

NEWSLETTER HORTON 1973 MONDAY 30th JULY

Our first newsletter of camp, although we have now been here for a few days and had a chance to settle down a little. Friday night at Denholm Road and lots of excitement with Terry Biles arriving early because he thought there was something free. All the camp items were ready in the garage but no Sign of David Graham and the van, thought perhaps they had taken him away in it. About 6 o'clock it arrived and then came the job of loading up. This didn't take too long except that those travelling down wanted to make sure there was a soft spot for them to sleep the night and Joe wasn't too impressed when the boat was loaded on the top of everything, but at last all was ready and down came the back shutter, much to the annoyance of the inmates Terry Biles, Colin Rogers, Martin Parry and Joe, whilst in the luxury of the cab we had David Parry (our Sgt Major) and the driver (David Graham). We understand they had quite a good journey down but almost landed in a spot of bother at Neath when they asked a policeman where they might go for something to eat. It seems the shorts they were wearing caused some amusement and they were advised to keep away from the local boot boys, perhaps a good job Kevin Farnell wasn't amongst them, he might have uttered a few well chosen words.

By now it was Saturday morning and all the merry campers were preparing themselves for the great ordeal ahead, travelling in the mini-bus with Mr. Parry as driver. Les Findon couldn't bear the thought so he came along in his own car but had Mrs. Newman, Mrs and Joy Parry for company - it seems he wanted to keep stopping amongst the hills and offering to take Joy to see the sights, but she wasn't having any of it - she had been warned by her parents about strange men and there aren't many more stranger than Les. Mr Phillips preferred to travel in the luxury of his own van because he had the dogs to bring, but this doesn't refer to Mike and Adrian who also came with him.

Meanwhile the C.O. had left home at a very early hour with the caravan hooked to the back of the car, then some way along the road it was found they had parted company and so they had to turn around and start looking for the caravan. It had only been missing for a couple of minutes but by the time they got to it three Tinker's families had settled in and said Joe had told them it was O.K.

Arriving at camp we found the place in a state of semi-erection but no sign of the Advance Party, then along they came from the direction of the beach after having been for a swim. It didn't take the rest of us too long to put right what they had done; soon the Marquee was up and the only problem was Mr. Phillips and his Wall - it seems he couldn't be too sure just how he wanted things set out and in fact when we sat down to our first meal of pasties, potatoes and baked beans it was such a cosy atmosphere with everyone sat on each others laps and the sight of the C.O. spoon feeding Mr. Phillips was quite funny.

During the evening our Wood Party (Terry Biles and Kevin Farnell) assisted by other less rogues were off to see what they could find, but it seems they weren't too bothered just where the wood came from and now we understand all their bank money will be used up in compensation to one of the locals.

A big fire was built and around 9.30pm we had our Retreat and our first camp fire. The fire was a good one with lots of wood piled into a great heap but then we had the problem of some of the campers in the next field complaining that sparks might get to

their tents, so we have to build our fires a little smaller on other occasions. Not much singing around the fire because all were feeling rather tired, so after our hymn and prayers we retired for the night. Prayers in the tents and in future individuals will be leading the prayers for the rest of the tent.

It should have been time to settle down now but Mr. Phillips had lost one of his dogs and spent some time doing the rounds looking for it. Actually earlier in the night when he had put down some food for the pair of them some of our lads were looking at it enviously and thinking it looked better than the stuff he cooks for them - perhaps it is the dogs food he is giving to us and our expensive food is being fed to the dogs.

Sunday morning and a chance to lie in because it was a day of rest. All the Officers were up in good time but this usually happens on the first day. Mr. Parry was wrestling with Les in the cookhouse for the privilege of taking early morning tea to the ladies and Mr. Parry won in the end. Sgt Major was muttering about the water and trying to explain how at College they use warm water and don't need to wash outside, but no one seemed too interested in his problems.

Breakfast of flakes, bacon and fried bread but no eggs, it seems the Q-M. had them on the menu but not in the cookhouse and Mr. Phillips could be heard having a few words with him and saying 'Are we supposed to lay our so and so own'.

Morning Inspection and everyone rushing around making a lot of noise, with tent commanders yelling out their instructions and abuse. Actually the inspection was quite good for a first one, but there is lots of room for improvement and no doubt the S/Major will make sure it does just that. Tent 2, Kevin Farnell took the flag so pop all round for his lads, but next day Tent 1, Terry Biles, will make sure they keep ahead.

Ali Dogan and Boyd Baker had elected to be on Orderly for the first day and they did a good job of the work they managed to get done, although this wasn't always what the cook wanted doing.

Morning Watch taken by the C.O. and he gave a short talk on 'Grounded', being firmly set on the important issues of life and making sure we don't get carried away by our own fantasies.

Down to the sea for our first real bathe, although in fact there had been a quick dip on the Saturday evening. The sea was a long way out and no sign of any waves but it was good fun nevertheless and the sight of Kevin changing in the middle of the beach was impressive. Joe was worried about his sunburn but Tony Miller told him not to fret as he had got used to it after a While. Actually the bathe didn't last too long because the seniors wanted to get out and see the sights and scenery of the beach, and there was a good deal to see. Mr. Parry and the C.O. had to be content with just a quick sideways glance, because their respective wives and families were around and it didn't help when Martin kept saying to his Dad look at that one, She's a smasher.

During the afternoon we had our rest period, although one or two were helping with a few jobs, and of course we had Tent No.1 messing about with the younger lads and lowering their brailing, because the sun was getting too overpowering for Terry.

Dinner time we were served to meat pies, french beans, new potatoes and then apples and custard. Actually it was Mr. Phillips birthday so we managed a quick burst of 'Happy Birthday' and thanked him for the free bottle of pop.

Now all were preparing for tea and the service and parade later. We got the usual fruit and cream, with fresh bread and strawberry jam on fresh butter, followed by cake and this was the Cook's Birthday party.

5.45pm and we marched up the lane to meet the 78th Company who were assembled towards the Chapel. The Parade was impressive and the band sounded good and it was exciting to have lots of people around who were appreciative of the turn out and marching, perhaps the motorists were not too happy, but we didn't bother about them. At the Chapel we had a job to get everyone in and all sorts of chairs etc. were brought in and it was great to see the place so full. The singing was very good with our organist pumping away madly and the C.O. gave a talk on Jesus Christ Superstar asking that we think seriously about this and seeking to find what difference he could make in our lives. Our S/M did one of the readings for us and a Sgt. from the 78th took the prayers. A Short march back up the hill with the traffic being held back again, but we didn't bother much.

Back to camp and once again our wood party were off and finding some good stuff to burn Mr Parry took charge of the actual building of the fire and we had a good one. At first the singing was rather slow building up but once under way it went quite well. A few folk from the canvan field came over and we look forward to seeing more of them during the next few days.

Promptly at 10 we had our Last Post played by Kevin then sang Abide with me and so to bed. We look forward to more exciting happenings tomorrow.

Tuesday 31st July 1973

The day started quietly after everyone had had a good night's sleep, in fact folk slept so well that no one realised that the flag pole was missing. It seems that some folk don't like our camp very much because we had only been here a couple of hours when one of the dogs decided to leave us, and then we had the incident when the flag pole did the same. Must be all that rough treatment from the S/Major so early each morning, or could it be all those bugle calls played so close to it each day. What happened was that Mr. Phillips was up early as usual but made his way down to the cookhouse without realising anything was amiss; then the C.O. came out of his tent and noticed something was gone, although at such an early hour it was difficult to see what it was. The S/Major then came on the scene but hadn't noticed anything until he came to put up the flag, then he wondered what he had been tying it to for the last couple of days. As light dawned he too realised that the pole had gone so he promptly erected a makeshift one, so we were ready for the further trials of the day.

Morning P.T. consisted of a quick run along the lanes looking in the hedges for the pole, but all Kevin and Terry could find were courting couples left from the previous night, but it gave an opportunity for folk to air their lungs early in the morning and soon the gasping, tired figures could be seen making their way back to camp.

Breakfast consisted of porridge produced by our cook and it was so good that folk came back for more and there was none left over at all, this was followed by the usual rolls and butter with jam, but alas the rolls were getting a little stale by now - not to worry there is an indication of fresher ones on the way.

Morning Inspection with Tent 1 determined by hook or by crook to win that coveted flag, incidentally the flag was bought for us by Mr. Phillips at Salcombe in 1961. Scenes of great activity around the tents with the usual screaming and thuds, then by 9.45 all was ready. Inspection was quite high with the personal uniforms having been given a little more attention but it seems many little points were to be raised later.

Morning Watch and conducted by the C.O. and his theme was on 'Challenge', reminding us of the many challenges in our lives and suggesting that all we say, think and do should be directed to something worthwhile. So far we haven't had any camp letters but no doubt there are plenty on the way, with lots of extra spending money and good things to eat. After Watch the assistant/deputy/over-acting/extremely overpaid, standing Adj. Les Findon was invited by the S/Major to give out the inspection results. He got carried away by the occasion and started 'My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen' then he came down to earth and realised where he was. After a great maiden speech where he had the camp in tears with his pleading and coaxing and cajoling he finally got through with the message that some of the things weren't quite right, but the result of it all was that Tent 1 won the flag with slighter higher marks than the previous day - our congratulations to Terry Biles and his merry men - but don't get close to Kevin Farnell because, as he says if anything was fixed that lot was. Anyway to-morrow Tent 2 will be after them again.

