again - next time we'll just leave him to get on with it.

A rush back to camp at about 6pm because the Adj. had reminded us that the Leicester folk were to blow a full Retreat with their Band, but alas we arrived just as they were putting their instruments away - they put on the show at 7 pm just for us and our lads were most appreciative even Kevin gave them a clap and wondered why they manage to get notes from their buglers just by gently puffing into them, where as he has to blow his cheeks to tremendous size just to scrape through a tune - must be the bugles, perhaps they don't stuff theirs with cornflakes etc.

Around about this time the Burnley folk moved out of their Camp and so we were able to move into the tents. Very soon folk were settling in and Les Findon managed to get his lads settled into their C.O's tent before he had vacated it, must say the gentleman didn't seem too happy about this, but Les was undeterred as usual. With his G P.O. guide book under one arm and his finger held out straight in front of him he soon had their C.O. at his mercy. By now Peter the

Menace thought he didn't want to go into Sals appointed tent and wanted rather to sleep in the way he had been in the previous night - we tried to explain that things had changed around a little, but he seemed a bit thick and only the thought of a tent mallet finally settled things.

First proper night but no camp fire - we had had rather a late meal so didn't bother with the cheese and cocoa.

Reveille on the first morning and we even managed to get the Orderly Squad up on time - this happened to be Les Findon's motley crew; ably supported by Kevin Farnell and one has only to look at Mr Lerwill's hair to see what sort of day they had - but pleased to say we did manage to scrape through. Now we can settle down for a few days until they are on again.

Breakfast with beans on toast and the usual extras and after this we had our first inspection. Marking was quite good for the first day and the things that let folk down were little items which need to be watched. Tent No. 5 (82%) were winners with tents 4 and 3 (80%) and tent 2 (77%), so free pop from David Parry for all his lads, and make sure you get it from him, he's loaded with money (no sense but plenty of money).

Morning Watch and were had started a series of talks on the theme God's Man - first morning was lead by the C.O. with a talk on 'How he Listens', it is hoped that folk Will follow closely all our talks and We may all gain experience from them.

Down to the beach for a swim, but to-day folk were feeling a little sunburnt, despite the warnings, and were rather loathe to go in. Soon however, the crowd was rounded up and then a mad dash to the sea. It didn't smell as bad as the previous day, or was this because some folk had washed their feet by now. Bathing Parade didn't last too long and then folk were out on the beach and covering up from the sun. Spud looked some Arabian Knight but none of the ladies seemed to want to be carried away by him.

Here we should mention that earlier in the day the C.O. had broken the good news about what positions folk were to hold in Camp. The one that caused the biggest laugh was Mr Parry as Medical Officer, or old MO as he was affectionately nicknamed. Please don't fall out with him or even argue with him, because at some stage you may need to go to him for calamine or something - judging by the way he smothered some of the lads in it we can't have very much left. Mr Lerwill rather foolishly went with a small scratch on his leg and found that after some expert treatment he couldn't walk at all. Now our M.O. has found himself a stretcher so this should be good fun, can only think he will use it as a camp bed for himself.

And so the day was coming to a close, Spud had got up a wood party and went around to pick up some bits from an old Greenhouse - it wasn't until later in the evening when a very irate neighbour came around to complain his greenhouse had vanished, that we realised Spud and his mob had taken the wrong one. It was a good fire and helped to finish off the day nicely. Some of the singing was a little flat but this will improve with time. Les gave a cultured rendering of Eidlewais and John was there with his doctors song. Ten o'clock and Last Post followed by hymn and prayers led by Mr.Allen.

A good day and everyone feeling rather tired and wanting to get off to sleep Let's hope that Sunday is as exciting - one thing we have to look forward to is the Parade and Church Service and it was good to hear the Band at their practice session - we are expecting great things from them.

Monday 19th July 1971

Another one of those hot days in more ways than one, especially during the afternoon when the N.C O's organised one of their mutinees, but more about this later. Everyone seemed to have had a good sleep even though Mr. Parry wasn't too impressed with the coffee made by Mr. Allen the previous evening. Seems it had some sort of thick scum floating on the surface, now we know what happened to the washing up water from tea-time.

No P.T. as it was Sunday and a day of rest, or so we were told. Breakfast was a rare treat with bacon, egg, tomatoe, fried bread and then fresh rolls with best butter and jam etc - just like the Grand Hotel. Morning Insertion was rather a farce in as much as there wasn't really time to have all things done properly. It was quite obvious that some tents just hadn't made much effort at all but Tents D and E showed up well and tent D were the eventual winners - so once again free pop from their Tent Commander. Straight after the inspection we just had time to fall in and set off for the Morning Service, which was just a mile away. Some twenty minutes and 3 miles later we seemed to be no nearer and by this time the ladies and others were lagging back a long way. Bryan Parry was getting rather tired and couldn't think up any more solos for the drummers, whilst Mr. Lerwill was having a struggle to get the buglers to blow notes on their sore lips and the column of marchers found it rather difficult to keep in step. Spud started off in good style and got through the first tune alright, but then his wind went and he suffered for the rest of the parade. Paul Bailey struck a dashing figure as he marched madly along, arms swinging wildly and thinking all the time of the money he was to spend later in the canteen - seems he is the one with plenty of cash on Camp, so we know where to go when we run out. By this time Peter Clarke felt he didn't want to go on Parade and thought up a clever idea of breaking out in spots - very quickly old MO was on the scene and realised here was a good way for him to miss the march as well, so without further ado they cooked up a chicken pox case between them and stayed behind to prepare our dinner. During the time we were away the Doctor arrived and old MO was able to explain the various techniques he uses to cure the patients. Old MO has ordered a 5 gallon drum of calamine and hopes this will last for a few days. Pleased to say Peter is feeling a little better, after having spent time in the C.O's tent - wonder if he will be so keen to go there when he gets into trouble.

Reaching a Church we almost marched in but then found it was the wrong one, as the one we wanted was just along the road. Some lads of the 2nd Guernsey were there to greet us and we found the folk very friendly and the service very enjoyable. Some good hymns with tunes we know and a short, sharp talk from the Vicar. Returning from the Church we came by another route and in fact it was a little quicker.

Time for dinner and our kitchen staff had excelled with steak/kidney pie, potatoes, beans. followed by Apple crumble (made by Robbo) and custard. Just before dinner we had a small deputation of disgruntled campers not wanting to go on bathing parade, but it was agreed to have a meeting later to sort things out.

Afternoon was spent rather leisurely with folk not wanting to get into too much of the hot sun. Pleased to say some of the sunburnt ones are feeling a little less sore now and their tender skins are hardening to the conditions.

Around 3 o'clock the N,C.O's arrived at the C.O's tent and went into deep conference, emerging some time later with smiles on their faces after having had all their demands met. Some of them were complaining of the younger lads in their tents not pulling their weight - but then we expect to have the younger lads complaining about the Seniors not pulling their weight. No doubt we will sort it out soon when we have an attack and defend the flag with Seniors versus Juniors (plus a few of the staff).

Time for a Quick dip before tea and it was another case of straight in and straight out as the water was very cold.

Teatime and once again we had a choice of tomatoes with other things. Sal, it seems, is getting a little tired of them and vows never to touch another, but some folk seem to like them very much, and as they are free we ought to get tucked in.

After tea we got ourselves ready in whites for our own evening service which was held in the smaller marquee, or rest tent. Conducted by the C.O. we had a short talk on Pullers and Sooners and it helped to remind us of our own conduct during Camp. We had our usual missionary collection and raised an amount of £2.33, but we believe some folk hadn't got money and might add to this at a later stage.

Forget to mention earlier but Micky Murray had been studying his camp bank card and was disgusted to see an amount had been deducted for uniform. He thought he was entitled to feed his hat to the seagulls on the boat coming over and that a replacement would be found F.O.C. but his Bank Manager in the form of David Forest had other ideas - we did tell you David is an Income Tax man so what can you expect.

