

## Newsletter - Denmark 1974 Tuesday 23rd July

At last we have a chance of going to print and bringing ourselves up to date with events over the past few days. Starting off with the loading of the mini-buses at Skips house on Saturday morning and all the trouble in trying to get the cooks luggage aboard. For such a small feller (or should that be Tall Smeller ?) he certainly had a lot of luggage - thought at first he had brought those huge dogs along as watch-dogs.



All aboard and arrival at Chapel around 1.45 to collect the motley bunch of savages, all waiting to emigrate. Poor Joe Hardiman had such a job getting his passport. It seems the Irish didn't want him to leave at all. Now in the papers at home it has the heading 'Lull in the bombings in England. No.1 man abroad for a couple of weeks on holiday. Will resume when he returns'.

Set off on good time and without incident made our way to Harwich, via a short stop on the motorway. Les Findon taking over the controls of the new mini-bus for the first part of the journey, but pleased to say Mr.Parry and Mr.Lerwill were able to bribe him sufficiently later on to wrest the keys from him.

Short stop at Harwich for chicken and chips because Terry Biles was starving again. What a pity his parents don't feed him at home, but then we believe he had to leave in rather a rush so perhaps they didn't give him anything to eat at all before he left. No doubt he had had a snack or something with his dear friend Mick Murray before leaving.



Boat crossing was very good, just a little sway but not enough to daunt our hardened travellers. Prices were found to be expensive, but even dearer ones to come a little later. As the time was getting quite late most folk tried to get their heads down for a brief sleep but conditions were not really ideal. Some folk went for a brief walk and to see whether there was any talent about but without success, and by the time they got back to their chairs some of those had been taken up.

Poor John Rogers was freezing and kept awake David Graham just to let him know. Perhaps it was because Joe had pinched his anorak. The night passed without more incidents and dawn broke with the sight of the Hook of Holland just ahead. Off the boat without trouble and then a long wait whilst Steve Fields got his bike ashore. Then Steve thought we would be too slow for him and shot on ahead, but later it proved to be like the hare and the tortoise because we left him behind a couple of times.

By now Mr. Lerwill had managed to get the keys from Les and was proving his skills. At first Les had threatened to go back home but they did manage to persuade him to stay and promised that he could be the navigator - now we understand why we almost lost them at Arnhem.

A good journey for the rest of the day, including a stop in Holland for breakfast and a quick drink of some tea Robbo had managed to have made for us at a very cheap rate on the boat. One taste and we knew why it was so cheap but it was very nice nevertheless. At this step the men managed to get the ladies to hide themselves away in the bushes whilst the men disappeared over the top of the bank to watch the cows grazing in a field.

Getting towards the end of the journey and once more Les had managed to get back the keys - during this earlier period Mr.Parry had had a stint at driving whilst David Graham and Skip shared the driving of the other bus. Once again we managed to part company but after a hectic chase around by Steve Field at Puttgarden we found them again and all managed to board the ferry without further ado. It was found that prices were rather dear aboard this boat so folk generally had a wander around and saved their money for bigger things to come.

During our journeys we had David Parry in one mini-bus trying hard to raise the singing with his rendering of Blue Moon and it was noticeable that it was improving by the time we reached

Denmark - the choir was improving and not David Parry, his voice was getting worse and more croaky each mile (or should it be kilometre).

Off the ferry and on the road again for the last leg of the journey and all of us looking forward to a good meal and nights rest. Somehow the plans had gone astray because although we made good time to the outskirts of Copenhagen we got lost there and motored round for hours trying to find the way. After asking so many folk, all of them seemed to be lost as well, we finally enlisted the aid of the local police force, plus car, and they too got lost. During this time we had had the incident when Gill stepped out of the mini-bus to try and stop a couple of cyclists, and almost proceeded to knock one of them off his bike. It seems he was so scared by the strange object in front of him, and so late at night, but when he realised it was something human, or perhaps part human he was O.K.

About 11.30pm we got here and then began the business of unloading the vehicles. Steve Field was at the site when we arrived but it seems he had had as much trouble in trying to find it. It didn't take too long to unload the vehicles and everyone really put in a good effort, whilst Mr. Phillips and Mr. Lerwill in the cook house started to prepare a meal for us. Around 2 am on Monday morning we sat down to sausage and mash and enjoyed our first meal of camp. Then to the bunks with all the lads and Junior Officers sharing one dormitory, whilst the ladies and Mike shared the other. Unfortunately the cooks had to be pushed into a small room next to the cookhouse and the Skipper and Mr Parry forced their way into another small room with curtains and bed-lights, chair and table, but they are not complaining and feel they can manage in these rough conditions for the rest of camp.

Later on Monday morning after it seemed folk had been in bed just a few Short hours, the camp was awakened by the sound of the tea pot clanging and cups jingling as the cooks prepared early morning tea. No P.T but just a quick wash and then to breakfast of bacon and eggs, flakes and rolls with the usual extras. All very nice and well cooked by our experts. After breakfast we had a cleaning up session and settling in with kit etc then prepared for a first morning watch - this was conducted by Skipper whose talk was on the beatitudes - reminding us of the various things we need to do and think about with our own lives.



After watch we piled aboard the buses for a trip to the lake and our first chance of a swim. Water was rather cold and the weeds a little clinging, or perhaps it was Mr. Parry under the water in disguise trying hard to pull down some of the seniors, or it could have been the little mermaid of Denmark trying to captivate some of our seniors, but if it was the latter then she wasn't too impressed and soon let them go. Folk didn't stay in too long, although Terry did feel like another bathe later on and asked Steve Field to help him in, but forgetful as ever he forgot to take off his clothes.

During this period Robbo and Skip had been trying to phone Coco-Cola to lay on some pop and then Skip went in for a quick swim. How nice it was to see all the lads standing around, but then it was realised they weren't interested in him at all but rather in some young lady displaying her talents. As it tells us in the Bible some were given large amounts and some small amounts but this one (well that's another story).

Back to camp and a game of football with David Parry's beating Colin Rogers lot by 3 goals to 1. It seems the playing area isn't too good and many of the skills were lost in the long grass but we shall get it sorted out later on.

Dinner time was around 5.30 and our cookhouse had prepared meat pies with potatoes and french beans; after this plums and custard and a good meal it was too. In fact Steve Field had a little to eat so it must have been good. During the evening a party had gone off for wood and we were to have a very good camp fire. Because it was the first night and folk were still-a little tired

there was not too much activity on the sports field, but later on we shall get some tournaments arranged.

Camp fire under the watchful eyes of David Parry and it proved to be a very good one indeed. By now our friend Palle and his pal Lief had come to add their support to the singing and we had many of the old choruses, with yet another rendering of Blue Moon. John Rogers went quite berserk in the Music Man and Robbo and Mrs Parry had to sit back to avoid his big bass drum but he managed to get through it without bursting a blood vessel.

And so to the end of our first day. Evening hymn and prayers led by Mr Parry and Colin Rogers leading the prayers in the dormitory. Officers and Ladies stayed up for a while to prepare the programme for the next day but it wasn't too long before the camp was under the deep trance of sleep and looking forward to the excitement of to-morrow.

## Wednesday 24th July 1974

What started out as a very wet day turned out to be quite nice in the end, and we were able to get through a good programme of events.

First of all the morning was quite nice with the sun trying hard to break through, then from the kitchen came the strains of Chas, in full voice and great stature (all 4 feet of him), singing away and rehearsing for his solo piece for later in the evening. Just a little later down came the rain in protest but not until after the camp had enjoyed a good p.t. session. It seems they were doing a walk or something of that nature and Joe Hardiman seemed to be the one who excelled most.



Breakfast and we had our first taste of camp porridge which turned out to be very good, in fact we think John Rogers was the only one who didn't try it but, who knows, we may even get him to try some later on at camp. Morning Inspection with folk generally moving about in all directions but the right one and seeming to be very busy, but when the kit was inspected it seemed quite a few things had been missed. Squad 2 (Terry Biles mob), were the eventual winners of the trophy and now take the lead in the Squad Competition.

Morning Watch was conducted by Mr. Parry and he gave a short talk on the Salt of the Earth, helping to remind each one of us the necessity for putting flavour and usefulness into our own lives and helping to convey this to others.

By now the rain was very miserable and put a temporary stop to our proceedings, so generally folk just sat around and listened to music or did other odd jobs whilst Skip, Robbo and young Mike went off to find some potatoes and a fly spray. Quite funny watching Robbo describe to the shopkeeper what he wanted as a fly spray. First he had to fly around the shop with his wings flapping, then give a loud hiss and drop to the floor. Eventually after a few rounds he managed to get through and now we can let fly at some of those miserable fly's that have been buzzing around.

