

Preface

As the final stage in my Woodbadge Training, as a Cub Scout Leader, I have produced this manuscript with the hope that it will be used by many of my colleagues at Pack Meetings, Cub Scout Own's and around the Campfire.

I lay no claim to the writing of these Yarns and Short Stories or to the illustrations used throughout this publication. All the praise must go to the authors, too many to name, and the skillfully produced sketches to our Founder, Lord Robert Stephenson Smythe Baden-Powell (B-P.).

In closing, these Yarns and Short Stories have not been placed in any chronological or alphabetical order as I feel that for people to get the most out of this manuscript they will have to browse through whilst looking for the Yarn or Short Story that meets their purpose. Whilst doing so, another Yarn or Short Story they come across might inspire a theme for a special Pack night, a Campfire or a Cub Scout Own with a difference.

Thankyou.

Mike Wright (Kaa)

15th November 1994

☺ Denotes that the people and the events are actually true.



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CHIEF'S LAST MESSAGE TO BOY SCOUTS



Dear Scouts,

If you have ever seen the play "Peter Pan" you will remember how the pirate chief was always making his dying speech because he was afraid that possibly when the time came for him to die he might not have the time to get it off his chest. It is much the same with me, and so, although I am not at this moment dying, I shall be doing so one of these days and I want to send you a parting word of goodbye. Remember, it is the last you will ever hear from me, so think it over.

I have had a most happy life and I want each and every one of you to have a happy life too. I believe that God put us in this jolly world to be happy and enjoy life. Happiness doesn't come from being rich, nor merely from being successful in your career, nor by self-indulgence. One step towards happiness is to make yourself healthy and strong while you are a boy, so that you can be useful and so can enjoy life when you are a man.

Nature study will show you how full of beautiful and wonderful things God has made the world for you to enjoy. Be contented with what you have got and make the best of it. Look on the bright side of things instead of the gloomy one.

But the real way to get happiness is by giving out happiness to other people, try and leave this world a little better than you found it and when your turn comes to die, you can die happy in feeling that at any rate you have not wasted your time but have done your best. "Be Prepared" in this way, to live happy and die happy - stick to your Scout Promise always - even after you have ceased to be a boy - and God help you do it.

Your friend,

B-P.



ORVILLE WRIGHT - WILBUR WRIGHT ☺

1871-1948 1867-1912

The Wright Brothers

Wilbur Wright was born in 1867 and his brother in 1871. While they lived the Wright brothers did more than any other men to advance the art and science of aviation. They built their first glider in 1899 and flew it at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1900. The original gasoline engine was twelve horsepower with two propellers. The first successful flight of their heavier than air machine - their aeroplane - occurred on December 17, 1903, at Kitty Hawk, and it was witnessed by four men and a boy who happened to be nearby. On that day, when first they achieved powered flight, Wilbur was thirty-six and Orville thirty-two years old. The longest of those first flights lasted fifty-nine seconds. The Wright brothers had a very happy Christmas that year.

Surely the value of patience was well known to the Wright Brothers. They had to try many practical changes in their designs. They had to experiment by flying in the fields and above the sand dunes. They even built a wind tunnel to discover how changes in air pressure would affect their glider or aeroplane. This wind tunnel was simply a gas engine hooked to a small fan which blew air through a cardboard box. They could peer through this box and see how the blowing wind affected paper wings. They patiently experimented with more than two hundred pairs of paper wings.

In 1910, the boys' father had occasion to recall the day he had brought home a little flying French toy - probably one made out of cork, wood and rubber bands. At the age of eighty-two, he had his first flight in his sons' airplane. Terribly excited, he kept crying, "Go higher! Go Higher!" Few fathers have so enjoyed their sons' inventions.

In 1909, the Wright Brothers had established an aircraft manufacturing company in Dayton, Ohio, and began to turn out two airplanes a month. Before the end of his life in 1948, Orville saw planes cross every ocean and continent and fly to the North and South Poles. He even saw planes flying faster than the speed of sound.

While the Wright Brothers were eventually recognised and respected by the entire world, they were much happier when they were patiently and quietly working together. When Wilbur Wright, who lived only until 1912, was asked to make a speech at a dinner in Paris he said, "I know of only one bird - the parrot-that talks; and it doesn't fly very high."

LOUIS PASTEUR ☺

1822-1895

Louis Pasteur was born in Dole, in the Province of Jura, in 1822. As a chemist, and later as a bacteriologist, Pasteur did more than any other man of his time to further medical progress. However, because he was not a physician, many medical men of the 1800's jeered at his theories. He ignored their scorn because he believed so strongly that bacteria, or germs, did indeed exist and that they could cause disease. He continued to work in his own way, having faith in himself, and eventually discovered the cure for silkworm disease, for anthrax, and for rabies.

Pasteur also invented a process to keep milk from spoiling. It consisted of heating the milk to 140 Deg. F for thirty minutes, then cooling it quickly and keeping it in sterile, sealed containers. This process is still used today to keep milk free from germs. It is called Pasteurisation.

Pasteur married Marie Laurent of Strasberg, whom he loved deeply. She encouraged him always to put his laboratory first, and so he was able to concentrate on his work and do it well.

When little Joseph Meister was bitten fourteen times by a rabid dog and was brought to Louis Pasteur, the scientist hesitated to give his untried rabies vaccine to the boy. He did so only after two physicians pointed out that the boy would surely die without the vaccine, and that Pasteur just might have the answer.

Pasteur did have the answer, of course, and he saved Joseph Meisters' life. Meister later became the gatekeeper at the Pasteur Institute. He stayed there, loyal to Louis Pasteur, for the rest of his life.

While Pasteur certainly believed in himself, he remained a quiet and humble man until his death in 1895. In his later years he was always a little amazed and amused by the fuss that people made over him. Once he accepted an invitation to attend an international medical conference in London. When he arrived a steward asked him to come to the front of the assembly hall. Pasteur walked forward and the members rose to their feet and applauded. Pasteur seemed somewhat disappointed. "The Prince of Wales must be arriving," he said. "I wish we had arrived earlier so that we might gain a better view of him." But the chairman of the group only held out his hand to Pasteur. "No," he said. "It's you. It's you they are cheering."

A SHARP PENCIL

Let us think for a few moments of all the things we could do with a brand new, sharp pointed, black lead pencil.

We could put it away carefully in a very safe place, so that no one would use it, or drop it and break the lead. But if we did that then it would be of no use to anyone.

Alternatively we could use that pencil to write a letter to someone to cheer them up. Everyone likes to get letters from friends.

We could even write a list of all the things we need to do, and tick them off as we do them.

We could use it to write out mums' shopping list for her, or we could draw a picture, perhaps even mark out the outline of some handcraft project we wanted to work on.

In doing all these things the pencil would be very useful indeed. But we must look after it and keep the point nice and sharp, ready for use, for when the lead is blunt the lines become thick and ugly, and our work is untidy. If, by misuse, we break the lead, we can't make any sort of mark at all.

The pencil is quite useless till we take the time to sharpen it again.

Our Law and Promise is just like that pencil. We can learn it when we first come into Cub Scouts, so that we can be invested. We then put it aside, not thinking about it, or using it, even perhaps forgetting some of the words.

That would be like the pencil we carefully put away, of no use to us or anyone else.

Our Law and Promise need to be something we use and think about every day, so that it becomes very much apart of our lives. If a boy or girl says "Cub Scouts Honour" just to get something, and really doesn't mean what he or she says, they are just like that pencil with the broken lead.

Their words mean nothing. So when we put our Law and Promise into action it's like sharpening the lead of the pencil.

We are always useful, and we make ourselves and those around us very happy.

THE PICKET FENCE

NOTE.

I have made a set of cardboard pickets to use when I tell this yarn. The first, like the yarn is a fine picket with a nice long sharp point. Each other picket is made a fraction wider and not quite so sharp as the last.

Mr Jones lived in a neat little cottage. He had a lovely front garden, filled with trees, shrubs and flowers. The back of the house had rows of vegetable beds. Mr Jones spent every spare he could out in his garden.

One day he was digging along the front fence when the spade hit a picket. It broke in half - he tapped another and it broke too. So Mr Jones said to himself, "I can see that the neighbours dogs will soon be able to get into my garden and they might scratch up all my plants.

So he put away his garden tools, and went off to the hardware store. There he bought the timber to build a new fence.

When he came home he very carefully measured and cut a perfect picket - (hold up the first picket). He used this to outline the next ten or so pickets. Then the next one he cut -(hold up the second picket) - he looked at and thought, "Ah, this is better than the first one." So he used it for a while, till he cut another one which he thought was even better -(hold up the third picket). Mr Jones carefully used this one as the outline for the next dozen or so pickets. Then the next picket he cut, he held up, and he thought it was a very fine picket - (hold up the fourth picket). He used this for a while till he cut one that he was sure was the finest yet - (hold up the fifth picket). He used this one for the rest of the pickets he had to cut.

When all the pickets were cut, Mr Jones started to put them on the fence, and to his amazement he found that they were very uneven. Really the last picket looked little like the first one he had measured so carefully - (hold up number four and five pickets). He had a very uneven, imperfect fence.

You know, our Cub Scout / Scout Law and Promise are just like that first picket. Precisely measured, carefully cut. It is only when we start to alter it that it loses its meaning. But if we keep it intact, and use our Law and Promise as it was intended, we only then know the true meaning of Scouting.

THE WOODCUTTER AND HIS WIFE

Once upon a time there lived a woodcutter and his wife. Their little cottage was on the edge of the wood. Every morning, very early, the woodcutter and go out to cut firewood. On market days he would take the wood to town and sell it. He didn't make much money and they were rather poor.

The woodcutter's wife often grumbled that they were so poor, and that they didn't have many pleasures in their lives. Often, as she went about her work, she would grumble and moan that her work was so hard because there was no money to buy anything to make it easier.

