

References to the East Anglian Sport of Camping

(updated 7 March 2013)

From: *The Hollow Crown: a History of Britain in the Late Middle Ages* by Miri Rubin - Penguin Books Limited 2005.

Ambivalence about outdoor and popular pastimes is evident in attitudes to the popular sport of Camping or 'campball,' a hybrid of what we call football and handball. Whereas a century earlier statutes had banned games, including tennis, quoits and football, by the 1470s such play was afforded space and regulated. In 1474 Dr. John Botwright of Swaffham, local rector and Master of Corpus Christi College in Cambridge, bequeathed camping-land to the parish. This was to be a place in which 'they may play their games, such as involve running, shooting and other honest games.' Flat East Anglian villages and towns, such as Saxtead and Stowmarket, had camping closes and greens.

From: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* by Thomas Tusser - first printed 1557

December's Husbandry

24. In meadow or pasture (to grow the more fine)
Let campers be camping in any of thine;
Which if ye do suffer, when low is the spring,
You gain to yourself a commodious thing.

There is a footnote to the above in the 1812 edition (by William Mavor): 'Camping, or playing at football, is no doubt useful on green sward, to settle the roots of plants, and to destroy moss, In Norfolk, they are still attached to this pastime, which gives activity to the limbs, and vigour to the whole frame.'

From: *History and Antiquities of Hawsted In the County of Suffolk* by Reverend Sir John Cullum, Bart, F.R. and A. SS. Published 1784 J. Nicols (Printer for the Society of Antiquaries)

In a deed <during the Reign of Henry VII>, mention is made of the *camping pightel* which joined to the east-side of the church-yard; this, with the church-house, was let, in the next reign, for xiiij s. iij d. a year. The field has entirely lost its name, which is the more remarkable, as in some parts this active game of our ancestors is still much in fashion. There is also a large ploughed field, in which a strip of glebe land lies, belonging to Filet's farm, called *Julian's*, The labyrinths, and mazes made of earth-works, the scenes of rustic diversions of old, were in some parts called *Julian's Bowers*. If any such existed here, as from the name there probably did, the plough has levelled them, as in other places, and the very tradition of the sport is forgotten.

From: *Suffolk Words and Phrases* by Edward Moor FRS FAS &c. Woodbridge - printed by J. Loder for R. Hunter; 72 St. Paul's Churchyard, London 1823

CAMP A game formerly much in use among schoolboys, and occasionally played by men in those parts of Suffolk on the sea coast - more especially in the line of Hollesley Bay between the Rivers Orwell and Alde - sometimes school against school, or parish against parish. It was thus played -

Goals were pitched at the distance of 150 or 200 yards from each other - these were generally formed of the thrown off clothes of the competitors. Each party has two goals, ten or fifteen yards apart. The parties, ten or fifteen on a side, stand in line, facing their own goals and each other, at about 10 yards distance, midway between the goals, and nearest that of their adversaries. An indifferent spectator, agreed on by the parties, throws up a ball, of the size of a common cricket ball, midway between the confronted players, and makes his escape. It is the object of the players to seize and convey the ball between their own goals. The rush is therefore very great; as is sometimes the shock of the first

onset, to catch the falling ball:- he who first can catch or seize it speeds therefore home pursued by his opponents (thro' whom he has to make his way) aided by the jostlings and various assistances of his own *sidesmen*. If caught and held, or in imminent danger of being caught, he *throws* the ball - but must in no case *give* it - to a less beleagured friend, who, if it be not arrested in its course or he jostled away by the eager and watchful adversaries, catches it; and he hastens homeward, in like manner pursued, annoyed, and aided - winning the notch (or snotch) if he contrive to *carry* - not *throw* - it between his goals. But this, in a well matched game, is no easy achievement, and often requires much time, many doublings, detours, and exertions. I should have noticed that if the holder of the ball be caught with the ball in his possession, he loses a *snotch*, if, therefore, he be hard pressed, he *throws* it to a convenient friend, more free and in breath than himself. At the loss (or gain) of a *snotch*, a recommence takes place, arranging which gives the parties time to take breath. Seven or nine notches are the game - and these it will sometimes take two or three hours to win.

