

## ULULA ACCOUNTS OF TREKKING 1904 - 1914

### 1904 THE CAMP AT GRASMERE

Last term, two weeks before the end, the Camp began—that is to say, ground baiting began. Names were given in, a site was chosen, meetings were held, and stores and camp furniture collected.

In order to minimise the personal luggage of each camper the Manchester barbers were much used, so that we went to Grasmere with shaven polls. We had ever so many stage carpenters and scene shifters, by whose kindness and energy the holiday was made vastly pleasant.

Mr. Hancock suggested the place and helped in excursions. He wrote to Mr. Garside of Grasmere, who, in turn, called on Mr. Cowperthwaite, also of this parish, who lent us a “field.” Would that language could describe it! It was not simply a field in the ordinary way, but rather a “———!” Well, never mind. There we camped, fifty of us. If you wish to know what it looked like with the tents there, go and ask the old horse that lives there. He used to stand on a knoll near the bacon?, with his form sharply outlined against the moon, like an opossum. What a lot he could tell. Then—fresh paragraph please!

Worth many guineas a box! Mr. Wells. It was quite worth one’s while to cut another boy’s finger, dislocate his arm, or pour boiling gravy on his foot in order just to see how cunningly Mr. Wells doctored him, and rejoice.

And what did we do there, everyone will ask?

We climbed anything from the height of a threepenny bit to 3,000 feet—shew us an absolutely unclimbable mountain, and we climbed it; and in fishing, tell us of a fish that had never yet been caught, and we caught him; show us the village cricket team captained by Mr. Gibson, and we beat them; bring the whole force of the local football strength against us, and we lost! Bathing in “Dead man’s pool,” boating on the lake, collecting stones, serenading and torch-light processioning, eating at the tuck shop—these and other pastimes made up the life.

Mr. Wood, who was with us a fortnight, managed a visit to Thirlmere, where Manchester gets her water. Mr. Bloomer called on us and sent half-a-dozen rabbits, which somehow or other got skinned, cleaned and cooked.

On three occasions parties went off, with provisions, for two days’ climbing, and slept out under trees or on a haystack—living the wild life of man.

Altogether we stayed there three weeks, and met with nothing but extraordinary kindness from everyone. Mr. Roby visited us, and we paid him out for it by serenading him. Mr. Haynes will also be remembered with kindness and visited next year.

Two boys did not come to camp—one because he didn’t see the notice, and the other because his mother was afraid of an accident as he could not swim. If only the mothers would honour the camp with a visit—let us say next Whitsuntide, at Alderley—they would insist on their boys all coming.

And now it remains only to hope on till summer comes again, and in the meanwhile pat each other on the back and say, “What a time we had!”

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Having again received permission from Lord Stanley of Alderley to use a portion of his park for the purposes of a camping ground, an advance party went down two days before the main body to pitch the tents and to fit up a new cooking range, which was instrumental in providing far more succulent edibles than there have been in any previous camp. The majority came down on the Saturday, and were favoured with beautiful weather, of which there was much more than in the previous year. The great event of the first week was a route march via Macclesfield, Buxton, and Leek. Only fifteen could be persuaded to come, but these had a most enjoyable time, and amongst other things discovered a place which was so up-to-date as to have one post per week!

The travellers were also regaled by Scotch songs from a Glasgow Mancunian, who shall be nameless, and a usually staid member of the C.vi. delighted them with his Terpsichorean manoeuvres. The farmers, on the march, were most generous in their offers of bread, etc., and land whereon to pitch the tents. Bathing in the mountain streams was also enjoyed as it should be. A second party, numbering about 40, roamed about the Derbyshire hills in the following week, and also had a very good time. Meanwhile, the stay-at-homes roused themselves from their lethargy, and beat the "locals" both at cricket and football.

In the second week the most important fixture was the parents' match on Whit-Monday, which the boys won for the first time, thanks mainly to the bowling of Sutcliffe and the batting of Webb; also, Wilmslow were beaten, but we were not so successful against Sandbach and Alderley Edge. By the kindness of Mr. Haydon, we were again conducted through the woods, and we serenaded all the local worthies on the Friday night, besides winning a football match. On the Saturday the camp broke up, a small party remaining to put things to rights.

A pleasant feature this year was the institution of Sunday afternoon services. The addresses given by the Rev. A. P. Nelson and the Rev. Hudson Shaw were such as will not soon be forgotten. The new cooker was not the only provider of toothsome edibles; we have to thank a whole host of friends for many varied and welcome treats, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Sawers Scott, Mrs. Moores, Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. McInnes, Mrs. Gomersall, Mrs. Wünsch, the Rector of Flash, Canon Bell, Miss E. H. Smith, Mr. T. W. Erskine, and let not the honey from Leigh be forgotten, the glorious gift of Mr. Stott.

No account of camp would be complete without a warm word of acknowledgment to our officers, Mr. A. J. Clark, Mr. Hartley, and Mr. Varnish—it was sad to think that we shall not have Mr. Varnish any more at Alderley—but the pivot of all our activities was Mr. H. T. Wells; he took care of our ailments, from midge-bites to asthma; he cut our corns, extracted our teeth, shaved our sprouting chins, tumbled us up in the morning, taught us how to splice ropes and all that appertains to scout-craft; he planned the route, led the march of our flying columns; in fact, he was the man who made things go and kept us lively; no word of praise or gratitude could be too strong to express what we feel and what he deserves.

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The Grasmere Camp of 1908 will be memorable for the remarkable weather, "la boune?? camaraderie," and the fact that it was the last, and the best of Mr. Varnish's MGS Camps in the Lake District.

The main party, arriving somewhat early, took the advance section by surprise, but it was not long before we were regaled with the best that the camp could supply. It was now we marked ourselves as campers, or "Barbarians," though in a day or two, aided by the kindly invigorating air, all became equal.

Saturday saw the departure of the marchers. What a delightful walk! Up over Yew Crag, and along Blea Rigg to Stickle Tarn, where we lunched. Then up the ghyll, by Pavey Ark, to a height of 2,500 feet. We had been looking down into the lovely valley of Great Langdale, and across Windermere; now, we are face to face with the wildness and severity of the Vale of Langstrath Beck. Then down, down over watercourses and rocks, until we think we shall never reach the river. But we are there at last, and trudging along we come to our resting-place.

The morning comes, and after a dip and breakfast we are on our way to Buttermere. Though the walk is along the road, by Honister Pass, it is full of interest, and each homely "Good morning" as we toil along, helps us on our way. We pitch tents about three p.m., and after tea and "wood-fag" go to church in full-dress camping uniform..

On Monday the word is "Bread-fag." We want 20 loaves, it is a glorious Bank Holiday, and visitors are pouring into Buttermere. We try hotels, farm-houses, and cottages, but can only net four loaves and five tea cakes! At one place a person in a most disdainful tone said, "We do not sell *anything* here." It was a home for inebriates.

In the morning some of our number had gone out to climb the Pillar, and a good day they had; the rest, after failing in their search for bread, turned to hay-making, and by and by received their "drinkings."

Tuesday morning we march homewards; food is scarce, and Grasmere must be reached before tea time. So as the day is gray, and the clouds are low, it is black over the Honister to Borrowdale, a dip and lunch, and then back through the rain by Greenup Edge and Far Easedale. How the fags worked, and what a "gorge" they gave us!

On Wednesday we rest and read, or play cricket or boat on the lake. In the evening we go to the water carnival. We are invited into the grounds of the Prince of Wales Hotel, and some are providing the fun by tilting and knocking (or trying to knock) each other into the water.

On Thursday our day was the village cricket match. Too often the School has been beaten, but today we shall turn the tables and show the villagers how to play. Alas!

*The best laid schemes of mice and men aft gang agley.*

And, was it the wicket, or the skill of the bowlers, or the nervousness of the batters? Well, we must wait, all things come to him who waits.

Of the night march up Helvellyn, language fails to describe the glory of the sky as the sun rose, or the sea of mist that lay far below us over Thirlmere and the valley to the north, and so we leave it.

The new walk from Helvellyn by Grisedale Forest, Brothers Water, Hawes Water, Bampton Common, and back, added fresh pleasures.