One day she was going about her work, grumbling and moaning as usual. There was a knock at the door, and when she opened it there stood a man. He had on very fine cloths, and behind him tethered to the fence was a beautiful horse. "Good morning", said the man, "I was riding by and felt very thirsty. Please could you give me a drink of water?" The woodcutter's wife went and fetched some water. The man said, "Thank you", and drank the water. Then he said, "Why do you look so sad?" The woodcutter's wife told him how the husband worked so hard, and how little money they had. Life was very hard indeed.

"Well", said the man, "I have a very big house. How would you like to come and live with me? Neither of you would have to work and you would have all the things you ever wanted." The woodcutter's wife was delighted. "Fine. Then you will come to my place tomorrow," said the man. "How will I know where you live?" said the woodcutter's wife. "I am the King and I live in the castle. We will expect you in the morning."

When the woodcutter arrived home his wife excitedly told him all about the events of the day. So next morning, very early, they packed their things into the wood cart and set off to the castle. They were met at the gate by the servants and taken to the west wing. This was to be their new home.

The King came in and welcomed them. "I hope you will be very happy here," he said. "I ask but one thing. See that basin up-turned on that table over there? Do not touch it, or look under it. If you promise me that, you can stay here as long as you keep that promise." The woodcutter and his wife agreed immediately.

The days went by and they found living in luxury very nice indeed. One day the woodcutter's wife said, "I wonder what is so special about that basin! Perhaps there is gold or precious jewels under it." They both sat down and thought about it for a while. The more they thought, the more curious they became.

Soon they were so obsessed with wanting to know what was under the basin that they forgot to enjoy all the beauty and luxury around them.

They both sat looking at the basin. The woodcutter, quite forgetting his promise to the king said, "I really don't see how just a quick peep under the basin could hurt. After all we will not move it away." "I can't see that it would hurt either." said his wife.

So, very carefully, the woodcutter lifted one side of the basin. His wife let out a scream, and jumped onto the nearest chair. The woodcutter ran around the room trying to catch the little grey mouse who had been living under the basin. Amid all the confusion the door opened and the King stood there looking at them in a very stern manner.

He said not a word to them, but turned to his servants and told them to take the woodcutter and his wife back to their little cottage near the wood.

He could not, and would not, have anyone in his house that he could not trust.

JACKIE ROBINSON ☺

1919-1972

John Roosevelt (Jackie) Robinson was born in Cairo, Georgia in 1919, the youngest of five children. His sharecropper father abandoned the family six months after Jackie was born. Despite a lack of money, Jackie's mother was determined to find a better life for her children and moved her family to California when Jackie was only sixteen months old.

Jackie and his brothers Edgar, Frank, Mack, as well as his sister Willa Mae, grew up on Pepper St in Pasadena, California. Their mother Mallie supported her family by working at various domestic jobs. Jackie remembered his mother with pride: "I thought she must have some kind of magic to be able to do all the things she did, to work so hard and never complain and make us all feel happy."

At one point in his youth, Jackie began to run with the neighbourhood gang. An older friend made Jackie realise how much he was hurting his mother as well as himself. As Jackie later said, "He told me that it that it didn't take guts to follow the crowd, that courage and intelligence lay in being willing to be different." Jackie listened and left the gang.

As he grew up, Jackie developed into a sensational athlete. He starred in basketball, baseball, and track. He attended UCLA where he became the first person ever to win athletic awards (letters) in all four sports.

Jackie left UCLA in 1941 and began playing professional football with the Los Angeles Bulldogs. World War II cut short his football career. He served in the army for thirty-one months and was discharged as a first lieutenant.

He made his professional baseball debut in 1945 with the Monarchs of the Negro American Baseball League. His abilities as a player bought him to the attention of the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball team. Rickey, in what was an act of great courage at the time, had decided to break the colour barrier which then existed in major league baseball. Jackie was signed to play for the Dodgers top minor league team, the Montreal Royals, for the 1946 season.

In 1947 Rickey moved Jackie to the Dodgers. Despite the tremendous pressure of being the first black baseball player in the major leagues, Jackie played outstanding baseball and was voted rookie of the year. His best year was 1949 when he led the league in hitting and was voted the most valuable player. Jackie played for the dodgers for ten years during which they won the National League title six times. In 1955 it was Jackie's spectacular play that led to the Dodgers' first World Series Championship. He retired from baseball after the 1956 season. Jackie, even as a young person, was an outspoken black man. He was in many ways ahead of his time. Many people did not like his comments on racial injustice. However, he had the courage to speak his mind in public on what he believed to be the rights of blacks.

Jackie shared the pains and joys of his life with his wife Rachel, whom he married in 1946. Rachel was a source of considerable strength for him.

In later life Jackie suffered quietly from the pains of diabetes. He died from diabetic complications in 1972. But even now his life story continues to act as an outstanding example of the value of courage.

TERRY FOX ☺

1958-1981

Terry Fox was born in 1958 in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. When he was ten years old the family moved to Port Coquitlam, British Columbia. There, in this suburb of Vancouver, Terry grew up with his brothers, Fred and Darrell, and his sister Judith.

According to Terry's mother, he was "average in everything but determination." His great love was basketball. Although he was not very talented and his coaches considered him too short for the game, he earned himself a place on his school basketball team by working hard and never giving up.

After graduating from high school, Terry enrolled at Simon Fraser University to major in kinesiology, the study of human movement. He immediately tried out for the junior basketball team and once again made the team by sheer drive.

In December 1976, during his first year at the university, Terry noticed a pain in his right knee. He thought it was a result of playing so much basketball and, for fear of having to stop playing, decided to tell no one about it until after the season was over.

In March Terry's problem was diagnosed as osteosarcoma, a relatively rare bone cancer. It was decided that he would have to be operated on and three days later, his right leg was amputated above the knee.

After the initial shock of hearing the diagnosis, Terry amazed his family and friends by his positive attitude. When his coach, Terry Fleming, showed him an article about a one-legged man, Dick Traum, who had run the New York Marathon, Terry decided there and then that he too could do it. In fact he decided to do even more, to run all the way across Canada, over 5,000 miles.

His idea of a cross-Canada run did not fade over the following months as Terry underwent treatments and learned first to walk, then to run, with an artificial leg. Rather, the idea grew and acquired a new purpose. Terry was deeply moved by the suffering and the courage of the other cancer patients he saw at the hospital. Terry decided that his run would be more than a personal marathon to prove that his physical handicap had not disabled him. It would be a Marathon of Hope through which he would raise as much money as he could for cancer research. Over the next two and one-half years Terry resumed his university studies and spent almost all his spare time building up strength and stamina and preparing for his run.

Finally, in the spring of 1980, he was ready. His parents, apprehensive at first, had come around and had even helped raise money for living expenses along the way. Several large companies had agreed to help by supplying a van and gas and running shoes.

Terry's Marathon of Hope began in St. John's, Newfoundland, on April 12, 1980. By the time it ended four and one-half months

and 3,339 miles later, Terry had raised over \$2 million for cancer research. After the run ended, the figure climbed to nearly \$25 million, or more than the one dollar per Canadian that was his goal.

Terry Fox gave the world much more than can be counted in dollars and cents. By his selfless response to his own misfortune and his conviction that the ordinary "little guy" can make a difference, by his commitment to his purpose and his faith in the human spirit, he taught us something new about facing the challenge of living life to the full. He became a symbol of hope and courage to millions in Canada and throughout the world.

HELEN KELLER ☺

1880-1968

Helen Keller overcame the most difficult physical handicaps of being deaf, dumb and blind, and acted as a source of inspiration to those who became aware of her.

When she was born in Alabama in 1880, Helen Keller was a healthy child. She was stricken by a fever at the age of nineteen months and became deaf and blind, and hence mute. She lived in darkness until she was seven. Then her father, who had been a captain in the Civil War and who owned a newspaper, learned that there might be help for Helen.

He and Helen's mother were delighted when that help arrived in the person of Ann Sullivan. Ann could understand Helen's problems, for she herself had been almost blind until, at the age of sixteen, an operation restored her sight. Ann saw that Helen, like many handicapped children, had been greatly spoiled by her parents who felt sorry for her. Later Mrs Keller was to say to her, "Miss Annie, I thank God every day of my life for sending you to us."

When Helen's father became ill and Helen did not want to ask him for the money for the special schools she needed, one of her admirers came to her rescue and helped raise the funds to send her to school. That admirer was Mark Twain. He was only one of the many people who were inspired by Helen Keller's determination. This quality enabled Helen to learn Braille, to write and even to speak and, in 1904, to graduate with honours from Radcliffe College.

Ann Sullivan, who taught Helen Keller the value of determination, died in 1936 at the age of seventy. After spending almost fifty years with Ann, Helen said of her, "A light has gone out that can never shine for me again."

But Helen now knew the value of determination. She kept working until her death in 1968 to help others. She wrote articles. She gave lectures for the American Foundation for the Blind, and she helped raise a fund of two million dollars for this foundation. On her eightieth birthday the American Foundation for Overseas Blind honoured her. They announced the Helen Keller International Award for those who gave outstanding help to the blind.

A source of personal inspiration to many people, Helen Keller was invited to visit every president who occupied the White House from her childhood on. Her determination, no doubt, was a source of amazement and inspiration even to presidents.

To show how she valued that determination, she once said, "The marvellous richness of human experience would lose something of rewarding joy if there were no limitations to overcome."

STONE SOUP

Once upon a time an old Swagman came to a farm-house. He knocked, and waited for the farmer's wife to answer the door. "Good day" he said. "I can do you a great service", and with that he took a smooth white stone from his swag. "This is a magic stone, it will make the most beautiful soup you have ever tasted. Show me to your kitchen and I will demonstrate its magic powers. At the same time I'll do you a special good turn, and provide your family with a delicious lunch".

The farmer's wife was rather intrigued; she showed the swagman to her kitchen. "Fetch me a large saucepan half full of water", he said. The farmer's wife did this. Then the swagman popped the smooth, pure white stone in the water. With a slight splash it sank to the bottom of the pot.