During the afternoon Mr Parry felt a little tired after his exertions of rubbing on calamine and thought a quiet nap would be in order. His snoring kept the camp alive but once this was over then the lads could be seen leaping and jumping about camp, filled with excitement at the thought that at last the M.O. was out of the way. During this time the ladies were round the back of their tents getting a little sunburnt and when the MO heard of this later, naturally he wanted to rub on the calamine – only dirty looks from Mrs. Parry held him back.

During the evening we went for a short walk (another mile) to a German bunker along the beach. It was a glorious evening and there was a chance for a cup of tea, ice-cream etc on the way. So far we haven't managed to loose any of our Party, but the site of Sal dangling Peter Hornsby over the edge of the Bunker made us think that perhaps his love for this lad is waning a little.

And so our night was drawing to a close. A good camp fire with some fine singing which will improve as we go along. Mr. Peter Scott, Captain of 2nd Guernsey was with us and enjoyed his stay. The Seniors sang one song and young Michael did a solo turn and no doubt on other nights we can get others to do items.

Well a good day with lots of fun, excitement and experiences and thoughts. Camp settled down fairly quickly, although we had to send Spud out a little later on to threaten what he would do if they didn't get to sleep.

We look forward to a full day on Monday with the usual P.T., games, swimming and even General Leave.

No great romances yet, although we did notice Paul Bailey sitting on Gill's lap during the camp fire, but he is so small perhaps she thought it was young Mike she had picked up, or was it that she had heard of his money and wanted to get in quick.

Tuesday 20th July 1971

Day started off in near riot, Mr Parry (old MO) was up early and in a gunning mood for all those still in bed. Unfortunately our Cook (Mr Lerwill) was learning from his experience of the previous day, when he came out for a wash in just his underpants, and he had stayed behind a little to check things. Mr Parry was round to his tent, hammering on the door and waking all inside. What a way to start off the day for the Cook. particularly as we were to have porridge for breakfast. Pleased to say the porridge came out very well, perhaps a bit thick, but there wasn't any wasted and in fact some were asking for more.

A rousing session of P.T. for early morning got everyone into the right mood for the day, especially as the tent competitions were to start on the beach later.

Morning Inspection was greatly improved, although some little things had escaped attention, and some uniforms were not up to standard. Tent D Cpl. Robbo, were eventual winners with 91%, and now Robbo is threatening what will happen to them if they win again, it seems his bank account is running out. Tomorrow they are on Orderly so that should keep them quiet for a while.

Defaulters' Parade and this day we had a rare collection, including all of tent "A" who later volunteered to clear up the Small marquee and were reminded what might happen should the C.O. have cause to see them again. Leave was stopped for 2 who hadn't cleaned their uniform and generally some discipline was being brought back into camp.

Our first session of beach games and tents were soon in pitched battle against each other. Today it was football and any friendships that had been made were soon broken once folk were on the pitch. Terry and Joe seemed to be very close on occasions and seemed to be playing some sort of game where one lies in the soft sand and madly kicks away at the other. Some of the Marston Green lads showed up well and although Peter Hornsby didn't seem to have much skill on the football field, at least he can talk to the opposition and keep them occupied that way. Tent 1 lost both their games, Tent 2 ~ 4 points, Tent 4 - 3 points, Tent 5 - 3 points, to be added to these are the marks from the P T. but these are not yet to hand.

After the games it was time for a bathe but the sea was out a long way by then - a scramble over the seaweed and rocks and then we came to the sea. Actually it was a very good bathe with the sea quite warm, and once in folk were not in a hurry to get back - only the thought of missing their General Leave made folk put on a spurt.

Dinner was potatoe pie with extras, followed by rice - all very nice and tasty. By this time many folk were suggesting having tea leave, but after dinner some of them had changed their minds. A couple of the Marston Green lads went off and a party of our Seniors (but someone suggested they had been off for a long time anyway). It was with tears in our eyes we bade farewell to them - tears because we knew they were coming back again later in the day.

At this point we should mention John Rogers concern for Mr Allen, and Mr Allen's concern for John Roger's concern for Mr. Allen, if you see what we mean. It seems John asks him about 20 times a day whether he is alright, and now Mr Allen is left wondering whether in fact he is alright. It should be sorted out later but meanwhile Mr. Allen is watching John with a wary eye. Johnny Rogers pudding and pie, watched the girls and made them cry; when Mr Allen came out to play, he watched Mr. Allen, he's funny that way.

Down to the beach for those remaining on Camp, that sounds a bit Irish. It was arranged to take sandwiches etc (this always means tomatoes) and a great time was had by all. Most lads went on the floats and very soon a great armada of boats could be seen in the bay. It wasn't long before things got a little hectic and folk were splashing each other with mad abandon. Robbo

and the C.O. had Martin Parry with them and it took them sometime to get rid of him, only because his Mom and Dad were on the beach watching. After the fun and games it was back on the beach for a quick bite and then a game of catch-ball. This was organised by dear old MO and it wasn't long before everyone on the beach was involved in some way or other, what with the ball landing on the beach spot or other things. Some great players were discovered but a little later, when Mr. Hunt and Mr Foster came along the tone was lowered, particularly as regards catching. It seems David Foster can't see without his glasses, and can't see very well with them. The number of catches he dropped was ridiculous, but then a great cheer went up as he managed to hold on to one.

Back to camp about 7.30 pm and folk found a few young ladies waiting for them. Colin Rogers was soon to the front with his hair combed back sleekly and offering to show them the sites of camp, Joe was quite interested because although they were young he was getting desparate at this stage and he had managed to comb down his golden locks and preen himself for the occasion. Now doubt we might see or hear more of them, they couldn't stay for camp fire because 9 o'clock was a bit late for them being out.

It was at this time we learned of some of the antics down in town by the crowd who had had tea-leave. This party was under the guidance of Spud, so no wonder there was a spot of boffer. Kevin it seems was taken back a little by some young Scouts making reference to his shorts and he only went over to explain things to them, but perhaps his way of explaining was just a little severe. Apparantly the chip shop they were in is still ringing with Kevins remarks - no doubt this was an experience they can add to those they have learned already as scouters - 'If I can do somebody as I go along, then my living will not be in vain'.

Camp fire and Spud had got a good wood squad organised and we sat down to a wonderful blaze. Robbo has taken over as Entertainments Officer and he got everyone into a singing mood - halfway through Ilkley_Moor one of the Scout Officers came along and as he was a Yorkshireman he finished off a few verses for us - one thing we discovered he can't sing. Actually he came along to challenge us to a football match on Wednesday evening, but then he told us that it would only be a younger team of 12/13 year olds. Not to worry no doubt we can fix up something else. Now the younger ones are getting in some extra training in the hope of being in the side.

And so another day came to a close. During the morning Mr.Allen had led our Morning Watch and his talk was the Parable of Talents, reminding us of the things we can do even though some of them may be small.

David Foster led our evening Prayers and then off to our tents for a well earned night's sleep, and in flact it wasn't long before the tents were quiet and sounds of snoring went rending the air. Pleased to say Mr.Parry got a better cup of coffee but found what he thought was a tea bag in it; it happened to be a coffee bag, or at least we think it was.

Tomorrow we look forward to a trip to Herm Island where we are told the sun is hotter than Guernsey, so see the MO and get yourselves covered with calamine in readiness. Actually the MO is a little sad, it seems Karen had a nasty scratch at the top of her thigh,from the rocks,and she never went to old MO for treatment Mrs. Parry was pleased, Mr Parry disgusted and Karen heayed a sigh of relief.

Wednesday 21st July 1971

Today was David Parry's birthday and so at breakfast he was treated to a rousing chorus of Happy Birthday. 'It was only when we got to the point of Happy birthday, dear David, that he cast strange glances towards John Rogers, but all was well.

Day started bright as usual, although there were a few clouds about, but actually we had splendid weather once again. Morning P.T. gave a quick Opportunity for everyone to exercise those stiff muscles and work up an appetite for breakfast. To-day we had scrambled egg on toast followed by all the usual extras.

Great activity for morning inspection because each tent was rather keen on making a good effort and the standard had climbed a little higher when it came to inspect. Tent A had tried hard and tied with 'C' for second place, but tent 'E' were eventual winners with 86%; of course there was a hint that it had been awarded to David Parry's tent because it was his birthday but this wasn't so.