As the rain had eased a little by this time it was decided we would go to the lake and have a game of football to start, followed by a swim. Unfortunately the match was so one-sided, despite the intervention of the referee who to say the least was terribly biased. Game started in a good fashion and at a right pace, it wasn't many seconds before Robbo had claimed his first victim with a semi-late, backward, scissor type head high tackle, and many more were to follow. Most of the game all we could hear was the referees whistle and Robbo shouting 'Get lost!' We did have one glorious incident when young Mike skilfully side stepped David Parry and Joe then slotted the ball into the goal, leaving those pair thudding into each other and ending up sprawled on the ground – just another sign of their affection for each other. By half time the score was Terry Biles mob 4, Colin Rogers lot 1 and in the second half they went ahead to 6 - 1, but then the referee took over once again and brought the score back to 6 - 4. After the game a dip in the lake and now the rain had stopped and the sun was peeping through. Water was a little cold at first but it didn't take folk too long to get in, ably assisted by their mates; could it have been folk were getting in some extra practice for the swimming gala to be held next day. After the swim some of the lads played a one-sided game of volleyball across one of the pontoons, then to finish off they all chucked Robbo in and left.



Some of the local talent was about and the Seniors tried their hand at getting them to Speak, even Colin Rogers couldn't manage it with his 'Hello Sailor' but maybe later on they will get the message. Maybe it was the sight of all the lads changing that put them off, certainly it didn't do too much to the one poor lad on a bike who promptly fell off when he caught sight of Martin Parry posing for a picture in the nude, pleased to say he is O.K. that is the lad on the bike and not Martin Parry.

Back to camp for a quick sandwich and soup then dressed up for an afternoon out. Some argument over what uniform we were to wear, but it was sorted out quite quickly when everyone turned out in Blues, much to the disgust of Les Findon who wants to know what is going on, and why have the standards dropped so low.



Into the mini-buses for a trip to Hillerod and a visit to Frederiksborg Castle, also a chance to have a look in some of the shops. Folk brought a few postcards and an ice cream but found the prices of other things rather high. From here we went to a little sea-side resort along the north west coast and perhaps we shall make another visit there soon. Back to camp during the early part of the evening and time for the cookhouse to prepare a late meal of Shepherds pie with peas and potatoes, then apple pie and custard. All very nice and very soon tucked away.

As the time was getting quite late we had an earlier Retreat and then when all the dishes had been washed and cleared away we stayed in the dining room for a sing-song. Some good singing led by Dave Graham and we had special items from the young ladies, Gill, Karen, Pam and Joy, a duet from Les and Joe, solo from Dave Graham, Dave Parry's special 'Swing Low' song with actions, and some good old favourites from Mr Phillips. A Very musical evening and signs of bigger and better things to come. During the one song sung by the ladies, the one about the worms, poor Mr. Phillips couldn't hear too well and wasn't sure whether the worms were widdling, twiddling or what they were up to, but Mr. Parry was on hand to make sure he didn't think up some rude variation.

At this point we ought to bring to your notice the fact that we have the services of a very experienced medical man with us in the form of Mr. Parry. It isn't medicine he is experienced in but that's another story, suffice it to say he can fix up cuts, wounds, bites etc. and one just has to present themselves to him to find the cure. If you are not sure then ask Martin Smith, Martin Parry and Robbo. Actually Robbo only went to see him about a sore throat and ended up with bites all over his body; so be warned he is quite a Dracula in disguise. Talking of Robbo's bites, could it have been something that got into the billet at night, or perhaps something or someone already in there. Steve Fields has offered to stay awake with the camera to try and take some snapshots of the intruder, we understand he has taken one or two pictures already - can't wait to see them when we get back.

Well another good day and promises of an even better one to-morrow.

Big thing will be the gala and Joe and Colin have asked the C.O. to call them very early so that they can get out for an early morning run. So far we have had no mail from home but perhaps like us the Postman can't find his way here either.

## Thursday 25th July 1974

The day started off very well indeed with beautiful sunshine and everyone raring to go. Steve Fields and Martin Parry were to be on orderly and generally did quite a good job, but the cook complained because he couldn't understand what they were talking about all day - something about water-cooled engines; Yamasaki 100's; Sauki's etc., Mr. Phillips spent most of the time telling them to Shut up and get on with the work. Actually they did do a good job with peeling the spuds, Steve managed one to Martin's four each time but they got through them with a little help from Joe and Les Findon.

Morning P.T. session played on the Wembley like turf of our own stadium and Squad 2 taking the honours and a slight lead in the total points. Breakfast with fried bread and beans then hot rolls and the usual extras. Morning Inspection was an improvement from the previous day with particular regard to the kit in the lockers, a small point about the leathers of the belts need to be watched. Squad 2 managed a slight win over Squad 1, so we have now a neck and neck struggle.

Morning watch was conducted by David Graham who spoke on the Light of the World, leaving us with illustrations and reminders of the need to think seriously about our own lives and images.

Elevenes with tea and biscuits and everyone limbering up for the great swimming gala. Joe and Colin had hoped to be up very early for a quick sprint round the island, but something went wrong with the time and they were not aroused early enough. Down to the lake but by now it was rather overcast and some folk even thought of not going in. Les however soon dispelled any fears and like the great feller he is promptly dived in to test the water for us. Actually it was a good job he dived when he did because several of the seniors were making their way round to him, no doubt to have a few words or something. Soon David Parry was rallying everyone around and getting them set up for the various events. First off was the mixed two width free style but alas the pace was too hot for the staff representative in the form of Skip because he only came fourth, even young Mike beat him out of third place.

However greater things were to follow and Robbo trounced the opposition in the backstroke. John Rogers strived valiantly in the dash and snatch but Joy Parry and Paul Hodgetts proved too strong for him and Paul took the winning place. Mrs. Parry made quite a splash in that event and Gill, Pam, Karen and Mrs. Pearce fought bravely in all their events. Medley relay was exciting with positions changing all the time until Squad narrowly piped the Officers over the last couple of yards. Squad 1 complained about having been beaten but as they had been guilty of lots of cheating they were relegated down the list.

During the evening David Parry announced the overall winners who were Squad 2. Squad 1, Officers and Ladies in that order, and this of course caused quite a rumpus. Total points position to date is Squad 1 - 19, Squad 2 - 22.



Back to camp now and preparations for our visit to the seaside. Everyone getting excited and Mr. Phillips chasing all around looking for his bucket and spade. As we had had so much confusion the previous day it was decided we would go half and half as regards dress with the bottom half respectable and the top half just casual. Arriving at the site we found some folk even more casually dressed than us and it took sometime before we could disengage folk from Standing and staring at the scenery. Poor John Rogers didn't notice at

first, but when his eyes had become focussed he went quite berserk. Now all we can hear at camp is John's voice saying Go on Gill Be a sport Karen, I'll buy you a bottle of pop if you will. John you are a bad lad and a bad influence on the rest of us.

During the afternoon some folk went off for a walk, whilst others played volley-ball tennis and others cricket. Later most went in for a swim and Steve Field was on hand making sure everyone got properly soaked. In fact during the morning he made sure David Parry went in the water by shoving him in each time he walked past, so we thought there might be eruptions at the beach, and this proved to be so. After Steve had made himself very popular with everyone, including Mrs. P. who had chased him round the beach a couple of times, it was thought it might be a good idea to bury him.

Robbo, Colin and Martin Parry with evil looks in their eyes started digging away furiously and were prepared to sacrifice everything (including all our plastic cups) in an effort to dig a nice deep pit. Steve meanwhile was pleading not to be put in as he couldn't think what wrong he had done to anyone, but soon the pit was ready and in went the body, to be covered in very quickly with sand and it was even suggested we might run a little water in just to keep him cool, but better than this it was thought he might be in need of a drink, unfortunately he wouldn't keep his head still and managed to get the lemon poured all over him.



Soon it was time to go home but not before we had given a helping hand, foot and anything else to get Steve out - now he is swearing revenge so watch out you campers 'Look out - there's a maniac about'.

Back to the mini-buses to wend our way to camp without mishap and chance for the cookhouse to prepare another meal for us having lived on meat and paste sandwiches all afternoon, plus the odd extras some folk had been out to buy. Meal was most enjoyable with corned beef, potatoes and carrots, followed by rice. Just time left to get ourselves ready for campfire and Retreat at 9 pm. Wood was available from the previous evening and a tarpaulin had been spread over it as there seemed to be a little rain in the air, but it turned out to be very little and we enjoyed a very hot session by the fire. Singing was a little slow to get underway until the Cook and skip, ably assisted by some of the other older members decided to sing a few old faithful's - then Robbo took over and conducted the lads in a few rowdy choruses whilst David Graham sat down in disgust. Eventually we sat ourselves together, having sorted out the dispute, and finished up with the worm and all the exciting things he does, and a few other well chosen songs.