Then the swagman glanced round the kitchen; he spied a bunch of onions hanging in the corner. "Oh, a couple of those would do just fine", and he popped them in the pot. The water was beginning to warm up, "I see you have a garden of fine vegetables" said the swagman. "Will you fetch some of those". The farmer's wife returned with them and he added them to the pot.

By this time the water was just beginning to boil. "I'm sure you have some fine barley in your cupboard", said the swagman, "Just a handful will do". And into the pot it went. "Now I need something to stir it with", and with that the swagman took a large hambone from the side bench and stirred the soup. "I'll leave that for a while now", he said.

"Now, since I have done you such a fine good turn, you might like to make me a cup of tea while the soup cooks!" The farmer's wife made some tea, and by now the kitchen was filled with the delicious smell of soup. The swagman stirred the soup again, and smiling to himself, he said that his magic stone had done its work once more, the soup was ready to eat. With that he took the smooth, pure white stone from the soup, wiped it very carefully and put it back into his swag.

"Now, if you set the table, I'll serve the soup; perhaps we might have some of that nice hot, fresh bread you baked early this morning, to eat with it!"

It was certainly was beautiful soup but, did the swagman in fact trick the farmer's wife? Was his stone really magic? Did he really do a good turn or was it rather a clever way to get a free meal. What really is a **GOOD TURN**.

Discuss it with the Cub Scout Pack.

THE MIMIC

Oak tree asked Willow: "Why can't you stand up straight like I do, when the wind blows?" "Because it's better to bend and give way," said Willow. "And then one doesn't break. Why don't you try it?" "I'm not a coward," said Oak. "No wind can break me, even though I don't bow to'em." "Never mind," said wise Willow, "We're all made differently. So long as we don't break it's all right." But Elm had been listening. He had always tried to copy Oak because he seemed so brave. Now he thought he'd try and copy Willow who seemed so wise. In the next storm he tried to bend-then tried to stand upright. Result: Big boughs break off. Oak and Willow shook their leaves at him. "You shouldn't try to copy people," they said. "It's better to make up your own mind and stick to it." "You see you can't be as brave as me," said Oak. "Nor as slender as me," said Willow. "Be yourself." But Elm has never been able to make up his mind, and is always dropping his arms about very carelessly.

A BUNDLE OF STICKS

If I were to take a long straight stick and put it over my knee, I could break it quite easily. If I took two, or maybe three, I would still be able to break them. If I took four or five, I would have to apply much more pressure, and try a whole lot harder to break them.

Now, imagine if I had a large bundle of sticks and tied them with a strong rope either end. No matter how hard I tried or how much pressure I put on them they would not break. If you stop and think, a Cub Scout Pack can be just like these sticks. Think of the Pack as a bundle of sticks that are tied together, only instead of rope we have our Law and Promise. It gives us the strength that binds us together.

One or two Cub Scouts on their own can easily forget to be loyal to their Pack. When ragged by other boys or girls, it's easy to be self-conscious, or even ashamed to be seen running round in strange cloths.

But, if they remember they are members of a whole Pack with the support of their Leaders, they will be like the bundle of sticks having the strength to stand up for what they believe in.

THE MIRROR

A long time ago in a remote village in China, there lived a merchant. It was his custom to go to the far off city once a year, and purchase the goods to bring back to sell to the people of the village and surrounding valley. The merchant had a son whom he trained to look after his business while he went on these long trips. For many years this was a very happy arrangement—the father went off to buy the goods, the son stayed home and sold them, and the people bought the things they needed.

The son married a beautiful young lady, and they were very happy. The merchant grew very old, and one day became extremely ill and died. So now the son had to go to the far off city to buy the goods. He started off and after some time he arrived at the city. He soon found the market-place and set about purchasing the goods he needed to take back with him.

As he walked from stall to stall something caught his eye. He picked it up. He was astounded; here in the middle of this distant city was a portrait of his father as a young man. What the son did not know was that he was looking into a mirror and the portrait he saw was actually his own reflection. So he bought the mirror and took it home for himself.

On arriving home he showed the mirror to his wife and when she looked into it she saw a lovely young woman. Immediately she was very sad. Why would her husband bring home a portrait of another young woman and why was he so excited about it? Surely the woman must mean a lot to him. So the next day she took the mirror to the high priestess and told her story. The High Priestess, a very old lady had grown very old and wrinkled and was no longer nice to look upon. "I will put her away where she can do no harm." she said.

Like the reflection in the mirror, what do people see when they look at our faces. Is it a happy face, bad tempered, scowling or a nice pleasant face? People always look at another face to see what kind of person they are. If you wear a happy face, people around you will feel happier. If you smile at someone, they will properly smile back at you.

When asked what he meant by doing a good turn, Lord Baden-Powell said, "To give someone a smile is one of the best things you can do." To smile at someone really is a good turn you can do for them.

THE OLD MAN'S VISITOR

There was once an old man who lived in a very big house surrounded by a beautiful garden. He was a very good man but he was very lonely, living all by himself. One night when he was saying his prayers he said to his God, "Would you come and visit me." His God said to the old man that he would come and see him next Friday.

So the rest of the week the old man spent every moment cleaning his garden. By Thursday night everything was spick and span. Friday morning he was up bright and early. He dressed very carefully so he would look his very best. He sat there and waited-presently there was a knock on the door. The old man jumped up and ran to open it. Standing on the step was an old beggar, tattered and torn.

He smiled a sad strange smile, then asked if he could have a crust of bread, or an apple from the tree in the garden. The old man was cross, and said, "I am expecting a most important visitor, come back tomorrow and I'll think about it then."

It was nearly lunch time when there was another knock on the door. The old man hurried to the door again, when he opened it up, there, on the step was a little boy. He was holding a bright red ball in his hands. "Please Sir, could I play ball in your garden?" "I got this", holding up his red ball, "For my birthday this morning." "You see, I live in high rise flats down the road, and there is nowhere to play!" "My mum won't let me play on the road."

The old man was not at all pleased and he said, "I am expecting a very important visitor and I have spent days fixing the garden. Do you think I would let you run all over it. Your ball might even land in my pansy bed and spoil the flowers." "No, go away and find somewhere else to play."

The old man went back to the front room. He felt sure his God would arrive at any moment. Time went on and it was starting to get dark, when all of a sudden there was another knock on the door. He jumped up and almost ran to the door to see who was there. He opened the door quickly, and there, standing on the mat was a little old lady who had been crying. She was most upset.

"Please", she said, "I have so many troubles. I saw your light on and thought you might let me come in and talk to you for a little while." "**NO!**" said the old man crossly, "I'm too busy so find someone else."

He went back inside and very sadly went upstairs and got ready for bed. When he said his prayers he asked his God why he hadn't come to visit him that day as he promised. Then his God said to him, "I came three times and each time you turned me away."

THE CORNWELL BADGE ☺

(A British Award)

You all should know how the Cornwell Badge came into being. Jack Cornwell was a member of the St Mary's Mission (1st Little Illford) Troop, South London, and a keen member, too. As his mother said, "He was so attached to the Scouts and so proud of his certificates when he bought them home, I have often thought that what he learned with the Scouts helped him a lot in the Navy."

Cornwell was a poor boy but all his life it was his ambition to be a sailor. When war broke out he was all keenness to join the Navy, but his parents said he was too young and it wasn't until 1915 that his parents allowed him to do so and he was posted to the training school at Devonport. He was next sent to H.M.S. Chester and had been at sea only a few weeks when the great battle of Jutland took place. The Chester was in the thick of the fight. Here is the part of Admiral Beatty's dispatch which describes the action:-

"Boy (1st Class) John Travers Cornwell, of H.M.S. Chester, was mortally wounded early in the action. He nevertheless remained standing alone at a most exposed post, quietly awaiting orders, till the end of the action; with the gun's crew dead and wounded all around him. His age was under sixteen and a half years, I regret that he has since died, but I recommend his case for special recognition in justice to his memory and as an acknowledgment of the high example set by him."

The Captain of the Chester, writing to Cornwell's mother, said, "His devotion to duty was an example to all of us. The wounds, which resulted in his death within a short time, were received in the first few minutes of the action. He remained steadily at the most exposed post at the gun, waiting for orders. Because of the initial damage his gun would not bear on the enemy; all but two of the ten crew were killed or wounded, and he was the only one who was in such an exposed position. But he felt he might be needed, and indeed might have been; so he stayed there, standing and waiting under heavy fire, with just his own brave heart God's help to support him."

John Travers Cornwell, was awarded the Victoria Cross, the highest award for bravery, by his King; and the highest award that we can give in the Scout Movement, the Bronze Cross, was also awarded to him and was handed to his parents.

On August 4th, 1916, I wrote to all Scouts asking them to join in raising a memorial to Jack Cornwell, and a splendid sum was raised. Instead of building a useless monument with this we made it into a fund for helping any Scouts who showed themselves, like Cornwell, to be good, efficient Scouts, trustworthy, smart and brave. A Scout who qualifies for this badge receives a bronze letter "C", which stands for Cornwell and courage, also a sum of money, if he needs it, to help him in his calling.

The Cornwell Scout badge is an exceptional award in respect of outstanding high character and devotion to duty, together with great courage, endurance or gallantry. A Certificate may be issued where the required standard for the badge is not attained.

(A good many Scouts now possess this little bronze "C" which is still issued in the United Kingdom. Prior to Australia becoming a full member of the World Bureau, several Australian Scouts received this distinguished award which is worn in uniform on the right breast above the line of the pocket.)



THE MOST FAMOUS DAILY GOOD TURN ☺

Note:

At Gilwell Park, the Scout Camp and Training Centre near Epping Forest, there is a statuette of a Buffalo with this inscription:

"To the unknown Scout, whose faithfulness in the performance of the Daily Good Turn brought the Scout Movement to the United States of America."