Morning Watch and this was led by David Graham who reminded us of the story of the Good Samaritan. It is good to remind ourselves daily of the Well known parables of the Bible because they should help us in our daily activities. Having listened to the story in the morning, which reminded us of our care for others, it is difficult to understand how later in the day one of our young lads can be bullied by older lads in Camp whilst others stand around in mockery.

Straight after Morning watch we got ourselves ready for the coach trip to town and thence to Herm Island. Coach met us at the top of the lane and a special boat was laid on for when we got to St Peter Port. Called the Skylark they must have heard about some of the larks that go on at our camp. Trip over was pleasant and Spud and Kevin managed to snatch a wink of sleep. Trip took about 30 minutes and it was rather warm for those sitting at the front of the boat, whilst those at the rear managed to shelter under the canvas. Landing on the island we had a short walk along a narrow track and then came to the souvenir shops where some of the more foolish ones relieved themselves of some of their spending money; then along a little further until we found a football pitch where we were able to settle down and enjoy our sandwiches and cake. After this the Party split up to go their various ways and generally explore the island. Actually the sea was right out but by afternoon it would be coming in and so we were to meet at 4 pm on the Harbour for a quick swim.

During the afternoon most of the staff got down to shell beach and here Mr.Vernon was in a generous mood and treated all to a bottle of pop; and a little later Mr Parry brought a round of drinks, but pleased to say these were of the tea and coffee variety. Promptly at 4 pm we assembled on the Harbour and stripped off for a swim. It was possible to climb onto the harbour wall and dive off from various heights and quite some fun was had for a short time. Bryan Parry and Mick Murray went for a little swim to the end of the jetty and found a couple of birds sitting all alone and so they climbed out and struck up conversation. Now we have brother David threatening to write and tell both their girl-friends about them so this should be good for a little chuckle.

At this point we should mention that during the afternoon we even managed to get Mr.Hunt in the sea, complete with water wings and Mickey Mouse. He can't swim and so wasn't able to get his hair wet but at least he did get some water over his body - of course he was ably supported by the MO who felt a dip in the sea would be of good medicinal value to Mr.Hunt, but the latter wasn't so sure about this. It seems both he and David Foster have a special occupation of bird spotting and watching, and not the feathery kind. So far they have spotted several rare specimens but each time they creep up to them the birds seem to get to know and fly away quite smartly. Perhaps over the next few days they might be able to get themselves a catch, even if it is only a couple of old crows.

Whilst on the beach some of the younger lads were going looking for odd things and at one stage they came up with some most unusual splashing about amongst the rocks. At first they couldn't quite make out what it was as it seemed to have a blue bottom and white top, but as they drew nearer they found Peter Hornsby having a rare old time. John Rogers took him in hand later and it was good to see the pair of them walking gently into the sea holding each other firmly by the hand, watch him, Pete, it took Mr. Allen a long time to get rid of him. Boat left Herm at 5.15 and the trip back was good - for a time we were watching the ferry as it made its way to Guernsey, and then we felt the waves from it and our little old boat took quite a rocking. Some thought it was the end coming and Joe could be seen with his rosary and chanting away at his prayers, but all was well and very soon we settled on an even keel again.

Back at Peter Port and the coach ready for us. Whilst the Party were getting aboard a few nipped to the little shop to buy a little chocolate and poor Bryan was so worried he might miss the bus that he tried a running jump at the railings surrounding the corner; unfortunately his high jumping is not of a very high standard and it was funny to see him doing a double somersault over the top rail. Traffic stopped, women screamed and all his money rolled out, but he recovered quickly and made his way over as if nothing had happened.

Back at camp and soon a good meal had been prepared and this was soon polished off. After this Spud organised his usual wood party whilst the juniors went to the football field to see what sort of stars we have for our team to play the Scouts on Wednesday evening. Mr. Parry and the Adj. were sorting things out so we look forward to a good match with our strongest team. Actually we had seen some of the scouts on Herm Island and they look tough and hard.

And so Camp Fire and Mr. Parry had thinking that David had had enough presents for his birthday, decided to use some extra money for chips for the camp. It was a rare treat to sit around the fire and scoff away at chips and no doubt David would rather have had it this way than to have the money wasted on him. Robbo was busy in the cookhouse making pasties for our dinner on Wednesday so Les Findon took over as entertainments man - he got some singing going and our Juniors were able to entertain with verses of down by the sea whilst David Foster sang a few extra verses of John Brown's body.

And so Last Post once again to close yet another day and by this time we welcomed to the camp Peter Scott and Tony England, the latter being the bugle instructor for the 2nd Guernsey Company; he was impressed with Kevin's playing of Last Post so at least we had one camper who would go to his tent feeling excited about something.

At this point we mention the points to date Tent 1 - 5; Tent 2 - 12, Tent 4 - 10 and Tent 5 - 9. Tent 3 have no points as yet because these are based on Monday's games when they were on Orderly. More games etc. on Wednesday and a chance to bring your tent into the lead. No doubt more friendships broken but we hope no limbs.

Wednesday 22nd July 1971

The day started looking a little dull, just like some of our campers, but later it brightened up considerably, which is not like some of our campers. Tent 5 were on duty with David Parry and the diabolical liberties taken by the kitchen staff, and Mick Murray and his bad leg, plus of course Nigel Williams and Stephen Grant - no wonder Mr Lerwill says he is losing more of his hair.

To-day was the 20th wedding anniversary of the C.O. and his wife but no rousing chorus, in fact we should have had some sort of dirge or hymn of remembrance. Another hectic session of P.T. to keep everyone in form, but judging by the scrambled display by Spud later in the evening, a little extra work is needed there. It seems age is slowly catching up on him, or could it be the easy living, all that wine, all those women and all that singing, its obvious he will have to cut out something so he has decided not to sing at the camp fire.

Breakfast but this was one of those mornings when we just had flakes and crisp bread rolls etc. The rolls get crispier each day, but no wonder when Kevin says that are the same ones each day.

Morning Inspection and pleased to say the marks are going a little higher. Mr. Vernon had been round his tent and spurred-them on to greater things and it was noticeable in the inspection. Unfortunatemy Tent 4 were back on the trail and managed to retain the flag with a total of 87% against Tent 1 with 86%.

Morning watch and conducted for us by Mr, Hunt. His talk was on obedience and reminding us of the two sons who were required to do a special job. Actually we had an amusing incident when young Paul Bailey couldn't make out which reading he should be taking and argued madly before the correct one was found.

Defaulters' Parade and we had a string of younger campers to see the C.O. Alas someone had caught up with Joe Hardiman so watch out he is gunning for blood. Others like Peter Hornsby, Mark Knight, Stephen Bill were sorted out and jobs found for them later in the cookhouse.

Elevenes and the usual mad scramble for the biscuits - don't know whether the cookhouse are not feeding us very well but there is usually a great rush for the odd biscuits, or perhaps it is more than an odd one depending on whether your mate happens to be giving them out.

Morning Games session and although the writer wasn't on hand it is believed there were some good strenuous games-of rugby and baseball. Tent 1 were triumphant in their 2 games beating tent 3 both in baseball and rugby. David Parry and Sal Francis had a few hefty tackles but all in all it was things went fairly smoothly. Tent 2 were victorious in their games beating tent 4 on two occasions. Points to date Tent 1 - 14, Tent 2 - 20, Tent 3 - 14, Tent 4 - 16, Tent 5 - 9.

Chance for a quick swim after the games with everyone taking the sea and infact it was a job to get some of them out again, perhaps a pity we couldn't have left some behind, but then that's cruel.

Dinner and Robbo had been giving a hand with cornish pasties - these were very good except for the lack of meat. It seems the cookhouse had made the pasties then just waved a tin of meat over them, but didn't in fact put any in - it seemed such a waste of good meat. Steamed pudding to follow but many campers weren't too keen - not to worry though Mr Hunt scoffed extra portions and so we didn't have to waste much.

General Leave and the only ones leaving us were Mr Hunt, Mr.Foster and Peter Clarke - they were taking him out for a meal, or so they told us, but apparantly rather fortunately their bank happened to be the wrong one and so no doubt Peter Clarke had to pay for the lot of them.

