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SCOUTING ROUND THE WORLD

SCOUTING ROUND THE WORLD

BY
THE CHIEF SCOUT
LORD BADEN-POWELL
OF GILWELL

ILLUSTRATED
BY THE AUTHOR

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SCOUTING ROUND THE WORLD

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CHAPTER I

THE ADVENTURE BEGINS

TO-DAY you can imagine us on board the *Orama*, taking our last look at the Thames Valley before sailing away for our eight months' tour of the world.

I just love settling down on board a new ship, and all the more when one has such a delightful cabin as ours. What's more, I like a ship that *is* a ship and not a luxury hotel.

It is good to feel again the fresh briny air in one's nostrils and to drink it into one's lungs.

This is going to be a delightful voyage, giving us altogether nearly two months of ship-board life – in three different ships – before we arrive in Australia.

Some of you Sea Scouts would like that, I expect – I know *I* shall.

Talking of Sea Scouting, I hope that many more of you will take up Sea Scouting during the coming year. It is a ripping change from land scouting, good though that is – provided that you get lots of camping.

Part of my boyhood, and, I think, the jolliest part of it, was spent sea scouting, and I think that's why I love ships so much now.

My three brothers and I had a small sailing yacht in which we cruised round the coasts of England and Scotland. We managed the ship entirely by ourselves, sailing her and cleaning and painting her, and doing our own cooking and catering. It was hard work, but great fun. Indeed, it was something more than hard work when we came in for gales and big seas in wintry weather on a dangerous coast. The chief fun in that was looking back on it afterwards. The actual voyage meant facing big dangers when miserably cold, half starving, and wet through.

But it was all jolly good for us. We learned to face danger without fear, to obey every order from the skipper without the slightest hesitation, to keep our heads and use our wits in the most upsetting situations.

It helped make men of us.

And that makes all the difference.

A fellow who has been brought up in a town without ever having faced danger or risked his life is rarely as manly when he grows up as the fellow who had learned it while young.

So my advice it, wherever you possibly can, be a Sea Scout, even if only for a time. Go in for adventure and get all the fun out of it that you can, and you'll be the better men for it later on.

I have been across the Bay of Biscay a good many times in my life – well, certainly more than thirty – and the only time that I remember it being really rough was on my very first trip. Then it surely *was* rough: about as rough as it could possibly be: beastly rough, in fact. But as I had already read and heard of the Bay being a terribly stormy sea I looked upon it then without surprise and almost without a qualm. (As a Sea Scout would do.)

I supposed that roughness was its normal condition and paid little attention to it. But the captain found it necessary to shut down speed and finally to heave to, or stand still, head to wind and sea, for about six hours. We had one or two boats carried away, and a saloon sky-light was smashed in. Also a poop-ladder broke adrift and injured a number of seamen. The seas really ran “mountains high” and were a splendid, if an awesome, spectacle.

We took several days to get through that rough and tumble, living on scrappy meals of cold food, since cooking and serving were practically impossible!

Yes, it was a time. But I have never known it to be like that since; so I don't suppose it will be this time, either. But I will tell you more about that when we have got to the other side of the old Bay.

Meantime, I must explore the ship and settle down into my bright, airy cabin for the first part of our long journey.

CHAPTER II

ON BOARD THE “ORAMA”

I LEFT off to go to unpack, and I hadn't time to tell you then of the wonderful send-off which we had from Tilbury.

Most of our journeys during the past few years have taken us either from Liverpool or from Southampton, and it was a long time since I had set sail from Tilbury, which, as you know, is quite near to London.

So the Scouts and Guides from Kent and Essex took the opportunity of coming along in force to say good-bye to us (a jolly smart lot they were too), and before I knew where I was they had slung a garland of flowers round my neck with a silver wolf (the emblem of a good Scout) dangling beneath it.

This ceremony took me back in through to former journeyings. When I visited India some years ago this “garlanding” by Scouts was quite the order of the day, and I used to go about looking and feeling rather like a walking Christmas Tree!

Well, we waved our thanks and good-byes to our well-wishers over the side of the ship and were soon steaming away, passing the *Empress of India*, also leaving that day, on our way out.

In my cabin a large number of letters and telegrams awaited us from Scouts and Guides and other friends bidding us farewell.

The *Orama* is a beautiful ship, deep cream in colour, with a green nameplate and waterline. We have settled down most comfortably on board.

The pilot will take our letters ashore and post them at Brixham.

Here is our programme for the first half of our tour, so that if you want to follow our doings you can cut it out.

I have purposely only given the names of the towns and not the countries, so that you may have the fun of looking them out on the map and marking the route for yourselves.

Saturday, Oct. 27	.	.	.	Leave Tibury.
Wed., Oct. 31	.	.	.	Gibraltar.
Thursday, Nov. 1	.	.	.	Palma.
Friday, Nov. 2	.	.	.	Toulon.
Sunday, Nov. 4	.	.	.	Naples.
Wednesday, Nov. 7	.	.	.	Port Said.
Thursday, Nov. 8	.	.	.	Suez.
Sunday, Nov. 11	.	.	.	Aden.
Saturday, Nov. 17	.	.	.	Colombo.

At Colombo we change ships and go on in the S.S. *Corfu*.

SCOUTING ROUND THE WORLD

Friday, Nov. 23 . . . Singapore,
thence to Kuala
Lumpur,
Penang, etc.

At Singapore we change ships again and go on in the S.S. *Marella*.

Wednesday, Dec. 5	.	.	.	Batavia.
Thursday, Dec. 6	.	.	.	Samarang.
Friday, Dec. 7	.	.	.	Sourabaya.
Wed., Dec. 12	.	.	.	Darwen.
Saturday, Dec. 15	.	.	.	Thursday Island.
Monday, Dec. 17	.	.	.	Townsville.
Thursday, Dec. 20	.	.	.	Brisbane.
Wed., Dec. 26	.	.	.	Melbourne, for the big Scout Jamboree.

At almost every one of these places we shall be greeted by Scouts and Guides and shall give them greetings from the Prince of Wales, Chief Scout for Wales, the Princess Royal, President of the Girl Guides, and from all of you Scouts and Guides at home in Britain.

We have had numbers of farewell messages from Scouts, Guides, and other friends; and in reply have sent this card :—



CHAPTER III

ON THE ROCK!

IN the early morning of our fifth day at sea we reached the Straits of Gibraltar, where the mountains of Morocco on the south side and those of Spain on the north form the entrance from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean Sea.

The “Bay” had been kind to us after all.

Tangier, the white-domed Moorish town on the Morocco coast, is some fourteen miles across the straits from Tarifa, the old walled and castellated town on the northern shore.

Then before us loomed up the massive Rock of Gibraltar, where British cannon guard the channel.

This great fortress has undergone ten sieges, but the most celebrated one was in 1704, when the British, after capturing the town with the fleet under Admiral George Rooke, were besieged and bombarded for six months by the united forces of France and Spain.

A yet greater siege was that which lasted from 1779 till 1783, when again the French and Spaniards combined their efforts in vainly attempting to take this important stronghold, which successfully resisted their attacks under the splendid leadership of General Elliott.

General Elliott had been a cavalry officer in the 15th Hussars, and it was largely owing to his strict discipline that the garrison succeeded in holding out. Every man had learned to obey orders without hesitation or question.

Well, General Elliott and his men succeeded in holding the Rock, though time after time it looked as if they would have to give in. But the General “stuck to it” like a Scout and pulled through all

right in the end.

And Gibraltar has remained British ever since.

Gibraltar is a most interesting place to explore, and there are good roads cut in the face of the rock so that troops and guns can easily be moved from point to point.

More than half-way up the rock we came to the celebrated “galleries.” These are long tunnels, quarried along inside the face of the mountain, with big “windows” here and there from which guns could be fired while they and their gunners were completely protected from enemy fire.

These windows or gun-forts were further protected by “mantlets” or blinds made of rope plaited together which prevented bullets and shell splinters from coming in and also prevented the



A SPANISH SCOUT

smoke of discharge from getting out and so betraying their position. The galleries were the invention of a man named Inch, who was employed in the Military Works Department.

Then we were shown another wonderful piece of tunnelling and mining in the heart of the Rock, where eight great tanks for holding water have been excavated.

A large part of the eastern side of the Rock, amounting to nearly thirty acres of surface, has been sheeted over with corrugated iron to catch all the rain that falls there and to run it off into the tanks. The men who work on this surface in making it or repairing it, have to have the support of ropes from the top, as it is a very steep slope.

To see these tanks and the catchment we went in a funny little railway which runs in a tunnel through the mountain from end to end – the trucks being pushed by hand.

It was a very interesting to see all the fortifications, ancient and modern, all over the Rock, and also to see on the Governor's dining table the keys of the fortress, which are brought in every day by the sergeant of the guard, preceded by a drummer, and handed over to his Excellency.

But the most interesting thing to us, and what we had mainly come to see, was the fine crowd of Boy Scouts and Girls Guides.

We went ashore in the Governor's launch, and as we drew near the landing-stage cheers of welcome broke from the Scouts and Guides waiting on the quay; and there also were the Sea Scouts in their three boats all gaily decorated with flags in our honour.

It was not my first visit to Gibraltar this year, but when we went there in the spring I was ill and unable to land; so it was delightful to be there again, actually among the Scouts and Guides.

These included fifty Spanish Scouts from Malaga, four from Tangier, a large number of Sea Scouts, and also a group of "old Scouts," i.e., men who had been through the scout training as boys.

The Guides, as smart as ever, were there in full force, accompanied by several packs of Brownies.

After his Excellency, who was accompanied by Lady Harington, wearing the uniform of the Girl Guides, had addressed the boys and girls, the Chief Guide and I made a quick tour of inspection, and then we also talked to them and were photographed with their leading Scouters and Guiders.

It was a busy but very happy time that was spent among them. When it was time for us to return to our ship, their Excellencies accompanied us, and as their launch drew away after we had thanked them and bidden them farewell, the *Orama* weighed anchor and set her course for the Mediterranean. The Sea Scouts circled about in their boats, giving us a parting cheer, and away we went.

Thus was the first rally of our tour successfully carried out, and we brought away with us very happy memories of Gibraltar and of our Scout and Guide family there.

CHAPTER IV

A GLIMPSE OF FRANCE

WE left Gibraltar in brilliantly hot sunshine – so hot that we chose shady places on deck to sit in while we read the wireless news telling us of snow and sleet in England!

But as we went northward again, making for Toulon, in France, the sky clouded over and the wind rose, and before we reached the Balearic Islands, half-way up the coast of Spain, we were in a gale of wind.

After we had called in at Palma, on the island of Majorca, to land a few passengers, we came in for the choppy seas, rain, and wind which I always associate with the Gulf of Lyons. I have been there many times and have always found it to be like that.

The Bay of Biscay, which is always talked of as being rough, was quite all right this time, but the Gulf of Lyons is a very agitated spot, and when I am there I always think of the pluck of Lord Nelson, who spent some time on that horrible bit of sea.

Lord Nelson, although he was a great sailor, was not a “good sailor”; that is to say, he never could get over sea-sickness. But there he remained, tossed about in gales and heavy seas, waiting, eternally waiting, for the French fleet to come out of its harbour in Toulon.

As we entered the harbour of Toulon, the wind dropped, the clouds were gone, and the sun shone on this wonderful place. Toulon is the best harbour in the south of France – a huge sheet of water surrounded with wooded hills, with the town and naval dockyard on its northern shore. Beyond these rise a semi-circle of great rocky heights, on the top of which are forts for the defence of the place, for it is the great naval arsenal of France in the Mediterranean.

Warships of every kind were there, from battleships to submarines. It was nice to see several of these going out to sea and, as they passed our ship, dipping their ensigns in salute. I don't know that our men-of-war would be so courteous to a foreign liner. But the French are a very polite people.

Politeness does not cost anything, and I hope all Scouts, at any rate, will try to practise it rather more than is usually done in the British Isles. It is all very well to be a “rough diamond,” or to have a good heart beneath a surly exterior, but remember that it is the exterior that people see when they meet you for the first time, and they may only know of the roughness and surliness – and that is where the Scout smile is such a useful thing to wear at all times and to show to strangers.

To return to Toulon – we were welcomed on our arrival there by a rally of French Scouts and Guides, about 800 of them, and jolly smart they were. They were dressed, both Cubs and Scouts, just the same as ours at home. They looked healthy and strong and cheery and their discipline was excellent.

The French Navy had lent a splendid sports ground for the rally, and when we arrived there the French and British flags were hoisted side by side and the Scouts sang first “God Save the King” in English, and then their own National Anthem, “La Marseillaise,” in French.



THE SCOUT SMILE

The rally was quite a novel and very delightful one. The Cubs were in the centre of the ground in a big horseshoe formation, with the Scouts behind them. At the sound of the horn the Cubs ran forward, yelling and cheering, until the Commissioner in charge fires a pistol, on which they all fell down flat and remained on the ground in silence.

Then the horn sounded again and the Scouts all ran in cheering. When they got near the circle of prostrate Cubs the piston was again fired and all the Scouts dropped.

The Chief Commissioner then gave a splendid address in English, telling us that the eight hundred Scouts, Cubs, Guides, and Brownies whom we had seen were the representatives of over a hundred thousand French members of our brotherhood.

If they are all up to sample, Scouting in France is on the right lines!

CHAPTER V

A VISIT TO A VOLCANO

WE had a real gale all night after leaving Toulon. When passing the island of Elba, where Napoleon was imprisoned by the British after the Peninsular War, we ran into thick fog which made us go “slow” for some hours, so that we arrived in Naples after midday on Sunday instead of in the early morning.

In Naples the people were observing Armistice Day, so Pompeii and all the other usual sights were closed to the public. But we motored out some six miles to Solfatara to see once more that is called the little Vesuvius.