It is impossible to close without mentioning the quiet control exercised by Mr. Varnish, the attention of Dr. Wells, the safe guidance of Mr. Fry and Mr. F. Sutton (O.M.), the camp fires, or the kindness of the villagers. True, we had glorious weather, but the Grasmere Camp opens out to MGS boys the mountains and lakes, the streams and the waterfalls, in a fashion they have never dreamt of.

It leaves a sweet taste, and an appetite for more.

## 1910 FOREIGN TREK - WANDERBIRDS IN GERMANY

It was a weird crew which footed it two and two, Newgate fashion, through Albert Square to the Central Station on the afternoon of August 6th. What meant these tents, macintosh sheets, jangling billies, and antediluvian lanterns? "Boy Scouts," said some; others whispered "Prestwich," and passed by on the far side. Fifteen days later, under the friendly shelter of night, the Wanderbirds came home, all save seven lucky youngsters, who stayed for an extra fortnight.

What had we seen and what had we done in the interval? We had marched through the finest forest-country that we had ever seen, we had explored odd nooks and corners of delightful old German towns, we had seen Cologne Cathedral by night, we had satisfied our hunger with the famous German sausage, and found it quite excellent when we did not have it for every meal, we had ourselves been eaten by German flies, we—some of us—had fallen unreservedly into love, we had cursed and been cursed by the Belgian railway officials at Brussels, we had nearly been cut in two by another boat in the Scheldt, we—again only some of us, we are glad to say—had been very healthily sick under the loving care of B. C. Hall, who awakened peaceful sleepers in the middle of the night to tell them all about it, and, first and foremost and last and all the time, we had come to realise what a splendid country Germany is, and what kind, hospitable people the German people really are.

Details are left to the chronicler of Party B, but there are one or two things which must be said here. When we of Party A reached Frankfort, we were taken straight to the Palmengarten, where we met the other party (who could not have had anything like such a good time as we!), some of the C.H.A. visitors from Kelkheim, and a host of German friends. Speeches were made in English and German, and we were heartily welcomed to the city. Then, one by one, we were portioned out to our hosts for the night, parents of various boys of the Musterschule who had volunteered to take us in. To some of these the experience must have been somewhat trying—the present writer, for instance, in shorts and grey flannel shirt, ignorant of German, and on his first appearance studless, tieless, hatless, coatless, and unshaved, must have appeared a rather unusual and uncouth visitor!

However, this in no way interfered with their hospitality and kindness. In the morning we assembled at 7-30 (!) with the boys of the Musterschule in their Aula; speeches were made by the most genial and hearty of headmasters, Dr. Max Walter, and by Mr. Paton, songs were sung by the school and by us; they cheered us and we cheered them until we almost felt that we had known them all our lives, yet wished to know them better still! If this copy of ULULA ever falls into the hands of any of those—too numerous to mention—who contributed so largely to our enjoyment of Frankfort, may they realise from it how deeply we appreciated our welcome and all their kindness to us!

That evening Party A was accompanied on its march by nine boys of the Musterschule. From Aschaffenburg we marched into the Spessart, into the rain and the darkness. It will not be easy for any of us to forget that walk through the forest—the lanterns glimmering ahead, searching out the way which we had lost, the rain pitilessly falling, and the voice of our guide, Herr Bock, singing, joking, and in any and every way keeping up our drooping spirits! Then the welcome shelter of the inn at Sodental, and the night's rest in the straw, when, lying side by side with the German boys, packed together like sardines, we realised that here also, as in so many other ways, with knowledge comes love!

I have already exceeded my allotted space, but this account would be altogether worthless if it did not contain some acknowledgment of all that was done for us by Herr Bock. And yet, how is it possible for me to compress into a few lines my tribute to his many-sided character? Most capable of guides, most excellent of cooks, most tuneful of songsters, best of friends, may the time soon come when he will again be in England, that we may have the chance of doing for him in some feeble way something of what he did for us! Nor do we forget the lady who made our sleeping sacks. The fellow who did not thank her when he put his sausage into its snug covering at night, deserved to lose one toe per night with frostbite.

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## PARTY B.

It was not till we had reached Bonn that we of Party B claimed our right to separate existence. But once arrived there, our commissariat and finance departments sallied forth, under the able guidance of Mr. Bürger, to buy up some of the neighbouring provision shops. We bought countless rolls—for had we not *Tempus edax* in Party B?—and our fears were considerable as to the size of the bill; but the rolls were nine for twopence, so the treasury survived.

Soon afterwards we said farewell to Party A, and left for Andernach, going forth without a guide into the great unknown. At Andernach we made our way to the Niederländerdampfschifflandungsstelle (it only means landing-stage), bought our tickets—at half-price, as we were an organised school party—and duly boarded the steamer. The passengers seemed rather scared at first, but as the minutes passed by without our forming fours and charging with tent poles, they gradually grew reconciled to our appearance, and some even made so bold as to question us, and very shortly we were all at our ease. We were now approaching some of the most beautiful scenery of the Rhine, and as the stream grew narrower and the banks steeper and steeper, someone remarked, "Now, we are in for the Rhine gorge." Some mundane person murmured that it was "jolly well time for a feed."

Rüdesheim, our destination for the night, was reached by seven o'clock, and we were glad to find our guide, Herr Matthias, awaiting us on the pier. We had had seven hours lovely sailing past Ehrenbreitstein, Coblenz, the Mousetower, and all the famous castles, etc., and our fare had been 1s. 3d. each. After depositing our luggage at our sleeping quarters, we climbed up to the colossal national monument which commemorates the Franco-Prussian War and the foundation of the present German Empire. From the summit we saw the valleys of the Rhine and the Nahe stretched out beneath us in all the glory of a magnificent sunset.

Before we descended we had a foretaste of what we were to endure from insects—the only living beings by the way who treated us anything but excellently in Germany; and perhaps even these insects were only showing in their own way how greatly they appreciated English beef. On the way down we sang songs, German and English, to the accompaniment of our guide's guitar. We passed the night in a hayloft, where we were very snug and cosy, save that occasionally a restive sleeper would get his foot mixed up with a more peaceful sleeper's mouth.

Next morning we had full use of the landlord's stove, and we were soon consuming unlimited supplies of eggs, tea, milk, and rye bread. At 7-58 a.m. we left by slow train for Wiesbaden. Here we changed into the express for Heidelberg, once more getting the 50% reduction allowed to organised school parties.

At midday we were at our destination, and a few moments after we were swimming in the Neckar. With appetites thus reinforced (somewhat unnecessary this!), we stormed the Blue Cross Hotel and ordered dinner for 16. The ordinary price was 62d., but we obtained the reduction of 2d. per head in consideration of our numbers. This marvellous meal consisted of soup, and either cutlets, with vegetables unlimited, or "Mehlspeise," a kind of pancake, served with stewed whinberries, both in such abundance that if anyone had eaten his full portion .... well, "the task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you." After dinner we saw the University, with its quaint students' prison, and the castle, perhaps the largest ruin in Germany.

Towards 6 p.m. we reclaimed our baggage from the Blue Cross of blessed memory and sprinted through the town to the railway station for Neckar-Gmünd. We caught our train, but only just, and we were soon on the tramp again towards Dilsberg, where we were to pitch our camp. At the appointed spot we were met by a very old man, who informed us, in the weirdest of dialects, that we could not camp there, as he was the "Feldhüter." He then pointed out another spot close by where we might camp. Here we were met by a very old lady, who explained that we could not camp there, as she was the "Feldhüterin." However, our aged friends yielded to peaceful suasion, and soon our tents were pitched and a fire was blazing merrily. We got to bed as soon as possible, as we had to be up at 3-45 a.m. next morning. Just as we were turning in we had a visit from the local mayor, who was most kind and willing to help in any way—this was just a foretaste of the boundless kindness which met us on every hand.

Next morning we were up to time, but we left somewhat late, and found ourselves with three miles to walk and 35 minutes in which to do them. We managed it, but of such forced marching there is soon satiety. At 6-30 a. m. our train left for Rothenburg. Travelling via Würzburg and Steinach, we arrived in time to see the famous clock strike twelve. Here we were greeted by numerous wanderbirds, and we arranged for a joint singsong on the river bank in the evening. After pitching the tents and lighting the fires we had a dip in the Tauber, and were soon ready for an excellent stew of peas and bacon, followed by fruit in plenty.