It is a most noble and manly sport; in the whole little, if at all, inferior to cricket, or hunting, or horse-racing. The eagerness and emulation excited and displayed in and by the competitors and townsmen, are surprising. Indeed it is very animating to see twenty or thirty youths, stripped to the skin, and displaying the various energies that this game admits of; rushing with uplifted eye, breast to breast, to catch the descending ball, and all, at once, running full *ding* to gain a point, and when nearly gained, half falling over the stumbling object of pursuit (for the game is always played where the grass is short and slippery) and after much scuffling to see the ball again in the air, thrown to a wily distant sidesman - and seized and carried in the contrary direction - backwards and forwards perhaps half a score times, amid the shouting and roaring of half the population of the contiguous villages.

Sometimes a large foot-ball was used - and the game was then called "kicking camp" - and if played with the shoes on, "savage camp."

The sport and name are very old. The "Camping pightel" occurs in a deed of the 30 Hen. 6. - about 1486. Cullum's Hawstead, p. 113. where Tusser is quoted in proof, that not only was the exercise manly and salutary, but good also for the *pightel* or meadow.

In meadow or pasture - (grow the more fine)
Let campers be camping in any of thine:
Which if ye do suffer when low is the spring,
You gain to yourself a commodious thing. p. 65.

And he says in page 56,

Get campers a ball,
To camp there withall.

Ray says that the game prevails in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex; and he derives it from the Saxon, *Camp*, to *strive*. The Latin *Campus*, a field, or, according to Ainsworth, a *plain field*, may have its share in the name.

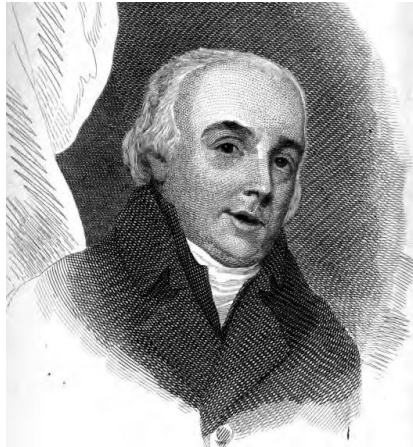
Since this was written a friend informs me that this game fell into disuse in Suffolk, in consequence of two men having been killed at Easton about forty or fifty years ago, in their struggles at a grand match.

In Scotland we find that *Camp* and *Kemp* and *Campy*, mean to contend; bold, brave, heroical; a champion. In ancient Swedish *kaempe*, athleta. - In Danish *kempe* a giant. *Kemp*, *Kempin*, and *Kemper*, farther mean in Scottish, the act of striving for superiority, and one who so strives; but is chiefly confined to the harvest field. J.

From: *A Norfolk Tour* Volume 1 - printed 'by & for John Stacy, Norwich' in 1829

In reference to the Church of St. Mary the Virgin at Gissing: 'In the chamber, near the hall door, were the arms of Gissing, Felton, and Framingham; and the pictures of two labourers thrashing wheatsheaves, in allusion to the Kemps' Arms. The name Kemp is derived from the Saxon, *to kamp*, or *combat*, which, in Norfolk, is retained to this day, a football match being called camping or kemping.'

From: *The Vocabulary of East Anglia*¹ - Volume 1 - by the late Reverend Robert Forby (pictured), Rector of Fincham. Published in 1830 by J.B. Nichols & Son of Parliament Street, London.



CAMP, an ancient athletic game at ball, now almost superseded by cricket, a less hardy and dangerous sport. Yet *camping*, though not so general, is still a favourite exercise in some districts of both our counties.

The late Right honourable William Wyndham², scarcely more celebrated as a statesman and a philosopher, than as a patron of the "Sports and Pastimes of the English People," on a principle truly patriotic, though it might sometimes incur ridicule, gave great encouragement to this sport during his residences in the country, and had many matches in the neighbourhood of his venerable seat at Felbrigg. He was wont to say, that it combined all athletic excellence; that to excel in it, a man must be a good boxer, runner, and wrestler; in short, a sort of *pancratiast*. Certainly, no kind of manly exercise can display to so much advantage the powers, proportions, and attitudes of a fine muscular frame. The late Lord Rochford was also a great patron of this sport in the neighbourhood of his seat at Easton in Suffolk. Perhaps some varieties in the mode of playing it always existed; and certainly it is now degenerated, and some meaner exercises unworthily usurp its name.

Of the sport itself, however, two varieties are at present expressly recognized; *rough-play*, and *civil-play*. In the latter, there is no boxing. But the following is a general description of it as it was of old, and in some places still continues.