For the rest of camp it was down to the beach to spend the afternoon and early evening. The floats were very popular again and the usual battles raged. David Parry set out with some others to go to the island with the flag but alas the float sprung a leak or something halfway there and they had to abandon ship. Some folk did manage to get to the island whilst others just hung around splashing madly at everyone in sight.

Tea time and Mr Allen was very popular as he dished out the sandwiches and tomatoes but it was at this point that David Parry discovered or rather didn't discover his underpants. He thinks he had them when he got to the beach but he isn't too sure. We don't know whether he said they were violet or a pair of Violets, but whatever it was they have gone. Mr. Parry spent a long time combing all the beach on his hands and knees but after having turned over a few tons of sand he had to give in. Bryan couldn't be persuaded to part with any of his, neither could Martin, but it seems Joy had a spare pair so he has borrowed these, complete with frilly bottoms and pattern on the rear - now you must really watch out for Johnny Rogers.

Early evening we were having a quiet game of catchball, not worrying anyone, except for the odd trampling over people as they lay on the beach, when a rather disgruntled party asked us to move along the beach. It seems he was from a BB company and in fact was their Chaplain, but we didn't want to get involved so wished him a pleasant evening and moved on. Kevin wanted to have a scrap with him but we managed to hold him back.

Around 7.30 the Scouts came along for the football. One Junior game was started and had been in progress a little while when it was discovered they were the wrong team, so as we were leading at the time Mr. Parry our referee called a halt. Then we had a Senior game with 7 a-side. Kevin played quite hard but was holding himself in check for the game on Thursday evening, whilst Bryan spent his time arguing with one of their players about the merits of playing in glasses. Delaney in the form of Joe was in great form, and after a scrambled, mistimed, badly headed and fortunate goal by David Parr Delaney got amongst them and scored another. A good win and we hope signs of a good game on Thursday. From the previous game Spud came off the pitch bathed in sweat and looking nothing like the under 14 he was supposed to be. Our second junior game played with 11 on each team. We defended well in the first half but in the second Martin Smith and Stephen Grant spent most of the time arguing with poor Ian in goal and consequently he let in 3. We won 2 games out of 3 so it wasn't a bad effort.

At this point smoke and then flames could be seen coming from the direction of the camp fire and Spud was round in a flash to see what had happened. It appears one of the Scouts from another Troop was responsible but alas Spud didn't get him then - perhaps we ought to hope he doesn't get him at all, we would be needing the hole the C.O. dug to bury him.

Camp Fire singing was led by Robbo and a good selection of songs were sung, including a couple of new ones. Les Findon had a line of campers acting like silly asses and we even managed to get Delany in this one.

And so yet another day drew to a close. C.O. read a short horror story to the lads of tent 4 and Paul Bailey went to bed with his hair standing on end.

During the afternoon Spud, Mack and Robbo had been out to hire cycles, actually they tried for motor cycles but the owner wasn't too keen on this so they had to be content with the pedal sort.

And so to bed and after lights out the camp settled down as far as the lads tents were concerned, but there was a lot of noise coming from the direction of the Marquee. It seems the ladies wondered what the Staff were up to after Lights Out, but they were a little disappointed when they found there wasn't a great bean feast each night and very soon Mr Allen was being led off by his wife to their abode.

Friday 23rd July 1971

After the late night of the previous day when the Officers and wives stayed for a little supper, it was thought that everyone might be a little late rising on Thursday morning, but it wasn't to be so, although in fact Mr. Alan Hunt did manage to get up before old MO and now he keeps reminding him of it.

No. 1 tent, Les Findon's mob. were on duty, and it didn't help matters when the Adj. was late getting up and didn't call them until 20 minutes past 7. All through the remainder of the day Les could be heard muttering that the reason they were all behind was because of the late call, but during the afternoon he was able to carry out one of his dirty deeds on the Adj., something he has been waiting for for a long time, that was to have the bugle played before 5 o'clock and at a time when the Adj wasn't back in Camp. We understand there is to be a special case during Friday when both sides will giving evidence.

Another brisk session of P.T. and everyone raring to get fit for the cross-country later in the day. Breakfast of beans and toast plus all the usual extras, but at least the rolls are getting softer and less crispy.

Morning Inspection and once again the standard was on the way up. Tents C and D were running rather close but the eventual winners were tent D with 88% with tent C at 87%.

Morning watch and we were pleased to welcome 2 of the Officers from the Scouts Camp to join with us. Mr Foster took the talk and he gave a short insight into the Man who Leads reminding us once again of a various responsibilities.

In previous camps we have always had a Supply of mail from home to give out after Morning Watch, but alas here we don't seem to get any at all. In fact apart from a couple the C.O. has received, there has only been one for the lads, Peter Clarke, and then young Helen had one from home. Wonder when the anyone has bothered to write home or if in fact the folk at home even know the camp address.

So down to the beach and all keen to get cracking over the one mile course planned by the Adj for the cross-country. Juniors were started and set off at a good pace. John Rogers had joined them to make sure there were no stragglers, but pleased to say he wasn't last one home. By this time the Seniors were getting themselves ready and quite a 'book' was being organised as to where folk would come. Mick Murray had a spasm of muscle cramp and found, much to his disgust he wouldn't be able to take part, but Kevin, despite a near broken ankle, was keen as mustard to have a go. Seniors watched out for the Juniors coming just over the brow of the hill but they were so far away it needed binoculars to pick them out - this was the one mile suggested by the Adj. Martin Smith and Steve Bill came into view and at the close it was not possible to separate them, they were followed home by Derek Wilson and Peter Southwick, so well done the Marston Green lads. Peter Hornsby was making sure he wasn't last home and in fact he finished in 14th position. The Seniors were off by now and had just a little extra to run. After a mad struggle for positions the field settled down and then Mack came into View and was first home, followed by Terry Biles and Bryan Parry and then the others came stringing along. It was a long time before we saw any sign of Kevin and Les but later they came walking along hand in hand and had quite enjoyed their stroll, but as Les said he was having to save his energy for Orderly because he is the only one that works in their tent.

It was during the morning that we had our first drop of rain, but it wasn't to last for long and later in the day we had the usual brilliant sunshine. During the afternoon lads spent time at various activities with Spud yelling at regular intervals about the canteen being open. Unfortunately he was able to fill the tent with lots of lads but alas they didn't want to buy anything.

Forgot to mention that for dinner we had stew with a slightly special flavour, although it was most enjoyable, and then bread and butter pudding. The M.O was enjoying his so much that he left the dixie by his side for a little more, but later it was discovered he wanted it for his feet because on turning round he promptly put his foot into it - now with one foot smelling rather sweaty and the other reeking of irish stew his wife just doesn't want to know him. Actually she has been trying to do this for sometime but couldn't find a good enough reason before.

Mick Murray, Bryan Parry and the Adj. had gone along during the afternoon to find out what rock climbing was all about - also our dear friend Robbo, nearly missed him out. Apparently it was a good experience but they all came back looking as white as death, we don't know whether it was the rock climbing that had frightened them, or the thought of Les Findon with his white forms when they got to the wrong side of 5 o'clock.

Mack, David Parry and Joe had been out for a cycle ride and about 4.30 Mac came riding back into camp saying that David had bent his wheel and was having to carry the bike. The C.O. set out with Mac to look for them with the mini-bus and spent about an hour touring the Island but to no avail, arriving back about 5.30 they found them seated at the Dining table and eating merrily away as if nothing had happened, it seems they had been chasing each other along the wrong roads. Pleased to say the bike doesn't seem in too bad a condition, although it was noticeable that no one wanted to take it back to the hire place.