Defaulter's Parade and only one member in the form of Kevin Barker. He was quickly dealt with by the C.O. and no doubt we shall see him doing some work or other around the Camp. Morning coffee time (or is it tea - or what is it ?), and the sounds of Retreat being blown. Turning ones eyes towards the gate we noticed that a small gathering from the 78th Company were waiting there with our flag pole, but at the sight of Kevin were a

little hesitant to come in. They explained in detail how they had achieved the rare distinction of getting one over the 1stA - it seems that despite Mr. Phillips assurance that Tina was a great watchdog, when the 78th lads passed the C.O.'s tent in the early hours all they could hear was a little squeak, but even this was drowned by the snores coming from Mr. Parry's tent.

Down to the beach for our first games period, but a little rain was in the air. This didn't last too long however and soon we were enjoying some wonderful sunshine to add to the misery of Joes legs. Football was the game with Mr Parry and Joe supporting Tent No.2 and the C.O. and S/Major being the main support behind Tent No.1, but alas the support must have been sagging rather a lot because they lost 6 - 3 , not to worry though we will beat them easily at tiddly-winks. So a further 2 points to Tent 2 and this should put them in the lead at 4 points to 2.

A quick bathe but rather a long way out to find the sea. On the way to the sea someone found a rare looking object on the beach, with prickly horns and bulging staring eyes and smelly feet and everyone was about to rush over when it was realised it was only Tony Miller looking for his bathing partner. Joe seemed to take a long time to get in but moved a little quicker when a little water was splashed his way.

Back to camp for dinner but not quite what the menu said. Actually we had a form of stew but the cook has something better in mind for the next one. Maybe we shall end up with some of those evil looking objects from the beach. After dinner Tent 1 had a second inspection just to show how it was done but strange to relate they seemed to be missing a number of items and it seems they borrowed a few for the first inspection - Kevin looks more wicked than ever.

Down to the beach once again and by now the sun was glorious so we decided to stay until early evening. The boat was man handled on to the mini-bus and the trek down the hill was on. A bathe was the first thing with one or two folk trying out the boat. Then we heard the 78th band in the distance and thought they were celebrating their overnight victory, but they were only having a bathing parade and this is the only way they can get their lads to the sea. Lads were allowed to make their own entertainment during the afternoon and Terry and Kevin went off looking for talent, but although they saw plenty their powers of persuasion were not too good and they had to be content with holding each others hands on the way back. Others went rock scrambling and the C.O. went out with a few to try their hand at mackerel fishing, but the only thing they caught was Kevin Barker's swimming shorts after his line got into an almighty tangle.

Back to camp and out with the volley-ball. Some great efforts with folk slowly learning the rules under the direction of Ali Dogan - no doubt we shall have some good games after the next few days.

And so the night drew in and it came time for our camp fire. The Fire party had been busy with more wood but putting it all together in one big fire was not ideal - it had to be broken down a little and then fed on bit by bit by Mr. Parry. The singing was quite good and we are getting into the swing of things. Les Findon gave a fine rendering of Eidhleweis, although his voice seems to be breaking a little and he is no longer the boy soprano he used to be. Time for bed with tired bodies wanting to get some sleep. During the day Mr. Phillips had managed to get Bob his dog back and now it seems the C.O. will have to move out as there isn't really room for all of them in the tent.

A good day with lots of things done but even so quite a number of folk getting involved in the wrong situations. Reasling that there are quite a few first years campers with us the S/Major is rather lenient at present, but don't press him too hard because St.Trinians has nothing on him when his temper is roused.

Wednesday 1st August 1973

The day started very much the same as previous ones with some lovely sunshine to greet the happy campers. Happiest of all were Kevin Farnell and Kevin Barker, who were to share the Orderly duty between them. Between those two and Les Findon things were really humming all day long and Mr Phillips wondered whether it was worth while staying any longer, but pleased to say 'things didn't work out too badly, although the cook had to spend all day at camp just to tidy up the mess they had made from the morning.

No incidents during the night but then of course we had on guard our intrepid three in the S/Major, Les and Joe Hardiman and who would dare to attempt to come into the camp with those three about. One can imagine their keen sense of alertness. their vivid awareness and devotion to duty -,if those three are for us then who can be against us.

Morning exercises and a chance to let off a little Steam, Some good running and keen enthusiasm with Kevin Farnell's tent winning the points. Breakfast and the cook had provided fried egg and bread with the usual rolls etc. It seems no one has lost their appetite so far because everything gets tucked away quite quickly.

Preparations were now under way for Inspection and Tent 2 were working well as a team under the direction of Martin Smith. By now it was a glorious morning and it took all the time to stop lads from sunbathing rather than getting on with the work. Terry Biles could be heard harassing his lads once again and it seems Tony Miller took some exception to the pressing and staged a one man strike, but soon he realised how foolish this action was and possibly we will not have a repeat in future.

Morning Watch was conducted by the C.O. and his talk was on the theme of opportunity - reminding us the many possibilities and chances that come our way and suggesting that we are always on the alert for whatever prospects come our way. Tent Inspection it seems had improved a little from the previous day and Tent 2 were out for revenge after what they considered was unfair marking. Some marks were lost for silly little things that went wrong but generally the standard was quite high, although one or two had to see the S/Major later in the day. Les Findon had a few points to raise about distances between different items of kit and we hope all these things sink in so that we can reach a much higher peak. Final countdown brought Tent 2 as victors so our congratulations to these lads and also the leadership of Martin Smith, plus of course a further 2 points in the league table.

Time now for Defaulter's Parade and only Tony Miller presenting himself due to his inability to work very hard earlier in the morning. He was quickly dealt with by the C.O. and the S/Major found him some likely job to do later in the day.

Around this time we had the rare spectacle of the brothers Yusef and Mehmet working together peeling spuds, but one look at their faces suggested they were not too impressed. Apparently the two Kevins were so slow at everything that they needed someone else to help them out and it was good of the brothers to offer their services.

As the sun was so hot it was decided we would spend most of the day on the beach so the ladies prepared the sandwiches and drinks whilst everyone grabbed items of equipment to be used. On the beach the tents played at cricket but even this quiet English game had its rowdy moments and rowdy elements. Hit and run was the first

game and there were some amusing run-outs until Tent 1 managed to gain the winning hit, but the second game was much better with everyone in respective teams having a bowl and proving what rare, undiscovered talent we have hidden away. Tent 2 scored 36 runs to close their innings and tent 1 started off in good style, but alas their staying powers were not too good and they wasted too many balls by not having a fling at them. Eventually tent 2 got them all out for 28 runs and so the points were evenly shared. But then Terry and Ali could be heard arguing away madly as to what was going to happen in the sand race. Joe and the C.O. went down into the sea a little way and waited for the motley crew to come racing in to touch them and then back up the beach across the stones and to the S/Major. Terry Biles led all the way and was followed in by another of his tent. Ali could only manage third place despite all his bragging, so it seems he is just the same as his brother Mehmet - nothing there when it comes to the final count. Time for a swim but the sea a long way out and no sign of any waves. It was warm and pleasant however and gave an opportunity for everyone to have a refreshing wash down. Forgot to mention that Kevin Farnell was a little behind things in the sand race - it seems he was endeavouring to be a real christian and not wanting to take the honours so he just tagged along at the rear - as he told one of our reporters later he could have won with ease but wanted to give the younger ones a chance.

Sandwiches and drinks on the beach with a little cake to go with it and then folk could provide their own entertainment. Some went crabbing on the rocks, whilst a few went for another swim and others just strolled around sizing up the folk. Hyatan Grant stayed-behind and tried very hard to bury himself in the sand, but alas he is still with us - if only Steve had been around no doubt he would have made a good job of it. Later in the afternoon the C.O. and Mr. Parry took out the boat with one or two others and they tried their hand at fishing. There were hundreds of fish about but they had to come back empty-handed. It seems they remembered what the C.O. said on Sunday evening about not taking much of a man to be a fisherman, but the whole lot of them were useless. More swimming and fooling about in the water and everyone getting a little more of the beautiful sunshine, with Joe's legs getting a darker shade of red and Terry complaining of his back hurting a little with the mark-of the hand.

Back to camp and the cook had prepared our dinner of meat, potatoes and carrots, followed by apples and custard and rolls - all very nice and our thanks for his efforts in staying behind to watch over things.

After evening meal various activities were taking place including volley-ball, cricket and a little badminton until it was time for Retreat at 9 pm. During this time Les Findon, Joe and the S/Major had been along to the 78th camp to fix up a football match and no doubt to eye over the place for future reference. Camp fire was a little weak getting under way, but once it was started it blazed very well and the singing was ably led by Les with the assistance of Mr Parry.

And so the close of another day and one where we were blessed with wonderful weather once again. Tired bodies made their way to their respective tents but it seems some couldn't sleep too well - but more of this later. Prayers were led by Boys in each tent but at present it is just a question of muttering a few words rather than expressing their real feelings, but we have time to work on this.

Now to bed and the camp could sleep in the knowledge that everything was safely guarded by those three again - S/Major, Les Findon and Joe. We daren't say who it was

said it but we did hear someone whisper if they are alive at night as they are during the day then we better start worrying.

Thursday 2nd August 1973

A little drizzle in the air when we awoke and the cook was the first to notice that we had gained a few extra lat buckets. Actually there were three of them standing proudly in the middle of the camp field and once more it seems they had escaped the attention of our intrepid three from the Officers tent who had promised to be on the alert. We had thought of hanging on to the offending buckets at first because they were much better than our own, but later in the day they were to be returned.

Did you notice the bit again about how Mr. Phillips was first up, actually he is the first one out every morning but really it is just to see if the field is clear so that those brave guard dogs can be let loose. We thought of erecting a notice outside his tent with the warning BEWARE! GUARD DOGS, SLEEPING'.

