

QUICKRACE

SEPTEMBER 1979



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EDITORIAL

Again I must apologise for this edition of Quickmatch being published late but I hope it will prove to be worth waiting for. We try to stick to the publishing dates to ensure that Quickmatch is supplied every three months with editions in February, May, August and November.

Quickmatch is intended to be the magazine for the members of the Social and Sports Club and we appreciate any articles, letters, stories that the members send to us, and try to include as many as possible. We would still be pleased to receive more opinions and views on what you, the member, feel about Quickmatch. So, any opinions, for or against, how to improve it, and what it should contain, please put pen to paper and send it to me. All serious comments will certainly be considered.

We have acquired a regular Quickmatch reporter, so look out for him. Roving Roger may be around the next corner!

The front page of this edition is of a caricature of a Committee member. If you think that you recognise him, please write in and the first correct entry will receive a small prize.

Finally, the results of the May edition can be found at the back of this issue.

IKE

CHAIRMAN'S CHAT

Now that the holiday season is almost over for another year the Club is already beginning the build-up towards Xmas and it is time to start the Xmas Draw again. So begins a very busy three months particularly for the Social Committee and its ever active Lady Chairman. The hard work involved is made much more bearable by the support you give so please come along and make our events that much more successful. A very popular event over the same period is the Darts Knock-Out Competitions and this is just starting. I congratulate Stan Berry on his efficient organisation and for the neat display of the tournament draws.

We hope to change the gaming machine in the very near future. The new machine will have more to recommend it in the way of holds and gambling features and should stimulate our profits as well as increase the enjoyment you get from playing it. We are also going to try out a new amusements machine, the electronic type of thing which most of you will have seen in pubs or amusement arcades. These are not only a lot of fun but also a game of skill so perhaps we could have some fun competitions over the winter.

Continued

We have progressed some way on the N Site Canteen conversion, at least on paper, and the Club and the Establishment have agreed the plans and the general division of work requiring to be done. Thus the structural alterations, heating system, electrical rewiring and generally making good and redecorating will be the responsibility of the Establishment and this work should commence around October. The bars and bar fitting will be installed by the Brewers. The decoration and furnishing of the bar and lounge areas and any special fittings or furnishings required elsewhere will be the Clubs responsibility but as far as the bar areas are concerned we will be trying to get as much assistance as possible from the Brewers. I am arranging a further meeting with the Brewery to discuss the plans and the above aspects in detail.

R. McGuchan

SOCIAL

The Square Dance held on 3rd August was, as usual, a success and it realised approximately £90 profit which will be made up to £150 by the Social Club and donated to the Dr. Barnados Home at New Mossford, Barkingside.

Although the attendance at the Tramps Supper on Saturday, 18th August was encouraging, functions held in the Club lounge are generally causing some concern through apparent lack of interest. Cost of admission on these occasions is usually very small and includes light buffet refreshments, together with good entertainment and cheap drink, what more do you want? If anyone has any ideas I'd be very pleased to hear from them.

Some events on the Social Calendar over the next couple of months -

On Friday 5th October from 8.00 pm - 12.30 am in the North Site Canteen there is the Autumn Dance with the Bernard Williams Dance Orchestra. Further details will be published later.

The Tennis Club Dance will be held on Friday, 2nd November from 8.00 pm - midnight, also in the North Site Canteen. Dancing on this occasion will be to the Memphis City Band.

On Friday, 16th November we have a concert featuring - for the first time at PERME the Metropolitan Police Band.

The Christmas Draw will be held this year on Friday, 7th December. Tickets are already on sale at 5p each and cards of tickets may be obtained from Steve Hutchings, BWD Ext 503.

Elsa McFarlane
Ext. 226

QUICKMATCH REPORT

DEGENERATES IN SOCIAL CLUB!

Members having a quiet drink in the bar on Saturday evening were astonished as they were invaded by Tramps.

Men, women, girls and children all tramps trooped through into the club lounge for their annual bread and cheese handout.

They came from far and wide, but what a collection, what a fantastic turnout. The sights incredible.