The Story:

The most famous Daily Good Turn happened on a foggy day in London in 1909, two years after the camp at Brownsea Island. An American publisher, William D. Boyce, had lost himself in the fog when a boy came up and offered to help him. Mr Boyce explained where he wanted to go, and the boy showed him the way, but when he was offered a tip he refused it.

"A Scout does not accept tips for doing his good turn," he said. Mr Boyce was so surprised that he exclaimed, "What did you say?" "I am a Scout. Haven't you heard of the Boy Scouts? Wouldn't you like to know more about them?", the boy said.

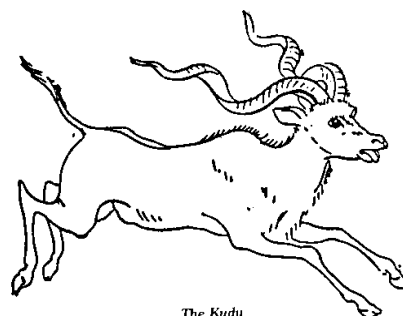
Mr Boyce said he certainly would, so as soon as he had finished his immediate business, the boy went with him to Scout Headquarters, and there Mr Boyce heard all about the scheme of training. He took back to America with him the pamphlets he has been given, and he was so impressed that he started the movement in the United States of America.

This is but one example of how the young movement spread to other countries.

THE KUDU HORN ☺

A Yarn about B-P.

The true Kudu is a species of antelope which ranges from South Africa to Abyssinia. A Kudu bull stands over five feet high, and its general colour ranges from rufous grey to blue. Along the spine runs a white streak, from which thin white stripes run transversely across the body, but most beautiful of all are the magnificent spiral horns which cap the head. By reputation the beast is quick of hearing to a marvellous degree, whilst its keen sight and sense of smell, coupled with great speed, make it a very difficult animal to capture.



The Kudu

The Chief was a busy soldier in Africa during 1896, and was Colonel commanding a flying column in the Matabele Campaign. It was on a raid down the Shangani River that the Kudu Horn first came to light. Those responsible were much puzzled by the way news of alarm was spread amongst the Matabeles, with great rapidity, until one day it became known that they were using a war horn of wonderful carrying powers. A code existed, and as soon as the enemy were sighted, the alarm would be sounded and taken up right and left, and thus carried many miles in a very short space of time. The Kudu horn had been identified for the first time.

Then came the rush of fighting. The Matabeles were out scouted by the Chief's men, and a glorious scrap ensued, in the midst of which Sir Robert, B-P., came up against a Matabele Chief. This Chief had with him a peculiar sort of staff and his war horn. What Sir Robert said to the other fellow we don't know but though the latter got away with the staff and the horn remained with the Chief Scout. The Staff is in the Chief's house at Bently, and the horn is one of the most prized possessions of the 1st Gilwell Park Scout Group.

The next time the Kudu horn came to light was on an island off the Dorset coast. It is a far cry from the land of the Matabele to Brownsea Island in Poole Harbour, but it was here that the horn was next used on a more peaceful errand this time. It is strange that a Matabele war horn should arouse the first Scouts ever called into being, but so it was. In the summer, 1907, the Chief held his first experimental camp on Brownsea Island, and thus the Kudu horn entered Scout service. Then it returned to the Chief's house and it was silent for thirteen long years, whilst the Movement it had called to was being fashioned and spread throughout the world.



But another call was needed, so that during 1920, the Chief handed the horn over to Gilwell Park for use on training courses. The horn which heralded the birth of Scouting is now summoning Scouters from all parts of the world to do better than they have ever done before.

HAPPINESS ☺

Happiness is within the reach of everyone, rich or poor. Yet comparatively few people are happy. I believe that the reason for this is that the majority don't recognise happiness even when it is within their grasp.

Did you ever read "The Blue Bird by Maeterlinck." It is the story of a girl and her brother who set out to find the Blue Bird of Happiness, and they wandered all over the country searching and searching but never finding it, till in the end they found that they need never to have wandered. Happiness-the Blue Bird, was there where they chose to do good for others, in their own home.

Lots of fellows look on their work as drudgery and even their daily journey to and from work as a grind - and they keep looking forward to their holidays as a time when they will have some real enjoyment. Too often when the holiday comes it is rainy and cold, or they've got the flu, and the long-looked outing turns out a frost.

The truth is, it is no use putting off happiness for some future day. The way is to enjoy life all the time. You may be dead tomorrow and it will be too late then to think of drinking draughts of fresh air and seeing young leaves or hearing the birds. The wise man does not bank on a vague Heaven in the dim future. He realises that he can make his own heaven for himself here, in this world, and now.

Happiness seems to me partly passive but largely active. Passive because the appreciation of the beauties of nature, of the glory of the sunset, of the majesty of the mountains, of the wonders of the animal world under the scent of the campfire, coupled with the joy of a happy home, produce a sense of gratitude to the creator that can only be satisfied by some expression of it; the effort to be helpful to others largely supplies the want.

It is the active doing of good that counts.

A joyful home, coupled with the ability to serve others, gives the best happiness.

LITTLE BOY LOST

How many times have you been told, "I wish you would listen", or "Wash your ears out", "It's going in one ear and out the other"?

Seems odd, we have two ears, but we often don't hear what is being said. Or we hear but don't listen. Only take in what we want to hear.

A story is told about the days when people were blazing new trails across the prairies of America. A convey of wagons was on its way westward. In the last wagon was a small boy. As the wagon bumped its way along, the boy fell out. No-one saw or heard him and the wagons rolled on out of sight.

Not long after, a party of Red Indians found the boy and took him to their village and brought him up as one of themselves. He learned to ride, hunt with a bow and arrow, track in the woods and listen to every sound, the song of the birds, buzz of the insects and the foot-fall of all creatures that moved in the grass.

As he grew up he realised he was a white man and not an Indian and decided to go and live with his own kind. It wasn't easy living in a city at first, but he learned. Soon he lived like the white men.

One day he was walking along a busy street with a friend, when he heard a sound. He stopped to listen. "There's a cricket chirruping," he said. "I can hear it nearby." "How can you possibly hear a cricket in this din?" said his friend. But the man looked around and went to a bin outside a nursery man's shop and, sure enough, beside the sacks there was the cricket. "You see," said the man, "You hear what you have been brought up to hear. Watch this." He then threw a coin on to the street and soon passers-by were looking for the coin. "They have been trained to listen for the sound of coins in the din of a busy street."

We should train ourselves to listen. To be able to identify bird calls, the sound of a car engine and be able to notice when something is wrong. To keep our ears open and listen.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHOPSTICKS

In Korea, there is a legend about a native warrior who died and went to heaven. "Before I enter," he said to the gatekeeper, "I would like you to take me on a tour of hell."

The gatekeeper found a guide to take the warrior to hell. When he got there he was astounded to see a great table laden with the choicest foods. But the people in hell were starving.

The warrior turned to his guide and raised his eyebrows.

"It's this way," the guide explained. "Everybody who comes here is given a pair of chopsticks one and a half metres long and is required to hold them at one end to eat. But you just cannot eat with chopsticks that long if you hold them at one end. Look at them, they miss their mouths every time, see!"

The warrior agreed that this was hell, indeed, and asked to be taken back to heaven straight away. In heaven, to his surprise, he saw a similar room with a similar table laden with very choice foods. In fact, they looked radiantly happy.

The warrior turned to the guide. "No chopsticks, I suppose?" he said. "Oh yes," said the guide, "They have the same chopsticks, the same length, and they must be held at the end as well. But you see, these people have learned that if a man feeds his neighbour, his neighbour will feed him also."

THE HILL

Once upon a time there was a lovely forest, full of singing birds, squirrels, trees, flowers and especially violets. This forest was on a high hill, was very green and full of great Gum Trees and many people wanted to climb to the very top of this hill. But there was only one way up and, before reaching that path, all climbers had first to pass through a very narrow gate at the bottom of the hill.

Quite close to this little gate was a small house with a window facing the gate. Inside the little house lived a boy and girl and when anyone came to climb the hill, they had first to stand and knock gently on the gate, four times. Then the boy and girl would look out the window and ask the climber four searching questions. These questions were known as the "Four Questions for Climbers".

The first question was always - "Are your hands clean?"

The second question always was - "Is your heart pure?"

The third question always was - "Have you told any lies lately?"

And the last question always was - "Have you been just and kind in your dealings with others?"

And then, if the climber could well and truly pass the four tests, the children said, "Pass friend, and climb. All is well".

As soon as those words were spoken the little gate flew open and the children added, "Climb, for the way is easy to the top of the hill."

Then full of peace and joy the climber climbed to the top and from there he saw the mighty wonder of God's world.

LONELINESS

"Loneliness is something children experience but do not necessarily understand. Talking to them about it and getting them to discuss it will help them to realise that at sometime almost everyone gets lonely."

We have all felt lonely at some time or another. Could it have been when you arrived home from school and the house was empty - no one there, or perhaps when you went to a friend's place to play only to find they were out, and you had to walk all the way on your own?

It's not always being on your own that makes us lonely. Doing something new, even when there are lots of people around, you can feel very much alone.

It is possible to feel very lonely in the middle of a crowd. The first day at a new school for instance, or, going somewhere where there are all adults, or if there are a few children there too, you don't know them.

Travelling on a train on your own for the first time; the train may be full of people but they are all strangers so no-one talks or even smiles at you.

I'm sure your first night at Cubs you looked around for a familiar face. After playing a few games you get to know some of the boys and girls, and you get that nice warm feeling of knowing someone and the lonely feeling disappears.

Even grown up people get lonely sometimes, especially very old people who live on their own.

Mothers sometimes feel lonely when the family have left for school or work and the house is all quiet.

Some people work in very lonely places. Think about a light-house keeper, an explorer, or perhaps someone working on a very large cattle station. Then there are the men who in the middle of the bush. There are those who spend the long hot summer days up in a tower on a high mountain, watching for the first sign of fire.