Morning P.T. and once again Tent 2 took the points despite the hard endeavour of Tent 1, but then of course they were missing the services of the great Gary Sobers in the form of Tony Miller, he would have talked his way through winning, or is it Mehmet Enver that does that sort of thing.

Breakfast with just cornflakes and rolls, but these were the smaller type and were in fact quite fresh and hot and went down very well with the best butter and strawberry jam. Time to prepare for morning inspection but it seems too much time because so many folk just didn't get on with the jobs in hand. Although the weather was not too good at this stage, nevertheless it wasn't really raining hard and should have been a good opportunity for folk to see what can be done under adverse conditions - some of our best inspections at other camps have been when the weather has been completely against us. Come 9.45 and the parade was assembled but the first glance was sufficient to show that not too much effort had been put into things. On personal inspection it was found that too many folk were not showing rings on their socks correctly; grass was still clinging to uniform; odd buttons were undone and quite a number of loops for the belts are broken. For the latter item any of the ladies from the caravan would be pleased to assist in helping lads to repair same. Final marking put Tent 1 just slightly ahead but it seems this was because there was an amount of litter around Tent 2. Our congratulations to those concerned; not for the litter, but in winning the tent flag.

Morning Watch and again conducted by the C.O. whose theme this time was Having an aim in life helping to remind us that short term thinking is of no use, one must have some definite aim in View for what they wish to make of their lives.

At first it was thought there was no mail again, but then a small parcel arrived for Tony Miller. It was his dear mom, no not her personally – but his dear Mom had said him a pair of long trousers in case it got a bit cold during the evening. Now some of the other lads have written home for things like hot-water bottles, television sets etc., and Kevin Farnell has requested his smoking jacket be set on.

Time for morning coffee, there being no defaulters again, although there are quite a number of folk who manage to find themselves with various jobs to do. It was at this time that the S/Major took a hand in arranging to have the lat buckets returned to the 78th Camp. How they got to us is a mystery but Martin Parry seemed to think they might have come from the other camp and Terry Biles and Kevin Farnell were in agreement with this. What a delightful way of offering their services for the next set of latrine holes which need to be dug and the other ones filled in - aren't they lovely boys.

Off went the mini-bus loaded with Mr Parry, Les Findon, S/Major, Terry, Kevin, Martin Parry, young Mike and Adrian and managed to return the items without further bother, although we must watch out now in case there is to be some at a later date.

Down to the beach for a game of baseball and this was where Tent 2 really proved themselves. In the first game they won by 3 homes to nil, and the second game 2 homes to nil. It was a form of rounders come baseball with rules being applied as they fitted the occasion and we had the usual amount of arguments and disputes but some fine batting and excellent running was in evidence. Time now was running short so all we had time for was a very quick dip and race back up the beach so that we could be back to camp on time. Ali was bragging again and boasting this time he would beat the C.O. back to camp, but although the latter only plodded his way up the hill it was too much for Ali and he arrived sometime later.

Mr. Phillips was getting a bit anxious because his dinner was all ready but we did managed to have to cookhouse call blown on time. Dinner and this time we served to a stew and the task of finding the meat. One table thought they had Found a piece at one stage, but it was just another dead fly. After the stew we had plums and custard then a discussion on the merits of eating out. Terry Biles had been chosen as spokesman but it turned out to be he was the one who carried the can for all the others. Some interesting points arose with everyone wanting bigger and better meals at a reduced cost, so all Bank accounts have been frozen temporarily whilst we go out and buy more food. Mr. Parry is a bit anxious because he still has to pay the rent when he gets back, but he is thinking of going out mackerel fishing again and selling off his catch for a tidy sum.

During the afternoon folk could have time to themselves and Tea Leave if they so desired, but only Les Findon wanted not to be with us. Perhaps he had something or someone lined up in the village because he certainly spruced himself up for the occasion. Around the camp we had volleyball, cricket etc and by now the sun was out again so it was pleasant just to lie outside the tents for a quiet spell.

Tea time and a rare treat - not the ordinary fish paste as at previous camps but this time real Pate, served as only the best hotels can serve it, on stale bread and butter. It should have been the new bread for tea and the staler stuff for the bread pudding, but with Mehmet and Tony Miller on Orderly anything could happen and the inevitable did. Not to worry though everything went down well.

During the evening the C.O. had asked if anyone wanted another swim, but met with a sea of blank faces, so it was arranged we would have a wood gathering party, but upon checking at one of the gates to the field it was discovered there was quite a lot of logs lying about so folk didn't have far to go. Good job really because by this time Mr. Parry and the C.O. were involved with Les Findon and his car. It seems he had got to the top of the lane when the air went out of the bottom of his one tyre, the top half was still O.K. but the bottom bit had gone down and he couldn't find a spare wheel etc. Upon investigation it was found to be lying under the rear compartment but Les didn't even know there was a rear compartment. In fact it wasn't until it was pointed out to him that he realised there were four wheels on the car. By now Mr. Phillips had arrived on the scene with his dogs so all was well and it didn't take too long to put things in order and get Les back on the road, leaving Mr Parry, Mr. Phillips and the C.O. holding out their hands for the tip which never came, although Les did mention a good horse racing in the 3 o'clock at Newmarket to-morrow.

Back on the camp it was volley-ball, cricket, etc once again interspersed with one or two flare-ups but by the time Retreat came all was settling down, except that Tent 2 seemed to have a slight bend in their cross pole and on trying to straighten it it parted company. Not to worry though with all the talking that goes on in that tent at night, and all the gas, the tent should stand up on its own.

Camp fire and it was a good one at last so we are pleased to report that Terry and Kevin are beginning to learn the way. Some folk from the Camping field had come across, including 2 girls and a feller, or was it 2 fellers and a girl, or 3 girls, and they lead our singing with guitar accompaniment. Unfortunately the time seemed to pass so quickly and we had our Last Post at 10 and then hymn and prayers. We don't know whether it was tired limbs dragged back to tents but once inside everyone seemed to find a new lease of life, particularly where their tongues were concerned and the chat went on for sometime, until finally all was peace and quiet with our guardsmen David, Joe and Les, assisted by Steve Field, sitting around the remains of the camp fire just waiting for intruders, but pleased to report there didn't appear to have been any on the scene.

Friday 3rd August 1973

Day started off quite well but it wasn't to be so later on, but of course we are getting used to the wet and fine now so we should be able to take on any sort of weather. Pleased to say Kevin Farnell's tent remained up during the night and judging by the amount of talking that was taking place we should think that most of the tent stayed up was well, the excuse being that young Mehmet was talking and it took all the them to try and keep him quiet. In fact some the morning and they were still chatting away wildly, so much so that the S/M stepped in and sorted them out.

For the morning wash we had the usual spectacle of the cooks dogs making a mad dash and snarl at the running bodies, but so far they haven't managed to get their teeth into anyone - perhaps one smell of those sweaty feet is enough to put them off.

Morning P.T. and this time the points were shared evenly so the totals keep Tent 2 still slightly ahead, but there is plenty of time left yet and they are determined to get and stay out in front. Breakfast and the cookhouse had excelled with porridge, beans on fried bread and real hot, crusty rolls with usual extras.

Folk thought they ought to have a rest after that lot but were a little disappointed to learn that in fact they had less time than previously for preparation for Inspection. Standard of inspection was slightly higher on the markings and Tent 1 were given a much better chance in as much as Terry Biles was on orderly. So confident was he that he offered fish and chips to all the tent if they won, and under the leadership of Yusef Enver they did just that, despite a good effort by Tent 2.

Morning Watch was led for us by Mr. Parry and the theme of his talk was Food, not just thinking of feeding ourselves but reminding us that in the world in which we live we ought to be conscious of the needs of others and offer to assist whenever and where ever possible. Just one letter from home and this time for Tony or is it Anthony or Antonia Miller. She was just checking to see whether he had received the long trousers and did they fit. Also a message from his girlfriend to say she still loves him but she also loves Steve and Bill and Fred and Harry etc.etc.

Defaulters' Parade and we had the figures of Mehmet Enver and Ali Dogan appearing before the C.O. We feel they are intelligent young men and will take heed of the message passed on and it was good to see them helping out in the cookhouse later in the day with no moans or groans; except of course from Mr. Phillips once again as he could never find anyone when he wanted them.

By now the rain had started and there was a quick dash to get kit back into the tents, and very soon it was raining quite heavily but this didn't stop the games period from taking place. Volley Ball and football were the games played on the field and it was good to see that the points Were shared evenly once again with Tent 2 of Kevin Farnell, Mehmet Enver and Hyatan Grant being completely over-run by Tent 1 of Boyd Baker, Kevin Barker and Steve Grant.

Time for a swim and perhaps it would have been better to stay in the field and just get a little wetter, but no, the suggestion was for everyone to get into their swimming things and load the mini-bus for the trip to the beach. Just a brisk dash to the sea, which wasn't too far out, and a very quick dip for most then soaking, dripping bodies back into the mini-bus. Back to the Camp where we had hot lemon waiting for us and we are

pleased to report that there do not appear to be any cold-suffering patients about. Unfortunately Mr. Les Findon was unable to be with us, as he had another engagement, namely lying on his bed, but he was with us in thought.

Dinner time and the ladies had been assisting in the cook house and had prepared some very good pasties, with these we had mash and french beans and then bread pudding and custard. All very nice and our thanks to those who helped to make it such a good meal. Immediately the Q.M stands up and takes a bow.