Two goals are pitched at the distance of 120 yards from each other. In a line with each are ranged the combatants; for such they truly are. The number on each side is equal; not always the same, but very commonly twelve. They ought to be uniformly dressed in light flannel jackets, distinguished by colours. The ball is deposited exactly in the mid-way. The sign or word is given by an umpire. The two sides, as they are called, rush forward. The sturdiest and most active of each encounter those of the

¹ "an attempt to record the Vulgar Tongue of the twin sister counties, Norfolk and Suffolk, as it existed in the last twenty years of the Eighteenth Century"

² 1750-1810. He was educated at Eton College, where he was noted as being successful in sports and became known as "Fighting Windham" because he was so good with his fists. He scorned 'effeminate' sports and asked 'Why are we to boast so much of the *native* valour of our troops, yet discourage all the practices and habits which tend to keep alive the same sentiments and feelings?'

other. The contest for the ball begins, and never ends without black eyes and bloody noses, broken heads or shins, and some serious mischiefs. If the ball can be carried, kicked, or thrown to one of the goals, in spite of all the resistance of the other party, it is reckoned for one towards the game ; which has sometimes been known to last two or three hours. But the exertion and fatigue of this is excessive. So the victory is not always decided by number of points, but the game is placed against time, as the phrase is. It is common to limit it to half an hour; and most *campers*, now-a-days, have in that time got enough of so hardy a contest.

The spirit of emulation prevails, not only between the adverse sides, but among individuals on the same side, who shall excel his fellows. The prizes are commonly hats, gloves, shoes, or small sums of money. And the rustic pancratiast who bears off the first, is not less conspicuous in the little circle in which he is known, than the Grecian victor decorated with his chaplet of olive or of pine.

This ancient game deserves the more attention from us, because, if it was not peculiar to the East Angles and East Saxons, it has probably been always a particular favourite with them. Ray says that in his time, it prevailed most in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. To Sir Thomas Browne, who came among us from another kingdom of the Octarchy, it was new; and he puts the word *camp* (or as he spells it *kamp*) into his small collection of Norfolk words. Strutt gives no account of it in his "Sports and Pastimes of the English People."

All this may serve as some sort of apology for the length of this article. Ray is certainly right in deriving the word, not from Latin but from Saxon. Undoubtedly we had it from the Saxons, whencesoever they might get it.

Anglo Saxon *campian*, praeliari.

CAMPING-LAND, a piece of ground set apart for the exercise of *camping*. Land was given for this purpose with all legal formalities.



Camping land and school, Swaffham

There is a field, abutting on the churchyard at Swaffham, in Norfolk, which, according to the Continuator of Blomfield's History, was given by will by a Rector, in the year 1472. From that time to this, it has been called by this name, and the youth of that populous parish have enjoyed the right of

performing their exercises in it. Cricket is now the game. In the little parish of East Bilney is a small strip of land, or as we call it a sponge, near the church, which is called the *camping-land*.

And, though that use of it has long ago ceased, the old inhabitants well remember the time when the lads of the village regularly repaired thither, after evening service on Sundays, to play foot-ball and other games. In the late Sir John Cullum's "History of Hawstead, in Suffolk," the *camping-pightle* is mentioned under the date 1466. A large piece of pasture land at Stowmarket is still called the *camping-land*. Other instances might be mentioned in other parishes in both counties. Tusser, who was a farmer in both, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, speaks of *camping* with much commendation, as very beneficial to the turf.

CAMPING-BALL, a ball particularly adapted to the sport of *camping*. It is to be feared that the same name is sometimes most abusively misapplied to the common light *foot-ball*, and that kicking that ball, and occasionally the shins or breech of an adversary, is called *camping* - a great insult and indignity to that ancient and noble exercise.

From: *Norfolk Annals (Volume 1- 1801 to 1850)* compiled from the files of the Norfolk Chronicle by Charles Mackie.

12 June 1815. A grand camping match took place at Ranworth. They played 24 a side, but neither party goaled the ball, and it was decided by a bye. Between 2,000 and 3,000 persons were present.

8 June 1818. A camping match, Norfolk against Suffolk, took place at Kirby Cane for £10 a side, and, after a spirited contest, Norfolk won. "This is the first *thorough boxing camping match* which has taken place for these last 35 years, and considering that not five out of the twenty individuals who played had ever before been engaged in any pugilistic contest, it was astonishing to observe the spirit of gallantry which animated both parties. The spectators amounted to some thousand among whom were many gentlemen of rank and fortune."

