



**The Boys' Brigade**  
**1st A Birmingham Company**  
Formerly The 1<sup>st</sup> Birmingham Boys Life Brigade

**1<sup>st</sup>A**  
**Camp Songs and Poems**  
**1978 to 1992**

Compiled by Rob and Becky Clarke



The People's Chapel  
Great King Street  
Birmingham



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# **1<sup>st</sup>A**

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**1848 - 1998**

Produced in 1997 as part of the history project linked to the  
150th Year Celebrations of the People's Chapel.

**1913 - 2003**

Reprinted for the 90<sup>th</sup> Session of the 1st A Birmingham Boys' Brigade.

Company Web Site: [www.1abb.org.uk](http://www.1abb.org.uk)

The People's Chapel  
Great King Street  
Birmingham



**Founded 1848**

Dedicated to  
David Pearce  
Captain of the 1st A Birmingham Boys' Brigade  
who arranged all these camps  
and his wife Gwen.

August 1997  
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Rob and Becky Clarke  
37 Harbeck Avenue  
Great Barr  
Birmingham  
B44 8RN

Tel: 0121 350 3698

The People's Chapel, Great King Street, Birmingham

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**1<sup>st</sup> A Camp Songs and Poems 1978 to 1992**

**Contents**

Introduction		page 7
Switzerland 1978	Poem	page 11
Atlantic College 1984	Songs	page 14
Dyffryn 1986	Poem	page 16
Dyffryn 1987	Shout, Poem, Song & Poem	page 17
Switzerland 1990	Poem	page 21
Dyffryn 1991	Poem	page 23
Atlantic College 1992	Poem	page 25
List of Camps held from 1914 to 1997		page 28
DVD Movie details		page 29

The People's Chapel, Great King Street, Birmingham

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**1<sup>st</sup> A Camp Songs and Poems 1978 to 1992**

**Photographs**

*From 1<sup>st</sup> A Company Archives*

Woolacombe 1950	Page 7
Horton 1977	Page 8
Switzerland 1978	Page 9

**Illustrations**

*From "BOYS" by D. L. FINNEMORE, Published  
in 1924*

Inspection	page 22
Bugle	page 24
Camp Fire	page 27

## Introduction

***From "BOYS" by D. L. FINNEMORE, Published in 1924***

*"Camping is an ideal holiday for boys. It provides a complete change from the ordinary routine of school or work. To a lad, the act of living and sleeping in the open is full of interest. The fresh air and healthy exercise are good for him. For many boys, Camp affords the first experience of life away from the shelter of home and may be a most valuable asset in making them sturdy and self-reliant. In after life, Camp is frequently looked back upon as having a very definite beneficial influence on character.*

*From the Officers point of view, too, Camping is of great value. While, during the year, at Bible class, parades and other Company activities, he has tried to get to know his boys and to learn something of their home surroundings, it is at Camp especially, where he lives with them, eats with them, and works with them, that he really gets to know them and so acquires an influence over their lives of the utmost value to him in his work.*

*A Summer Camp is now a recognised branch of the year's work in most Companies of the B.L.B."*

**BELOW: WOOLACOMBE 1950**



The 1st A Birmingham Company of the Boys' Brigade (prior to 1926 the 1st Birmingham Company of the Boys' Life Brigade) was founded in 1913 by Donald L Finnemore (later to become Sir Donald). He was a leading QC and Judge of the High Court but remained connected to The Boys' Brigade to the end of his life. The extract from his book, above, shows the importance he put upon the Annual Camp and the 1st A have camped every year since 1914, even through two World Wars.

Since 1977, Camps led by David Pearce, have also involved members of the 14th Birmingham Company of the Girls' Brigade also attached to the People's Chapel in Birmingham.



### **BELOW: HORTON 1977**

**The first camp with members of the Girl's Brigade**



Camps have been held at various locations in the UK and overseas in Switzerland and Denmark.

