

The Boys' Brigade

3rd Enfield (T. R. Plowman's) Company

CHRIST CHURCH U.R.C., CHASE SIDE, ENFIELD

"THE ADVANCEMENT OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM AMONG BOYS, AND THE PROMOTION OF HABITS OF OBEDIENCE, REVERENCE, DISCIPLINE, SELF-RESPECT, AND ALL THAT TENDS TOWARDS A TRUE CHRISTIAN MANLINESS"



Registered 29th January 1891

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

AUTUMN 1991.

Dear Friends,

There has been quite a gap since the last News Letter (for which I apologise) due mainly to my marriage to Natalie which took place on August 11th, a report appears courtesy of Bill Hutchings in this issue. Our thanks to all who turned up at the church and made it such a memorable day for us, and also to everyone who helped with the reception, in particular Mark Pollard, Andy Mason, Alan Head, Martyn Stogden, as well as several of the Boys who did a great deal of work on the day.

I must also apologise to those of you who expressed an interest in the proposed Boys v Old Boys Cricket Match which unfortunately never materialised owing to there being no free Saturdays during the Summer when the Company could raise a team. We hope that a match will be able to be had next Summer. Don Collins has kindly agreed to look after this. Meanwhile, if you would like to participate in the traditional Boxing Day Football Match which has been held annually for more years than anyone can remember, then please let me know and I will pass on your name to the organiser (as yet unknown) in due course.

The Company has had a very successful Summer and enjoyed a good camp near to Corfe Castle, site of many a good camp in past years. A weekend adventure camp is planned for the end of this month.

We have also been actively recruiting recently and numbers in the Company Section are nudging towards the magic 20 barrier, which we are hoping to pass soon. Don't forget to pass on the names of any Boys who you may know of living in the area who would benefit from joining the "3rd".

All of you will no doubt recall that among the many things which happened last year, one activity did not take place. This was the Southend Walk. The Walk always raises a lot of money for company funds and one of our members, Arthur Page had amassed a goodly sum in sponsorship and was walking several miles a day in preparation. We were all most annoyed when the 2nd Enfield failed to make the necessary arrangements and cancelled the walk at the last moment. Arthur was particularly annoyed about this especially as some people thought that he had pulled out because he had felt unable to go through with it. May I confirm that at the time the Walk was supposed to take place, the end of last October, Arthur was perfectly fit and capable of doing the walk and was looking forward to it immensely. We have voiced our displeasure to the persons at the 2nd Enfield for letting us down at the last minute. By then of course it was too late for us as a Company to organise an alternative as the 40 mile Walk relies on the co-operation of officers and staff from all companies in the Battalion. We hope that in the Spring we

may be able to organise some sort of Walk. Any ideas from any of our members would be appreciated.

Indeed, if any of you can think of an alternative to a Sponsored Walk, then please let me know.

1991 is a very special year for our oldest member and one of the 3rd's most ardent supporters. On October 22nd, Harold Dye will celebrate his 90th Birthday. On behalf of the Company and Old Boys' Association, have a very happy Birthday Harold and many more to come.

My thanks to Bill Hutchings for providing a great deal of this News Letter. More articles please!

Finally, it is my sad duty to report the death of Frank Barwood who passed away recently following a long illness. Frank served in the Company during the 1920's and had very fond memories of his days with the 3rd. We express our sincere condolences to his family.

There will be another News Letter before Christmas, don't forget to send in your items for inclusion.

See you next time!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Chris', with a long horizontal stroke extending from the bottom right of the signature.

P.S. Quite a few members have still to pay some form of subscription. You may remember I suggested £2 or £3 or whatever. As we rely on subscriptions to finance the News Letter etc. please remit as soon as possible. For the time being please make cheques payable to the 3rd Enfield Co. Boys' Brigade and not the Old Boys' Association, as we are in the process of setting up an account.

BENEATH

MY



PILLBOX

Bill Hutchings

Naturally, there have been the usual Tel for Terry, Baz for Barry and Jez for Gerald but nothing like the variety and on occasions the ingenuity of my days in the ranks.