It is an old crater of a volcano. A high rocky ridge forms a complete circle round a flat plain which, if you stamp on it, gives out a hollow sound. It is actually the crust that has formed over the boiling lava below it. Here and there are cracks and small holes in it through which steam comes up with a sickening smell of sulphur.

In one place there is a small open crater about fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, and in its hollow there is a mass of black mud boiling and bubbling and sending out clouds of sulphurous steam.

In another small crater there is boiling sand seething and spitting.

Our guide lit a small torch, and at once heavy clouds of steam arose from the water and out of cracks in the ground and hillside. You only had to hold a lighted match to any little crevice that showed steam and immediately an immense cloud of it would be formed; and not only that, but from every crevice and crater – even from those far away – clouds of steam would suddenly rush out as if the original one had called them to join in.



**A YOUNG MARINETTO
(Sea Scout)**

Some of the gas coming out of a crevice in the ground was exceedingly poisonous, and had killed many a dog sniffing round it. Our guide held his flaming torch to it, and the flame died down and was extinguished in a few minutes.

We did not see any Scouts or Guides in Italy, because there are none there at the present time. But the organisation in Italy which trains boys and girls is very much on the same lines as the Scouts and Guides. The only difference is that it is compulsory, and recognised as part of the education system of the country.

There are, for instance, the Balilla. Balilla was a boy who, in 1746, during the occupation of Northern Italy by the Austrians, threw a stone at one of the oppressors, and this started a revolution on the part of the Italians which eventually drove the invaders out. Balilla, therefore, stands as a boy-hero, and a statue in a back-street in Genoa marks the incident and the spot where it occurred.



**THE BALILLA (WOLF CUBS) AND
AVANGUARDISTI (SCOUTS)**

Don't think I am recommending you to try this method of becoming a hero – you might not get a statue to your memory!

The Balilla are the boys of Wolf-Cub age and are dressed very much like our Wolf-Cubs except for their caps. The Avanguardisti correspond to our Scouts and the Marinetto to our Sea Scouts.

They carry out very much the same training as our boys, having their Law and Promise and learning by games and hobbies just as our Scouts do.

CHAPTER VI

THE SUEZ CANAL

THE sun sank last night in a very peculiar sunset, among masses of clouds. But after we thought he had gone for good he managed to pierce three little holes in the cloud, right down on the horizon, as if to say “Good night” before he finally disappeared!

And that was our final “good-bye” to the West – to Europe – to our home.

To-day we entered the East, through its gate, the Suez Canal, at Port Said.

I have been through that old gate a good many times in my life, but I have never got over the thrill of seeing it again, with its Arabs and camels and palm trees and desert – and oh, the smells! Such a sudden change from the White Man's country.

Port Said is an Egyptian town at the entrance to the Suez Canal. It seems to be largely composed of shops that sell photographs and curios – and quite a fine town it is too, with broad streets and good shops, though I remember it as a collection of low shanties built on the sand in the years long ago when first I went out to India.

Hullo! Here is one thing that reminds me of home, if everything else is different:

Who are these crowding to meet us? The same old shorts, shirts, hats and staves – the Boy Scouts! Just like those we saw a few days ago at Toulon, at Gibraltar and at Tilbury when we started on our tour.

And here are the Girl Guides, too.

It is true that when you look closer at these boys and girls you see, under the hats, faces of different colour and appearance, for here are Egyptians as well as British and French and Armenians, Greeks and Jews, a really mixed lot, but all grinning the cheery Scout smile and all jolly together, forgetting their differences of race, colour and creed, and looking on each other as brothers in the one family, all playing the great game of Scouting together.



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT

The French Scouts carried the Australian flag at their head. This had been given to them by old Scouts of the Australian Field Force in the war. The force had been quartered for a time in Port Said and had been looked after by the French Boy Scouts there, so they gave them this flag as a memento. The Scouts are very proud of it.

It was a big rally – 4,000 Scouts in all, and the whole lot most smartly turned out in uniform and showing wonderful discipline.

It was fourteen years since I had last seen the Scouts here, and then there were only quite a few and one company of Girl Guides – so you can imagine the surprise which the Chief Guide and I had when we found this magnificent turn-out.

It was a great joy to see them all playing the game as brothers, not as foreigners, to one another.

If we can keep up such friendships all over the world, as we are already doing, there will be no wars in the future.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE RED SEA

LEAVING Port Said behind us, our ship steams along the Suez Canal, a perfectly straight water-road across flat sandy desert, for eighty-eight miles till, after passing the town of Ismailia, we reach Suez and enter the Red Sea.



LIFEBELTS DON'T SUIT EVERYONE !

We pass Suez at night, so see nothing but its lights.

Why is the Red Sea “red”?

Well, some people say because the mountains on both sides of it are of red sandstone, while others point to large patches of red scum floating on the water.

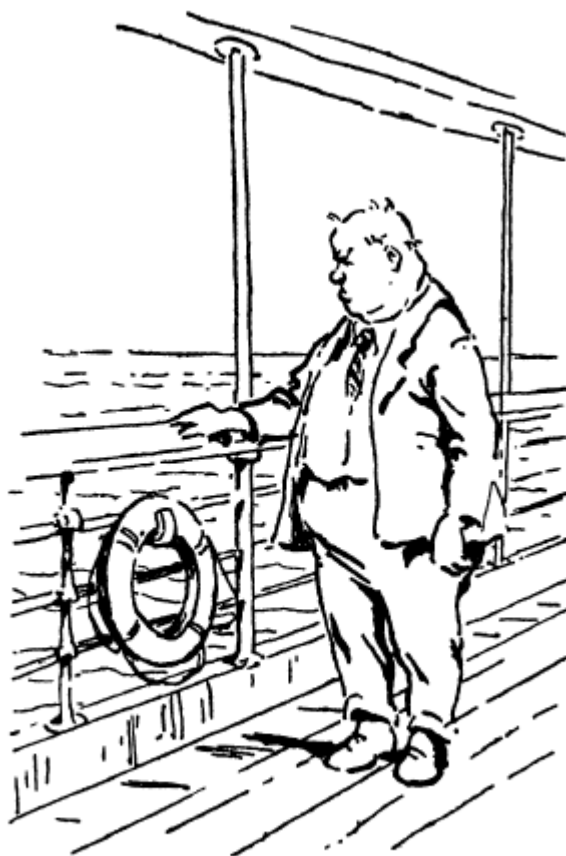
The Red Sea is always hot – very hot – except when, once in a blue moon, it is cold. And it *can* be very cold. But I have been through it eight times, and have only once known it to be cold. In olden days it was hotter than it is now – and to-day it is bad enough. But formerly ships did not move so fast, and therefore made very little breeze through the cabins. Sometimes a ship would turn round and steam backwards, stern first, in order to let fresh air into the after cabins.

Why is the Red Sea so hot? Well, it is a very long, narrow sea (it takes four days to steam down it) lying between two vast deserts and stony mountains, baking under a tropical sun. The hot winds blow across the sea and make the surface of the water steamy, so you have a damp, soggy heat, which is far worse than a frizzling, dry one.

On a calm afternoon in the Red Sea, suddenly our steam whistle gave out a succession of short, raucous barks; bugles sounded, the crew came running about; everybody stopped the games they were playing or jumped up from their afternoon nap.

It was a fire alarm!

Quickly but quietly everybody got their life-belts on and paraded at their appointed stations on deck, in three ranks, children, women, and men. Then there was a roaring rumble overhead (we were on B deck, next below the top, boat, deck A). This was the noise of boats being lowered, and in a few seconds there were two boats hanging from their davits in front of each group of passengers, ready for them to step into. Of course it was only a practice alarm, to make sure that everybody knew where to do and what to do in case of a real outbreak of fire or a collision; but it was very satisfying to know that in such case there would be no panic or disaster like that one in America the other day.



WHAT CHANCE FOR ME WITH A BELT
THAT SIZE ?

It was certainly very amusing to see what some of us looked like when decorated with lifebelts – they didn't seem suited to every kind of figure!

We pass out of the Red Sea along the narrow straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and arrive at Aden.

CHAPTER VIII

ADEN, THE GATE OF THE EAST

ADEN reminds me of Gibraltar in some ways. From the ship one sees a rocky mountain standing up out of the sea, and like “Gib,” connected with the mainland by a flat sandy plain.

But when you land you find that the “mountain” is actually a circle of steep cliffs enclosing a flat piece of ground on which is built the town, these cliffs being the crater of a long-dead volcano. If this were to break out again up (or down?) would go the whole town!

They never have any rain at Aden – or only once in about seven years – and there are no streams or springs in the place; yet for over a thousand years it has been a very active and flourishing sea-port, with trade between Africa and Arabia and India.

How do you suppose the inhabitants get water?

In very ancient days – some people say in the time of the Queen of Sheba – the natives set to work and dug in the mountainside a whole lot of rock cisterns or reservoirs with drains leading from all over the mountain, so that when the rare rain came it ran down these gutters and filled the reservoirs with enough water to last the town for some years. There are seven reservoirs in steps one above the other.

In more modern days the people got their domestic water by condensing sea-water – that is to say, the sea-water was boiled until it all went off in steam through pipes, which then cooled the steam until it became water again – fresh water this time, without the salt.

Nowadays water is brought by a pipe-line from the mainland. It is a great blessing, and what was once a bare, dry rock is now a garden for flowers and vegetables.

I remember in my early days in Aden there was a public garden there; but it was only during the later afternoon and evening! The trees and plants that formed it all grew in tubs on wheels. They were kept in sheds all day, sheltered from the withering sunshine, and were wheeled out in the cool of the afternoon to form a garden until next morning!

The authorities tried to make flowers grow on the mountainside round the stone reservoirs, but it was no use, the sun was too much for them. When making this experiment they put a notice up, which stood there for years, forbidding people to pluck the flowers. And there wasn’t a flower for miles around!

It is all right now, however, and Aden is a smiling place instead of the arid dust-heap it used to be. You meet all sorts of interesting races there – Arabs, Indians, Somalis (alias “Fuzziwuzzis” because of their golliwog hair), as well as British Air Force men, merchants, sailors, and others.

There were a number of Indian Scouts at the Rally the other day – as jolly a lot as I have seen anywhere.

You see some odd sights in Aden. Carriages and carts drawn by camels, who look very bored and much annoyed at being treated as if they were horses.



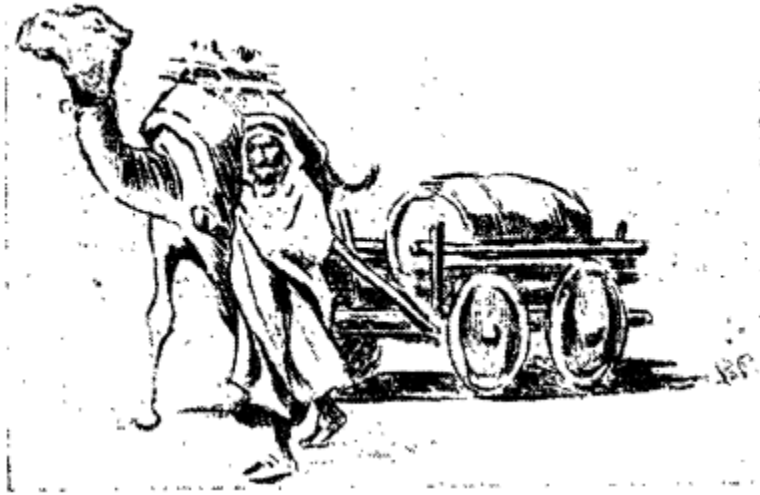
HE IS PLEASED WITH HIMSELF!

At one time there was a mermaid on show in Aden. She was not alive. In fact, by her shrivelled appearance I should imagine she had been dead for a considerable number of years.

Also by her appearance I should guess that she had never been alive at all – at any rate in that shape. She had probably been a monkey as to her upper half, attached to the tail of a big fish.

A visitor to Aden is always struck by the sight of camels pulling carts, and there you can see as clearly as possible the camel saying to himself: “Why am I put to do this job? Do they think I am a horse? I’ll show the blighters! I’ll never move faster than a snail.” And he doesn’t.

But camels are not the only “animals” in Aden. There are also Boy Scouts, and very interesting they are, because they come from so many different races. Besides the British, there are Arabs, Somalis, Jews, Chinese, and Indians, all looking pretty much alike in Scout kit. But they don’t all speak English though they all understand Arabic.



The British Resident in Aden, Sir Bernard Reilly, introduced Scouting there about seven years ago in this way. He was motoring through a town in India, called Palampur, when he saw a native child knocked down by a car. A crowd collected, but did nothing to help the child, who was rolling on the ground screaming.

So Sir Bernard stopped his car and went out to try to comfort the youngster, but the presence of a white man seemed to add to its terror, and it screamed worse than ever. Just then a native boy stepped out from the crowd, and proceeded to soothe the child and to examine its limbs. As the patient seemed comforted by this, Sir Bernard directed him to carry the child in to his car and to go with him to the hospital. The doctor who examined the child found there was no injury and that he might be taken home.

Sir Bernard, therefore, asked the boy who had assisted in the rescue to what address he should drive, and the boy replied: "I don't know where the child lives." "But surely you are his brother?"

"No, I have never seen him before." Then said Sir Bernard: "What made you come to help him?" "I am a Boy Scout, and it is our job to help people in trouble and to render first aid."

Sir Bernard then realised that Scouting has a hold on Indian as well as European boys, and when he came to Governor to Aden he persuaded one or two good men there to start Scouting among the native boys in Aden.

So there are now six troops of Scouts and Cubs and two companies of Girl Guides.

At the rally the other day the Scouts and Cubs gave some good displays. Particularly interesting were the Arab games played by Arab Wolf Cubs.