After dinner the S/M and Q.M. went along to the 78th Camp to try and call off the football match but they were most insistent that it be played, so despite the rather wet weather we managed to drag all the lads from the marquee, where they had been enjoying various games etc., and all piled aboard the vehicles for the trip. By this time the Adj. had arrived at camp and so he too got changed for them match. The team was a mixture of staff and Boys with Mr. Parry refereeing and it was played under very difficult conditions. Grass was so long one could hardly see the ball, which in itself was rather small and heavy and as our team had on only their pumps it was difficult to stand up for most of the time. Despite some gallant play by Tony Miller in goal the 78th took an early lead and by half time were 2 goals ahead. David Parry rallied the team together and second half started off at top speed, with our team barging their way through and over the opposition. Bodies were dropping on all side of the field and we were getting more into the game, but then the 78th scored again. Then a good header by the S/M gave us our first goal and a well take by the Adj. made it 3 - 2, but alas it wasn't to last too long for the 78th came back with a couple more goals and finished the game winners by 5 - 2. Afterwards we were treated to cups of tea and biscuits, but dare we tell our cook some lads thought the tea better than the stuff we make. After the game we were challenged to a water-fight and Terry Biles was most keen until he learned it was just chucking bowls of water over each other. He imagined it to be in the sea with knives and harpoons and the other game didn't really appeal to him.

Back to camp with the time around 6.30 and the cook hopping mad. Already he had burned the water for the tea and the bread and butter was getting stale, also the cobs he had put in to warm were by now rather well done. We managed to calm him down however but gave the ladies a right raspberry when they arrived much later.

After tea a wood party was organised and after walking around the fields for miles for finally found a load only a couple of hundred yards from the camp field - typical planning by our wood party. During the walk we managed to get into a field with some not so friendly young cows and they didn't think much to Joe and his big coat, in fact every so often we had them rushing towards us and then there was a mad stampede by everyone trying hard to get over the fence.

Camp fire time and a good fire was under way. The night was quite nice by now although there was damp in the air. No visitors came to be with us, so perhaps we put them off from the previous night, but Kevin Farnell didn't mind as he would rather have us be all alone. The Adj. lead the singing but there was a great deal of murmuring and muttering from Les who thought he ought to have the job back.

And so another day came to a close with tired bodies once again getting back to their tents and pleased to report the camp settled down quite quickly. There was no need for a camp guard, as they spend most of their time sleeping anyway, also Les reported he was very tired after the exertions of the day, and very soon even the Officers' tent was

settling down amidst all the rubbish they have amassed in their over the last few days. Perhaps one of the mornings we ought to spring a quick tent inspection on them, maybe they might get 1 out of ten for the tent.

Saturday 4th August 1973

Another one of those rather miserably wet days but with some occasional bright spots. We had slept safely throughout the night, thanks to our dear Guards and any tired limbs from the previous day's football, also cuts and bruises had been allowed to recuperate and recover in preparation for the cross-country later in the day.

In the morning Tent 2 were victorious once again and pulled off the 2 points and now they are well in the lead by 33 points to 17, but Terry Biles insists they still have plenty of time, according to some of the lads in his tent this is what he should be doing, serving time.

Morning breakfast but nothing really exciting, just flakes with hot rolls etc. but then it isn't good to race on a full stomach. Tent Inspection and as it was drizzling on and off it was necessary to have this inside the tents. As the Adj. was with us he was looking for vast improvements all round and Tent 2 were after that coveted flag once again, but so far we haven't heard of Kevin offering to buy them fish and chips if they win. Actual markings were creeping higher and Tent 2 came out victorious with 88%, so our congratulations to them once again. As the marks were given out by the Adj and S/Major we didn't have the spectacle of Les pointing out that on the second Tuesday of each week mouthpieces must be facing into the wind only if there is a gale force 8 blowing, this is so that we can have a musical inspection and perhaps one or two clearer hit notes.

Morning Watch was led for us by the C.O. and his Theme was 'Money', suggesting that whilst most are looking for a good salary-etc. this is not the most essential ingredient of life and perhaps at some later stage in our own lives we may have the opportunity of doing something more practical for the Lord.

Again no mail so folk back home really are not interested in us, or perhaps its because of those many telephone calls Boys keep making so there is no need for parents to write. Mehmet Enver calls his dear Mom each night, but at first it was difficult to get through because the poor operator couldn't understand a word he was saying, now whenever he gets on the phone she just says 'Oh, its that funny feller from Port Eynon - hold on a minute I'll put you through'.

Time for Defaulters and we had quite a number of folk who have either misplace or lost items of uniform, mostly haversack buttons. These were dealt with in the usual manner and again certain individuals were offering their service at the cookhouse later in the day, This was excellent because poor Mr Phillips was going quite crazy trying to get the orderlies, Martin Smith and Yusef Enver, to do anything. He couldn't understand why Martin just stood looking at him whenever there was work to do, or when he said anything to him but soon he realised this was Martins normal reaction to most things. Don't worry Mr Cook we are working on him and may get through gradually.

Now time for cross-country with everyone very keen and just waiting for the start. Camp was divided into Juniors and Seniors and Steve Grant because of his size managed to creep into the Juniors, as did Boyd Baker but this was because no one thought he would last the senior route. Actually the route was quite short but the rain didn't help too much. Juniors were set off by Karen and made a mad dash for the gateway, and we have a feeling there was a lot of bumping and boring there and that someone may have gone down. Mr.Parry and Les Findon followed up the rear with them and after a great

effort managed to keep in that position with the excuses that each had to wait for the other. Gill was at the flag post to take the names as the runners appeared and first home was Ali Hogan, followed by Mehmet Enver then Hyatan Grant. For the seniors the C.O tried hard to keep up with the leaders but soon got left behind, but so far as Joe Hardiman, Terry Biles and Kevin Farnell, Martin Smith and Yusef Enver went along speedily and Martin was first home, closely followed by Yusef then came Kevin, after completely shattering his partners in crime, and so tent 2 took all the honours and the full points for both Junior and Senior. Asked about his success Kevin said he was just running along merrily with not much effort, then suddenly he remembered a fag he had left alight in the lats and had to get back before someone pinched it, but too late because Mr Parry had sneaked in the back way and was puffing away merrily by the time Kevin arrived.

Down to the beach for a swim and the waves beginning to build up but it wasn't worthwhile staying in too long, and there was a chance of a further swim later in the day. Dinner and this time we had Shepherds pie, carrots and potatoes with steamed pudding and custard and indeed not much was left behind. During the afternoon it was general leave or rest period and the C.O. offered to take a party to the Smugglers' caves, but not too many were interested, most folk wanted to stay around the luxury of camp and play games etc., whilst in the Officers tent the order of the day was sleep once again.

Tea time and this time the Q.M. Mr. Les Findon arrived a little after time saying he had permission from the C O., but on being pressed on this point it turned out to be the C.O's wife and she managed also to keep some of the other ladies out late on the excuse they were trying to get our dinner for Saturday and Sunday. The cook was impressed as he already has 1 large tin of beans which would have done for both meals.

After tea a quiet 'University Challenge' between the tents with the ladies forming another team. S/Major was chairman (who made that rude sound) with Joe Hardiman as scorer, but we all got a bit worried when we realised neither of them could score or count. Game got under way after much jostling and ruderies from the competitors with Kevin the Queer and his merry men, Biles' Boot Boys and the St Trinians Mob. Questions came fast and furious with answers faster and furriuser (is that right Les) and each time a question came up the answer was queried by all and sundry. Final markings put the Queers well in the lead, but then who wanted to get very close to them anyway. Chairman and Scorer beat a hasty retreat before being attacked by the angry mob and getting their retreats beaten. Then a quiet game of cricket once again with perhaps a few comments from Mehmet directed mainly at his brother, and one can imagine the uproar when Mehmet took 4 wickets in one over. Tony Miller excelled in wicket keeper but all the batsmen where rather poor.

Now time for another swim and this time the waves were great. We had waited for the incoming tide and it was good fun, but perhaps a little too cold for most of the Seniors and Staff, anyway a brisk rub down after and all was well. Joe and Steve Field had thought up an idea for fish and chips (thanks very much, the bill is coming your way) and so at 9 o'clock we sat around a well built camp fire, only to find a number of folk from the caravan site had arrived. After much sorting out etc we managed to find chips to go around everyone and all tucked in heartily. The Adj. took charge of the singing by the time mouths had been emptied and everyone joined in to some well chosen songs.

Ten o'clock soon came round and then Mr.Parry led our hymn and prayers and we made our way back to the tents. It was thought worthwhile to put on a night guard, in case the folk from the 78th should come along, but we haven't heard of any incidents during the night, although if anything like other guards we can imagine they spent their time huddled together. Mr.Phillips did report that his dogs were doing their duty now and during the night the one had run outside and the other one barked, he tells us they work to a system so perhaps they are not so thick as we thought.

Sunday 5th August 1973

Whilst the day started off quite well it was not to be so for too long. Actually the sun was quite warm and we thought we were in for another spell of good weather, but Mr. Chas had been listening on the wireless and the forecast was rather wet and windy, plus the fact that news had filtered through that Robbo was on his way down, so the camp was in a mood of deep depression.

Our famous guard had done their duty during the night and had fought off all raiders, but it had left poor Les in a sad state of mental depression and he had to have an extra lie-in to compensate, but pleased to say he is fighting fit again.

Boyd Baker and Ali Dogan were to be On Orderly and Boyd started off quite well by insisting and getting hot water from the cookhouse for his morning wash, but then with delicate skin like his it needs all the care and attention he can give to it.

Morning P.T. and Tent No.1 coming to the front. There were some good races and exercises and quite a few lads were well away with the one where they have to run on all fours, even the dogs were frightened by this one thought someone had brought some special monsters into camp.

