

PRIVATE EYNORT, SPECIAL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT EDITIO

THE LOCH BOY'S DAILY

A Camp Admistrators
DITRY.

startdate: August 5.

9.55

Drew the curtains of the four poster in my suite in the hochboislafe Hotel. looked out of window saw other members of busy party standing nooked outside leaning tents, looked as if they had had an hard night must see hotel manager about letting them camp on lawn.

10.00

Went down and had on light breakfast: Devilled kidneys, hippers, sugar puffs and poached salmon. The baked beans - must mention this to r-arages. Marmalade becomes a bit boring - asking ~~Manney~~ for another food parcel.

11.30

Invited busy party in for coffee in lounge. They said they must get on with my measuring - Good fellows. Asked porter to hail me a taxi to the bank.

11.45

Taxi not arrived. Fine morning, so walked the 100 yards to the bank. Walking boots illumy recommended & excellent - no blisters yet.

New bank manager. Used to see four poster at school - Decent sort of chap, but provincial. Transferred a few hundred first class tickets to Rear Guard fund; hearned that I had been right to sell baked beans on bottom (falling out of market).

12.30

lunch on board Daddy's yacht in harbour with the Captain. Pity Daddy couldn't make it.

2.30

Taxi to Fishermans house. Panned party on road - they didn't wave back - must be a little tired. Tea with the factor - he was at sandwich with Daddy. Decent rather boring - most Army types and I suppose one must discharge one's social obligations cont. But I say, Colours!



LIEDER ARTICLE

By Mary Blackhouse, our festival of light Correspondent.

Left up your hearts, Brothers and sisters!! The clouds of moral darkness (don't you mean immoral darkness - B'ed) are lifting from the noble hills that round about us lie. Behold the peaks, radiant in the glorious sunshine of these latter days. Andrews newly cleaned top, gleam industriously on they protrude at first cautiously and then with increasing fervour from between the billowing portals of the recently purged Editorial tent.

Arise brother and sisters gird up your loins, cast aside your past errors, repent of the mispent days and walk with us in the paths of righteousness (take that text out of you!) with gyes - (B'ed) forehead (into the sun of glorious destiny) and really hit the nail on the head. But more is wanted (stop swinging on the ridge pole Hingrey - B'ed) (This is really reaping the barrow & gyes lies down and puts the text in his mouth again while Andrews, in a fit of Evangelical fervour, contemplates having off the left side of his beard and the right side of his moustache. Following his horse hair shirt, forewings, a fragrant hot tea biscuit' from his midland land desperadoes.

ODE TO AN URNU - or some completely fictitious thing

by the Rev. Percy 'the Skylark' Cohen.

The sun shone brightly all the day,
The lock was still as glass
I sat upon a mountain top
And watched the Urnus pass.

They flittered by me all the day
Their wings all gleaming white
But to me they said not a word
Their lips were silent - quite.

Oh Urnus, I remarked, I wish
That I might with you roam
To make the sky my nesting place
The billowy clouds my home.

But no - these birds with ceaseless strength
Their purity maintain
And sinful mortals like myself
Apart from them remain.

And so I called the sun so bright
The rain, the wind, the sea
To purify my inner self
That I might spotless be.

A night, a day they purged me
Until at last, clean through
I took my place and flew
with grace
A blissful, pure Urnu.

Lots of Love,
Percy. x x
x

TROG



cont from page 1, col 1
500

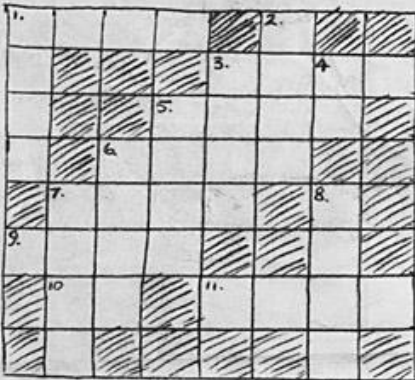
Private Helicopter back to hill behind camp - must keep up image with boys. Walked back into camp. - still no blisters