Dirty overcoats and mac's in rags held together by pieces of string, odd boots, no uppers. "Look at the state of him" someone remarked heads turned to the door, the rattle of pots and pans swinging round the newcomers waist banging with every step he took.

Yes, it was in full swing!

Got a fag mate?

Treat me to a pint?

Can you lend me a pound to get straight?

These things were asked of me.

They really do take these occasions seriously.

How can one start to describe them? I can't, but you couldn't be any more original.

Steve Hutchins had a secondhand Malcolm Allison hat on and looked as if he had been lost on a Safari.

Stan Berry looked as if he had got tangled up with Spurs supporters after losing. George took refuge behind the bar so he wouldn't be associated with Elsa, whose interpretation of a Scots Old Mother Reilly had me in hysterics.

The Surgery sent along a Punk Tramp without safety pins through her nose although they were every where else.

Poor old Bill Coe hadn't shaved for over a week in preparation, had been spurned by his wife didn't even get into the Tramps Chart. Should be back to normal though eh Barb, Nudge, Nudge.

The judging was left in the capable hands of the Duo Two who supplied the excellent entertainment all night.

After careful considerations and a quick sniff the judges finally awarded the winners their prizes.

First went to Dave Johnson what a mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of Meths. Behind came Barry Barratt and third place went to young Jamie Hawkins a six year old.

To those people who didn't go down to the club, you missed a great evening, those who did, thank you for the tremendous efforts everybody took to make it enjoyable and I am quite sure that this social event is going to be looked forward to every year.

I came out of the Club itching all over and suspect I picked up a few fleas.

Finally didn't see Ike, he must have got picked up by the Law on a vagrancy charge.

Roving Roger

CHESS CLUB

League tables have been received for last season and placings and points scored were as follows: North Circular League Division A (5th) $4\frac{1}{2}$ /12, Div. B (2nd) 5/8; Essex League Div. 3 (8th) 10/24; and Essex Commercial League (3rd) 6/16.

The new season will be commencing in September and a full programme of chess is being arranged. Details of the club can be obtained from Bob Jones (Ext. 223).

CROQUET CLUB

The Club is again playing at Larsens Putting Green, on Monday evenings during the summer.

Owing to retirements and transfers the Club membership has gradually fallen over recent seasons and new players would be most welcome.

Croquet is a fascinating game requiring both a mastery of technique and a study of tactics.

The annual subscription is only 50p, so why not come along on Monday evenings and try your hand, or contact Ron Holt (Secretary) on Ext. 320.

INTERSECTION DART LEAGUE

The dart league was very close this year with P2 and BWD S/S both finishing on 30 points each. A best of three play off was arranged, and P2 triumphed 2-0.

Unfortunately not all the fixtures were completed so I have only listed the top six (see below) in the league. I would like to praise the efforts of the Whizz Kids, who despite finishing bottom of the league were one of the first teams to complete their fixtures, well done girls.

STAN BERRY

Intersection Dart League - Top Six

	<u>Played</u>	<u>Points</u>
BWD S/S	13	30
P2	13	30
ENG	13	26
H67	13	25
EXP	13	22
PRS	13	20

PLAY OFF

P2 - 2

BWD S/S - 0

FOOTBALL SECTION

Once again we look forward to another football season. As last year we will play in the Enfield Alliance League Division One with our Reserves in Division Four. Hopefully we can improve on our midway league position of last season, and with almost the same squad of players we should do. Both teams are always interested in new players so if you would like to play for PERME Football Club please contact Stan Berry Ext. 259, or Mike Hemmings Ext. 468.

PERME RESERVES FOOTBALL

The new season is almost here, but who can tell what it has in store for us? Unfortunately the response to pre season training has been disappointing and there is still a lot to be done. If we are going to get into our stride in time, I shall need the full support of the players.

I hope we can reach the high standard we attained in one particular match I can remember towards the end of last season. The position was that we had only won one game, and our opponents, Southgate Cosmos, had only lost one game all season. At half-time we came in 2-1 up, and in my opinion unlucky not to be further ahead because of a very unconventional goal by Nigel Evans which was disallowed because another of our players was offside, but not interfering with play as I saw it.