Breakfast and the cook dishing up spaghetti on fried bread with usual rolls etc and everyone making a special note of all that went on and went down because there was to be a trial later in the day. Morning Inspection and pleased to say the weather was still holding out, although the skies looked rather unpleasant. A little extra time was allowed for those smaller items to be completed but it was obvious that tent 2 had put more into their effort than tent 1. Standard was a little higher than before and eventual winners were Tent 2 with 93% whilst Tent 1 had 85%, so our congratulations to those worthy winners.

Morning Watch was conducted for us by Les Findon and his talk was on the theme 'Popularity', helping us to remember that sometimes we have to forego our complete friendliness with people to get on with the job in hand. Again no mail so we have not had the opportunity of seeing how many of our folk have girl friends back home, also some of the bank balances are getting rather low and folk are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Wells Fargo express.

Games period should have been a quiet spell of rugby, but arriving at the beach it was found the tide was right in and there were too many stones in the stretch of loose sand. After a quick consultation it was decided to have a game of baseball with the rugby ball and this proved good fun. Tent 1 managed 1 home to win the first game, but in the second game tent 2 scraped up 1 home only for tent 1 to reply so the score finished with the total points going to tent 1. The S/Major experienced his first problem of the lad who just will not listen to the rules and regulations, or for that matter accept any of them and young Mehmet kept the game alive by arguing about every ball that was thrown or hit and every base that folk got to, but it all worked out well in the end. The bathe was very good in that the waves were quite high, although with the sea being right in there were too many rocks about. We had the rare sight of Mr Chas and his two dogs making their first plunge and Mr Parry lost a bottle of pop in betting that the dogs would not go in the water, Actually they were unable to keep with the cook because he is so small that each time the dogs went out a little way he had to stay behind because the water

was too deep. He said afterwards that it was good to have a bathe and now he has had the opportunity of seeing just what colour his feet really are.

Dinner time and we had the glorious aroma of faggots and peas, these to be followed by milk pudding. Here once again the Cook had excelled and it only goes to show what a fine cook he is, but he was upset when the Q.M, Les Findon came out with a special meat sandwich of his own. By this time Mr and Mrs Biles had come to join with us for a short time, but regret to say the weather had started to deteriorate and the rain was coming down much to heavily. It was good to see them however especially as they treated camp to a bottle of pop then left some extra money for Terry to buy us something out of the canteen.

Early afternoon and frantic discussions were going on in the tents concerning the trial. Promptly at 3pm we all made our way to the courtroom which had been set up in the marquee. On one side was the prosecution with the jury sitting alongside, this was all wrong to start with then we had the defence ably led by the dishonourable Kevin Farnell, whilst at the front sat the clerk of the court then the accused (our dear old cook who wouldn't want to harm a fly, and whose dogs couldn't harm one anyway), then the gaunt figure of the Judge Sez Lez. Trial started with Terry Biles as prosecuting counsel calling a lot of doubtful characters with doubtful evidence trying to substantiate the charge that the standard of cooking was not up to standard, but pleased to say the defence was in good hands in the form of Kevin Farnell and some of his short comments to the court were gems in themselves - such as 'You dant Barker and you no it' and 'Shut your Gob George and just bang that hammer'. After listening to all the evidence the jury were asked to give their verdict and in a quavering voice filled with emotion she announced a verdict of not guilty. Great scenes of excitement around the accused Mr Chas whilst he had been making notes of those folk who dared to question his abilities.

By now it was time for tea anyway so we just stayed in the marquee and carry on with the meal, and here we had bananas. Unfortunately it was to be one of those nights when the skies opened up and we had strong winds and heavy rain so most of the time was spent in the Marquee playing various games, although a few folk did have to make periodic checks to see that everything was O.K.with the tents. Around 8.30pm and it was decided we would have an early sing song and enjoy our soup of the day, but the cook was still feeling a little tired from his ordeal earlier on and had not noticed that it was getting too well done, but he was able to replace it with some cocoa a little later.

Sing-song was quite good until some of the older ones got carried away and all sentimental and started singing some of the old pub-songs, then as some of our folk were to be leaving next day we had a round of Auld Lang Sine to finish off. After Last Post we sang the Camp Hymn and then were led in payers by Les Findon. Now to the tents and preparations to get a good nights sleep. Officers made the rounds to ensure everyone was safely tucked in, even to the extent of packing more canvas around the entrances to the tents, whilst in the officers all was chaos, as usual, because the tent was leaking and the doorway wasn't keeping out the rain - but then we always thought they were poor campers.

And so to the end of a good day with lots of laughs and other things to think about. Forgot to mention that Robbo had arrived a little after dinner time, telling us how marvellous was the weather back home. He of course took part in the trial but typical Robbo changed from one side to the other just before it started. Both Robbo and Steve

Field were at a loss for somewhere to sleep during the night but Kevin Farnell had a place reserved for them. Up the top of the field behind the green screen and there are separate compartments, but they were not too impressed and finally kipped down in the store tent, but Steve seemed more intent on his bike than anything else and was most upset when he couldn't find a sleeping bag for it.

We look forward to an exciting day on Sunday, particularly as we have been invited to take the service once again.

Monday 6th August 1973

After rather a rough wet and windy night we awoke to find there was still lots of rain about and during the day we had some rather heavy showers. Being Sunday there was no P.T. and all bodies could have that extra time in bed to help catch up on some of that lost sleep, also of course our cook was feeling very tired from his trial the day before, but alas he had to be up at his usual time, because who else is there to make a cup of tea for the staff.

Breakfast of fried bacon and eggs with all the usual extras and the wet weather giving everyone a good appetite. Morning inspection but this had to be inside, because of the poor weather, but pleased to say the standard was high and everyone had made an effort, Tent 2 were victorious once again and must be well in the lead on numbers of time they have won but there is time for tent 1 to catch up if they will make that extra bit of effort. Tony Miller managed to lose yet another haversack button and he say all the kit in the tent has been searched and there is no sign of any of them; can only think he must be like an ostrich and keeps eating the things. Perhaps one of the days he may be the lad who laid the golden egg.

Morning service and this was led for us by Mr Parry who reminded us of the cliché 'Be a Man' and all that represents and means. There was some good singing and also our collection was a handsome one to the total of £4.45p. Unfortunately by now the rain was belting down and as no one had a dry towel, or anything else dry for that matter, it was decided to cancel bathing parade, much to the disgust (or was it the joy) of most. It was only necessary to run from the marquee to one's tent and one would get as wet as going in for a dip. A few games played in the marquee whilst Mr & Mrs Parry and Joy and Les Findon and Mrs Newman made preparations for leaving us. Les because he thought how poor the G P O. service was since he had been away. Having checked what was for dinner they decided to leave beforehand and so around 12.30pm or as the cook would say 12 30 hours they made there way off the site, with as much water swishing about inside Les' car as there was outside. Incidentally he had got stuck once earlier in the morning and several stalwarts had to give him a heave out of the mud. Dinner time and here we had meat pies, carrots, potatoes with fruit crumble and custard. Actually our great chef from the previous day's hearing was in the cookhouse to offer his advice and lend a hand, but one look at the size and colour of those hands should have been enough; anyway he proceeded to produce some fine, lumpy Custard and cause so much other destruction that the cook was on the point of resigning, but we have managed to keep him on by assuring him we will keep the other gentleman well away.

During the afternoon it should have been a rest period but some of our more loyal members in the form of David Parry, Joe Hardiman, Kevin Farnell, Terry Biles and Martin Parry thought it would be nice to dig a few more holes for the lats, and under the direction of Kevin soon they were well away. It didn't take long to see who was the expert at that operation and we thought for a time Kevin was prospecting for oil, but every couple of minutes they kept fetching the C.O. to see if the holes were deep enough. 'Soon we had them finished and the screens re-erected and so were back in business once again, but the squad did ask that the cookhouse be more selective in their choice of fruits etc . as they didn't feel too inclined to dig many more holes.

Tea time and we had fruit and cream with usual extras plus fruit cake and then prepared for evening service. By now it was raining hard again so the mini-bus came in useful to

pick folk up from the marquee and drop them at the church. Not so many there this time but nevertheless we had a good meeting together and the C.O. got quite excited when a young lady came forward to offer her services in playing the organ and he could be seen having quite a conversation with her, but this has nothing to do with the hymns, he was trying to arrange a time to see her later. Unfortunately this didn't last too long because Mrs. P could see what was happening and promptly sent down someone else to play. We managed to struggle through the hymns and in particular the last one where we thought our anchor must have been dragging on the bottom because the organist played so slowly. Service conducted by the C.O. and his theme was the place name HORTON, taking names and words for the individual letters to remind us more of the place where we are camping.

More rain during the evening so we had an earlier camp fire in the marquee and two young ladies came along. The Adj. led the singing and it was good and helped to drown the noise of the wind and rain, then promptly at 2200 hours we had Last Post, then carried on for another 15 minutes before retiring to the tents. Later at 22.30 there was a short Communion service in the marquee and it was good to have a good number of members assemble there and we trust the real meaning of the camp and Jesus Christ will remain in their lives.

And so to bed for a night's sleep, but firstly tents had to be battened down because of the wind and rain, in fact Mrs Bennett from the farm had offered the use of the house. but everyone was against the idea of a warm house with electric lighting and all the luxuries so we thanked her for the offer and left it at that.

The end of a strenuous day but one which helped to remind us of the many difficulties we have to face at times and pleased to say everyone stood up well to their tasks.

