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Company Magazine Editorial

Hello Chums !!

.....oh, I've just remembered, a certain Sergeant doesn't like me saying " Hello Chums ", so I'd better not say it again !!

Anyway, where shall I start ?

Oh yes, our fete on July 14th.....

As those of you who came will know, this years fete was not so sucessful as last years " Centenary Fete " due mainly once again to the bad weather. However, we did manage to raise about £150.00 for Company Funds.

A BIG THANK YOU to everyone who helped in any way whatsoever.

At the end of this month, our Company and Junior Sections will be going to camp, the Company to the Gower Peninsula, and the Juniors to Studland Bay. We here at Sure and Stedfast send our best wishes to both sections and hope that both have a thoroughly good time....

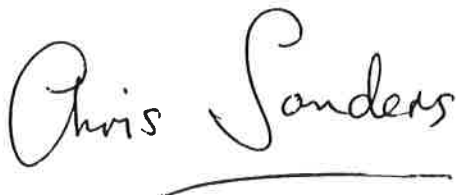
The next issue of this magazine will be out by August 15th and as I am anticipating that it will only be a thin issue, it will sell for 10p.

That is all that I can think of for now,

So,

PLEASE give me an item for the next and/or subsequent issue(s), as I am running out of ideas.

See you soon,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Chris Sanders". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above a horizontal line.

Chris Sanders

4, Wheatley Gardens
Edmonton,
LONDON N9 9UE.

Tel 807 1864



The combined bands of the First and Third Enfield circa 1978 after playing inside the A.B.C. Cinema in Southbury Road to promote the film "First for Boys."

The Adventures of Harry Johnson

Part Three: " Have your cake and eat it ! "

"GooooooooooooOOOOOOOodddddddDDDDDDDD" said the voice.

" Oh dear ", said Bread, " somebody pick Plate up "

The door opened a little wider and the finger - like protusion moved closer into the room. It in turn was followed by the rest of the body. Very shortly the whole of the creature was in full view of everyone. The boys' stood aghast.

" What is it ? " asked Expense.

" It's quite obvious ", replied Bread in a superior manner, " we are obviously all experiencing a Close Encounter of the Third Kind ", he paused, " I should say that we are looking at an Extra Terrestrial Being, a mind immeasurably more intelligent than yours, perhaps even mine. It has a name, what is it ?", he paused again, " Aah yes, it comes from the Latin if my memory serves me correctly, 'Elsinus Pattacaceous'."

" That's quite incredible Bread ", said Bollard admiringly, " But how in thunder did you know that ?"

" Elementary my dear Bollard ", retorted Bread, " I read it on the back of a packet of Tea ".

" Never mind about'Eksra Territorial Bein' ", blurted Radweld, " It's flippin' revoltin', a creature like that ought to be blasted into oblivion ".

" You ought to be blasted into oblivion you pest ", countered Bicker, " You're a pain in the....."

At that point Bicker's sentence was cut short as the creature emitted a loud wail, shook violently and began to cry.

" Now look what you've done Radweld ", hollared Clock, " You've upset it, you've made it cry ".

Sure enough, the little creature now stood in a pool of bright green tears and showed no sign of abating. Harry Johnson who had remained silent during the proceedings cautiously walked up to the creature and put his arm around it. Amazingly, the tears stopped and a smile broke out on its face. " GooooooooooooODDDDDDD", it said, poking its finger up Harry's nose. Harry screamed and the creature recoiled in shock. The boys' however were in hysterics. Everyone even the creature was laughing. Everyone that is except for poor Harry.

" That's all the thanks I get is it ", said Harry nursing his nose, " A bruised conk !! "

" There's no need to be upset Sir ", interjected Bread, " According to my information, that is a common way to greet a friend when in Interstellar surroundings"

" Whatever happened to the simple handshake ", asked Harry.

Quite unexpectedly, one of the other boys' stood up. His name was Schmillson, a smallish boy of no fixed hairstyle. " I wonder ", he said inquisitively, " If it has a name.

Find out if the creature has a name in next months earth shatteringly thrillingly episode of " THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY JOHNSON "!!!!

Q. Who is given the sack as soon as he starts work ?

A. A Postman !

If I should catch a newt, why is it bound to be smaller than yours ?

Because it would be my newt (MINUTE) !!

Q. Why did Little Bo Peep lose her sheep ?

A. Because she had a crook with her !

Q. Why do cows wear bells ?

A. Because their horns don't work !

An Englishman and an Irishman went into a cave. " Isn't it dark in here", said the Englishman.

" I don't know ", said the Irishman, " I can't see " !!

Q. If there are four birds in a tree and a boy shoots one, how many are left ??

A. NONE (The shot frightened the others away !!)

Q. Why did the chicken cross the road ??

A. Because it felt like it !!

Thank you to Simeon Layzell for the above Jokes. He has won the prize which I offered last month to the first NEW contributor to the magazine.

We now find ourselves in the cottage belonging to the Three Bears.....

Daddy Bear comes down to breakfast.

" Who has been eating my porridge?", says a grumpy Daddy Bear.

Baby Bear comes down to breakfast.

" Who has been eating my porridge?", says a not quite so grumpy Baby Bear

" Don't be stupid ", says Mummy Bear, " I haven't made it yet." !!!!

Young Darren once went out to Dinner,
But came back looking hungry and thinner,
Said he " Don't be baffled, the Dinner was raffled ,
And somebody else was the winner ".

BOOM BOOM!!!!!!!