Evening and we set off for St Peters Port and another trip to Herm with the lads of 2nd Guernsey. It was a glorious evening and after a few choice passing remarks at various folk on the harbour we boarded the ferries. Arriving on the Island most of their party went for a swim, whilst a few of ours had taken their togs and then we made our way to the Sports Arena for a game of football. Unfortunately it had been a golf course at some time and it seems that they weren't too sure just how many holes there should be, whether it should be 18 or 18,000, so someone (we think the rabbits) had dug a few extra ones. This put our team off straight away but we were able to find one patch that wasn't too bad and without further ado the game commenced. Just to make it fair the C.O. had been hand-picked as Referee and in his opinion he turned in a five star display, but even then some decisions seemed to be disputed. David and Bryan Worked a wonderful partnership between them and managed to score the first goal, but it just so happened it was for the other team. Then after some mad scrambles and wild kicking we did manage to draw level. As the game progress our team settled down to the conditions and eventually we came out winners by 4 -1 - one goal by Mac was hotly disputed but the referee had no hesitation in disallowing it when he realised that he must have been off side. Second half and David Graham, Spud and David Parry were taken off, as the pace was a bit too much for them and Steve Bill, Adrian and Martin Smith were brought on. So once again we managed to keep our wining record.

During the afternoon David Parry had visited his School Camp and invited them to a game of football, but it seems they play rigger only – still we could play them at this if it is the same game as we play. Kevin would like a game of rigger against the Scouts but we can't think why.

Trip back to Harbour was Very good, with the lights showing across the waters and Robbo leading the singing, even managing to get some other passengers involved in the Music Man song. The castle looked Very good all lit up and this is where we hope to be going on Tuesday evening at the Torchlight Tattoo.

Back to Camp and everyone was invited to turn in whilst the Officers came along the tents with sandwiches and hot chocolate It wasn't too long before the camp was deep in slumber, but we think that some may have been disturbed during the night; however. more about this in tomorrow's newsletter.

Tent Points to date No. 1 - 23, No. 2. – 33.5, No.3 – 23.5, No 4 – 22, No. 5 – 16.

Saturday 24th July 1971

For ghoulies and ghosties and long-leggitty beasties and things that go bump in the night, dear Lord spare us. Why oh why didn't Les Findon's lads recite this before they went to sleep. It was in the very early hours of the morning that the camp was awakened by Kevin Farnell rushing around all the staff lines and saying all the tents had been let down. The Adj, just turned over and went back to sleep whilst John Rogers was dreaming of Christine and had come to an exciting part so he couldn't break it off then. Turning out we found tent 1 had collapsed and we were informed the sound of running feet was heard. It didn't take long to get the tent back up again, with the able support of Les who was making quotes from his G.P.O. Manual - Section 2 paragraph 4, sub-section 3 and line 4 states that tents are not to be let down between the hours of midnight and 3 am, and so Les is to write to the Head of the G.P.O. about it. It is believed to have been the Scouts that did it and the Adj. and M.O went along to remind them not to do it again, or else.

Unfortunately the weather wasn't to be too good to-day and in fact we had to have our first inspection inside the tents. This again let the camp off early morning P.T, so there was plenty of time to prepare. Breakfast and we had porridge. It was very good and was scooped quite quickly but this wasn't surprising when we found there wasn't to be anything else.

Morning Inspection and the marks creeping up again. Tent 4 were congratulated for the cleanliness of their lads shoes and in fact they were eventual winners with 88.5% against Tent 4 with 86.5%.

No Defaulters Parade although we have a couple who will be appearing later for using words not befitting our Camp. Morning Watch was conducted by Mr. Parry and his talk was God's Man in the Home – helping to remind each one of us of our special devotion to our Parents and our care for them and others.

For morning games there was a couple of quickies of football between tents 1 and 5 and tents 3 and 4. Tent 5 beat tent 1 by 2 - 1 whilst tent 4 lost to tent 3 by 3 - 1. Points to date stand at Tent 1 - 23 , Tent 2 – 33.5, Tent 3-25.5 , Tent 4-22 , Tent 5-18.

After these games it was down to the hills for a quick burst at attack and defend the flag. The Seniors were sent out and found themselves a convenient hill on which to perch the flag and defend against all attackers. Very soon the might of the Juniors, plus a couple of the Staff, could be seen making their way across from Camp, they surrounded the hill and then at a sign attacked from all sides. Lads could be seen locked in mortal combat and at one stage we had the sight of the MO lying full length across the bramble bush shouting for someone to rescue him. Lads were getting thrown down the hill but still came back for more. On a couple of occasions the Juniors managed to get the flag, but only made a short distance before it was snatched back again. Then at the height of the battle Martin Smith grabbed the flag from the bramble and ran down the hill, just as he was about to he jumped upon he handed to Steven Bill and he in turn made a grand run and then passed to Peter Southwick who was much too fast for the old men in the Seniors and made his way back to Camp. A grand victory for the Juniors and no doubt the Seniors will be buying them a bottle of pop.

A quick swim with lost of good waves. Bryan Parry tried a spot of surfing with some success whilst others just enjoyed themselves splashing merrily in the sea. Peter Hornsby was having a grand time with each wave almost knocking him flat and somehow he had managed to get from the grasp of John Rogers.

Dinner and we sat down to generous helpings of shepherds pie with extras, followed by macaroni pudding. All very nice and it was soon polished off so our kitchen staff are to be congratulated once again.

Afternoon and time for general leave and we had the site of Spud, Sal and Peter Hornsby moving off together. At first we wondered what they were going to do with him, but pleased to report they took him to town and treated him to a slap u feed. Now we must remember to check the canteen takings ato find from where Spud had his money.

Some others went on tea-leave as well, including Tank and Steven Bill, plus Mr. Hunt and Mr. Foster, but when tea came along they had appeared back at Camp. The thought of those delicious bananas and bread and butter had enticed them back.

During the afternoon a number of folk had gone off to hire bikes and we had quite an array of different ones around the Camp. Perhaps we can have a cycle race in the small field sometime and find out what sort of cycling talent we have. Poor Kevin came back later in the evening after having been on his bike for sometime and he was feeling quite saddle sore – Now he walks as though he had been on a horse for weeks.

After tea the C.O. took the Ladies and children etc. for a short tour of the Island in the Mini bus, but it was a poor night as far as the weather was concerned and rained most of the time. The tour was enjoyable and there were some good places to see so no doubt others trips can be arranged to give lads an opportunity of seeing some of the sights, it will be a change from staring at the other sort on the beach all the time.

We have noticed a few budding romances around Camp in the last few days and it was noticeable when Karen was feeling a little under the weather that quite a motley crew gathered at the tent to wish her well. David Parry of course was at the front and was barring the way from others entering. Now he has pulled a muscle in his leg, but what can one expect with all that weight of Karen on his lap. Gill and Paul Bailey are still going strong, although now his account is going down a little she is losing some of the interest. Incidentally he did so well at reading the Grace at the mealtime that he must end up as a Vicar one of the days. Can juust imagine the title The Very Revered Paul Bailey - do hope he grows a little otherwise they will have to cut a hole in the puplit for him to see through. Young Mike is eyeing the girls up but can't make up his mind whether it is Joy, Maria, Helen or Pam – he doesn't have to worry about his Bank account, it seems he just ask for expenses to added to his Dad's account.

Alas no camp fire due-to the weather but we all assembled in the Marquee for our usual cocoa and cheese and crisps. It was at this point that the NCO's were reminded of their night out and so as Les said they would have a meeting. It was an opportunity of sorting out the Boys from the Men and at one stage 4 out of 6 wanted to go, but finally none of them went, although we understand they are still Very keen and will try again another night. Perhaps they are waiting for one of those hot sultry nights when they hope there will be a bit of talent about.

And so to bed, evening prayers were led by Mr. Hunt and then everyone to their tents to make sure they were going to have a good night's sleep, free from disturbance and without getting wet.

Here we ought to mention that Tent 1 were not able to go on morning inspection as all their kit was wet we can't think whether it was to do with the rain or if it was anything to do with the Sgt. being a little scared in the night when the tent was let down, there was a stream of water coming from just where he lies.

Another good day, not many left so we want to make full use of them. Saturday evening we are to take part in a band item at a Gala Day and Barbecue evening so this should be good. John

Rogers tells the Staff he is looking for a girlfriend so it could be a good opportunity of him getting one, especially as the folk who are running the show have a girl guide troop attached to their church. You're not thinking what I am surely ? That it is possible they might get him to join them!