Most evenings the day ended with a campfire and on the last evening there was also usually a Camp Concert. Items by boys, girls and staff often reminded everyone of events that had taken place during the time at Camp. Songs, poems, monologues, skits and sketches were all used and frequently these were aimed at causing maximum embarrassment to the staff. In fact the best concerts were those where the maximum number of staff were either embarrassed or soaked with water. (or preferably both!!)

Unfortunately in the mêlée of clearing up camp many of the notes used for these items were lost. This book is the result of hunting for these lost notes and audio and video tape recordings of some of the most memorable Camp Concert items over the more recent years.

It starts with the poem about the most memorable journey ever taken by the 1st A. When an old 52-seat coach was obtained, refurbished and taken on a "Magnificent Journey" to Switzerland. The route through London led past the front of Buckingham Palace at 12 noon where the band from the Changing of the Guards ceremony provided an escort. A side panel, ripped off the coach loading it onto the ferry, was repaired during the crossing with black plastic bags and sticky tape. When a wrong turning was taken in Belgium all the





signs said Paris! Driving into the night a spectacular accident on the opposite carriageway caused a car to spin over several times, but the driver, who was drunk, just walked away! In Zurich they were building a new motorway and after weaving along a narrow road between deep excavations a restricted weight limit bridge had to be crossed. 100 metres further on was a dead end and so the bridge had to be crossed again! While negotiating the winding narrow mountain roads, with modern, large Italian coaches (with loud horns) coming the other way, the black plastic bag over the hole in the side of the coach was rearranged! And finally in Grindelwald the old coach was parked next to all the latest and best coaches in the world, much to the amusement of all the other drivers.

**ABOVE: SWITZERLAND  
1978**

Other songs and poems allude to more trivial events such as the toilet roll required for inspection obtained from the camp in the next field. There was only one problem - ours were white and theirs were blue! Even our inspecting officers spotted that!! Other common topics include custard, spam, long walks and the lady helpers (known as 'aunties').

Camp venues included:

Dyffryn, near Barmouth, visited in 1986, 1987 and 1991 and famous for the secret shower in a toilet tent comprising bucket, jug and **tray**!

At Atlantic College, based at St Donat's Castle near Llantwit Major in South Wales and visited in 1984, 1989 and 1993 to 1998, we camped on the College sport's field. Here activities led by the college students included climbing, abseiling, canoeing, snorkelling, archery, orienteering, mountain biking, initiative tests and bandy (a form of hockey also known as Uni-hock).

The authors of items are named at the end of each piece where these are known, but may not be correct, as many items are combined efforts from a number of people. If we have failed to acknowledge an author then please accept our apologies and let us know so that we can correct our mistakes in the next edition.

We would like to thank all the writers whose work is contained in this book and hope that they do not object to us publishing their material.

This booklet was researched and produced as part of the celebrations for the People's Chapel 150th year. If you have any papers, photographs, drawings or books relating to the People's Chapel or its organisations we would be very pleased to see them.

We hope you enjoy reading this booklet. If there are any verses you do not understand then ask someone who was there. If they can stop laughing long enough I am sure that they will explain it all to you.

*Rob and Becky Clarke August 1997*

## **Poem from Switzerland 1978**

### **The Magnificent Journey**

The 1st A are known throughout the land,  
As a Company of ambition fine and grand.  
So this year they tried a new approach,  
By travelling to Switzerland in their own coach.

The adventure started last December,  
And would finish with a journey all would remember,  
The coach that was bought had seen better days,  
But with a lot of hard work they'd soon sing its praise.

Dents were removed and lights were fixed,  
Fibre glass padding all were mixed,  
The inside was scrubbed, the outside too,  
There seemed no limit to what they could do.

The response was great from all those who worked,  
The jobs were done well and no one shirked,  
The Captain knew he had a good crew,  
And each person knew what they had to do.

The coach took shape and looked the part,  
And soon had a place in everyone's heart,  
The steering was fixed and so were the brakes,  
All ready for touring the mountains and lakes.

A tachograph was fitted to show where they'd been,  
And with a coat of paint the coach did gleam,  
The trim was polished 'till it shone in the sun,  
And then at last the great day had come.

