

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

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OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

SPRING 1992

Dear Friends,

Time beat me once again and unfortunately owing to pressures of work the pre-Christmas News Letter did not materialise. However this has given me the chance to collect together a few more items of interest and my thanks again to Bill Hutchings for providing another set of amusing articles.

It was nice to see three of our Old Boys present at our Christmas Carol Bible Class on December 22nd. Don Collins, Ron Dunsden and Bernard Bushell all seemed to enjoy themselves. I think that the last time that Bernard had heard the story read Frank Head was the speaker - sorry if that gives your age away Bernard!

As all Old Boys will remember, the Company is now in the middle of the competition season. Two weeks ago the Boys tied for first place in the Battalion/North London Zone (Enfield, Barnet, Haringey) Squad Drill Competition with the 16th Enfield. Well done to the 16th who have come on leaps and bounds recently. It is always nice to have a good contest. We unfortunately came second to the 2nd Enfield in the First Aid Competition so will not therefore be able to go through to London. Other London competitions such as Squad, 2 Section and 3 Section Drill, Band etc are still to come however, so there is still a lot to play for.

February 29th will be a special day for our Bandmaster Martyn Stogden, as on that day he will wed Claire Gregory a former Junior Section Officer. Congratulations to them both. Any friends who would like to wish them well are welcome to come to the Service which will be at 2.30pm.

As many of you will know, Peter Wakeford is now Battalion Secretary and handed over the post of O.I.C. Company Section to Mark Pollard in October of last year. However, whilst attending an International Camp, Mark met and fell in love with (very Mills and Boon isn't it) the lovely Pia Larsen. The result of this is that Mark & Pia are living in Denmark for one year and I have taken on the mantle of O.I.C. Company Section. The loss of Mark has left us somewhat short staffed, so if any of you would feel able to lend a hand at Band or Club Rooms even if only once a month, then please contact me. Competent Bugle and Drum instructors are always required, but no such qualifications are required for Club Rooms!

Thank you to everyone who has returned the Questionnaire which was sent out with the last News Letter. Many amusing and in some cases hilarious stories have been told which will all go into the forthcoming book on the history of the Company, which is gradually taking shape. Please don't forget to send in your copy of the Questionnaire. The more contributions we have, the more interesting the book will be.

1992 is the 75th Anniversary of the Boy Reserves, which in 1926 became the Life Boys and in 1966 the Junior Section. The Battalion Junior Section are looking at the possibility of a Display in the Autumn. More details as they become known.

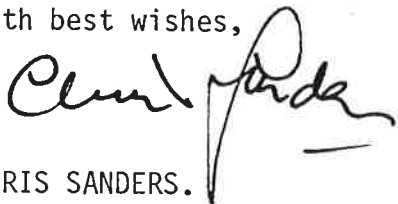
We will definitely be holding a Company versus Old Boys Cricket Match in the summer, and also another Reunion, probably in September. Dates will be fixed and more will be published in the next News Letter.

The Battalion lost two of its most senior and respected members just before the end of last year. Norman Ingle O.B.E, former Captain of the 10th Enfield and Battalion President for many years, and Arthur Lincoln, a former Officer of the 7th Enfield and Battalion Vice President passed away in November.

I would also ask you to remember Ron Chapman in your prayers as he fights against illness. Many of you will remember Ron as a Boy in the 7th Enfield and for the past 40 years as having a Photographic Studio in Winchmore Hill.

Finally, only a small percentage of our readers have paid a subscription this year. I must ask that to avoid the News Letter becoming a drain on Company finances that those who haven't paid send a minimum of £2.00 to cover rising costs of paper and postage. If however you do not wish to receive the News Letter anymore, please let me know. I hope however that none of you will tell me that!