Fire was burning well and Dave Parry had saved a little brush-wood for the final coup de grace and David Graham in his excitement tripped over the legs of one of our young lady guests and tried hard to fall into her lap - now John Rogers wants to know whether he can do the roo-roo each night. Evening Hymn and prayers were led by Dave Graham and then we made our weary way back to the hut for a good nights rest, wondering what evil plans Steve Field may have in mind.

At the camp fire were two young lady friends from just along the road and young Mike had managed to persuade them to come and join with us. Les however was having none of this and like the fatherly figure he is wanted to see them safely back home - we understand his case comes up in next Sunday's News of the World.

Prayers in the dormitory were led by Martin Parry talking about God and the C.O. reminded us of Mehmet's favourite expression of 'Oh my God', and suggested that during the night we might think seriously Who our God is really.

Soon the camp was settling down and the only real noise was from some of the staff who were having their last few arguments before turning in.

Forgot to mention that Les gave a rendering of Eidlewehis and Joe one of Paddy M'Ginties goat during the camp fire session and both well sung too. Also during the evening Mr.Parry and Dave Graham had been trying their hand at speaking the language and getting someone in the village

of Langose to understand we wanted to play a football match against some of the local competition - eventually they were able to get through and one has been arranged for Thursday week at 6.30-in the evening, also we can have the use of one of the football pitches at any time so we think we may be paying them a visit on Thursday to sort out what talent we have available. Think it would be a good idea to match Joe against Colin Rogers as we believe there is a bit of friendly rivalry left from last years pub teams.

Well another good day and we trust we have as much fun and as many things to do next time.



## Friday 26th July 1974

Once again we were greeted with a fine morning and the sound of the typewriter soon helped to arouse the camp from its slumbers and those sleepers from their heavenly dreams. Pleased to say Steve Field seemed to have behaved himself and there were no visible signs of any great misdeeds having been performed. Orderlies for the day were to be Joe Hardiman and Mehmet Enver and it didn't take too long to find out which of them was going to do the work neither of them. By the close of the day poor Joe was absolutely tired out and in fact had had to spend most of the afternoon sleeping on his bed.

Morning PT. session and we believe Squad 2 took the honours but this will have to be argued and confirmed. Breakfast with just flakes and rolls etc and this was to save the orderlies having too much to wash. Inspection standard had been raised and just to make sure there were no tricks played both Terry Biles and Colin Rogers stood guard over the dorm until the fall-in bugle sounded. A few points were lost through little faults but eventually Squad 1 won for the second day running with 95% against Squad 2 – 94% and Joe stepped forward to receive the coveted trophy for all the effort he had put in.

Following on from the previous evening it was thought we would check the position of the village football pitches and swimming pool, and after talking with some of the locals we were informed it would be in order for us to use them as we wished, and without charge. So after we had had our elevenses we piled into the mini-buses and made our way to the stadium. It wasn't long before we were enjoying the changing facilities and running out on to the pitch for a hard fought match. Mr. Parry was a little late in arriving but he hadn't been on the pitch many minutes before his son David decided to try a Robbo special and promptly hit his Dad for six. After this Mr. Parry took over the whistle plus a little football and with Mr. Phillips in goal for Squad 1 they were in for trouble, especially when Steve Hine let go with one of his power shots early on and cracked a great goal, this was pulled back with a good goal from Colin Rogers and then Terry Biles tripped in trying to get out of the way of the ball and Squad 2 were leading 2 ~ 1. During the second half Mr. Lerwill made a dashing run on the wing, outstripping all the opposition and drove in a wonderful left-footed shot which left the goal helpless and hopeless. Squad 1 rallied again and another good goal from Colin Rogers brought the score to 3 - 2 when it was decided they had been given enough opportunity to draw level and the referee blew the whistle for full time. Now to the swimming pool and it was great to find the water was warm and everyone was really having a grand time. Steve Field had elected to try a quick dip with his clothes on and it was felt Les Findon had a similar thought in mind (or was it that some of the seniors had the thought for him ?), pleased to say for Les's sake he managed to keep out of the way. Just as everyone was having a good time, with the ladies lying out in the sunshine, some interfering busybody came along to ask what we were doing there. Actually we had asked Les to find out whether everything was in order but he could only shake his head and say he had a feeling we shouldn't be doing what we were doing. After a few quick words which neither side understood it was felt we ought to get changed and then we sought the assistance of the local folk who had confirmed we could use the place. It seemed that there are special opening times and days with special charges, and of course we had not abided by any of them. Not to worry though, we sorted it out in the end and with apologies all around told them we would see them another day when it was to be open properly.

Back to Camp for Dinner of Stew and then Strawberry pie and custard. It didn't take long to finish off the stew and some wee voices could be heard pleading for more, but alas we must wait until next time. After dinner some of the Camp decided they would like a trip to



Copenhagen and the orders for the day were for whites. In the end quite a party of 13 left us, ably led by David Graham and Les Findon, in fact only Parry, Joe Hardiman and Terry Biles stayed behind with the old ones. It was a glorious afternoon and folk were able to lie outside the hut on the grass and enjoy the sunshine with no worries about lads running everywhere.

Mr Phillips made tea for us and we had a very pleasant afternoon. Meanwhile the Leave Party were finding their way to and around Copenhagen and at one point they had Les walking up to the policeman on point duty, doing a quick salute and asking him the time, Whilst the traffic whizzed madly Past. Probably Les was explaining to him how the GPO system works and that it would not be necessary to have policemen if they had a system of lights installed. Following this the lads went into a restaurant for hamburgers and chips and poor John Rogers wasn't at all impressed with the curry sauce. Colin tried to persuade him everything was O.K. and even threatened to pour the lot over his head if he didn't shut up and eat it. Eventually it was found to be gravy and so John soon tucked it away. We haven't heard too much of other incidents except that the journey was by train and bus and even this landed them in a rather tough district of the city amongst the hells angels, but one look at those stout strong legs beneath the shorts was enough to deter the locals from trying anything.



Meanwhile Steve Field had taken Robbo for a short Spin on his bike and they too managed to get to Copenhagen for hamburgers and chips. Now the day was drawing to a close and there were signs of dark cloud about, but the rain managed to stay off and Dave Parry had prepared a good camp fire, trouble was that the heat was rather fierce and folk had to sit further back which left a much wider circle of folk to try to get to sing.

Singing was a bit weak at first but it did pick up a little towards the end and we understand there are two more verses for the 'Swing Low' song so we should be able to have a good go at it on the next occasion.

Ten o'clock and we stood to listen to the strains of Last Post and our congratulations to David Graham for his near perfect rendering. It's good to listen to the echoes from the hills around and to know that back in England all other companies are standing and doing a similar sort of thing.

During the day our Morning Watch had been led for us by Les Findon and his message was about Love and Law, reminding us of the need to watch over others and not to allow them to get into difficulties or even want to take the easy way out each time. If we love them we want to guide them even though at times it may mean having to discipline them. Evening hymn and prayers were led by Mr. Lerwill and Steve Hine took the prayers in the billet before lights out.

Yet another day has passed and we certainly have many things to remember from it, as indeed have the locals who thought they were about to be invaded. Perhaps it was the sound of all those gun shots from the previous evening, or was that Mr. Phillips' mob (the Dads Army crowd) who thought he was locked away and had come to rescue him.

Soon folk were settling down for the night with the usual arguments going on about squad points. It seems that at present Squad 1 have 32 whilst Squad 2 have 27 so it is still neck and neck.

Officers stayed up for a while to talk about plans for the following day and a few days ahead, to make sure we get to do all the things folk want to do and see, but even they didn't want to be out of their beds too long.

Steve Field had spent some part of the evening checking over his bike, then reading it a bedtime story before putting on the covers for the night. Can imagine that if the weather gets a bit colder Steve will use a plastic sheet for his bed whilst the bike is covered in his sleeping bag. Already he has asked if it can be brought into the kitchen to keep warm but Mr. Phillips isn't having any of that.

## Saturday 27th July 1974

The day started rather dull and overcast, with quite a strong wind blowing. The wind was to continue for the rest of the day but pleased to say the sun broke through and dispersed most of the clouds and we were treated with some good sun. Morning P.T. session consisted of exercises so there were no points to be won. Breakfast was fried bread with scrambled egg and the usual fresh rolls with extras and Steve Field even managed a dish of corn flakes. It seems he is not at all impressed with our cooking but he doesn't mind going into town and tucking into the greasy hamburgers and chips they serve, and at very extortionate prices.

Morning Inspection was good and it left the officers in a position of not being able to differentiate between either squad. All uniforms were well cleaned, so too were the shoes and each person was tidily presented on parade. Amidst boos and hisses it was announced as a draw so there is still the five point difference between the two squads.



David Parry conducted Morning Watch for us and spoke on the theme of our Action and Thoughts, reminding us that everyone is entitled to a first look or sample at something but it is the person who stays for that long, lasting, lingering, lusting, lecherous look who is the guilty one.