The food was packed tight into the boot,  
Hidden away like smuggler's loot,  
The cases were packed from ceiling to floor,  
Until the coach could take no more.

Down the motorway the party sped,  
In the gleaming coach of cream and red,  
Into London the coach did go,  
With thousands of people to see the show.

The Queen had heard the going would be hard,  
So she gave them an escort of Her Home Guard,  
There were trombones, flutes and big silver drums,  
And the people shouted, "Here the coach comes".

Then down to the coast and onto the boat,  
And everyone felt a lump in their throat,  
Even a little scrape could not stop them there,  
As they crossed the Channel they made a repair.

Onto French soil, they had made the first stage,  
And the Evening Mail gave them half a back page,  
Into Calais and on through to Dunkirk,  
The old Diesel engine was beginning to work

They journeyed through towns they couldn't pronounce,  
The coach and the driver were giving every ounce,  
On to Lille the plans had been made,  
It was getting dark and the light did fade

The navigator said, "I think we've gone wrong,  
But just follow this road it won't take us long,  
On they sped well into the night,  
With the driver keeping well to the right.

The Belgium border was made at last,  
There was no turning back the die was cast,  
Passports were ready and they called out the roll,  
But the border guards still charged them a toll.

The target was Aachen before night fall,  
But the frantic pace was beginning to tell,  
They'd all been stunned by a very close shave,  
But the Lord had decided a life he should save.

They then pulled in for an overnight sleep,  
'Till in the morning the journey would keep,  
Such was the excitement, and all the fuss,  
There was little sleep that night on the bus.

The party were off at the sign of first light,  
In the rising sun it was a magnificent sight,  
They'd crossed into Germany in no time at all,  
Just half of the journey they all would recall.

Down the Rhine valley they kept up the pace,  
The coach was moving with effortless grace,  
Wherever they stopped, people would all look and stare,  
Truly amazed at what they saw there.

Onto the Black Forest the party did steam,  
They'd nearly completed their magnificent dream,  
At last the Swiss border came into view,  
The coach had been trusty, good and true.

They waited with patience by the customs post,  
Full of pride at completing their impossible boast,  
But the journey was not finished as everyone knew,  
There was a long way ahead and more driving to do.

The signs said Basle, Zurich and Bern,  
But there were problems ahead as they soon would learn,  
They went through mountain, tunnels well into the night  
And all round the valleys the lamps shone bright.

Zurich at last, the big sign did show,  
But which way now, which road do they go,  
The coach was weary with its heavy load,  
And everywhere they went, they were repairing the road.

Bridges had to be crossed, in the true sense of the word,  
Tales of those manoeuvres for years will be heard,  
Wallisellen had been reached to a sigh of relief,  
They'd reached their destination without coming to grief.

The tale didn't end there for the leader of the team,  
They'd journey to Grindelwald to finish the dream,  
He'd experienced problems all of which he'd survived  
But when he looked out on the Eiger he knew they'd arrived.

*Paul and Avis Harding*

## Songs from Atlantic College 1984

### Adj. is Here

*(To the tune of Majesty)*

Adj. is Here, waking the orderlies,  
shaking pillows and knocking on the tent pegs,  
Gwen is there, stroking the babies hair,  
shouting at Si, he's asking why, It's Alex's fault.

So Hush hush, don't make a sound, you'll wake the baby,  
Grantly's gone, Gills having fun, now that she's one.

Aunty "Rene, you are the camping queen  
You make us laugh, in your head-scarf, please take it off.

Bill is there, combing his strand of hair,  
while Sheila is working out the bills,  
She's a worm, boy did you see her squirm,  
Oh no just wait, we made a mistake, she was a snake.

Ron was there, playing so fair, at bandy  
Fell on his bum, and hurt his thumb, Dawn was not there.  
Tom came back, almost had heart attack,  
poor Ron had gone, MO and Don, they didn't come back.

### The Padre goes a wandering

*( To the tune Happy Wanderer.)*

The padre goes a wandering along the coastal path,  
Along the way he'll stop and say, "I know a quick way back".

