

Chin = Wag

The Magazine of
THE ETON MANOR CLUBS

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Around the Club, by "Rover"

On another page of the magazine "The Scribe" will have written about our Annual Camp at the Isle of Thorns. He has been writing his diary for a good many years, but I venture to suggest that he will find his task a little more difficult this year. This was Camp with a difference, huts and spring beds, mattresses, pillows and sheets, instead of the old pattern of tents, ground sheets, and blankets. Whether all the boys appreciated this change is perhaps a matter of opinion. A few certainly would have been better off under the old conditions, which provide better scope for their high spirits after "lights out." As an experiment, however, it was a great success, more especially in view of the wet weather which, in common with everywhere else, was experienced at the "Thorns."

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The following extract from the "Tower," which is the Parish Newspaper of St. John at Hackney, is singularly apt at this particular time. Under the heading of Good Camping! appeared this: "From every busy town in England, youngsters will in the next few weeks be invading the countryside to enjoy what may be their first experience of camping. They will leave behind the fumes and the feather beds, the armchairs and television, the family cooking and flush closets, and they will experience Life. They may be rattled by snakes, bitten by bugs, irritated by earwigs; they'll have ants in their pants and sand in their soup. But they will experience LIFE."

"First, because they will be in God's open-air, which is healthy, free, and as good for the soul as the body.

"Second, because they will learn to take the rough with the smooth—the rain with the sunshine, the mud with the grass. And if the tent collapses and the billy-can overturns and puts out the fire, they may be homeless and hungry—but they will be wiser at the end of it all!

"Third, because they will experience close fellowship with their companions. They will have their edges knocked off, their tempers taxed and their vices victimised.

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"And they will emerge from the whole thing much better equipped to endure their fellow men, and co-exist peacefully with their neighbours. It's a pity the world doesn't follow their example! If Krushchev, Eisenhower, Nasser and the others had to cook a plum duff together round an open fire in the rain they would end up with a closer understanding of each other and their own weaknesses!

"We think that a holiday exercise of this sort—the exercise of living together—ought to be practised by many more people.

"Then perhaps after practice we shall make a better job of it in our personal, social and national life."

Well, this is the viewpoint of the Scouter; this is how he looks at his summer camp. I wonder how near to these ideals we are with our camps? I wonder how many of us fail to appreciate or to understand the reason and purpose of camp?

It seems hard to realise that by the time you are reading these notes summer will be over, the long sunny(?) days will have given way to the shorter golden days of September, the leaves will have assumed their autumn tints of yellow and gold, the harvest (what is left of it!) will have been gathered in. Our cricket things will have been packed away and we shall be breaking in our new football boots; or should it be that they are breaking us in? The wickets will have surrendered pride of place to the posts of the football and rugby fields, and the athletes will be forsaking the track for the roads and the fields. To some, the portents of the approach of winter will be the subject of gloom, but to those who are young enough and active enough to enjoy the pastimes and games of an English winter, it will cause no alarm. Even for the older people, they have the enjoyment of the football matches to watch, with the chance of a rich reward from Webbo's maybe! The Club will again come into its own, with the boxers, P.T. enthusiasts, rifle shooters, first aiders, art and indoor games groups resuming where they left off a few months ago. Yes, the autumn and winter months can be good fun, especially if we really try to make them so.

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I wonder how many of our married members have toyed with the idea of a Continental holiday, but have had to think otherwise because of the cost? They may be interested in a scheme, which for the moment is confined to those who reside in the Borough of Hackney. The Council have a scheme which will enable families in Hackney to arrange exchange holidays with families in the town of Suresnes, which is a pleasant suburb of Paris, some seven miles from its centre. The basis of exchange holidays is that in return for a family holiday with a French family in Suresnes, the Hackney family will offer that family a holiday of equivalent length, and with roughly equivalent amenities in their own home. This would seem to be an inexpensive way of enjoying a holiday abroad, and might commend itself to those who have children who are old enough to appreciate and enjoy the thrill and excitement of "going abroad." The Town Clerk of the Borough of Hackney would be only too pleased to furnish further particulars to any member who qualifies for the scheme.

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Writing of holidays draws attention to the very fine letter written by John McGarry, and which appears in this issue, in which John recounts his experiences of a motoring holiday in the U.S.A., during which he covered nearly 7,000 miles in a fortnight. An interesting point is that he did 670 miles in one day! To bring it into better perspective, try to imagine anyone in this country driving from London to Cornwall and back in one day! It is, I suppose, a sad commentary on the antiquated and shocking condition of the highways in this country, as opposed to those to be found in countries abroad. Those who have had the fortune, or misfortune, to drive long distances during the holiday periods in this country recently will envy John his six-way lanes, and his average of over 50 miles an hour.

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The note by the "Mouse" in last month's issue of the magazine concerning the accident to Arthur Thompson, of Reading, was followed up pretty quickly by Harry Goodyear, who tells me that Arthur has now been discharged from hospital as an in-patient, but that it will be some time before he is able to get about again. Harry did one of his usual good neighbour acts by taking Arthur and his wife down to Bognor for a few days, where Arthur's daughter and her husband are putting on a little show. We all hope that Arthur will soon recover from his injuries and setback, and will be "making his rounds" again in the near future.

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Farewell Cricket—Welcome Football. As I write these notes the first team have played a couple of games, the second and third have also made a start, and the results infer that once again the Club has made its usual tardy start, and that it will

be a case of chasing the lost points for the rest of the season. In a Club such as ours it is inevitable that a good number of our best players will be away on holiday for the early games, and this, added to early injuries, will always be a major problem for the Football Committee. One consolation, however, is that it gives games in a high sphere of football to some of our younger players, at an earlier stage than would otherwise occur. Already there are encouraging signs that some of these younger players possess ability and skill, which, with further training and experience, will stand them in good stead later in the season. At any moment the footballers embark on the early rounds of the major cup competitions. We wish them all the best of success and good luck in these important matches, because many of us feel that it is only by making our mark in the big competitions that we will force the powers that be to acknowledge the fact that we are good enough and strong enough to be accepted into a better standard of football.

BOYS' CLUB NOTES

Club Camp

Despite a couple of unfortunate incidents with some unruly boys early in the week, Eton Manor's first hutted Camp was a great success. Weather apart, everything was in our favour. The Camp authorities provided warm, dry and comfortable billets, plenty of good wholesome food and unequalled facilities for sports and games. Having the entire site to ourselves this year rather than sharing it as in the past was an enormous advantage. Despite the atrocious weather in former years we had never experienced heavy rain on arrival; but just as the advance party entered the Isle of Thorns this year a storm broke and it was impossible to unload personal gear into the billets; the nearby tenting field was at this time almost under water. As we looked through the windows of the huts sheltering from the torrential downpour we tried to imagine ourselves pitching tents and erecting an outdoor kitchen.

Youth Football

Enormous strides have been made since the war in Youth football. Most of the professional clubs run their own junior sides, whilst many other young teams are sponsored, openly and otherwise, by the big outfits, and there is also a number of single purpose clubs catering solely for the sport. Although we are at present holding our own in most competitions, with the rapid advances being made in training, coaching and playing in the numerous organisations outside the Club, we must, in order to maintain our reputation as a football force, continue to improve our methods and think up some new and better ideas. Our training is in for a bit of revision this season; the boys will no longer be trained as one big class, but will be broken up for specialised team training. The Junior boys' 1st and 2nd will have their floodlit session on Wednesdays with the odd practice game being arranged on other nights, and we are looking into the possibility of an extra football P.T. Class for the boys in "B" and "C" teams. The players in these lower teams will get every chance of promotion into the higher teams and a chance to join in the special training sessions. The Old Boys' Football Club have kindly agreed to the Old Boys and Seniors joining forces on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This is a wise move, as so many of these 16-17s are only a season or so away from senior amateur football anyway.

Winter Programme

The theme in last month's Boys' Club Notes was the variations in a good club's programme, but apart from the above mentioned football training our plans for the coming autumn have a familiar ring. Notices have been displayed and numerous questionnaires despatched regarding a possible JUDO section, but as only seven answers have been received to the 35 letters despatched, and of the seven only four can guarantee a regular weekly attendance, it would seem unwise for the management to get too deeply involved at this stage. There has, however, been some interest in the notes on ROWING, and several lads have already made a start. The fact that no

single person has accepted the invitation to suggest new and bright ideas proves one of three things: Members are satisfied with things as they are; they are too lazy or disinterested to do anything about it; third, and most likely, nobody reads my notes. Programme at present for the winter months will be as follows:—

MONDAYS

Boxing Training at the Club, 8 p.m.
First Aid Classes at the Club, 8 p.m.
Committee, enrolment, etc.
Library.

TUESDAYS

Art Class at the Club, 7.30 p.m.
Road Running from the Club, 8 p.m.
Rugby Training on the Wilderness, 7.30 p.m.
Senior Boys' Football Training on the Wilderness, 8 p.m.
Later in the winter a Rifle Shooting Beginners' Class will be held.