The News Sheet reproduced below gives an insight into what the Company was doing 60 years ago. Even then it appears, the Editor had trouble getting people to contribute items.
Some things never change!!!



3rd Enfield Company Weekly News Sheet.

BRITISH HALL, CHASE SIDE, ENFIELD.

Captain—Mr. C. CHOPPING.

No. 2.

"THE COMPANY RAG" October 25th 1924.

EDITOR'S NOTES

Having forgotten to mention last week that the "Rag" has changed Editorship, I am only telling you this in case you blame the wrong one for mistakes made which, I hope there will be few.

So far I have had no contributions from the boys. Don't be afraid to send in your views, jokes, poems and tales.

Seemingly, General Elections are going to annual events, and I sincerely hope that this year's election will in no way be detrimental to the Company. Last year it will be remembered, at any rate by those who were in charge of the different departments, that the attendance fell considerably and in consequence the Company suffered. Boy's I hope you will leave politics until you leave the Company when you will perhaps have more sense to appreciate them.

AMBULANCE

It is hoped to begin our Ambulance Classes after the Election. BOYS put your backs into this class so that we can regain that handsome trophy presented to the Battalion by Mr. Berklemans. Boys who were in the class last year if they are still interested can still attend for their St. John's Certificates.

Y.P.A.

There are some good attendances at this branch of our church. I am also pleased to see that there are a large number of our boys attend regularly, but there are a few who seem to have dropped off. I hope you will dig these chaps out and bring them along with you next Sunday and your papers, for there is an open discussion which ought to be interesting.

OUR STORY

"Some Punishment" by N.G. NEER.

A certain boy was heard one night sympathising with a motorist who was telling him about an enthralling adventure he had had -

"I saw something coming along the road" he said, "And it took me quite half a mow to (motor) reason out what it was then I suddenly realized it was the one thing that caused so

much amusement down at Camp. Of course I don't know who to (hooter) blame, for all those complimentary remarks about it " he continued, speaking through his nose," but we Mu(s)t guard (mudguard) against such trash as this. If I hear any more of it I sha' say (chassis) just what I think about it to the culprit. The conversation had to break (brake) off here, as "Fall" went. But still memories of that Old Bus keep running through my mind. Only the other day, I saw outside the place where I had to dine, a motor (dynamo) of a similar make but in the end I expect it will be found abandoned in a "BETTER 'OLE".

J O K E S

-----oOo-----

There was once a Scotsman, of the standard make, of course. He said to his wife. "Look here my dear, I can't afford to give the kids a Xmas present this year". He took a revolver into the garden and fired two shots into the air, and when he came in he said to his wife " Go up and tell the kids that Santa Clause has shot himself. "

A D V E R T

WANTED

A smart energetic youth to act as reporter to our "RAG" for the company footer matches. APPLY:- To the EDITOR.

A LOOK BACK THROUGH A LIFETIME

The year 1913, and a look back at the Enfield of those days.

Enfield itself was a good deal more countryfied then. Chase Side Avenue, Parsonage Gardens and Riverside Avenue were all allotments. Parsonage Lane itself consisted of two rows of small cottages. Those on the right if you looked towards Baker Street had front doors which opened straight onto the pavement, while those on the left had short front gardens.

From where Monastery Gardens starts was the boundary wall of the Old Rectory, this was about ten feet high, and extended up to Baker Street. The other side was the property of Col. Alfred Somerset, and has changed little in appearance since his death.

Baker Street is vastly different now. On the opposite side to the present school was just one big house, the rest consisted of a field next to David Heath's Contractors Yard and Stables. The present Income Tax Offices were built on the site of Peppers Stables and Cab Rank. The other stables were in the Town, and were run by Welch. They were rivals for carrying passengers to and from the stations.

In those days we boasted five cinemas and a Bandstand in every park, not including the one on Chase Green. The Willow Estate was all Orchards or fields, and Cherry Orchard Lane hada Cherry Orchard ! The Gibbon's owned a large Orchard, and a footpath went from the lane through Bath's fields which was a huge market garden. He sold his own produce. You ended up in Enfield Highway without passing a single house. Most of the open spaces have since been built upon. Chase Farm Hospital was still an orphanage for Boys' and Girls', and St. Michaels' was the workhouse.

There was no Arterial Road. Trams ran the length of Southbury Road starting from about where the Cinema stands as the station yard stood out much further than it's present position and prevented a double line. The fare incidently was 1d each way. Trams from Winchmore Hill had come into the town and the fare was 2d.

Roads were not tarred but were just dusty tracks and in a strong wind you would see everybody turn their backs till it blew past. There were as many cars seen in those days as their are horse drawn vehicles today.

The fire engine was drawn by two horses and the men were all volunteers. Every mile or so you would come across a horse trough and Enfield had at least four Blacksmiths hard at it shoeing horses.

There were no modern conveniences. No fridges, washing machines or spin dryers no radios or televisions and no aircrafts. There were however, plenty of gas filled balloons sometimes a score or more in some of the races. The New River use to flow and it was well stocked with a great variety of fish. The streets were lit with gas and had to be lit by the Lamplight and put out again the next morning.

Few people had a telephone. There were no gas fires, most people had old fashion kitchens, and most houses boasted a copper. With the smoke from the coal fires combining with low clouds instead of the slight mist you get nowadays, we had thick smog. This got into your nose and throat and times was so dense that even in daylight, visibility was less than two yards. You were always liable either to walk into people, or a lamp post!

to be continued.....