*chorus     We were lost, We were lost, We were lost,  
              We were lo-o-o-o-o-ost,  
              We were lost, We were lost,  
              I know a quick way back*

Through fields of corn we wearily went, where map and compass sent  
Over the top of dry stone wall, This is the quick way back.

*chorus*

Back on the path we started a perfect circle made  
With stings and cuts and grazes, We all needed first aid.

*chorus*

Eventually we found our way, back to the coastal path  
We're glad to say we were back the same day  
And we just had to laugh.

*chorus (last line) But we found the quick way back.*

**Land of Soapy Water**

*( To the tune 'Land of Hope and Glory')*

Land of soapy water  
The CO's having a bath  
The MOs looking through the keyhole  
Having a jolly good laugh.

Land of soapy water  
The CO's having a shower  
The rabble takes twenty minutes  
But he takes nearly a hour.

**Give me a piece of your fried bread**

*(To the tune 'Make me a channel of your peace')*

Give me a piece of your fried bread  
If there's none left I'll have some toast instead  
Some bake beans and a little scrambled egg  
But I would prefer to have fried bread

I put my hand up yesterday you see  
But there's none on the CO's plate for me  
I look down upon my empty plate  
And no longer is Don Allen my best mate

Give me a pilchard sandwich too  
Even though it makes me go to the loo  
We had one left over yesterday  
And Don Allen still has not thrown it away

So please give me a piece of your fried bread  
I do not want to have the toast instead  
It is hardly ever eaten anyway  
So we'll have to have dry bread from yesterday

Give me a piece of your fried bread  
If there's none left I'll have some toast instead  
Some baked beans and a little scrambled egg  
But I would prefer to have fried bread.

### **Poem from Dyffryn 1986**

There's a famous seaside place called Dyffryn  
That's noted for fresh air and fun  
And its there that the 1stA and 14th  
Went camping to find them some sun.

Now one little lad name of Wayne  
Was fascinated by anything blue  
He took wrong toilet roll from the carzy  
And gave it to tent number two.

The C.O. he could do no talking  
By gum he were really perplexed  
But he worked the archbishop with strings  
Moved his mouth with his hand up his vest

The padre was called the archbishop  
But that title had little to offer  
He had to do all the talking  
'Cause he was the only one what could talk proper

The custard was terribly lumpy  
More lumps than the strawberry jam  
But we found out the cause on the last day  
It's where the Q.M. kept hiding the spam

They went on a walk to shell island.  
They walked till there feet they were sore  
Each time they asked how much further  
The padre said "One mile more".

You should have seen the size of the aunties,  
They're so big even Snowdon looked small.  
They cast such a gigantic shadow  
We didn't get no sun at all.

We went on a train to the mountains  
Looked at hillsides all covered in slate  
The spamwiches were so appealing  
That even the C.O. was late

The t.v. had called back our Selwyn  
He went home with Bill in the rain  
We thought we had lost him for ever  
But he came back again on the train.



The weather's a bit of a problem  
What with all of the winds and the rain  
But we all had a camp to remember  
So we hope to see Dyffryn again.

**Shout from Dyffryn 1987**

*(In the style of a US Army marching shout.)*

We are the boys of the 1st A,  
We all come from Hockley way,  
We've got a boss named Mr. P,  
And He's always shouting at you and me.

1, 2, 3, 4, 1,2, .. 3, 4.

We're all on our holiday,  
We've been here since Saturday,  
Out of bed by seven sharp,  
Don't get back 'till it's gone dark.

1, 2, 3, 4, 1,2, .. 3, 4.

We've got a man named Mr. C,  
He likes to take us for a walk,  
Up the hills and down the dales,  
We've nearly walked all over Wales.

1, 2, 3, 4, 1,2, .. 3, 4.

Bill and Don are our two chefs,  
They make us our breakfast,  
Dinner, tea and supper too  
It's so much can't hardly move.

1, 2, 3, 4, 1,2, .. 3, 4.