WEDNESDAYS

Swimming Class at Hackney Baths, 7 p.m.
Junior Boys' Football Training on the Wilderness, 8 p.m.
Library.

THURSDAYS

Physical Training Class at the Club, 8 p.m.
Squash at Squash Court rear of Club, 7.30 p.m.
Senior Boys' Football Training on the Wilderness, 8 p.m.

FRIDAYS

Boxing Training at the Club, 8 p.m.
Rifle Shooting at the Club, 7.45 p.m.
Advance Class Swimming at Bethnal Green Baths.
Savings Bank in Library.
Library.
Meetings, Team Discussions, etc.

SATURDAYS

Football and Rugby Matches in both morning and afternoon.
Cross Country from our H.Q. at Chingford (see below).

SUNDAYS

Friendly and Trial Football Matches.

NOTES

Special Floodlit Athletic Coaching Classes are held throughout the winter. Full details available from members of the Harriers Committee.

Our Cross Country H.Q. is at "The Queen Elizabeth" Hotel, Chingford. This is five minutes' walk through Forest Side (opposite "Royal Forest Hotel"—38 bus). You are advised to ask for further information from the Harriers Committee before your first visit.

The Wilderness Sports Ground is open at all times and members are welcome to take advantage of the many facilities there for games such as Padder, Squash, Tennis, Table Tennis, Football Practice, etc.

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE NON-MEMBERS ALLOWED TO JOIN IN ANY GAMES OR ACTIVITIES EITHER AT THE SPORTS GROUND OR THE CLUB. MEMBERS ENCOURAGING NON-MEMBERS TO DO SO WILL BE DEALT WITH MOST SEVERELY.

G. J.

CAMP DIARY

During the years that Camp has been held at the Isle of Thorns perhaps the nicest moment of the week for the old camper has been that first view of the site as he made his way across the sports field and then caught a glimpse through the trees of neat triangles of canvas with its whiteness contrasting sharply against a background of green shrubs and of even greener grass; but this year, although already forewarned, it was still something of a shock for him to find the camping

field bare of tents and of marquees, and to find the grass itself long and undisturbed. In other respects, however, it was obvious that the Isle of Thorns was still as lovely and as pleasant as ever, with the large games field so beautifully mown and tended that each blade of grass seemed to have been individually cut and laid in its appointed place, and the sentinel rows of mountain ash which guard the field laden and brilliant with bright orange berry and forming a rich frame for a beautiful picture.

This, then, was the scene which greeted the arrival of the main body of the campers in the late afternoon, but earlier arrivals had not been so fortunate, for at midday the heavens had opened and an absolute deluge had drenched everything and everyone, and for half-an-hour or so the paths and ditches had become miniature torrents of water, and the supporters of the huddled camp were already saying "I told you so!" to the rather downcast advocates of the tents, although both sides in the controversy were to find ample ammunition in support of their respective points of view during the week to come.

Discreet enquiry revealed that the journey down in the buses had been reasonably swift if somewhat noisy, with "Bossy" Cox perhaps a little relieved when journey's end was reached and he could hand over his lively charges to the already wary if not yet weary Canteeners, although the weariness was to come soon enough!

The hour or two before "Sing Song" was spent by the boys in trying out the swimming pool or the padder court or the golf course, with the older campers among them also making certain that they had first choice of whatever blankets or beds were available.

Camp's first "Sing Song" is always a difficult task for George Pettipher and Brian Rees, to whom the phenomenon of 80 boys who sing the whole of the 36 miles from Hackney Wick to the Isle of Thorns, but who dry up the moment "Sing Song" begins, is a yearly source of despair. As a start, George thought that "The clouds will soon roll by!" was a step in the right direction, and although as a prophet George was to be proved not so hot, the boys sang fairly well and, what is more important, it put them into an indulgent mood for listening to the Canteeners murdering their theme song, "The Canteeners of Eton," and to George Jackson softly and nostalgically telling them that "April Love is for the very young." "Monty" Howe then came up with a madrigal, the title of which both he and his audience did not know, but which in any case is unimportant because "Monty's" version would certainly have borne no resemblance to the original.

Sunday

The first morning at Camp is always a test of character, for not only has the first dip to be faced after, if not a sleepless night, at least a disturbed and shortened one, but there is also the morale-disturbing thought that this dip is only the first of many to be faced throughout the week to come, and on this occasion, to make matters worse, the morning was dull with the air moisture laden beneath an overcast sky. Later, however, with the first dip safely negotiated and breakfast over, spirits began to rise, and as if in sympathy the skies then cleared and the sun made a welcome and warming appearance.

The traditional tent inspection was now replaced with a hut inspection by Mr. Ronald Shaw-Kennedy, whose eye for a badly folded blanket or slovenly arranged kit was obviously as keen as ever. A few minutes later the first of the week's competitions got off to a good start with the 80 campers engaged in chasing, kicking, throwing, batting, wheeling, or even biting some sort of ball or object, at the bidding of those medley past masters Fred Lee and George Pettipher, whose talents and ingenuity in this direction seem to improve with the passing of the years. For the final of the event Pete Muncey once more stood by at the first hole on the golf course, and with a bucket of water duly christened Dave Golledge and Graham Jacobs as they valiantly fished with their teeth for tennis balls in the Isle of Thorns sized golf hole. "Taft" Wilson was also there to record the moment for posterity with his colour camera, and undoubtedly Dave and Graham should be grateful to the two of them for going to so much trouble on their behalf.

The winners were "Dan" Archer and his mates of Team 7, which, as someone remarked, would seem to be a triumph of brawn over brain, the brain in this case being represented by Barry Cook and Company of Team 2.

The afternoon found everyone in the pool trying desperately hard to remember whether George Jackson had told them to swim a width or a length under water, or was it six lengths? No one really knew, and many nearly expired trying to do what they thought was right. George had campers wrestling with motor tyre inner tubes much larger than themselves, and others paddling one-man rubber dinghies with paddles almost large enough to propel the "Queen Mary." In fact, the Jackson "Aquatic Medley" was "under weigh," and what a way it went!! Peter White, Bob and Barry Gillett and their mates of Team 3 claimed the prizes at the end, but only they knew why; possibly because Bob and Barry are "Otters" and the possibility of defeat did not enter their heads. In any case, a hilarious time was had by all and that was probably the object of the exercise.

For "Sing Song" Mike Cohen and Peter White came up with a duet which was more tuneful than audible. One gathered that the lyric was roughly concerned with the troubles of a worried man, so it may have been a tribute to George Pettipher, who undoubtedly qualified for the title after his first efforts at getting the Canteeners to sing more or less in tune. Mike and Peter also took their instruments on to the stage with them, and they have promised to play them next year.

Monday

This was the morning for which the budding Bobby Lockes and Peter Thompsons had been waiting; already many rumours had gone the rounds concerning the golfing feats and talents of this or that camper, and although it was difficult to sort the impossible or the merely improbable from among the tales of record rounds performed in practice, it was obvious that the inter-tent golfing competition was going to be on its usual high plane of skill. Cyril Jenkins had been coaching his charges with his usual thoroughness, and all of Team 1 now had a swing of the Jenkins calibre, and two or three had even achieved Cyril's high standard of 50% hits on the little white ball. Another Canteener whose plans had been well laid was Jim Perkins, whose lads it was said had been out since dawn with spikes and stopwatch trying to lower the speed record for the course. Ron Hill's gallant ten had taken one look at Ron's golf swing and had promptly decided that there must be an easier and better way to play the game—and how right they were! It was in such an atmosphere of rivalry and of tension that Dave Burgess, the first man for Team 1, drove off the first tee to start the competition on its way. Dave rose to the occasion with a beautifully hit shot which landed right in the middle of a clump of bushes 50 yards or so to the right of the fairway and necessitated a search party before the competition could continue on its way.

Mr. Kennedy had stationed himself near to the 8th green, from which vantage, if somewhat dangerous, point he could survey the battlefield and direct operations as required. Reports soon began to trickle in that Teams 1, 2 and 3 were going strong, with Team 7 also doing well at the rear of the field. Highlights were Tony Peter's brilliant 3 right under the eyes of the stewards at the long 8th, the spectacle of Alan Archer meticulously shaping up to and then missing a six-inch putt at the 3rd, and the sad sight of the member of Team 5 who, after 24 air shots and nine others which more or less connected, then picked up his ball still no more than halfway to the hole. Fred Springall, for Team 6, was described by an onlooker as using a forward defensive prod to encourage the ball in the general direction of the hole, although it must be admitted not with any marked degree of success.

It is a curious thing, but invariably at Camp one finds that the sealed handicap is always a better leveller of talent than the one where the handicaps are known to the competitors before operations get under way, and so it proved again, with, after the opening of the handicaps, Teams 1, 2 and 3 finding themselves level in a triple tie. If Mr. Baring had been with us as in previous years, instead of roughing it in the South of France, he might have solved the problem in a

different way, but in his absence the stewards ruled that the three teams must play again, and this they did, with eventually Bill Murphy, George Skeggs and Dave Taylor leading "Jenkins' Mashie Wizards" to victory. Team 2, for whom Terry Scarborough and Dave Thompson did very well, followed them home, and Team 3 brought up the rear, with "Monty" Howe full of suggestions as to the reason why.