In the second half our opponents really came at us but we held them for some time, playing good team football. Eventually, however, they got the two goals they wanted, the latter helped by a slack defence only minutes from the end. Looking back on performances like that give me great heart for the future.

I would like to thank all those that took part in the sponsored walk, for the raising of funds for the Football Club, first team and reserves. Football has become an expensive pass-time, and the Club would not be able to function without this additional financial support.

In conclusion I would like to thank the Managers, Treasurers and Secretaries who were elected at the AGM. They can all be thankless jobs, but they have to be done by someone. It is especially good news that Bill Telling will be Manager of the first team once again. Well done Bill.

Mike Hemmings
Ext. 468/562

PERME ROCKETS F.C.

We start the season off this September with just one junior side, they are of the 12's age group. Three new players have signed on for us giving us a first team squad of sixteen players which covers the league's minimum stipulation of fifteen boys per team. With all our league games plus two cup competitions every boy will be involved at some time or another throughout the season even though we are only allowed two substitutes.

Our other members of the club those 15 year olds and all the youngsters of 9 years and upwards are playing with other local clubs at the moment as there were not enough boys to form 2 complete teams of this age group.

Our training sessions have carried on throughout the summer apart from the lads holiday breaks and it is pleasing to see the improvement in some of the boys play which hopefully will give us a strong squad for the coming season.

Bill Warren

SQUASH CLUB

The names that appear now and again in the reports from this sub-section may not be known to some of the readers of this Magazine. I will try to include any useful stories or facts (as I see them) about Squash Club members (and anyone else who is fair game) in the next few reports. This should at least guarantee a new Chairman voted in at the next AGM (if they can wait that long!).

This story concerns a member of the Admin class who had an accident. Although the story has a happy ending I was asked not to say anything about it. I'm sure you won't pass it on so I'll tell you anyway. The moral of the story might be of help to a few people. I will call the person Joe (sorry Malcolm), but it might be male or female or any other type of member (no its not the Organ Society).

Now Joe was riding home on his bicycle from Waltham Cross Station. He was dressed in his usual Head Office working clothes, e.g. Black leather jacket with lots of studs, T-Shirt with 'I joined the brain drain' motiff, faded blue jeans with both knees ripped and a dodgy zip, plus his favourite Mickey Mouse shoes. He was day dreaming about the large pay packet in the left pocket of his jacket (he'd got his pay rise) when he tried to navigate one of the roundabouts in Waltham Abbey. He tried to miss one of the large potholes but the weight of cash in his pocket threw him off balance and he fell off his bicycle. Being an Admin type he could not work out if he was hurt or not. A passer-by kindly told him how badly injured he was. He had lots of bruises, cuts and a few broken bones. His jeans had extra holes and his already feeble brain couldn't stand the strain of sloshing around in his cranium when he fell off and permanent damage occurred.

Thats the sad bit.

Now the good news. All the bruises and cuts are healed and the broken bones mended. He's already into his second best pair of faded blue jeans and trying hard to rip both knees.

The best news of all is that because the brain damage is permanent his Admin career is assured. He now has all the qualifications for a rapid rise to the top.

The moral of the story is, "If you want to get ahead, bang your head against a wall" (In the Science and PTO grades all you'll get is a headache).

Thats the sports section finished.

Now for the Social section. Lost - one recently appointed Squash Club Secretary. Description - well worn vintage player, needs some work done. Peculiarities - hasn't paid his subscription.

If anyone sees this person kindly assure him that we will do our best to teach him to play Modern Squash and we won't be too hard on him. We will then train him in paperwork and letter writing. We can't offer a reward because we would have to tell you where to stick the wanted posters.