Actually we had had a little mail during the morning, but this had been sneaked in by Terry Biles and passed to David Parry, as it was a special one from home and he didn't want the rest of Camp to know what his Principal was writing to him about. His Principal send his love and looks forward to seeing him back at College soon - sounds highly suspicious to us.



No morning games, as we were to have another trip to the seaside and this time just a little spot called Tidjviling a bit higher up the coast from our previous trip. By now the wind was quite strong and having arrived at the spot we made our way amongst the dunes to find a suitable spot to pitch our camp. A couple of tarpaulin sheets slung between the bushes provided a good wind-breaker, with a few sheets of polythene on the ground.

A quick change and then a mad dash towards the beach, but having reached there a not so quick move towards the sea. It was very rough with quite big waves but these were breaking in all directions so it wasn't much good for body surfing. The way in was a bit rough on the feet and getting gradually deeper and deeper, but then after a short distance we met the sand and the water became quite shallow again. After romping in the waves for a short time, and pleased to say we managed to get everyone in, although Mr Parry just stayed on the edge to supervise things, it was thought we oughtn't to stay too long, particularly as some of the waves were a bit tricky, so we scrambled out and dried ourselves off in readiness for the sandwiches and tea we had brought. Terry Biles, ably assisted by Steve Field, thought he would try some quick tanning stuff and promptly poured hot tea over his legs, but alas it didn't work too well and only succeeded in making Terry move quicker than he has previously done at camp, but the pair of them soon made it up and lay in each others arms for most of the afternoon.

Having eaten our sandwiches etc. some folk went off for odd strolls to find the sights and Mr. Phillips almost managed to get himself involved in a brawl when some local yokels took a fancy to his legs, but remembering his teaching he just turned the other cheek and walk away with Colin Rogers clinging closely to him lest they attack him.

Meanwhile back at the beach Mr Parry was having trouble with John Rogers who wanted to go for a walk but couldn't find anyone to go with him. He had pleaded with Robbo a number of

times, but Robbo wasn't having any of it . Eventually Mr Parry offered to take him but not before John had been to the toilet. and this proved a difficult one because poor John couldn't find a suitable tree, the only ones he could find where those where the branches and the cones were getting in the way, but pleased to report John did manage it in the end and Mr.Parry was able to take him away for a while.

Sun-bathing was the order of the day and bodies could be seen lying out soaking in the sun. Steve Hine had paid a fortune last year just to get a tan in Spain, but to no avail, but this time he was determined to get some colour to go home and he and Martin Smith lay together all the afternoon. Poor Martin ended up with legs the colour of lobsters whilst Steve didn't think the sun had touched him at all, but pleased to say there are signs that he is turning a different colour, or perhaps its because he hasn't washed for a couple of days. Unfortunately due to the Wind, it wasn't possible to play any of our games so we must ask David Parry to provide double ones for Saturday just to help with the points position again. Soon time for leaving and John Rogers had managed to catch sight of one young lady who didn't seem to be wearing as much as he is used to seeing, or was it that she was showing more than he had previously seen, whatever it was he got quite excited and Colin had to threaten to bop him to shut him up. Back to the mini-buses and our ride back to camp, passing through some fine farmland but not too impressive countryside as far as touring is concerned.

Back at camp we waited whilst the cookhouse prepared our evening meal and soon we were sitting down to beef burgers, potatoes and beans, followed by another Robbo special in the form of bread and butter pudding with custard. All very nice once again and certainly no signs of any amounts being left over.

Not much time left before Retreat but enough for a wood party to be organised to make sure we had another good camp fire. Actually it took a little time to get started but once under way we had a glorious blaze. Robbo took over the singing and made himself very popular in making folk stand up for most of the songs, but generally the singing was of a high standard and we even had Mike's lady friends joining in with us. Since the first night we have noticed that Les hasn't offered to take them home again, so something very fishy must have gone on that night. Mrs. Parry led our hymn and prayers and young Mehmet took the prayers in the billet and then the camp settled down for the night, or at least we trust they settled in perhaps the thought of the previous night when some of them were locked out for a while deterred them from doing any crazy things.

During the evening a few odd notes had been heard from our buglers but we just hoped that with the strong wind the locals wouldn't have heard much anyway Dave Graham and Martin Smith seemed to get a little mixed up with the Retreat, it seems that Smithers was trying to play a descant but somehow forgot all the notes.

Another day has passed by and we have just over a week left so we must make full use of the time. Saturday we are hoping to make a trip to Copenhagen to visit Tivoli on the evening so we hope the weather remains dry for us. Then Sunday we are planning a full service of our own at camp during the morning, whilst at supper time our friend Palle is bringing along some of his musicians from the Scottish Band so we ought to have a rare time that night.

Lots of good things to look forward to and places to go. The Staff spent a little time discussing various matters after Lights Out and we are hoping to see improvements, so be on your guard it may be you they are after.

## Sunday 28th July 1974

At first it was thought the wind from the previous day had dropped and we were in for a scorcher, but this was very early in the morning when only the Cook was up disturbing Mr Parry's slumbers, and the skip plonking away on the typewriter. Actually we have learned now why the Cook gets up so early, and it's nothing to do with making tea for the rest of the staff he has his eye, or is it both of them, on the good lady who brings the bread and milk and promptly each morning at 7 am-he is at the bottom of the track Waiting behind the bushes for her, then he comes staggering up the slope with a huge box of bread and milk, just able to see over the top and his face all red and little legs pumping away. Then he is in the clouds for a few minutes whilst he thinks about his girl friend driving back to the bakery. Can't imagine when he gets back home he will lie in wait for the Co-op Baker and know doubt throw him a kiss or too when he comes. Talking of kisses what on earth happened to Colin Rogers last night, going around throwing kisses to everyone in the lads billet. In fact John has threatened to tell his Mom when he gets back, but that's only because Colin never gave him one.

Morning P T. session and it is understood that it was an exercise period once again so we don't think any points were awarded for effort. Breakfast of porridge and fresh rolls. Porridge must have been good because not a drop was wasted and folk were moving from table to table to see if any had been left.

Morning Inspection brought a tightening up of marking and little things were closely scrutinised. Standard was high but Squad 1 just managed to creep into the lead and take the flag once again.

Orderlies for the day were provided by Steve Hine and Boyd Baker, but as Steve had never been to a Summer camp before it was left to Boyd to show him the way, so a real case of the blind leading the blind. Eventually it worked out quite well under Boyd's supervision and the cooks didn't find themselves with too much to do.

Our Morning Watch was conducted by Skip whose talk was on a Pledged Word, reminding us of the need to be honest with our own lives and express our-selves in such a way that folk will believe what we are trying to say and do without fear of us letting them down.

Only 1 letter again and this time for Mrs. Pearce from her dear old Mom but unfortunately she hadn't sent her the money she had written home for. Talking of money it is understood some of our Juniors have been waiting anxiously for the postman in the hope that beloved Parents have sent on a few quid, but never fear the Seniors have plenty so just contact your rich uncle Les or Steve Field, Terry Biles etc.

During our morning tea break Mr Parry and Dave Graham had been along to Slangslund to see if there was any chance of using the football pitch, and after having a meeting with the village committee they found it was quite in order - hope their interpretation is a little better than the one from the previous day because we should hate to be kicked off half-way through one of our vital matches, especially if Joe Hardiman's lot were in the lead at the time, but we can't think there is much fear of that happening.



A few games of volley-ball had been arranged and it was here Squad 2 were able to show their skill with the taller players they have available. Games 1 and 2 were quickly won by them, but then Squad 1 came back with a couple of quick wins, only for Squad 2 to take over again and come out clear winners.

In the football match we held later at the pitch it was a very close affair with Mr. Phillips excelling in goal for Squad 1. Robbo was curbed a little and couldn't show his skills but the younger players in Hyatan Grant, Mehmet Enver and Mike Pearce put up a good show and caused some anxious moments for the Opposition. Mehmet in particular caused a few hearts to flutter at one time before it was thought he might even pass the ball to someone, but it was all a mistake, the wind had just moved the ball from him a little. Squad 2 took the lead after a goalless first half. A free kick by Smithers of the Home Office and a typical wild high header from Dave Parry left Mr Phillips with no chance and the ball bounced up to 4ft 6" high and just over his outstretched fingertips. Squad 1 came back and produced some good football but were kept out by some excellent goalkeeping by one who shall remain nameless, until just before the final whistle when a great scrambled effort saw one of Squad 1 players (again who shall remain nameless) make a wild dash towards the ball, chest it down with one hand, move it to his left (and only kicking foot) with the other hand and then fall over and finally knock the ball in with his knee. Score being equal the referee blew his whistle for full time and ended a good match. Look forward now to the next thrilling incident.