Mike's the man who keeps us fit,  
Got us running till we feel sick,  
Up and down and round and round,  
Runs us right into the ground.

1, 2, 3, 4, 1,2, .. 3, 4.

We've got a man named Mr. T,  
He's the Adj. for you and me,  
Gets us up and beds us down,  
He's the coolest guy around.

1, 2, 3, 4, 1,2, .. 3, 4.

And now the end is drawing near,  
There's no need to shed a tear  
We're off back home to dear old Brum  
To see if we can find some sun.

1, 2, 3, 4, 1,2, .. 3, 4.

*Grantley Taylor*

### **Poem from Dyffryn 1987**

*(with apologies to W Wordsworth)*

I wondered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on Snowdon's vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd  
A host of tired lads and girls  
Beside a lake beneath the trees  
Staggering and limping chests all wheeze.  
They took until the stars did shine  
Feeding on Mars and Milkyway.  
They stretch in never ending line  
waiting to shower in a tray.  
At a glance I saw them dance  
The hokey cokey they did prance.  
The waves beside them dance,  
But they out-did the polluted waves, with wee.  
A Probation Officer could not be gay  
In such a 1st A company.  
I blazed and blazed without a thought  
What health to me the MO brought.  
For oft when in my bag I lie  
More vacant than in pensive mood,  
The flashes as I close my eyes,  
What was that tablet that I chewed  
Which made my back and ankle well,  
So I came back with Wayne and Sel.

*Jayne Clarke (now Basnett)*

### **Song from Dyffryn 1987**

#### **Auntie 'Rene has got a shower**

*(To the tune Father Abraham)*

Auntie 'Rene has got a shower  
Bring a bucket of warm water  
In the blue tent around the back  
With the toffee tray thrown in

- |                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Soap yourself | 2. Dip your jug  |
| 3. Pour it over  | 4. Pour it under |
| 5. Wet your head | 6. Stretch up    |
| 7. Turn around   | 8. Dry off       |

### **Poem from Dyffryn 1987**

There's a famous seaside place called Dyffryn,  
That's noted for fresh air and fun,  
And its there that the 1stA and 14th,  
All went off camping again.

They didn't think much of the campsite,  
The grass it was ever so long,  
You could only tell where the lads were,  
'Cause they always kept singing a song,  
*"Ballerina Girl"*.

We went for a walk with the padre,  
Just a short one up a small hill,  
The view from the top would have been smashing,  
If we all hadn't been quite so ill.

The decent was not easy or pleasant,  
The path it was terribly boggy,  
When Dom sneezed the C.O. fell on his bum,  
Wet hair, and his trousers all soggy.

We went for a trip to a forest,  
They said Gold could be found on the ground,  
We searched for hours and hours,  
but not even one carrot was found.

We saw a big steam train on Sunday,  
E-by-gum it were grand,  
But the lads just kept eating their dinner,  
With a knife and a fork in each hand.

We climbed up a mountain for hours,  
Its name they said was Snowdon,  
We walked 'til our blisters had blisters,  
But when we got to the top, the snow'd gone.

We kept ourselves clean for a fortnight,  
in the sea we did swim everyday,  
but others they had a shower,  
and stood with their feet **in a tray**.

The treasure hunt was quite a problem,  
Two teams cooked burgers in bread,  
But the third team went half way to Harlech,  
As they looked for McDonalds instead.

A market was held every Thursday,  
Up the lane, in the village o.k.,  
All the stalls had come down from the Midlands,  
And we couldn't keep Margaret away.

This year we had lots more sunshine,  
Our suntans really look good,  
We might have been fried to a frizzle,  
But the rain came and caused a great flood.

The brook got deeper and deeper,  
But the water all flowed away,  
If it hadn't we all would have drowned,  
Except one who sailed away **on her tray**.

The food it was simply fantastic,  
We had everything - even fried eggs,  
But Andy kept looking at E numbers,  
In case it caused harm to his legs.  
We marched with the band to the station,  
To see David off on the train,  
We impressed all the girls in the GB,  
It's a pity we won't see them again.