Bill Pember

SUPERSTARS

I won't say too much about this year's Superstars Competition because it is well reported elsewhere in this edition of Quickmatch, just to thank all the people who entered the competition, Steve Hutchings, Rick Patmore, Ian Wallace, Gary Dedman, Terry Rider, John Holloway, John Rowley, Martin Catt, Dave Johnson, Stan Wills and Bernie Howes, and the ladies, Barbara Coe, Leslie Day, Lorna Farey, Wendy Beaumont, Brenda Warren and Sally Westlake. Also I would like to thank Liz Howes for helping on the bar, and Bill Warren for organising the competition.

Stan Berry

SIX-A-SIDE FOOTBALL

The Six-a-Side Football, instead of being the usual knock-out competition, was this year played on a league basis. Seven teams entered, four went into one league and three in the other, with the top of each league going straight into the final. Apprentices finished top of the first league, and Machine Shop finished top of the second. The final turned out to be very one sided, the Apprentices winning 4-0. There was some good performances from GC and PR, both unlucky not to reach the final. I would like to thank Derek Brewer for organising the competition and refereeing the games.

Stan Berry

CCS SEA ANGLING CHAMPIONSHIP

On Annual Sports Day July 3rd the Sea Angling Club was out in their boats at Bradwell on Sea.

We had asked the CCSC why we couldn't enjoy the same privileges as the course angling contestants by having this day off for fishing, but due to the usual red tape this was denied us.

However, we went ahead and we had enquiries from different Establishments asking if they could take part. We undertook the mammoth task of organising this outing and we had five establishments (PERME Waltham Abbey, PERME Westcott, AWRE Foulness, PEE Shoeburyness and the Royal Small Arms Factory) participating. A shield was to be given to the winning team which the social clubs of PERME Waltham Abbey and the Royal Small Arms kindly donated, and we also purchased cups, trophies and medals for the individuals.

A total of 64 competitors filled 8 boats at Bradwell and as usual most of the big fish must have swum up the Thames to watch the sport at Chiswick. Still, everybody had a nice day the weather was kind to us by having the sun most of the day.

After the weigh-in, the prizes were presented in the Marina Club at Bradwell where sandwiches and beer were on hand.

Many thanks to Tony Locke our usual skipper who did most of the spadework for this event. Our other thanks to all the other skippers on the day for trying to find the fish that eluded us.

Well unfortunately to the big one getting away 'see Martin Catts' we were unable to take home the team prize which was won by Shoeburyness, but we did manage to produce the individual winner who swept the board, our one and only (thank goodness) Mick Lawrence.

Thanks to Les Holley of the Royal Small Arms and his colleagues for their help and the other establishments for taking part and we hope that the CCSC will take this over as part of their's and our sports and social programme.

Final thanks to Mike Bratt Treasurer and Jim Ward Secretary for the enormous task they carried out to make this a day to remember.

INTER-DEPARTMENTAL SWIMMING GALA

The annual swimming gala this year will be on Thursday, November 1st from 18.30 hours to 21.30 hours at Ironmonger Row Baths, London EC1. Entries will be accepted only from PERME employees. If you would like to enter or just spectate please contact Joe Chance Ext. 444. If there is enough response a coach will be hired.

The events are as follows:-

1. Mens $66\frac{2}{3}$ yards Backstroke
2. Womens $33\frac{1}{3}$ yards Backstroke
3. Mens $66\frac{2}{3}$ yards Butterfly
4. Womens $33\frac{1}{3}$ yards Butterfly
5. Mens $33\frac{1}{3}$ yards Handicap
6. Womens $33\frac{1}{3}$ yards Handicap
7. Mens Individual Medley
8. Womens Diving
9. Mens Diving
10. Mens $66\frac{2}{3}$ yards Breaststroke
11. Womens $33\frac{1}{3}$ yards Breaststroke
12. Mens 100 yards Freestyle
13. Womens $66\frac{2}{3}$ yards Freestyle
14. Mens Freestyle Team (4 x $33\frac{1}{3}$ yards)
15. Womens Freestyle Team (4 x $33\frac{1}{3}$ yards)
16. Mens Veterans Handicap
17. Womens Veterans Handicap
18. Womens Individual Medley (3 x $33\frac{1}{3}$ yards)
19. Mens Invitation Relay

Closing date for entries September 7th, 1979.