The afternoon we spent in seeing the old town, perhaps the most perfect specimen of medieval Germany in existence. In the evening our German wanderbird friends appeared as arranged, and we had a most jolly sing-song together beside the river. Next morning, 8 a.m., we left for Wertheim and the Spessart. As our breakfast had been somewhat hurried, we made cocoa in the train, using water from the engine, which unfortunately was not quite boiling. Herr Matthias also provided amusement by his attempts to shave. After the operation he looked as though he had just fought a duel—in fact, he had a real Heidelberg student face.

At Wertheim we again met some wanderbirds, and one of these, Herr Gegenwart, kindly showed us round this quaint old town, with its lovely church and castle; in fact, so attractive did we find it that we were very late in starting for the Spessart. In a moment of weakness we consented to hire a "Leiterwagen"—oh, that wagon—it started off for at least 200 yards at a trot, then the pace gradually slackened. Finally, we all got out and walked, and soon the waggon, with baggage, was far behind. At 10 p.m. we reached Schollbrunn, and, as a thunderstorm was brewing, we slept indoors, on straw, in a large room in the village inn—cost, one penny per head.

Next day, Friday, we were on the road before 6 a.m.; at 8 a.m. we breakfasted in the middle of the Spessart at the Forsthaus Diana. We were now marching against time, 5 miles to go, and a train to catch at 1-45. Luckily, we met the Post-motor at Hessenthal, and completed the journey at about 30 miles an hour. In the afternoon we met Party A at the Palm Gardens at Frankfort. All that is common to the history of both parties is told by an abler pen elsewhere; hence we most reluctantly pass by the delightful welcome we received at Frankfort. We must mention, however, that on Friday evening our guide, Herr Matthias, was summoned home to Hamburg, owing to the critical state of his grandfather's health.

For the Saturday we were under the reliable guidance of Herr Bernhard Leib, the assistant secretary of the C.H.A. at Kelkheim. Under his wing we crossed the Taunus from Homburg to Stockborn. Here we enjoyed a regal banquet, consisting of soup, made of semolina, eggs and maggi extract, stewed bacon and carrots, mixed stewed fruit, apples, dates, dewberries, and raspberries. While most busy, we were interrupted by a magnificent official, clad in green, who looked as if he had just stepped out of the Freischütz. Advancing with two lovely hounds, he inquired sternly about our "Erlaubnis" for making a fire. We explained that we were only foolish foreigners and could not be expected to know anything about an "Erlaubnis."

However, after we had promised to extinguish the fire carefully before leaving, we made our peace, and our friend departed quite amicably. As the afternoon turned out very wet we did not climb to the actual summit of the Feldberg, but made direct for Königstein, whence we took train to the C.H.A. centre at Kelkheim. Here we were entertained most sumptuously to dinner and breakfast by the genial host, Herr Georg Maier, who absolutely refused to accept anything in payment.

On Sunday morning we walked to Lorsbach, where we met the being who shed joy over the whole party for the rest of the week, Herr Fritz Lau, our new guide. On leaving the train at Iddstein, we proceeded to buy in—an occupation which seemed to take up a great part of each day. The shopkeeper was greatly amused at the extent of our purchases, but he had had no experience of English boys' appetites, fortified by a German walking tour. Here we first purchased "Apfelmarmalade," a sort of apple jelly, which looks just like treacle. It is very good to eat, but it is the limit in stickiness. If you get any on your clothes, you had better give them away to the next beggar; it is, as our treasurer remarked, a pleasant friend, but a dreadful enemy, if it once gets the mastery over you.

We next made our way through the Taunus, past Strinz-Trinitatis, along the Scheidethal and Aar valley to castle Hohlenfels. Here we camped on the spot where Party A had camped a few days before, within the walls of an old ruin, which might be very romantic were it not for the inevitable "Biergarten" at the top. Next morning we continued north till we reached the river Lahn. We cooked our mid-day meal at a little hamlet called Rupbrach. Here we were overtaken by a thunderstorm, accompanied by a terrific deluge of rain. In a few moments our fires were out, and our tents, waterproof against ordinary rain, were leaking freely. Two of us, looking like drowned rats, made our way to a little goods station close by, knocked at the door, and asked very humbly if we might boil some water. The stove was not lit, but it was immediately lighted for us, and the good lady of the house made us as comfortable as possible in her sitting-room till the water boiled.

Meanwhile the deluge continued, and it became quite evident that we could not possibly camp out that night. We therefore asked if there was any inn close by where we could put up. Our kind benefactress explained that there was nothing of the sort for some miles round, and so things looked very black indeed. The lady, however, immediately set to work and emptied for us the biggest room in her house and insisted that we should pass the night there—an offer which we gratefully accepted. The next morning our good friend-in-need would accept no remuneration whatever—simply a sixpence for her little daughter's savings-box. We shall long cherish kindly recollections of Frau Römer and the little station at Rupbrach an der Lahn.

Next morning's tramp took us through Laurenburg, Nassau, Dausenau, to Ems. Within a few seconds of our arrival in fashionable Ens, we were surrounded by hundreds of stylishly dressed holiday-makers, all asking questions and all vastly interested in our expedition. After we had run the gauntlet, we deposited our luggage at the Prinz Karl Hotel, and soon we were disporting ourselves in the Lahn.

After an excellent shilling dinner, we made our way to Arenberg Kloster, famous for its gardens, in which are depicted within beautiful mosaic grotto scenes from the life of our Lord. We camped close by in the little village of Arenberg. Here we found once more the usual kindness, and soon we had the tents pitched and the fire roaring merrily.

Next morning we walked to Ehrenbreitstein and Coblenz, where we took the steamer down the Rhine to Andernach. Here we met another wanderbird, who kindly showed us some short cuts through the woods, and accompanied us for a few miles. We now struck direct west, through the quaint old villages of Eich and Nickenich towards the Volcanic Eifel. We climbed the Heidekoff, an extinct volcano, and passed close by the Krufter Ofen, where the outline of the old crater is most clearly marked. The night was spent beside the Laacher See, an inland lake which always remains beautifully fresh, though no streams feed it nor can any exit be traced.

Next morning, after a delightful swim in the lake, we retraced our steps through Wassenach and Tönnisstein back to the Rhine. We then took boat down stream to Königswinter. We pitched our tents south of the town, close beside the Rhine, and immediately below the Drachenfels. Next morning we climbed this famous crag, and enjoyed a glorious view of the Rhine valley; afterwards we climbed two more of the Siebengebirge, and then descended once more to our camp.

Dinner was waiting for us at the adjoining farm-house, and the good lady who attended us did not have to coax us into doing justice to her cooking. By six o'clock we were in Königswinter Station, where we said farewell to Herr Lau, who had guided us so well. We had only known him for one short week, but in those few days he had endeared himself to everyone by his sunny disposition and boundless activity, and we all felt, as the train bore him away, that we were parting from an old, old friend. An hour later we were ourselves back in Cologne, where we found Party A, and consequently surrendered our right to separate existence.

Thus ended our holiday. We had had a glorious time. We had found kindness everywhere, both in the large cities and in the tiniest hamlets. Some of us may have gone to Germany with somewhat disparaging ideas of the Germans; now, we have one and all put away such folly, and we are ready to allow that Germany's claim to be famous for her hospitality is thoroughly justified. If German schoolboys pay us a similar visit, may they have as happy a time and as kindly a welcome! More it were impossible to wish.

