

# LEISURE HOURS

## THE COY. SHOWS

A new series of company concerts is under weigh and a plethora of new talent has been exposed to the light of day. The biggest discovery of the series so far has been the appearance of two first rate comedians amongst the senior N.C.O.'s, Sergeant-Majors Freeny and Schollum.

### With a Bang.

H.Q. started the series. With a small cast the Coy put on a musical revue which went with a bang from start to finish. It was produced by Cpl. Jackson-Thomas and provided the last performance of the camp's rank-



Our "Arthur."

ing comedian, Cpl. Struckett, who has now 'gone before.' All companies presented choruses with parodied words to familiar tunes, but H.Q. got a slight edge on the other boys by using some original music, specially written for the show.

The Laughing Song, which tore the reputations from a number of camp notables, and "Trees," which put Capt. Hollows on the spot, were received with delight. A number of bright sketches were put across and Brian Gardner's xylophone playing, and the orchestra's efforts, went across well. A scene set in a maternity home in which most of the cast seemed to be involved brought the house down.

Quick-fire interludes led by Eric Struckett set the pace of the show and many novel items—such as the 'character' duet by Jack Cameron and our 'Arthur'—kept the ball rolling.

### Lively Performance.

A Coy's was particularly noteworthy because the strength of the Coy

from which the talent had to be drawn was at the lowest ebb ever. Nothing daunted, producer Roskruge turned out a lively performance. Mr. Mc Naughton lent a willing hand in the organisation of the show, and had to be seen to be believed in his appearance in an interlude of Grandeur Opera as "Saut" with the great Skruge as Marguerita and Cpl. Hesp as the bold villain. An unbelievably awkward squad and the girlish confidences of two lassies of the town were amongst the most popular numbers.

But the thing which put A Coy. firmly on the map was the comedy work of S/M. Schollum in interludes and sketches. He exhibited a genius for the ridiculous, which should make history in the camp's entertainment.

### Oh, B Coy.!

The humour in B Coy's show was rather broad, but of course B Coy, could not be expected to have the purity of H.Q.—or even A Coy. S/M. Freeny, the other great discovery of the series, proved to be a frozen face comedian of no mean order. Sgt. Hutter was an excellent foil for him.

The show was produced by Mr. Spraggon which ensured plenty of



Mr. Spraggon.

zip. The dancing was well received. The luscious harem scene and the classic dancing of about a dozen of the awkwardest men in this or any Army were really amusing.

The sketches were numerous and the interludes kept the audience rocking. The Fourth Form at St. Hollows went over well, but there is no truth in the story that the ladies are now flocking to Tailor Spraggon to be measured for costumes.

Mr. Spraggon was discovered at one period thinly disguised as the devil. He related the particular punishments he had in mind for certain individuals in the camp. The work of P.B.P. Holmes shows promise for the future.

With only C Coy. to go, the general conclusion is that this series of Coy. concerts is the best yet.

## DANCE

During the month another unit dance was held. As usual Sgt. Vincent was M.C. and did his usual good job of work. There was a big crowd and everybody seemed keen to dance—on this occasion the dance did not have the fault of previous dances, a bunch of shrinking violets standing over by the annex, too timid to ask the girls to dance.

The evening was notable in two respects. One was the last public appearance of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wood and the other the last performance of the camp band. The evening was its swan song; it is now broken up and the players mostly marched out.

Organised many months ago by Don Patton, Eric Struckett and Cec.



Don Patton.

Hooker, the orchestra acquired some fame in the district and beyond and was much in demand. Its performance, it was generally agreed, was first rate. There were changes in the personnel from time to time, but the standard was maintained. The camp is going to miss its orchestra.

"My wife always hears me when I enter the house late at night," complains a correspondent. Has the war taught him nothing? He should infiltrate in.

\* \* \*  
"Can you tell the way to the police station, please?" said the nun, going up to the priest in the street. "Sorry. No good asking me. I'm a paratroop too."