With best wishes,

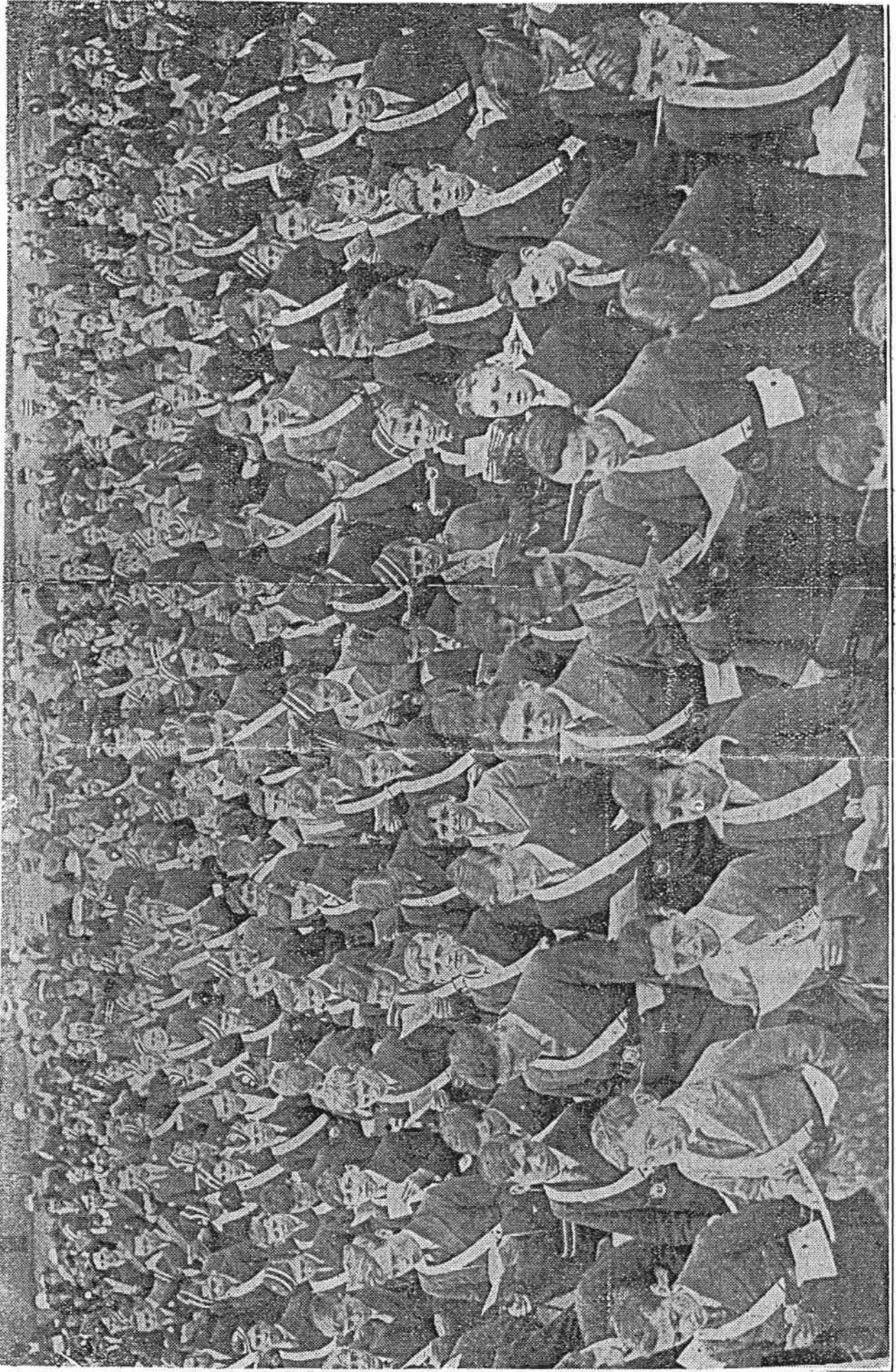


CHRIS SANDERS.

P.S. The photo of the gathering in Pymmes Park in 1935 came from a collection of newspaper cuttings given to me by Len Staines.

Any donations of photos, badges, cuttings and other memorabilia are always gratefully received. Please let me know if you have anything of interest.

My thanks to Len Staines for providing this picture which was in a book of press cuttings from the 1930's. Does anyone remember this Service and more importantly, were you there ?



A section of the large crowd of Enfield and Edmonton members of the Boys' Brigade at the Drumhead Service in Pymmes Park, Edmonton, on Sunday. *"Herald" photo.*

BENEATH

MY



PILLBOX

By Bill Hutchings

Winter is a-coming and for no apparent reason, unless it was the advent of Christmas Carol being read at Bible Class, my thoughts turned to the Church Parlour and our Sunday morning meetings.

Before having the heating modernised some mysterious person used to get up very early to light the coal fire laid in the elegant victorian grate (now panelled in) and by the time we were due to assemble in the Parlour there was a magnificent blaze throwing out a glorious heat. Not that it did us boys much good. The Officers always sat at that end with their backs to the flames - no cold stern men amongst our superiors I can tell you.

Meanwhile the boys at the other end slowly froze as the minutes ticked away. Being of a compassionate nature, the Officers arranged for each squad to take it in turns to sit at the back. This was done by the simple method of sitting the duty squad (who prepared the room for the service) in the front row, then the following week being banished to the "freezer bin" right at the back. This rotation of squads meant we suffered chilblains and frost-bite once every ten weeks.