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Ten stalwart men and true set out merrily from Alderley Camp about mid-day, singing "Fare thee well." We marched to Marton where we had dinner, and then started for Congleton. Here the Doctor bought some stores, while we, followed by mobs and the shouts of "Scouts," endeavoured to free him from excessive publicity. We camped on Cloud, where in the evening we lit a fire and the Doctor sang some "ghastly" solos, including "Jonnie Smoker." After prayers (which we had every night) so much talking went on that it was necessary for the Doctor to raise his voice—and what a voice it is—and shout, "You wretched objects, stop talking." Tents being struck, Mr. Nicholson brought out a paper, which was eagerly seized by cricket enthusiasts. Turning later to such minor matters as the Coronation Honours, we noticed with pleasure that Mr. A. A. Haworth, M.P., one of the Governors of the School, was to become a Baronet, while Mr. W. P. Byles was awarded a Knighthood. We then set out for Three Shire Heads, about thirteen miles from Cloud. On our way we had a bathe, in the River Dane. We also passed the gloomy wooded shrine of Ludchurch, and generally the scenery was beautiful, as indeed it was every day on our march. We camped a short distance from Three Shire Heads, in the garden of a deserted cottage. Before we retired for the night Mr. Nicholson read part of the "Mikado."

After breakfast next morning we set out for Hartington by way of the Dove and Manifold valleys. But our day's work was not yet done, and after tea we tramped to the Elkstones. After walking a mile out of the Elkstones next day we had a lively entertainment at the Mermaid Inn. We were greatly amused by the senseless talk of a muddled old man, who offered to pay for our refreshment, and threw down a two-shilling piece on to the bench, but of course the Doctor told him to pick it up again, whereupon the old man remarked, "as us marchers were a sort of police paid f'r out t' County Rate." He greatly admired the physique of certain members of the party, and after feeling the thews of one of them, he remarked, "Eh lad, I would I were thy mother." Leaving this "hoggerly" we set out for Cloud, passing through Merebrook, where we received a hearty welcome from the Rector, and an invitation to join in the village sports. As the Jonah would have won all the prizes, except the one for the pig race, we felt it only fair to the villagers to decline the invitation. We passed near Lake Rudyard, and came back to Cloud about 4–30 p.m. After tea Mr. Nicholson read more of the "Mikado," and we all climbed to the top of Cloud to view the bonfires. About ten o'clock flashlights were, seen answering others, which gave the signal to kindle. Soon many fires were ablaze, and we counted over seventy in all. We went to our own fire, where large numbers of people were gathered. Soon they were startled by the melodious voice of the Doctor, who persisted in singing solos, while we, the chorus, occasionally got in a note or two. Altogether we had a fine time, and we all agreed that we could not have spent a better Coronation day, even if we had gone to see the proceedings in London.

We had now come to our last day's walk, which proved to be a very enjoyable one. Mr. Nicholson rode to Congleton for stores, but the remainder of the party went a different way to Marton. When we started out again for home it was raining, but despite this we all tramped on merrily, until we reached the Park gates. There we gave the usual war-cry, and sang "For we are jolly good fellows." When we were near the camp, we were greeted with hearty cheers, led by our revered chief and his adjutant, Mr. Green.

During that happy time we saw some of the loveliest scenery in England, we got to know many a kindly soul among the farmers of North Stafford, and we learnt what good fellowship really means, away from the dust and turmoil of the town, beside still waters, "in God's green caravanserai."

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## 1911 FOREIGN TREK - THE BLACK FOREST

The old Owl *did* open his eyes when he saw us! He had bargained for a six weeks' nap, and now, after ten days, he was startled out of his wits by a group of weirdly-accounted creatures, armed with lances with horrid sharp points, and *such* noisy boots—he really couldn't get to sleep again. And they proceeded to make themselves still more wonderful by slinging sheets and blankets and tents round them, till at last the Owl murmured, "Minerva's votaries, forsooth! but never mind, no one will guess it." And then the procession departed for the Central Station, where fond parents stood aghast to behold their progeny—such a transformation; Tommy, who never had soiled his hands on a pan before, with a pan strapped on him, poor thing!

We got off well to time, and soon reached Grimsby Town. Town Station is about 300 yards from the docks, but it took us one solid hour; there we stood, caged up and helpless, while we were raced by a cattle truck,—oh, my sainted aunt! When we did finally reach the steamer, it had been invaded by 300 members of a Blackburn P.S.A. Talk about sardines in a tin—ugh! But our friends did amuse us, especially one stout old lady who danced nearly all Sunday, while others sang in honour of Pan (who said pandemonium? rotten!). We found the sailors in the fo'castle much more subdued, but very friendly. They let us use their fire, and we foraged for ourselves quite successfully.

By 2 p.m. on Sunday we were in Rotterdam, and soon after we were on our way to Cologne, where we arrived at 10-30 p.m. We made straight for the Christliches Hospiz, where a good supper was awaiting us. Next day was spent on the Rhine. The water was very low, lower than it had been for nearly a hundred years, hence navigation was very difficult; sometimes there could not have been six inches between the keel of the boat and the river bottom. As a result we were very late at Rudesheim, where we had intended to stay the night—so late in fact that we resolved to sail straight through to Mannheim. At Bingen we met Longdin, who had already been baptised "Lausub," and Herr Fritz Lau, who was to be our guiding star for the next few weeks.

At Mannheim we breakfasted at the Volksküche (the people's kitchen), and a good meal cost us twopence a head. By mid-day we were at Heidelberg, where we revisited the Blue Cross of blessed memory. We all had a dip in the Neckar, but even then, with appetites thus reinforced, the Blue Cross dinner was too much for us. We are still looking out for a man who could conceivably eat such a one. When we have found him, the "Lausub" shall pay him homage as to his patron saint.

After seeing the sights of Heidelberg we went straight through to Baden-Baden, where the actual marching began. Here we had a foretaste of some of our coming woes, forbidden to light a fire—there had been forest fires in the neighbourhood,—no chance of a proper wash, for a water famine was imminent. But we survived, and next day when we got into the Murg valley, we even had a good bathe. Following the Murg—famous for the paper mills which we did not see over—we reached Raumünzach, where we cooked a glorious meal in the river bed, whilst all but the cooks (or nearly all) rejoiced in a gorgeous bath.

We now struck westwards to the Hornisgrinde, the highest point in the northern Black Forest. The last 300 feet of the climb were murderous, nearly perpendicular, and we shall never forget them to our dying day—had there been a weighing machine at the top some awe-inspiring discoveries would have been made. From the Hornisgrinde to the Mummelsee is but a few minutes' walk, and here we cooked by the lake side, while we had boating and swimming to our heart's content in the lake.

But there was one cause of anxiety, our food supply was giving out! Many of the places marked on the map contained one or two tiny peasant houses, where no supplies were forthcoming. When we reached Allerheiligen, we thought we should get food from the large hotel there, but they could spare us none. Two foraging parties set out, and both brought back some few things, a few potatoes, one loaf, a few bread rolls, etc., but we resolved henceforth to carry with us all necessary provisions, at any rate, enough for two whole days.

Continuing southwards, we reached the summit of Kniebis by about 1 p.m., but not a drop of water was to be had, and when we began to light a fire, up cane a forester who said he had the strictest orders to stop any fire-making in the open. So we had to trudge on two more weary hours before we found water and wood.

Next day we reached Wolfach, where we halted for two days, the rest-day being very welcome to tired feet. Here we had our first experience of a genuine "Gewitter." The sky darkened quite suddenly, and soon the lightning was rending the sky, and the rain—well in five minutes the rain had quashed any idea of camping out that night. And so we tried a barn where we might sleep. We got one at a modest inn, "Zur Fortuna," a most apt name apparently, for the landlady is making her fortune fast. She fleeced us to the tune of 16s. for use of hayloft and one large dining room. It is only fair to say we met no one else of that type in the whole three and a half weeks.

Our route still continued direct south. We passed through Hornberg, Triberg, Furtwangen (where we nearly bought the place up, some 40 lbs of groceries alone went along with us, not counting fruit and black bread), over the Thurner (where the landlady would talk cockney and refused to understand our German), through the Hill-Valley to Titisee, thence still southwards to Schluchsee and St. Blasien.

At the latter spot some of the party fell martyrs to a great endeavour. They had tried to clear off what was left of rice pudding and stewed fruit—they failed, a heroic failure, but it was a piteous sight to see them lying torpid and oblivious of all mundane affairs, quite unable to walk, barely capable of crawling on all fours.