Sunday 25th July 1971

Nothing exciting happened during the previous night so we haven't anything special to report. It was noticeable that in some tents the younger lads sleep by the door and in one tent the C.O. did notice that Adrian Cross had the tent mallet by his side, whether it was to fight off marauders, or to stop the tent commander from pinching his sleeping bag we don't know.

For our P.T. session it was a case of forming lines and sweeping the fields of paper, litter etc, but as reported by the MO some folk couldn't make the effort of bending down, or perhaps it's because they can't reach their toes, anyway. At the finish the MO gave the order for everyone to get back to the tents as quickly as possible and be ready for breakfast, needless to say No 1 tent, under the expert guidance of their tent commander, strolled back when all were fallen in and once again we had the straight finger extended as he pointed out that they were only doing their duty of picking up paper.

Breakfast and beans on toast plus extras. Morning Inspection but unfortunately there was rain in the air and so this made that we had to be inside again. Standard was high and in fact the only tent that lost points for the tent etc was No.4, even though their Officer is the one who does this part of the inspection. When it came to the final marks tents 5 and 4 were level with 88%, but the flag was awarded to tent 5 as one lad in no. 4 did not have his bible. Now we have a minor dispute raging as to whether No.4 count this as a technical win or not.

Morning Watch and this was conducted by the C.O. His talk was on God's Man and His Leisure, and helped to remind us of the need for work and play, but how careful we must be to ensure our leisure time is spent in worthwhile things.

Again no post to-day. We understand there was a little on the previous day and in the absence of the Adj. Les had taken control of the camp and did the necessary distribution. It seems now that Les only waits for the C.O. to be off Camp for any sort of time and he immediately assumes command.

A few defaulters With one motley crew who had been bullying one of the younger lads - these were dealt with by the C.O. although in evidence it seemed that Ian was in fact bullying the other three - still we managed to sort it all out.

Morning Games and these were cricket and rucker. Tents 5 v 4 and 2 v 1. No. 2 won both their games whilst tent 4 beat 5 at cricket, but lost to them at Rucker. Nigel scored the winning try for tent 5 but had to suffer the agony of Bryan Parry sitting on him, still after a few quick tears he was fighting fit again. There was plenty of excitement in the rucker with Spud getting thrown into the hedge by one of his own side and Kevin yelling at the seniors for bashing their way through the little ones, but everytime Kevin got the ball he seemed to forget all about this and went on a wild rampage. Still all ended well and pleased to say there were no serious accidents. There was a slight incident where Les hurt his ankle, but this is hardly worth reporting - suffice it to say that the MO had to fix him up with a walking stick and W'e had the sight of a lonely figure stumbling and fumbling across the rocks with his stick. Have you noticed that one end is painted white, perhaps he short-sighted as well as being lame. After spending all afternoon on one of the Officer's beds he managed to crawl into tea and then fought off the pain and agony to get fit for the parade later in the evening.

Dinner and we had some special meat croquets produced by the cookhouse. Very tasty although tent 5 were a little short of carrots and a quick round the Officers table, pinching odd ones from each plate soon retrieved the situation. Sweet was steamed pudding and once again not many lads were wanting it. Mr Hunt made a great show of tucking in and at one stage six empty tins were by his side. We don't know how he manages to put it all away. but we certainly know where it goes - it shows when he is in his shorts and trying to run at rucker.

During the afternoon we were to have a band practice and the buglers had only played about 2 notes when the rains started - in fact it simply teemed down. Pleased to say it didn't last too long and the played carried on with their practice.

At this stage Mr Allen took a quick spring along to his tent but realised he was going to run straight past. On trying to pull up in time he slipped and landed on his backside in all the mud around the tent door. Alas his shorts were-ruined but Mrs. Allen was on hand to rescue him. She lent him a pair of her shorts and very sweet he looked too. Actually he had to put in two or three tucks to make them fit and guess who kept sliding up to him to ask him how he felt. If David Parry hasn't found his pants yet perhaps Mrs Allen can oblige there also.

During the afternoon the C.O. took a bus load of lads to see the German Museum but on the way they stopped for a while to watch a bit of car and motor cycle racing on the beach. The trip was fine and the exhibition quite interesting, so perhaps another one can be arranged for those who didn't make it.

After tea we prepared ourselves for the trip to the Summer Show. 6.30 and a coach arrived to collect us, whilst the mini-bus set off with all the band folk and instruments. It was a glorious night and there was plenty of things to be seen and done at the Show. Some of the laides had been along during the afternoon and had spent a happy time there, plus plenty of money. John was still looking for his girl friend and had his eyes on the mace-bearer of the Guides. but we don't doubt most of the lads had the same idea. The Band items were quite good although Spud was a little disgusted because he thought he was only to play two tunes. On the trampoline there were many funny things. Perter Hornsby and John caused a few laughs and then Robbo and Joe had a turn and quite a turn it was. Poor Joe couldn't stand up properly and when finally he got off he couldn't even stand properly or get his shoes on. Quite a number of prizes were won including Robbo with a clock from China, its guaranteed for 2 years but the only snag is that one has to take it back to China - not to worry though it would be good to get rid of him for a while.

Back to Camp about 9.30, but too late for a camp fire, which seemed to please our wood collector - we ought to have a good one on Sunday evening however. Just time for a quick snack and cup of cocoa and then we turned in just a little later than usual. Les by this time was finding it difficult to walk and we don't know how he managed to settle down for the night, perhaps he had to sleep with his foot out of bed all night.

At one time during the afternoon we had the sight of some Scouts in the Camp, it seems they had just arrived on the Island and had camped close to our site and just wanted to make friends. Kevin and Sal went along to have words with them and they just disappeared in a cloud of dust.

We are told that Mac is champion of the football machine with Colin Rogers in 2nd place. Tent points to date No.1 - 26, 2 - 37, 3 - 27, 4 - 27 and 5 - 27.

And so the end of another day with all its excitement etc. Mr. Allen again wanted to get into the newsletter so managed to put shaving cream instead of toothpaste on his toothbrush. He hadn't noticed anything until he started to foam at the mouth - but he does this quite often when certain lads are on Orderly.

Monday 26th July 1971

After all the excitement and hurly-burly of Saturday the camp settled down for a well earned nights rest and pleased to say we didn't have any interruptions. Reveille was a little later than usual as it was Sunday and we prepared for a day of rest - but somehow it didn't quite work out that way. The weather wasn't too sure just what it wanted to do and sometimes we were treated to beautiful sunshine, whilst at others it poured with rain.

Our Kitchen staff had done a great job with the breakfast and we sat down to bacon and egg with extras. Morning Inspection was marked a little stricter than the previous day. It was dry at the time so we were able to have the inspection outside and with tent 4 being on orderly it gave a chance to others. Tents 3 and 5 got full marks for shoes and the eventual winners were tent 5 with 87% with tent 3 at 86%.

Being Sunday we had a full morning service and this was conducted by Mr.Allen. The theme of his address was God's Man in the Church - and he reminded us of the unity that needs to exist within the Church as with everything we see to do with our lives.

We don't have a Defaulter's Parade on Sundays, but in any case we hadn't heard of any lads who might have been on it - although from one or two tents could be heard the sweet yelling of the tent commanders as they threatened and called for white forms.

It was at this stage that the camp was informed of a football match against the local team. Normally we don't extend ourselves to sport on Sunday but this was a special occasion in another country so we took a team along. Taking one look at some of the older ones in our team the visitors promptly issued us with bibs to wear, perhaps they thought that after a few minutes we should need them to wipe the sweat from our brows. First half was played fast and furious and about half way through Sal took a pass and went haring for goal with the other team in hot pursuit. Just as he was about to be tackled he gave a wild swing at the ball with his left foot and we were all amazed to see it was going somewhere near the goal, and their poor goalkeeper was so flabbergasted that it had gone into the net before he realised. Our team was excited but it was strange no one wanted to rush forward and throw their arms about Sal or shower him with kisses. At half time Mr.Parry changed the team a little and in Mr Allen's opinion weakened it greatly by taking him off; Also Robbo and Terry Biles were replaced and Kevin, Mick Murray and Spud came on. It wasn't long before Spud was having a wild swing at one of their players, but as he explained it was a tackle that was just a tiny bit too late. Joe was having plenty of excitement barging them from side to side whilst David Parry and Bryan provided all the vocal encouragement by yelling words of advice to each other - things like 'Shut your hole' and Get -----'. Midway through the second half, or was it in extra time the writer isn't too sure because he was so tired by this time he was moving around in a trance - but anyway the other side scored Their winger made a good run and beat off three tackles then passed to Bryan in goal, but alas he didn't hold the shot and their centre-forward being left wide open was able to push the ball into goal. Score at full time 1 - 1 with a few battered and bruised players limping off the pitch. We must praise David Parry because he had such a good game at centre-half, although it grieves us to have to say so.

