36th Bradford South

(Wibsey Methodist Church)

Scout Troop

SCOUTER'S LOG

1936 to 1945

NOTE

36th Bradford South (Wibsey Methodist Church) Scouts was started in 1935 by three young men, all Sunday School teachers at Wibsey Methodist Church. They were Leonard Asquith who took on the role of Group Scoutmaster (Skip), managing the new enterprise, George Bagnall who ran the Scout Troop as Scoutmaster and Walter Bastow who as Akela ran the Cub Pack.

This is a transcript of a log kept by George Bagnall ("Scouter"), of the activities of the Scout Troop after its first few months of getting on its feet.

George kept the log in detail until he was called up to join the Royal Navy in 1939.

The log between then and 1945 was handed over to Kenneth Frost (Grey Eagle), who kept Scouting alive and thriving in what must have been difficult times during the intervening period. Much of the log of these years was written from the memory of those who took part.

The log book (now in a fragile condition) written on "copy paper" in a clear long hand complete with ink sketches and photographs was transcribed by the South Bradford Local History Society in 2016 to preserve this piece of Wibsey life.

It is worth recording that Wibsey Methodist Scouts is still operating 80 years after its first faltering footsteps. It still attracts over 70 children from the age of 6 to 14 ½ years every Tuesday to Beavers, Cubs and Scouts.

Scouters Log 1936

March 7th 1936	Our 1st concert which proved a huge success. The school was full about 50 being turned away. It realised about £5 for the credit of group funds.
April 18th 1936	Outing to Judy Woods when a number of Scouts were passed in the firelighting test.
April 25th 1936	A selected team of the troop attended Lidget Green for South Bradford competition in Tenderfoot and Second Class work. They were not successful in carrying away the trophy.
May 3rd 1936	Attended the St Georges Day parade at Valley Parade Football Ground. Weather favourable.
May 8th 1936	A Jumble Sale held in the school specially for camp funds realised £4.16.0.
May 13th 1936	A number of Scouts met on the ground running alongside the chapel and spent the evening preparing the ground for a patrol competition gardening scheme.
May 23rd 1936	Outing to Judy Woods where both firelighting and cooking tests were passed.
May 24th 1936	The first Church parade in our own chapel. Mr Faulkner was in the pulpit and the Scouts conducted themselves admirably.
June 1st 1936	(Whitmonday) Full day outing to Shibden Valley. Had dinner at Queensbury end of the valley and played a game of Baseball before going down the valley to Shibden park. Tea on the return journey on the edge of a wood and arrived home 9.15pm.
June 20th 1936	Small party – few unable to be with us owing to Recabite trip – went to Judy Wood. Saw Carlton St Troop in the wood. Had an enjoyable time and were home by 9pm.
July 18th 1936	South Bradford Sports. The weather was none too good but we had a really good time. We were not fortunate enough to be in the first three, but then learn later that we had been fourth in the competition, which was not considered a bad achievement all things taken into account.

FIRST OUTING – 18/4/36.

JUNE 20 : 1936

August 8th to 15th Summer Camp

Personnel:-	Camp Chief	J E Lindsay	(ed White Owl)
	Officer in charge	G W Bagnall	(ed Scouter)
	Asst Officer	W Bastow	(ed Akela)

Scouts	1	E Wood	2	G Frier
	3	R Walker	4	A Newell
	5	G Farnell	6	A Hooley
	7	N Bellamy	8	N Lancaster
	9	R Shinn	10	R Swift

Address Gainfoot Farm
Derwent
Via Sheffield

Charge £1 per scout 25/- each officer

Wednesday – visitors day – special Bus arranged at 4/- adults and 2/- children.

Left Wibsey 2.30pm August 8th
Returned Wibsey 7.40pm August 15th

Full account given over the page.

Scouters Account of the Summer Camp of the
36th Bradford South Scout Troop - Wibsey Methodist

After collecting all the equipment required for the camp it was packed securely together with Scouts, officers and our watch dog cum mascot, Peggy, on Mr Moulson's lorry and with cheers and wavings to parents and friends we left Wibsey at 2.30pm.

We were favoured with glorious weather and the run to Derwent through Huddersfield and Sheffield put us in fine mood for the hard scouting to be done as soon as we arrived in camp. It was not possible to get the motor right on to the camp ground, but we were not bet and there was soon a chain of Scouts and officers making trips along the uphill track to the site, with tents, grub, kit, cooking utensils etc. After the first journey the drab khaki appearance was changed to one of sparkling white as we trudged along in our vests. We all must have used Persil.

When all tackle was on the camping ground we made some tea and had the eatables which had been brought from home. After this rest we set to work to make order out of chaos – first one tent then another were erected and by sunset there was one Bell Tent, two officer's tents, a Store Tent, the latrine and the trench fire all in place. When all was finished we had cocoa and biscuits round the fire and by 10.15 were off to bed. The night could not be called pleasant for Akela and myself were wandering around quietening restless Scouts at 2 a.m. Sunday morning.

Everyone was up and about by 6.30 on Sunday morning and in order to give the cooks a chance to get breakfast ready the Scouts were put through a few jerks and given a run round the field. After a breakfast of sausage and Kellox I set to work building the oven. The oven itself had been brought with us and was dug into the hillside, built round with bricks so that a flue went all the way round and was finished off with sods and clay to hold in the heat. At 10.15 we had inspection and all except for 3 Scouts and White Owl set off with Akela and myself for Chapel in Ashopton.

When we returned to camp we found that the oven had been successful and we had for Dinner, roast beef, beans and potatoes, followed by apple cream. The weather was glorious and everyone except for White Owl were seen in bathing costumes during the afternoon.

In the evening we gathered round the camp fire for a Scouts Own conducted by White Owl and this was followed by songs of a quiet nature and finally a short story lead by myself – so to bed.

There was not the trouble during the second night in getting to sleep although everyone was up in good time on Monday morning. The breakfast started with porridge and Ronny Swift was reduced to tears after the ragging he received for being too generous with the salt. Sunday and Monday morning started with physical jerks and a sprint round the field but after that Scouters had difficulty in getting the boys up in time for breakfast let alone jerks. Monday breakfast over there was the usual routine of bringing ground sheets and blankets to the air and by 11 o'clock (which should have been 10.00) all were ready for prayers and inspection. Immediately after all set off for the day except Akela and Ronny Swift who were left in camp to prepare the evening meal.

Our journey started by going to Ashopton where our Scouts disappeared like rabbits down a burrow, into the local sweet shop. White Owl much to his disgust was offered chewing gum by one kind hearted boy but needless to say refused with a retort that the horrible stuff should be thrown away. All needs having been satisfied we took the Glossop Road in the direction of Sheffield and saw on our right the gigantic work in progress of damming the valley which in a few years time will result in the villages of Derwent and Ashopton being completely flooded. We continued down this road for about 3 miles by which time we were feeling peckish so settled ourselves down by the side of a stream to eat the sandwiches which had been packed by the cooks. While eating a shower came on so we took shelter under the bridge nearby and finished our lunch in comfort. By the time we were ready the weather was fine so we took to the high road and followed our noses for about 2 miles. At this point the intention had been to turn right and take over the hills to Hathersage, but on our arrival we found to our disappointment that the path was marked “Private”. It was raining pretty heavily at this point so we took shelter under a tree and consulted the Ordnance map for an alternative route home. So, when the rain had stopped, we turned left and took an official footpath over the moors towards Derwent. Arriving practically above our camp we struck to the summit of the hills to look at the great rock formations which we could see breaking the sky-line. We spent half an hour scrambling about the rocks and trying to pick out our camp site with the binoculars, then, with heavy rain clouds rushing at us from the other side of the valley and the rumbling of thunder coming closer, we hurried down the hillside cutting our way through thick bracken, almost shoulder high to most of the scouts. The rain held off and we arrived safely in camp at about 6pm. By 6.30 p.m. Dinner was ready – Menu: - Meat, Potatoes and Cabbage, with Rice Pudding to finish. All were left to their own devices for the evening but as the weather though not wet was uncertain most seemed to lounge about in the tent. I did hear, and no doubt truthfully that someone had been up to White Owl’s tent and let down the airbed, White Owl told me during the week that the bed leaked so no doubt something happened. While this scouting raid was going on White Owl had been busy down at the farm scrounging wood, and returned with a number of planks from which he made a good table which was faithfully used for the rest of the week.