St. Blasien was the most southern point of our journey. We now struck N.-W. over the Feldberg towards Freiburg. We slept near the Feldberg at Menzenschwand. Here we had a typical example of Black Forest climate. The day was dreadfully hot, so hot that any clothes at all were a purgatory. We turned in before the cold came. By two a.m. we were all awake, absolutely frozen, and even after putting on two shirts, a sweater, and a coat, one was still cold. Also the whole place was soaking wet, the mist so heavy that one could only see a few yards. We learned during our trip to dress to go to bed and to undress in the morning.

By Sunday of the second week we were climbing the Feldberg, the highest point of the Forest, some 4,900 feet high. We cooked dinner right on top, and as we left in the afternoon for Freiburg, we had a wonderful view of the Alps. The lower parts of the mountains were quite invisible, but the peaks stood out clearly, flashing in the sunlight, now one range, now another coming into view, then slowly disappearing again.

Next day we reached Freiburg, where we had a standing camp for four days. The shops of the town seemed to exercise a strange fascination, and some of the "Automats" did a great business. On the Tuesday, our good friend Frank Sutton, O.M., entertained us to dinner. It was rather a rash undertaking, for we had not sat down at a proper table for nearly a fortnight, moreover appetites by this time were prodigious. But, *mirabile dictu*, we failed to clear the board, the "Lausub" failing disconsolately before a slab of apple pie.

After dinner, we sang and sang, till the people of Freiburg wondered if it were a temperance hotel, in fact, as well as in name. Next morning, we had an attack of laziness—is that the proper word, I wonder—and we failed ignominiously to reach the Höllental at the appointed time, but we got there somehow, and rambled along from Hell's Climb to Heaven's Kingdom—*facilis descensus Averni!*

After four days in Freiburg we set out by rail for Strasbourg, where we stayed one night. Here we were asked if we were Italians—ask Sturdy why—and also if we were Turks. The latter seemed to us a bit too bad. We encamped on a public playing field, and had all the pleasure of extreme publicity, also a visit next morning from hundreds of recruits, training for some military sports.

By Friday of the third week we were in Worms, and the same evening in Frankfurt. Here we were received by a group of wanderbirds, with flags, guitars, etc. These young gentlemen had procured the loan of a football field for us, gathered us wood, and in short, done all they could to make us comfortable. Saturday was spent in seeing the city, and on Sunday we visited the Saalburg and later joined the Frankfort wanderbirds on a Familienausflug, a family excursion to which sisters, cousins, aunts, etc., may be invited.

Monday of the fourth week was spent on the Rhine, and once more we slept at the Christliches Hospiz at Cologne. On Tuesday we reached Brussels in the early afternoon, and, after a few hours there, we went on to Antwerp, where the good ship S.S. "Wrexham" was waiting to bear us safely home to dear old England.

"Where are we going next year?" was the question asked repeatedly on the homeward journey. This is enough to show how we enjoyed ourselves. We had done something like 200 miles on foot, 700 by boat, and 1000 by rail, nearly 2000 miles in all—a fair mileage for three and a half weeks.

And what a mass of new impressions—our memories are full of scenes of hill and valley, old romantic castles, towns, and villages of every shape and size; and above all we think with gratitude of the many nameless, kindly souls who were ready everywhere to do us a good turn—why, even Mr. Schweinerei caused us endless amusement. And finally, we thank our beloved Fritz for all he did for us; we may truly say that we never hope to meet such a Wanderkamerad as he. He absolutely must come over to see us in Manchester, and when he comes we shall try to give him as good a time as he deserves.

MGS Wanderbirds German Tour Account.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
20 payments at £5 10s.0d. each	110	0	0
Occasional Members	5	9	0
Refunded on tickets	2	13	3
	<u>£118</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>3</u>

EXPENSES.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Rail and Boat						
Per Dean & Dawson	43	12	92			
In Germany	23	15	3			
				67	8	02
Food						
Germany, 24 days	27	1	6			
Boat	3	13	0			
				30	14	6
General						
Hotels, Equipment, etc.	8	17	22			
Tribute	2	0	0			
Hire of Tents, etc., paid to H.O.L.C.	1	5	0			
Refunded	0	13	6			
				12	15	82
Repayment to boys, 7/3 each				7	5	0
				<u>£118</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>3</u>

T. M. STOTT, Adjutant.

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## 1912 TREK - THE ROUTE MARCH

The Route March through Southern Cheshire, West Derbyshire, and North Staffordshire, begun on the Monday after Whit-week and finished on the following Friday, was a pleasing experience to all the thirty-one who took part in it. As want of space precludes a detailed account either of the itinerary or of the many incidents *en route*, a few points only in connection with the march can be commented on.

In the first place the mileage accomplished, 104 miles in five days, distributed as follows—about twenty-five miles on each of the first three days, on the first *via* Marton and Wincle to Three Shires' Bridge; on the second from that spot across the Dove valley, through Hindlow, Sheldon, Ashford, and Bakewell to Darley Dale, and on the third thence through Winster, Hartington and Warslow to Upper Elkstone; and on each of the last two days shorter journeys of less than fifteen miles, the first from Upper Elkstone to Mr. Boon's farm at Cloud End, and the second from the latter place home—was a fairly meritorious performance, partly because, owing to the nature of the country traversed, the party, in addition to its burden of tents and general equipment, had frequently to carry supplies for future meals some distance, and partly because several of our party were quite young, two being under twelve years of age.

Much cannot be said here about the scenery which we beheld, but few of us will soon forget the splendour of the first night's campsite on the quiet lawn near the Three Shires' Bridge, where the moon bathed our surroundings in a sea of glorious light, and in the early morning some of us, not wrapped in Lethean slumber, heard the lark's morning-song, the babble of the brook, the moorhen's whirr, and in as close proximity to us — so some assert—as the store-tent's pole, the cuckoo's early note; or again the wide, extensive view across the valley to north and east, as we lay encamped on Cloud, thirteen hundred feet above sea-level; or the sight of the Roaches as they presented to us in majestic splendour the silhouette of their dark, clearly-cut outline against a background of snow-white clouds.

Nor will quickly fade the memory of the munificent kindness of Mr. King, father of King of M.Ra, in providing for our first breakfast a plentiful supply of cottage loaves and a splendid rabbit pie; of the morning at the Baths at Darley Dale, followed by the repast prepared for us by the genial chef; of the reception accorded us at Sheldon and Ashford, and of Miss Foxall's kind invitation to us to inspect her school at Meerbrook,

And if these things, which were outside us, will be remembered well, what may not be said of the qualities and acts of our little troop itself, its spirit of cheerful *camaraderie*, its blithesome freshness on the hills, the magnificent lead given to it by the Scouts in front, the usefulness of Stoddard, Alcock and Hay in times of need, the continual devotion and unselfishness of Mr. Hope, the reliability of the Heavy Brigade behind, with the excellent help rendered to the young ones by Wilkinson, Stephens and Rhodes, and the pluck and endurance of Salkeld and E. Kenyon themselves?

Lastly, to whom are our praises due if not to the Doctor for his many contributions to our happiness? To campers there is but one doctor, and he is all-sufficient. Endowed as he is with qualities of leadership worthy of a general, a gift of sympathy with and kindness to the sick not unlike that of Florence Nightingale, and withal, a truly Ruskinian spirit, which at all times appreciates to the full the beauties of Nature, he can, by his mere presence, ensure the success of a tour. On this march it may truly be said of him, "*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*," and it is our sincerest wish that he may be able for many years to lead expeditions of a kind similar to those which for nine years have been associated with his name.

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Stimulated by the kindness met with in last year's tramp through Brittany, we determined this summer to try a larger and more complex venture—to undertake a long trek in France, with Paris as our goal of pilgrimage, and this time—why not?—as Scouts. So we set out, some 26 boys, and four set in authority, on August 1st, and we got back, all alive and hearty, on September 15th, after covering more than 500 miles on foot in France, and spending just 42 guineas each!

Briefly, our route was London, Southampton, St. Malo, then on foot to Chartres, by train to Versailles, a march on Paris, a four days' stay there, by train again to Orleans, and then, westward and northward ho! along the Loire Valley to Angers and then up through Rennes to St. Malo once again. Another four days (of sheer joy!) in Jersey this time, and a night in Winchester, and our programme was complete. By the mercy of Providence, all the distances and times fitted in perfectly, and we returned happy and brown and quite sincerely grateful.