One troop had no Scout flag, so instead of sending to England to buy one they set to work to make their own, and did it so well that I could not see that it differed in any way from one sold in our shop.

They are very clever, those Arabs!

CHAPTER IX

SIGHTSEEING IN CEYLON

THIS morning I awoke in a new world. Through the wooden lattices I looked out on palm trees and pomegranate bushes and heard the long-forgotten calls of tropical birds piping from the garden as the sun rose.

It was delightful to find oneself once more in Ceylon.

With only a few hours to spare we – that is, the Chief Guide and I and our two daughters – made up our minds to run up to Kandy, the old capital of Ceylon. This was seventy miles from Colombo, and our ship was due to sail at six this evening.

So after an early breakfast we started off in a good car and slipped along through the avenued roads that form the outskirts of Colombo, with charming houses standing in their equally charming gardens on either side.

We passed the handsome town hall, standing in its own park, and the vast Houses of Parliament. Then through the native part of the town, where the shops are open booths selling every kind of article, European and native.

At this early time of day, that is, in the cool of the morning, the inhabitants seemed particularly busy. Motor-cars and lorries and 'buses were hurrying through the streets in contrast to the heavily laden wagons drawn by pairs of oxen, rickshaws pulled by running men, and the lighter two-wheeled covered carts or tiny gigs drawn by mild little trotting oxen.

The people themselves were delightful to the eye in their many-coloured picturesque clothes. The Cingalese were generally a singlet or shirt, a narrow, coloured skirt, and their long hair coiled up in a "knot" or "bun" at the back of the neck. The men therefore look much the same as the women, who are similarly dressed.

Then there are the Indian women, generally in bright-coloured "saris" – long, thin garments with the end looped over the head like a hood. The men wear turbans of various tints, and jackets, baggy breeches, and bare legs.

Altogether it is a very brightly coloured, smiling crowd that we pass through.

As we leave the suburbs of the town the road runs between miles of flooded little fields bright green with what looks like long grass or young corn but is really rice. Rice is the principal food of the people here. Also there are palm trees everywhere, with coconuts growing in clusters among their leaves right up at the top of the tall stems. The natives climb these by putting a loose loop of rope round the tree and round their own back, and, leaning back on this and pushing it upwards as they go, they walk up the bare trunk with their feet.

Besides palm trees there are bananas hanging in huge bunches from the stems of their plants. There are paw-paws – very like melons – growing in clusters at the top of smaller palm-like trees. There are pine-apples, too – but why call them pine-apples when they are no more like apples than they are like pines?

Also there are coca trees, but these are no relation to *coco-nut* trees.

There are neat little bushes grown in rows over the hillsides, the leaves of which we know well enough as tea. Then there are tall, thin trees, the juice from which is rubber. Each of these trees has a slit cut in its bark, but not very deep, and out of this a thick, milky juice drips into a pot or a coco-nut shell put there to catch it. This liquid becomes rubber for making motor-tyres, waterproof coats, and many other useful things.

Besides these useful plants and trees there are in Ceylon all kinds of trees and bushes with brightly coloured blooms. They make a glorious blaze of colour – poinsettias with big scarlet flowers and more flowers than leaves on them, pomegranate bushes in full bloom, and dozens of other plants and flowers all making the beautiful countryside still more beautiful!

All along the road of our seventy miles drive we passed picturesque people and villages. We saw, too, quite a number of elephants. These are used for shifting timber when trees are cut down, as well as for carrying loads. They are delightful old beasts, and so clever. We saw one playing with his driver and performing all sorts of tricks.

We also saw elephants at different places being washed in the rivers. They love to lie on their sides in the water with only one eye showing above the surface, while their driver scrubs them all over with a stone or a brick.

Our drive took us gradually up among wooded hills and rocky peaks where the air was much cooler than it was down in Colombo. Finally we came to Kandy, which in the old days was for a time the capital of Ceylon. It was from here that, when the British took Ceylon in 1815, they took away the throne as a sign that the kingdom no longer existed and that Ceylon was now under the rule of Great Britain.

Only the other day, when the Duke of Gloucester visited Ceylon, he brought back the throne as a present to Ceylon from King George. This generous thought on the part of our King has immensely pleased the Cingalese people.

At Kandy there is a wonderful old temple – not very fine or beautiful as a building, but interesting because it is a most sacred place to all who follow the religion of Buddha. In a small inside chamber of the temple is preserved what is believed by all good Buddhists to be the tooth of Buddha. If it were really his he must have been a very huge man, for the tooth is about two inches long. What a toothache you could get in a tooth of that size!

This tooth is kept in a gold casket, or *dagoba* as it is called, and this is enclosed in two or three more caskets of gold and precious stones.

Once a year the tooth is carried round the town on an elephant gorgeously decked out in embroidered clothing and surrounded by more elephants all handsomely apparelled and accompanied by the chiefs in their splendid dresses and with bands of music. This *Perahera*, as it is called, is a wonderful sight to see, and thousands of pilgrims come there from all over Ceylon and from India for the occasion.

Many of the pilgrims are Buddhist monks called *phoongis*. These are dressed in a single yellow robe with heads shaved and feet bare. Most of the young men go through a course of training as *phoongis*, and during that time they must have no money, but live on what people give

them in the way of food. This is to teach them to be humble. Then, also, they have to do good turns to other people as part of their training – like scouts and guides.

CHAPTER X

MALAYA

AT Colombo we said good-bye to the *Orama*, the ship that had brought us all the way from England to Gibraltar and Toulon, Naples and Port Said, and thence down the Red Sea to Aden, and so to Colombo in Ceylon.

She was to go on from there to Fremantle in Western Australia.

But there was another way of getting to Australia, and that was by Penang, the Malay States, Singapore, and Java, and thence to the northern coast of Australia.

Which line would you have taken if you had the choice?

Quite right. You would have gone by Penang, because you would see several interesting countries instead of having weeks on the open sea; and as Scouts live in all those countries it made this line still more attractive for me.

So after seeing a wonderful Rally of Scouts and Guides (five thousand strong) at Colombo and finishing our delightful stay with the Scouts and Guides in Ceylon, we embarked on another ship, the P. and O. (Peninsular and Oriental) liner *Corfu*, bound for Penang, Hong-Kong, and Yokohama in Japan.

The other passengers on board had come in her all the way from England, so when we joined the ship we felt rather like new boys joining a school. But they soon made friends with us, and, as most of them belonged to Malaya or Shanghai or Hong-Kong, they had lots of interesting things to tell us about those places.

It was now getting quite hot as we were in the tropics (the “tropics” means anywhere within fifteen degrees north or south of the Equator).

In this ship, as on all P. and O. ships sailing to the East, the crew is mainly composed of Indian sailors or “lascars” as they are called, with white boatswain and quartermasters.

As for the heat, the only time I mind it is when I have my bath. The bath-room gets very steamy, and one has to cool down after it before one can get clothes on – one is so sticky!

The cabins are kept cool by a number of small metal globes let into the ceiling. Each has a hole in the bottom through which cool air is driven, and the globes being in round sockets the “mouths” can be turned in any direction you want; so you can have your cool air wherever you may be sitting.

Then on deck is a big swimming tank for bathing, and on the deck above games of all sorts are played such as cricket, quoits, deck tennis (with quoits), "Bull," etc.

The sea is generally calm, with a light breeze and occasional sudden showers.

So we live an easy-going life and rather a lazy one. But it is a very different thing when we get ashore!

With Scout and Guide Rallies, public meetings and speeches, council meetings and Press reporters and photographers, there is more to be got through than can be done in a day; you may guess that we are glad to rest on board ship when we can.

It was a dull grey morning with the clouds hanging low over the higher Peak when our ship slid gently into the vast natural harbour of Penang.

Only three days from Ceylon, yet what a change was here. Lumbering sailing barges with uncouth sails, a junk or two, and the small sampans with double sterns that belong to China. Everyone of them has eyes painted on its bows, otherwise how can the boat see where it is going?

On the wharf every kind of Eastern was collected, Malay, Chinese, Hindu, and white, or, as the local advertisement put it, "Every race, white, black, brown, yellow and *pink*."

Good-bye ship! Good-bye fellow-voyagers! Although we have been in close companionship on board, calling each other nicknames, we part with a light "Cheerio – Good luck," and, except in a few cases, never meet again in this life.

Our car runs us through the town of big massive-looking shops and business houses with deep verandahs and shuttered windows out into the suburbs where most people live. Here are delightful two-storeyed bungalows standing amid wide green lawns and gorgeous flower gardens with slender palm trees and thicker shady trees overshadowing them.

Inside, our house is a succession of lofty rooms, without doors but with any number of doorways (my room has five, not counting two full-length windows opening on to the big verandah).

The doorways are closed by a kind of short double door, open to the air above and below. Overhead are electric fans. So the whole place is airy and cool, yet Penang is only five degrees north of the Equator and therefore pretty warm and "soggy" with the steamy heat.

A drive round the country shows us a continuous scene of beautiful palm plantations where coconuts are grown to produce copra – that is, the flesh of the nut which is used for making oil and soap.

Also we pass through large gardens of banana trees with their great flat green leaves and huge clusters of ripening bananas; you will probably be eating some of them before long!



A LASCAR

I was surprised on arriving at the Rally ground to see an immense crowd of many thousands of spectators gathered round all four sides of a huge arena. On the Scouts' call being sounded I was still more astonished when there rushed in from all sides a yelling mob of hundreds of Scouts and Cubs, till there were fourteen hundred of them formed in a semicircle in front of me, all in their ranks and suddenly silent and alert. It was a wonderful display of good discipline.

Then they gave displays all over the ground, every troop doing something, such as fire fighting, dancing, signalling, bridge-building, hut-making, first-aid, relay racing, etc., all exceedingly well done. The Scouts were mainly Malays, Chinese, and Indians, and all were in smart, clean uniforms and did their jobs well.

You can guess how pleased I was to find Scouting flourishing so well in this far out of the way corner of the British Empire!

CHAPTER XI

MORE ABOUT MALAYA

AT Kuala Lumpur, that's where I am as I write this! Queer sort of name, isn't it? Translated into English it means "Muddy-mouth," owing to the mouth of the river being inclined that way. But from where I sit on the shady verandah of this house there is no river to be seen. We are high up on a hilltop, with magnificent views over hills and valleys covered thick with woods and plantations of rubber and palm trees, while all round stand great mountains looking deep blue in the distance.

At the place where we stopped yesterday, Kuala Kangsar, there was also a wonderful view, but there *was* a river – a huge wide one which made a lovely picture with the forested hills on either side of it. Malaya is certainly a beautiful country, even if it *is* a bit hot.

While we were there we went to see the palace of the Sultan. It was a wonderful place – quite new, built in the very modernist style, but topped with half a dozen gilded domes and painted pink.

Although it is magnificently furnished, the Sultan does not live in it; he prefers his old Malayan bungalow close by. (I heard of one Malay lady who has a very fine European bed, made in the French style of 150 years ago – very handsome, but she doesn't sleep on it; she prefers to lie down *underneath* it!) There is no accounting for tastes!

This is the Sultan of only one of the Malay States. There are nine States, each with a Sultan and a British Resident to act as his adviser.

Four of these States are British, their Sultans owing allegiance to King George. These are called the Federated Malay States. The five remaining ones are also under the protection of Great Britain.

Besides these nine States there are three more States ruled by British Governors, and they are called “Settlements,” or Colonies. These British Colonies, known as “The Straits Settlements,” are Penang, Malacca, and Singapore. (By the way, one of the Federated States is Perak, but when you talk about it, don’t call it Perakk, but “Peera” – also the way to pronounce Selangor is “Slanger.”)

Travelling from Penang to Kuala Kangsar, you have to leave Penang in a steam ferryboat and cross an arm of the sea about four miles to the railway station of Prai, on the mainland.

The train runs through endless miles of rubber plantations and thick jungle and occasional paddy fields, backed by forested mountains and rocky bluffs, all beautifully picturesque, but – pouf! – ah, so hot!

Talking of paddy fields, these are fields of mud, flooded with water and planted with rice. The natives do not sow the rice, but grow it from seeds, and then stick each plant into the mud to grow. The whole of the paddy lands look like vast fields of young wheat, but it would seem a big job to start planting a field of wheat!



MALAY HOUSE

Yet these Chinese and Malays work at it patiently, and little by little they get the whole crop planted. They do what I have so often told you is the right thing, they *stick to the job*, although at first it looks impossible, and so they get it done successfully in the end.

Remember that when you are given a difficult task to do, and stick to it till you are successful!

In the plantations and forests of Malaya one sees endless little cottages – looking very picturesque and comfortable.

They are mainly built of light timber with palm-thatched roofs and stand on piles, well above the ground and safe from the panthers and snakes and similar menaces.

Often floods come, but the houses do not suffer much harm owing to their construction. Still, in some cases, when the flood has been unusually bad, houses float away, but their main timbers are so well fitted together that they don’t fall to pieces, and the men go out in gangs and haul them back where they belong.

I don't know whether mother and the children sit inside during the voyage; I rather expect they are up in the top of a tree somewhere, for the Malays are clever at building huts up among the branches. Indeed, Malays are very handy fellows, and the boys make excellent Scouts, active, brave, and resourceful.

Talking of ingenuity, I was told to-day of a clever "gadget" made by a Malay Boy Scout. He was in the jungle with a pal when the pal was bitten by a snake.

The Scout "first-aided" him all right, putting on a tourniquet above the bit to prevent the poison going up into the blood, and sucking the wound. Then he wanted to call to other Scouts for help.

He bored a small hole in the bottom of an empty fruit tin and passed a rough cord, made out of a creeper, through it, and, wetting his fingers, passed them up and down the cord, which was stretched tight, and so made a loud note with which he was able to signal in Morse through the forest.