Back to camp and a quick inspection of folks' trousers which they would be wearing for the evening trip to Tivoli. Actually we tried to get the ladies lined up too, but alas they wouldn't show us their trousers. Dinner was served and we sat down to a mixed meat and vegetable pie and carrots and mash, then rice pudding. A very nice meal, well prepared and cooked.

During the afternoon most of the camp wanted to spend a little more time at the posh swimming pool at Ganlose, so around 3 pm we set off and this time paid out the required amount so that we could get in officially. The spring board caused some amusement, or rather the bods who were using it did and Dave Graham and Robbo provided some spectacular dives and caused a few giggle amongst the locals. Most folk had gone for the hot showers afterwards and it Wasn't long before the place was filled with long haired bodies soaking shampoo all over themselves - Saturday is Amami day. Colin Rogers didn't think much to the colour of some of the little locals and took about 6 of them to give them a scrub under the shower, also to teach them to say Aston Villa. We tried also to get them to sing Wiggly Woo but they couldn't quite grasp him (Ha! Ha!).

Back to camp once again to be greeted by some dashing, debonair blonde feller, freshly shaved and if folk are wondering who it was, it was the same chap we saw in Copenhagen when we first arrived there and were parking our mini-buses - didn't he look sweet.

Tea time and we had our first taste of Danish butter, mixed with a little marg of course but very tasty nevertheless and the fresh bread and jam, lemon curd etc.. soon got put away.

Now time for the preening and gleaming in preparation for our night trip to Tivoli. Just to put ones head inside the mess billet was sufficient to knock one over, what with the after-shave, hair lotion, anti-deodorant etc..but it did make an improvement and everyone looked quite presentable, although Terry wished it had been in full uniform.

Drive to Town was uneventful but actual parking was a little difficult, and in the end We found a little side street. Evening was quite warm and wind had dropped a little and once inside Tivoli people broke off into smaller groups and made their way around. Robbo took one party to have a meal and this proved a little expensive for just fish and chips, but with Robbo acting as Waiter it was good fun. Hyatan, Mehmet and Paul decided to pay a visit to Madam Tassauds but even the price at the door was enough to frighten them away. John Rogers had managed to get himself tagged to Mr Phillips and it wasn't long before poor John wanted a toilet, but this time the thought of using a tree was out of the question - soon he had been fixed up and it was only the ice-cream now which he didn't like. Poor Mr. Phillips was feeling so exasperated he offered to take him into the haunted house and leave him there to frighten the others, but John wasn't

having any of it. The night wore on and 11.45 time came for the fireworks display. Very impressive if not so much for the colour but for the noise and many thought Joe had been let loose again with a few little bombs in abandoned cars.

And now time to meet up at the mini-buses and pleased to say everyone got back safely with all sorts of tales to relate. Time was quite late and we were looking forward to a quick drive back to camp and soup before retiring for the night. Something went wrong however in as much as Steve Field was the navigator, but each time we came to a vital junction he happened to be looking at a motor bike, consequently we ended up going out in an entirely different direction and it was only good map reading by Dave Graham which put us back on the road to camp.

Arriving back around 1.15 am we had prayers in the dormitory and then made our weary way to bed. In the cook-house were sounds of activity as a few folk snatched a hurried cup of coffee and stale cobs, but even they wanted to get to bed so soon the whole camp was enjoying deep slumbers, except of course for all the loud snorers we seem to have with us. A very good day, tiring but exciting, now tomorrow being Sunday gives us an opportunity for some sort rest to regain once again our youthful vitality.

## Monday 29th July 1974

Another dull start to the day and it was to continue like this most of the time with occasional quite heavy rain showers, but pleased to say they came mostly when we were indoors and didn't affect our programme in any way, except of course folk were not able to lie out in the sun and add to the bit of suntan they have already. After a rather late night of Saturday the whole camp was still in a deep sleep by the normal reveille time but a little extra had been allowed and in plenty of time Mr. Phillips was around the orderlies, in the form of Colin Rogers and Paul Hodgetts to make sure they would be in the cookhouse in time. Breakfast was a hearty meal of flakes, then bacon, egg and fried bread and then fresh rolls and some butter still remaining with the usual extras. Folk must have been hungry from the previous night because very little was left on the plates.

Morning Inspection and this time in full uniform which looked very smart. Folk had been hurrying and scurrying around to put the finishing touches to their work and Joe Hardiman had been left in charge of Squad 1. When it came to the final inspection all sorts of bits and pieces were found under various mattresses and some doubts and arguments were raised as to whom they belonged. Final marking saw Squad 2 take the flag but much to the disgust of the others.

Being Sunday we held a full service at camp. It would have been nice to have gone along to one of the local churches but as the service would have been in Danish only it was thought best to steer clear. Instead our Skip took the address whilst others announced hymns and took the reading and prayers. Subject was about judging and Faith, helping to remind each of us how we must have an acting type faith within our lives and not just an intellectual faith of material things proven. A collection was taken up for Bolobo and pleased to announce a total of £6.84p was donated towards our Bolobo Mission funds.

As we were not allowed to play actual games we had plenty of time on hand before dinner so morning elevenses was rather prolonged and eventually we made our way down to the lake. Folk seemed a little reluctant to go in at first but after a little gentle persuasion everyone had been in and under, although Joe took a long time to make the final plunge and then only after having thrown Dave Parry in a Kung Fu type throw. Because it was not so pleasant Les had thought it best not to go in and this much to the disgust of the rest of the campers, particularly in the form of the Seniors, so it was quite obvious some dirty work was planned for when we got back to camp.

On the way back the one mini-bus seemed rather over crowded so it was thought we would leave Joe behind, but not far along the lane we could hear plaintive calls for help and tapping on the roof of the bus and upon pulling up a little diddy-man appeared from somewhere up there. On the way to the pool we had stopped for a short while to watch a football match in progress at the Slangslund stadium and Mr. Parry had words with them and managed to persuade them to play a match against our mob on Monday evening at 7 pm. It was later in the day when the team was put up on the board that lots of moans and groans could be heard, but we shall sort it out when the match is underway. We think Mr. Parry has been invited to referee, the Dave Smith of Denmark, and just in case he had borrowed Mr. Phillip's new tracksuit and cut quite a dashing figure in black with gold edging. Only hope his decisions are good ones because Mr Phillips doesn't want his track suit to get wet when the referee is chucked in the lake.

Back to camp and a mass attack on Les Findon who was just sitting about not caring about anyone or anything and at peace with himself and the world. It took all the concerted efforts of the seniors, plus one or two others to grab hold of him and make their way down the narrow staircase and into the showers. Les fought like a tiger and everyone wondered just where all the energy had come from, but actually he hasn't used much for so long that he has been able to store it up inside. poor Smithers of the Foreign Office felt the full force of one of Les's arms or legs and finished up with a nice lump over his eye, but it was worth the effort because they did manage to get Les under the shower, plus all his clothes. Soon he appeared again dressed in dry clothes and looking as spic and span as ever, as if nothing had happened, and left the seniors licking their wounds and wondering what they might plan if there is another occasion.



Dinner time and meat, potatoes and carrots, but something had gone wrong with the steamed pudding so we ended up with apples and custard, but it was very tasty and soon tucked away. After dinner a rest period was on the programme, plus a little washing of smalls etc. if necessary. Soon it was obvious that folk weren't really tired from their exertions and loss of sleep and not many wanted to have a lie down and rest. Skip had gone with his family into Copenhagen to visit Palle and family and to bring them and friends back to camp later in the evening.



Back at camp there was much activity again after tea when folk were divided into squads and made themselves very busy cleaning through the whole place in preparation for when our visitors arrived back. Around 7.30 the party were back at camp and much amusement was caused at the sight of knobbly knees and kilts, but this was only because our own folk had their long trousers on. Bagpipes and drums appeared and soon the lifting melodies of Scottish tunes could be heard around camp. Robbo tried his hand at producing something but ended up with lots of blowing and just a few odd sounding raspberries.

A campfire was being prepared by Mr. Parry and others and an early Retreat was sounded around 8.30. Then down to the fire for soup, cheese cobs, crisps and entertainment, firstly in the form of music by Palle and others with the bagpipes and must say this is the first time we have had this type of music at camp, but it was good to listen to. Singing was led by Robbo, ably assisted by Dave Graham and it wasn't long before we were well into the Sunday choruses and songs. Dave Graham had produced a good sounding Retreat for us earlier and at 10pm he did justice to Last Post. Because our visitors were not in a great hurry to get away we lingered on another half hour and they did a few turns for us, including some songs in Danish and one in Scottish, but we replied by putting forward Joe and his goat. It was a good night and Dave Parry ensured the fire was kept going all the time. When it came time for the Roo we invited any of our guests to join with Dave Graham, but the thought of leaping across those flames with a kilt on, especially as we are not too sure whether or not they wear anything under them, was enough to put them off. David did a death defying leap after the other David had found a little brushwood to make sure the flames were of the right height.