It was 9.30 before we were gathered round the camp fire and as everyone seemed tired there was not a great deal of entertaining done. By 10.15 all Scouts were in the tent and settled down quickly.

Tuesday was fine and much brighter than Monday. After inspection and prayers Edgar Wood and myself were left in camp cooking while the rest set off to Hathersage where they visited the old church and Little Johns grave returning via Bamford. In camp nothing of moment happened and the first report I had of the outing was from one disrespectful scout who told me that Akela had “bust t’old birds beak”. It afterwards transpired that at the place they had settled down for dinner there had been a pair of boxing gloves and when Akela and White Owl met in friendly combat, White Owl had been the one to suffer and come out of the fray with a burst nose.

The hiking party arrived home about 8pm to a dinner which had been ready at 7pm and although the Bread Pudding was burnt there was no complaining; in fact one who shall be nameless burst into tears when he was twisted out of his helping (Hith mother sayth he dothn’t lithp).

The camp fire started much sooner than previous night and we had quite an enjoyable hour before Cocoa and biscuits were handed round, prayers were said and scouts settled down for the night. The day was not finished for the officers for White Owl suggested trying to snare rabbits, and after making one or two nooses for planting at the head of Burrows we set off with the storm lamp for the hills. Two or three traps were set when I called attention to a hedgehog which I found. After playing about watching it curl into a ball for a while, White Owl informed us that the meat of a hedgehog was a real delicacy and suggested we should cook it on the camp fire. So off we went back to camp with our capture, first calling into the Scouts tent to show them our find and trying to wake up Frier by tickling his face with its prickles. It was agreed that the best way to cook our "game" was to roll it in clay and bake it on the fire, the idea being that when the clay was broken off the prickles would come too. Before it could be rolled in clay we had to kill it and for a minute or so we looked at each other none wanting to do the deed. There was not much hesitation however before White Owl had his dagger out and stuck it up to the hilt in the poor creatures hide. The knife came out but no blood was seen and after watching closely we saw that it was still breathing so the knife went in again and again, brutally, callously, until there could be no doubt that life had been stamped out. We then collected from the stream what was more sludge than clay and made our hedgehog into a mud ball, this done we put the meal to be into the heart of the fire and went to our tents to straighten up and arranged to go back later to taste our capture: White Owl said a good 20 minutes should do it. It was half an hour later that we met at the fire, Wednesday morning actually, and after prodling about in the fire brought out our clay ball only to find that the clay cum mud cum sludge was still damp and one part of the hedgehog where the protection had fallen off was burned. It was now 1.30am and we could not but laughingly declare our efforts a failure, and so to put the animal out of sight of inquisitive Scouts we hid it in the oven until we could definitely make up our minds what to do with it. It was afterwards hid in a bucket and when camp was struck was respectively buried where the oven had been. So at about 2 a.m. Wednesday morning we settled down in our beds wearily and healthily tired.

Wednesday started with a very heavy mist but this soon lifted and the weather later in the day turned out glorious. We had a kit inspection at 10.30 but found nothing serious to complain of. The general cleanliness of the ground all through the week left a lot of room for improvement. After meals pots were left dirty on the table, Scout poles were dropped where ever the spirit moved them, papers were left scattered about the ground and it was only by continual reminding that things were kept anything like tidy. I often wondered during the week whether such Scout laws as No7 and 10 had ever been heard of by some, but it does not do to complain too much and with patience all will learn the golden rules of open air life – not to be Litter Louts, and that in camp there is a place for everything and everything should be in its place. The morning over we settled down to dinner and before the pudding was served our visitors arrived. The menu was:- Beef & Brisket, Potatoes and Cabbage and Savoury Pudding. I am afraid that there wasn't much of the pudding eaten for with the arrival of the visitors the table was deserted, and White Owl and myself seemed to be left to ourselves and the savoury pudding.

What happened to the visitors I cannot rightly tell. Some went up to the village of Derwent but the majority seemed to enjoy sunbathing and watching the activities of camp. I for my part seemed to do nothing else but butter bread for tea, and really I seemed to do enough to feed 500 rather than for the 35/40 there were all told (including Scouts). For tea we had to manage as best as we could on the material available. All sat round and about on the grass & as one person had finished with a cup it was passed on to someone else, so we

managed quite well and for food we had enough and to spare – Bread and Butter – Salad – Stewed Prunes and Custard – Potted Meat Sandwiches. Our visitors left about 8pm but before going we all gathered round the camp fire and had a sing, although it must be said that the Scouts were very shy and backward. Having seen our visitors off there was a general washing and cleaning up while the Scouts had a game of Reliev'O. There was not much singing round the camp fire that night and instructions were given to be up in good time on the morrow so that we could be off early to Castleton.

Thursday was fine and eventually after much rushing about to get sufficient wood for the cooks we set off to Castleton. This was to be the day of days, and it certainly proved to be. We first went down to Ashopton and then took straight over the hill by a rough track and dropped down into Hope for lunch. After this halt we took the main road for Castleton and arrived there about 2pm. Our visit was to the Castle which did not prove too interesting, someone aptly described it as being naught surrounded by four walls. The rest of our time at Castleton was spent looking around the four caverns for which the place has become famous. First we found Peak Cavern with its large imposing entrance cut through solid rock. At the entrance we were supplied with candles and went into the heart of the mountain to a distance of something like half a mile, when we came to the large spacious cavern which at one time in ages gone by had been a whirlpool caused by the meeting of four underground river courses in the heart of the mountain, and now the water has ceased to flow the cavern is left with all evidence of what had been, engraven on the face of the rock.

Leaving Peak Cavern we made our way to Speedwell Mine and after a long wait our turn came to go in. Speedwell Mine has not the wide open entrance as Peak Cavern, but a long staircase that took us down what had once been a pit shaft at the bottom of which we came on a long subterranean passage flooded with water. We took to a boat and set off down the passage which we were told had once been hewn out of the solid rock for the purpose of mining lead. As we sailed along we came to cross cuttings which had been cut out for the purpose of bringing out the lead ore. As we glided along we were told by our guide the story of Speedwell Mine which turned out to be one of the bitterest disappointments that could have been imagined. Briefly the story was as follows. It was known that lead existed in the neighbourhood and the mine had been struck in order to bring all the ore to the surface. Lead was found in small quantities and taken from the cross passages I have mentioned, but it was certain that further on a rich seam existed and so the miners bored further into the mountain, then, without any warning they broke through into a huge cavern. This was to have been the valuable seam of lead ore for which the miners were looking, but fate had forestalled them for in past ages an underground torrent had washed through the mountain and taken with it all the lead ore leaving only the vast cavern which we eventually reached.