PERME SUPERSTARS COMPETITION

A well attended competition involving 22 would-be superstars (16 men, 6 women) who all participated very well and showed great promise for the 1980 olympics (if they're cancelled). Not too many upsets other than Bernie Howes' request for starting blocks in the 50 metre running backward race, which if we had had them would have, I think, certainly made him the winner (by at least a short head or even a little bum), but unfortunately we didn't have any of the Drawing Office staff in the competition to give us a design for such blocks so Bernie had to carry on and suffer the outcome. Lorna Farey came close to showing the fella's up in the penalty charts (if only she'd got her last two), but Stan 'the cat' Berry put up a marvellous display between the sticks throughout the penalty shots (in fact I think Stan did to goalkeeping that evening what Custer did for the Indians).

A shock result in the welly throwing when Barbara Coe was the outright winner and could have won more convincingly had she taken her husband Bill, out of them first. All in all a very good competition with all the competitors enjoying themselves (I think also, that the spectators enjoyed themselves but I didn't have time to ask them both). A quick mention for the judges Bill Warren and Stan Berry who did a good job under the circumstances, and no doubt they will (we hope?) conjure up something else for next year.

Results:-

<u>Top 5 men</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Women</u>	<u>Points</u>
S. Hutchings	38.17 - BWD	B. Coe	11
R. Patmore	36.50 - Fire Brigade	L. Day	10.50
I. Wallace	34.50 - GC	L. Farey	1.67
G. Dedman	32.67	W. Beaumont	1
T. Rider	15.83 - BWD	B. Warren	Not Many
		S. Westlake	Not Many

LOST AND FOUND

He sat in the room listening to the Magistrates whispering to one another. His son Barry sat beside him, not a sign showed on the boy's face any feeling he may have felt during the proceedings. The man shifted his position on the chair, and as it scraped on the floor the presiding Magistrate looked up, and around the Juvenile Courtroom. He nodded his head in agreement to the one on the right, gave a hollow cough then spoke.

"Please stand up Barry" the boy did so.

"We have sat here today and heard the evidence against you". The Magistrate continued "We deal with youngsters daily - different crimes, different reasons for Juveniles who commit them, there seems to be no reason for you to adopt this attitude to life, you have already served a term in a disciplinary centre which seems as if it was a complete waste of time"

The boy changed his weight from one leg to the other, his eyes not leaving the Magistrate's face - hostile eyes trying to bore their way into the head in front of him.

"We have listened to your teacher, also your Probation Officer, who have both spoken well of you and shown their belief in you, that's why we have come to a decision of putting you on probation again, this is your very last chance, your last chance to show everybody that you are going to behave yourself and show how you are going to prove yourself to others that you can grow up into a decent adult. This is the fourth time you have been brought here and we sincerely hope it is the last time, you are only twelve, still a child, life has so much to offer. The next few years are of great importance to your whole being, if you again get into trouble, it doesn't matter how trivial, consequences will be very serious"

"Do you understand"?

The boy nodded.

"One more thing" he added "You owe more to your Father than most childrens' parents we have had here. He has served a sentence of continual worry since the first time you got into trouble, if you persist in the way you have done during the last two years, he will have his peace of mind while you are in Borstal or Prison. At least he will know where you are"

He paused and looked hard at the boy.

"You do understand, don't you Barry"?

Again the boy nodded.

"Right, that will be all"

His Father stood up, looked around and walked out to the corridor, Barry following.

The Probation Officer walked over to his father who stuck out his hand.

"Thanks, Mr. Parrish, for all you have done"

The Probation Officer spoke as he shook the man's hand.

"Mr. Johnson, he's a lucky lad, I think it was Mr. Barratt, his teacher who really convinced them to be lenient".

He turned to the boy.

"I won't try to add anymore to what was said in there, Barry. You know the position now. Would you mind please, I would like a word with your Father."

The boy walked a few yards down the corridor and leant against the wall. He looked back at his Father who kept glancing at him whilst talking to Mr. Parrish. He saw a man, shoulders bowed deep lines etched on his face.