The sun had honoured us with its presence on the odd occasion during the morning, and after dinner it seemed to be making an effort to continue the good work, so everyone was soon tackling an outdoor edition of "Muncey's Frolics," in which each team in turn wrestled with such activities as donning cricket leg guards with hands encased in wicket-keeping gloves; a difficult enough task at any time, but doubly difficult when "encouraged" by nine team mates shouting advice or threats in your ear. Vic Shepherd, Kevin Rumens, Roger Vickers and the others of Team 5 walked away with the first place, followed by Peter White, Ted Dalling, Ian Heaney and the rest of Team 3.

The first round of the stump cricket competition, which incidentally saw the unexpected toppling of the favourites, Team 7; a game or two of football, and the throwing in of "Clark" Gable by his team mates, saw the remainder of the day satisfactorily occupied until "Sing Song," which itself was notable for the appearance of Mike Cohen and his guitar, and the instantaneous success of the "Rhythm Trio," comprising Barry King at the piano, Peter White on the drums, and last but certainly not least, Tony Peters on the washboard, complete with his mother's thimbles. Mike Ambrose then sang with considerable aplomb if little melody, and on that note we went to bed.

Tuesday

The weather man obviously thought he had overdone things the previous day by allowing us a little sunshine, and we were now back to normal with the day dull and drizzly as we made our reluctant way to the pool for our pre-breakfast swim, which was soon to perform its daily miracle of waking and preparing us for whatever the day and Mr. Kennedy had in store. With the weather so poor the invaluable barn once more came to the rescue for the staging of a second edition of "Muncey's Frolics," which at last saw Team 7 gain a first prize and so reward Henry Lee, Gordon England, Ron Fuller and their mates for much hard work and play. It seemed that other teams had not pulled together so well as the winners, and it was said that when Barry Gillett and "Monty" Howe had a difference of opinion as to the correct method of hitting a table tennis ball during one task set by Peter, the latter "inadvertently" hit the former on the head with the bat and so missed the chance of a point or two for his team. Barry's protest at this error of judgment on "Monty's" part was short and to the point, and the resulting "discussion" caused a slight hold-up in the proceedings.

After dinner, and despite the now persistent rain, the "Round the Camp" race heats were run off and produced some very tight finishes, with Vic Bickers winning the first heat, closely followed by Brian Farquhar and Alan Archer. John Hart won the 2nd heat—there must be something in this heredity business after all—easing up, with "Clark" Gable and Dave Clements 2nd and 3rd respectively. In the 3rd heat Gordon England just got home in front of Keith White, whose effort was a really wonderful one and probably the best feat performed by any camper throughout the week. Barry Gillett, now fully recovered from his mishap with the table tennis bat, was 3rd. The 4th and last heat saw Dave Barnes lead George Mengell and Ian Lodder home in the best time of the day so far. The final, as always, produced a surprise winner in Ian Lodder, a mere 3rd in his heat, who breasted the tape with Terry Newman, who was running in the egg and custard colours of the Canteeners. Terry, however, was promptly disqualified for an infringement of the rules, although this was the first notification we had had that there were any. However, with Terry summarily dismissed, Colin Hayday took 2nd place, with Gordon England and Dave Mengell 3rd and 4th. The course for the race was a new one which had been care-

fully worked out by Jim Perkins and Terry Newman to include all, or nearly all, of the natural hazards of the Isle of Thorns, and inevitably someone had to go off course at some time during the day, and to Cyril Jenkins went the doubtful honour of misdirecting the leading bunch of runners in the first heat who, full of fire and spirit early in the race, had eagerly followed Cyril's directions and had then found themselves piling up in a bewildered and frustrated bunch against the wire surrounding the tennis courts. Cyril, of course, claimed that they had mistaken his signal, but there was a suggestion that some of those who took part in the heat and who did not take the wrong turning were former pupils of schoolmaster Jenkins!!!

During the afternoon we were all extremely pleased to see Mr. Wagg and Mr. Villiers, who seemed to find it difficult to understand why we were not sleeping out of doors on the fine nights—our answer, of course, was that there had not been any!

A complete 5-aside football competition was held in the Barn in the late afternoon with Team 7 gaining their second first prize of the day, their team being Alan Archer, Fred Rose, Bob Lark, Alan Field and Mike Dickenson. Bob Lark was outstanding for them in goal, with Fred Rose the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles from the centre-forward position. The runners-up were five stalwarts from Team 8, comprising Doug Golding, Roger Hampson, Harry Dew, Bob Crowe and Robin Newman.

Wednesday

For several years now Wednesday has been set aside for a trip to Brighton, and invariably on these occasions the day has been bright and sunny, and so it came as no surprise to find once more the sun hot and blazing as we took our morning dip and then made our way into the dining-hall for breakfast. Later, with the meal and hut inspection over, the boys began furiously polishing shoes and smoothing creases out of case-ruffled clothing. Hair, which for several days had hardly seen a comb, was now carefully brushed and parted and the neat, tidy and sartorially correct party of campers was soon climbing into two large if rather dejected looking buses, and that was the last we saw of them for eight hours or so, when the same party returned from the sea, happy, sunburned, tired and considerably poorer. One gathered that Brighton had received them with open arms and cash tills, and that a good time had been had by all! One also heard that Terry Newman and "Dan" Archer had spent an interesting if somewhat unprofitable afternoon trying to find the winners at the races; although "Dan" is still convinced that had there been just one more race he would have had the last word in his argument with his friends the bookies. Terry remembered the latters' large cigars and sumptuous Jaguars and was not so sure!

George Jackson organised a record concert for the hour or so before "Sing Song," and had almost a house-full despite "Monty" Howe's objections that the selection of music was too low-brow.

Thursday

Although rather a dull day, at least we were able to complete the day's programme without recourse to the Barn. The morning saw a football medley taking place with heats and final run off before dinner. Team 8, which included such stars as Harry Dew, Mike Ambrose, Len Webster—heredity again—and Pete Tanner took the honours, with Team 2 chasing them home. This was the team which Jim Perkins had been backing to win all the football competitions, since it included eight of his "Bantams" of last year's football season fame! but Camp is a great leveller in such things and once more they did not quite pull it off. Team 7, which started the competition with a flourish and looked likely winners, had been forced, through absentees, to include their Canteener Ron Hill in their team, and of course Ron first of all took the ball round the wrong mark and then failed dismally in his other tasks of throwing it through a motor tyre inner tube. Colin Boyles, Ron Fuller and the others of Team 7 will no doubt be more selective in their choice of a Canteener next year.

Later in the day the semi-finals of the football competition were played off, and in one of these Vic Shepherd's team finally defeated Kevin Rumen's men after a wonderful match which went to extra time, with Vic himself finally scoring the winning goal in the last minute. Kevin had earlier missed one sitter when he had put the ball over the bar from no more than a yard out, and after the game he was last seen haring for home with the remainder of his team in hot pursuit.

The final of the stump cricket also took place in the afternoon, and Teams 1 and 4 fought out a tense match, during the course of which the umpire was threatened with a ducking by both sides. For Team 4 Keith White and John Hart did extremely well, with John bowling the opposition out at a critical stage of the game. Brian Farquhar was the last man in for Team 1 and when he arrived at the wicket the scores were level; but unfortunately for Brian and for his team he was caught out soon after his arrival at the crease and his great opportunity for making his mark on the history of Camp had gone. When the umpire had finally established that the scores were level and the result a tie, and what was more important that such a compromise was to save him from his promised ducking, then he announced that the replay would take place the following day.

"Sing Song" saw the debut of a new if not promising trio, with "Bossy" Cox leading, and even dragging at times, Cyril Jenkins and Ron Hill in a version of "Side-by-Side." "Bossy" of course is an old master at putting over any sort of song, but this time even he was very much up against it with his two partners, for the only sort of notes Cyril and Ron can ever hold for any length of time are the sort which the Brighton bookies are so fond of collecting. To make matters worse the audience most unwisely demanded an encore and got it, this time complete with actions. The result can only be described as chaotic! Peter Muncey then did his best with a brave effort at "A Four-Leafed Clover," but everyone had been so shattered by the performance of the discordant trio that his talent did not really receive the approbation it deserved. At least that is what Peter claims!

Friday

A hectic day indeed, with six finals being decided, not to mention various heats and the odd padder and swimming race being played off in between times.

The heats of the "Round the Field" race set the ball rolling, and the heat winners were Team 5 and Team 4. The final resolved itself into a race between Teams 4, 5 and 7, and they eventually finished in that order, with the race really won and lost when "Dan" Archer, for 7, fell at a corner when he was fast overhauling John Hart, a member of the winning team.

The one length handicap swimming race was then held in the pool, with rain making the spectators just as wet as the swimmers, and a thrilling finish saw Barry King just get home in front of John Hayday, with the Gillett brothers tying for 3rd place a touch behind him. The one length championship race followed and Bob Gillett easily beat brother Barry with Vic Shepherd a close up 3rd.