So we came to the close of our camp fire and Mr. Parry led us in our evening hymn and prayers, then we bade farewell to our friends and lads and lassies made their way back to the billet for Boyd to lead them in prayer. Finally the camp was tucked up in their beds and we had no folk trying to escape from Colditz, except of course Robbo and Martin Parry during the afternoon who tried to make a break for it, but they were caught up and their case comes up later in the day.

Monday a visit to Tuborg to sort the men from the Boys, the Boys being those who shouldn't be do; whilst the men are the ones who could be don't think about it.

## Tuesday 30th July 1974

Again this was to be a day with a little rain and a lot of wind, but neither stopped us from carrying out our programme. During the night we had had the incident where young Mike was thinking about his girl friends and falling in love, only thing wrong was he forgot he was three bunks up and came down to earth with a bang. Pleased to say he wasn't badly hurt, although his face did look as if he had met up with the girl's real boyfriend.

Morning P.T. session with walks and runs and Squad 1 finally winning overall by taking the honours in the last mad dash around the camp. Breakfast and again we had that delicious porridge dished up by our cookhouse. This time it was a little thicker than before so perhaps it was the influence of the Scotch folk from the previous evening that had helped.

Morning Inspection and this time in full uniform as we were to get dressed for our day trip later. Points were very close on uniform and general layout with Squad 2 just a little in front, but then Les Findon took over and slashed the figures by finding lots of paper and bits around the area covered by Squad 2, so the eventual winners once again were No.1.

Mr.Parry took over the Morning Watch and gave a talk on 'Christian Love' With its various aspects, helping to remind us that love consists not just of the sloppy type so many think about but also of the real deep feeling inside for each other. Just a little mail for Karen and Dave Parry; actually Karen's had been re-directed from somewhere so perhaps she never told anyone just where she was going.

Time to prepare for our trip to Tuborg and Copenhagen. No morning elevenses' as it was thought we might get some sort of drink at Tuborg later on. At this point we should mention that it was Mr.Phillip's birthday and at breakfast he was given a great reception with a chorus of Happy Birthday other things were to follow later in the day.

Down to the mini-buses and off to Copenhagen, but not before we had lost the second bus for a time, and guess who was driving it? It seems however that Mr.Phillips had missed seeing his girlfriend from the bakery early in the morning and he must stop to see her. Lo and behold she came just as they were pulling away but it was difficult for him to do much with so many folk about, so he just contented himself with having a chat about the weather etc. and arranged to see her again later In the week.

Arriving at Tuborg we left things in the hands of Robbo, as he seems to know his way around these type of places, it's a question of having shares in them or something. Soon we were in the hands of our guide and quite a character he turned out to be, but all we could hear from Mr Phillips was 'Cut out the chatter and let's get down to the nitty-gritty'. He did seem to take an interest in the way the beer was being made and later in the evening could be seen in one of the fields picking arms of barley and back to camp to get it brewing. It was a very interesting tour and arriving back at reception we were taken into a room to sample some of the ware. It didn't take too long to see who had been listening to the note in the previous newsletter and when the young lady came along to open up the bottles many folk took an interest in the taller ones with the dark looking stuff inside rather than the shorter soft drinks. John Rogers had been having a good time and wanted to ask a question at the end; we thought he had something great to ask but guess what it was? yes "Where's the toilet". Poor Smithers of the foreign Office was just as bad because one sip of the hard stuff and he was up and down like a yo-yo.

As it had been announced it was Chas's birthday our Guide fetched out a few bottles of the real strong stuff but it didn't have any real affect on our Chas, he just knocked it back as quickly as the other, he wasn't frightened of ending up under the table, because as he said he was nearly there already with his little legs. Towards the end our Guide decided to try to sing to us, perhaps he was working hard for a tip, but whether his singing wasn't much good or Robbo wasn't in a very givish mood we don't know, anyway the poor feller was left empty-handed but he still managed to wave to us as we left, or was it that he was trying to tell us that the time was 2 o'clock.

Drive into Copenhagen and first of all around to the little Mermaid. Always a little disappointing because folk expect something much more impressive, but we were able to get a few pictures taken. Then on into the town centre and a bit of a struggle again to find somewhere to park the vehicles. This didn't take too long before then David Graham feeling rather generous popped the money in the wrong meter so we had a hurried scramble to sort out a little more change.



We didn't have too much time to spare on actual shopping so folk just split up into various groups and had a wander around. We didn't see much evidence of presents being bought but perhaps it was because so many folk made their way to somewhere to eat first of all. Les we know had a good nosh of steak and chips etc to build himself up for all the work he has to do when back at camp.

Some of the seniors and others we believe made their way to areas of ill repute, but this is the normal reaction with small children, tell them not to do a thing and they go right away and do it. Soon it was time to make our way back to camp because of the football match we had planned, but not before we had a hurried search for John Rogers. He had been out looking for the Deaf Club which he did manage to find, but unfortunately they were not open until later in the evening. We thought at first John had decided to wait until they opened, but after a quick burst around the square by some of our party we finally found him.

Back to camp for a hurried discussion on what we ought to wear for the match. It was thought whites would look very nice but the ladies were all against this in as much as they thought shirts would get ruined, so folk turned out in red shirts of all sorts and shapes.



Match started off at a good pace with lots of shouting by our team; very little football but lots of shouting. We had the advantage of the wind but it wasn't long before the home team were in the lead. Our Centre-back being caught out going in the wrong direction and leaving the centre-forward to slip past the keeper and put the ball away.

It didn't take too long before our referee made sure we pulled level, a long ball up to Smithers who was yards off-side and play was waved on, he slotted the ball away and the game was getting exciting.

By half time we were leading by 3 - 1 with a second goal from Smithers and another one from someone who it was difficult to decide. It was a corner kick and so many folk went up for the ball. David Parry did call for it but it's difficult to say whether he actually got to it or not. Second half started in good fashion with our Centre back laying on a good pass to their centre forward once again and he promptly banged the ball home, but Boyd Baker had been brought on in place of Robbo and he drove home a cracking goal to make it 4- 2. Play was getting rather wilder and wilder and Colin Rogers decided to get out of it and promptly left the pitch. All sorts of Changes were going on with our players, just to give others a rest, and the poor folk in the opposition couldn't make out who or how many were playing. Towards the end of the game the score was brought up to 4 - 3 but we managed to hold out and end up as eventual winners. Now they want to play us again on Wednesday at 6.30 so we ought to get in more training particularly our centre-back who is brilliant in the air but left floundering on so many occasion on the floor.

Back to camp for a quick late bite of sausage rolls, beans with cocoa then Evening Hymn and Prayers led by Dave Graham and finally to the billet where Hyatan led the Boys' prayers. After Lights out we were to hold a short communion service and it was good to have so many join in. It was an opportunity to use the plate and cup provided by the staff for the Company 60th

Jubilee and as we took the simple elements laid before us we came so close to realising just why we come to be at camp as we are.

Well the end of another good day once again we don't seem to be getting much sun to show to our folks when we get back, but we certainly should have lots of things to tell them perhaps though some of the things we won't be able to pass on. A few giggles could be heard from the Boys' billet later in the night but it didn't take too long for the camp to settle down and now we look forward to our trip to Sweden.

## Wednesday 31st July 1974

Nothing to report From the previous nights rest. in fact folk seemed to settle down quite quickly and the only sound that could be heard was from the Boys' billet where one could hear Steve Field chanting 'He loves me, He loves me not' as he plucked hairs from Joe's moustache; whilst Terry in his dreams was shouting out 'I'm starving', Dad, you've got to send me more money'.

Day started off quite nicely, although the wind had not dropped very much but in fact we didn't have any rain at all and it really turned out to be very nice, unfortunately the writer wasn't able to be out watching the P.T. but it is understood Volley-ball was played and Squad 2 came out eventual winners, despite the handicap of having both Martin Parry and Steve Fields on orderly and out of the team; or is it such a handicap after all.

Breakfast and the cookhouse had been preparing well for soon we sat down to flakes, bacon, tomatoes and fried bread, then the usual rolls, butter etc. The idea of this was to build folk up for the trip to Sweden, just in case prices were a little high over there and folk wouldn't be able to get much to eat.

Morning Inspection standard had dropped a little in as much as many little items were not as they should be. Les was pleased to report that his instructions from the previous day had been heeded and he had little to criticise. Final marking were Squad 1 - 89%, with Squad 2 taking the Flag with 91%; don't know whether squad leaders are carrying out the usual practice of buying pop for the squad each time they win the flag, but this used to be the case.

Morning watch was led for us by David Graham who gave a talk on the dangers of self-display, projecting our own image too much rather than that of our saviour. Postman had arrived a little earlier but only one letter and again for Karen. Don't know what has happened to those letters that folks sent home requesting more money; perhaps they just happened to get lost on the way very conveniently.