Should have been time for a swim now but the rains started - some lads had made their way towards the beach when the heavens opened and down it came. Most were able to shelter in the changing rooms and outside whilst Robbo found himself a bulldozer cab to get inside. Unfortunately the rain lasted some time and so many people were quite wet that the swimming parade was abandoned, much to the displeasure of all , and we made our way back to Camp.

Dinner was a rare treat once again with steak/kidney pies, potatoes, beans and then apple crumble with custard, and we are pleased to report that after Robbo's efforts with the apple crumble everyone had a share - including the usual big mound for Mr. Hunt.

Time for rest after dinner and old MO certainly did this - he retired to his tent, sent the family outside to play and settled down on his bed for the afternoon. The only thing we heard from him was a complaint that the kids had been making too much noise, apparently it was disturbing his dream of the mace bearer from the previous evening. Later in the afternoon the NCO's gathered at the C.O's tent and went into quiet discussion about various topics. Here they made preparations for their night out later in the day and they were so excited about it that they could be seen having a sack race about the camp site.

Tea time and we sat down to jelly and cream but the jelly was so thin it was wondered whether it was meant to be on the dishes or poured into the cups. John Rogers seemed to be having a spot of boffer with his bread and butter and couldn't make out just how much he wanted and he was either pinching slices from Mr Parry or sliding odd bits back to him, but it was sorted out in the end.

Early evening and it was thought folk might like to go for a swim so a bathing parade was organised but it wasn't compulsory. Quite a number of folk went in the sea but it wasn't too exciting because there were no waves about - the only excitement seemed to be with a crab that kept appearing but no one managed to catch it. Peter Clarke and Nigel did catch a few little ones but let them go again later. Mr .Lerwill was walking with an air of boastfulness because he had been in the sea and both Mr. Parry and Mr.Allen were a little tired of hearing about it.

About 8 pm and some folk arrived from 1st Guernsey Company to join us in a Band practice. Only snag was that we didn't altogether play the same tunes but Mr.Lerwill managed to sort some things out and finally the band sounded quite good. Retreat was played with some of their buglers and this was a great uplift for Kevin, saved him having to blow his heart out on his own.

Mac and Joe had got a good fire built up and we had a tremendous blaze when it was lit, but alas some of it collapsed but nevertheless it was a good fire and finished off the day nicely. There was some good singing with lots of choruses and the folk from 1st Guernsey spent a happy time with us.

After lights out we held a Communion Service and quite a number attended. It was at this time that the NCO's were sent packing much to the pleasure of the rest of camp, particularly the seconds in command who would be able to do great things in their respective tents. The party set out in the mini-bus and Spud and David Foster had been allowed by the NCO's to go with them. It was thought a Guernsey mile would be far enough so after a short trip they arrived at some quiet spot along the coast; actually it wasn't possible to get them dropped at a secret rendezvous as they each had a map of Guernsey. At this point we don't know how they spent the night or what sort of tricks they got up to, but we should have them back by breakfast on Monday.

Well another good day but sadly there are not too many left. we don't seem to have had many funny incidents over Sunday but no doubt there will some for our next edition.

Tuesday 27th July 1971

What a beautiful peaceful nights rest we had The C.O. had been kind in taking the N C.O's away and the camp settled down to real peace. Kevin had Tent 1 organised properly and later in the day we were to see just how well it was. Morning started with a slight rain shower but this wasn't to last and for the rest of the day we had wonderful sunshine, with just a slight breeze. Dave Parry's mob were to be on orderly, so we leave you to your own conclusions. A quick burst of early morning P.T. to get those tired limbs and muscles in working order and then in to breakfast which was flakes with the usuals.

It was as we were drawing to the end of our breakfast that a shout, or was it a scream, rent the air - the NCO's had been sighted and what a sight they looked. They were making their way from the direction of the sports field, although in the state they were it was a wonder they could find their way at all. Kevin took one look and then gave his usual snort and muttered something under his breath - we didn't catch it but perhaps it was better we didn't. It seems they managed to walk back the Guernsey mile, although with Dave Foster as leader they had managed to take the wrong route. but eventually arrived at the German bunker closest to camp and prepared to spend the night there. Alas no one would boil the water for a cup of tea so they had to wait until back at Camp – Robbo was the cook and managed quite well with the egg and bacon but we would imagine it would have taken quite sometime to cook on those small mess tins.

On camp we had had a little rain during the night but our party didn't remember any. Spud recalls a slight trickle of damp when he was lying in his sleeping bag but once again he had Les Findon close to him and we wonder whether this had anything to do with it. A good night out and no doubt those taking part and also some of the local inhabitants will remember it for some time.

Morning Inspection and this is where Kevin started to shine. 'No.1 tent had been up at the crack of dawn and shoes, uniform were all cleaned and kit prepared for laying out. Standard of inspection was high and the eventual winners were No 1 with 88%, followed by No. 4 with 87%. Unfortunately at the prize-giving Les Findon was not required and Kevin stepped forward to receive the coveted flag.

Morning Watch was conducted by David Graham and he gave a short talk on God's Man and his schooling. We did have a little mail to-day but it was just one for Mrs Pearce and Karen, so all those thoughts of lads buying presents for folk at home had gone by the board.

Whilst all this was going on David Foster was busy trying to work out the Camp bank and having to answer all sorts of questions as to how and why certain items had been conducted - but as an Income Tax feller he was able to deal with the situation quite simply. Steve Grant seemed to have the right idea, he buys stuff from the Canteen and asks for it to be on his account - the only slight difference is that he hasn't anything in the account -we don't suggest many try this scheme however.

Just time for a quick dip before an early dinner, which was at 12 noon. Sea was quite inviting and without too much trouble everyone was persuaded to get in and get wet all over. Back to camp for dinner and we sat down to meat with potatoes and peas, followed by plums and custard. Actually it should have been plums but seemed very much like the jelly we had the previous evening, except that there were plum stones in it. Poor Spud had a plate of 16 stones and no plums, all this covered in custard - his first reaction was to complain of the lumpy custard, but he was found a little plum later on. All over the marquee we could hear the sounds of 'she loves, she loves me not' as lads counted their stones, but we never did learn whether in fact Sal loves Mac, or Mac loves Sal, or whether they are just good friends.

After our meal we prepared for the trip into town, although the ladies had left us and didn't any stop for dinner - should mention here the wonderful peace that we had in the marquee during our dinner - now we know from whence all the noise comes.

Whilst getting ready Peter Clarke had been for some water and came back yelling about something long and slimy he had found by the tap. Tent 3 thought it must be Peter Hornsby, who had been missing for sometime, but in fact it was a long slow-worm, and now tent 5 have an extra inmate in the form of this thing kept in a metal bowl - we trust they had a good night's sleep with nothing crawling over them during the night.

Around 1.30 the camp made its way down to the bus stop and on to Peter Port to spend all the pocket money still available. It was a grand day with the sun so hot and first thoughts were to buy a few presents then get down to the harbour and enjoy the sun. Moving around the shop it was possible to bump into various groups of folk, all laden with special parcels and stuffing themselves with chocolates, ice-cream and the like. As the parcels were to be left in the C.O's tent later it should be good fun to go through them to see what the lads have bought for the officers.