Another nice trait of the Malays is their politeness. When a British man-of-war came to Singapore the Malay Football Club arranged to play a match with the ship's eleven. The Malays were told they must on any account lose their tempers if they lost a goal or got knocked over, so they behaved very well. But they went a bit farther, and whenever one of the opposite side got knocked over or slipped up the Malays left the ball and went to his assistance. Such was their politeness!

About two-thirds of Malaya consists of mountain and jungle with only very few inhabitants, and these are pretty wild. They are called Salai. They are not warlike and their chief weapon is a blow pipe, a long hollow bamboo, about seven feet long, through which they blow a dart which is about the size of a knitting needle and the end of which is made very sharp and smeared with poison. They shoot birds and small animals such as rats for food, and are very good shots.

In the vast jungles there are, of course, numbers of wild animals, and though you don't see them from the railway they are not far off.

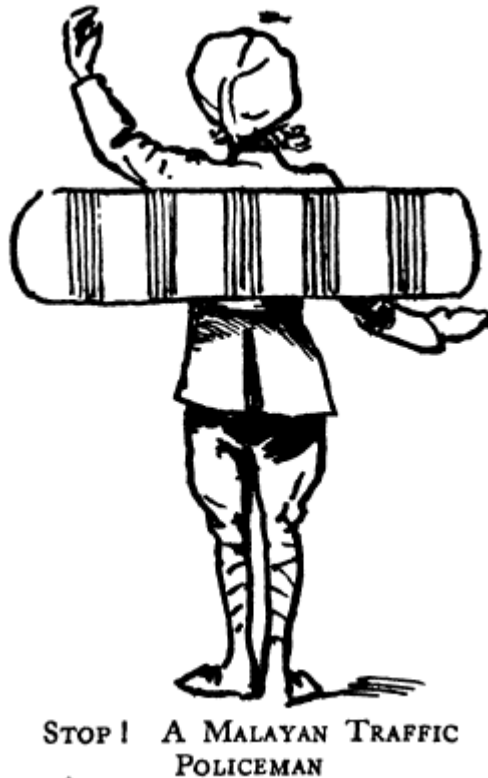
One station was pointed out to us as having been smashed up and destroyed by wild elephants, and at another point we were told that there were plenty of tigers within five miles, while black panthers and leopards are often seen not far from towns and villages. There are also rhinoceroses in the bush and crocodiles in the rivers, so Malaya is still an exciting country to live in!

At the same time it is a most civilised country. Every station along the railway is clean with fresh paint and smart with its bright flower gardens. The towns are kept in excellent order, as the streets and roads are clean and well kept. In my morning walk to-day I found only one bit of tin—foil off a chocolate, whereas in England I should have found paper bags, cigarette cases, banana skins and old newspapers by the score!

We have something to learn from these people.

By the way, their policemen here on point duty to regulate the traffic at cross roads where a black and white board strapped across their backs so that when they turn about they close the road behind them and are able to use both hands for signalling to other traffic.

The policemen are largely Sikhs from Northern India, fine, upstanding, bearded fellows.



CHAPTER XII

JAVA

TWO days' sail, between any number of tree-clad islands, brought us to Java. Java and Sumatra, Madura, Bali, and part of Borneo and New Guinea are governed by the Dutch: and very well governed too.

Batavia is the capital, with its harbour, Kanjong Priok, six miles away across flat, low-lying country very like Holland in appearance, especially as it has canals across it. It only needs

a black-and-white cow and a windmill to make it completely Holland! No. I'm wrong. Holland has not great mountain peaks behind it as has Batavia.

The town of Batavia is a charming, clean, wide-spread place with only a very few streets of great buildings, shops, and business houses, the rest being wide avenues of trees, with big stone bungalows in bright flower gardens on either side.

In the centre is a great open grass plain on which are football and hockey grounds and a racecourse. On this racecourse the Scouts and Guides held their rally. And it was SOME rally. Over 1,500 Scouts and 300 Guides, all smartly dressed, just like us in England with Scout hats and staves and exactly the same badges (and lots of them), took part.

Their faces – and knees – were not all the same colour as ours, since although there were a good many Dutch boys among them, most of the Scouts were Javanese (very like Malays), Chinese, Indians, Arabs, Eurasians, and Japanese. A good mixture, but they were all very smart, cheery, and well disciplined.

At the opening of the Rally they hoisted the British and Dutch flags with great ceremony on two masts, side by side, while the band played first our National Anthem and then the Dutch Anthem. The Cubs gave their Howl extraordinarily well, and the Brownies did the same.



Then some of the Scouts, dressed in their national dress, acted certain ceremonial dances to music on quaint instruments made out of bamboo, which gave quite a musical rattle when properly shaken.

Some of the boys danced, or rather acted, their parts most wonderfully. I was sorry when that part of the programme came to an end and we had the more ordinary march-past, etc., but it was all exceedingly well done.

The Scout headquarters are a big one-storeyed building with a verandah all round it and containing a Scout shop, offices, and meeting-room all “Scoutily” decorated, and – what do you think? They have something that we have not in any of our headquarters – a great wireless apparatus by which they can send messages to Australia and India and America! Before long we shall have a Scout wireless service about the world if this goes on. Would not that be great?

The Governor-General invited us to come and see him. He is a Dutch officer, representing the Queen of Holland, and rules over all the islands round Java which together form what is called “The Dutch East



A NATIONAL DANCE

Indies.” He has a lovely palace some thirty miles from Batavia, and surrounded by what are said to be the most beautiful gardens in the world. I can well believe it.

The whole country itself is like a beautiful garden, and we thoroughly enjoyed our drive from Batavia to the palace. The road almost all the way was shaded by trees, and was always thronged with people. Men and women alike wear linen jackets and rather tight skirts. Half the men seemed to be riding bicycles and the other half carrying loads at either end of a pole – called a kinder – carried across the shoulders. The women too carried loads either on their backs or on their heads.

Then there were little pony carts drawn by tiny ponies decked with highly ornamented harness. These took the place of the rickshaws which were so much in use in Malaya. Also there were tiny motor-omnibuses holding only four people – and that at a squeeze – in addition to the driver.

Those fellows with the kinder-poles astonished us by the enormous loads that they carried. We saw several carrying four packing cases each! Two at each end of the pole.



SEEN IN JAVA
A portable restaurant. The man carries a glass cupboard full of food and a cooking stove

Then everywhere along the road were “portable restaurants” – that is from one of the kinder there hung a small stove cooking the food and from the other hung a sort of cupboard holding food and plates and cups – ready to supply a meal to anyone requiring it at the roadside.

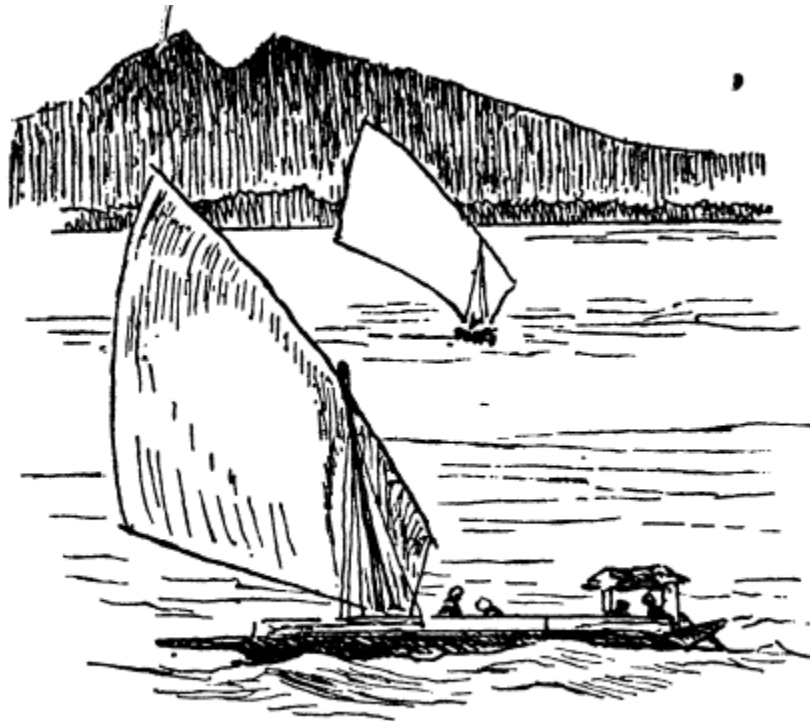
Samarang is a seaport about half-way along the north coast of Java (Java being about the size of England and Scotland). When we landed, the Scout officers received us and took us to a motor-bike racing track, where a rally of Scouts and Guides was held in our honour.

The proceedings began by the band playing the British National Anthem, followed by the Dutch Anthem, and while this was done four flags were slowly hoisted side by side – namely the Dutch, British, Scouts', and Guides' flags. It was a nice compliment to us.

Then we had inspection of the Scouts and Cubs and Guides and Brownies – about a thousand of them all told. They were very smart in their dress and well disciplined. The Scouts all carried staves, of course, and most of the staves were decorated, some of them elaborately carved.

How do I know they were well disciplined? Well, partly because they stood so rigidly at the alert while I went round, and also because when they charged in the rally, yelling and cheering, they were suddenly quite silent the moment they halted at the end of the rush.

I had to present a medal to one Patrol for being the best Patrol in Java this year. It was the result of a big competition between all the Patrols in the country.



JAVA BOATS

This is very much the kind of competition I hope to see started before long in England in which all Patrols in a Troop will compete to see which is the best, then the winning Patrols of all the Troops in a district will compete together, and the best district Patrols will compete to see which is the best in the county, and the county winners will compete to decide which is the best Patrol in the country.

In Java the competition was to decide which was the best at general Scout work. What I want to find in the same way is which is the most athletic Patrol in Great Britain, and some day, when I get home again, we will see about it!



At the Rally at Samarang the boys gave me a pretty little present of a carved Scout badge with a sort of imp engraved on it which seems to be the totem of Java. At the same time their spokesman said that the Scouts wanted to send their love and good wishes to you chaps in Great Britain and to their brother Scouts at the Australian Jamboree.

They are a jolly lot and can't they cheer! You could almost have heard them in England if you had been listening!

By the way, at Samarang I came across several men who looked as if they were playing golf, but only using one hand to their stick. They swung to each stroke, but either missed the ball or had another because they kept swinging and hitting!

See that there was no ball, I thought they must be like a certain golfer who is an inmate of a home and who steadily plays round a golf course every day with his clubs, but never has a ball! On closer investigation, I found that these men were not playing golf, but were moving the grass, their scythe being a small knife blade on the end of a stick!

CHAPTER XIII

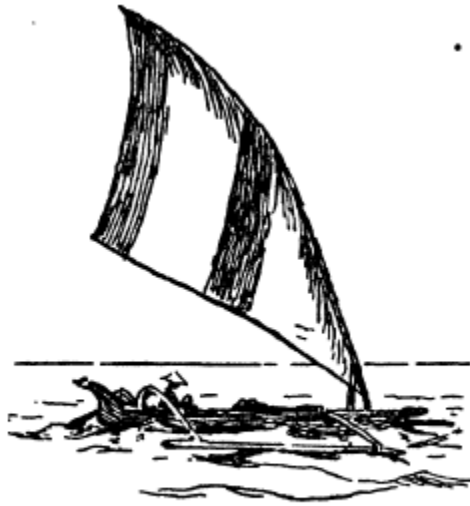
BALI

I SIT here on the upper deck in shirt-sleeves and shorts, at a corner where the slight breeze can catch one in the otherwise soggy tropical warmth, and there passes before me, as I sit with my feet cocked up on the rail, perhaps one of the most beautiful panoramas to be seen in the world – the northern face of Bali Island.

High above the banks of massed clouds stand great volcanic mountain peaks from 10,000 ft. to 12,000 ft. sheer above the sea, their slopes scored and furrowed with ravines and deep-cut valleys, and their bases shelving more gently into the sea, and thickly clothed with forests of coconut palms.

To this wondrous scenic display the sunshine and the cloud-shadow add the glow of brilliant colour contrasts of golden-green and purple-blue. It surely is a passing show of beauty.

The picturesque Catamaran fishing boats, with their quaint triangular sails (the apex of the triangle being at the foot and the base aloft), give a happy touch of life to the scene, while ashore a graceful temple among the trees speaks to the character of the Bali people.



A CATAMARAN FISHING BOAT

Simple agriculturists they are, and in their own way intensely religious. I say “in their own way” because their religion is very different from ours. It is rather like that of the Hindu-Brahmins. They worship certain gods, and have any amount of ceremonies and processions; in fact, it is said that half their time is spent in farming their crops and the other half in making religious processions!

They build very beautiful temples, with quaint carvings of their different gods, and each temple has its processions and religious dances and plays. For these men and women and boys and girls are carefully trained and very handsomely dressed.

The gateways into some of their temples are of a very handsome design and unlike any usual architecture.

The temple usually consists of two courts, the inner one for the gods and the outer one for the people to assemble in. Also there are kitchens where people can cook food – generally rice or meat – as offerings to their god.

In the inner court there are shrines or little chambers where the gods can come and rest when asked by the priest to come. Some of these chambers are called Merus and have several roofs (Toompangs). The number of Toompangs on a roof is always uneven; either three or five, and up to eleven in a very sacred one. Very much the same idea is carried out in China with a pagoda. Many of the gods are supposed to live inside the great mountains, and goddesses in the lakes of Bali. So mountains and lakes have temples dedicated to them

In the temple there usually stands a stone altar; and, in addition to those for the gods, there is a small shrine to a lesser god, one whose task it is to guard that particular temple. To these people make their offerings.