Time for elevenses but only a quick one as we were due to make our way to Pelsignor for our ferry crossing to Helsingborg in Sweden. It wasn't long before we were on the road but first of all a stop at the bakery for Chas to have a quick word with his girlfriend, but when it turned out to be another one there he wasn't bothered and didn't get out of the bus. Both Mr.Parry and Mr Lerwill did however so this makes a think a little.

During our trip David Parry had suddenly remembered another little ditty (or should it be dirty ditty) and soon the mini-bus was rocking to the many voices and actions. So funny at the petrol station when the chorus struck up, poor chap on the pumps wondered what had hit him.



Arriving at Helsingborg we had to eat a hurried sandwich before leaving the mini-buses and making our way to the Ferry. Crossing was only a short one but it was very pleasant and gave an opportunity for those cameras to get clicking again. Arriving at Uelsingborg the party split into its various splinter groups and made their respective way around the shopping centre. It was nice to find that some of the prices were quite reasonable and soon people could be seen with their many little parcels etc. all full of many goodies.

Some of the lads decided to go for a meal and it was here that Terry Biles was so excited that he promptly managed to trip up the stairs with his fish and chips and chuck the lot of the carpet. He must have thought he was at home where he sits in the corner and his Mom throws him a bone or two. Sun was great at this time and folk were thinking more of lying about than

shopping but perhaps we shall get an Opportunity over the last few remaining days. Back to the Ferry for 4 o'clock and everyone wanting to get rid of their Odd Swedish coins, so the ice-cream stall did a roaring trade. Ferry crossing was very good again, as were some of the sights, but really folk are not permitted to sit at the bottom of the stairs whilst young ladies are walking up and down. Poor Mr. Phillips in his excitement almost pitched headlong down one of the stairs as he kept his eye on a dashing young thing and then tripped over a small step.

Safely ashore in Denmark again and a quick trip back to Camp with another few choruses from the lads and David Parry's song having permeated through to some of the others we had all sorts of folk straining their vocal cords to sing out the verse.

Cookhouse prepared an evening meal of corned meat, potatoes and peas, then plums and custard then a wood party was arranged and the camp prepared for the evening with Juniors spreading themselves out in the billet, whilst NCO's and others got ready their bed-rolls etc. for their night out. Les was terribly disappointed that he couldn't be with them, as we all know how he likes to show his leadership at times like this, but we understand he contented himself with remaining up late so that he could open up for them later as necessary.

Camp fire but whether the Juniors were upset at the seniors going out, or the Seniors a little disturbed at having to go out we are not sure but the singing-was very little. A quick burst once again of David's chorus, but this time he didn't pronounce the words as clearly as before because of cause his parents were about and he has to watch his step. The senior staff sang a few sentimental songs like-'We'll meet again' etc. and dried a few tears, but we think they were more tears of joy than sadness. Retreat at 8.30 then Hymn and Prayers at 9.30 and finally Last Post at 10pm brought the day to a close. Les led our evening hymn and prayers whilst Martin Smith led the prayers in the billet and of course included a short one for their party.



Amid hearty cheers etc. the travellers got into the mini-bus looking more like a commando party than campers. Martin Smith looked like one of the IRA bombers and we trust he managed to keep himself out of trouble. Joe cut a dashing figure with his little skull cap and Gill's white woolly one, but of course the Sgt Major had to be properly turned out and he wore his trilby. Mr Parry did offer him an umbrella as well but he thought not on this occasion.

John Rogers couldn't quite make up his mind whether he wanted to go or not and keep popping in and out of the mini-bus like a jack in the box. Colin was all for taking him with them but we believe he had been discussing it with Steve Field and we didn't think it fair that John should be either tied up the top of a telegraph pole or strapped across the railway line so we left him in the mini-bus. Just a short trip across country and then the party were dropped at an appropriate spot. We trust they had a good night and no doubt will have some tales to tell - meanwhile the rest of us settled down wondering what on earth Les was still doing out.

## Thursday 1st August 1974

Of what a glorious morning. Firstly because our Seniors were still out and some sort of peace had reigned during the evening, but also because the weather was so wonderful; clear skies and lovely sunshine and it was to remain like this all day. Dave Graham took over as orderly bugler until such time as Smithers of the Foreign Office appeared on the scene again, and his rendering of reveille certainly got the camp up and about.

Morning P.T. and this time we had John Rogers actually taking part. It seems he only went along to see what was to happen, when suddenly he was whisked into one of the exercises and stayed there until the end. He said it was a great giggle and he could be heard doing just that as the whole squad jumped up and down and jiggled around with some special warming up exercises. John thought all this would have won him a place in the team for the evening soccer match, but when one considers that even Mr. Phillips with all his talent can't get into the team, then of course there is not much opportunity for John.

Breakfast and it was thought our band of intrepid travellers would be with us just as the bugle sounded the cookhouse. All the photographers were on hand to welcome them back but it was not to be so, and then folk got to be a little worried, just in case they had lost their way. Breakfast was nearly over when several anxious faces could be seen peering in through the door. Then in came all the weary bodies looking quite fresh and using some excuse of not having an alarm to waken them. A quick breakfast of just flakes, rolls etc and lots of cups of tea and they were almost ready for the day in front of them.

It was decided that we would not have an inspection but just tidy out the billet and leave kit looking quite presentable, but on Thursday we will be having our last inspection so we look to then for a very high standard.

Elevenes and preparations for the games period in front of us. It was down to the stadium at Slangslund firstly for a couple of games of a type of hit and run cricket, this was very exciting as it was a two-innings match squad 1 won the first innings but Squad 2 came back and won the overall game with runs and men to spare. Mr. Parry excelled in the long field and held some grand one-handed catches while poor Robbo spent most of his time looking for the ball in the hedge. Following this we had a game of baseball and here there were some good runs. Squad 2 batted first and scored 5 rounder's, then Squad 1 went in but soon were in trouble, losing a number of men without a run being scored. Slowly though they came back into it and some fine hitting by Colin Rogers brought them to within 1 run of being level, but alas they were running out of players and Squad 2 won by 5 - 4. Smithers of the Foreign Office had had some fine hits also and many of his shots ended up on the road by the traffic lights.



Down to the lake for a quick dip with our dear friend Steve Field making himself popular again by attempting to push all and sundry in. He came a little unstuck one time however and ended up with grazes on both chest and leg, but no doubt this will not deter him; we must try cementing his legs in concrete and chukin' him in, that might help to slow him down a little.

At this stage we had Mrs Pearce driving one of the mini-buses and we wondered why everyone was trying hard to pack into the older one. Mr. Parry explained that she had nagged him all the week for the keys but that it had taken him nearly 10 days to get them off Les Findon; however he did manage it and let her have a drive for a short distance.

Dinner time and we sat down to a very excellent stew and it wasn't much use going around the tables to see if there was any left, because it was scooped down very quickly. Following this we had steamed pudding with custard and it left everyone very full and looking forward to a rest during the afternoon.

By now Squad 2 are quite a long way in the lead on the points total, but Squad 1 can still pull it back by winning the inspection and other items, and it was decided that a game of volley-ball might help with the points also individual games of draughts.



Volley-ball was really exciting with Squad 1 leading at one stage by 9 - 2, but then Squad 2 came back and won the match. The draughts matches should have got under way with an opening game between John Rogers and Smithers of the Foreign Office, but something seemed to go wrong because the police had to be brought in when the crowd invaded the pitch and poor John started a fight with his opponent.

The game had to be abandoned with complete uproar raging and poor John was most upset, as he told our reporter later he was begging to enjoy his game of Giraffes but when Smithers came out with dirty tactics it was too much for him. Mr. Phillips was most upset at not having been put down to play, as he is the real star of camp, but later in the evening he did play a specially arranged match with one who shall remain nameless and he was wiped off the board - enough said!

A lot of folk spent the afternoon trying to get a little sun tan but it wasn't sure whether they were just providing feeding fodder for all the pesky flies etc.. which were around, but we feel some folk must have got a little better colour.

Tea-time and just a few rounds of bread, butter with jam or paste etc, as our soccer team didn't want to play on a full stomach. Team selection had gone up on the board earlier in the afternoon but it seems this was just to fool everyone, because on arrival at the ground it was changed around completely.