Not many folk seemed to want to spend money of meals, so perhaps our cookhouse are feeding them too well at Camp, or is it that we have become so used to Camp meals that our stomachs can no longer take the thought of good food. Spud and Steve Grant had a brush with the law when some policeman took hold of them and accused them of having been a nuisance in one of the shops. Spud just looked appealing - no that's wrong he doesn't appeal to anyone, Spud had an appealing look in his eyes and one of his favourite expressions of complete innocence - and in fact it was a case of mistaken identity because the one the police were looking for was ginger haired and rather the worse for drink (as if this could have been Spud) and so the Policeman released him with an apology.

Our orders were to be back at Camp for 7 pm and when the CO arrived about this time all were safely home, having spent all the money and generally had a good time. Mr. Allen was boasting to the MO about having been able to do his shopping just in one street, but then later in the evening he had to be taken to town again and in fact didn't get back until about 9.15, much to the MO's delight.

Another band practice was arranged but had only been in progress about 10 minutes when we had a visit from one of the locals. Whilst she liked our Band she didn't think much of the Guernsey folk in it and so not wanting to cause a fuss we had to break off. Poor Les, no one had told him there was to be a Band Practice, actually what we mean is no one had asked him if there could be a practice, and he was most upset over this. In reprisal he came first without his straps and then with only one stick, but he was showing signs of tiredness from the previous night and was only intending playing at half pace.

We should have had an orienteering run at 9 o'clock but in the absence of the CO and others we had to forget about it and make arrangements for it to be held on Tuesday. Some of the items to be collected are rare specimens so it should be interesting what folk like Paul Bailey and Nigel Smith collect. Perhaps someone may have the idea of popping Paul Bailey in as a specimen he could be offered as one of Ken Dodd's Diddy men.

Singing around the fire was rather spasmodic with Robbo trying hard but finding little support with some of the songs We don't know whether it will be possible to have another fire on Tuesday but we wait to see.

Well another good day with the usual amount of excitement etc. Tents 2 and 3 are still striving hard for their first tent flag win so perhaps Tuesday will be the day for one of them. Again we haven't any romances to report - normally at Camp we have strings of young ladies and others hanging around the gates, but this year they are noticeable for their absence, perhaps the

Guernsey air has something to do to our Don Juan's because they haven't been very successful. We did notice Gill and Karen around the shops with Bryan and Mick Murray, but later we understand big brother David came on the scene and put a spanner in the works.

Wednesday 28th July 1971

Our last full day of camp and we were hoping to do great things, but alas the rain was against us a little later in the day. Things started off quite well - Sal and Mac were on Orderly and John Rogers had offered to help, but it seems they weren't too sure about this, but when it came to spud peeling they did invite him along. Actually John wasn't too sure what was meant by doing the spuds, because of sharing the tent with one of them all camp - so we weren't too surprised to see him a little later on sitting astride with knife in hand wondering where to start.

Another quick dash of early morning P.T. but we haven't heard whether there was any exciting developments. One of the great developments is the sight of Terry Biles each morning flexing his biceps and pectorals to see how much they have grown in the night, but it seems a waste of time because he has been doing it for the past 16 years and there is no great improvement. Our suggestion would be for him to stick to moustache growing, he'll have a better chance providing Joe doesn't shave it off for him.

Breakfast and we had a double ration of flakes and beans on toast (or was it fried bread). Morning Inspection and once again it was in/out problem because the weather seemed a little uncertain, Tent 1, after their great win of the previous day had dropped back a bit, although of course they had their tent commander back by now. Derek Wilson had had enough and wanted to leave them for good but after a gentle talk from Mr. Alan Hunt he was persuaded to stay with us. We can imagine it was a talk in a real motherly fashion, because he strikes rather a motherly pose.

Morning Watch was led by Mr Hunt and he gave a short talk on God's Man and his attitude to work not necessarily how much he does, although this is interesting sometimes, but what sort of occupation he decides upon.

We did have a few defaulters and as we are looking for extra volunteers to help in the cookhouse after dinner, a few lads were specially hand-picked for the job. Unfortunately the rains decided to come down about now and all our plans for an orienteering run and bathe were dashed. Folk spent time in the two marquees playing various games, and of course Joe was there with the Bingo game, although he couldn't get folk to play with him, not at his price anyway. At this point Mac lost his football title to Colin Rogers after a hard game where several spectators seemed to get in Mac's way and generally the 'Kop' seemed to be against him. It seems he wants to play with no one there to disturb him - we can only suggest he plays entirely alone then he can be title-holder again - typical Albion supporter, always complaining when they lose, which of course is quite often.

So dinner time came at last, we say this because at the normal time it wasn't ready and we were told just a few minutes longer, this went on for about 45 minutes, until finally at 1.45 we sat down to some delicious Irish Stew. It was a good meal and worth waiting for and helped to chase away the damp weather. Creamed rice followed and there was even a little apple crumble left from the previous day. Mr. Hunt had his usual helpings and then retired to the tent for a sleep. We think we should mention that it wasn't his tent that he retired to. During the afternoon young Joy came to say there was a funny man in their tent and it didn't look like her Daddy. Upon investigation it turned out to be Mr Hunt and sleeping on Mrs. Parry's bed (sounds like Goldilocks and the 3 Bears). Mr. Parry it seems had gone off to the beach with a small party for a swim and Mr Hunt had the freedom of the tent. Now we understand why Mrs Parry wanted to get off Camp. She didn't really want to go to the Guernsey Pottery place, but anywhere to get from the 'Monster who lurks in ladies tents'.

Also during the afternoon quite a number of our NCO's and Seniors went off to buy a few extra presents and were so taken up by their spending spree that they missed their last bus in time for tea. Robbo and Colin just about made it in time, but Spud, Terry, Mac, Joe, John Hodgetts all had to look for other means of transport, but being rich men of the world they hired a taxi. It

seems the driver knew the roads well and made every effort to get them back in reasonable time - so they looked a little white when they finally arrived.

Tea and we had salad in the form of lettuce, tomatoes, salad cream then usual bread and butter etc , plus pineapple and cream. Our cookhouse must have been having a clear up for the end of Camp.

Early evening and time for all to get ready for the big Parade to be held later in town. 7pm and all were looking very smart and posing for all sorts of photographers although much to their disgust (don't know whether the posers or the photographers were disgusted), then down the lane for the waiting coach. The C.O took along the mini-bus with the band folk and their instruments, and the weather by now had taken a turn for the better and it was to be a glorious evening. On the harbour we met up with lads from other companies and looking very smart were the lads of 1st Guernsey who were to join with us. The whole parade assembled about 8pm and then we marched along the front to the Albert Pier Here we met crowds of people, somewhere in the region of 3,000, and it was a great setting. The parades fell out leaving the bands to play in opposition to each other. Firstly we ought to mention that our Parade was led by the 3rd Guernsey band and it was quite fun to march to the tune of Maigret, Robbo didn't know whether he had to march or just skip along. The bands played well and the Scots pipers sounded good, although perhaps played a little too long. Whilst it wouldn't be right to say we were the best band there, nevertheless we were the loudest and kept things moving in a smart manner, including some perfect timing by both drummers and buglers - Mr Lerwill did a good job there.

Around 9.15 we all assembled as a parade once again and then lighted torches were handed out. John Rogers was the first one of our lot to be given one, but on being offered it he promptly refused saying 'I don't smoke. Soon we were all fitted out with torches and the parade looked most impressive as we marched through the streets of St. Peter Port. Lining all the route were holidaymakers and locals and our band timed it very well when they struck up through the narrow part of the town, just as the scots band had started and our lads drowned them all. A great parade and one we shall remember for a long time.

Arriving back at camp we assembled in the marquee for our little late supper and here a presentation was made to the CO in the form of a Beer Money collecting box, whether the NCO's think that he yells too much because of his drinking, or because he doesn't drink we don't know , but anyway there is some money in it to gets things started. Many thanks for the present and the presenter in the form of Peter Hornsby - thought for a minute that after his little speech he was going to throw a kiss, but everything was OK.

And so time for bed, a little later than usual. Tent No.1 had a story read to them about a man disposing of his wife - now one or two of the Officers want to know what it was about. The NCO's stayed a little while for an extra bite of supper but were causing too much noise that they had to be packed off around midnight, but even then they didn't get to sleep very early - perhaps they are excited at the thought of going home and seeing their mommys again.