When they make offerings to the gods the women dress themselves in their ancient national dress, with all their jewellery and trinkets, and come in a long procession, in single file, each carrying a gift. It makes a very bright and picturesque show as the procession wends its way to



**FUNERAL TOWER, WHICH IS
CARRIED ON MEN'S SHOUL-
DERS, AND IS EVENTUALLY
BURNT**

the temple. After putting their offerings on the altar they go through a ceremony of paying homage – kneeling and taking sacred flowers in their hands and drinking three sips of holy water.

When the ceremony is over the men go off to see cock-fighting, of which they are as fond as our men are of going to a football match. If one cock gets knocked down by his opponent water is trickled into a coconut shell by the referee: if the shell is filled before the cock can get up again, he is counted out.

At the temple and other festivals there is a great deal of music of tom-toms and gamelans (hollow bamboo instruments), and folk dances and historic plays.

Yes! I leave beautiful Bali astern with great regret. It and its people are the very best of a very delightful series of Far-East places and people we have visited, and it is the last, for, as it sinks behind the horizon, our good ship turns her nose southward – for Australia.

The *Marella*, the ship which is bring us from Singapore, via Java, to Darwin and Melbourne, in Australia, does nothing but that trip backwards and forwards; she does not run to England. So she knows her way pretty well through all the tangle of islands that form the Dutch East Indies. She is an Australian ship manned by Australian officers, engineers, doctor, and purser, but all the stewards are Chinese and the crew mostly Malays, and the stokers are Indians. A mixed lot, aren't they!

But they are all good at their respective jobs; the Indians seem best able to stand the heat of the stokehold and the choking fog of the coal-dust in the bunkers, while the Malays, whose grandfathers were the most daring pirates in the world, are first-rate seamen: indeed, our captain has told me that his boatswain, a Malay, is a better boatswain than any white man he has ever known in that line.

You should see these Indians when they have finished their watch in the stokehold; they come up wet with sweat and black with coal-dust. In a short time they have washed themselves and changed into clean clothes. Then, each bringing with him a mat on which to kneel, they all come on deck and, facing towards Mecca, they go through a long series of prayers to God. It is very impressive to see these poor-looking humble Indians more faithful to their religion, I fear, than men of our own race, and not ashamed to go down on their knees and openly pray.

Then the Chinese stewards who look after us in our cabins, who manage our clothes, and who wait on us at meals are clean and most attentive servants. They are almost uncanny. Well – I have been writing and have left my table covered with a whole lot of letters to be answered, letters I have begun to write, drawings half finished, pens, pencils, india-rubber lying about. I come in to find the whole lot cleared away, and in their place tea things spread. After tea I am out

for a few minutes, and when I return the tea has been cleared away, and there, *exactly where I had had them before*, are my pencils and india-rubber, my letters and papers all carefully put back. On my first day on board I put a lump and a half of sugar in my tea. My Chinese “boy,” as we call them, had watched me, so every time that he brings me tea now he puts ready one lump and a half of sugar for me. That is their way, they *notice and remember*. There’s an example for Boy Scouts!

They remind me of that American boy who was asked by the President of the United States of America if he could take a letter to Garcia, the rebel leader in Cuba. It looked an almost impossible job.

But the boy took the letter in his hand, said, “Yes, sire,” and walked out of the room. He did not ask how he was to get to Cuba, or even to Garcia, once he had reached the island; he merely said, “Yes, sir,” and started off.

Some months later he called on the President and said: “Good morning, sir. I gave your letter to Garcia,” and was just walking out when the astonished President called him back and, by questioning him, learned how he had managed to get a passage to Cuba and how he had then made his way through the jungle in a dangerous enemy’s country, and had finally got into Garcia’s presence and had handed him the letter. Then he had had all the work over again of making his way back to America. But until he was forced he had not said a word as to how he managed it. He just *did* what was wanted of him, kicking the IM out of the word IMPOSSIBLE. That boy was just my idea of a good Scout.

The Chinese stewards come from Hailam, but there is quite another breed of Chinese also on board. These serve under the chief engineer and include electricians, engine men, carpenters, plumbers, etc. They come from Canton and are exceptionally neat and skilful workmen. Nearly all of both kinds of Chinese have served for years in this ship. They are good, faithful workers, and they like to stick to their job when they’ve got one. Another example to Scouts!!

CHAPTER XIV

AUSTRALIA AHOY!

YOU will have heard of the Timor Sea from the accounts of the fliers making their way from Europe to Australia. It is wrongly named, because the sea that they fly across, between Java and Australia, is really a bit of the Indian Ocean – the Timor Sea being a small sea north of this, enclosed by the islands of Sandalwood, Timor, and Flores.

Look at your map. This arm of the Indian Ocean is often a very nasty bit of sea for fliers to cross owing to frequent rainstorms and contrary winds, and is held to be the worst part of the whole flight from England to Melbourne. When the airmen are reported as having arrived safely at Darwin, on the north coast of Australia, their friends are greatly relieved.

We are now making our way, in our ship, across this sea to Darwin, but we have not had a storm or a rain-shower since leaving Bali. We should gladly welcome one to relieve the stewing heat. The thermometer in my cabin – let's see what it says, now, at seven o'clock in the morning – 89 degrees! Well, 89 degrees is about as hot as we ever get it in England and then it is a dry heat and fairly bearable – but when it is a damp heat, as it is here, you feel it twice as much.

When I went on deck to do my physical jerks at six this morning, I found it very warm and muggy. What little breeze there was came from astern, so that the wind which the ship usually makes for herself in going along was stopped by this breeze from behind, and consequently there was no cooling air on deck. I stripped to do my exercises, and then had to wait for a long time before I could become sufficiently unsticky to get my shirt on again!

Then, after my bath, I had to go and sit under an air-fan for nearly half an hour before I was cool enough to get my clothes on – and they were nothing more than shirt, shorts, and shoes. This when I suppose you at home are enjoying biting cold!

For miles across the horizon stretches a long flat shore – beach backed with dull green bush: miles and miles of it, without a break save where, right ahead of us, a small clump of buildings can be seen. So this is Australia!

We round a wooded bluff to find ourselves in a small bay with a jetty, while among the trees on the high ground overlooking it are the roofs of the township and the gables of Government House with the blue ensign of Australia flying from its flagstaff.



DARWIN

The scene seemed all wrong. I had long pictured Darwin as a straggling street of tin shanties on a sunbaked desert. My dream was shattered! Instead, here was a green wooded height crowned with pleasing bungalows. As our ship slid slowly up to the jetty we saw, to our surprise, a smart-looking troop of Scouts drawn up, with Scout flag and a Scoutmaster in front, and alongside them a patrol of Girl Guides! All smartly dressed and cheerful.

At every single place we have visited so far on our tour, except of course Naples, in Italy, we have found our brother Scouts awaiting us: at Gibraltar, Toulon, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, Penang, Kuala Kangsar, Kuala Lumpur, Singapore, Batavia, Samarang, Sourabaya – and now Darwin.

It was good thus to see our brother-Scouts everywhere, but it was perhaps better still to see our Union Jack flying also at so many points of the world, at Gib. and Malta, Port Said and Aden,

Colombo and Penang and Singapore, and now here on the great southern continent of Australia. It is wonderful!

And that is not the whole list, because before us we still have to see the flag flying in New Zealand, Raratonga, British Columbia, Canada, and Newfoundland – so it goes, right round the world, and this without our touching the many British colonies and the Union of South Africa and those of the West Indies. What an Empire you Scouts belong to!

Darwin is the capital of the Northern Territory of Australia but, beyond possessing a few hundred miles of land all round it, it is quite cut off from the other parts of Australia by a thousand miles of waterless scrub-brush and rock desert. There are about 2,000 white people in Darwin and neighbouring territory, and about as many native blacks, or Aborigines (called for short “Abos”). The white people are employees of gold mines, or of the railway which runs for three hundred miles, and there comes to a dead-end. Some day it will link up with the line which runs northwards from South Australia through the centre of the continent.

Australia, as you know, is really an island, but such a huge island that it is actually a continent (such as Africa), surrounded by water. Have you heard this one? “What was the biggest island in the world before Australia was discovered?” The correct answer is “Australia.”

Driving round Darwin one saw three streets of one-storeyed bungalows, shops, and offices, hotel and Government buildings, and beyond, the residential bungalows in their railed-in compounds.

Just outside the town was a considerable village of neat little white houses, enclosed within a fence. This was the native location in which dwelt the Abos. Further out stood a great factory, but – alas – idle. It was a meat-packing establishment where, during the war, oxen were brought in from the bush country, slaughtered, and frozen for the use of Australian troops at the front. Unfortunately there is no market presently for such large supplies as would pay the running expenses of this great industry.

The bush, which surrounds Darwin for mile and miles, comes close up to the town, so that when my daughters were taken for a short motor run they were delighted to see kangaroos and wallabies (a small kind of kangaroo) running and hopping about wild.

It is said of Darwin (which is a very hot and thirsty place) that its principal imports are full barrels of beer and empty-pocketed pioneers, while the exports are full pioneers and empty beer barrels. We certainly carried a good cargo of these on our ship!

In the country at the back of Darwin four hundreds of miles to the southward there are great cattle ranches in those parts where the grass is good and where there is water. The ranches are large, one – the biggest farm – is just about the size of England. A friend of mine owns one the size of Yorkshire. With cattle running loose in a field of that size you can imagine it is a bit of a job to keep stock of them all, but the farmers manage to do so by rounding up their herds with cowboys once a year and then branding the animals with their initials or totem mark.

When they want to sell the owners employ professional drovers to come and take the herd to the seaport, where the oxen are slaughtered and put into cold storage while their hides are baled and their fat boiled down into tallow for export. These drovers have their own horses and camp

equipment, as they have to drive the cattle many hundreds of miles. For this they receive payment at so much a head for every beast delivered at the end of the journey.



GOING TO SCHOOL IN AUSTRALIA

The work of ranching and droving is, in this hot climate, very hard, and the white men need to have frequent leave to get change of air to pull themselves together.

There is a young man on board who only a few years ago came here as a tender-foot, doing any job on a ranch in the way of cleaning up, cooking, etc. He wasn't content to do this all his life, and he soon worked up to be a cowboy, and then proved himself so capable and reliable that he has now been made manager of a whole big ranch. It has been a quick rise for so young a fellow, but it just shows what a lad can do if he works hard and can be trusted to do his duty without having somebody to direct him.

CHAPTER XV

“ABO” CUSTOMS

WE are crossing the Gulf of Carpentaria – that is, from the lion’s forelock to the tip of the rabbit’s ear. Have I told you before how to draw the map of Australia? It is a useful tip in case you should be asked to do so in your geography exam.

Draw a rabbit’s head facing eastward for the east side, and a lion’s head facing west for the other side; add a little bit of cabbage for the rabbit to eat – that is Tasmania, and there you have Australia!

To give you an idea of the size of the country, it is taking us two days and a half to cross the gulf from Darwin to Thursday Island – that is to say, it is about as far as from London to Lisbon by sea.

Down in the gulf there is a group of islands inhabited by Abos – as the Aborigines are called.

These Aborigines are absolutely wild, uneducated people who know nothing about law or civilisation, living almost like animals, but not quite. They have rules and customs of their own. They have no proper religion, but they believe that they have “a little body inside their body.” They are very clever at making traps and weapons out of materials that they can find upon the spot. They are clever Scouts in that way, and still more so in their way of tracking and stalking game.



THE ABOS ARE CLEVER HUNTERS

I have often told you how the little children are taught to track lizards' footprints in the dust and follow them up until they find their hiding places under stones or in cracks in the ground – for a lizard is to a young Abo as nice as a bit of chocolate to his European brother!

When an Abo dies his burial is made the occasion of a grand Corroboree. At the actual burial there is a great deal of wailing and stamping of feet around the grave, but it is about four months afterwards that the funeral ceremonies are carried out, and it is to these that his friends and neighbouring tribes come. Even if neighbouring tribes are not close friends, or even if they are enemies, they lay aside their ill-will for the moment and come together to join in the Corroboree. In preparation for this the man's own tribe cut and paint a number of quaint-looking posts of various shapes and with coloured designs and patterns on them. These they set up at a little distance from the grave.

The Corroboree then takes place, after sunset, and fires are lit to light up the scene. Mr. Wingham, of Darwin, thus describes the proceedings: "With loud shrieks the natives leave their camp, all painted up and carrying spears, then form a ring and a small fire is lit in the centre.

"They then start chanting in a low tone, which increases in volume and is followed by a loud slapping of the thighs, finishing up with a loud shriek. In the meantime one native has left the ring and is dancing through the fire.