The width "non-swimmers" race was won by John Roper, with Colin Hayday 2nd. Ted Barrett, Mike Gamble and Gordon England also took part in the race.

A knock-out padder competition had been taking place throughout the week and in the singles final Barry Cook beat Dave Burgess, and then partnered by Peter Jordan, Barry also had a share in the winning of the doubles final.

Whilst all this was going on Brian Brook had been occupied both in getting soaked to the skin and in organising a golf pairs competition, which eventually was won by Ron Fuller and Gordon England from Team 7. Mike Ambrose and Harry Dew of Team 8 were runners-up.

The afternoon found spirits still high, although the rain it seemed had set in for the day. Peter Muncey had taken one look at the black sky at dinner time and had automatically made his way to the barn and prepared yet another version of his now famous, or did someone say infamous, "Frolics."

The "Bantams" of Team 2 took the opportunity of replenishing their chocolate store by beating a somewhat depleted Team 7 into 2nd place. Team 7 had lost the services of four of its members, including captain "Dan" Archer, who had left us for the "delights" of one of Mr. Butlin's camps on the East Coast. Team 5, including Mike Patten and Tommy Deadman, took 3rd place. Peter had rather let his imagination run riot when preparing the "Frolics" and one or two of the activities were at times to prove perhaps a bit too difficult of execution for some of the campers, an example being Fred Springall, of Team 6, who experienced some difficulty in taking a table tennis bat from a team mate and then hitting a table tennis ball against a wall so that it would rebound on to the table. Fred got into such a muddle that he finished up by throwing the bat into the air and catching the ball in his hand. Fred's team mates were not at all pleased and told him so with a clarity of expression much to be deplored. Fred seemed to think that it was Peter who should have been in the dock and perhaps he was right!

After that it only remained for Team 1 to defeat Team 4 in the replayed final of the stump cricket competition. The hero for Team 1 undoubtedly was Colin Hayday, who went in at a crucial moment and then proceeded to hit the ball to all parts of the field. That self-effacing character Tony Peters asked for the bat when the scores were level in order that he could make the winning hit, but fortunately Colin is not that self-sacrificing and promptly clouted the next ball into the deep for victory.

Tradition at Camp has always decreed that Friday night should see the staging of the inter-tent singing competition, and this meant that in between competing in the numerous finals held throughout the day the boys could be seen gathering into little groups to discuss and plan for their stage debut in the evening. The kitchen staff had been receiving many requests for assistance during the course of the day, ranging from the supply of buckets and mops to satisfying requests for burnt cork. It must be said that Mrs. Wilson and her helpers did all they could to help, although they did think it politic to refuse Team 7's request for the "loan" of half-a-dozen bottles of beer.

The standard of singing was good and several of the Teams had original and well thought out ideas to present. One of the best and most original was that of Team 7, now led by Henry Lee, who bore the brunt of his team's effort as the chairman in an "Olde Tyme Music Hall" presentation. Henry sang and said his lines with timing and skill, and his efforts must have done much to gain the 2nd prize won by his Team. He was, however, well supported by Dave Golledge, Ron Fuller and Colin Boyles. Team 4 did an "Operation" number, with Don Hales as a rather lively corpse and Keith White as a suitably cold blooded surgeon. John Jenkins, John Hart, John Roper and Mike Rebbeck were able if not shapely nurses, and the result of all their efforts was the reward of 3rd prize. The winners, and winners they were without any doubt, were the 10 "sailors" from Team 3, who, well led by Pete White and "Monty" Howe, sang and hornpipied to victory in a most entertaining manner. By means known only to themselves they had persuaded Jim Perkins to lend them a number of sailor-type windcheaters which he had reserved for prizes, and the Brighton trip had produced authentic naval caps for all, so that the Team really looked the part as it went through its routine, and from the moment that Pete and "Monty" led them on to the stage the result was never in doubt.

With the singing competition over and the traditional and, to the old camper, memory filled singing of the old favourites such as the "Eton Boating Song," also over, it only remained for Mr. Kennedy to announce that Team 3 had pulled off a great double by adding the hut inspection prize to the singing one already in the bag. Team 8, Pete Tanner and company, were runners-up.

Saturday

It seemed that we were to go out as we had come in, with the skies grey and rain falling, if not in the torrents which had greeted us, but still with a persistence which was a little depressing. The boys by now had their thoughts on the Wick

or on the High Road, Leyton, and after besieging Jim Perkins for what was left of their cash they sat in the games room listening to George Jackson's record round-up, with this time even "Monty" Howe bereft of ideas or even complaints concerning the culture, or lack of it, in the programme. Not so long after this the coaches arrived, and there was the usual mad rush for favoured seats and places, and a few minutes later the Managers and Canteeners were waving, dare we say it, a thankful good-bye to their erstwhile charges and once more peace descended upon the Isle of Thorns.

This year, of course, Camp has been in the nature of an experiment with the move into the huts a major and perhaps controversial alteration, and the writer of these notes proposes to leave the decision as to whether the move was a successful one to those more qualified to judge, but for all that the move itself meant that many people had to be asked to co-operate in the experiment, and our sincere thanks are due to them for their help and consideration. Our thanks are certainly due to Mr. Rupert Brooke for helping the settling of pre-camp details, and for his continued assistance whilst we were at the Thorns, and we must thank the Isle of Thorns staff, and especially Mrs. Wilson and her kitchen helpers, for the able way in which they looked after our culinary needs.

To Mr. Ronald Shaw-Kennedy, of course, we owe very much indeed, for his leadership and advice at Camp have for many years meant a great deal, and we are indeed grateful to him for again being with us for so much of the week. Our thanks are also due to Brian Brook and to Brian Rees for helping Camp in the way they do. Mr. Rees, it is believed, comes to Camp to play the piano and to help George Pettipher with "Sing Song" in much the same spirit as the inmate of the lunatic asylum who on being found banging his head against a wall and asked why he was doing so, replied, "Because it's so wonderful when you stop!"

One sometimes wonders whether that is not also the spirit in which Mr. Wagg himself invites us to spend our annual Camp at his superb Isle of Thorns. It must be quite an experience having 80-odd Eton Manor boys at the camp, but it must be really wonderful when they have gone! However, whatever the reason, we are extremely grateful to Mr. Wagg for having us again, and perhaps it will be some small reward for him to know that despite the indifferent weather the great majority of the boys enjoyed every minute of their stay.

"SCRIBE."



HARRIERS NOTES

Ilford A.C. can always be relied upon to field a formidable team when they visit our track, and this year was no exception when, with Thurrock Harriers, we enjoyed one of our best meetings of the season. Sad to relate we were unable to field any Youths or Juniors in the 880 yds. or the Mile, and in consequence dropped valuable points, although making up handsomely in the other departments.

The three Long Jumps went to the Manor with Peter Breeze taking the Youths with 18 ft. 10 ins., Bill Humphries the Junior with 19 ft. 10½ ins., and Dave Pratt the Senior with 19 ft. 11½ ins. Pete Jevans won the Junior High Jump with 5 ft. 5 ins., Peter Breeze the Youths with 5 ft. 4 ins.

The Senior 880 yds. was a classic, George Smith winning in 1.58.7, with Ted Konopka second in 1.59. Nat Fisher took the Mile in 4.27.7, with George Smith second in 4.29. Nat turned out again for the Two Miles, and after running neck and neck with International Alan Perkins for the first mile, found his opponent just a bit too fast for him over the last 220. Mike Elliott found himself up against two of the best Essex sprinters in the Youth events, and did exceptionally well to split them in both the 100 and 220, returning the fast times of 10.7 and 23.5 respectively.

On August 9th, with a very much "make do" team, we put up a good show against Woodford Green, Herne Hill and Southall, at the Ashton Playing Fields, where we were second to Woodford Green in both the Senior and Junior matches. The absence of our Junior Milers and Throwing men certainly lost us the Junior match, whilst in the Senior match we also recorded a blank in the Throws. Nat Fisher again bettered the Club figures for the Mile, for although beaten into second place he returned 4.12.2.

Mike Elliott scored a double in the Youth Sprints, the 100 in 10.5 and the 220 in 23.6, and followed with a Shot Putt of 36 ft. 11 ins.

Bill Humphries had quite a field day with a first in the Junior 100 in 10.5, the Long Jump with 20 ft. 3 ins., and the Hop, Step and Jump with 40 ft. 3 ins. Bill Perdeaux made a welcome return to the track and recorded an accomplished double with a 2nd in both Junior 100 in 10.9 and the 220 in 24.5. Our Youths cum Junior 4 x 110 team of Peter Kubilius, Bill Humphries, Mike Elliott, and Joe Ward, won very easily in the fast time of 45.9, whilst our "B" team of Peter Breeze, Bill Perdeaux, John and Peter Pettipher, were far from disgraced with their 48.8.