8.30

Dinner foul. Tired after long journey so went to bed early
Midnight

Pleasant pig ram came tone, - then she has, alone her, and some newspapers

CROSSWORD



Across

1. For confused old folk who want to wash (4)
3. So apt for those without teeth
5. Clean and bubbly from the (4)
6. A bar for the lock side (4)
7. The cleanest fairy of them all (4)
9. "Oh, my America! My new found —" (4)
10. Father standing on his head (2)
11. You use it for washing (4)

Down

1. Not found in lightbulbs (4)
2. Not an anagram of apothecist (4)
3. Not used to fuel Saturn rockets (4)
4. Not the top 1/2 of a bar of soap (2)
5. Not a planet (4)
6. Has never sailed the Atlantic single-handed (4)
7. Has never interviewed the Pope (4)
8. "Had we but — enough and time This filth, dear lady, were no crime." (4)

Solution to last Crossword

Humphrey writes = "Is there a last crossword? Can one speak of the most recent crossword thus, or the term applicable rather to some future ..."

THE CEREBRUM.

A FAREWELL TO FEET

Pt IV: Postscript

The story so far: - In case you change your mind.

'Silly Boy' said Biggles, smiling benevolently at his nephew Leonardo da Vinci's little tricks. Leon had had a keen sense of humor from an early age and now spent almost half his pocket money on caps.

"Ding Dong"

The porter arrived, and after Biggles, pausing only briefly to pass the time of day, instructed him to send the suitcases to Paddington.

For minutes later Biggles had turned his key in the door and was setting off for the office. He walked down the street, he gazed at his eyes lovingly on the beauties of the spring morning. The birds sang, the sun shone, and the air was suffused with the sweet scent of apple blossom. Biggles puffed contentedly at his pipe.

Suddenly his eyes burned with anger as he noticed a cigarette packet fall to the pavement. Kneeling out his pipe with a sharp left hook, he quickened his pace and as his left hand gripped the sleeve of the offender, he found himself once again face to face with no one other than his old friend, Greeny Court, Fredrick the lesser spotted wood pecker 'Kobostavitch' in person.

"Pick it up," he snapped ambidextrously, his eyes still flaming and the thin wisps of smoke issuing from the recently smothered pipe in his trouser pocket. Without answering his gaze Biggles slipped his thigh posthumbously at a stroke downing his, by then rumpled, trousers.

"If right you win" muttered his victim curtly, picking up the offending cigarette packet. "But I'll be back, and next time it'll be a used color gas cylinder."

Honour satisfied, and trousers now only steaming gently, Biggles continued on his course.

Stopping only briefly to greet an old lady and help the vicar across the road, Biggles proceeded determinedly to the office. He had work to do.

Don't miss the next action packed installment.

Love Capt W.E.J.

FESTIVAL OF LIGHT CHAIR POLITICS.

The Royal Blue Rattid writes:
Hello Boys and Girls.

I think we all appreciate how much the inspired leadership of our holy man and here in these beautiful islands has contributed to making it such a tremendously educational experience. I feel sure you would all want to express your thanks to our leader in some very positive way.

However, he has asked me to say on his behalf that he feels that any little gift or presentation you might have been contemplating would be out of place. I feel that in this he is taking us perhaps the greatest lesson of the camp: that the greatest reward that any of us can look for is simply the satisfaction of knowing that one has done one's best. - Not that he - modest fellow that he is - would think that he had over the camp perfectly - oh no, he is a perfectionist, not the sort of chap to be complacent, and what the world needs is perfectionists.

In any case, I want to say, on behalf of all of us, a hearty thank you to him for all the work, which, in such a dedicated and selfless way, he has put into making this camp the success it most assuredly has been.

lots of love
The (signed) Ed
R. B. R.

PERSONAL COLUMN

- Births: One new era, hallelujah!
- Deaths: One old era, hallelujah!
- Marriages: None, all of our minds on higher things. hallelujah!
- Wanted: Size 14 Halo - Apply Nick Showan.
- Unwanted: Pride, Avarice, Gluttony, Sloth, Envy, Lust, Covetousness - Apply Gyles and/or Andrew. [Hallelujah, (Ed.)]
- Lost: One mackerel race - Apply mackerel or sun-tan lotion.
- Found: 34 souls - (Apply Ed) Oil of Abonella. (Ed)