It doesn't mean that these people don't like their jobs. Because being alone doesn't mean we have to be sad, it can give us the chance to think and plan all the things we would like or want to do.

When we are feeling lonely it could be a good idea to think about others who could be feeling just the same as you. Children and grown-ups in hospitals, old people, people just shifting into a new neighbourhood, or maybe someone starting new things, like school, Cub Scouts or even new jobs. Remember, no matter what our experiences are, there is always someone, somewhere who has done something very much the same.

"Discuss with the Pack-**That lonely Feeling**-and why we feel it."

ARCHIMEDES & THE KING'S CROWN

Archimedes was a famous Greek mathematician who lived about 300 years before Christ. He was very clever man, but sometimes he was rather absent minded.

One day the King of Syracuse took his crown to the local goldsmith to have it remodelled. The crown was made of solid gold. When the crown was returned to the King he was very suspicious and felt sure that the goldsmith had kept some of the gold. He thought that some cheaper metal had been used in it's place. However this was very hard to prove as the new crown weighed the same as the old one.

The King asked Archimedes to work out the problem for him. To examine the metal, the crown would have to be melted down, and the King wanted to avoid this at all costs. It seemed an almost impossible task, but Archimedes never stopped thinking about it.

The houses in those ancient times didn't have bathrooms but each town or city had public baths. One day when Archimedes went along to the baths, he noticed a strange thing. When he stepped down into the water he noticed the water rose a little as he got into the bath and when he stepped out again it went down again. (Take note next time you take a bath.)

Suddenly he new the answer. He was so excited he jumped out of the bath and ran through the streets shouting, "Eureka, Eureka." When he reached home, Archimedes put his ideas into practice. Sure enough, he was right. Anything immersed in water will displace its own volume. This meant that, if the crown had another metal mixed in it, it would have to be bigger in volume. Because gold is so heavy, a lot more of any other sort of metal would have to be used to make it the same weight. The amount of water displaced by the crown told the tale. Indeed the goldsmith tried to swindle the King.

(Try an experiment; have a glass or jar of water. Drop in an object (preferably of irregular shape) into it, and as it sinks to the bottom, watch the water level rise.)

THE FISHERMEN

One day two fishermen were sitting on the end of a pier. After some time one turned to the other and said, "No luck mate?" "Nope!, not much today." said the other.

"What bait are you using?" asked the first man. "Worms", replied the second man.

"No good, you gotta use shrimp round here," said the first fisherman, "Why, only last week I caught a fifteen foot snapper using shrimp."

"Well, I caught a lamp from a Spanish Galleon the other day, and what's more, the candle was still burning. I was using worms. Worms are best." said the second man.

"Now come on, a lamp from a Spanish Galleon, and the candle still burning? I can't believe that one." scoffed the first fishermen. "At any rate, there haven't been any Spanish Galleons near here in the last three or four centuries. The candle still burning; never heard such a story!"

"Well, I'll tell you what." said the second fishermen, "You cut ten foot off your snapper, and I'll blow out the candle."

WORKING TOGETHER

Note: You will require 24 matches and an elastic band.

"Cub Scouts, you'll notice that the matches in front of you stand easily when all bound together in the rubber band. But look at what happens when I try to stand them after removing the band." (Let them all fall)

"Our Cub Scout Pack is like this bunch of matches. As long as we can work together as a team, bound together by the ties of Cubing, we will stand as a strong Pack."

"But, if we remove those ideals of Cubing and each Cub Scout thinks only of him or herself, we'll be like that bunch of matches when the rubber band was taken off."

"As we all live up to the ideals of the Cub Scout Law and Promise, we will wrap ourselves in a band that will strengthen our Pack and make sure that it stands for the things that make Cubing great."

DAMPER

In Australia we tend to think about damper as being an original outback recipe. But is it so? How did damper come to be?

First, we have to know a little about using flour, for that is the main ingredient of damper. The cave dwellers discovered how to make flour by grinding the wheat with stones. Then they mixed water in to make flat cakes which they cooked on stones heated in the fire.

We don't know for sure, but probably quite by accident they found that when the flour and water mixture was left in a warm, dark place it began to grow. We know that the yeast in flour fermented and the gas bubbles pushed the flour into a round shape. When baked, we have bread with all its little holes. This bread is called "Leavened", which means that it rises. "Unleavened" bread is always flat.

The early settlers brought the name "damper" with them when they came to Australia. To them a damper was a snack, something you ate between meals to dampen the hunger pains. It was often a bun, cake, scone, biscuit, or bread, something made from flour. When out in the bush, these early settlers did not have enough time for the dough to rise, so they just mixed it up and cooked it up straight away.

How did they do it? Well, someone would go to the creek for water, carefully carrying it in a billy. The flour that they always carried was measured out and water added to make a stiff dough. This would be patted into a large cake shape. Next, a hole was scraped in the hot ashes of the fire and the damper went in. (No tinfoil like we have today) There it would stay, covered with ash, until the outside was crisp and brown. Whoever was on cook duty would then break the damper into large pieces and it would be eaten with a good, strong, hot brew of tea. Sometimes, if they were lucky, the men might have a bit of jam to spread on it.

In the early days, damper had many names. "Devil-on-the-coals", "Bunghole", "Brownie", "Dorkum", and "Wopidown", are just a few. Sometimes it was called "Nightmare" because people got indigestion if they ate too fast or it was not cooked properly.

ROBERT BRUCE ☺

Having suffered many defeats at the hands of the English armies, Robert Bruce had given up all hope of becoming King, and was hiding in a cave feeling very sorry for himself.

He noticed a spider which had spun a web, hanging from a stand and trying to swing it's self to the other side of the cave. On the first try the spider could make it.

It tried for a long time without success and seemed to be getting weaker, but it kept on trying.

Eight times it tried with Robert Bruce watching. Eventually, at the ninth effort, the spider made it to the other side. This set Robert Bruce thinking, "If God in all his wisdom has given this little spider the gift to realise that if it keeps trying it will get there - surely it is my duty to try once more.

TRAINING THE NEW CUBS

When training the new Cubs, the old wolf took them into the jungle to hunt, often going past game which did not suit the young Cubs.

The Cubs would have rather charged at everything they saw, but Akela led them further afield and made them chase butterflies, and stalk each other. This was how they learned as they played. So we do in our Pack.

One day, Akela decided to have a hunt, letting those Cubs who had almost finished training take part. After about eight hours of hunting, the Pack, came upon the track of a lone deer which they trailed for a long time.

Akela instructed the Pack to circle the deer, but not to move in for the kill until the signal was given.

One young Cub who thought he was in a perfect position to make the kill broke away from the rest of the Pack before the order was given. Of course, his lack of experience let him down and caused the deer to be forewarned and make it's escape.

The result was that the Pack had to go hungry again. The young Cub was very miserable.

HOW THE SUN WAS MADE

(Aboriginal Legend from the Dreamtime)

The Emu had laid a large clutch of eggs and was feeling very pleased with herself. One day the native companion visited her, pretending to be friendly, but the sight of her old enemy made the emu very angry. A fight broke out and all the eggs except one was broken. The native companion grabbed the remaining egg and threw it up to the sky.

When the emu egg was hurled up to the sky it struck a pile of wood which had been gathered by a cloud man. It hit the wood with such force that the pile instantly burst into flame, and flooded the earth with the soft, warm light of dawn. The flowers were so surprised that they lifted their sleepy heads to the sky and opened their petals so wide that the glistening dewdrops which might have given them fell to the ground and were lost. The little birds twittered excitedly on the trees, and the fairies, whose job it was to keep the snow on the mountain tops, forgot their task, and allowed it to thaw and run into the rivers and creeks.

And what was the cause of this excitement? Away to the east, far over the mountains, the purple shadows of night were turning grey; the soft, pink tinted clouds floated slowly across the sky. Along the dim skyline a patch of golden fire parted the grey shadows and down the valley the mist was hiding the pale face of night. Like a sleeper stirring softly, all living things of the bush wakened. The sun rose with golden splendour in a clear blue sky, and, with its coming, the first day dawned. At first the wood pile burned slowly, then the heat increased until at noonday it was thoroughly ablaze. But gradually it burnt lower and lower, until at twilight only a heap of glowing embers remained. These embers slowly turned cold and grey. The purple shadows and white mists came from their hiding places, and once again night was over the land.

When the cloud man saw what a splendid thing the sun was, he was determined to give it to us forever. At night when the fire of the sun has burnt out, he goes to a dark forest in the sky and collects a great pile of wood. At dawn he lights it, and it burns strongly until noonday is reached, then it slowly burns away until twilight and night falls. The cloud man, the eternal wood gatherer, then makes his lonely way to the forest for the wood that lights the fire of the sun.

LEGEND OF THE OWL

(Aboriginal Legend from the Dreamtime)

During a severe drought, when there was very little food or water, all tribes were desperately seeking enough to survive. Amaroo tribe was seated around their fire one night, watching their catch of the day cook slowly.

Visitor walks in on tribe. He was on walkabout, also seeking food, and is very weak from hunger. Tribe make him welcome and invites him to join the circle. One member of the Amaroo tribe, not very happy to have another mouth to feed, decides he will not share the catch, so takes a large bite of the cooking meat. Other tribe members look around and see him chewing. They are very angry at this display of selfishness, and the chief banished him from the tribe, telling him, "From this day on you will be called, Mopoke - (which means owl) - and will always live alone and only be seen at night when others have eaten."

To this day, owls only come out at night to hunt their food and are not seen in the light of day.

HALLOWEEN

(This is the story of Halloween which Akela can tell the Pack prior to the meeting)

Halloween was originally a great Druidic fire festival held in honour of the sun. Druidism was a form of sun worship, peculiar to the Celtic people. It was held on the last day of the ancient Celtic year which began with the entry of winter in Scotland on November 1. Although Halloween appears in the Christian calendar as the eve of the festival of All Saints, the celebration is infinitely older than Christianity.