"Yeh, thats my old man" he told himself "Full of worry, he'd worry about anything"

He felt no guilt, pity or remorse for what he had done.

He had overheard his parents one night discussing him, hearing it said he had no feelings. He had never cried, he couldn't remember ever crying, even when he used to fall over as a youngster. I like that bit, he told himself, even as a youngster, feelings, perhaps he was born without them, what do I want them for anyway.

He had seen kids in the correction centre of a night having a cry. No, not me, I was one of the others who used to laugh and scoff at them. Thanks, Mr. Parrish. For what? For keeping me out of there, I would have been amongst my own kind, enjoying it.

He started to walk to the door and his Father called, he paused, turned and once again saw them shake hands and his Father walked towards him.

"Right, let's go"

They walked out into the street. It was still raining hard. They reached the car and Barry waited while his Father fumbled for the keys to open the door.

He could have opened it faster without keys, hadn't he had the experience?

He got in alongside his Father who lit a cigarette, immediately Barry opened his window. The short journey home was taken in total silence, both in their own thoughts.

"Home", Barry thought, "Home"

Two bedrooms in a block of flats that were already a slum, the lift wasn't working again. It had been one of his achievements last year to gouge out the floor buttons. They reached the third floor and Barry opened the door, the green paint flaking and peeling from it. He walked through into the front room and flopped down into the armchair, his Father followed, lit a cigarette and sat down.

"Mr. Parrish is coming round tomorrow night" his Father said.

The boy did not reply.

"Barry, what's going to happen now, eh! don't you think I've got enough on my plate with your Mum in hospital"

His voice rose

"Barry, for God's sake don't think that Court appearance was just another lecture, today was the finish as far as anybody's concerned. As the Magistrate said, it's your bloody last chance"

He put his head between his hands and groaned.

Barry stood up, walked over to the window and looked out at the road below.

"I wish to Christ you had never been born" his Father uttered

"I didn't ask to, did I?" he shouted "Did I, Did I?"

The words came out like a bullet. "Look, what do you expect from living in a dump like this, everybody's in trouble round here with the law"

"No, not everybody Barry" His Father stood up. "It's the crowd you go with. They are not boys, they are not mates either" he was searching for words "They are animals. Yobs who go round kicking people, nicking bags, smashing things, they are sick and so are you, you're twelve, bloody twelve, yet you go round like a young thug."

Barry turned back to the window seeing two of his 'animal' mates standing near the entrance of the road subway.

"Where did we lose contact Barry?" His father said after a while.

"Where did it all start going wrong, eh? You've had everything you wanted, your Mum and me to see you didn't go short of anything, look at the nice times we've had, on holidays, we did though, didn't we, do you remember?"

"Yeh, I remember"

The words were flat

"Yeh, I remember alright"

His mind went back to the holiday three years ago in Devon, the great times they had spent on the beach, playing, swimming and even fishing. The day it poured of rain, as it was now, the caravan they were staying in sounded like a drum as the rain hit the roof till his Mum said she couldn't stand the noise anymore and making a run for the car they had spent the day in amusement arcades.

"Yeh, that's where it all started" he told himself.

The day before coming home they had gone into a souvenir shop to buy something for Gran and while his Mum and Dad were paying for it, he'd picked up a penknife with a chain on it, and put it in his pocket. He had hid it in the suitcase and it was found when they unpacked at home. He remembered his Father holding it under his nose, calling him a thief. He remembered the pain as his Father slapped his face, once, twice, three times. He remembered his Mother crying saying he didn't mean to steal it, did he?

For days afterwards he never spoke to his Father, and spoke to his Mother only when spoken to. He remembered telling the boys at school and how they howled with laughter, telling him he was just a babe because they did that daily. He was invited to an expedition down the market to see how it was done.

"Yeh" he remembered.

"Barry" his Father started to speak but was interrupted by a knock at the door and he went and opened it. Barry, hearing the murmur of voices, walked to the front room door to see a policeman talking.

"I'm sorry Mr. Johnson, can I get a neighbour to come in, are you sure?" he said.