We're all really sad to go home now,  
We've come to the end of our stay,  
And if Sid doesn't come with the lorry,  
We'll drag all the stuff home **on the tray**.

### **Poem from Switzerland 1990**

This year was a camp to remember,  
In a cabin surrounded by trees,  
In the fine country of Switzerland,  
Famous for cowbells and cheese.

We travelled across Europe Direct,  
The coach driven by Brian and Paul,  
Tommy and Ralph were the canteen,  
But Ralph's shirt made the best tea of all.

We arrived in the heat on the Saturday,  
With only a handful of bunks,  
Two to a bed it was cosy,  
And 3 for the littler hunks.

On Sunday we went to the Airport,  
To collect the folks who had flown,  
The heaviest case was the airbeds,  
To be lighter they had to be blown-*up*.

We soon discovered the lido,  
With death slide, Jacuzzi and tube,  
The inflatable soon was deflated,  
So we all lay on Sandra's left *chest*.

Wherever we travelled our courier,  
Gave us an unguided tour,  
Through Stans, Stans' dads and Stan's aunty,  
But we don't think he is a bore.

We went to Lucerne via Altdorf,  
The town famous for William Tell,  
The courier told us a story,  
So Rob told the real one as well.

This year in Canteen were the Parrys,  
The sun made the pop sell quite well,  
We'd drunk more if we had been able,  
But they'd sold the bottle openers as well.

We had a competition with the custard,  
Andy's was really quite thin,  
Mr Lerwill's we all stood our spoon in,  
Mr Allen's definitely didn't win.

The 1st of August was a Swiss celebration,  
With bonfire bangs and a group,  
We all danced around with the locals,  
But Andy made the girls loop the loop.

The chairlift up the Alps was exciting,  
At the start we were warm in short sleeves,  
By 6000ft we were freezing,  
And everyone developed a sneeze.

At the end of the lift Ralph went walking,  
In shorts to search for the top,  
With his team he got lost from the path-way,  
So he flagged down a chopper to stop.

At the baths we met a girl called Francesca,  
But she said we could call her just Fran,  
She liked Andy the fisherboy and his father,  
But Charlotte was her biggest fan.

The lads this year are quite kinky,  
With Alex and David in tights,  
Andrew the Adj. paints his toe nails,  
We usually just have the fights.

And now we are at our camp concert,  
We wonder what Tommy will do,  
With Olé Olé for Ireland,  
We think Jackie Charlton might sue!

When we all travel back at the weekend,  
We'll think of the fantastic views,  
The experiences we've had in this country,  
And the price that we've paid for the loos.

*Jayne Clarke (now  
Basnett)*



### **Poem from Dyffryn 1991**

There's a famous seaside town called Dyffryn,  
That's noted for high winds and rain,  
Where the 1stA and 14th,  
Went for their camp once again.

When we arrived the field was empty,  
You should have seen them put up the marquee,  
There was one small tent short, when we counted,  
So Don Allen shared with Mr P.

The swimming in the sea was fantastic,  
Most people went back in for more,  
Except Gavin who thought he saw a jelly fish,  
But it was only a Portuguese man-o'-war.

We all took our turn reading graces,  
Mrs C. read it just like the queen,  
When Si said "Well by jove she's got it",  
His bottom by many was seen.

At night we sang our camp songs,  
As we gathered in the marquee,  
The Adj. was our Jason Donovan,  
except that Jason sings slightly off key.

We sang all the usual ditties,  
About frogs, and cows, and Kelly.  
One night Don and Andy did the musicals,  
It should have been on Sky telly.

To remove tension we played Mrs Rafferty,  
With rolled up telegraphs it was best,  
Dom. and Andy had the wildest battle,  
Mr P. took on all the rest.

We also played games like wink murder,  
And all telegrams went ping too soon,  
Chinese whispers changed into Latin,  
the hippopotamus was a fork not a spoon.

There were heated discussions about football,  
Especially between Villa and Jim,  
But the third division football is easier,  
It's the only way West Brom. can win.