Leaving Speedwell we made our way to Blue John Mine from which Blue John is taken, a stone with a variety of colourings and markings which is made into all kinds of novelties and sold in the Castleton shops. Blue John is only found in a small isolated hill in Castleton and nowhere else in the world. Blue John cavern did not particularly strike me as being outstanding in interest having general characteristics which did not differ greatly to either of the other two caverns which had been visited except perhaps the presence of stalagmites and stalactites which had previously been absent.

Leaving this third cavern a short walk round the shoulder of the hill brought us to Trek Cliff Cavern which proved to be the Tit Bit of the afternoon especially so as the proprietor Mr J Royse showed us personally round the cavern and demonstrated how calcite would always be six sided however it was smashed up, while on the other hand Blue John was always 4 sided. The big difference between this cavern and the other three was the abundance of stalagmites and stalactites to be seen and these were shown off in a marvellous fashion by the electric floodlighting. One Scout described it as being like fairy land and I cannot think of any better words to express it. Before leaving the cavern Mr Royse gave each of us a specimen of both calcite and Blue John.

Thus at approx. 8.30 our tour of Castleton ended and we had told the camp cooks to expect us home about 7. We had also missed the last bus but matters were soon righted when White Owl fixed up a private car to take right up to Grainfoot Farm. So we arrived home in flying colours at about 9.15 to a meal of Beef and Brisket, Mashed and Roast Potatoes, Rice and Sago Pudding. We sat round the camp fire until 10.30 before turning in for the night.

Friday, another day free from rain, started in a wonderful fashion. N Lancaster and myself were allotted cook duties and should therefore have been up at 6.30 to get the fire lighted and breakfast ready. I woke at 6am and settled myself comfortably in my blankets for that delightful half hour on the border of consciousness and oblivion which is so enjoyable. The next I knew was that White Owl was at the tent door telling us to “Wekken up T’alarum’s gone” and the time was 8 o’clock. There was some running about then getting things moving and when breakfast was ready it was found just as difficult to rouse the Scouts. In order to avenge fate for allowing me to over sleep I went into the boys’ tent and brought Geoffrey Farnell into the middle of the camp ground where I took off his pyjamas and sent him back to the tent to dress. We managed to get breakfast by 9.30 and immediately after Akela and R Walker set off to Castleton to see for themselves the wonders that had been described to them. By 11 o’clock everyone was ready for inspection after which all except myself and N Lancaster went off to Derwent to see the reservoir which is already in existence there. Geoffrey Farnell was left behind in order that he might pack his kit, for he set off home by train immediately after lunch, and I might say he left us lacking that bright shining appearance which soap and water gives.

The midday meal was just a light lunch of stewed apples and custard with bread and butter. The apples were rather watery, but I’ll say nothing more about that for I was one of the cooks. After lunch camp was again deserted, it seemed much against everybody’s will, and off they went to be conducted round the big new Reservoir which is being constructed below Ashopton and which in 3 years will blot out both Derwent and Ashopton including the site on which our camp was pitched. While everyone was away we received a visit by a Rover of the Wyke Troop who had known White Owl years before when he was S M at Wyke. He stayed to dinner and left us about 9pm.

Beef and Brisket, Potatoes and Cabbage and Bread Pudding were the items for dinner which we had at about 7.30. Our Wyke visitor helped to collect wood, a task which was badly carried out by our own Scouts all the week, and by 9pm we had a roaring fire round which we gathered for our final sing of the week. Akela and Roy had returned from Castleton about 8pm.

The last camp fire was the best we had and in addition to solo items we went through the songs we had been singing during the week:-

- Animal Fair
- Around the corner, under the tree
- Crouching posture etc etc

We were in bed at 10.30 (except officers) and by 6.30 on Saturday cooks were astir on the last lap of what had indeed been a glorious holiday. At 7.00 I was busy taking up the oven and replacing the soil, by 7.45 it was ready for packing. After breakfast kits were packed and tents pulled down and by the time dinner was over it only remained to carry the loose equipment down to the farm and give a final straighten up to the ground. By 3 o'clock the spot was once again a quiet secluded valley at the foot of Derbyshire hills which would hold pleasant and happy memories for the Wibsey Scout Troop for many years to come.

The lorry for taking us home was rather late in arriving but when it came we were soon packed up and off. The weather on our return journey was fine until we reached Brighouse when the clouds burst and the rain came down in torrents. We were like drownded rats when we reached home but for all that we greeted Wibsey with the rousing chorus "We're altogether again we're here we're here" and by 8.45 equipment had been dumped at headquarters and everyone departed for home.

THE SITE.

NEAR ASHOPTON.

SCOUTER & AKELA

CAMP FIRE.

VISITORS DAY.

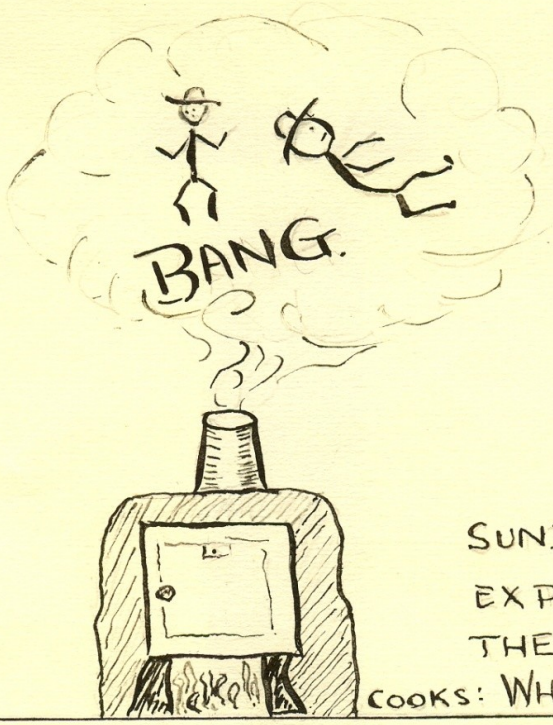
THE FOOD TASTER.

THE KITCHEN.

BUILDING THE OVEN.

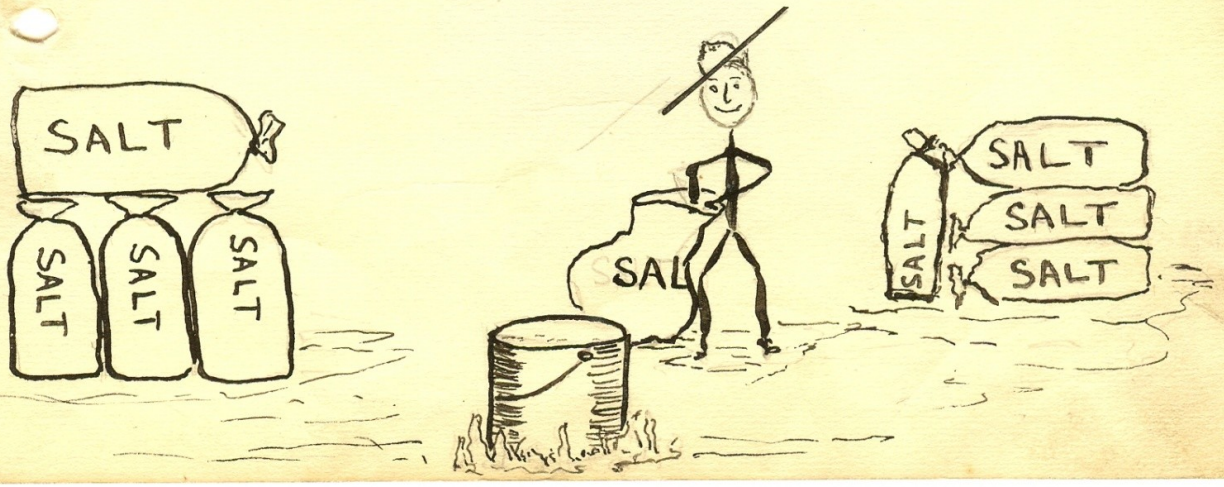
THE OVEN.