10 June 1822. A camping match took place at Ranworth between ten men of that parish, and a like number from neighbouring parishes. " After half an hour's excellent sport, which produced some good set-tos and a few bloody noses, victory was declared in favour of Ranworth."

8 July 1822. A camping match took place at Ranworth, in the presence of 6,000 spectators, between men of the Blofield and of the Tunstead and Happing Hundreds. "So closely were the men (ten a side) matched for strength, courage, skill, and activity that the ball was nearly in the centre of the ground when time was called and play stopped. At the conclusion of the camp, Turner, of Witton, and Riches, of Upton, had a pugilistic trial of manhood. A well-fought battle of thirty-two rounds of hard milling, with little or no science, ended in favour of Riches."

25 September 1822. A camping match took place at Worstead between ten men of the Blofield Hundred and ten of the Tunstead and Happing Hundred. It terminated in favour of the former. " A poor old man, who had repaired thither to see the sport, fell down and expired on the spot."

31 August 1831. A camping match took place on Norwich Cricket Ground, between Norwich and Blofield. The latter gave up. "Neither the camping nor the subsequent wrestling were either of them well contested."

The sport was not mentioned at all in the Second Volume (1851-1900)

From: *The Badminton Magazine of Sports and Pastimes* edited by Alfred E.T. Watson. Volume IX (July to December 1899) published 1899 by Longmans, Green and Co. of 39 Paternoster Row, London, New York and Bombay.

The Last Camping Match

By William A. Dutt

'The contests were not unfrequently fatal to many of the combatants. I have heard old persons speak of a celebrated camping, Norfolk against Suffolk, on Diss Common, with 300 on each side. Before the ball was thrown up, the Norfolk men inquired tauntingly of the Suffolk men if they had brought their coffins! The Suffolk men after fourteen hours were the victors. Nine deaths were the result of the contest within a fortnight. These were called "fighting camps," for much boxing was practised in them.' - *Extract from Spurden's Supplement to Forby's 'Vocabulary.'*

It was a surprise to me to find a man still living in Suffolk who could remember the days when camping was one of the most popular pastimes in East Anglia. The old game has so long been abandoned as to be almost forgotten, and it is a rare occurrence to meet with someone who has any idea of the nature of the old-time encounters. Those who have heard of it usually associate it with the old-fashioned wrestling matches and ring-fights, which once aroused so much enthusiasm among the sporting fraternities of Norwich, Yarmouth, and other East Anglian centres; but if you ask them how the game was played and who were its chief supporters you will soon realise how little they know about it. Yet there was a time when a noted English statesman³ not only encouraged camping, but arranged many matches, maintaining that such contests combined all 'athletic excellences,' a good camper having of necessity to be a skilled boxer, swift runner, and clever wrestler. In the fifteenth century the game had not only the sanction but support of the Church, for we read that at Swaffham a field & adjoining the churchyard, known as a 'camping-land,' was willed for the purpose by the rector. In Suffolk the game declined towards the end of the eighteenth century on account of two men having been killed at a match at Easton; but it was still played there at times for a quarter of a century later, and it was in that county that the old man I met witnessed the last camping match.

Before recording the old man's recollections I will give a brief account of how I came to meet him. I had been out one winter day on Breydon, that large waste of tidal waters into which flow the Yare, Bure, and Waveney. I had had for a companion one of the best known of the local punt-gunners, and together we had followed the wild-fowl flocks from flat to flat that the ebbing tide left bare. As dusk approached we drew our punt - locally known as a gun-boat - into one of the dykes which intersect the surrounding marshlands, and in the early gloaming picked our way across a sedgy marsh to the punt-gunner's home.

It was arranged that I should spend the night at his cottage in order to be ready to return to the flats before day-break; but as we had a long evening before us, my companion suggested that we should pay a visit to an old gunner, who lived not far from the shores of Breydon, and who was noted for his graphic descriptions of his fishing and fowling experiences. Glad of an opportunity for hearing something of the days which the present Breydoners speak of as 'good old times for the gunners,' I at once acceded, and in less than half an hour we had traversed a length of level marshland highway and arrived at the old gunner's home. We were accompanied by my guide's son, a young marshman, who had just returned from witnessing a football match at Yarmouth. We owed it to him that we were treated to the old gunner's camping reminiscences.