In a couple of pages it is futile to try to describe anything of what we saw and felt, but even the list of provinces passed through is a noble roll—Brittany, Low Normandy, Perche, Beauce, Ile-de-France, Orléanais, Touraine, Anjou, Maine, and once more the heather and deep woods and hospitable plenty of Brittany, where O. M. Jones's kin still flourish over-sea.

And who that knew it will forget in the gloom of Long Millgate the call of the open road that led us ever on, up hill, through vineyards, orchards, pastures, cornfields, over streams and, for days on end, along the noblest of French rivers, with its velvet grass for rest-fags, and its abundant gifts of blackberries and apples? We shall grow old indeed, and our swords will long be rust, before we cease to hearken gladly to that call, the call of the road that belongs to all men and leads, if you wish it, any whither, and that carried our feet along so gladly to the lilt of the bugles and the steady exhortation of the drums.

All France was ours, with her old-world villages and glorious capital, which has been so often the heart as well as the brain of Europe, and cathedral was added unto cathedral, castle unto castle, and province unto province in the catalogue of happy memories. We shall live long indeed ere we forget.

And what shall we say adequate to express a particle of the gratitude we feel for kindness received, and "good turns" done to us, so often and so lavishly, by the great French people— mayors and old women, children and journalists, peasants and chatelains—until we thought that one at least of our scout laws would never need teaching over there? Was not our water boiled for us daily? And milk secured, often with difficulty, but always willingly? Were we not given our choice of fields and theatres, barracks, stables, schools, barns, castles even, in which to sleep?

Who will forget the 30/- worth of chocolate at Versailles, or the pears, and the streams of cider, that were showered on us along the route? Did not Metcalfe and Kenyon and Neill and Tommy Stock carry among them, with pride a little chastened at times, some 24 bouquets presented to our troop? What of the two flags they offered us, and all the photographs they took of us, and the articles they wrote about us? What, above all, of our quarters in Paris, and the hospitable welcome of our hosts, the French scouts?

What of the country clergy, and their blessings and ready help? Shades of M. Gallienne, the Protestant pastor who founded scouting in France, and of the Venerable Curé of St. Jean-de-la-Forêt, you with the face of a saint and the genius of a savant and an artist, who made us free of your museum and your garden and your Church—alike are you dear to us, and of both alike will the grateful hearts of young English boys long keep the memory green!

Well, it is past for a time—past the reveillée at 7, the "faction" bringing tea or coffee, the start at 9, the concerts given to benefactors, the tramp of 16 to 20 miles a day, the sunshine and the showers, the potterings (lunch ordered) about country towns, the generous dinners, the stir of the big towns and the moonlight on the quiet cornfield, as the six tents stood in midnight stillness, the buying-in at night, the packing-up of baggage, the falling-in, the dressing-lines and "covering" of men. It is past, and only a memory. But what a memory, after all, it is! And what, to sum up, have we done?

(a) We have walked through all weathers, nothing daunted, 500 miles on foot, trusting, and never in vain, for each day to solve its own problems of resting-place and food. We have slept 31 nights under canvas, and 14 only under shelter.

(b) We have preached Scouting all along the line, explained it, boomed it, in several cases persuaded people to try it, and made the acquaintance of many French scouts, who camped and trekked with us, and who are coming, we hope, to visit us at Manchester next year.

(c) We have seen some of the most beautiful towns and most splendid country in France, in provinces of the most varied type.

(d) We have learnt to understand a very great deal of French when we hear it spoken, and to buy anything for ourselves in French of which we are proud—it is so effective!

(e) Best of all we have learnt to know and love the great, thrifty, kind-hearted, clever, gay French people. Never again shall we call them “Froggy!” To us they are brothers, gallant, chivalrous, gentle. We would gladly fight with and for them, if need must be: we simply couldn’t fight against them.

(f) And we have learnt, perhaps, that it is easy with a little effort to cut a clean furrow, do a good day’s march, face each day joyfully and undismayed, and see a thing through.

Speaking for himself, their leader would like to say that he has learnt, from the boys with him, an additional respect for boyish pluck, and that their unfailing good temper and kindness and ready obedience made his task easy and his trouble nominal. And he would like to take this opportunity of thanking those whose co-operation and ungrudging help alone made the trip possible: Mr. Porter, Mr. Daan, Mr. Hartley, Mr. W. A. Cooper, Mr. M. W. Brown, and that gallant Old Mancunian, Harold Rippon.

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This Easter it was determined to pay a rapid visit to Belgium, to see the country and its Scouts, so 33 of us, more than two-thirds of the party being Scouts, set out on our pilgrimage on Maundy Thursday. We travelled under the auspices of the N E. Railway, and owe much to the care and consideration they showed in making arrangements for us. An outline of our itinerary in French has been written by one of the boys and is printed below, but it may be useful to summarise a few outstanding features of the trip:—

(1) It was proved feasible to camp out in March, provided that the boys are warmly clad and take an extra sleeping-sack. In Belgium we found that Easter Scout-camps are almost universal.

(2) Belgium is a particularly suitable country for a short trek, since with a season-ticket on the railway it is easy to traverse it rapidly from end to side, enjoying both the old-world cities of the plains and the pine-woods of the Ardennes. We managed, too, to get across the frontier into France, Germany, and Luxembourg. Belgium is also a very cheap country, bread being 1d. per lb. and milk 2d. per quart.

(3) Both in Holland and Belgium Scouting is a reality, and the Scouts and Scoutmasters are full of the spirit of comradeship and give a hearty welcome. They are also very proficient in Scoutcraft, and can teach us many things. Two Scouts spent some days with us, and we shall keep a happy memory of their smartness and keenness.

(4) At Liège we met some of the Paris Scouts whom we had seen the previous year in France and had a real French-Belgian-English reunion. Such things must make for international peace and friendship.

(5) It proved, once more, quite easy, with good tent-sergeants and an excellent aide-de-camp, to travel through a foreign country without making arrangements in advance. On reaching a town Belgian Scouts always came up to offer help, and showed us the shops and camping sites. Scouting allows one to combine security and certainty of welcome with that spirit of adventure which is only possible when each day is left to solve its own material problems.

(6) Though we had one substantial hotel meal each day, the trip was fairly cheap. Roughly, it cost each boy a guinea to get to the Belgian frontier via Rotterdam; the fortnight's season ticket over all the railway system came to 18s. 9d., and the total twelve days' trek cost just 3 guineas.

(7) Obedience, cheeriness, and unselfishness are indispensable if such a pilgrimage is to succeed. Happily our boys, as ever, displayed all these qualities in full measure, and made it as easy as it was delightful to be their guide to pastures new.

### **Le Voyage des Boy Scouts en Belgique.**

**G.A.F.T.**

Après une traversée assez mauvaise de Hull à Rotterdam, nous sommes arrivés dans cette dernière ville, à midi, le Vendredi Saint, vingt-et-un mars. Rotterdam est une ville où il-y-a beaucoup de canaux. Nous avons dîné dans un très grand hôtel, et puis nous sommes allés en chemin-de-fer jusqu'à Esschen, une ville frontière de Belgique. Après le déjeuner, nous sommes retournés à la gare, pour aller à Anvers. Là nous avons changé notre argent, et pour cinq shillings nous avons reçu six francs trente centimes en échange.

Durant notre séjour à Anvers, nous avons vu la belle cathédrale, et les vastes bassins. Ensuite nous sommes partis pour Gand; ce soir-là, nous avons couché dans le gymnase d'une école belge. Le matin du dimanche de Pâques, nous fûmes étonnés de voir que tous les magasins étaient ouverts. Nous avons vu aussi le Palais de Justice— et la maison que Louis XVIII. habita, après avoir fui la France. Le même jour, nous sommes allés à Bruges, où nous avons vu la grande et belle église de "Notre Dame," avec son haute tour de quatre-cent pas. Après avoir quitté Bruges, nous sommes allés à Ostende, mais nous avons trouvé cette ville sans grand intérêt, si bien que nous nous sommes réfugiés dans une ville de la France; Armentières, où nous avons passé la nuit dans la cour de l'École Professionnelle. Puis nous sommes allés à Courtrai, et de là à Tournai, où nous avons campé sur le champ de manoeuvres.