Tuesday 7th August 1973

Well, what a night. With the howling wind and lashing rain we thought all the tents were due to come down and in fact this did partly happen in the C.O's tent. It seemed Mr Phillips had so much clothing on his bed that he was leaning up against the side and this gave way, so in the middle of the night he awoke the C.O. to tell him the tent was falling down, but when the C.O realised it wasn't his side he just went back to sleep, leaving the cook lying in his damp, soggy bed clothes, but he is used to it really because this is what he used to do when he was very young.

Time to get up and one look at the field suggested the storm had been rather wild, the lats were almost demolished and the S/M and C.O. spent a happy time together trying to rebuild them once again, whilst the cook was busily engaged in roping up the side of the marquee. eventually all was well and we awaited the sun and less wild wind to help dry things off.

Morning P.T. and good to see those happy, smiling faces all ready to let go with Yusef leading the running around the field at a rare pace. The two Kevins were on Orderly much to their disgust, because each says that the other one doesn't do anything, but the cook was on hand to make sure the jobs were done, although quite often it meant doing them himself.

Breakfast and porridge was on the menu and this went down very well, although dear Terry was love-sick and couldn't manage very much, or perhaps he is pining for his dear Mom and Dad and wishing he had gone back with them on Saturday. Inspection and because of the state of the tents and all the wet kit etc. it was decided not to have a full-uniform one but just to lay out things in the tents. Standard was high, considering all the difficulties, and we offer our congratulations for the effort put in and the fighting spirit shown that the wind and rain would not dampen our spirits. Tent 2 managed to keep just slightly in front to win the flag once again, so good luck once more to their lads.

Morning Watch conducted by the C.O. and his theme was 'Service', giving various illustrations of individuals whose lives have been lived on service to others, without the complete, domineering attitudes as shown by some people. Just one letter and this time for Kevin Barker from his Mom to say they had been the previous day to the camp site but there was no one there. It seems however that they got the years mixed up because they went to Borth, where we were last year, and forgot we were at Horton. Good try though and better luck next time.

Morning games and by now the wind had died down a little and the sun was actually shining, in fact it was a very nice morning. down to the beach, but with the tide right in there was no hard sand left so a game of rugby-touch in the soft sands was started. There were some good runs and fine tackling and in the end Tent 2 came out victors by about 7 tries to 5. Then folk were eager to get into the sea because the waves were so big, although the water looked rather cold. Once in it was quite warm if one kept on the move and the size of the waves made sure one didn't hang about too much. At one stage we tried to form a human chain to meet the oncoming waves, but after a few hectic scrambles with much battering etc. the chain found a few weak links, but it was a great time whilst it lasted.

Dinner time and we had corned beef, peas, potatoes, followed by apples and custard, but as the lats were now back in good order it didn't matter much how much people ate and there wasn't much left on any of the plates.

During the afternoon it was general leave and some folk decided to go for walks, whilst others just stayed around camp to have a game of cricket, or lay in their tents. Several clothing lines had been erected and all sorts of items were put out to dry, including the cooks rather natty smalls white with a blue trimming and he cuts quite a dashing figure with these on.

Tea time and Kevin Barker had brought back a jersey full of winkles for the cook to boil, this he did and several folk scoffed them down but we hope there aren't too many upset tums at a later date. For tea we had the usual bread butter/jam/pate with folk not feeling too hungry because Joe is doing such a good job in the canteen.

After tea it was decided we would make a trip to the beach and those who wanted a second swim could go in, but before this we all had a game of football on the hard sand which had a sandstorm blowing across. The game was quite good once we got used to the idea of not kicking the ball so far down the one wing and although Joe's team managed to score first the Adj's team came back with a spate of goals including 3 scored by our dashing centre forward young Mike from good passes laid on by Mehmet and Ali Dogan. The swim was exciting again with the waves very large and there was an opportunity for surfing as we were away from the rocks and stones.

Back to camp and a party had been busy fetching firewood and a good fire was built but not soon after we had settled down and got it under way the rains started and we beat a hasty retreat to the marquee for a sing-song just to finish off the day.

Again it was thought the night might be a little rough and this is just how it proved to be, but as we have become so used to this type of weather we just took it in our stride, although wouldn't it be nice to have back some of that lovely sunshine we enjoyed so much at the beginning of camp.

So the end of another good day with lots of things for us to store up. Not too many days left so let's make the most of them.

Wednesday 8th August 1973

Well, what a night it turned out to be once again. Not only were we washed out at the camp fire the previous evening, but during the night the wind was tremendous and also we were treated to a little lightning and thunder. In most of the tents all was peace and quiet but not so in the C.O's tent. It seems that the cook has so much on his mind that it is difficult for him to sleep at night, and promptly at 2 o'clock once again he was calling out for the C.O because of the thunder. A little voice could be heard but no sign of the body, then it was discovered he was still on his bed but being swamped by the two dogs who were terrified and wanted to get in bed with him. After a few well chosen expressions about 'Jumping, so and so dogs' he managed to get them back under the bed and peace was restored.

And so a little later the camp awoke after having survived the wind and the heavy rain, although Kevin Barker seemed to have spent rather a wet night in his sleeping bag. Chance for early morning P.T. to get the stiffness out of these tired limbs and get everyone ready for the attack and defend the flag later in the day. Kevin Farnell was briefing everyone and making sure they knew their parts, also taking a quick look at the marquee hammer, sledge hammer and other items of destructive equipment.

Breakfast of fried egg and fried bread with all the usual extras, but still it seems folk want more. Morning Inspection and during breakfast we had been treated to more torrential rain so it was decided not to have a full uniform one but just to lay out all the kit in the tents. Standard was high with everyone having made a good effort and eventual winners were Tent 1 with 95.5%, closely followed by tent 2 with 95%, so our congratulations to those in tent 1.

Morning Watch was conducted by the C.O. and his theme was 'Down to business' suggesting that we may be casual in our way of life but not careless, also reminding us of the need to take our lives and those of others seriously. Just a little mail and the important one being for Yusef and Mehmet Enver who both received a £1 from home which will help to boost their bank accounts. No defaulter's Parade but certain individuals have not been doing just what they ought and would be found various jobs to do later in the day.

Now time for the attack and everyone collected their swimming things and the Officers made their way down to the beach to find a suitable place to hide the flag, whilst the rest of camp stayed behind for 5 minutes before starting their attack. Very soon the officers were in position on top of one of the large sand dunes and then the rest of camp could be seen making their way through one of the camp sites; then a brief pause whilst their commander in chief, Kevin Farnell, discussed strategy (or was it a quick puff he was having before the onslaught). Around the flag the officers awaited the attack and both fists and boots were flying when this came, Robbo being the chief culprit, but we've since sent him back home. Actually it was well planned because no one realised Martin Smith was taking part until young Steve Grant grabbed the flag and passed it to Martin, and so it was all over. But we were to have another one and this time the Officers put the flag in a in more strategic position and the battle raged a little longer. At one stage everyone thought Ali had the flag as he made a dash for the boat, but it turned out he had only the stick, so back he came for another go. During that attack a little child close by became involved but her Dad wasn't too impressed and promptly let us know, but this was soon calmed down. Finally the flag was wrested from the officers grip once again although only the flag went and not the stick, and Ali made his way to the boat

closely followed by the C.O. who could have caught him up quite easily but decided to let him go. So 2 wins to the rest of Camp and everyone making their way to the beach licking their wounds, including one Joe had when someone put his thumb in the turn-screw. No all canteen crages have been doubled to help compensate.

The swim was most enjoyable with those very large waves, all thought it was Very cold when going in. Most people busied themselves with leaping over or under the huge waves, whilst a poor fisherman ashore busied himself trying to protect his line. As he said there were enough strange things in the sea without catching one of us.

For dinner the cookhouse had prepared a very good stew and we all tucked in most heartily, and to follow was steamed pudding with custard and by the time all this was eaten most folk had had enough. It was suggested that some folk might like to go a ride to Rhossili to see the waves and cross over to Worms Head Island, but when the time came for them to move out only Kevin Barker wanted to go, so it was put off. Instead people made their own entertainment in or around the camp, whilst one or two volunteers offered their services around the cookhouse.

Tea time but just the usual bread/butter/cake etc, but not many folk were really hungry anyway, so it didn't matter much. Following tea we had a quiz in the marquee - this being arranged by Gill and Karen and it was a joy to see Kevin's face when he learned there were 100 questions to answer, because as he said he wanted to get out into open and enjoy the fresh air, or could it have been he wanted to get to the latrine compartments to smoke his usual pipe of peace. After much shouting and arguing the quiz ended with a win for tent 1 and so they added a further 4 points to their total. many thanks to Gill and Karen for their efforts.

During the evening it was general leave or just pottering about. Some folk went for a walk whilst others stayed around and mostly played cricket, but what a joy it is when either Yusef or Mehmet is in and the other one trying to get him out. Mehmet the megaphone gets wildly excited and argues against every ball and decision, in fact the only time he has been quiet since we came to camp was during the night when we had the thunder, this being the only thing that could make a louder noise than him.

As the night wore on a wood party went out in search of logs, but there are not too many about and just a few odd branches were all they could find. Anyway we had some left from previous nights so were able to build up quite a good fire, although there were no big pieces to burn. The girls from our previous encounters arrived at the fire and we forgot to mention that on the Sunday night they wanted an escort back to their tents and Robbo immediately pushed his way to the front, but one look at him was sufficient and they decided to walk it alone after all. We were entertained to some folk singing and replied with one or two well known camp songs and generally it was a good time. Towards the end the C.O. managed to save some boxes to help make a good blaze for the Roo Roo, but the Adj. was ready for this and made his death-defying leap before the flames had really caught on. Not to worry we have a couple of nights left so can build higher ones next time.