THE COOKS.



SUNDAY: A STONE EXPLODED UNDER THE OVEN.
COOKS: WHITE OWL & FRIER

R SWIFT COOKING.



If I were Skipper Asquith, I would -
I'd tell a tale about his life
If he were here - without his wife.

If I were Scouter Bagnall, I would -
I'd buy a magic cricket bat
And be top Scorer, I would that -

E. Broughton

If I were Akela, I would -
I'd lick my cubs, and make them howl
When they did wrong I'd never growl

If I were Scout George Drier, I would -
I'd take my hook off back to Wyke
And go where folks are all alike

If I were Derek Moulson, I would -
I would not have my tonsils out
But find something else to shout about

If I were Scout Edgar Wood I would -
Ray Walker
I'd get up soon to-morrow morn
To mend my pants where they are torn

If I were ~~Scout~~ Ronald Swift I would -
~~Leslie Williams~~
Roy Bowen
I'd ride my bike at dead of night
And give the policemen such a fright

If I were ~~Raymond Jetley~~ N. Bellamy. I would -
R. ~~Edw~~ Broughton
Wilman
I'd curl my hair and make it fine
The girls I'd dazzle every time.

If I were Norman Lancaster, I would -
I'd help my father at the wheel
Each day a joy ride I would steal.

If I were Edgar Wood - I would.
I'd place my 'jamas in the press
And go to bed in full Scout Dress

If I were Geoffrey Tarnell - I would
I'd hold my nose up in the air
For Wibsey girls I would not care

If I were Scout Roy Shinn - I would.
I'd tie a floor cloth on a string
And call it Peekie Weekie Grin.

If I were Arthur Newell - I would
I'd go so strong on Lollipops
I'd bank the whole of Wibsey shops

If I were Allen Hooley - I would.
I'd put manure into my shoes
To make me grow, but stuff my nose.

If I were The Great White Owl I would
I borrow a torch &
Go on the prowl

Like

Not far out of Bradford on top of a hill
There's a place you'll have heard of no doubt;
It's name it is Wibsey, it's been there since Noah:
Well in Wibsey they have some Boy Scouts.

The Scoutmaster's name it is Bagnall,
As Scouter he's known to the lads:
Groupscoutmasters name it is Asquith
For pennies he's always on cadge.

These scouts once a year go out camping
And cook all their meals over wood;
The last time they went, Scouter's mother
Made one extra outsize Plum Pud.
~~They~~
They set out their tents to there liking,
Nine tents in a row - what a sight;
There were hundreds and fahsands of midges,
And oh how them midges could bite.

One day during week while out hiking
A rabbit got stuck in a wall
One lad he looked daggers at rabbit,
'Twas stabbed to the death and did fall.

The lad brought it home to the storetent,
He said he would have it to eat,
Another lad claimed its fur-coating,
And one lad said he'd have its feet.

That night when the lads were all sleeping,
The leaders in store tent did stay,
With one rabbit in recumbent posture,
Reposing on ground on a tray.

One officer drew forth his dagger
And into the rabbit did stick,
the smell that arose was terriffic
Result - rush from tent pretty quick.

The smell that came out of that rabbit,
To tell you you'd never beleive,
You'd think that the poor little creature
Had been eating boiled peas and cheese.

The officer unmasked the rabbit
He burnt all the inards and blood,
And when the remains they were eaten
LeAndre said 'twas very good.

To tell you other things happened
I'm afraid there's no time - not just now,
To tell of the lads that went courting
Or how singing Scouts got in a row.

The weather was fine, the meals they were good,
There was custard one meal, but no jelly;
One lad he came back with the skin off his arms,
And one had the skin off his - - - nose.

1937

February 6th & February 13th — In view of the success of the first concert, the 1937 effort was held on two Saturdays. It proved to be well worth while and realised a total of £10 for both performances. P.L's E Wood, G Frier and R Walker were also successful in gaining their Entertainers badge.

May 2nd — The annual St Georges Day Parade took place at Valley Parade. The weather was favourable and our Troop attended well.

July 17th — The Troop set out at 10.45pm on a Midnight Ramble which was the most successful outdoor meeting in the history of the Troop so far as numbers were concerned. The route took us on to the moorland above Denholme Clough and round to Queensbury. The weather was quite good but unfortunately the sky was too cloudy at daybreak to see the sun rise. We had a jolly time so that no one really worried about such a detail as that.

Summer Camp 1937
14th to 21st August

Personnel:	Officer in Charge	Scouter
	Stores Chief	White Owl
Scouts in No1 Tent		E Broughton
		R Bower
		J Walker
		K Bower (visitor)
Scouts in No 2 Tent		N Parker
		G Le Andre
		L Wilman
		J Jenkinson
Postal Address		c/o Mr R Hanson
		Raingill Farm
		Slaidburn
		Via Clitheroe

Charge £1-5-0 per Scout.

Visitors Day Wednesday. Wednesday No one came.

Left Wibsey 3pm August 14th
Returned Wibsey 9.30pm August 21st

Full account over the page.

CAMP
RECORD.

1937.

J. JENKINSON J. WALKER.

G. LEANDRE K. BOWER N. PARKER.

L. WILMAN R. BOWER.

E. BROUGHTON ABSENT ON COOK DUTY.

Scouter's Log of the Summer Camp of
36th South Bradford Scout Troop Wibsey Methodist

The arrangements for the Summer Camp were well in hand some time before holiday week but it was rather disappointing that only seven of our own scouts were prepared to go to camp.

The trouble, it seemed from the Court of Honour, was that the camp was not held near the seaside, but I am sure that those who went will agree that the site was excellent. The Chief Scouts tell us that a camp should be a place where backwoodsman-ship can be practised and I feel that the Chief Scout would have been delighted with our site. The visiting Commissioner certainly was.

The Saturday was wet and miserable and all the gear and food was delivered to the Sunday School in good time. By 2.15 all the Scouts were ready for off. Scouters worries started much sooner than this for at 7am he was knocked up by a bright spark, L Wilman, who had been turned out of house and home so that his parents could get off to Blackpool with the rest of Bradford and its wife and family.

The bus which was to take us right on to the camp ground arrived about 15 minutes late. It was a small 20 seater which had seen better days and had managed to squeeze down School Lane. It was not long before gear, grub and kit was packed in the rear of the bus and the scouts made comfortable in the front seats. We didn't know anything about Garricks appetite at this time but he must have had a real dinner before he set off and when he got on we found the bus too flat to get through School Lane. We did eventually get through but only after a piece had been torn off the bus. The journey proceeded without any further mishap and at the other side of Skipton the sky began to look brighter and by the time 'Raingill' was reached the sun was trying to break through the clouds. Arriving at the rough cart track that winds for about a mile through the fields to the farm our bus driver decided that it was too difficult to take the bus down, so all the gear was dumped at the roadside and our farmer friend took it the rest of the way by two trips in a little Austin van.