Le lendemain, nous sommes arrivés à Bruxelles, la capitale de la Belgique. Parmi les monuments nous avons remarqué le Palais du Roi, Le Vieux Palais du Roi, le Palais de Justice, l'Hotel de Ville, et la maison de Victor Hugo. Nous avons passé cette nuit-là sur le champ de bataille de Waterloo. Puis nous sommes arrivés à Namur, où nous avons visité les fortifications. Nous avons couché en pleine campagne à Tilff près d'une île sur un affluent de la

Meuse, non loin de Liège. Après nous être baignés dans la rivière, nous sommes allés à Spa, une très belle ville. Là nous avons goûté de l'eau minérale, qui nous a rappelé un mélange d'eau de Seltz et d'encre. Nous avons passé deux nuits à Spa dans une forêt de sapins.

Le lendemain de notre arrivée à Spa, nous avons laissé nos tentes et nos bagages dans une ferme, et nous avons traversé la frontière allemande. Le jour suivant, nous sommes entrés dans le grand-duché de Luxembourg et ce jour-là nous avons eu à dîner une soupe à la rhubarbe. Ensuite, nous sommes allés à Rochefort, où nous avons campé, et à Dinant, une très belle ville sur la Meuse. Puis nous sommes retournés à Rotterdam par petites étapes. Après une très bonne traversée sur le "Selby Abbey" nous sommes arrivés à Hull, le premier Avril à midi moins le quart.

Les habitants de la Belgique sont très hospitaliers. En Belgique, on voit des choses très amusantes: par exemple, presque tous les habitants portent toujours d'énormes sabots, les bicyclettes sont numérotées comme nos automobiles, les agents de police sont toujours ceints de l'épée; et enfin, toutes les petites charrettes sont tirées par des chiens.

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If, on an evening of last August a stray tourist had found himself on one of those lonely roads which skirt the weatherbeaten Donegal coast, he might have beheld approaching him a weird and terrifying spectacle. At a closer view it would have revealed itself as an ancient push-bike, groaning under a burden of a Primus stove, a tent, a sleeping sack, a rucksack, and a scout pole, and propelled by a cheerful-looking scout, clad in the picturesque costume now so familiar to us of the MGS

Before he had recovered his composure our procession would have been upon him. Twenty-seven trekkers, happy and bronzed, loaded with bandoliers of tent and sleeping sack, and carrying large aluminium pans full of provisions, would have marched past on their way to a camping ground for the night. And if our imaginary tourist had retained sufficient nerve to follow us up he would have seen much to interest him.

As soon as we have been successful in borrowing a field from a friendly farmer, we throw off our luggage and send out the boys on various "fags". Soon they begin to straggle back to the camp, bringing armfuls of dead wood, loads of turf, gallons of milk, and large pans full of pure well water. Fires spring up as if by magic, savoury stews bubble in the pans, glorious puddings are evolved by secret and mysterious processes known only to our most competent chef, and gallons of tea are boiling merrily on the fire.

Meanwhile our five mountain tents have been put up, and made warm and snug for the night. Then follows a grateful repletion, and that deep, dreamless slumber which is only bred by a good day's march in the open—a slumber to be broken next morning by the rag-time reveillé of our only bugler.

Then off we go for our morning dip, leaving the fires crackling cheerily, and return famine-stricken, to stow away pints of porridge, endless rashers of bacon, and some of the best eggs in the world. Then down come the tents, away go the pans to be cleaned, and soon we are all on the road again, ready for the adventures and chances of another day.

It would be superfluous to describe the charming scenery (for is it not all in the book of Baddeley?), but we remember with especial joy our many refreshing baths, our conquest of Errigal, the sail at Middletown, and the delightful steamer trip down Lough Erne to Enniskillen.

Very grateful are we to Mr. Stocks, who took us under his wing at Middletown, and to Mr. Trimble, of Enniskillen. We shall never forget the splendid quarters he gave us at the Royal Schools, or how, after he had exhausted all the other possibilities of hospitality, he came up to camp on our last evening and related the thrilling story of Enniskillen and Derry.

And among the boys we especially remember Lonsdale and Fulton, who ruled their tents with an iron hand; Shaw and Barker (much) practised pan-cleaners; Scarlett, who spent his life hobnobbing with constables and excise-men; Stern, who will never in future see a sardine or salmon-tin without thinking of Donegal; Eric Kenyon and Dowling, whose tireless energy seemed to disprove the impossibility of perpetual motion; Asquith, who did the trek luxuriously in turf-carts and mail-cars; and Martin, who could always be relied upon to dispose of our last rasher of bacon. Also, we must immortalise Tent 5, whose generous rivalry as to who should not carry the tent was one of the outstanding features of the trek.

Still, when all is said, in the words of the poet:

" 'Twas a jolly good trek,  
And jolly well done,  
And jolly good company—every one."

A few days after breaking-up at the end of July, a dozen or so Owlets, in the charge of a wire-haired terrier, might have been seen marching through Liverpool on their way to study the Irish question on the spot. The sea proved kind, the Kenmare comfortable, and the dog indulgent, so it was in capital spirits that they sailed past Queenstown and up the beautiful river to Cork, after a 20 hours' passage.

And here comes in the magic of Scouting. A postcard previously dispatched to the unknown resulted in our being met by Irish scouts, delightfully "tea'd" by them, escorted to a fairy dell beyond the town wherein to camp, and through the kindness of their Commissioner provided, not only with an itinerary which surpassed all expectations, but with a list of aristocratic hosts along the route who welcomed us with delightful courtesy to the freedom of their demesnes, and made us feel glad that land legislation had left their parks, at any rate, in the possession of such lords as these.

And in the gap between Lord Kenmare's hospitality and Lord Lansdowne's, did we not meet Commander Heathcote, of the Coastguards, who because he was interested in Scouts, put all the stations of the Waterville Peninsula at our disposal? And was not the welcome of the Coastguardsmen as hearty as that of Sir George Colthurst himself, and the kindness of their wives as delicate and gracious as even Lady O'Connell's at Killarney, or Mrs. Low's at Sillerhertale? Than which what did man, or boy, or dog ever meet with more generous and understanding? Let those who know them answer.

In a brief notice it is impossible to do more than touch on one or two points, though we could dwell on many. We confined our pilgrimage to Cork and Kerry, and were so enthralled by the wild and beautiful landscape daily spread before us that we had no wish to journey further. Tell us, you that have travelled, where you will meet with such lakes and mountains—mountains red with bracken and glowing gold with gorse; where with a strand like Rossbeigh, where we bathed we dare not say how often through five never-ending days?

And instead of tourists, Irish peasants, with their sweet, gentle voices; or, most often, the splendid isolation of craggy heights or hill-locked bog. For, travelling light, we could go everywhere (may never a trek-cart drag back the steps of the likes of us!) and we went as the crow flies, over mountain pass and through the heather.

Often, so scarce were shops, we carried food for two days with us, except for bread, which a good housewife would make, hot and irresistible, in half-an-hour, and milk, which was nothing or, if we insisted, twopence a quart! But when we did strike a little town, what meals we had in the quaint half-store and half-hotel we found!

Where will you connoisseurs do so well as at Williams' Hotel, Macroom, where you will get steak enough for two, four vegetables, and a sweet for 1/3? And in Ireland you get not only food but a welcome, a long crack with the landlord, and a jest with the gassoons who darken the window by standing, ten of them, upon the sill "to see the scout boys," and quiet ministering women, who move like queens majestic among their sauce-pans and their guests.

If this like you not, come to the lone steading on the moorland and sit by the peat-fire colloquing with the old mother about her children in America (all Irish children, when their wings are strong, seem to fly across the water), and she will show you how proud the poorest of them are that justice is about to be done to their country, and how they face cheerfully the certainty of raised taxation because their children will be better off and perhaps able to stay at home in Ireland.

Material prosperity is already come, in part: you can get a splendid cottage and an acre in many places for 1/- a week; houses are replacing hovels everywhere, and even expropriated owners confess, and gladly too, that the farms are thriving wonderfully since the land became the farmer's own.