Before setting out on our travels,  
We had weather forecasts from Don,  
But even when the sun shone brightly,  
Stephen always kept his coat on.

The rain came down heavier and heavier,  
Enough to fill even Gav's cup,  
The clouds made it darker and darker,  
But Jim said "It's brightening up".

Some set out to climb to the top  
Of the highest mountain in Wales,  
It was freezing cold at the summit,  
which boosted the hot chocolate sales.

While Snowdon was climbed some went shopping,  
And Margaret made a pot on a wheel,  
She was so good for a beginner,  
That Wedgwood have made her a deal.

After climbing Snowdon there were blisters,  
The cure slippers like a fuzzy buzzy bee,  
Unless you've got a bad case of red dye,  
Then the cure was a wash in the sea.

Now that our camp's nearly over,  
We'll look on the fun we have had.  
the food , long walks and the concert,  
we're surely all must be mad.

*Jayne Clarke (now Basnett)*





### **Poem from Atlantic college 1992**

There's a famous college at St. Donat's,  
That's noted for fitness and fun,  
Its where the 1st A and 14th,  
Went to climb, canoe, swim and run.

On the day we arrived there was chaos,  
Tents were took down and put up,  
The marquees had to be just right,  
Or else we'd have no where to sup.

The first cup of tea Mr D. made,  
Was not the finest of brews,  
But those who were known to have drunk it,  
Soon had to chase to the loos.

Our first activity was lifesaving,  
Dave and Craig, they showed us the way,  
With ropes and wading and bottles,  
But Dom. and Gav. still drowned on the day.

We went for an absail on Tuesday,  
Adam, on Clair's rope, was quite keen,  
Tommy came down like dad's Army,  
Ralph came down like a marine.

We went to Porthcawl on the Wednesday,  
For the fair, the chips and the shops,  
They hadn't enough water pistols,  
But for Nadine the bargains were tops.

Back at camp Ralph and Barb. had a lodger,  
A gnome with a rod and a fly,  
Nine carrot gold fish he was after,  
but water pistols kept his pond dry.

Some climbed up the cliffs on the Thursday,  
On the rock face all was not well,  
A Yank on the rope and the knot slipped,  
And suddenly Adj. Andy fell.

Mr P volunteered to go boating,  
To a group with the kids he was sent,  
He sang and touched toes next to Simon,  
But it was over Gav's canoe that he went.

Mr C went to play bows and arrows  
like Will Tell his arrow was sent  
He didn't quite hit an apple  
but like a banana his arrow was bent.

Jim arrived and the talk turned to football  
Ozzie he thought was the best  
When he shouted and cheered for the Albion  
"Who are they" called back all the rest.

We all enjoyed fantastic custard  
Like we'd never experienced before  
The secret was just Andy's eyesight  
He could read the instructions, that's all.

Mrs D's tent became the T.V. room  
To keep up with the Olympics each day  
We looked all around for the shower  
but she said she'd forgotten the tray

Snorkelling was quite an adventure  
Sam couldn't find flippers to fit  
so she had to put on her sandals  
then like a fish, set to it.

Marg. joined with the group for canoeing  
at capsizing she really was good  
but getting back in caused her problems  
But then we all knew it would.

To put up a tent was the challenge  
but blindfolds made it more fun  
Sandra, Sheila, Jim, Marian and Margaret  
Nadine bossed about, till it was done.

Our loos this year were the finest  
Tom really made a good job of it  
He emptied them noon, night and morning  
and threw it all into the pit.

Our last day was spent mountain biking  
but Martin fell off , saw a star  
the rest cycled out to the lighthouse  
and Tom made us stop at the bar.

We liked all of the instructors  
Michelle especially liked Craig  
but after the bike ride on Friday  
She was pleased with the big kiss from Dave.

We've had a great time at this college  
I wonder what part you liked best  
It's time to re-pack all our cases  
and set off to home, for a rest.