We had eaten our packed lunch en route so at 6pm we started erecting the tents. First the Stores Tent was put up near the fire place. No 2 tent was next assembled at the top end of the field and while No 1 tent was being erected some Scouts were digging the latrine. White Owl's tent was placed at the top near No 2 tent and Scouter found a place quite near No 1 tent. These jobs done the trench fire was dug, ground sheets issued, kit unpacked and the day brought to a fitting close with cocoa and biscuits, prayers said and so to bed.

We were astir by 7am on Sunday morning and while breakfast was being made the flag staff was erected in the centre of the field. Before breakfast we arranged ourselves in a circle round the flag, stood to the alert while the flag was "broken" and started the day with a word of prayer. For breakfast we had shredded wheat followed by sausage. Breakfast over the duty of wood collecting started and Kenneth & Roy Bower did a good piece of work when they helped Scouter build the oven. We were well satisfied with ourselves when a big heavy log was pulled down from the woods to the camp kitchen to serve as a seat for the rest of the week; it was a heavy thing and took four of us to move it (including Scouter – and he's a tough guy - says who?).

At 11am we had an inspection and No 1 tent was pronounced the more orderly of the two. After this we went for a short walk across the fields to Dalehead which will always be remembered by the incident of finding a hare lying “doggo”. We stood watching it for some seconds before it took courage and made off at a terrific pace. Jack Jenkinson and Jack Walker were disappointed that Scouter had not caught it to take home for dinner. I explained that I had no stick but the two Jacks were sure that Skipper would have done better and said he must come to camp next year if it’s only to fall on hares and kill them for dinner. Our walk gave us good appetite and dinner was ready on our return. Menu – Roast, Potatoes and cabbage. The only fault was that the apple cream pudding, which finished the dinner, was burned. No doubt Leslie Wilman had been too intent in telling the tale instead of watching the pudding.

Dinner over we had a little time to ourselves for letter writing before we set off for the afternoon leaving the cooks to their fate. This time we headed for Slaidburn the nearest village. The sun was shining brightly and so warm that our journey to Slaidburn was very slow, broken by many stops to search for rabbits. We eventually reached our destination, a small English village of two or three shops and a few houses clustered together at the foot of the hills. We rested in the village for a while before retracing our steps to camp in time for tea. After tea Scouts were left to themselves and their logs, if they ever see the light of day, will tell of what they did.

At 8.30pm we all gathered round the camp fire for a Scouts Own and were joined by our friends at the farm. After a delightful little service we stayed round the campfire singing and talking until cocoa and biscuits were served and the day brought to a close.

Scouter and Garrick LeAndre were on cook duty Monday and the first meal consisted of Grape Nuts – Bacon – and Marmalade. The morning was fine so that after inspection White Owl took the Scouts out of Camp and played a wide game, Lion Hunting. The cooks stayed at home to get dinner ready and all went well but with one exception. The tit-bit of the menu was to be a first course of dumplings. The trouble began when we made the pastry, I was mixing with a wooden spoon while Garrick added water to my instructions. He did once too often for instead of a drop – flop – we drowned the miller. We mixed and mixed and better mixed but couldn’t make the pastry firm enough for our dumplings.

After dinner at about 3 or 3.30pm the weather broke down and rain fell heavily for the rest of the day. The tents were entrenched and we all took to cover. The tea was served in the tents. In order to put us right for the night we had a really good supper of Roast Potatoes and Cocoa.

Rain fell steadily during the night and it was still showery when we started to move about again on Tuesday morning. White Owl and E Broughton were on cook duty and served for breakfast Shredded Wheat – Boiled Egg – and Marmalade. Although the weather was uncertain we set off for a days hike and by dinner time the weather had become much more settled. Our hike took us to Slaidburn then onto Newton where we had lunch and then striking up into the hills we made a detour which eventually brought us back to the road leading into Slaidburn. We struck into the field track which brought us back to Raingill for dinner at 5.30pm. White Owl had been able to make use of yesterday’s dumpling pastry by adding more flour and suet. We had more than we could eat however and gave quite a good sample to our farm friends.

After dinner the scouts were left to themselves and after a little archery practice with the target we brought, they felt they were real “Robin Hoods” so off they went onto the “tops” to shoot Rabbits. If the reports that came back are true there must be a lot of rabbits at Raingill who suffered from nervous breakdown. Some arrows seem to have just grazed there whiskers, some went between their ears but (thank goodness) none ever went into them. While this backwoodsmanship was in progress White Owl set off to Dale Head to telephone his “skipper” (???) armed only with his Rover thumbstick. He returned with a fine young hare slung over his shoulder in fine Devonshire Poaching fashion. The hare had darted across his path and came to a stop against a wire fence at the side of the road. In a flash White Owl’s stick came down smartly on its head and so we had food for another meal – Good hunting what!

About 8.45 we gathered round the camp fire and had a real good time, special entertainment by Jack Jenkinson, before we turned in for the night.

Wednesday started with fine weather although the sky looked watery. Scouter and Jack Jenkinson were on cook duty and served up for breakfast – Grapenuts – Ham – Marmalade, Jam or Treacle (Take your pick lads). After inspection White Owl and the Scouts went for a short walk exploring the Eastern side of our camp. The cooks were busy preparing a midday dinner of carrots, onions, potatoes and a couple of rabbits. The rabbits had not been captured in Robin Hood style but had been specially shot for us by the farmer.

The scouts returned to camp without N Parker and L Wilman who seemed to be troubled with their “Bogtrotters” and it was nearly half an hour after dinner when they came up as fresh as two daisies. The cooks found difficulty in keeping sufficient food on one side for them for Garrick was keen on seeing that the leavings were always eaten up. Garrick had got hold of the maxim that in camp there’s a place for everything and everything should be in its place, he certainly knew the place for his food and there weren’t any “leavings” went into the waste pit when he was about.

During the afternoon we spent some time trying to damn up the stream. To be quite candid it wasn’t too much of a success but we did at any rate enjoy wading about in the water. About 3.30 that afternoon the weather broke down but we had a really good stunt to look forward to, for the farmers wife had prepared a Treasure Hunt which sent us wandering about the farm buildings and yard. We were all divided up into pairs and the first clue lead up to an old overcoat hanging by the farm house door. In the lining of this coat we found the next clue which ran as follows

“When doggie is tired he goes to bed
To rest his bones and his weary head”

The third clue was found in the dog kennel

“Turn away the mangle John and you shall have a kiss
Turn away the mangle, just once after this”.

Having searched round the mangle we found the next clue

“If a huge pile of money I could find
I never would cry “old axes to grind”.

Laid in the grindstone frame was this

"When cows come in they like a drink
Where will that be, let me think"

The cowshed brought this clue to light

"Cobbler Cobbler mend a shoe
Get it done by half past two"

The next clue was found in an old boot

"We once had some ferrets, but now they are dead
A clue you will find in their tiny bed"

It took some finding, that tiny bed but when we came upon it this was the clue

"Round a corner, run with your mate
Under a stone quite near a gate"

This was it.

"Now for the treasure you must look
It's near some water, but not a Brook"

Now we're getting warm Scouter and Jack Walker are in the lead, the rest are coming into the wash house – who'll be the winner – Jack Walker, bravo stout fellow – what is it – Oo'er a delicious cream cake.