His Father replied in a whisper "I'll be alright" and he quietly closed the door and stood there.

Barry walked out of the room.

"What's up?"

His Father didn't reply.

"Was he round here trying to pin something on me again" the boy said. Finally his Father spoke.

"No - no, it's your Mum" he paused "she's gone"

Barry said "Gone? What do you mean, gone? Gone where?"

"She's dead"

His Father turned from the door and Barry looked at his face, tears streaming from his eyes. He stumbled past Barry to the bedroom and fell heavily across the bed, his body heaving and shaking.

"Oh God, dear God"

The man's hands gripped the eiderdown clenching and unclenching

"Oh God, why?" he kept repeating it over and over.

Barry stood there looking down at him and a chill came over him.

"No mum" he told himself "No Mum!"

She had been in hospital for just over a week, and she's dead, he returned to the front room and sat down. His head was spinning

"I don't believe it, she can't be"

He recalled her last words to him before she went into hospital, it was here in this room, he looked around.

"Barry, look after your Dad" and she tried to give him a kiss, but he had turned his head "Tata son, don't forget"

He hadn't been to the hospital at all.

"I don't like them sort of places" he had told his Father, and he remembered the hurt look on his face.

The crying had stopped now and he heard the bathroom door open and the tap running. Finally he came out and Barry saw his eyes red and swollen as he sat down and lit a cigarette.

"Shall I make a cup of tea, Dad?"

The word 'Dad' sounded strange on his lips.

His Father nodded slowly, and he went out to the kitchen, filled the kettle and lit the gas. He saw her apron neatly folded on the cabinet.

No, it must be a mistake. She would soon be home.

He made the tea and took a cup into the room where his Father was slumped in a chair.

"Dad, Dad"

The boy stood in front of him holding the cup.

"Drink it dad - your tea"

Slowly the man straightened up and took it.

The boy walked back into the kitchen. How long had he sat there, he didn't know. His Father had passed by the door earlier, and told him he was going out, he had washed and shaved and he looked a bit better.

"You going out Barry?"

"No Dat, I won't go out, not now"

It seemed as if it had been someone else talking. His stomach was churning over and over and he had to keep swallowing for he felt sick. A tap on the kitchen window brought him out of his reverie. He saw the grinning faces of two of his mates, went to the front door and opened it.

"Ullo Bail"

The boys were older than he was

"Coming out?"

They lounged against the door frame, one of them blew smoke into his face and he coughed and stepped back.

"Come on kid, you coming out?"

"We're going to do a hit and run tonight, ain't we Sid"

Sid grinned, showing dirty teeth.

"We have already knocked the bulbs out, it's nice and dark down there"

"No. I won't be out" he paused "my Mum died today"

"Cor did she" Sid said.

"What of"

"I dunno, I think my Dad's up the hospital now finding out"

"So you ain't coming out"

"No, not tonight"

They detached themselves from the doorway,

"See yer then" one said

"Yeh, see you around"

He watched them both walk along the balcony noting the big boots, after seeing theirs, hadn't he gone and got a pair, just to be like them? He returned to the front room and switched on the TV and sat down. The pictures from the set not registering, his stomach had a knot that was gradually being tightened, he felt sick.

"Mum" he said aloud

"Mum you can't be dead, you can't leave me, us along Mum, Oh Mum"

Then the knot broke

He gave a convulsive sob, tears welled up in his eyes, he gritted his teeth, closed his eyes tight, but it didn't make any difference. His body shook as the sobs came faster and faster. He fell to the floor, tears soaking into the carpet

He lay there his body still, his breathing regular now. The tears had stopped and he smelt the mustiness of the carpet, his nose pressed hard against it.

"So these are feelings" he had never felt like this before.

"Feelings and emotions, yeh I have got them"

He lurched to his feet

"I don't want them, I don't want to feel like this" he shouted

"I don't want them"

He kicked the wall viciously time and again. He went to the window and looked out, it had stopped raining, the lights from the shops opposite threw their glare out onto the glistening pavements. He saw the two boys standing in the doorway scrutinizing the odd passer-by, the door of the Off Licence open and close. He saw the figure, shoulders bowed, walk to the subway entrance.

