

CAMPING SEASON

OPENS.

BOISTEROUS BEGINNING.
HARDY FOLK AT HORSLEY.

Picture.:-

Members of the Camping Club of Great Britain raise their flag over--

--the season's first camp at Horsley.

It takes an enthusiast to do this to-day.

The wind is blowing at umpteen miles--

--an hour, and occasionally it rains, or snows.

Still, apart from that, everything in the---

--oh ! my mistake ! Was that accident, or design, I wonder ?
Come out at once !

In camp it's all smiling faces, and, oh ! excuse her !
That's a short-sighted action !

And now it's feeding time. Sissages will soon be
sizzling. Sausages will soon be sizzling, and the air
will--

--be filled with a mingled aroma of brown--

--earth, budding trees and bubble and squeak. And--

--that's the end of a perfect day. A perfectly awful weather
day. Good-night, everybody! Watch your guy ropes.