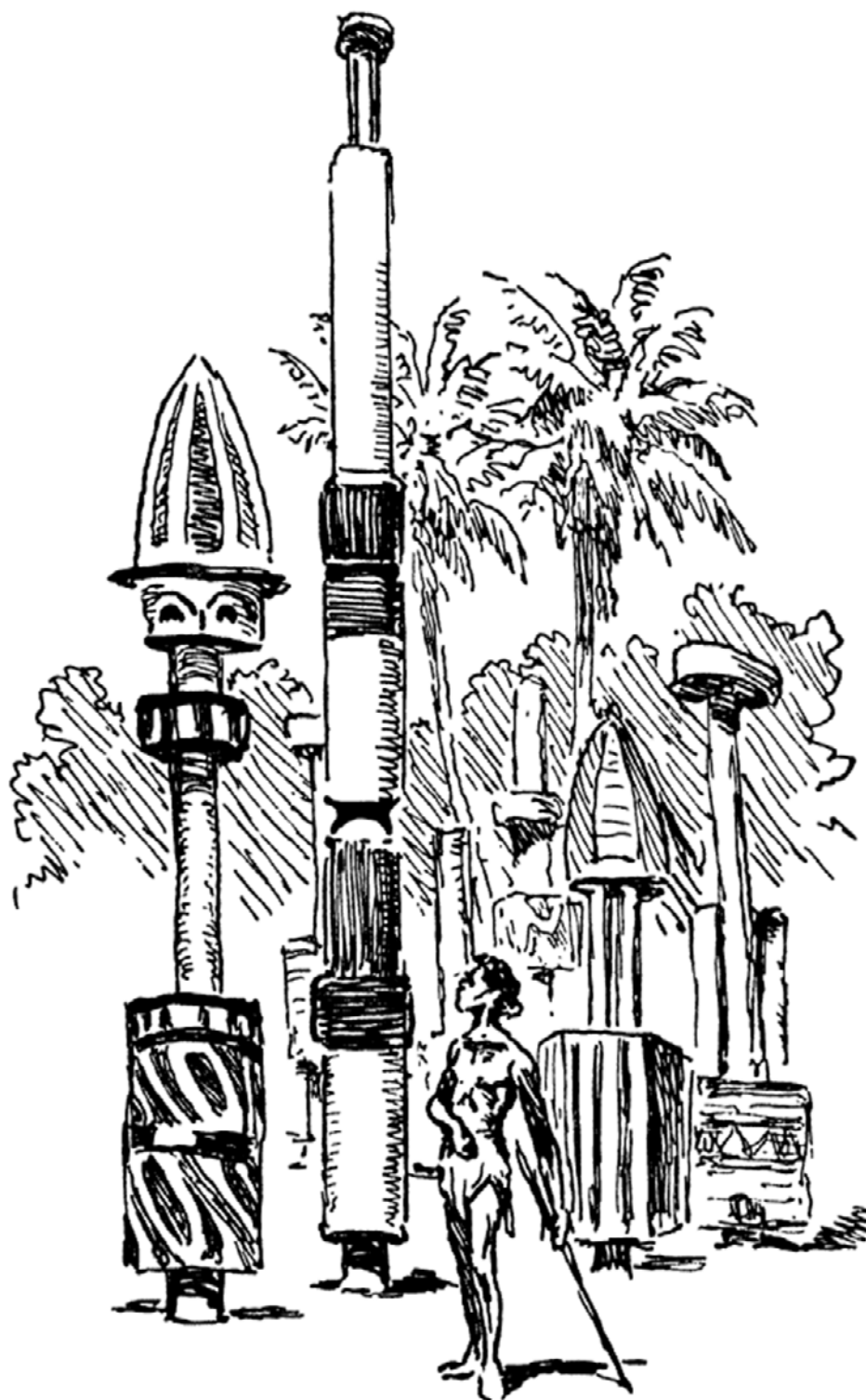
"After this has been going on for some time they break up the ring, and with loud shrieks they all rush to the grave posts (which have previously been arranged in a semi-circle), and throw their spears at the posts. They again form a circle, and Corroboreeing is kept up for some hours during the night. After a time they get tired and leave for their camp, returning at daylight to resume the Corroboree at the posts. After dancing for some time the posts are pulled up and carried to the grave, where holes are sunk and the posts are put round. Corroboreeing starts again at the grave, the natives crying aloud and knocking themselves about, showing their true sorrow for their dead comrade."

Right up above the Rabbit's Ear (Cape York) of Australia you will see on the map what appear to be a number of flies. Those are small islands – some inhabited, some not. In the middle of these is Thursday Island. It is a hilly, stony island covered with small trees, and it has a township of between 100 and 150 bungalows, shops, and offices and two churches.

When we arrived the bay, which forms the harbour was full of smart yacht-like luggers. They were the great pearl-fishing fleet which makes its headquarters there. Pearl shells, even if they contain no pearls, are valuable and are gathered from the bottom of the sea by what are called "Skin Divers" because they go down in their own skins and not in diving dress.

The shells are cleaned, the oysters being preserved for food, and the shells packed in sacks and sent to Japan to be made into buttons – so they tell me, but I can't believe that so many buttons can be made or needed, or could command such a price, for one tone of shell – that is about seventeen sacks – is valued at over £80.

As we steamed up to the pierhead we found it lined with a "Posse of Welcome" of a hundred and eighty Scouts and sixty Girl Guides – but they were in brilliant colours, the Scouts wearing scarlet kilts instead of shorts. It was a great change from what we were accustomed to, but quite a good one.



AN ABO'S BURIAL POSTS

The natives of these islands are quite a different race from the Abos of the mainland. They are bright, intelligent fellow and they make excellent Scouts. But they are not accustomed to wearing trousers or shorts, their national dress being a lava-lava or kind of loose kilt of linen. So the Scouts, who are barefooted, wear a scarlet lava-lava. Scout belt, shirt, and neckerchief, a staff, but no hat because they have fluffy, wiry hair and a hat would not stay on.

There was a small troop of white Scouts and Cubs in ordinary regulation kit and a native troop of Sea Scouts, also in regulation kit. The Sea Scouts were the best I have ever seen for size and strength. Great hefty fellows they were, all over 6 ft. high and strongly built.

The Scout Commissioner told me also that they were jolly good seamen.

It was wonderful to think that only fifty years ago, when I was a subaltern in my regiment, people in these islands were constantly fighting each other and eating those they had killed! And look at them now; peaceful, well behaved, loyal subjects of the King – and good Scouts!

My daughter Heather, who is acting as my secretary, has written an account of the Scouts' displays. This is what she says:

“A native troop from Mabuiag Island gave an excellent semaphore signalling display with brightly coloured flags. They spelt out their message of welcome as they signalled it, and then, bursting into song, sang the alphabet through, signalling the letters at top speed at the same time.

“A display with dumb-bells was done by a troop of Sea Scouts. Huge, strong, black Sea Scouts they were, most of them over 6 ft. in height, and with fuzzy hair, on top of which their uniform Sea Scout hats could only be perched.

“Following on these displays there came some native dances which they are very fond of acting and which they do extraordinarily well.

“A ‘pig’ – black with red lava-lava (kilt) – was snouting about in the sand looking for things to eat. On the horizon two hunters appeared, carrying spears, and each had a dog following to heel. The hunters patted their faithful allies, then, deep in thought, they sat on the ground to plan an attack, for they were out to catch prey.

“Hounds soon got wind of ‘pig,’ and they went off at a tangent, zigzagging this way and that, noses to ground, legs sprawling, in hot pursuit and kicking up a terrific dust. The ‘pig’ was run down and rolled over and the hunters ran in and ‘speared’ him. Then he was borne away, slung upside down on the spears carried on the hunters’ shoulders.

“This performance was followed by a Frog Dance by boys who had come across from the Coconut Islands., A whole troop of Scout frogs, big ones and little ones, all bunched together, came leaping in great bounds across the sandy ground, moving along at high speed, each holding on to the belt of the one in front of him, for fear of getting left in the lurch. They swung round in a huge circle and then went leaping back to whence they had come.

“Then there was another dance – or rather hunt – for this time a ‘kangaroo’ was being chased. He was nibbling peacefully sitting on his hocks and picking things off the ground with his fore-paws and moving about in slow, leisurely hops. He did not realise that two hunters were approaching him from behind. Quietly and gently they came, attired in no more than red loin-cloths and armed with spears, stepping lightly over the sand, with knees well bent, pointing their

toes, and with sterns well stuck out. Then, poising spears above their heads, ready for attack, they marked time with their feet, advanced and withdrew, and finally leapt on the unwary kangaroo.

“So elated were they by their successful hinting that, coming up close to their musical accompaniment, the kettledrum (and its assistant, the Kerosine tin), they danced a quick, rhythmical step, bodies forward, knees and feet well turned out, and al the time making the most hideous faces one could bear to see.

“Here, on Thursday Island, this particular dance caused great laughter, for it was a mimicry of their neighbours, the Abos, who hunt real kangaroo on the mainland.”



A TORRES STRAITS BOY SCOUT

CHAPTER XVI

TOWNSVILLE

TOWNSVILLE is the beginning of civilised Australia for us. It is one of the northernmost towns in Queensland. We are all very sorry to have finished that part of our tour which has brought us in touch with the Cingalese in Ceylon, the Malays, Chinese, Indians and Japanese in Malaya, and the Javanese in Java, and with the Australian Aborigines in Port Darwin and the Torres Straits Islanders at Thursday Island. Now we are leaving all that and are getting to Australia proper for the new fun of meeting our Australian brothers and fellow subjects of the King.

There are many swagmen in Australia. What is a swagman? Well, he is really a tramp or hiker, a man walking through the country carrying his “swag,” that is his kit, across his shoulder. The “swag” generally consists of such change of shirt, socks and shoes as he possesses, rolled up in his blanket, or “bluey” as it is called in Australia – and of course, his billy to cook his meals in, and his axe.

Townsville is a widely extended town on the shore of the immense bay surrounded by mountains; a very beautiful place.

As there was no time for us to go ashore the Scouts and Guides were good enough to come off in a launch to see us on board. They brought us a lot of beautiful flowers and fruit, including bananas, paw-paws, mangoes and custard apples. Also they presented me with a necklace of seed-pods of the eucalyptus gum-tree, though I don’t generally wear necklaces.

While we were lying at anchor my “secretaries,” like other people, had put out fishing lines, and they almost hopped out of their skins with delight when they caught a *shark*. It is true he was only a young one, about 3 ft. long – but still a *shark*, and a nasty vicious-looking fellow at that. Sharks, crocodiles, and poisonous sea snakes are common in these waters, and though the wide sandy beaches and clear, cool water invites one to bathe, the only place to do it in safety is one of the many bathing-places which are fenced in to keep out such visitors.

You generally expect crocodiles to exist only in freshwater rivers and swamps, but here, in Australia, they are also found in the salt water of the river mouths. They are nasty, aggressive beasts too, and horribly cunning.

I read an account recently of one crocodile who lived in a river in this part of Australia.

There was a family of children living on the river bank and every day they used to go to the school, some four miles away, by boat. They rowed themselves to school in the morning; moored their boat there and rowed home again in the evening.



A SWAGMAN

One day they noticed a huge crocodile swimming along behind the boat after they had started. Next day he was there again. So the following day they put a lot of stones in the boat and when he began to follow them the children pelted him with stones.



A BEAUTIFUL SMILE HAS THE CROCODILE !

But this did not stop him. One day there was a tremendous hullabaloo among the schoolchildren as they were assembling outside the schoolhouse.

The master ran out, to see the children rowing like made for the shore closely followed by the ugly great snout of the croc. They did not wait to get to the proper landing place but ran the boat against the nearest bit of the bank and jumped out, all but one of them.

The eldest sister, a girl of about thirteen, remained in the boat and as the croc. put his head over the stern of the boat to get her she bashed him as hard as she could with an oar. But still he came on.

As he put his forepaws into the boat it naturally went stern under and the brave girl very nearly fell into his horrible jaws, but she just managed to keep her balance and to scramble out before he could get her.

It just shows you how aggressive these crocodiles can be. Those children prefer to *walk* to school now instead of going by boat. And can you wonder?

CHAPTER XVII

BRISBANE AND SYDNEY

As you approach Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, the coast looks low and flat and bush grown, but back of it there stands up three or four remarkable mountain peaks, called the Glasshouse Peaks, any one of which would tempt a mountaineer to have a try at getting to its top. Wouldn't you want to tackle a thing like this if you saw it? I am not much of a climber myself, but I am sure that if I had been on shore, instead of on a ship at sea, I should have had a go at it!

Apart from these peaks, the approach to Brisbane is very peaceful, up a broad river with flat green country on either side where stand big factories and suburban bungalows, till the ground rises into a district of hills, covered for miles with white-roofed bungalows.

In the actual town there are a few streets with fine great buildings, and beyond these, in every direction, the suburbs spread far and wide.

As our ship steamed up to the wharf three smart little cutters came sailing out to meet us. These belonged to the Sea Scouts. They not only belonged to, and were sailed by, them, but they had been built and rigged by them.

In the town we had a rally of fine, cheery, upstanding lads, but only 300 of them as the Christmas holidays were on and many had gone away with their parents for the holidays and a big contingent had gone down south for the great Jamboree in Melbourne.

In addition to the Scouts we saw some other pleasing creatures at Brisbane and they were koalas, or tree bears. They were in a private zoo, about four miles out of the town. The animals are exactly like toy teddy bears and very quiet and friendly: dear little fellows!

While we were playing with these we suddenly heard a loud chuckling, followed by a peal of loud laughter. It came from up in the tree above us and there we saw not a rude boy, but a bird like a big kingfisher. He was the Australian kukkaburra, or laughing jackass.

As you approach Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, from the sea, you see high cliffs before you which look like a continuous wall till you open up the channel between two bluffs, called "The Heads," and enter a huge inland harbour.

The companion ship to the one we are on made a shot for the opening two years ago in a thick fog and ran on the rocks. The passengers were all formed up on deck and stepped into their boats just as they had been taught to do at the weekly alarm drill.

There was no confusion and no lives were lost. Indeed, our stewardess, who was stewardess of that ship when she was lost, managed to take photos of the passengers parading and getting into the boats. Also she had photos of the ship as she lay on the reef, and of what was left of her forty-eight hours later, when the sea had broken that fine ship in half and had smashed her to smithereens.

When Captain Cook, the explorer, sailed down past the Heads, he did not notice the great harbour that lay inside them, just like Sir Francis Drake, who sailed past a very similar opening on the coast of California which is called “The Golden Gate,” and which leads into the great land-locked harbour of San Francisco. Captain Cook’s officer of the watch, Lieutenant Jackson, reported to him that they had passed an inlet, so Cook named it on the chart “Port Jackson,” which is still the name of Sydney Harbour.

Nine miles farther south Captain Cook found a little bay which, owing to the number of different flowers growing on the shore, he named Botany Bay. This, he reported as a suitable place for a settlement.