We had talked for some time of fishing and fowling, and the old man had, for a few moments, lapsed into silence, as though pondering over Breydon's past glories, when the young marshman interjected a remark about football. The old gunner listened, but for a time displayed no interest in what we said about the popular game. Suddenly, however, the conversation seemed to suggest something to him, for he roused himself, tapped his black wooden pipe on the fireplace, and said :

³ William Windham - see the earlier Forby referencer.

' Football! Ah, that's the game what some folk say is werry much like the owd campin' matches, ain't it? I never seed a game o' football in my life, though I once seed "kickin'-camp" played; but I reckon it ain't half sich a game as campin' was. I can remember the last campin' match as was ever played in these parts, and I believe it was the last game played in England.'

The young marshman was disposed to decry camping, though he admitted he had heard very little about it; but I was anxious to hear what the old man had to say concerning the game, and, after a little persuasion, he gave us the following account of the last match played on the camping-land at Burgh Castle:

' It was close upon sixty years ago,' he said, ' that the match was played, and it was between a side of twelve men from Yarmouth and twelve of the best men in the Walsham Hundred. The game was fixed for a Saturday afternoon, and the campin' land was down the Butt Lane at Burgh Castle. There hadn't been a campin' match there for some time, a-cause some people had made a lot of to-do about the roughness of the game; but that didn't make no differs to folks about Burgh, who were nearly all mad to see a good match. All through the Saturday mornin' men kept comin' into Burgh from towns and villages for miles around. There were fishermen from Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and the broads and rivers; gunners from Breydo; eel-catchers from the North River; wherryman, smelters, and labourers from almost every farm between Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft. Most of them brought their dinners with them, and ate them on the campin'-land afore the game begun.

'The campin'-land at Burgh was about 150 yards long, and from 50 to 60 yards wide. At each end there was a goal made of a bent willow wand, having both ends stuck into the ground. Some of the old campin' matches were played with two goals at each end of the field, but at Burgh there was only one, and the players had to do their best to carry the ball into the t'other side's goal. There were not many rules to the game, and it was played somethin' in this fashion . The two sides drew up opposite each other, but some way apart in the middle of the field. Then a man who was not playin' threw up the ball - which was a leather one about the size of a man's fist - and the players all rushed to catch it as it fell. As soon as a man got it he ran for goal, all the players on the t'other side doin' their best to stop him by trippin', jostlin', and howdin' him. If he found he couldn't get through, he chucked the ball to another player on his own side; but if he was held while he'd got the ball a notch was counted to the t'other side. Whenever a man carried the ball into goal it counted as one notch, and seven notches won the game.

'The match began about two o'clock, and by that time there was a crowd six or seven deep all round the campin'-ground. The players were the pick of Yarmouth and the Walsham Hundred, and fine chaps they looked when they stripped their coats and shirts off and tightened their waist-belts. The Walsham men had the most supporters, but there were lots of folks from Yarmouth there, and among them a tidy few thieves and roughs out of the "Rows," who always went to campin' matches to pick pockets, blackguard, and fight. There was plenty of cheerin' and chaffin' when the players came out, and everybody looked for a tough game, a-cause it was known that some of them had grudges against each other, and meant to settle them on the field.

' As soon as the players were ready and the judges had taken their places against the goals, young Morton⁴, the squire's son, threw up the ball and cleared off the field as hard as he could cut. Afore the ball fell half the players were in a heap on the ground, kickin' and strugglin' and so mixed up that you couldn't tell one man from another. A long-armed smelter from Berney Arms managed to hit the ball clear of the coil, and afore the men who were floored had got on to their feet a little chap from Reedham had got it and was makin' for goal like a hare. He'd nearly got there when a big hulkin' wherryman slung him off his feet; but afore he fell he chucked the ball to another player on his side, who rushed into goal with it afore anyone could get near him. This was all done in less than a minute. The Walsham men had scored a notch while the Yarmouth men - or "Bloaters," as we called

⁴ I have been unable to identify this family. Please [get in touch](#) if you can help.

them - hadn't touched the ball. Of course the crowd kicked up a rare duller, and one or two Yarmouth chaps got a-fightin' with Walshamers who'd knocked their hats off and chucked them into the field.