Other good performers were Joe Ward, 2nd in the 100 with 10.7 and the 220 in 23.9. Peter Kubilius, running in the Senior event, 3rd in the 100 in 10.2 and the 220 in 23.5. Len Kerridge, 4th in the 100 and 220. Mike Keough, 4th in the 880 in 2.5, and 5th in the Two Miles in 10.11. Barry Ames, 2nd in the Youths 880 with 2.8.5. Ken Harvey with 39 ft. 5 ins. in the Hop, Step and Jump. Peter Breeze with 5 ft. 2 ins. in the High Jump, 16 ft. 11 ins. in the Long Jump, and 37 ft. 5½ ins. in the Hop, Step and Jump. Harry Apafi with a High Jump of 5 ft. 3 ins., Young Gilding 36 ft. 9 ins. in the Youth Shot, and Ward, with 31 ft. 11 ins. in the same event.

The following Saturday was much the same story when we contested the Trophy Meeting at Southall. This time George Jones and Alan Ward, although Youths, competed in the Junior Throws and gave a good account of themselves. Bob Morton filled the breach in the Senior events to earn us a few points. Peter Hodges with 10.5, Peter Kubilius with 10.9, and Joe Ward with 10.8, were all in second places in the 100's. Hodges ran a splendid 22.9 to win the 220, with Kubilius 3rd in 24.1, and Ward a very useful 55.3 for the 440 Junior. Terry Newman recorded his personal best of 53 for the Senior 440.

Nat Fisher found Sullivan of Blackheath just a bit too strong for him in both the Mile and 880, in times well below Nat's best. Ted Konopka had a creditable 4th in the 880 with 2.01, and went on to collect further points in the Three Miles and the 440. Mike Keough ran well in the former event to take 4th place with 15.25.5.

The stars of the day, however, were our Youths—Mike Elliott and Peter Breeze. Competing as Juniors they won their 220's in 23.5 and 24.5 respectively, Peter took the High Jump with 5 ft. 5 ins. and Mike the Hop, Step and Jump, and then with Peter Kubilius and Joe Ward they won the 4 x 220 in 1.36.6, which was a new Meeting Record.

The most pleasing item of the day was the return of Brian Cole to competitive running after a trying illness, and although it will be some time before Brian can get back to his old form, patience and care must be the order of the day.

Our only Club evening meeting entailed three events, the 440 handicap won by Mike Keough off 30 yds. in 49.3, with

Lionel Adams off 33 yds. 2nd in 50.0, Ted Konopka off 18 yds. 3rd in 51.1, Nat Fisher off 12 yds. 4th in 51.3, and Joe Ward off 20 yds. 5th in 51.4. These all beat the handicapper's estimate of their times.

The Long Jump Handicap was a much closer affair, Alan Ward with a 6 ft. allowance won on his last jump to total 21 ft. 11 ins. from Ken Harvey with 2 ft. allowance and a total of 21 ft. 0½ in. Ken's jump was only beaten by scratch man Bill Humphries, who cleared 19 ft. 8 ins. The last event—the High Jump, took place under floodlight and was won by Peter Breeze with 5 ft. 5 ins. from Bill Humphries 5 ft. 4 ins., Mike Keough 5 ft. 1 in., Ken Harvey 5 ft., Brian Cole 5 ft., Nat Fisher 4 ft. 11 ins., variety being the spice of life!

LES GOLDING.

The home match versus Polytechnic Harriers and Victoria Park Harriers resulted in an overall victory for the "Park," but notwithstanding this, some notable performances were achieved by our lads. Joe Ward carried off both the Youths Sprints, although both he and Pete Breeze could not be separated by the watch in a keen tussle for the 100 yds. Pete Kubilius and Pete Beard gave a good account of themselves in the Senior Sprints, whilst John Goodwin ran beautifully to record 52 secs. for the 440 yds. Junior. Barry Ames was 2nd in the 880 yds. Youths, and over the same distance in the Seniors, Brian Cole just pipped George Smith for second place; Brian was also placed 2nd in the Senior Mile. Our lads ran a good 8 x 110 relay, winning rather easily. Pete Breeze carried off the Youth High Jump with a height of 5 ft. 5 ins., a jump good enough to have earned us the points for the Junior and Senior Events. This was a most enjoyable match, and thanks are due to those stalwart officials, Alf Richardson, Micky Mitchell, Jack Davis, Jim Perkins and Dick Rankin, without whose help it would be most difficult to carry out these athletic meetings of ours.

FRED FRANCIS.

TABLE TENNIS

The new season opens on October 5th when the East London League matches begin. We have entered six teams for the various divisions, and I am awaiting details from the league concerning these. We have also entered a team for the very first time in the Walthamstow and District League. Teams have also been entered in the Senior and Junior Federation competitions, so that we have a very complete and full programme covering every grade and age group from 14 to 50 or older!

This programme will demand the fullest co-operation from all players if we are to get through it successfully. A number of prominent members of last season have been omitted from the teams for this coming season, because of their attitude and unco-operation last season. Now please, don't let it happen to you; remember that all home games at the Wilderness must be started by 8 p.m. sharp. Another point, all players are expected to wear the regulation outfit with correct T.T. shirt, flannel trousers or shorts, and CLEAN white shoes, and of course the Club T.T. badge, obtainable from me at 3/-.

All players, and potential players, should now be in full training. A few runs on the track, exercises, skipping, and match practice will ensure that you make a good start to the new season.

I am hopeful and optimistic that all players, whether Boys or Old Boys, will have a grand and happy season, with lots of successes, but mainly I hope that they will all give the Team Secretary and Captains their full support, and this includes always letting him know in good time whether you are available or not for each match, turning up early, starting promptly and helping with the umpiring. With every player pulling his full weight we can look forward with confidence to one of our best and happiest seasons ever.

The following are the teams which will represent the Club in the various competitions and divisions:—

- Div. 1. W. Moss, R. McCree, K. Beamish.
- Div. 2a. J. Sheldrake, C. Simpson, B. Leakey.
- Div. 2b. H. Spraggs, E. Martin, D. Poulter, S. Johnson.
- Div. 2c. B. Garrett, D. Hayes, R. Hayes, P. Pulham.
- Div. 3a. J. Wood, D. Floyd, L. Webster, D. Higgins.
- Div. 4a. To be selected from trials during September.

Keep Practising, Lads,

STAN JOHNSON.

RIFLE SHOOTING

The Eton Manor "B" team have excelled themselves by shooting their way through to the fourth round of the National Team Handicap Competition. The "B" team are among the remaining 84 left out of an original field of nearly 700 teams that entered from all over Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The results of their matches so far are as follows:—

Eton Manor "B" 394/400 beat West Yorkshire O.C. 388/400.

Eton Manor "B" 394/400 beat D. Morgan Rees and Sons 298/400.

Eton Manor "B" 396/400 beat Newcastle and Gateshead Water Board 394/400.

Their next match is against Helston and District "A" and I am sure that everyone will join me in wishing them good shooting against this Cornish team.

"DEADEYE."

BOWLS

With our heavy list of August fixtures duly completed in spite of some very trying weather, the end of our present season is in sight. No Saturday matches are arranged for this month, so this will leave our members free to cheer on the Club's first eleven, which I understand can do with a bit more vocal support.

Three attractive matches are arranged for the first three Sundays in the month. At home we meet Larsens B.C. on the 7th, whilst on the two following Sundays we are away to Xylonite B.C. and Fondu B.C. The latter match, which involves a coach trip to Grays, is always a very happy and thirsty affair, so we are hoping for a nice day so that the affair can run true to form.

On Sunday, August 31st, with the help of Mr. Villiers, we entertained the Bicester Bowling Club and their friends on the Wilderness. Whilst we were all very busy on the green trying to keep the opposition at bay, Mr. Villiers was very busy keeping the wolves from the young ladies from Bicester. During the afternoon he took them all on a sight-seeing tour of the district. A very dodgy move this. It would seem that once again the visitors were too strong for us and eventually beat us quite handsomely, again thereby completing the double against us this year.

Lunch and tea were two very delightful functions, with everybody doing full justice to the nice things set before them. At the tea table I must admit "Our Girls" really did their pretty little nuts. They put on a most exciting show—something to tempt even the most fastidious of appetites. We are indeed truly grateful to them all for the wonderful way in which they rally to the task of preparing these affairs for us, and to the Organiser in Chief, Mr. Villiers, many thanks for another splendid fixture.

After the game was over it was very noticeable that Johnny Stillwell scarpered very quickly. Was it perhaps because of what Mr. Villiers said about the "Merry Widow of Vivian Road"? Anyway, we haven't see him since.

This year the Bowls Club Outing has been arranged for Sunday, 28th September, and the venue is Brighton. Provi-

sional arrangements are for the coach to leave the Town Hall at 9 a.m. and the Club at 9.15 a.m. Approximate cost will be £1 per head, including lunch and tea. Those wishing to go are asked to kindly put their names on the list in the Club Room on the Wilderness. The weather forecast at the moment is distinctly favourable, so Roll Up without your Woods and help to make this a Good End.

THE COLONEL.