Does anyone remember Dick Abel, that gentle giant, just about the tallest N.C.O. I have ever seen? Some wit said he was as tall as Nab Light-house and from then on he was known as Dickie Nab.

In contrast, dear old Ernie Richardson, no that's not right for Ernie died when he was only 17 and still in the Company. He was never called Ernie, always Sloser because when he went in to bat he either hit the ball for six or was out.

Arthur Gawen was another who derived his nick-name from sport. Because he was pretty nippy on his feet he was called Whippet. When he sprained/broke his ankle his brother Sid pushed him to drill and Bible Class so that Whippet would get his perfect record.

Sometimes it was a complete mystery how members received their peculiar appendages. Ronnie Hall was known as Knocky while Frank Salter answered to Nunky. George Barlow before he served in both the RAF and the Army in the last war was called Perks Barlow.

Some nick-names took light years to evolve. One I remember was Peter Keeble. He began as Jeebles and after a tortuous process finally settled for Joe Bells.

It has to be said that one or two were far from flattering. A private named Derek Axelson who had the good looks of Scandinavia as his name suggested was irreverently called Axle-Grease. Part of his popularity amongst us

WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

You know how it is when you feel there's a subtle change in something but you can't quite put your finger on it. I felt that about the Company some little while ago. Then for no reason at all it suddenly came to me. The absence of nick-names.

was due to his equally good-looking sister.

There were a few which suggested themselves such as John Green who took on the role of Jasper though he didn't twirl his moustache being only thirteen at the time. Clifford Hercock didn't fare quite so well for he had to suffer with Kipper. You had to be cultured (and the 3rd were very cultured) to understand Jim Fresson's nick-name. This very popular bloke had a fine crop of reddy-brown tight curls. If you've seen the painting you'll understand how he became Bubbles Fresson.

But Officers and Staff were not immune. Jim Piner of 16 Squad fame was Chunks to his intimates; Ron Hicks who took our famous Band out of the ordinary into the extraordinary, became Fellah Hicks. Then there is Bomber Staines and if Len is reading this perhaps he'll tell us via the Editor how he arrived at it.

We were a very democratic crowd so even the exalted rank of Captain did not escape. The man who helped maintain thousands in employment manufacturing boot polish found himself saddled with the nomenclature of Clanger. Not surprising really when his real name was Ron Langhorn. Once upon a time we were famous for Drill for that was our forté but one Captain enabled us to spread our wings and we won a number of trophies we hadn't seen for years. Bob Pinner was his name, affectionately known as Clong. Very brave was Clong. During retirement he lost first one leg then the other and finally passed away at Leigh on Sea. What a great bunch they all were.

HOW LUCKY CAN YOU BE?

The time the end of August 1913. Bob Harness is trying to get 12 year old schoolmates to join the 6th Enfield Boys' Brigade. He asked me but I told him I would not be 12 till October. Anyway, the 6th is inviting you to come and see what they have to offer, he said. So 7 of us went along and we liked what we saw. A well-stocked cupboard full of various board games, a well-provided Gym. When I was interviewed and said I was 11 I thought I was going to be told to apply next year, but all was well when I said I should be 12 in October.

I really enjoyed my first year. The usual camp was held this time at Felixstowe, the year 1914. We had just settled in nicely when War was declared. In the middle of the week we were given 24 hours to leave the camp as the Military was taking over. So home we had to go. On the early morning bathing parade we watched the Light Cruiser Squadron set out for the North Sea. No more camps were allowed until 1919, so I went to camp first as a Private and my last as a Colour Sergeant. Practically everyone 15 or over at that first camp served in the forces, including most of the Officers. The War ended just as I was expecting to be called up.

All through the War years, many things happened to change our lives. For example, all the Officers of the 6th were in the War in some capacity or other and we boys were taken over by the 2nd Enfield. Four of us thought going to the 2nd was a bit far to go, so we asked if the 3rd would be prepared to accept us. So in 1915 I started my connection with the 3rd.