' After that notches came slower, but at the end of half an hour Walsham Hundred had got three notches and Yarmouth hadn't one. Then a big, black-faced gipsy named Pinfold, who got a livin' by horse-dealin' at Yarmouth, held a Walsham man and gained a notch for his side. This gipsy was a great favourite with the Yarmouth crowd, for he was a noted ring-fighter, a fast runner, and as slippery as an eel. Almost as soon as the ball was started after he had held the man he got it again, and dodged and tricked his way all down the field till he got into goal. Then a chap named Betts was hurt and had to be carried off the field. He was a Yarmouth man who had boasted that he would pay off an old score during the afternoon, but the man he laid for landed him first and broke some of his ribs. Losin' a man seemed to put the Yarmouth men on their mettle, for they scored two more notches in less than ten minutes.

'The Walsham men made the scores equal after a hard tussle in which several players were knocked about until they could scarcely keep their feet. For a long time the ball was kept goin' up and down the field; but just as one side had almost got it into goal the other team would drive them back by main force. The sides were well matched, even after the Bloaters had lost a man, for the black gipsy was looked upon as good as two men any day. He was always in the rough of the fight, and when it came to givin' and takin' hard knocks he always had his share of them. Once he broke away from three men who tried to hold him, slingin' them off him as if they had been so many dolls, and he scored more notches than any other man who played in the match. All round the field you could hear cries of "Go it, Black Jake!" or "Look out for the Black Gipsy!" and so quick was he in gettin' the ball that three men were told off to mark him wherever he went and do their best to cripple him. It was through him that the Bloaters scored two more notches, and when a man tripped him so that he strained his leg and could hardly hobble about the field, the Yarmouth side played as though they knew they had lost the day.

'At the end of an hour and a half's play the scores were equal, for each side had six notches. There was no time fixed for the game to finish, and although many of the men who were watchin' the match had several miles to walk to their homes, not one of them left the field. By this time most of the players were just about "done-up," and the faces, arms and bodies of some of them were smeared with blood. You might have thought they had been takin' part in a great ring-fight. When the young squire threw up the ball for the last time, the crowd had become so excited that they could scarcely keep off the playin' ground, and all round the field there were scuffles and fights goin' on between men who had quarrelled over the game. Black Jake had givin' up joinin' in the rough of the game, and was hangin' about round goal, layin' wait for the Walshamers who came his way; so the Bloaters had only ten men out in the field, while the other side still numbered their full strength.

'As the winnin' of the game depended on the scorin' of the next notch, every player took good care not to be held while he had the ball, which was kept goin' from one man to another. Twice it was carried right up to the Walsham goal, and once the Bloaters claimed that they had got it through; but the judges said it had not crossed the line, and the game went on. It began to grow dark, so that the crowd could not see clearly all that went on in the field; but at last, after a long spell of fast play had brought the ball close to the Walsham goal, the little Reedham man who had scored the first notch was seen to slip out of a ruck of players and make for the Bloaters' goal. Two of the fastest of the Yarmouth players were after him, and one of them caught him by the arm, twisting it out of joint at the shoulder, but he wrenched himself free and, like a good plucked 'un, stuck to the ball and kept on runnin'. The two Bloaters followed close at his heels, and behind them were three Walshamers, who were peltin' down the field as hard as they could go to back up the plucky little player. He outran the two Bloaters, but there was still Black Jake waiting for him close to goal, and he knew that if Jake got at him it would be all up with him. The gipsy watched him coming, and, though he could scarcely limp, got ready to spring upon him. The little chap was within six yards of goal when Jake caught him

round the neck, snatched the ball from him, and flung him out of the ground. That was where the black gipsy made a mistake. If he had held the man with the ball his side would have won the game; but he tore the ball away from him, and before he himself could throw it to another Bloater the three Walshamers were upon him. They flung themselves at him like so many wolves and hurled him to the ground. "Held! held! " they yelled, and the people who were ravin' around the goal yelled "Held!" too. Then the crowd swarmed over the field, for many of them could not see who was held, and some of them thought Black Jake had held the little runner. But when they saw the little man being raised on other Walshamers' shoulders, and Black Jake being carried away half dead, they knew that the Walsham men had won.'

Such was the old gunner's account of the last camping match played in the Eastern Counties. Before we left he told us something about 'kicking camp' and 'savage camp,' the latter of which was a game in which the players wore heavy shoes: but of these he spoke from hearsay, and I will not tell of them here.

See also:

1. *A lost social institution: the camping close* by David DYMOND, in: *Rural History* 1, 1990, p. 165
2. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Camping_\(game\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Camping_(game))