After the treasure hunt the weather was really wet – yes, no kidding. We retired to our tents and for tea had prunes, buns etc and finished off in fine style with the treasure hunt cream cake. The evening had to be spent under canvas and the day was finished off with roast potatoes.

Thursday was wet for the start we managed to get our breakfast cooked and eaten between the showers but the cooks had no easy task either for breakfast or dinner. We had ham and egg for breakfast and after this there was a united effort to gather in plenty of dry wood for cooking. We enjoyed ourselves that morning in spite of weather. We turned the garage into a Scout den and played such games as Priestcap and Tenderfoot Tim but the pick of the bunch was a jigsaw puzzle game lent by the farmer's wife; it was a real observation tester. Because of the weather it had not been possible to roast our hare so we had corned beef for dinner supported by the usual vegetables. After dinner the sun broke through and we were able to enjoy ourselves with a wide treasure hunt game on the fells above the camp. For tea we had Banana Custard and after, while White Owl set off on a lone hike to Slaidburn, we joined in a wide game where a Scout had to take contraband from the adjoining wood to some unknown destination. Everyone was successful with one exception. About 9 o'clock we started our camp fire and were a little concerned that White Owl had not returned, he eventually turned up save and sound about 9.45pm.

Friday was the special day of the week and the unlucky ones, Scouter and K Bower had to stay in charge of the camp. After a breakfast of Grape Nuts and Shredded Wheat or Bacon, the rest went down the winding farm lane to meet a bus which had been ordered to take them for the day to Ingleton. As I was not there I can only say that everyone seemed to enjoy themselves and returned home in high spirits. At Ingleton the falls and caves were visited and I understand that many of the villagers stopped listened and nearly died o'laughing when they heard our lads singing about "another job for the undertaker and tombstone maker".

During the Ingleton expedition Scouter was visited by the Commissioner and spent half an hour showing him round the site and explaining things, which nearly had a disastrous effect on the cooking, however, with a bit of wangling and the use of milk ad lib the Rice Pudding was put in order and we had a "Super" dinner of Rabbit and Hare, vegetables, Rice Pudding and fruit.

Dinner over we set to work collecting wood for the camp fire which was to be an extra special "Final" performance. It was about 9pm that the blaze really got going and we were joined by the whole farm staff (five of them all told) for a real jolly farewell do. This was supported by Homemade toffee supplied by the farmers wife. We had a good time together which I am sure will live with everybody for some time to come particularly our friends Mr and Mrs Hanson who had proved themselves to be real scouts by taking any amount of trouble to see that we enjoyed ourselves at Raingill.

The camp fire over we tucked ourselves comfortably into our blankets for our last night under canvas at Raingill. During Friday Mr Hanson had separated the lambs from the sheep. The lambs were turned into our field while the sheep remained in the meadows at the other side of the stream, and the baaing and bleating caused by that separation was something awful. They settled down about midnight however, or at anyrate we got so used to them that we were able to get to sleep. But by 4 o'clock Saturday morning the sun rose up and all nature with it, the birds, and all the farm yard life cried out to say that a new day had begun. Saturday was the finest day of the whole week and the sun rose up into a cloudless sky. I have heard how all wildlife rises up with the sun, but never before have I experienced it as on that Saturday morning. By 7am when we lazy Scouts turned out the birds and beasts had quietened down again and were going quietly about the business of the day.

As the camp fire of the previous night had gone on rather late and as it had been rather a full day for everybody things not get moving very quickly on Saturday morning and it was 9am before we sat down to breakfast. After the first meal of the day there was a very thorough tent and kit inspection by Scouter and White Owl and the conditions certainly left no room for complaint. At the beginning of the week it had been possible to point out to the tent leaders sufficient cotton to keep Lancashires mills working for a week. By the last day however the Scouts had learned how to keep their tents clean and when we came to the final gleaning of the camp site there was not sufficient litter to fill one hand. Well done, I say, and I hope our Scouts will keep it up wherever they may roam.

We were not due to move off from camp until 6.30pm so that there was no particular rush in striking camp although by dinner time the top tent and oven were ready for off, but for the greater part of the time sunbathing was the main occupation.

After a dinner of corned beef and vegetables we all set too, packing personal kit and striking tents so that by tea time only the store tent, flag staff and lats remained. After tea it was not long before the final jobs were completed, and the little Austin van packed up in the farm yard ready to take the last load down to the main road. It was then that farewells had to be said to Mr and Mrs Hanson and the other farm folk, and we all gathered round the farm yard and sang very lustily with hands joined “Should auld acquaintance be forgot” and rounded the lot off with a big “BRAVO” to show our thanks for all that had been done so cheerily to make our week so enjoyable. We had quite a number of loaves left over and so when we were settled in the bus we shared them out, one for each and an extra long one for Garrick.

Our run to Bradford was an enjoyable one, and we arrived home a happy band startling Wibsey with our songs.

"WE WERE WELL SATISFIED WITH OURSELVES"

"THE SITE WAS EXCELLENT"

"THE FLAG STAFF WAS ERECTED IN THE CENTRE OF THE FIELD"

"GARRICK HAD GOT HOLD OF THE MAXIM THAT IN CAMP THERE'S A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING"

"THEY FELT THEY WERE REAL "ROBIN HOODS?""

"ON COOK DUTY"

1938

4 Jan 1938 — J Tetley from Cubs into Lions

16 Jan 1938 — Parade – Rev J T Hodgson – 22 attend

31 Jan 1938 — Census of Troop Qualifications

Second Class	P L	R Walker
	P L	L Graves
	P L	G Frier
	P L	E Wood
	2nd	A Newell
		A Moore
		F Wood

Total = seven 2nd Class Scouts

Also 19 Tenderfoot Scouts
12 Scouts on probation
4 Omitted from census (Night School etc)

5 Feb 1938 — 1st night of Annual Concert.
DSM in the chair (Mr Busfield). Hall full and concert a success.

12 Feb 1938 — 2nd night of Annual Concert.
Akela was in the chair (Mrs Clewer). Hall crowded and concert more successful than 1st week.

Summary of Concert

1st Half by the Cubs	Panto Red Riding Hood.
2nd Half by Scouts:-	
Eight singers: -	Group of Songs.
Entertainment Badge: -	K. Frost assisted by L. Dawson.
Monologue: -	R. Walker
Tight Rope Walk: -	A. Hooley & H. Holden
Wireless stunt: -	A. Kellett
Entertainment: -	K. Frost & Horse Patrol
Song: -	G. LeAndre
Dramatic monologue: -	E. Wood
Kill on the Spot: -	A. Kellett
Plan of Robin Hood: -	All on a Summer's Day
Conclusion: -	Group of Songs and Bed Scene

First week — K. Frost not long enough to pass badge

Second week — K. Frost added items gave 17 minutes and passed with 85%.

15 Feb 1938 — J Tetley – Lion – invested

19 Feb 1938 — two members of each patrol met at 2.30 to compete for the fire lighting test in the annual Trophy Competition. This was followed by an American Tea. Games were played until 5.50 when we all set off to the local association concert at Muff Field, eleven Scouts and two officers.

27 Feb 1938 — Parade 21 present. (Mr Ellis)

5 Mar 1938 — 12 to 13 Scouts presented "All on a Summers Day" at Wibsey Methodist Mission as a good turn.

8 Mar 1938 — P.L. K. Frost presented with 2nd class badge.

12 Mar 1938 — Attended Great Horton Scout concert in the evening. Afternoon Signalling Competition for annual trophy.

15 Mar 1938 — Mr Manknell (DC) and Mr Busfield (DSM) attend Troop meeting. Mr Manknell presents Annual Trophy to Woodpeckers.