"He must have gone over to get cigarettes"

The two figures left the doorway quickening their pace that put them only yards behind the man.

"No, not him" Barry screamed his hands flew to the window trying to open it.

"No - no" he screamed again.

The figure disappeared down the subway quickly followed by the other two. He reached the hallway, fast fingers scrabbling at the lock and finally the door was open. The stairs down, he took a flight at a time. At one level he glimpsed a startled face, the owner crouched in a corner waiting for an attack, the last flight he fell, he was oblivious to the pain as he ran to the subway, the panic in him still rising, trying to choke him. The entrance loomed up and he slowed to a walk as he entered his breath rasping in his throat. The subway was completely submerged in darkness except for a solitary dim bulb halfway down showing two forms lying on the ground. The sound of his breath bouncing back off the walls was interrupted by whimpering noises as he went further in.

The figure of his Father, his face a mask of fury lifted his leg in the process of crushing his foot down on one of the forms.

"Dad!" the words rolled down the tunnel, "Dad, is that you?" he asked in a shocked voice.

The foot stopped short of the body. The face, a moment before that snarling, turned.

"Barry"

"Dad, oh Dad"

The boy ran the last few paces and threw himself around his Father, who gently pulled the boy to him, in an embrace.

"Alright, son. I'm alright"

He placed his hand on the boy's head, feeling the wetness on the boys cheek, he bent down trying to see his face in the dim light.

"You've been crying"

He sank to his knees so that he had to look up to his son. His eyes searched the boy's face.

"You are crying"

They hugged each other laughing and crying at the same time, ignoring one of the figures struggling to rise as footsteps ran down the tunnel.

"Is everything alright?" a voice said.

The boys father stood up, put his arm around his son's shoulder.

"We are now, aren't we?"

Barry looked up

"Yes Dad, we are now"

ADS

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QUICKMATCH COMPETITION

The answers to all the questions are people connected with entertainment. The first letters of the answers form a well-known saying. We don't want the saying, that is only a guide for you. The bottle of plonk will go to the person with the first all correct list of entertainers to be pulled out of the hat.

The clues are:-

- 1 & 6 A star of "Far from the Madding Crowd"
- 2 & 21 The star of "The Story of Esther Costello"
- 3 & 5 Australian "Dame"
- 4 & 9 Perry Mason
- 7 & 22 Famous son of "Sexy Remy"
- 10 & 32 She played Alf Garnett's daughter
- 11 & 15 Mrs. Yves Montand
- 12 First name of famous Swedish film director
- 13 & 14 1979 replacement for David Jacobs
- 17 & 8 Heathcliffe
- 18 Coloured close harmony group popular during World War II
- 19 & 29 She starred in "Picnic"
- 20 & 16 She co-starred in "A shot in the Dark"
- 26 He explained Einsteins Theory on TV (Surname only)
- 27 & 24 Young Winston
- 28 & 23 Latter day Saint
- 30 He was Kid Galahad (First name only)
- 31 & 25 Subject of the film "Sarah" starring Glenda Jackson



Results of May edition

1. Wallpaper on left
2. Fold in tablecloth on left
3. Position of Champagne bottle
4. Shirt button on man in centre
5. Glass on centre table
6. Shape of flower pot behind right table
7. Size of menu on table
8. Lettering on menu in woman's hands
9. Fold in curtain on extreme right
10. Tie of man on right.

The outright winner was R. Hackett of the MOD Police who spotted the above differences and supplied the winning caption. A bottle of 'plonk' will be awarded.

Below, are listed some of the captions from the runner-ups.

- a) "Have you seen the Cook's special? Travolta - bacon & Newton John - eggs, both in 'Grease'." From Brenda Sharpe, EFB
- b) "I say old chap, have you seen Ruby's dumplings?" - From Stan Berry, PR
- c) An answer to the original query in the balloon. "No, I'm a scientist. I can't afford luxuries" - From Win Yeandle, GC