And so to our beds again and the thought that we might get a dry night for once in a while. It was a rather cold night and most folk were huddled together in their tents, but alas for Kevin Barker no one wanted to huddle closely to him and he was most upset.

The close of another good day and tomorrow we look forward to our visit to the 66th camp at Port Eynon where we are to play them at football and cricket - this should be good - but will someone please have a quiet word or two with Mehmet.

Thursday 9th August 1973

Well, at last we were to have a night where the wind wasn't so strong, also the rain not so heavy, so it is good to report that all was peace and quiet in all the tents. Very early in the morning when the cook made his way down to the cookhouse with the dogs he spotted a rabbit running across the field, but there was no sign from the dogs, perhaps because they were scared at the sight of it, or maybe they couldn't have caught it anyway, with all that food the cook keeps feeding to them.

Morning P.T. and there were some keenly contested games with one or two folk have a little cheat and thus losing their team the points, also would someone please explain the rules more fully to Boyd Baker, as he always seems a little lost when the things get under way, or perhaps it is just a clever little psychological way of pretending he doesn't know.

Morning breakfast and our cook had been very busy with the porridge and came up with some lovely stuff and it was good to see everyone tucking in so heartily. Time for morning inspection and this day we were to have it in full uniform, as it had been too wet on previous days. For tent 1 it meant that Yusef Enver was in charge and although he arraigned his lot there wasn't too much response - perhaps Boyd again and his psychology, but the overall standard was quite high and tent 2 were eventual winners, which now brings their total of wins to 7 - 4, well done that mob.

Morning Watch and this was conducted by the Adj. the Theme 'Growing Up', helping us to realise that it isn't just how we age in years that matters but how we mature in body, mind and spirit which is so important in our lives. Just one letter and this time for Stephen and Hyatan Grant from their sister. She must be a good sister because in with the letter was a Postal Order for £3, so one or two of you should be writing home to your sisters and asking them what's happening. Also a few small letters from Joy Parry to various individuals, picking out her boy friends.

Defaulters Parade produced a number of folk, including all of tent 1, and a reminder to them of how they must get cracking at the appropriate time rather than lame about doing nothing. Morning tea and biscuits and then we stayed in the field to play our games of volley-ball. Tent 2 were much strong for No 1 when playing down the slope and won quite easily, but when they changed around tent 1 went into a 6-0 lead, only to be pegged back and finally to lose 15 - 9. During the game one or two players had to leave the pitch for a few minutes to regain their lost composure, and there was the usual amount of arguing, but the S/Major had the situation under control if not the individuals.

Down to the beach for a swim and the waves were quite good, although the sea wasn't as rough as other days. As the sea was out a little it gave an opportunity for surfing and some folk were able to catch the waves just at the right time and come skimming up the beach. Back for dinner and we had meat slices with baked beans and potatoes, and then damson crumble with custard. Although some folk were not too keen on the damson it was very quickly scoffed by the others and in fact Ali must have had 3/4 helpings, no wonder he is as slow and cumbersome at football and other sports.

During the afternoon we were to go along to the 66th camp and play them at football and cricket, but firstly folk wanted a rest just to let their dinner settle, whilst the C.O. and his wife went along to get some more items to replenish the canteen We don't know

whether Joe has made much money for us in the canteen but he is certainly getting rid of the stuff very quickly.

And so to the other camp and the first game was to be cricket and we were put in to bat. Actually the writer didn't get there until we were coming to the end of our innings and Kevin Farnell and Joe Hardiman were batting. Joe had his eye in and was smashing some mighty fours and sixes, whilst Kevin at the other end was having a fling as well. One very fast ball caught Joe off his guard and so we were all out but the score was a respectable one of 74. Now the others went into bat but very soon we were amongst the wickets and some good catches were held - and a few dropped - but there was one rather doubtful decision when our wicket keeper appealed for a catch and the umpire gave out. Although the 66th were scoring a few runs it wasn't enough and they were all out for about 25. Now for the game of football and this was where they were going to beat us - or so they said - but they hadn't reckoned on dynamite Baker who had been put in our team at the very last minute - a very cunning move by the S/Major. Boyd it was who scored our first goal and also added another a little later, but by half time we had scored another 4 from Steve Grant, Ali Dogan and the Adj. and had stopped the others from scoring with some fine keeping by Tony Miller.

Tea time with just bread and butter, jam, etc and cake but no one seemed to be too hungry. After tea it was general leave and quite a number of folk went out for a walk to the beach whilst others went looking for wood - they didn't have far to look because the farm next door had a large pile, so we were able to get it moved across and now have a promise of some handsome fires, as long as the weather is in our favour.

It was during the evening we had the pleasant announcement that our NCO's were to be leaving us for the night to make their own enjoyment and what a fuss we had with them pleading that we allow them to stay on camp.

Camp fire and we had a good one under way and it stayed nice and bright and warm all night, so much so that we had to move some of the logs to allow the Adj. to get in his death-defying leap. Some good singing with young folk from the camping site to join with us and the younger lads are getting the idea of Silvest, although they get a little confused with the middle bit. And so time for bed and the thought that at last there would be some room in the tents and no NCO's smelly feet to keep folk awake; in fact the tents were quick to settle down and enjoy a good night's rest, whilst the Adj. huddled on his own wondering why everyone had left him. At the same time the C.O. was dropping the party at an appropriate spot, not too far away, and we would be seeing them for breakfast next morning - trust they had a good night.

Forgot to mention that from the previous day we had the business of the dog who had got on to camp and the Adj and Robbo brought in the Police to sort it out. Finally it was found that the dog belonged to some folk from the camping site and wasn't lost at all but when the owners came to collect we realised why the Adj and Robbo were so keen, because four young ladies came along. Poor Robbo could hardly get his words out but no one could find the Adj., no doubt he was hiding in the lats scared to come out and talk to them in case they led him astray. Kevin Farnall was close at hand at the time and was eying them up and down, and round and about and tried hard to get his head pushed their way so that they might stroke his hair and rub his ears but it was no good and eventually they left taking the dog with them. Now all the lads are going around trying hard to find other young ladies with pets so that they can do the same.

Friday 10th August 1973

Well we had another fairly dry night, although just after the NCO's had left there was a sign of rain about, but pleased to say it didn't last. On the camp all was absolute peace and quiet and the tents were able to settle down very quickly with Martin Parry maintaining authority in tent 2, whilst Boyd Baker ruled the roost in tent 1. The day started with rather strong winds and heavy clouds and there was always an indication of rain, but pleased to say we didn't get much until later in the evening.

Morning P.T. was led by the Adj. and was able to put the juniors through a hectic session but up to print we don't actually know which team were the overall winners. Breakfast and when the bugle was blown by Tony Miller there was so sign of our dear NCO's, but then perhaps like the rest of us they weren't too sure just what tune had been blown. We had just about settled in the marquee up went the cry that they had arrived, and there coming across the camping field were a group of tired, worn-out young men who looked as if they had just walked from Birmingham instead of from the beach. It seems that when the C.O. dropped them the previous evening they realised they were not too far away and as they were handy to a pie and chip shop this was the place they headed for, then back along the Oxwich road and they thought that they would sleep in one of the old caravans, but it wasn't long before they realised these places are full of insects and other crawly things and as Kevin said he has enough of those in his tent as it is with folk like Ali and Mehmet crawling about all night. Anyway down to the beach and as it was a dry night they elected to sleep amonsst the dunes. S/Major and Joe having tucked everyone in and made sure they were comfy then kipped down themselves and spent a few happy hours huddled together, whispering sweet things into each others ear Waking up in the morning they made for the sandwiches and other delicacies only to find they had been joined during the night by other creepy crawly and things that go bump in the night and so they decided not to finish off the grub. It was good to have them back and lads from the tents could be seen with tears in their eyes, particular Kevin Barker when he knew his tent commander was safe and back with them again, also Tony Miller, because both had missed being thumped to sleep the previous night.

Breakfast with some of the cooks special porridge once again and there wasn't much left at the end, also our usual warm rolls and butter etc. No morning inspection as we were to be having our day out, so instead we got everything tidied from the marquee and had an early morning watch. This was conducted by the C.O. and his theme was 'About Turn', helping to remind us how necessary it is in our lives to take stock every so often and if necessary change our minds completely from the things we have been thinking or doing. Only 1 letter and this time for Martin Parry, actually there was one other for David Parry but as he has to keep it quiet from Karen we thought it best not to mention about it.

Now time for preparations for our day out and as the weather was not too good it was decided we would wear blues, although tent 2 were a little put out as they had washed their haversacks and wanted to look their best. Packing folk into the mini-bus was great fun particularly when one realises it is a thirteen seater and we had 21 to go in. With Mrs. Pearce sitting on the Adj's and Joe's knees in the front and other folk finding a comfortable spot in the back we finally managed to close the doors and set off. Journey to Swansea was uneventful and once there we all split and went our various ways to do a little shopping and buy some extra food. Soon it was possible to bump into various folk carrying all shapes and sizes of parcels so some folk back home have a few

surprises to receive. After a short stay we piled into the mini-bus again and made our way this time to Porthcawl for a visit to the fairground. Once there it was soon evident that folk would be letting their hair down and this they did on many of the items, including one mad group who were on the dodgems and nearly wrecked the lot. Also Joe wanted to go on the big dipper but once there he almost wanted to get off again. Then we had the spectacle of several going into the cone and finding themselves pressed into the wall and spinning at a mighty pace and now we know where they get the expression of being up the wall, because this is just what they did. It didn't take too long for all the money to be spent and so we made our way back to the mini-bus, but by now Karen was feeling a little sick and the S/Major thought it a good idea to try to get her to do just that. His idea was to get his hands down her throat but the size of those hands were a bit much, anyway it was just an excuse to be in the front of the mini-bus and she was never sick after all. Journey back was as uneventful as before, except that Martin Parry thought there was more room on the floor and promptly lay himself out there, but after a few smelly feet had wafted his way he had second thoughts, unfortunately however by this time it was too late and there wasn't enough room for him to get back up. Arriving at the top of the lane it was thought folk might like a walk down, but we had the usual mutterings and murmurings but these were quickly discounted.