This year's Fed. results make it fairly clear that although we still have "star" material, the rest of the team is not very far behind; the standard as a whole has increased considerably. This situation, though much more satisfactory, still has its headaches; over a long distance swim it would be reasonably certain to be Dave Misson first, and then you could lay on the finishing order of the rest of the Otters without much fear of being wrong, right down to last, The Water Rat. But over the shorter distances, a hundred or two twenty; it's not so easy. Try to forecast the finishing order for a hundred yards swim and you would probably feel that your crystal ball was worn out and it was time you traded it in for a new one. Consequently the task of selection calls for much nail-biting and frenzied searching through odd scraps of paper turned out from various pockets bearing notes of who did what time last week for a certain distance compared with a few weeks earlier. But, say you, why not hold trials? We do, regularly throughout the year; but there is one hazard that only the individual can overcome; it's the selectors' nightmare, and that is a plate of cold meat, bubble and squeak, and pickles, followed by suet pudding and custard (twice, please) and several cups of tea. This is the foundation that some of the lads take on about one hour before they come up to the baths for a swim, and losing a race by a split second or one or two seconds can usually be proportioned to the number of helpings they had of suet pudding. Sausages and fried bread are another hazard.

Unfortunately, sensible reasoning as regards one's intake of food prior to a sustained effort, such as a training session, only comes with age. I would think by the time one has reached about forty, one has begun to consider this question rather more seriously. (That is only my opinion, so no arguments, please.) But the problem of convincing the youngsters that it's not advisable to have a big meal before a swim (or a game of polo) will, I'm afraid, remain a problem.

Of course, someone might propose a new rule for the Club as a whole: "That no member for a period of at least two hours before a race or game shall eat. . . ." I say "someone," because I'm not going to propose it. I know these lads; they're cannibals.

During this month of August the baths have been very quiet; indeed, the Otters' ambassadors have been away doing their stuff. Trevor Lusty is getting quite fluent in Italian, Dave Wyles can yodel, Bobby and Barry have been prowling around Chelwood Gate, and I'm trying to find time for a day at Southend. But, as Stan Brown will tell you, the First Team beat Stoke Newington in the only League polo match this month, and the points come in very useful.

THE WATER RAT.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

The Silent Service Speaks

GEORGE PETTIPHER says: "My cricket is improving. My latest score was 19 not out against a side that consisted of elderly men, young boys and (I blush to say it) one girl."

The B.N.A.F.

TOM CHAMBERLAIN: "I went by one of the fastest trains. Every time it stopped the lads got out and went for walks. One lad was washing himself in a stream when off it went; but it was no trouble to get on it again."

VIC LANGTON: "I suppose by now you have heard that I was wounded in this 'do'. It is in the left leg and is healing up lovely! . . . Now I am on the mend I hope to visit Mr. and Mrs. Beale soon."

E. THEO SMITH: "I am now sightseeing in Sicily. We are camped amid orange, lemon and olive groves, and we have a fine view of the surrounding country but very little time to study it. All my kit paid a surprise visit to Davy Jones, but I have been able to replace quite a lot of it from the 'Gentlemen' who were here previously but left in rather a hurry!"

RON HILSDON has been in the limelight lately. This is what he says in his latest airgraph: "This is Salome calling. I have a bit of news for those fortunates who still dwell in that heavenly place ETON MANOR. Whilst sitting at my wireless set the other day, who should walk up the stairs but the film star, Bruce Cabot, and an American War Correspondent. Being like all youngsters, I obtained his autograph, and after a chat about my chances with Lana Turner and being informed that her husband (a six-footer of about fifteen stone) would not like it, I just let the matter drop. The War Correspondent then took over and asked me to sit down at my set and look as though I was working. I really objected to this, wondering what he meant. When he told me he wanted to take some snaps of me I hastily smartened myself up in true Eton Manor style and did as I was bid. I have no idea how the shots turned out, but am expecting an offer from Hollywood any day now."

East Africa

JOHNNY HOLMES: "Am working hard at Swahili. The trouble is they have their own tribal tongues and under the cover of Swahili can tell you to your face what they think of you; and what a relief that must be!"

A Letter from Ted Lester

To F.H. 9.7.43.

" . . . We have a cinema now, run by our old friends the 'Wogs,' known to all and sundry as Garrison Cinema. Pt. 4, 5 and 6 (entrance fee). They show a different film every night and do a roaring trade. You wait best part of an hour, see a cartoon, which is followed by an interval enabling our pre-mentioned friends to sell more peanuts and lemonade(?). All the best picture houses have intervals, and the management here are not going to be outdone. Quite often the talking apparatus fades out, and then the audience supply the necessary sound effects. Two reels of 'Pride and Prejudice' were put on in reverse order the other night, whereupon the hero had already married the girl and then proposed to her later on! You must have a sense of humour. It's essential here at the pictures."

Ivor Thompson, June 29th, 1943

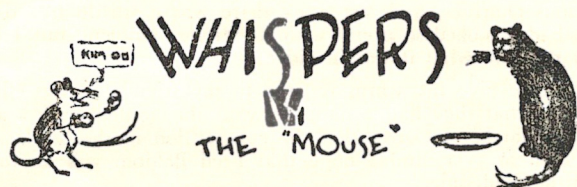
" . . . I would love you to see how we live out here. The Nips hardly do a d— thing, so we have to find other amusements. Building is the main diversion, and just now the mess is being enlarged. I sleep with another cove in a tent, and although not finished it looks like outdoing the other efforts. We scrounged a wizard floor, a wardrobe, and have improvised a table and a wash basin (almost a home from home). They say 'like father, like son,' and I have been appointed scrounger in chief. We have rigged up electric light and luckily are on the water supply line, so showers, etc., are no trouble at all.

"The mess enlargement is a circus. It is all built from 'bush timber'—which means tree logs—and 'black boys.' These

are the local palms and make a wizard walling. Bamboo just now is not in fashion, mainly because we have stripped the country for miles around. Fortunately (or unfortunately for whoever owned the stuff) someone left some bags of cement lying around, so we have also very fine concrete flooring. The roof is painted corrugated iron, complete with gutters and an A.I drainage system made with piping last seen on the back of a lorry. The Squadron as a whole is renowned as the best scrounging unit in the territory, and we were thinking of adopting as an insignia 'The Fighting Scroungers,' but dropped the idea when someone enquired where the 'Fighting' came in.

"In fact we have the best record of the Squadrons out here, but it could be better. Conditions are not with us, and the Nips are just not providing the necessary targets. I don't blame them for not coming this way more often; they have very little worthwhile bombing compared to targets the R.A.F. are cracking at in Germany, and when he does come he has a very long sea trip and a welcome on arrival. Apart from the first few raids when there were no defenders, he has not had one success and has been consistently trounced. Hardly a paying proposition from the Jap point of view.

"Just now it is the best time of the year. Mosquitoes are around but not very troublesome, and the weather itself glorious. I possess a first-class sun tan and it improves daily. Rain just does not exist, and such things as nor'easters, hail, snow, fog or even mist are forgotten. Every day is like the next, and every day the sky is as perfect a blue as the tropical sea; and every day the sun shines. But you must remember there is a wet and a dry season here, and the one is as bad as the other is good. . . ."



I met Mr. Villiers at the British Legion Flower Show; it was the second one he had been to that afternoon. It was a good show, and the exhibits ranged from flowers to home-made cakes. We were talking about the very small gardens some of the exhibits had come from, a disadvantage that many of the proud exhibitors had overcome. We began to talk about the flat dwellers, the people who will miss their little gardens which, after all, however small, are part and parcel of home life. It made me realise more than ever what a boon the Wilderness is and will become as more and more dwellings go higher and higher. Many Club members will live in flats, where conditions for living may be comfortable, but the desire to have one's feet on the fresh green turf and enjoy the freedom of open spaces will grow among people as the flats grow, even though it may mean squelching through the grass as we have had to do most of the summer. Those thousands of us who have enjoyed the Club and the Wilderness and watched it grow have always appreciated the men whose wisdom and forethought have made it possible. But it is absolutely certain that thousands more will gain greater benefit and we hope will count it among their blessings in life.

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Mr. Villiers mentioned a story that was a favourite with Lady Pakenham. A school mistress was telling the children the Bible story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and went on that God was so cross because they had disobeyed His orders that He turned them out of the garden. A little voice from the back said, "Teacher, did He put them into one of those big blocks of flats where there wasn't any garden?"

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My wife and I spent quite an enjoyable afternoon during the month watching the Club cricket eleven. I haven't the fog-

giest idea who they were playing, although they won handsomely, for most part of the afternoon was spent yarning to two Clubites, talking down the years. One of them was even talking about Bill Burke, still going strong, who was at the first Camp at Cuckoo Weir in 1907. Many celebrities were mentioned whose names would not mean much to the present-day members, but the name of Bill Burke conjured up a picture of Mr. Wellesley at the 1908 Camp when he auctioned an unusual pair of red leather house slippers, which went to the highest bidder in wallops with them, plus being thrown into the drink, and Bill Burke won them. I cannot imagine such an auction taking place to-day. Why? Has our sense of humour changed like most other things? Everyone had a wonderful time at that Camp, especially when campers ate their way through large iced cakes, a luxury which seemed never ending as the week went by. They were wonderful Camps—appreciated because the Club was all together, had to make its own fun, and was probably the only way members could get a holiday. They were absolutely tops; they still live in the memories of many a grandad to-day.