Not unnaturally, we all looked forward to the summer for a change in these conditions. And indeed, there was a change. Immediately the sunbeams penetrated the leaded windows the Officers decided the seating should be reversed. So this august body now sat with their backs to the open windows

so that the soft breezes could blow around them keeping them cool and enviably comfortable. With a Company of between sixty and seventy the Parlour was pretty full so the squad at the far end, now with their backs to the once much sought after elegant victorian fireplace hadn't the remotest chance of whiff of the fresh air up yonder. They just sweltered - and it didn't help matters when singing such favourites as Summer suns are glowing.

But coming back to Christmas Carol. I recall one of our Old Boys, Freddie Slack, giving the most hilarious, lengthy and entertaining speech I have ever heard. It was at an Old Boys Dinner and Bob Pinner, Captain at the time, must have been of the same opinion because not only did he cut his own speech considerably to avoid over-running our allotted time but persuaded Freddie to visit us at Bible Class to give a powerful rendering of this wonderful story.

If my memory serves me aright it was Frank Head who had the original idea of introducing the especially edited version that is always read on this occasion. It proved so popular that firstly it became a feature and ultimately, a tradition. When Frank went to the 1st New Barnet Bob Pinner carried on.

There must be many an Old Boy scattered around the globe who fondly remembers the time he sat and listened with rapt attention to those sombre opening words "Marley was dead, as dead as a doorpost". Tell me, is the original book with all its many annotations still being used?

Incidentally, I never had the advantage of knowing Freddie Slack, he was a bit before my time. But he must have been quite a character. I'll tell you about a few I've met sometime, if you like.

A LIKELY STORY



It was at the Remembrance Sunday Service (see elsewhere in this collection of literary masterpieces) that I met up again with Brian Steward. Trying to disguise my usual acute feeling of sartorial inferiority, I rabbited on ad nauseum about his business domain over at Bishops Stortford. Perhaps in a desperate attempt to shut me up he suggested I might come over one day and have a perfunctory butcher's.

Now it so happened that the very next day my lady wife informed me she was going to have to buy a new outfit. Seeing the words "what for" forming upon my lips she hurriedly mentioned we'd been invited to Buck House. Killing two birds with one stone, so to speak, we poodled off to Brian's very attractive store in that equally attractive market town. This really was the Life of Brian, no doubt about it. Now it was while he and I were deciding whether I should wear my defence medal on my left breast or my right that I heard a stentorian command behind me "Stand to attention that man; thumbs down the seams of your trousers.....if you don't mind". So polite is Jack Hosken - always has been. Yes, it was that past Captain of renown with Angela, his wife. They were down from their stately home in Chippenham, Gloucestershire, enjoying a few days holiday. I asked him how he liked Bishops Stortford. "Lovely place" he said, "But a little too far from the sea for my liking." Brian, Jack and myself were having a thoroughly good natter when my better half indicated there were only ten minutes left to closing time. Well, she accidentally caught my left ear with her organiser handbag. Now, you may call me naive if you like but Buck House turned out to be the residence of friends of ours who's surname happens to be Buckenham - my wife's little joke you understand.

That brings me to Jack's little Austin 7 he used to have. Whatever the 7 related to it always sounded as though it was only working on 3 of them. It would have been the oldest car in Enfield if it hadn't been for Dave Wilson's. We had all been out at some B.B. gathering when Dave's jalopy broke down a short distance from Christ Church. Jack, who was always prepared for any emergency where his Officers were concerned, took from his tool-box a battered tin-opener and by clever manipulation prised open the boot of his motor. Removing a tow rope, the lads tied one end to the front of Dave's car and the other end to the rear of Jack's. Off shot the Austin 7 with Dave's bumper clanking merrily behind all the way up Chase Side.