## List of Camps held from 1914 to 1997

1914	Earlswood		1957	Watcombe
1915	Stratford		1958	Eaton
1916	Malvern		1959	Polzeath
1917	Malvern		1960	Denmark (Seniors)
1918	Malvern			Winscombe (Juniors)
1919	Hagley		1961	Salcombe (Company)
1920	Abergele			Switzerland (N.C.O.'s)
1921	Oxford		1962	Horton
1922	Llangollen		1963	Ireland <b>50th</b>
1923	Rhos-on-Sea		1964	Clovelly
1924	Oxford		1965	Horton
1925	Penmaenmawr		1966	Denmark
1926	Penmaenmawr		1967	Horton
1927	Penmaenmawr		1968	Exmouth
1928	Harlech & Switzerland		1969	Switzerland
1929	Isle of Wight	with 1st Epsom	1970	Horton
1930	Isle of Wight	with 1st Epsom	1971	Guernsey
1931	Isle of Wight	with 1st Epsom	1972	Borth
1932	Woolacombe	with 1st Epsom	1973	Horton
1933	Woolacombe	with 1st Epsom	1974	Denmark
1934	Germany <b>21st</b>	with 1st Epsom	1975	Chester (canal)
1935	Woolacombe	with 1st Epsom	1976	Horton
1936	Eype	with 1st Epsom	1977	Horton
1937	Saundersfoot	with 1st Epsom	1978	Switzerland
1938	Denmark <b>25th</b>	with 1st Epsom	1979	Scotland
1939	Christchurch	with 1st Epsom	1980	Horton
1940	Stanton	with 1st Epsom	1981	Poole
1941	Stanton	with 1st Epsom	1982	Denmark
1942	Winscombe	with 1st Epsom	1983	Horton
1943	Winscombe	with 1st Epsom	1984	Atlantic College
1944	Berrow	with 1st Epsom	1985	Horton
1945	Berrow	with 1st Epsom	1986	Dyffryn
1946	Woolacombe	with 1st Epsom	1987	Dyffryn
1947	Porthcawl		1988	Denmark <b>75<sup>th</sup> EXPLO88</b>
1948	Keswick		1989	Atlantic College
1949	Penally		1990	Switzerland
1950	Woolacombe		1991	Dyffryn
1951	Winscombe		1992	Atlantic College
1952	Denmark		1993	Atlantic College
1953	Mill Hill		1994	Atlantic College
1954	Porthcawl		1995	Atlantic College
1955	Porthcawl		1996	Atlantic College
1956	Denmark		1997	Atlantic College

The People's Chapel, Great King Street, Birmingham

## **The Boys' Brigade 1st A Birmingham Company**

MOVIES on DVD are now available of the following Camps:

### **Woolacombe 1935**

Produced from an old 16mm film, this rare movie shows what BB camping was like in the 1930's and includes scenes of bell tents, church parade, swimming, cook house and wash day. It also includes the free time activity of throwing a boy in the air using a blanket and "The Magic Tea Chest". This Camp at Woolacombe was one of eighteen camps held jointly with the 1<sup>st</sup> Epsom Company between 1929 and 1946.

### **1<sup>st</sup> A Birmingham Boys' Brigade 1978 - 1995**

A collection of movies transferred from 8mm ciné film and video covering summer and Easter camps and parades, with the 14<sup>th</sup> Birmingham Girls' Brigade, between 1978 and 1995 including:

Switzerland	1978	filmed in 8mm ciné
Scotland	1979	filmed in 8mm ciné
Battalion Junior Section Parade	1979	filmed in 8mm ciné
Company Parade Newtown, Birmingham	1979	filmed in 8mm ciné
Denmark	1982	filmed in 8mm ciné
Switzerland	1990	video film
Colwall Easter Camp	1991	video film
Dyffryn	1991	video film
Atlantic College	1992	video film
Atlantic College	1992	video film
Switzerland film montage video	1978/1990	8mm ciné and video

*Produced by Andrew Clarke*

For more information email [enquiry@1abb.org.uk](mailto:enquiry@1abb.org.uk)





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