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The year 1908 was a very peaceful and happy period; the great discoveries of the last 50 years, which seem to carry a blessing or a curse, were only just beginning; people had little money, and living was very often near the bone. Perhaps that was why people were less reserved and helped each other more. The Wick was a lesson to any district on good neighbourliness. There were not so many distractions and people made the best of the simpler things in life. In the Club, if someone started knocking out a tune on the old piano everyone in the room would start whistling or singing; and, incidentally, there were not many members of the Club who did not own a mouth organ and could play it well. One could buy a really good one for fourpence, and an absolute super for one shilling. Comparisons are odious, but singing and whistling would be considered rowdy to-day, but bashing out the same tune on an old tin can, frying pan, or washing board isn't! Life is funny. We were younger, but Club life was very, very pleasant.

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By the way, when did you last hear anyone whistle a song, or a mouth organ played other than on the stage, T.V. or wireless, or sing a song for that matter? Ain't we all got blooming sophisticated!

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Talking to Taff Wilson recently he told me the De Luxe Camp of 1958 was quite successful. Everyone appeared to have enjoyed themselves as only that hardcore of good campers can. Most of them appreciated a good bed, and the skiffers supplied all the noise necessary to a good Camp. Cliff White, another of our old Concert Party stalwarts and a good comedian, told me his son went to Camp this year armed with a guitar, and to use his own expression when I asked him if the lad was a good player: "Well, you know, a bit like his old man—never in tune."

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It is many years ago since I brought Johnny Pulham home from a Fed. cricket match, but I notice he is still hitting the headlines with a wonderful innings of 126 not out in a recent game. Bob Shears was another name to catch the eye, still playing sterling cricket. I remember taking Bob to Hackney Hospital years ago when he met with a nasty accident one sunny Sunday. When we used to have good weather, Hackney Marshes was full of cricket matches, and it was staggering the number of casualties waiting for attention from these games. I had a chat with the porter, who was an old Manor boy, and he said they usually had from 10 to 30 casualties from the Marshes and the Park on a fine week-end, and when football started the numbers were higher. It was one of those things we hear little about.

It was surprising to read in the Fed. Flash of July that whereas only six new clubs had been recruited, fifteen had closed or deemed to have lapsed their Fed. membership, among them the Brunswick Club. It would be interesting to know what has happened to this club; has it changed its character or just left the Federated clubs? It had its beginning in a prisoner of war camp in Germany during the last war. Money was subscribed by the P.O.W.s and afterwards a considerable amount was collected in England for the project. A year or two ago they put a fine team of athletes in the field at the Fed. Sports, and it looked as though it had the making of a first class club which would rank among the best in London. Then one reads their membership has lapsed. Clubs come and go, but this one should have gone on, if only as a tribute to the men who dreamed of something to benefit the youth of Britain, while they themselves were suffering extreme hardship.

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I met Bert Marsh a few days ago, at Bishops Stortford of all places. Bert is a Director of Revertex, one of the large businesses in Harlow New Town, and I know some of the lads are living there and would know the firm well. A popular member of the old Concert Party who used to play the violin, he gets most of his information about the Club from CHIN-WAG now, but would like to be remembered to all his old friends.

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Another old friend of the Club, George Smith, who at one time trained the Club's football teams when he was playing for Charlton and England, is now managing Crystal Palace. He is still a great Manor supporter, and always asks how the Club is going whenever I meet him. He has a tough consignment at the Palace, but is more than fitted for the job. He wishes to be remembered to all old friends at the Club, and we wish him the best of luck for a successful future.

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Managing a professional club is not an enviable job. I was at the Orient A.G.M. recently, and one bloke proposed they sacked the Directors, the Manager, the Trainers—the lot. He did not know why, or who was going to replace them; he just proposed they should be sacked. I am wondering what he thinks ought to happen to them now! I was told that the Supporters' Meeting which followed was worse. Following this up I saw the first game among the lads on the terraces—and talk about experts, I really enjoyed listening. They used most indelicate words to the ref., the players, the management, and came away from the ground resolving never to see them again; but the next home match will see all their familiar faces again on the terraces. Funny game, Football. One chap's remarks amused me. With a look of utter disgust on his face he said, "I could put 'em over the top better than that for twenty quid a week."

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It is not often the little Goodyear lad loses chalks when it comes to spontaneous humour, but he was beaten to the punch a few weeks ago when the two Harrys—Hilsdon and Goodyear—played the two Freds—Walker and Stone—at bowls. It was a real needle game and loudly commented upon by two small boys. The last wood of the game was bowled by Harry with all the finesse one would associate with him, travelled right through the head without touching anything, and finished in the ditch. As he walked up the green one of the youngsters took an L plate from behind him and said: "'Ere you are, mate, take this; you've earned it."

CORRESPONDENCE

Miss Norah Smalley, the International athlete, writing from Melbourne, where she has settled with her parents:—

"I was especially interested to know that the Leyton Floodlit Meeting was such a great success, and that some new best performances were recorded. I was pleased that my old friend Diane Leather ran in the 880 yds. and was only sorry that she did not win. I had made an especial note of the date in my diary, and thought about the meeting during the day.

"England has been doing very well this summer in all the many branches of sport at the Empire Games, the European Games, and other International events, and there was much excitement here to see which country had gained the most gold medals.

"We have been having some very cold weather, with strong winds. Last Saturday during training the wind reached 53 m.p.h., and it was just like running against a brick wall. Of course, Spring will soon be here, and already some of the bulbs are in flower and the parks are looking very beautiful. All the flowers seem to do well here, and there are some lovely specimens which I have yet to know the name.

"Melbourne is certainly an ever-growing city, with many new skyscraper buildings going up, with the new I.C.I. building looking as if it will dominate them all. There are some fascinating words in common use by the Australians, and I am getting used to them; they use plenty of abbreviations which one is constantly trying to decipher. They are all wonderfully friendly, and it is surprising how many of them have been to Europe.

"One of the doctors at the Cancer Board, where I work, Dr. R. Kaye-Scott, is attending the World Conference in London, discussing Leukaemia. There has been an appeal to the public for Cancer Funds in Victoria, and over a million pounds has been raised. There are many flag days for the various charities, and last week there was a wattle tree day; the badge looked so pretty with its mimosa emblem, but I am not yet sure what it was in aid of.

"Please give my warm regards to my friends at the Club. I hope that they had a happy day at the annual cricket and bowls match. I expect that the competition in the bowls was as keen as ever, and I hope that Fred Beldom was on form for the Club side."

John McGarry, whose address is: Apt. 4B, 313, The Kingsway, Toronto, 18, Ontario, Canada, writes:

"My main news is that we have moved into our own apartment and that we are very busy getting it to our liking. I have received a substantial rise in salary and have taken on considerably more responsibility. I am now one of the Company's 'experts' on the natural gas industry, which is rapidly becoming a serious competitor to the oil business. There has been a great deal of research into this new field, but there is a lot more still to be done, and it is a good opportunity for me.

"Since I last wrote, my wife and I have been on vacation, and since this was perhaps a little unusual I thought that some of the readers of the magazine might be interested in it, and I give it in more detail.

"We had just the bare two weeks, but both felt that we would like to see as much of the North American Continent in the short time available, just allowing ourselves a brief period for a laze on a beach somewhere. We discussed the possibilities of the Maritime Provinces, the New England States, or the Deep South, and finally decided on a quick look at California, a long way indeed from Toronto.

"The cost of motel accommodation at \$7 a night was out of the question for budget reasons, so we packed our tent, sleeping bags, cooking utensils, portable stove, etc., and set off, full of hope, from Toronto at 2.30 p.m. on the Friday afternoon. We crossed into the U.S.A. and headed for the shores of Lake Michigan, and arrived 400 miles from our starting point in time to catch the midnight ferry across the lake to Milwaukee. The following day we drove through Wisconsin and Minnesota in humid weather, with the mer-

cury touching 105 degrees in the shade. By mid-afternoon I was tired, so Ann offered to drive while I took a nap, to which suggestion I readily agreed. When I awoke 1½ hours later I discovered that Ann had driven 72 miles in the wrong direction, which did not help matters. In consequence of this navigational error we just reached the borders of South Dakota in time to pitch our tent and have a swim before it was dark; we cooked our meal by the light of the camp fire.