At dusk, the Druids lit great fires of sacred woods on the hill tops, and offered up sacrifices, partly as a sort of thanksgiving to the benevolent sun that had ripened the crops and fruits, and partly for purification and protection from the powers of evil during the dark winter months.

At this, the season of earth's decay, the dead were believed to revisit their old homes and warm themselves at the fire. Although they revered, they also feared these spirits and disguised themselves in order to avoid being recognised by them, and possibly receiving mischief at the hands of the evil ones.

The fairies were out, the witches rode through the air on broomsticks or tabby cats to their ungodly sabbaths. There they made their horrible brew, putting in bats' wings, frogs' legs, rats' tails and other equally horrible ingredients and spicing it with vinegar and dandelion juice, all the while mumbling their evil incantations. When it was done, off they would go to see what mischief they could work, and altogether it was dangerous to venture abroad after dusk unless protected by fire kindled at the sacred flame of the great bonfire. (Scooped out pumpkin with a candle inside) Apples played a great part in the Druidic rites. The apple was a talisman that admitted a favoured mortal to the Celtic Otherworld or Fairyland. Ducking for apples is believed to symbolise the passing through water to Avalon or Appleland - the Celtic Otherworld.

"I PROMISE..." ☺

(In this yarn, you can read in B-P.'s own words his reason for choosing our Law and Promise. Think of these words when you next re-affirm your promise.)

I have been asked by a Scout the question why the Promise and Laws were chosen for Scouts and what they mean.

Well, in the old days the Greeks had laws for their young men to teach them how to be useful citizens for their country by making themselves strong through games and by forcing themselves to obey orders and to be of service to the government.

In the same way the knights of the Middle Ages devoted themselves to being brave, honourable men, and they had their code of laws which required them to be straight-dealing in all their doings, and helpful to the weak and courteous to women.

Moses gave the ten commandments to the Jews as to how they should behave, but these were laws which all said: "**DON'T** do this and **DON'T** do that." Now I know that a real red-blooded boy is all for action, ready for any adventure. He just hates to be nagged and told, "You must not do this - you must not do that." He wants to know what he can do. So I thought, why should we not have our own Law for Scouts, and I jotted down ten things that a fellow needs to do, as his regular habit, if he is going to be a real man.

By "man" I mean a strong, healthy, cheery, willing fellow, always ready to lend a hand to help other people, and who is straight dealing, and clear minded.

We have no use for sloppy, selfish fellow who always wants to know where he comes in and is out to get all that he can for himself. He can't lose a game or take a hardship without squealing, and thinks it's clever to talk dirt. That is not the sort of fellow I call a man.

The best men of our race are the frontiers-men and adventurers of our Empire; and the Scout Law tells a fellow what to do if he wants to be like them. It is very much like the law which a knight of the old days followed.

When a young man was made a knight, the king or chieftain who held the ceremony invested him with his sword, belt and spurs, etc. As a final act he hit him on the side of the head. This part of the ceremony was called the "buffet" and was to remind him that, although he was a knight and protected by his armour against ordinary wounds, there was one point where he could be hurt, and that was if anyone doubted his honour. It was part of his duty always to be good tempered and to take danger or difficulty with a smile; but if anybody doubted his honour or truthfulness, then he had every right to be angry.

So the first point expected of a Scout is that, like the knight, he should be strictly honourable. In order to make sure that a Scout will carry out the Scout Law he makes a promise to do so. At first I thought it would be right for him to take his oath to God to do it. But this seemed to big a thing for any boy to undertake, so I made him merely make a promise to "Do His Best," to carry out the Scout Law.

But he makes that **Promise On His Honour** - that is, everybody can trust him to carry it out, or at least Do His Best to do so. Every boy, however small or weak he may be, can Do His Best, can't he, though he may not always succeed to the top notch.



Reprint from THE SCOUT, 21st Feb. 1946.

BROTHERHOOD

Mowgli grew tall and strong because he ran and jumped his way through the jungle, ate fresh food such as berries and roots, and drank fresh water as all of these were plentiful and found easily in the jungle.

After these activities he would cleanse and refresh himself by diving into one of the pools or rivers that ran through the jungle and when he came to the surface, jungle animals of all shapes and sizes would be watching him. He never worried about them and was never surprised to see them.

We all should remember that throughout the world there are Cub Scouts and Scouts of different colour and nationalities and religions and just like Mowgli and the way he accepts the animals of the jungle, we as Cub Scouts should accept our Brothers and Sisters in the Wide World Brotherhood of the Scouting movement.



THE KINGS ANKUS

Kaa, the Rock Python, had changed his skin for perhaps the two hundredth time since his birth. Skin changing make a snake moody and depressed, till the new skin begins to shine and look beautiful. Mowgli played with Kaa's old skin, and noted that it was perfect, even to the scales of the eyes.

That night, Kaa and Mowgli played a wrestling match, their regular evening game. Naturally, Kaa used only about one tenth of his enormous strength. The game always ended the same way, with a driving blow that knocked Mowgli over.

As they lay down to sleep, with Mowgli settled comfortably in Kaa's coils, Kaa talked about old times, of killing buffaloes and goats, of Shere Khan, and about an old decrepit cobra who hibernated in Cold Lairs. Mowgli owed his life to Kaa, because of a previous encounter at Cold Lairs involving the Bandarlog, the monkey people.

Kaa continued telling Mowgli about the White Cobra, called White Hood, and he was intrigued. He had not seen any burrows at Cold Lairs. Mowgli's appetite was whetted; he was so interested, he wanted to see the great White Hood, and other things Kaa spoke of.

After a day or two of tracking, Kaa and Mowgli came at last to a gap in a stone wall. They crept through, and inside it was like a huge vault. Mowgli thought it was a safe lair until he heard a voice, the voice of White Hood, the huge White Cobra. He was the largest cobra Mowgli had ever seen, with his eyes as red as rubies.

White Hood asked many questions of Mowgli; who he was, where he came from, and what he was doing there. White Hood told Mowgli that he was the warden of the King's treasure, and that he taught death to all those who came to steal it.

For some reason, White Hood favoured Mowgli, and allowed him to see the treasures. There were countless gold pieces, gold and silver trinkets, candlesticks inlaid with emeralds, pearls, rubies, and jewelled swords, daggers and hunting knives.

The treasurers did not interest Mowgli much, although they were pleasing to the eye, but then he saw a piece which took his fancy, and he wanted to take it away to show his friends. It was an ankus, which he was told was made by men as a goad, used for training elephants. The ankus was a beautiful thing, shaped rather like a small boat hook, made of gold, ivory and jade, and set with emeralds, rubies and turquoises.

White Hood, however, would not allow Mowgli to remove the ankus from the hoard of treasures, but Mowgli was determined. A fight started, and eventually Mowgli pinned the cobra down with the hook of the ankus. Kaa wanted Mowgli to kill White Hood, but Mowgli could not bring himself to do so. As you know, the Jungle Law says one must not kill except for food to live. In any case, White Hood was all dried up, and they found he had no poison.

As they left the King's Treasure behind them, White Hood begged to be killed, because Mowgli had shamed him by taking the ankus, but Mowgli would not. The cobra called after them that the ankus meant death, as man killed only for idleness and pleasure. Mowgli did not know what he meant by this, so they left to find Bagheera, to show the ankus to him.

Bagheera told Mowgli that in the old days, the ankus had been used in a very cruel way, and that many elephants such as Hathi had suffered from its use. By now, the ankus was becoming a burden to Mowgli, as it was very heavy, and he did not want to be associated with Hathi's blood, so he threw it away, and went off to prepare for sleep.

When he awoke, Mowgli decided to go and have a last look at the ankus, but when he arrived at the place where he had thrown it, discovered it was missing. Bagheera told him that a man had taken it, so they followed his tracks through the jungle, and soon came upon another set of tracks.

Mowgli continued tracking the prints they had been following, and Bagheera took the trail of the other man. Soon they found the body of the first man with an arrow in it, and realised that he had been killed for the ankus. The trail of the second man continued on, and after a while they found that he, too, had died, this time speared by a group of four men. The four sets of footprints went on further into the jungle, and when, after a while, they found yet another body, Mowgli was becoming very puzzled as to why such a thing as an elephant goad would be worth killing for.

Close to where the last body lay, they found a fire which had been allowed to almost go out, and around the fireplace, three bodies lay. This time however, there were no arrows or spears, and Mowgli wondered how they had died. Bagheera, with his keen sense of smell, said they had been poisoned by the dreaded thorn-apple, and realised that the last man to have been killed must have planned to do away with the other three by baking some of the poison in the bread, before being speared himself.

The ankus was lying near the bodies, and Mowgli picked it up, intending to return it to where the rest of the treasure was kept. He realised that what White Hood had said was true, the ankus meant Death, and he wanted no part of it.

Wasting no time, they set off for Cold Lairs, and when they arrived, Mowgli told White Hood, who was still feeling his shame, that the treasure was to be guarded more closely than ever. He suggested that the Old Father of Cobras go and get a young one of his people to take his place, because the ankus had killed many times in just one night, and must never be allowed out of the place again.

THE THREE WISHES

Once upon a time, there lived a woodman and his wife. They were very poor. Every day, the woodman would set out early in the morning to chop down trees in the forest in which they lived.

As the woodman was travelling through the forest one day, he saw a fine old oak tree. "That will make plenty of planks," he thought, as he took his axe. But he had not given the tree one blow, when he heard someone crying out: "Please don't hurt this tree."

The woodman looked around him and saw a tiny fairy. "If you do not hurt this tree," she said, "I will grant you and your wife three wishes."

"I won't hurt this tree," said the woodman kindly. Then the fairy vanished! That evening, the woodman walked slowly home. He was feeling very hungry and could not wait for his supper.