22 Mar 1938 — N Lancaster elected acting PL of Lion Patrol.
E Wood again takes charge of Pewitt.

29 Mar 1938 — G Dawson & H Burlison invested.
L Dawson presented with 2nd class.

End of First Quarter

1.	Wolf	98	Points
2.	Horse	82	Points
3.	Woodpecker	57	Points
4.	Lion	34½	Points
5.	Pewitt	26	Points

4 April 1938 — Wide game – carrying treasure from Skippers to Headquarters.

15 April 1938 — 16 present at Troop outing. Tracking via Pepperhill, Coley and Judy Woods. 5 Scouts passed firelighting and cooking.

26 April 1938 — 2nd class Badge presented to G LeAndre.

18 May 1938 — J Walker and E Gross Invested.

21 May 1938 — Outing to Judy Woods, fire lighting and cooking. Rope Bridge erected with success. Enjoyable game of Roundhead or Cavalier.

29 May 1938 — Church Parade. Preacher Mr Faulkner.
Colour Party N Lancaster, G Frier, E Wood

31 May 1938 — Thomas Gott brought up from Cubs and presented to Wolf Patrol.

6 June 1938 — Troop Outing 21 attended and 2 officers. Crossflats, Riddlesden, Doubling Stone, Rivok Edge, Morton & Crossflats.

14 June 1938 — Meeting in Wibsey Park, followed by Court of Honour at Scouters.

18 June 1938 — Outing Shelf Woods – returned early because of heavy rain.

21 June 1938 — Wibsey Park – Racing for Sports Day.

23 June 1938 — 5 Lions carry out test No 6 (Annual).

25 June 1938 — Local Association Sports. Came in 4th with three other Troops.

1	Priestman	2	Clayton
3	Carlton	4	Wibsey, All Saints, Muff Field

30 July 1938 — Midnight Ramble – well attended and successful.

End of Second Quarter

1. Wolf 99 Points
2. Pewitt 56 Points
3. Horse 33 Points
4. Woodpecker 24 Points
5. Lion 13 Points

Summer Camp 1938

Address c/o Mr R Hanson
Raingill Farm
Slaidburn
Nr Clitheroe

Attendance 3 Officers
16 Scouts

Tent No 1 K Frost, H Rhodes, A Kellett, A Moore, J Jenkinson, R Bower

Tent No 2 G LeAndre, E Gross, F Wood, G Belfield, J Walker

Tent No 3 N Lancaster, G Briggs, L Wilman, P Butterworth, W Birkby

Cost per scout

Brief Summary of Camp

Bus with Scouts left Wibsey 2.45pm. Scouter was left to see to camp gear and kit coming on separately. Lorry left about 3.15pm and was not long after the troop in arriving.

Camp erected very quickly and the day finished with a short camp fire. Scouts turned in at 10pm. Redfeather and Scouter then set out in search of A Kellett who was long overdue in arriving from Blackpool. The private car was met half way down and Arnold got out and made the rest of the way on foot. Dead tired he made his bed in Redfeathers tent so as not to disturb the rest of his patrol.

Sunday Scouts up at 6.30am before cooks – breakfast ready at 8am. After breakfast free time to straighten out tents – short service from 10-10.30am – after breakfast scouts free to explore our surroundings. Midday dinner – Roast, Potatoes and Cauliflower – Xmas Pudding. The Xmas Pudding had been made at home and was only warmed up at camp, with custard to help it down.

Mr and Mrs Bower visited camp in the morning.

Mr and Mrs Lancaster visited camp in the afternoon.

This was the best day of the week from a weather point of view. A few of the Scouts splashed about in the stream during the afternoon and the rest played about in the haymaking field.

A Scouts own was held in the evening and we turned in at 10pm.

Monday for dinner Cold Meat, Cabbage and Potatoes, Rice Pudding. For tea Stewed Prunes and Custard. During morning games played on the fells above camp, White Owl during the morning prepared a treasure hunt which filled up the whole of the afternoon. After tea there was free time until 8.30pm when we had camp fire.

Tuesday showery during morning but were able to spend quite a time on the hills playing different ball games.

Afternoon short hike to Slaidburn and a small loop arriving back at camp for tea.

Evening free time but early to bed because of weather.

Strong gale blowing all night during which Redfeather's tent blows down and he has to seek refuge in White Owl’s tent.

Dinner Cold Meat, Carrots and Onions, Potatoes with Dumplings.

Tea Banana Custard.

Wednesday morning spent in repairing damage done during Tuesday nights gale. Afternoon free, some Scouts going down to Slaidburn. Evening, wide game – finding buried gold and camp fire brought to an end early because of cold and threatening rain.

Thursday K Frost and P Butterworth in complete charge of cooking. The weather was not too promising but it was thought best to set off on a days hike rather than stay in camp.

We left camp about 11am after photographs had been taken of the whole company and after a good mornings hike arrived at Bolton by Bowland for dinner. We spent some time looking around, visiting the old church, and many of the Scouts buying presents for home before we struck out again. The afternoon was cold and threatened rain more than once, many of the Scouts began to feel the strain of the hike while we were yet a few miles away from home, and plenty of encouragement was needed to get all to the last stretch in anything like good spirits. The last few miles were done at a speed of 2 miles an hour or thereabouts and in consequence we were much behind time for dinner, arriving in camp at 8pm.

We arrived back at camp to find the cooks had carried out their task well. There had been only one mishap, Kenneth carrying a bowl of water to the dixie on the fire did not step with great care; the ground was wet and slimy with the heavy rains we had been having and Kenneths legs went flying in all directions, he came down thud in all the sludge. Where the water went we shall never know, but Kenneths back view was a picture for the rest of the camp.

It must be stated here, to the great regret of all the officers of the camp, that through an oversight, Garrick LeAndre and G Belfield were left behind on the hills when the last mile was reached, and when they were found Garrick had badly torn his hand on some barbed wire while Geoffrey was suffering from stomach ache. These two were put on sick list and pills and medicine were dished out and wounds washed and bandaged; they then went straight to bed after, it might be added to shine a ray of light on this dark patch of the log, after having had their fair share of grub.

White Owl had stayed in camp during the day having hoped to do a spot of haymaking for Mr Hanson. The weather had not been suitable so he had busied himself making biscuits of his own recipe which proved excellent. White Owl's cooking proved an ideal pick-me-up to our spirits while we were waiting for the dinner proper to be served. After dinner there was not time to straighten up camp before the weather broke down altogether and after hurried prayers the troop broke up to their separate tents to get their well-earned rest. The officers however busied themselves in the store tent washing up what had been left and taking a note of how the stores were going on.

After another night of wind and almost torrential rain, Friday came with the promise of better weather. The morning was spent on the hills playing games and after dinner the bright sunshine set the camera shutters clicking freely. During the afternoon the troop split up somewhat, a few went down to Slaidburn to do their final shopping, others made a brave attempt at nettle gathering, which was to be one of the vegetables for our last day in camp, while another group enjoyed themselves wandering round the farm buildings or playing games on the hills.