When it comes to cars Ted Shadbolt was the kiddy. Once upon a time there was a camp where Ted and Ron Hicks were entrusted with the advance party responsibilities. This is how I heard the story. Having left the day before, there were so many mishaps and diversions that they arrived only a few hours before the Company staggered onto the site. No tents up, of course, only Ted and Ron having what they termed a well-earned breather. There may be a clue to this somewhat erratic journey in what happened to our happy-go-lucky pair on the way back. Once again Ted was in the driving seat and Ron all ready to navigate. Ever the romantic Ron decided to travel by the picturesque route, through the country lanes, over the odd ploughed field, you know the drill. Almost an hour later Ted remarked "This place seems familiar". Ron checked his map and found they were only five minutes walk away from the camp site they so recently left. Strangely enough, they never did gain their Wayfarer's Badge.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER. Remembrance Sunday 1991 will be one to remember, well for me at any rate. There were nine of us standing in silence as the familiar names of our Old Boys who died in World War 2 were read out by Bernard Evison just before eleven o'clock on 10th November. Besides yourscribe there were Don Collins, Chris Sanders, Brian Steward, John Collison, Bernard Bushell, Ron Dunsden, Dave Mencarini and that great stalwart Arthur Page. To round it all off neatly, so to speak, we had Don Hart, that well known musician and 1st Enfield Old Boy at the organ. The Company buglers, as always, were in attendance to render The Last Post and Reveille. Was it my imagination or did they actually play The Last Post at a faster tempo than of yore?

After the excellent service led by our Company Chaplain, Adrian Bulley, we all renewed acquaintances with some animation. Adrian came over to greet us, then we chattered some more. The Duty Elder, wanting to go home to his roast and two veg coughed discreetly. So engrossed were we that it made no impression whatsoever. He coughed again rather less discreetly and then the message found its way into the old cranial cavity.

As we went our several ways I hoped a greater number of us would be in attendance next year, but 1991 was a great start. There's always the possibility of providing a cup of coffee in future years, or what about a dixie of skilly if the weather is inclement? It was really good to meet up with you all again. May I mention that if the fancy takes you to visit the Church of your youth you will always be welcome. If you really want to feel at home, the third Sunday in the month is invariably a parade service and there'll be a seat for you behind the Company. I would look forward very much to greeting you sometime.

*Stedfast
Association*



OF FORMER MEMBERS OF
THE BOYS' BRIGADE

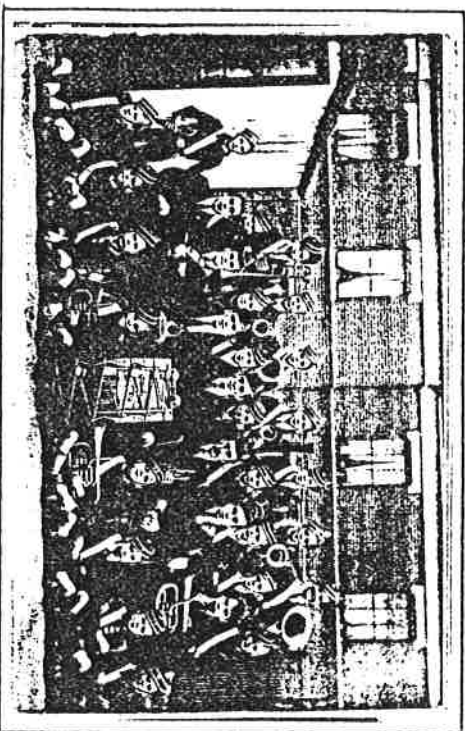
The Onlooker, the Newsletter of the London Area of the Association will be holding the Annual General Meeting and a social event, probably an Old Boys Band Competition on Saturday March 14th 1992.

Quite a few of us are members and it's a very reasonable subscription.

Why not give a thought to joining? See Chris.

BOYS of the BRIGADE

VOLUME ONE



A Portrait in Old Photographs
& Picture Postcards



by Robin Bolton

BOYS OF THE BRIGADE

VOLUME ONE

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Many old and rare picture postcards and photographs provide, in this volume, a nostalgic view of the Boys' Brigade, Church Lads' Brigade, Jewish Lads' Brigade, Catholic Boys' Brigade, Boys' Life Brigade and many more of the religious Brigades popular during the early years of this century.

Using his own extensive postcard and photograph collection and numerous archive resources the author shows how Religious revival, Social concern, Imperialism and Militarism all played a rôle in the burgeoning new Brigades, many hitherto never studied or described.

Volume two (to be published late 1991) will concentrate on the activities of the Brigades; Band, Summer camp, Scouting, Drill, Sports, Ambulance, Football etc.

The author, a High School Teacher, graduated from Birmingham University in 1971. He joined the Boys' Brigade as a 'Life - Boy' in 1957 serving through the ranks to become a Lieutenant in the 57th Bham. Coy. Robin is probably best known inside the Boys' Brigade as the founder of the B.B.'s National Band contest in 1976 whilst he was developing and teaching a most successful Company Band.

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S.B. PUBLICATIONS

Available from all bookshops or by post using the order form below.

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