I spent the whole of my time in the ranks during the War years. A National Service Badge was introduced. To earn it you had to do at least 100 hours helping the War effort. Collecting waste paper was one, Duty at Elm House was another, and for Buglers, Duty on Stand-by for blowing the All Clear was another. I received my first Perfect Record award and one Efficiency Badge in the 6th, and carried on in the 3rd. For the first Perfect Record you received a Tie Pin with the B.B. Anchor. The following Perfect Records were Medals up to the 5th. The 6th one was a Gold Anchor. With these went an Efficiency Badge. I joined the band as a drummer and after two years received the Band Badge. I also was the first 3rd Enfield Boy to win the National Service Badge. There were few stoppages for air raids as most times it was either late at night or early morning so we carried on as usual.

When I left school I started as an Office Boy in the City. The hours were 9am to 6.30 or 7.30pm. I was then a Sergeant in my last year. This I thought puts me off getting a 6th Perfect Record. Fortunately there were two of us Office Boys and I asked my counterpart if I did the late hours Monday, Tuesday and Friday always, would he do the other two days, and that was how I managed to get home in time to get to the Parade on the Wednesday. Every Wednesday I hoped there would not be a raid and there wasn't. One did happen on a Thursday and I was stuck in a train at Liverpool Street for over 2 hours.

HAROLD J.DYE.

REMEMBERANCE SUNDAY 10TH NOVEMBER 1991 Bill Hutchings writes.....

Five or so minutes before 11 o'clock on the occasion of our rememberance service at Christ Church some of us will be there to recall the Old Boys who were not as lucky as we were and died in the last war. Many of the names are familiar to us and I invite all readers of this Newsletter to join me on that day. Perhaps we could fill a pew just behind the current membership of the 3rd. Do give it a thought. I will be on hand to welcome you all.



It was Sunday, 11th August, when Natalie made an honest man of our esteemed Editor. Yes, Chris and his lovely were married at Christ Church with our Minister and Company Chaplain, Adrian Bulley, officiating. There's something about a wedding of church folk; packed pews, glorious singing, a special feeling of fellowship and such a real atmosphere that's so difficult to put into mere words.

That this popular partnership had Boys' Brigade connections was never in doubt right from the onset. We were all there; members, officers, staff, old boys and friends of the 3rd, together with a marvellous gathering of Christ Church people to wish Chris and Natalie well.

Later, knee deep in gifts, the bride and 'groom managed to greet everyone at the Millfield House reception. In the words of the very venerable prophet "A good time was had by all".

Congratulations to you both and here's to a lifetime of happiness. And it couldn't happen to a nicer couple.

AUTUMN SHOW

September saw the arrival of the Enfield Show once again. Your scribe took time off from household duties to wander around the various exhibits and side-shows. I have to admit I was somewhat delayed attempting to hook a crummy plastic duck from a lot of crummy water to see if it had a winning number on its crummy bottom. Sulking after my miserable failure to achieve even this apparently simple task (well, that's what the stallholder told me) I wandered into a large marquee and was immediately cheered by the sight of our Battalion President, one Les Banks seated in authority at the fine display of B.B. memorabilia. Chris and Natalie, who were on hand for that special duty, I suspect, took an arm each and lifted Les upto the position (more or less) of attention to greet me.

Let us salute these fellows who devote so much time of their leisure to enable the premier youth organisation to flourish in spite of all the nastiness and utter ugliness that surrounds our youngsters today. How difficult to maintain standards with such a background.

Peter Cornish, one of our old boys had provided cards which kiddies could colour and a table was filled with crayon-wielding small boys frantically decorating the anchor and surrounding lettering with admirable enthusiasm. I did have a go but as with the afore-mentioned ducks the old hands are a little too shaky nowadays.

It was good display and must have impressed the public. Let's hope it will gather in a few recruits for the 1991/2 session.