But the Irish do not live by the mouth only. Listen to a group of little Irish boys as they sing you "A Nation once again," and you will feel how much they live by the heart, and know why they have so often died for an ideal. A Nation once again! Why, you will realise that the people of Ireland always must have been, and are today, a great and noble nation, with something fine even in their faults, mournful and tragic like their mist-wrapped mountains, laughing and tender like the blue waters of the Kenmare River!

Cork, Blarney, Ryecourt, Macroom, Ballyvourney, Loe Bridge, Killarney, Gap of Dunloe, Black Valley, Glencar, Windy Gap, Rossbeigh, Kells, Caherciveen, Portmagee, Valentia Island, Waterville, Sneem, Parknasilla, Lacheen, Kenmare, Kilgarvan, and again Ballyvourney and Macroom, whence we trained back to Cork- what memories does the sound of your names recall! What savour of bacon frying on peat, what camps by river and sea, in park and upland meadow, and always but twice in sunshine!

Hereby would we tender thanks, reverence and homage to our benefactors, high and lowly: the 1st and 2nd Cork Troops, Dr. Sandford, Sir George and Mr. Colthurst, Mr. Rye, Lady Ardelaun, Lord Kenmare, Sir Morgan O'Connell (what a tea and view he gave us!), Commander Heathcote, Mrs. Low (who made us equally free of her drawing-room, her motor, and her beautiful estate), Colonel Ulick de Burgh (mighty scout and Deputy Chief Commissioner of the Empire's scouting), Lord Lansdowne, Mrs. Cahill (who cooked so gloriously and patiently for us at Rossbeigh), the Archdeacon (whose lunch we had no time to eat at Waterville), Mr. Lloyd Carmichael (once of Chorlton), who showed us the magnificent Cable Depot he manages at Waterville, Mr. Phillips, of Manchester and Macroom; all estate agents, uniformly courteous; all coastguardsmen (and their wives), the soul of kindness to us; all gentlemen of the Irish Constabulary, who went out of their way to help us; Miss Slattery, of the Imperial Hotel, Killarney, and Miss Griffin, of Williams' Hotel, Macroom, both foster-mothers to boys; all farmers who gave us peat and lent us fields; all little Irish boys, who made life so gay for us; to all benefactors, in a word, of Cork and Kerry be raised a song of thanks!

If we were happy for a five weeks' walking trek of 209 miles in Ireland at a total cost of £3 12s, including return fare, to them be the glory and to them the praise.

Or rather, to them and the boys who, under the splendid lead of Fasnacht, gave by their cheerfulness, energy and goodness, a thoroughly restful and delightful holiday to their elderly guide.

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## 1914 FOREIGN TREK - NORMANDY

On April 19th 47 Grammar School boys, with four O.M.s, in charge of Mr. Hope, left Manchester on a 10 days' trek to Normandy. After a fairly rough crossing, lasting about six hours, which to some of us seemed more like twenty, we arrived at Le Havre early on Friday morning, and without losing much time went to a restaurant. In the afternoon we walked about six miles and encamped for the night. The following day we did not overwork ourselves, only walking a short distance to a place called St. Romaine. There we were kindly allowed to camp in a beautiful garden belonging to M. Roussel, the ex-mayor of the town. He was very hospitable, and put us up for two nights, during which we used their cook and kitchen just as if they were our own. The town team challenged us at football, and after a very sporting game, England, under the captaincy of "Jobi" Thompson, beat France by 5 goals to 3. On Easter Sunday we all went to church.

Next day we walked about 15 miles. In the morning we went to Lillebonne, and visited the famous Roman ruins, proceeding in the afternoon to St. Arnould, where, although we only found a small shop, the people were so obliging that they sold us nearly everything they had. On Easter Tuesday we made another good step towards Rouen, in the morning walked to Caudebec, where we went through the famous old cathedral, and later went on to Ste. Marguerite, camping down in a lovely spot at the foot of a forest. Next day we passed through Duclair, and spent the night at St. Martin where we had a huge fire, round which we all listened to a thrilling story told with much vigour by the one and only "George" Jadhav, or, as he is better known, "Le Prince des Indes." On Thursday we only carried our tents for about three miles, and left them at a farm. The idea was to camp not too near Rouen. Thus relieved, we marched, to the sound of bugles and drums, into the town.

During our stay of three days at Rouen we had a fine time. At Canteleu we found an English boarding school, and by pure chance "Dish" Jones happened to meet a cousin of his there! On Saturday evening, after having met a number of French scouts, who enjoyed a night with us, we started on our way back, and arrived home on Sunday night, sorry that our holiday had come to an end so soon.

Many things contributed to the great success of this trek. In the first place the weather, which is the main factor in keeping everybody cheerful, was absolutely magnificent. Everybody we met proved extremely kind; not only people like M. Roussel and his family, and Miss Stewart, the head mistress of the boarding school at Canteleu—who boiled us a huge quantity of potatoes,— but also the farmers, innkeepers, and everyone whom we met. Our travelling was done splendidly, owing to the excellent arrangements of the Great Northern Railway Co. Our thanks are due in the first place to Mr. Hope, and he himself wishes to thank the officers—Messrs. D. S. Hodgson-Jones, Watson, R. Williamson, and H. Ormerod (O.M.s), for their splendid backing; the drummers, buglers and flag-bearers, who did a good bit towards keeping us on the go; the tent-sergeants, and especially the *aides-de-camp*, Fasnacht and Jadhav, "for their unceasing and unselfish toil for the good of their fellow-nurslings of the mighty Owl."

On Friday, the 8th, the party sat down to tea in the School dining-room, and presentations were afterwards made to Mr. Hope and Jadhav. The total cost of the trip, fares included, worked out at £3 2s. 2d. for the seniors, and £2 2s. 6d. for the 35 juniors.

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On Wednesday, June 3rd, the combined Trek took place from the fastnesses of the Cloud. There were 70 scouts from Troop 1 and five campers from Alderley, but it is expected that the proportion will be more nearly equal next year, after boys have marked what fine things were seen and done in one vivid experience of three days. He that has then no trekking in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

Although the Doc. was left "pavilion'd in splendour" (a mild tribute to the magnificence of one proclaimed as "Doc" through two hemispheres), in a state of convalescence, we had with us the "ancient of days," the pivot of all sublunar trekking. Mr. H. Ormerod (O.M.) and Mr. J. Rivers (O.M.) were there to make us realise what we might become if we trek sufficiently, whilst the only "Beamish" hovered over us with his incommunicable charm, set off, moreover, by the baritonic virility of Mr. Worsley.

Marching on Wednesday was the test of all gallantry, for the heat was only equalled by our resistance. At Meerbrook we fed like shepherds on green pastures, and, many ways refreshed, set forth on the stiff climb to the Mermaid. Here, overlooking the high hills, we pitched tents amid the crying of plovers and the strong wind.

Next day we went swinging along the fine moorland roads, distracted occasionally by the anti-vegetarian tendencies of James (which is a canine animal). With Timperley, Sandiford and Dawson, there was no lack of sweet music in the rearguard, whilst the path-finders led us through Flush. By the Dane we trod, where the crags break the water and the bathing-pools lie. At last we attained finality, as far as camping-sites go, at Three Shires' Head. Here let him come who is suffering from the least or the greatest of the sorrows that flesh is heir to, and he will go hence a new man.

Some of the farm-people in the neighbourhood had misconceptions regarding our identity as a troop, but the seductive whispers and the potent eye of Mr. Latimer quickly obtained for us the finest butter and loaves of which the world holds record. Next morning the hills, displeased perhaps by the melancholy suggestions of an adjacent farmer, shrouded themselves in mist, but who cared? There are voices in the mist, and the mist is a robe as grand as the robe of sunlight.

So down through Wild Boar's Clough and along the sobered Dane, and Edgar Poe's own valley of the multi-coloured grass, to Rushton once more. Here some proceeded to no unenviable lunch in Macclesfield (they were five), and the rest to Cloud. But all are returned from Macclesfield and the Cloud, yet none have forgotten those unforgettable days. Here's to Trekking!