The camp fire for this, our final night in camp was to be an extra special effort to which all farm hands were invited. Extra supplies of wood had been brought in and all plans made. The weather even promised to be really fine for once and we gathered round the cheery fire at 8.45pm in high spirits. It was at 9pm that aloud peel of thunder was heard followed

almost immediately by a flash of lightening. The clouds seemed to burst almost at once and the bright camp fire was deserted and seemed to become a spitting and spluttering monster as the heavy rain dashed down upon it. That thunderstorm, which seemed worse than anything we town folk had experienced, lasted until well turned midnight. It must have been a really tired Scout who was able to sleep while the thunder broke the intense stillness of our quiet valley, echoing from hill to hill; and the lightening illuminated the tents with a brightness that made the candles feeble.

In the midst of it all the officers went round the tents giving out cocoa and biscuits, seeing that guy ropes were in order, and the trenches taking the water away from the tents.

It was still showery when Saturday came and breakfast had to be made on the primus stove. After breakfast kits were packed and taken down to one of the farm buildings to keep dry. By dinner time the rain had stopped and the tents were drying quickly in the fresh breeze. As soon as dinner was over all hands were busy pulling down tents, filling in lats, and packing utensils. The job was not properly complete when the van arrived for taking the gear back home. After a little wait the van was packed and under escort of H Rhodes set off for home. The rest of us were able to go into the farm house and eat up the grub which was left. Needless to say we did eat up, not only what was left but more besides.

Excepting perhaps, Garrick and Geoffrey, we all returned in the bus with the feeling that in spite of wind and rain we had really enjoyed ourselves and had gone through a week which will long be remembered, if only for the song brought out of the fertile brain of the Horse P. L.

There is a man, his name's Redfeather
He was camping in all weather
He can't hold his tent together
Poor old Redfeather

_____"_____

Let it be recorded to the shame of Scouter:-

Scouter arriving home from camp decided to have a bath. He set on the hot water while he got ready and coming in to the bathroom a little later found the water too hot. He turned on the cold tap and for the sake of warmth went to lie down between the bed clothes.

At 6.30am next morning he was found fast asleep with the lights in the bedroom and bathroom lit and the cold water still running.

Who said it was an easy task being a Scoutmaster?

PIONEER BRIDGE BUILDING.

SUMMER 1938.

CAMP OFFICERS

1938.

WHITE OWL.

REDFEATHER.

SCOUTER.

PEEWIT & WOLVES.

HORSE & WOODPECKERS.

1938 CAMP.

COME TO THE COOK HOUSE DOOR. 1938.

WIRE IN LADS 1938.

SCOUTER DOES HIS BIT 1938.

COOKS PRIVILEGE 1938.

CAMP PERSONNEL 1938.
OMITTING SCOUTER.

NEAR THE BONE 1938.

MORE PLEASE 1938

CAMP KITCHEN 1938.

1938

10th Sept — Annual Trophy fire lighting test at Judy Brig.

11th Sept — Church Parade Mr Ellis
23 present

30th Sept — End of Quarter (Third)

1	Wolf	62 Points
2	Peewit	24 Points
3	Lions	18 Points
4	Woodpecker	3 Points
5	Horse	Minus 3 Points

18th Oct — W Birkby & J Beanland invested

8th Nov — Outdoor troop meeting with rocket signal game and stalking

3rd Dec — Church Gift Day Parade 20 Scouts attended

20th Dec — Free and easy troop meeting finishing with Pies and Peas.
Wolf Patrol presented with Quarter trophy.
H Rhodes presented with Second Class Badge.

Patrol Trophy end of 4th Quarter 1938

1	Wolves	79
2	Peewit	72
3	Woodpecker	70
4	Lion	9
5	Horse	Minus 20

Census at 31st December 1938

2ND CLASS	10
TENDERFOOT	18
PROBATION	11
	39

ANNUAL PATROL COMPETITION 1938

1	Wolves	288
2	'Peckers	278
3	Lions	260
4	Peewits	220
5	Horses	176

1939

Patrol Competition 1st Quarter

1	Lion	67
2	Peewit	53
3	Woodpecker	46
4	Horse	25
5	Wolf	5

From this point, Scouter, having joined the Royal Navy, the log lapsed until 1945 when it was passed on to Grey Eagle (K Frost). The following brief records are mostly from memory and as such cannot be very detailed, I am afraid.

Owing to war conditions in as far as they affect the troop, we lost firstly Red Feather to the Army, Scouter to the navy and then Skipper to the Army, leaving only Grey Eagle as a warranted officer to take charge of the troop. N Lancaster, known as Kingfisher, took out a warrant as ASM but has not had time to carry on with Scout work unfortunately.

Thus the troop carried on helping with National Service collecting newspapers etc, making camouflage netting, collecting jam-jars, acting as Civil Defence messengers.

There were no camps held until August 1942 when in response to urgent requests Grey Eagle promised to take charge of a short local camp.

SUMMER CAMP 1942

Address
c/o Mr R Drake
Doe Park Farm
Denholme

Attendance
1 Officer
15 Scouts

R Kellett
A Kellett
N Richmond
J Bowen
K Orange
J Midgeley
B Gawthorpe
K Gawthorpe
B Lancaster
E Firth
A Dickenson
I Downs
C Downs
D Tidswell
J Beanland

Notes on Camp 1942

Kit was taken on trek-cart – first real job of cart.

Major fault of site is distance from farm house for water.

Camp only held from Saturday Aug 8 to Fri 14th.

Food had to be taken – tinned and rationed goods. Milk purchased at farm.

Points - in comparison with peace time camping – to be noticed were, necessity for camouflaging tents, placing Union Jack out of sight, no chance of obtaining anything which "ran short" without a lot of begging almost, from shops, and lastly, the need to have the fire out before dark so as not to break black out regulations. This latter rather tended to spoil the evenings through not being able to sit round fire for a while after dark.

SUMMER CAMP 1943

Address c/o Mr Fawcett
The Kennels Dairy Farm
Burley-in-Wharfedale

Attendance 2 Senior Scouts
17 Scouts

N Parker}	
A Kellett }	Seniors
E Dickenson}	
B Dobson }	Peewit
G Bennett }	
B Gawthorpe}	
K Gawthorpe}	
B Lancaster }	Lion
G Hill }	
J Wild }	
T Horsley}	
R Kellett }	Wolf
P Horsley}	
J Liles }	
N Richmond}	
M Tighe }	
R Heaton }	Woodpecker
J Midgeley }	
J Beanland }	

SUMMER CAMP 1944

Address c/o Mr Fawcett
Kennels Dairy Farm
Burley-in-Wharfedale

Attendance 1 Officer
15 Scouts

Grey Eagle

Wolves
J Horsley
R Kellett
K Grange
J Lyles
P Horsley
J Myers

Lions
B Gawthorpe
K Gawthorpe
B Lancaster

Peewit A Dickenson

'Pecker
J Bowen
E Firth
K Gorman
K Drake
P Firth

1945

At the beginning of the year we have serving in H.M.F. Red Feather, Scouter, Skipper, D Wheatley, N Parker and A Kellett.

January

Has been quite a red letter month for troop in so far as Red Feather, Skipper and Scouter have all managed to visit us. Scouts gave part of entertainment at Sunday School Prize-Giving – a potted (?) pantomime by G E entitled Cinderella. Very well received.

February 13

Could not get to meeting but understand Scouter ran show, Mr Busfield looked in.

February 20

Again could not get to meeting. Mrs F D Wilkinson – who has so usefully and unassumingly stepped into the breach – took charge of the meeting – Good show!

February 27

Today received Air Mail letter from N Parker in India addressed to troop.