How will the woodman use his wishes? Find out tomorrow.

"Is my supper ready?" the woodman asked his wife, when he arrived home.

"Not for at least two hours," replied his wife.

"I wish I had a big black sausage to eat right now," he said out loud. And suddenly, a delicious sausage appeared on the table before him.

"Where has that black sausage come from?" the woodman's wife asked.

So the woodman told his wife the story about the fairy. But his wife was very angry. "You have wasted the first of our wishes," she said crossly. "I wish that sausage was on your nose."

And with that, the sausage jumped up and was stuck fast on the woodman's nose! His wife could not pull it off and nor could he, so the only thing to do was to wish it on to the table again, which the woodman did.

What a waste of three wishes! The only thing the woodman and his wife had was a very good supper of black sausage.

(The moral of this story is, be careful of what you say and think before you speak).

A MAN AND HIS DOG

Thousands and thousands of years ago the world was a very funny place. God had finished making everything and he'd handed the earth, full of all its good things, over to man to see what he could make of it. There was only one man and he was a bit lost and puzzled with such a wonderful toy to play with. He was rather lonely, too, because he was the lonely one of his sort, and he knew he was different from the animals, too, and one of each plant and one of everything. The animals all stuck together, though there was a bit of quarrelling of course, but they wouldn't have anything to do with the man because he was different.

Well, one day, because the world was very new, there was an earthquake. First it was very dark and still the animals all crowded together, forgetting to quarrel, because they didn't like the feeling in the air. Then there was a low, deep rumble and all the animals began to shake and quiver, partly because they were so much afraid and partly because the ground was trembling under their paws and claws and pads and hooves. It was a very terrible feeling when the whole earth trembles. Even man, who wasn't frightened of anything, felt his legs were a bit wobbly, and he went to the open place where all the animals were crowding together, because he wanted company. But still they wouldn't be friendly. They looked at man with big, reproachful eyes, as though it was all his fault. So he stood a little apart from them and waited, while another, louder roaring sound filled the air, and the earth shook violently, so that some small trees fell down and the giraffe's neck wobbled like a tree in the wind. The sheep bleated and the elephant trumpeted with fear and there was such a hubbub that the man shouted; "BE QUIET!" And they were all quiet at once, staring at him with fear, because they realised he was a master and was not shouting with fear as they were.

And then the earth gave a tremendous shake and with a horrible grinding roar, a crack appeared. At first it was no more than a foot across, but gradually it grew wider and deeper, until it looked as though the whole world were breaking in two. It started almost at man's feet and he drew back a pace, so that he was on one side of it and all the animals were huddled together on the other side. It was separating them, and the man felt it would separate them forever, and would always be alone. And then he was frightened, and he called out aloud to the animals, "Come on, some of you! Come to this side!" But none of them would stir, because they were as frightened of the man as they were of the earthquake. The horse or the tiger could have jumped over the crack easily, or the camel could have strode across, or any of the birds could have flown over, but they wouldn't.

"Just one of you!" called the man. "Won't even one of you come and be my friend?" The lion snarled and the snake hissed. They would never be a friend of man. The crack was getting wider. The man looked across and felt very lonely. And he saw one animal standing a little apart from the others and watching him with anxious brown eyes. It was a dog.

The man looked at him and smiled. "Come on!" he called, and he whistled. The dog walked slowly to the edge of the crack, which was too wide now to be called a crack. It was six, seven, eight feet across and very deep and dark and frightening. The dog whined, and walked up and down. "Come here!" shouted the man. "Jump!" and at once the dog crouched, paused, and jumped. He landed with his front paws on the ledge, and his hind feet scrambling for a foothold down the face of the cliff. The man ran forward and caught him by the scruff of the neck. Just in time; for the earth gave itself a last shake and the crack widened into a tremendous valley, with the animals on the top of one mountain and on the other, the man and his dog. They were to be friends and comrades for ever.

ELIZABETH FRY ☺

1780-1845

Elizabeth Fry did more than any other person of her time to bring about prison reform, which began in England and spread to much of the Continent of Europe.

She was born Elizabeth Gurney in 1780. Her father was a British banker, and he was so successful that the English took to referring to wealthy people as "rich as the Gurneys." The family were Quakers, but not members of the strict group who were called "Plain Quakers." But when Elizabeth was seventeen, she did become a Plain Quaker, dressed in plain cloths and gave up all personal adornments.

She married Joseph Fry, who was also a Quaker, and became Elizabeth Fry. She first learned about the conditions in Newgate Prison in 1813. The prison was located in one of the oldest and worst parts of London. Four hundred women lived there, crowded into four little rooms. Fifty children had been imprisoned with their mothers. They were clothed in filthy rags. There were no beds, no bedding, no toilet, no heat, no ventilation and no light.

Elizabeth Fry and her Quaker friends began their work at Newgate by bringing warm cloths and education to the prison. Elizabeth also bought hope, and she spoke of the need for the women to reform themselves. Not only did she talk to the women, but she talked to prison officials and lawmakers, encouraging them to be more considerate of the prisoners.

Because the behaviour of the prisoners did improve dramatically when they were treated more kindly, Elizabeth Fry's ideas spread throughout England. Also, rulers in France, Holland, Denmark and Prussia welcomed her advice. The Emperor of Russia followed her suggestions for a new prison in St.Petersburg. Her plans worked so well that he exclaimed, "She's one of the wonders of the world!"

Joseph Fry, did not always approve of her activities. However, he had promised never to interfere with her work, and he kept his word. With this support from her husband, Elizabeth Fry was able to enjoy her marriage and also to concentrate on her work and do it well. She had eleven children, the last of whom was born in 1822, on the same day as the first of her twenty-five grandchildren.

Before her death in 1845, Elizabeth Fry had led reforms in many areas. She founded societies to look after women prisoners after they were discharged. She worked to change the law itself, for at that time the law declared that a man, women or child might be hanged for housebreaking, shoplifting or small theft.

One of her reports, made to the King of France, ended with words which have lived to this day: "When thee builds a prison, thee had better build with thought ever in thy mind that thee and thy children may occupy the cells."

A JUNGLE STORY

It was a warm, still night in the jungle and the animals were just starting to stir after the day's sleep, ready for the nightly hunt. Father wolf lay across the entrance to his den. He stretched and shook the sleep from each paw. Mother wolf lay inside the cave feeding her two young cubs.

There was a rustle of tall grass, and into the clearing crawled Tabaqui, the sneaking jackal. "How are your beautiful children this fair night? Did you know Shere Khan was hunting in this part of the jungle?"

"Trouble always follows when someone changes their hunting ground", grumbled father wolf.

Somewhere a short distance away came a deep throated roar. This was followed by screaming, yelling and much confusion. Father wolf stood, every muscle ready for action. The grass rustled, and into the clearing stumbled a little brown boy. He crawled right past father wolf into the den and snuggled in between the two cubs, near Mother wolf.

Outside Shere Khan, the tiger, came roaring, howling and shouting, "Give me my man cub."

Now Shere Khan had come upon a woodcutter and his wife and their little boy sitting round their fire. With a mighty spring he had leapt at them, missed, and one paw had landed in the fire. Now he was mad with rage.

Mother wolf put her head to the cave entrance and said as fiercely as she could, "Go away, you shall not have the man cub, he has made himself at home among my cubs. He has earned a place in my family."

Shere Khan knew better than to argue with an enraged wolf, so he growled and mumbled that one day he would have his prey. Mother wolf turned and looked at the little boy.

She said, "Not a hair on his body. He is just like a frog. I shall call him Mowgli, which means little frog.

(This is the condensed story of how Mowgli came to be with the wolves).

FLAG YARNS AND THE SAINTS

St.George Of England

St.George was a Greek prince, a Christian, and the friend of Diocletian, a famous Roman. In those days the Roman Emperor was so powerful that people were expected to worship him and bow down before his statue.

St.George refused to do this, for he said that Christians worshiped only God. For this refusal he was beheaded by his former friend. When the Crusaders went to fight the Saracens they heard about St.George, and were so inspired by his example that they took him as their patron saint; the soldiers wore his cross on their tunics, and went into battle crying, "For St.George and Merrie England!"

Another legend tells us that St.George saved a maiden from being devoured by a dragon. This story cannot be quite true, for there never were dragons; but St.George may have saved her from some wild beast; or perhaps the people thought of ignorance, cruelty and meanness as dragons, and St.George certainly fought these.

During the fifteenth century there was civil war in England. The two sides wore red and white roses as badges, and the wars were called the Wars of the Roses. Since then the rose has become the flower of England.

The flag of St.George is a red upright cross on a white background.

St.Andrew Of Scotland

St.Andrew was a fisherman on the Lake of Galilee. He was an apostle of Jesus Christ, and St.Peter's brother. Not much is known about him after Christ's death, but he is said to have converted the Russians to Christianity. After his death his bones are believed to have been taken to Scotland and buried there.

A fishing boat in Galilee has a slanting mast with a crossbar to which the sail is fixed. St.Andrew's white cross on a blue background reminds us of the cross formed by the rigging against the blue sky. St.Andrew was crucified on a cross of this shape.

The fish is a Scottish emblem because St.Andrew was a fisherman. It was an early Christian emblem; when the Christians were persecuted it was used as a secret sign.

The Scottish flower is a thistle. There is an old tale that when the Danes attacked the Scots they advanced barefoot, silently by night but trod on the thistles growing around the Scottish camp. Their cries of pain aroused the Scots and gave them time to arm themselves and beat the enemy.

St.Patrick Of Ireland

St.Patrick was a Scot. He lived during the last years of the Roman occupation of Britain. When sixteen years old he was captured by pirates and sold as a slave to an Ulster Chieftain. He spent six years in Ireland as a shepherd, then escaped to France. He wished to return to Ireland to convert the Irish to Christianity, so he entered a monastery to learn to be a missionary.