Time now to prepare for the match and the usual smell of liniment coming from the M.O's room. It was a glorious evening with no wind at all and just a little cloud which helped to take out the brightness of the sun. Ground was packed when we got there and the car park was full to overflowing, but perhaps not all the folk from them had come to watch the game. After a couple of poses for the press, but definitely no signing of autographs, the game was started and soon it was obvious the others had a much better team out. Their goalkeeper was a much bigger person and it was difficult at times to get the ball passed him. We began with some good movements but no goals and then Slangslund came into the game, scoring one good goal when Smithers (who had taken over from our regular keeper) was slow in coming' out and missed the ball. Then Martin Parry thought he would have a game of handball without the referee noticing, but the latter was as keen and alert as ever and much to everyone's total surprise actually gave a foul against his own son. It was a penalty and as they scored from it we were two goals down, but Steve Fields brought us back with a goal from a corner kick and Terry Biles tried a solo run (solo only because he will never pass the ball) and scored a good goal through the side-netting. Second half started and Slangslund went into the lead again but slowly we were taking control in midfield and another effort by Terry resulted in his shot being helped into goal by one of the home players - then we had Dave Parry caught on the wrong foot and wondering what to do with the ball, so he tried a lob in the middle. Actually what happened was that he stubbed his foot just in front of the ball and this made it shot like a rocket and what with the rain and the wind and the sunshine in the goal keep's face he wasn't able to get to this simplest of shots and we were in the lead for the first time. We ought to say a great goal but it hurts so much to say it that we will decline. Finally the referee blew the whistle and we had managed another fine win. Down to the local club for a quick shower but we nearly stayed for a quick burst of bingo and then back to camp for the Orienteering run.



Time was around 9.00 and amidst many moans and groans pairs were sent off at one minute intervals from the camp fire. The route was quite simple, as were the questions but we must point out that Lady Chatterley's Lover is not the last book in the Old Testament. Some good running and folk arriving back after about 13 minutes or so. Steve Hine and Martin Smith were first off and also first back but eventual winners were Terry Biles, Paul Hodgetts with Colin Rogers and Mehmet Enver second, and Steve Hine and Smithers third, Joe had a little struggle with Mike but they came back in a reasonable time. Our markers were getting a little anxious in the woods, or so they said but we wonder whether they would have been so anxious if just alone with their respective girl and boy-friends - it makes you think.

A great camp fire was under way with Mr Parry in charge and folks were able to eat hot dogs and drink hot chocolate. During Morning Watch Les had given a talk on the things that matter, helping to store up things that are of use rather than things we enjoy for short periods. Skip led the hymn and prayer around the fire and Paul Hodgetts the prayers in the billet. It was very weary bodies making their way to bed but all smiles and happiness when told that the cross-country would be held on Thursday morning. You lucky people.

## Friday 2nd August 1974

Rain, rain, glorious rain! There's nothing quite like it for filling the drain. In fact this is exactly what happened on the premises and Mr. Phillips with some of his gallant band had to do a big mopping operation to save us being completely flooded. What an awful day for the first and second parts, but it didn't hold back our programme too much as we shall discover later. John Rogers and Smithers of the Foreign Office were to be our orderlies but there was the usual trouble with the cookhouse. Our cooks couldn't find them at all when there was work to be done and John was blaming it all on Smithers. At one stage we heard Mr. Phillips just where he would kick Smithers if he didn't get on with the work, but we feel sure his little legs just wouldn't reach that far.



Morning P.T and another session of Didger-doo or whatever they call it. Terry Biles wasn't too impressed and elected to drop out for a while because as he says he wants to take the squad on a proper exercise course on Friday morning - real commando stuff. Now we know where all those muscles come from, in fact he swatted a fly yesterday and such was the force that he almost killed it.

Breakfast and once again we enjoyed delicious porridge to be followed by fried bread and tomatoes and the usual extras. What a sad thought that this was to be the last of our cooks porridge we would be sampling for quite some time. Our final inspection proved quite a good one, although folk were a little slow getting started. It was raining quite heavily so everyone stayed well indoors. Marking was quite strict and finally No.1 squad took the honours to remain overall winners - our congratulations to all concerned Joe Hardiman is proud of you all.

Morning Watch was conducted by David Parry and he gave us a talk on the things we ought to pray about. Thinking in our prayers of those things we really need rather than unimportant items.

This day we had had a little more mail and John Rogers received one from the girls at his works, as he told our reporter one of them fancies him, so we must watch his antics when he gets back home again after so long a break from his loved one. Dave Graham had a card, as did Pam Lerwill and Mr. & Mrs. Lerwill, although Mr. Parry thought it was the tax man caught up with them. Skip received one from his son back home who was writing in reverse and asking for money to be sent home, but like the Parents of the lads who have written from here asking for money I think it is best to ignore it.

Now time for all to get ready for the cross-country run and of course how could there be any slip-ups when the Skip and Mr. Parry had been out earlier to mark out the course. Wasn't really their fault however when the heavy rain washed away the markers. Actually when they went out they had seen 4 hares in the woods and thought they would make a good marker, but unfortunately the foolish things had moved when the lads went through later on. Juniors were first to get away and set off at a cracking pace with the intention of passing Skip half-way along one of the paths, but it seemed we were doomed from the beginning because none of them ever reached him, having been re-directed at another spot.



Then later on along came the Seniors with Terry Biles in the lead, closely followed by Steve Hine and Martin Smith, then a little behind Colin Rogers, Dave Parry, Joe Hardiman, Steve Field and Boyd Baker in that order. It looked a good run with everyone trying their best but alas what on earth happened because at a time when all should have been back at camp enjoying a good cup of tea in fact they were all wondering around the woods, completely lost and murmuring a

few curses and not so much under their breath. It seems that somehow a marker was missing at a vital spot and folk had to decide which way to go, but thinking the course had been only a short one folk went off along the path away from camp and ended somewhere in the middle of the woods. Fortunately it didn't take long to find nearly all of them but Steve Hine was still missing and some of the lads had said the last they saw of him was heading for the beach where the young lady had been the other day. Can't think he would have been in a fit state to do anything if he had managed to run all the way there.

Arriving back at camp there was a lot of discussion going on as to the merits of the race and whether any points could be awarded, also a group of folk were saying something about a lynching party, but we can't think what they were on about. After a cup of tea and a wash down in hot water folk had regained their composure and the matter was closed.

At this time some of the camp were going off to Copenhagen for the last bit of shopping but others elected to stay behind. At the first count it was thought only one mini-bus would be needed but the numbers kept changing and by the time folk made their way to the vehicle it was a question of squeezing 21 bodies into a confined space, but all was Well with some sitting on the laps of others and having a crafty squeeze and cuddle in the back.

Meanwhile those who had stayed behind included Mr. Phillips, he didn't want to go shopping personally as he had given money to his financial adviser and instructed him on what to bring back.

Journey to Copenhagen was a little cramped but someone got the singing going so this helped a little. By now the rain was quite heavy once again but later in the afternoon it was to increase tremendously and when folk finally got back to the mini-bus after their spree there were a good many dripping bodies around.

Back to camp where the cookhouse had prepared a good meal of meat pie and vegetables, followed by rice pudding; just the right amount so that those playing in the soccer team would not have any excuses for not doing well later.

Around 6.10 we made our way to Ganlose to take on the locals and show them how football should be played but when arriving there we were to discover it was the wrong night as it seems we should have been there on Tuesday. A game was in progress against two local sides and the football was rubbish and we were wondering just how many goals we could score against them, whether they played all 22 players or not. Eventually we got started in a match of 30 mins each way, or so thought our referee, but it seems it was only to be 30 minutes altogether. It didn't take long for the home team to attack and if you remember that great character from the previous newsletter who wanted all the praise for scoring a good goal, well this time he managed to get himself in a tizzy and laid on a great goal again but this time for the other side. Later we pulled this goal back but then in the second half Joe gave away a penalty and we lost 2 - 1. For the second game Mr. Parry went in goal but our players were feeling a little leg weary. Steve Field had to go off with a leg injury and then have Parry got a knock and we were fielding a much weakened team. Colin Rogers pulled us back to level terms with a shot in the corner of the goal but the other team managed another 2 goals and once again we had lost. It didn't help to have Palle and Lief on the line telling us how the Danes will teach us to play football if we want to learn, but once in the dressing room and showered folk soon forgot about the games and the terrible football we had played. We even had Mr. Lerwill have the cheek to strip off and get under the showers, but as he said he had got so worked up with all the excitement that he felt the need for a shower.

Well back to camp but not much chance of a camp fire because the wood was so damp and of course folks feelings were about the same, also we have the feeling there might have been a few tired bodies about. Supper was taken indoors and we finished with just a few specially chosen songs then Palle chose our hymn and Mr. Lerwill led us in prayer.

Down to the billet for the Juniors to settle down after prayers read for us by Martin Parry, whilst the seniors and others made their way upstairs to take part in a last night supper. Finally around

12 midnight the whole camp was turning in. Mr. Parry was upset at the noise coming from the billet but the juniors were complaining that the seniors had awakened them from their slumbers when they came in and put the lights on. Colin Rogers felt the need for a short stroll later on and was most perturbed on arriving back to find the place was locked up, but later the lads elected to open up for him.

The end of a good but tiring day Pleased to say the heavy rain had died out around tea time and we enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Now we look forward to a good day on Friday when we must do our clearing up and bid our fond farewells to our special girl friends.