"At dawn we were up and heading due west across Dakota until we reached the Badlands, which were really fantastic, just cliffs of sun-baked mud for miles and miles, displaying nearly every shade of red and yellow, and a good subject for my camera. We then drove on through the Black Hills into Wyoming, where we camped under thundery skies, narrowly missing a drenching. From Wyoming we drove a hundred miles and started our climb over the Big Horn Mountains which, in the early morning light, were magnificent. Over the mountains we carried on through Indian country, with towns bearing quaint names such as Greybull, Ten Sleep, and Shoshone, reaching our first objective—Yellowstone National Park, late in the afternoon. There are many natural parks throughout the States which provide camping facilities in various forms, some even providing electricity for campers. Yellowstone exceeded our expectations in its beauty and wild life. We laughed when entering the park when one of the Rangers told us not to feed the bears, but hardly had we left him when we rounded a bend to find a big black bear sitting fair and square on the white line of the road with an air of complete unconcern, with cars from both directions braking furiously, and followed by the clicking of cameras as the occupants of the cars recorded this unusual incident.

"During one day we encountered over 20 bears on the actual roadside, usually sitting in the shade with their cubs. They appear to be quite tame, but are really quite wild and do in fact hospitalize as many as 100 people each year in the short four month season that the park is open. Just as we went to sleep that evening we heard a loud Western voice yell, 'Git that bar outa here,' accompanied by the clatter of cooking utensils as our neighbours frightened off the intruder. The following morning we discovered that the garbage cans in the park had been emptied and two cars had been broken into by the bears who got a whiff of the food which was inside them. We had been warned about this and had sealed our food carefully and had washed down the car to remove any food smells, so were fortunately not troubled. We spent the next day in the park visiting the Grand Canyon of Yellowstone, and the Geyser Basin, where we photographed an eruption of Old Faithful, and saw several other Geysers. At an altitude of 10,000 feet the weather was still quite warm.

"That evening we left the park and drove South through the Grand Teton Mountains at sunset, camping just outside a small village called Alpine. Wyoming, we now decided, was by far the most beautiful State that we had seen, and it greatly impressed us. What probably surprised us more than anything else on the trip was the way of life and the speech of these Westerners. Believe me, they do wear large hats, tight jeans, high-heeled boots, and talk like Wyatt Earp on the Television. The basic difference was that instead of jumping on a horse they slid into a 1958 Buick or Chevrolet, although we did meet one cowboy on horseback—"jes passin' thro' looking fer a job"—and we saw several horsemen in the smaller towns riding along with the motor traffic.

"When we reached Salt Lake City the next day we felt that we had almost reached our destination, so we spent a little time looking at the home of the Mormons and, like all tourists, we took a swim in the Great Salt Lake, which is certainly an unforgettable experience. I'm no Otter, but even I found it impossible to sink!

"We rose at 3.30 a.m. the following day and set off across the Nevada Desert to Reno, where we had a quick divorce, got married again, and went on to reach Sacramento in the evening. The desert was unbearably hot, even though by crossing so early in the morning we had avoided the worst. Even so, in common with others, we boiled up a few times, and had to stop and reduce speed to below 70 miles an hour.

The roads are wonderful, wide and straight, and little used, which meant that we could travel comfortably at 80 miles an hour for long stretches. Including stops for rest, meals, etc., we could still average well over 50 miles an hour.

"San Francisco proved to be rather cool after the temperatures we had experienced, and after a day we moved on along the coast towards Los Angeles, staying about a hundred miles north of the city for three days in a pleasant little bay on the Pacific with the sea gloriously warm. Los Angeles proved to be a fantastic city in many ways, with the most wonderful highways I have ever seen, in some places as many as six lanes of traffic in each direction—a wonderful example of planning for the future.

"The return journey to Toronto took us across the Mojave Desert through Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, with extremely high temperatures reaching 110 deg. Then up through Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and then across into Canada at Detroit, Michigan.

"The total distance covered in the fortnight was 6,735 miles, and our car, a Borgward gave us just over 30 miles per gallon without any trouble. The most we travelled in any one day was 670 miles, but we did not find that driving for long periods as tiring as we had been led to believe. We certainly feel that we 'did' America in the same way that the Americans 'do' Europe. The big difference being that we stayed in a tent for 16 nights at a total cost of \$14, and cooked our own food. Even after paying for petrol and oil our total bill was just less than \$200. We learnt a great deal about camping, and next year we hope to make a similar trip, although perhaps not quite as far.

"I hope that this record of my travels will interest you, and that all goes well at the Club. My own sporting activities are now very much limited since we moved home, but I hope to be playing tennis again soon. I conclude by saying that if there are any members contemplating coming to Canada I should be glad to advise them about conditions and prospects at any time. U.T.M."

Alan Diver, who is with the R.A.S.C. in Singapore, writes: "I hope that you can read this scrawl, the reason being that I somehow hurt my arm on the range this afternoon. I know that you will be glad to learn that I am one of those selected to represent our Company at the R.A.S.C. Rifle Competition due to take place shortly. You will also be glad to learn that last year I was selected as a member of the Company team at the Hong Kong Bisley Meeting, in which we finished second. I have great hopes of getting into the team again this year in the Company which won the trophy last year. When I first joined the Club and started at the Club range and at Hillman Street, I never thought that I would get as far in competition shooting as I have.

"I read all 'Deadeye's' reports in CHIN-WAG, and I can see by the scores the boys are putting up that you should be able to put out a good team in the next N.S.R.A. shoot. The best of luck and U.T.M."

Roger Bradley, who is a Sergeant in the Education Corps in Cyprus, writes: "I thought that you would like to know how I am progressing. I have been following the Club's progress through CHIN-WAG, which is a welcome arrival each month, and I hear from Sir Edward Cadogan regularly. Sir Edward told me about the new ventures in the educational line which you have instituted, and which are so successful and appreciated. I am very interested in this because, as you know, my activities in Cyprus are in Education. The present troubles in Cyprus make life very difficult; security restrictions combined with the heat and living accommodation cause the soldier to seek whatever relaxation he can. One of my tasks is running the cinema, which is the camp's only recreation. I have also formed a Tennis and Table Tennis section, and have managed to get together a library, but the average soldier

seems very hard to please. Our camp is situated near the most beautiful beach in Cyprus; the bathing facilities are wonderful, sailing and swimming are very popular and are the main relaxations.

"The security situation has limited my opportunities for seeing something of the island, but I have been to Nicosia, Larnaca, and the Kyrenia Mountains. Famagusta has been out of bounds for several months, but I have been to the old city. The Famagusta district has been the main trouble area, with four soldiers being shot only half a mile away from camp. I teach men for the Army Certificate of Education, but it is not easy to get pupils, and on the whole education is not terribly popular with the army out here. Facilities for teaching are almost non-existent, and I have often taken a class on the beach. Colin Stevens told me that Rocky Knight was stationed here, but I did not find that out until after he had moved away. I wonder if there are any other members here in Cyprus. I should be glad to meet them, and if there are any who are coming here I would be glad to help them in any way. Sincere regards to you all."

George Pickering, who is at 28, Bath Street, Kogarah, New South Wales, Australia, writes: "Many, many thanks for the continued receipt of CHIN-WAG, which is always interesting and ever welcome. Like 'Duke' Chubb, I am not a very good correspondent, and have to be prompted from time to time. What did you think of the Australian water babies in the Empire Games? During the past 18 months I have watched them perform many times in the various swimming baths around Sydney, and soon realised that they would want some beating in the Empire Games. When I first arrived in Australia some four years ago I was spending many late hours at the factory getting things organised, and used to pop into a local cafe for a meal. There I would see a young girl who seemed to spend most of her time training on the track. I mentioned to her on one occasion that judging by the amount of training she was putting in she would surely become a champion one day. Sure enough she did; her name was Betty Cuthbert.

"My wife, who works in one of the big hotels in Sydney, meets many people who come to Australia from all parts of the world, and if they happen to be English she does all she can to help them, and to see that they get special attention. Recently one of these happened to be Eddie Waring, who appears on the British Television as a sports commentator. He was here with the English Rugby touring team doing commentaries of the matches. After his stay for some three weeks he showed his appreciation of the help my wife had given by inviting us both to dinner. We duly arrived at the appointed hotel, where we were introduced to the Team Manager, Tom Mitchell, and some members of the touring team. Most of them were from Manchester, and realising that I was a Cockney they were soon doing their utmost to pull our legs, even suggesting that as we were honoured by being invited into their company it would be nice if I was to pay the bill for the dinner, amounting to some £30 or more! Needless to say, I was not such a mug as that, and left them to foot the bill for their own dinner. The touring side were a great success, and I shouted my lungs out when they retained the ashes, the score being more like a cricket match than rugby, the English team winning by 40-17.

"Just a note to my old friend the 'Mouse,' to tell him that his friend Bill Plumb is not the biggest Tool Maker in Australia by a long chalk; he is, in fact, one of the smallest. Sincere regards to you all at the Club. U.T.M."

STOP PRESS.

Shortly after going to press, we received news from Keith Chapman's father that Keith had been seriously injured in an "incident" in Cyprus, whilst serving with the R.A.F. There are no definite details as I write these notes, but there are grave fears that Keith will lose his right leg as a result of his injuries. We have cabled Roger Bradley and Rocky Knight's son, both of whom are serving in Cyprus, asking them to call and see Keith in Hospital in Nicosia, and are awaiting further news.

We sincerely hope that this further information will be more encouraging, and that the injuries will not be as serious as are feared, and that Keith will soon be on the mend again.

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