Later, Lord Sydney, the Home Secretary, wanted to establish a station beyond the seas to which he could send convicts who had been sentenced to “transportation.” In those days punishments were very severe. For stealing a sheep, for instance, a man could be hanged. For theft and small crimes he could be transported. (I dare say some of you may have seen an old notice on the bridge at Wool, in Dorsetshire – not far from Brownsea Island – which says that anybody caught damaging the bridge would be liable to transportation across the seas.)

Well, Lord Sydney thought Botany Bay would make an excellent place for such prisoners. So he arranged for a fleet of eleven vessels to sail for Port Jackson under the direction of Captain Phillip, R.N.

Captain Phillip, however, on reaching Botany Bay on January 18, 1788, did not approve of the place, and going with some of his officers to explore the coast in three open boats, he entered what was known as Port Jackson.

A little farther up he found a good stream of fresh water, and so he established his colony there on the site of what is now the city of Sydney. On January 26, 1788, Captain Phillip held a ceremonial parade at which the British flag was hoisted and Australia proclaimed a British Colony.

As we steamed up to the Heads the rising sun threw a strong light on them, while behind them a dark mist of rain hid Sydney itself from view. Another object lit up by the sun was a small white motor-launch lurching towards us over the waves. Before long its crew of Sea Scouts were shouting their cheery welcome to us, and so soon as we had passed between the Heads into the inland sea of Port Jackson we were hailed by another launch flying the Scout flag. This time it was the 1st Cremorne Scouts who greeted us with their troop yell and Gilwell choruses.

As we steamed on up the harbour, deep bays opened up on either side between hills covered with trees and delightful houses. Then before us the houses grew thicker and taller till there were clusters of skyscrapers before us, and high over all stood the great still arch of the world-renowned bridge, under which we presently passed to our dock.

So this was Sydney! The great capital of New South Wales, spreading for miles over the surrounding wooded hills, on each side of the harbour, where only a hundred and fifty years ago no white man lived! It had all the sunshine and the palm trees of the tropical places we had been visiting lately, but with this difference – that the men and women were no longer the coloured folk of those climes, but hearty hospitable British people of our own blood and breed.

It is just a splendid country, is Australia.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE JAMBOREE AT MELBOURNE AND AFTER

IMAGINE a great inland sea, with a very narrow entrance from the ocean, and low lying shores all round it, with miles and miles of sandy beaches. Such is Port Phillip, in other words, Melbourne Harbour.

At the top corner of it the narrow River Yarra flows into it, running in a circular sweep from the City of Melbourne.

As we steam slowly up it, on either hand one sees tall factory chimneys in all directions, and – what is important – most of them smoking, showing that work is going on again where it had been stopped under the depression of trade three years ago. Then the towers and steeples and mighty buildings of Melbourne itself gradually loom up before us.

Through it and out past charming homes and gardens for twenty miles following the coastline we come to wooded hilly country dappled with myriads of white tents near Frankston – the camp of the Australian Jamboree.

Here are gathered 11,000 Scouts from all parts of Australia and from New Zealand. There are also contingents or representatives from United States of America, India, Ceylon, Java, Malaya, China, Japan, Canada, Fiji, France, Belgium, and England – a grand mixture of different races, but all brothers carrying out the same Scout Law.

There is a grand arena which looks as though Nature had intended it for the job, a flat, circular plain surrounded by sloping hills. On these stands have been erected for thousands of spectators, and loud-speakers have been set up so that all can hear what is going on and can listen to the speeches of the great men who come each day to review the boys and to give them a word or two of cheer.

In the bush there are five camps for about 2,000 boys apiece, each district or contingent having its won camp ground with its tents and kitchens and gadgets all complete, and its entrance gate elaborately decorated. Some camps have their tents painted with quaint designs, and some have marvellous totems carved in wood and gaily coloured.

And the boys! My word, they are a lively lot. I have never seen so many teeth in all my life as I have seen to-day in riding round just one of the camps. Such grins and smiles on every face! Jolly, happy and cheery they all seemed: it was a joy to me to see them.

Then the Rallies in the Arena!

On one day a dense mass of 10,000 Scouts was formed in the arena after they had taken nearly an hour to march past. I wondered how, if they were soldiers, the general in command would get them out of the arena again. I could picture his staff officers galloping about with orders to the different commanders, and they in turn sending their instructions out to their different units before they could get a move on. Here, in the arena, a voice from somewhere gave the quiet order, “Left turn” – “Quick march,” and the whole mass moved off as one body; and a magnificent sight it was as it marched out over the rising ground like a huge wave of khaki!

Another day, in addition to a small body of Scouts, we had a rally of some thousands of Wolf Cubs and Brownies, dancing past or charging past the saluting point. Didn't the crowd cheer!

Then on the biggest day an endless column of 6,000 Girl Guides in dark blue was followed by a still more endless column of 12,000 Scouts in khaki with colours flying and bands playing, all in glorious sunshine before a crowd of between 30,000 and 40,000 onlookers in the stands.

It looked as if all the Scouts and Guides in the world were there. I only wish they could have been, just to see the wonderful sight that it was.

And then the winding up of the Jamboree on the last day was another marvellous show. Imagine a huge cartwheel made by thousands of Scouts who formed its spokes and rim while I stood on a stand that formed the hub in the middle. Twenty-three countries were represented there, so I have out twenty-three boomerangs which were passed from hand to hand down each "spoke," so that every boy had a boomerang through his hands till it got into the hands of the leader of each contingent.



AN ABORIGINE AND HIS BOOMERANG

I expect you know what a boomerang is. It is a flat curved stick about two feet long which the Abos of Australia use for killing birds. They throw the weapon into the air and it flies round, gathering speed as it goes, and if it misses the bird it circles round until it comes back and drops at the feet of the thrower – that is, if he is a clever thrower, which I am not!

The boomerang therefore is the totem sign of Australia, so I gave a boomerang to each contingent as a reminder of the Australian Jamboree. But also I reminded all the Scouts that friendship is like a boomerang: you give out your friendship to another chap and then to more and more of them and they give you their friendship in return.

So your original friendship and good will, as it goes out to others, increases its strength and brings back this good will to you in return, just as the boomerang comes back to its thrower.

“Pegia Baba lassi daka thora” – that is the amazing chant that is ringing through the forest as I write this – amazing for two reasons: first, it is an Indian song being sung by Australians, Swiss, and South African boys; and, secondly, its wording is a good-humoured, witty skit on the ways of the leader of a hike party. But it makes a good marching chorus, and the boys are moving out from their last camp of the Jamboree, homeward bound.

For myself, I am sitting, pyjama-clad, on the wooden verandah of the Warden’s Lodge at Gilwell – not the famous Mecca of Scouting near Chingford, but its counterpart here at Gembrook, in Australia. The early morning sun has just topped the forest around us in a cloudless sky, and through the gum-trees the sweet blue smoke of many camp-fires rises as a mist. Boys’ voices raised in songs and rally cries are echoing far and near as they busy themselves preparing to depart.

Yesterday these boys had reached this woodland mountain camp by hiking fifty miles from the great central camp at Frankston – seven hundred and sixty of them, marching in small parties by many different routes through bush and mountain country.

This has been the biggest hike ever accomplished outside the Army! Did the boys enjoy it? I can say they did. In the course of the three-days’ hike many – to be exact, thirty-six – parties sent to me, by runner or motor-cyclist, cheery letters of their progress, signed by every member of the band. These lists gave one the proof that in every group the boys were as mixed a lot as could be wished for – scarcely two of any one country together.

The leaders of the different parties sent in reports of their progress to me, and one party reported that they were “Iking all over owing to ’Iking.” Also that when they asked a bird how far it was to the camp, the bird said, “A quarter of a mile.” It turned out to be two miles. The bird was a “lyre-bird,” and rightly so named.

One writer wrote, “With biscuit in hand and blister on heel,” that “they may have serpents in Eden, but there are certainly leeches in ‘Ada’ ”! A greeting came from one group of eighteen, each of whom wrote his message in a different language.

So there one saw, stringing about through the bush, boys dressed in the same Scout kit, with pack on back and staff in hand, but of different States and races, singing as they went their way. On arrival at their journey’s end last night they dropped their loads and pitched their tents, and lost no time in stripping and diving into the great swimming pool. Then, after cooking their suppers in their little bivouacs in the bush beneath the great gum trees, they wrapped themselves in their blankets – to sleep? Not on your life! It was to rally round the big camp fire, and again to sing.

But come with us to the camp fire. As we enter the circling tiers of log seats around the blazing logs, not a soul is there. But soon there troops into the light of the fire the first hiking party of a dozen or so. Group follows group in rotation, thirty-six in all, each in turn reporting arrival and rendering its war-cry and then filing away to its log bench.

Community singing is followed by delightfully ridiculous play-acting, songs and choruses performed by different hike-parties.

Towards the end I congratulated the Scouts on having successfully and pluckily completed the biggest hike by boys that the world had ever seen.

But above these shone out the still greater success of the good comradeship which had spread itself throughout the members without regard to differences of race or religion, and thus augured well for the future, because if it could be extended and maintained it would most assuredly form a powerful factor in the cause of peace.

After this, "Abide with me," was sung with great feeling, with the Southern Cross gleaming overhead in a wonderful starlit sky. Then "God Save the King" and cheers for his Majesty, stentoriously given, ended a perfect day.

• • • • •

Au revoir Australia, and our many good friends there.



CHAPTER XIX

NEW ZEALAND

I WOKE up one fine morning to find our ship steaming along in a calm sea among a number of small islands. Very broken, brown and desolate they looked in the early dawn, but as the sun rose we entered a widely extended bay with its wooded hillsides dotted with red-roofed, white-walled houses, and terminated on the left by a high-peaked mountain.

The whole scene reminded one of the Bay of Naples reversed, that is, with Vesuvius on the left instead of the right side of the bay. Soon we twiddled round the “Vesuvius” island – locally known as Rangitoto – and entered the fine great harbour of Auckland. On our right the town of Devonport with several grey warships of the New Zealand Navy, and on the left hundreds of white yachts and boats lying at anchor like a huge flock of seagulls resting on the water. Steamers and liners at the wharves and at the back of them the great city of Auckland backed by high hills.

The hill immediately above the town is the beautifully wooded “Domain,” or public park, and this is crowned by a great white colonnaded building which is the National Museum and War Memorial.



DANCING A SOLO

On the night of our arrival we saw a wonderful rally of the Auckland Scouts and Cubs. It took place in the Stadium brilliantly lit with powerful lights. There were two thousand boys present, and among them a number of native Maoris. These, dressed in their native dress of long kilts and little else, gave us some splendid “Hakas” – that is, action war-songs. One small boy among them was particularly good, and he danced a solo, twisting his body about in time to the music and making the most hideous faces all the time. That is what they do in most of their dances,

they work themselves up into furious action and make most horrible grimaces, apparently trying to lick their ears with their tongues!



A MAORI GIRL

Her cloak consists of feathers stitched on to cloth made from grass. Her "kilt" is of separate strands of flax dyed in peat

The Scouts and Cubs gave various displays, but one by the Scouts was specially impressive. The troops were formed in a huge circle round the arena. Each troop had put up tent. It was all done in the dark. When reveille sounded, a light appeared in each tent. At the next call a blazing fire was lit outside each tent, and the troop danced round it. At the next call each Scoutmaster lit a torch, and they all marched slowly to the centre, where I was standing on a platform, till they formed a fiery ring round me. Then the Scouts charged in from all sides as all the lights were switched on. The whole thing made a very good show.

From Auckland we motored out about ninety miles southward to a place called Waitomo. Many of the places, villages on so on about the country, have kept their native Maori names, even in some cases where they had had English names. Thus one village we passed through which had been named Newcastle is now Ngaruawahia (pronounce that if you can!).

We passed others with such names as Otorohanga, Pappatoetoe, Horahora, Okoirore, and Pukekohe – enough to break one's jaw – but they reminded one that only sixty years ago most of this country had been forest and wilderness inhabited by Maori tribes.

We passed several places which had been the scenes of fighting between the Maoris and the British troops in the Maori wars of 1863. At one place, near Mercer, the Maoris were in a strong position on a height with the Mangatawhiri stream in front of it. When the British commander was preparing to attack, an old friendly Maori chief named Eru Patune, urged him not to; he said, "If you cross the stream God

will laugh at both of us, but if the Waikatos (the enemy) cross over to us we shall be in the right." However, the General did not follow his advice but crossed the stream and attacked the position – and took it.

Our road out of Auckland took us over open country, mostly grasslands parched with a long drought. It was closely occupied by small farms everywhere for miles. It was hard to believe that only sixty years ago this was all forest and bush, and that British troops were fighting to protect the settlers.

To-day the Maoris are good friends with the British and are very loyal subjects of King George.

As we journeyed away from Auckland, on towards the hills, the grass became greener and the views of hill and dale, and distant mountains were beautiful. Hedges and trees made it look very like parts of Britain, especially Cumberland and Wales. Lovely!

The farms were nearly all dairy farms making butter and cheeses for export to England and elsewhere. It is so jolly to see good English farmers at work in the fields, and their children trotting off to school, just as if we were at home. It is difficult to believe that here we are thousands of miles away at the opposite side of the world, yet still in the British Empire.

Then, too, not all the towns have Maori names. We passed through Huntly – not a bit like its namesake in Scotland. We had tea in Hamilton, a nice bright town with its pretty gardens running down to the river Waitaki. This is the sixth town of that name which I have visited; the others were in Scotland, Bermuda, Victoria, Australia, Ontario (Canada) and Tasmania. (There's an opportunity for you Scouts of Hamilton, in Scotland, to write to your brother Scouts in those other towns and get to be friends with them.)