The Cook was very pleased to see us all back, as he had stopped behind to look after the cookhouse, and no doubt had had a few dolly birds on the site with him. He had prepared for us meat pies, carrots and croquet potatoes, followed by rice pudding and there certainly wasn't much left behind on plate in fact the S/m was doing the rounds to eat up the odd scraps.

After tea there wasn't much time left before the orienteering race, and as the S/M had announced the teams earlier, folk were busily engaged working out tactics - Kevin Farnell's idea being that if his two would carry him most of the way he would try to run a little himself. Promptly at 8.30 the first team set off at a mad dash, with the dog snapping and snarling at their legs to hurry them along; then other teams followed at a couple of minutes interval, also we had an Officer's team of the S/M, Joe, young Mike and Adrian. After a brief while the winners were arriving back in the form of Martin Smith, Boyd Baker and Tony Miller and they had managed a quick rendering of All things bright and beautiful at arriving on the sand dunes by the Adj. Instead of going all the way to Port Eynon point this time the Adj was positioned near to the Youth Hostel on the rocks so it had shortened the race a little. Other teams were arriving at various intervals and the Officers' team were well up in the placings, in fact when the final ones were known they had taken second place - so well done to all those involved. Unfortunately Kevin's team were a little delayed because as Kevin said they were so long in serving at the Ship Inn, also when they got to the rocks he found he had forgotten his matches and it took his mob a long time to rub two sticks together.

Back to camp there was a good fire under way and when folk had got back their breath the Adj. started the singing and we went through the complete range of songs, choruses etc. until it was time for our closing hymn and prayers at around 10.15. Here we should mention that for the last two nights we have had both the Adj. and Kevin blowing Last Post for us and it sounds quite good in harmony, also during the day we have had as many as five buglers all having a go at one of the calls, no wonder lads are running here, there and everywhere wondering what its all about. Just as we were about to leave the camp fire down came the rain, and it was quite a heavy shower for a while, so it meant out with all the old canvas once again to help pack the doorways of tents, but

soon all were settled in and after individual prayers in the tents it was time for settling down, and folk did this quickly enough.

Now we have only 1 full day left and want to make the most of it. Friday night we are to have something of a Camp concert where each tent or group of individuals will be doing items, so we are looking for a great camp fire to finish off.

Saturday 11th August 1973

Well yet another of those dry nights and we were all looking for a lovely day to finish off and also to add a touch of colour to those fading tans, but alas it wasn't to be so and as the Indians would say 'Him, Big Sun God hasn't shone very kindly on us'- not to worry though, as Mr Phillips says you're alive, aint you'.

Martin Smith and Yusef Enver were to be our Orderly Squad for the last full but as Martin was to be leaving later in the day Yusef could be seen pressing him hard to get some work done, but it was all in vain because Martin wasn't quite tuned in to the right wavelength and even the Cook was tearing away at those stubby roots of ginger hair - have you noticed by the wave he hasn't got a grey one at all - must be that all his worries and troubles are passed on to the dogs, and the way Bob runs away from everyone we should think he must have plenty of problems, perhaps there are all sorts of little Bobs running around Hockley and he is frightened at being caught.

Morning P.T. and everyone trying hard to win an extra couple of points, but it seems tent 1 were a little out of touch and in the end tent 2 triumphed by 7 wins to nil. Breakfast and again we were served to porridge as only the cook can make it and rolls etc. Poor Steve Grant doesn't like the stuff and has to sit by and watch everyone else tucking in but he makes up for it with the rolls and butter.

Morning Inspection and as this was to be the last one it was hoped that a good effort would be put in by all. Scenes of wild activity could be seen and heard from each tent with no.1 getting a special rocket in the hope they could bring off the flag. Actual inspection standard was not as high as it has been but pleased to say everyone had made quite an effort and hadn't decided to leave things because it was the last one. Final marks brought tent 2 victors and overall winners by 8 to 4 so our congratulations to there folk.

Morning Watch and the theme 'Food for thought', led by the C.O with him reminding us of the work Jesus came to do and how it leads to our God in Heaven - it is hoped that somewhere along the way through camp people have been led to a firmer belief in our Lord and Maker.

Only 1 letter and again for Martin Parry from his dear Mom - although folk didn't realise it he had to report to his Mom's tent each night when she was on camp and she would run her fingers through his hair and calm his troubled thoughts - now all he has is a letter each day but judging by the remarks on the back of the envelope she seals the letters with a loving kiss.

Morning elevenses and time for a game of football on the beach just to round off our camp games, but alas the weather had other plans for us and very soon it was raining miserably (not that it ever rains very nice anyway) and so we all stayed put for a while to see if it would give over. Having waited sometime it was thought there wasn't much chance of a quick clear up so the S/M asked if any wanted to go for a swim, but sorry to say everyone chickened out and so we wiled away the time in the marquee until dinner was ready.

Dinner time and the cook had prepared beefburgers with potatoes and vegetables, plus bread/butter pudding with custard. Once again Ali was to the forefront and had a few extra helpings and generally everyone tucked in to a good meal. During the afternoon it

was time for General Leave but the rain was still about so folk just hung around for a while hoping it would clear, and pleased to report it did just that and we were treated to quite a pleasant evening. Several folk went off camp, having collected their remaining coppers from the camp Bank, and were off to the shops to buy a few sticks of rock and other odd presents, whilst others stayed behind and played a quiet game of cricket on the field - quiet because you know who wasn't playing.

Just before tea time Martin Smith had to leave for his train home and the C.O. took him to Swansea in the car, dumped him on the first train in sight and we hope he arrived at his destination safely. Knowing Martin he is probably back at Swansea station wondering whether he ought to change trains or not.

After tea and as the weather was quite good it was decided to hold a swimming parade and although the sea was a little colder than usual it was most enjoyable, or so we are told. Then just as folk were leaving the C.O. arrived with the mini-bus and grabbed most of the seniors to help get the boat back to camp. It is such a pity the weather has been against us and we haven't been able to use the boat very much, but there is always another time. Perhaps if we go to Switzerland next year we could take it and boat on Lake Lucerne - very nice. Anyway it did make a pleasant bed for some of the Advance Party when they came down and no doubt the Rear Guard will find it comfortable on the lorry on the way back.

And so as the evening wore on little groups could be seen and heard huddled together discussing their parts for the Camp Concert at camp fire. Kevin Farnell had a few jokes to tell and was relating them to some of the lads but whilst they had a screaming laugh it was thought perhaps the jokes were not too suitable, so they had to be left out. Terry Biles, Kevin Farnell and the C.O set about building up a good camp fire for the last time and it was evident we would be kept warm if nothing else. Around 8.45 we assembled around the smoking fire on the benches set out and looked at the stage and canvas screen, but soon the smoke was so bad we had to think about moving things round a little, or else we wouldn't have seen some of the artists, but as someone said this wouldn't have mattered anyway.

And so the concert got under way with David Parry as M.C., stamping his foot and waving a big stick and suggesting everyone should have a good time – OR ELSE. Yusef tried his hand at a few jokes but these were a little bit on the weak side, plus the fact Boyd Baker couldn't read the sheet anyway, then Kevin Farnell came up with one of his, but had to be pip-pipped by the S.M.

Tony Miller did a strip-tease and had everyone straining forward just to get a touch of that beautiful figure and Boyd Baker with Martin Parry did an impression of Mark Bolan, whilst the Officers did a couple of sketches about Mo's Magic Wall which almost caused a wetting for some of the front row people, and No Swimming which did in fact get some of them a bit wet. But the highlight was Kevin Farnell as Gary Glitter and his Merry Men. What a good job we had re-inforced the stage. It looked as if Kevin had one of his juniors on the floor trying to get some sense into his head, the way he was stamping his foot and he was ably supported by other members of the cast - but as Leader of the Pack he really played the part well and with the various signs he and his mob were giving we didn't know whether it was part of the act or whether they were telling the C.O., Adj, S/M and Cook what they thought of them.

Hyatan Grant and Kevin Barker gave a rendering of Sylvest and the Adj and CO sang Holy City, whilst Ali Dogan took the part of Parrot Face, but then he doesn't have to act much to take this part.

Well the fire was a good one and folk were having to move back but we did at least get rid of all the wood we had collected and soon it was time for our last hymn and prayers. We sang together the Camp Hymn to help bring back memories of the past 14 days then after a few words of prayer retired to the tents. Having been safely put to bed the Officers and NCO'S made their way to the Marquee for a chat and perhaps a little bite to eat, whilst in the tents all wasn't as quiet as it should have been, it seems that so many folk wanted to get out and go to the Lats., but our ever alert Adj., S/M and Joe were on the ball and promptly caught the offenders either half in or half out of their tents and booted them back in again.

And so we catch our last night's sleep and look forward to the exciting part of striking camp on the morrow. No doubt the weather will be kind to us and we can look forward to bright blue skies with beautiful sunshine.