In those days the Druids or priests taught the Irish to believe in fear and magic. One of their festivals took place at our Easter time: it was an important occasion, on which all the fires were put out, then relit from the Druids sacred bonfire by runners, carrying flaming torches. It is said that St.Patrick arrived in Ireland during the festival. He lit the Druids fire before the correct time and planted a great cross before it. A red shadow was thrown crookedly across the hillside, forming what we know as the St.Patrick's cross. St.Patrick converted first the Chieftains, then the people. He built many churches. It is said that he chased all the snakes from Ireland.

The Shamrock is the Irish flower. St.Patrick used the leaf to explain the Trinity to the Irish people.

The flag is a red diagonal cross on a white background.

CHIEF MULAMA'S SON

This is the story of a brave and Scout-like action on the part of an African chief's twelve-year-old son as related by his father.

"I and five others were sitting and talking on the verandah of my house. The wind was blowing violently and it was working up to a big storm, but no rain had fallen as yet; suddenly there was a big flash of lightening very close by. All six of us jumped up and run around the house and saw that the lightening had struck a hut in which three of my sons had been sitting. We ran towards the hut which had collapsed, but before we reached it another of my sons, Panya by name, aged twelve years, who had been sitting in another hut with some other boys, reached the hut which had been struck, dashed in and pulled out his brother Shuundu, who was stunned and partially buried under bits of plaster and mud, and carried him on his shoulders to safety.

The other two boys were not hurt and ran out of the stricken hut, but Shuundu was shaken badly and was ill for several days. The hut was not set on fire, but the lightening broke the two uprights and so it collapsed. There in a few simple words, is the story of a very brave and resourceful boy.

Why Panya was a true Scout.

We all think a great deal of a man or woman who, at the risk of there own life, saves someone else's. He or she is a hero.

Boys or girls look up to them as being altogether different from themselves. But he or she isn't; every boy or girl has just as much chance of being a life saving hero if they choose to prepare themselves for it.

Panya, at twelve years old, seized the opportunity which comes to most people at least once in a lifetime, but which many people three or four times his age allowed to slip by.

There are two things necessary to carry out a gallant rescue:

- (1) The will to do it.
- (2) The ability to do it.

If you see a fellow creature in danger of drowning, and cannot swim yourself, it is of very little use to plunge into the water, because you will probably only make a single tragedy into a double one, however much you have the will to help.

Now Panya, though only twelve years old, had both the will to help-for it was his own brother-the knowledge of what to do, and the presence of mind to do it quickly-which is often the thing that counts most.

It is pretty certain that nearly every one of you boys and girls will some day or other be present at an accident where, if you:

- (1) Have the will to help.
- (2) Know what to do, and
- (3) Do it promptly.

you may win for yourself, if not a medal or decoration, at any rate the life-long satisfaction of having rescued or helped a fellow creature.

The Brownies motto of "**Lend a Hand**" and the Cub Scout motto of "**Do Your Best**" show the will to help, but when you are a Scout or a Guide you have to **Be Prepared** for accidents by learning beforehand what to do in the different kinds of emergencies that are likely to occur.

THE FIRST GILWELL PARK GROUP ☺

The 1st Gilwell Park Group is not, as it is sometimes feared, a kind of superiority class, but there is a common bond among members who have shared and equally enjoyed an experience.

Therefore, all who have gained the Wood Badge whether at Gilwell or elsewhere in the Scouting World and have accepted the responsibility of setting an example as a good Scout Leader, are, ipso facto, members of the 1st Gilwell Park Group.

The Group itself is a strange one. It breaks all the rules in all P.O.R.'s throughout the world. It does none of the things a good Scout Group should do. It meets at most once a year at the Annual Reunion and then its attendance is but a tithe of its members. Yet its fellowship is tremendous, the fun is great, and however far away they may be from their Group Headquarters, they recognise their responsibility, not just to Gilwell, but to the whole world of Scouting.

This then is the Group and if you, reader, are not yet a member, the only way to become one is to take the hard way of completing your Wood Badge Training, and, in that, as in all things, Good Luck, but the effort must be yours.

With acknowledgments to:
The Gilwell Book,
The Scouter, and
Scouting.



THE WOOD BADGE ☺

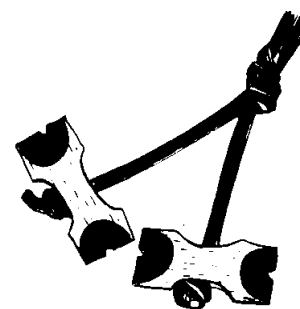
In itself the badge is valueless; two pieces of wood hung on the ends of a bootlace; but treasured by the aged, coveted by the young, and worn with just pride by those of middle years! Each piece of the Wood Badge insignia, the Beads, Bootlace, Scarf and Woggle, has its own story.

THE BEADS

In 1887 B-P. was posted to Cape Town, and seconded as Aide-de-Camp to his uncle, General H.A. Smythe, General Officer Commanding South Africa. Shortly after his arrival at the Cape, trouble broke out with the Zulu warriors, led by their chief Dinizulu.

On state occasions, Dinizulu wore a necklace some ten to twelve feet (three to three and a half meters) in length consisting of over a thousand beads, ranging in size from tiny emblems to others four inches (ten centimetres) in length. It was considered sacred by the warriors, and there was a belief that if it was ever captured all resistance by the natives would cease. The necklace was kept in a cave, high on a mountain and guarded night and day.

B-P. heard of this, and hoped that he would capture Dinizulu and acquire the necklace. It did come to pass, and his wish was fulfilled and B-P. took the necklace home to England where it was kept with his other military souvenirs. It was over thirty years before he made further use of it!



THE LEATHER LACE

The next stage of our story goes to Mafeking where, in the book "The Wolf That Never Sleeps" B-P. relates the incident where, after many months of siege, one day he was feeling very despondent when an old native Zulu boy of high caste gave him a leather thong. This thong, as was the custom, had been placed round the old mans neck at birth to ward off evil spirits and so bring the wearer good luck. The story further relates that Mafeking was relieved soon after (Mafeking was under siege for 218 days) - and the leather thong joined the souvenirs. In 1919 the first Scouter's training course was held at Gilwell, at the completion of which B-P. wondered what to give the Scouters to signify passing the course. He went home and while rummaging through his bags came across Dinizulu's necklace.

A few days later he invited all those who had attended the course to come to dinner at the Scout Restaurant at Buckingham Palace Road. He presented each of the members with two beads from the necklace, and instructed each to go out, buy a bootlace, tie a bead at each end and hang it round their neck. Thus the WOOD BADGE came into being.

Some hundreds of the beads of reasonable size were used for presentation to those who completed the early Wood Badge courses. However, it became evident by 1920 that the supply of original beads wouldn't last, and so replica beads were manufactured at Gilwell and have been ever since.

In the early days, and in theory today, Leader Trainers, who wear four beads on their necklaces, were presented with one original bead but now this only happens if a former Leader Trainer returns his beads to Gilwell.

An Assistant Leader Trainer wears three beads on his or her necklace.

The Camp Chief of Gilwell Park (England) wears a necklace of six original beads which B-P. first presented to Sir Percy Everett as a tribute for his helping in launching Scouting and help at the first Scout Camp at Brownsea Island, in 1907.

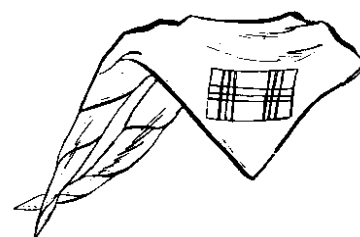
Sir Percy presented the necklace to John Thurman and suggested that it be worn as the badge of office of the Camp Chief, Gilwell Park. It is a matter of history that the first time it was worn by John Thurman was when he visited Pennant Hills Training Camp, New South Wales, in 1949.

(As a matter of interest, for those who delve into history, from 1923 to 1925, a small coloured bead was worn above the knot on the bootlace. These beads, yellow, green and red, indicated for which section of the movement the Wood Badge was awarded, i.e. Cub, Scout or Rover.)

THE SCARF

The Scarf is officially coloured dove grey (the colour of humility) on the outside and it is warm red on the inside to signify warmth of feeling. On the peak of the Gilwell Scarf is a small piece of Maclaren tartan to remind us of the fine gesture by Mr DeBois Maclaren in providing the original Gilwell Park.

The material is a registered cloth, which means it cannot be used for any other purpose, nor may it be modified or additions made to it.



THE WOGGLE

In 1920 or 1921 the Scarf, which had always been tied with a knot, was held together with a Scarf Slide. So far as is known the name "woggle" was invented by Gidney, the first Camp Chief of Gilwell.

In the early days of Scouter training, fire lighting by friction was very much a novelty and for years was demonstrated on Wood Badge courses. A main piece of equipment was a length of leather thong and it was found that a driving belt from a treadle Singer sewing machine supplied the best required object.

B.P. suggested to Gilwell Staff that they experiment and produce a special slide to go with the Gilwell Scarf and Wood Badge. So using one of the fire lighting thongs, W.(Bill) Shankley, who was serving at Gilwell at the time (and was later G.L. of 8th Hobart, Tasmania for many years) produced a two - strand Turk's Head slide which was adopted as the "official woggle."

In 1943, the Camp Chief was anxious that there should be some badge to denote completions of various parts of the Wood Badge training. It seemed logical to present some part of the Wood Badge insignia on completion of the Preliminary Course (now the Stage Three). So in 1943 the Gilwell woggle, was awarded. The Scarf and Beads are presented on completion of the Wood Badge.



B-P.

**"If any seek your monument-let them look oversea,
And up and down the earth, wherever boys are fine and free,
Where boys and girls fear nothing much, but keep a few good rules,
Can sing and smile, salute and serve-but not for brutes and fools.**

**Few pioneers live long enough to see what they have done;
Most men are glad if they can leave the world a single son,
Did ever man, before you died, see such a dream come true?
Did any leave so many living monuments as you?"**

A.P. Herbert, 1941