Waitomo is a funny little place – there is a small shop, a post office and a nice hotel in a little valley among a jumble of hills covered with the densest jungle I have ever come across. Bushes and bracken much taller than a man, tree ferns in masses overhead, and, above these, trees and still taller trees, all packed as close as they can stand and linked together with an undergrowth of tangled shrubs, and creepers. If it were anywhere else you would not like to plunge into such blind, deep, damp jungle; it would be full of beasts and especially snakes. But here it is with a feeling of joyous freedom that one can boldly wade into it – because of the great fact that in New Zealand *there are no snakes*.



There used to be wild boars here till a few years ago, and they were eagerly hunted by the Maoris with pig-dogs and spears. One day a Maori was following up a boar in this thick bush when the beast ran into a small cleft in the face of a cliff and the hunter, looking in, found that this was the entrance to a vast and lofty cave. I have just been to see it and it is a really wonderful place. It is narrow, about fifteen feet wide, and fifty high, and over a quarter of a mile long. Its walls and ceiling are one mass of stalactites, that is, long tapering things like icicles hanging down; thousands and thousands of them of all shapes and sizes, generally white in colour and transparent when lit up from behind.

A stalactite, as you probably know, is formed by water trickling down from the ceiling of the cave and leaving tiny grains of limestone behind it as it drops down to the floor. Where it falls

it leave more minute grains. In time these grains make a kind of stone icicle from above, called a stalactite, and a corresponding pinnacle coming up to meet it from the ground. This is called a stalagmite. It takes a fairly long time to make a good pair of them. It is reckoned that it probably takes a stalactite four hundred years to grow one inch! One that I saw to-day was 15 feet 6 inches long. You can work out if you like how many years old it is!

After leaving the famous Waitomo stalactite caves, we had the surprise of our lives. We walked to another cave forty-six feet high full of stalactites. (We asked our guide how he knew it was exactly that height, and he explained how he had measured it. He had taken a long bit of twine and tucked the end of it into a dollop of clay; this dollop he threw up to the ceiling so that it stuck there, leaving the string hanging down to the floor. He pulled down the string and measured it. Quite simple!)

On going down a lot of steps we came to an underground river. Here we embarked in a boat, but we had to go in dead silence, otherwise we should have seen nothing; the glow-worms can't stand people talking, and they stop glowing immediately there is any noise. Then we switched off our light and began to glide along in the dark.

But it wasn't dark. We could see each other, for overhead a mass of millions of little stars was shining down upon us. These stars were glow-worms all over the roof of the cavern, packed as closely as they could be.

Our boat was gently pulled along a rope fixed there for the purpose, and we wandered along this marvellous grotto with its overhead lighting reflected in the dark still waters, so that it seemed as though myriads of diamonds were shining above and below us. It was a beautiful sight. None of us had ever seen anything like it before. Well – we couldn't have, because except for another and smaller cave in New Zealand there is no other like it in the world.

These glow-worms are different from all other glow-worms and fire-flies. They are whitish little worms about an inch long, and they have transparent bodies and each carries a light in its tail which it can switch on or off as required. They feed on tiny midges and mosquitoes.

Each glow-worm lives in a sort of hammock which he makes for himself out of a sticky juice which he expels from his mouth and fixes to the roof of the cavern. From this hammock he lets down a number of sticky threads of the same substance, threads about six or eight inches in length or sometimes even as long as two feet. He puts out between fifteen and twenty threads which hang close together, like a delicate fringe, below his hammock. Then he lights up his lamp.

Midges, like other flies, make for a light when they see one. So they come flying to his lamp and bump up against one of his sticky strings and there they stick. They can't get away however much they try. And Mr. Glow-worm gently sucks up that particular string into his mouth again and with it the wretched midge. He eats about two midges a week. It must be fun for him, just like fishing.

The glow-worm's life only lasts three months, but it must be a very enjoyable one, just lying in a hammock, fishing! At the end of it turns into a chrysalis, for he sucks in all his threads and wraps himself up in his hammock, and, leaving one end of it still fixed to the roof, he hangs there asleep for a few days. In those few days a miracle has taken place, and he comes out of his chrysalis-cover a bright little fly, with wings and legs complete! Then he flies off to meet other

flies of his kind. His lady-fly later on lays her eggs in the mud of the stream, and these eggs gradually grow into little glow-worms, feeding on juices in the mud till they are old enough to crawl up the walls of the cavern and start fishing for midges, like father.

CHAPTER XX

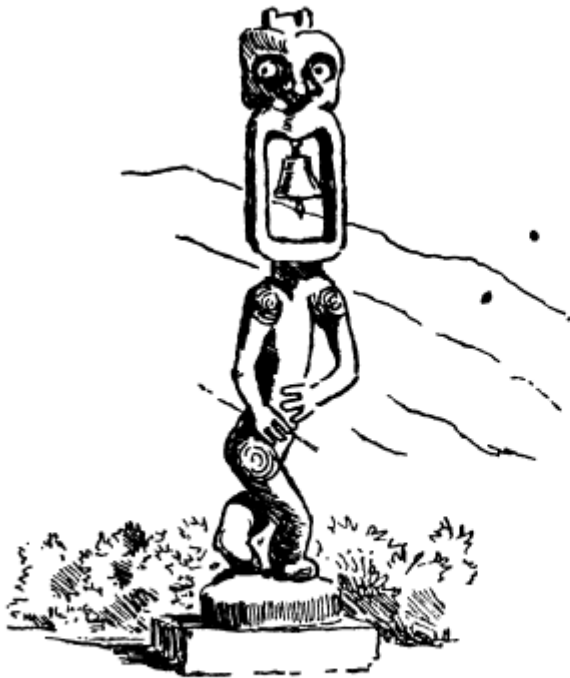
MORE ABOUT NEW ZEALAND

THE only place where the habit of chewing “chewing gum” would be useful is New Zealand. Chewing gum does two things for you.

It teaches you to make ugly faces and it give tremendous exercise for your jaws.

If you want to be a good Maori you have to make hideous faces when dancing the *haka*, and many Maori names need very strong jaws to pronounce them. Now look at this one, the name of a chief, that I read on a tombstone yesterday in the village of Ohinemutu.

WHAKAMAHARATANGA



THE CHURCH BELL AT OHINEMUTU



A FINE OLD MAORI WITH
TATTOOED FACE

There's a mouthful for you! But there are plenty more jaw-breaking names of people and places in the Dominion.

In that same village of Ohinemutu, too, I saw some pretty ugly grimaces made. The Maoris there gave us an entertainment with *hakas* and canoe songs and Poi dances.

As they worked themselves up, the boys in the audience also began to yell the chorus, and before long the whole floor of the hall was filled, men and boys, women and girls, all singing and swaying in unison. They just loved the fun of doing it, and though they performed almost a dozen so-called dances, they all seemed to know the right movements to make and did them with wonderful spirit and in exact time together.

I have just come from the village of Whakarewarewa. Nice name isn't it? It is where some four hundred Maoris of the Arawa tribe live, and it is very much as if a lot of ants were living on the crust of a very hot pie. Every here and there cracks or holes have come in the crust, and steam or boiling-hot waters comes squirting out from below.

Since I was here three years ago one house has fallen through the crust. It was a shop kept by some outsiders whom the villagers did not like, so they rejoiced when it fell in – they told me, “As we could do nothing to remove the shop, nature came to our aid and did it for us.”

Only yesterday the ground on the main road gave way under a lorry, but fortunately it only let one wheel down, otherwise the lorry might have been boiled. Have you ever seen a boiled lorry? No, nor have I, but I very nearly had the chance of doing so yesterday.

The people living in the village (or “Pa” as it is called) use these cracks in the crust as their cooking places, and wherever there is a hole in the ground you see pots and kettles put in to boil. No one has to buy fuel, nor expensive ranges, nor gas rings in Whakarewarewa, they get all the hot water or steam that they want from underneath the crust.

Just outside the village are several geysers; these are big fountains of scalding water and steam which leap up forty feet into the air for several minutes and then die down to mere puffs of steam for more minutes. Then, among the rocks, there are many pools full of mud which keeps boiling and bubbling, and shooting up splashes and lumps of hot mud.

At one point we saw, on the bank of the little ice-cold river, a pool of scalding-hot water. It was within a foot of the cold stream. In the river we could see a number of trout swimming. We were told and we believed it to be quite possible, that people catch fish in the stream and, without taking them off the hook, just dip them into the hot stream alongside for a few moments, till they are nicely cooked. An easy way of getting a good breakfast!

The Maoris are excellent swimmers, and although the water is not very deep, only about five feet, the boys take headers off the parapet of the bridge, which is pretty high, doing a lovely shallow dive and neatly sliding under the surface without hitting the bottom. On getting out of the icy water they step into a small pool alongside the main stream, where they sit comfortably in a hot bath to warm themselves again.

On a knoll overlooking the river stands a Pa, or village, as it used to be in the old days, that is, surrounded by a double palisade of poles driven into the ground and a trench and earthen

rampart inside the palisade. Gateways in the palisade were big archways of wood elaborately carved with hideous-looking figures and faces on them.



A NATIVE CEREMONIAL
SPEAR OF JADE, CARVED
WOOD, FUR, AND
FEATHERS



A DOORPOST WHICH
OUGHT TO KEEP
BURGLARS AWAY!

The houses inside the Pa were nearly all of one pattern, a single long room built of wood and standing on low piles, with an ordinary sloping roof which projected a long way beyond the front wall of the room, and so formed a deep verandah. This was richly carved with ornamental front and sides and topped with a hideous little figure.

These figures generally were to honour the memory of the home ancestor, but instead of trying to set up a portrait of him which might give him offence, the statue was made so hideously ugly that nobody could suppose it was meant to be like him. So a horrible face was carved, with tongue hanging out and eyes made of shiny oyster shell.

These fortified Pas figured very much in the Maori wars and caused a lot of hard fighting for the British troop in attacking them, especially as they were always very bravely defended by the Maoris.



THE CARVED WOODEN GATEWAY TO A PALISADED PA

We passed the site of one of these battles at a place called Orakau, where three hundred Maoris held out for three days against a much stronger force of British under General Cameron in March, 1864. On the third day the losses of the Maoris had become very heavy and the General sent a message advising them to surrender, but the Chief, Rewi Maniapoto, replied, "We will fight on for ever and ever and ever!" A little later the Maoris charged out and broke through the troops, and got away, leaving a hundred and fifty killed and over half the survivors wounded.

They were brave and sporting chaps, those Maoris. On one occasion a British regiment just out from England, and not up to the ways of war, was on the march to the front, and halted on the way, to rest. The road was on the side of a hill with bush above the road and grass on the lower side.

Arms were piled on the road and the men were fallen out to rest on the grass.

Out of the bush there suddenly pounced a mass of Maoris who gathered up the rifles before anyone could stop them and bolted back into the bush with their booty without killing any of the soldiers.

On another occasion the troops had surrounded a hill which the Maoris were holding, and after two or three days the enemy sent a message to the Commander somewhat to this effect: "Perhaps you don't know it, but your troops are in possession of the only water-springs here and

we can't get anything to drink. Will you please leave us at least one spring for us to use? You will understand that if we can't get water we can't go on fighting!"

CHAPTER XXI

EARTHQUAKES AND CLACIERS

MOTORING from Rotorua to Taupo, about fifty-four miles, we passed through a long valley between seemingly endless broken hills and for miles ran through plantations made by the Forest Department. Then in the more open country we passed any number of small farms where each farmer owned perhaps ten acres and a cow or two.

These farmers are locally known as "Cow Cockies." They generally manage to feed themselves and their families with what they can grow on the farm, and they send their milk into the nearest butter factor and earn a little money that way. So in their neat little wooden bungalows in this bright, sunny land they live a happy and hard-working life.

It *is* bright and sunny, for I saw one Cockie doing a bit of work dressed quite simply in a hat and a pair of shorts. In colour he was so brown from sunburn that at first I took him for a Maori. But how healthy and happy he looked! Of course he had to work, and to work hard, to make his farming successful. But when one is fit and well, in a glorious climate and bracing air like that of New Zealand, a man enjoys his work.

In one day I have met here three Boy Scouts from England. They came out to New Zealand at different times before the war, with very little money to start with – but each one of them has made good in one way or another. One was taken on as a helper on a sheep farm the day after he landed. He was told to clean out the sheep-dipping pen, but was advised to put on an old working suit before doing so. He explained that the suit of English clothes he was wearing, which had looked to the overseer very smart for such work, was his work-a-day suit.

He started on the very mucky job, and put his back into it, so that when the overseer came along in the evening, "Why, boy, I didn't ask you to *polish* it." Very soon afterwards that boy was promoted to the important post of assistant-shepherd.

One thing that strikes you as odd when you first visit New Zealand is that there are no cottages or big houses as we know them in England. In their place are neat, little single-storied bungalows, comfortable-looking homes with trim, bright gardens. And they are all built of wood. One reason for this is that wooden building are the safest in the event of an earthquake.

As I have told you, New Zealand does not have snakes, but she does, sometimes, have earthquakes.

You will probably remember how, four years ago, the town of Napier was destroyed by an earthquake. (A Scout-master and two Scouts were among the killed; the rest of the Scouts won a

good name for themselves by the help that they rendered to the hundreds of injured and to the thousands of people made homeless by the catastrophe.)

We passed through Napier the other day, and there was nothing to show that four years ago it was a tumbled mass of ruins. It is now a smart city again, with its long esplanade by the sea, but what was then its great inland harbour is now an open, flat plain, on which is the aerodrome. The earthquake raised the whole surface of the ground so that the floor of the harbour is now dry land.

While we were at Taupo we were awakened at two in the morning by the feeling that somebody was shaking our bedsteads and there was a sound as if an Underground train were running past. This was a slight shock of earthquake.

On our run from Taupo to Napier we motored over some wonderful country of broken hills and mountains. The road climbed over these with very steep gradients and fearfully sharp hairpin bends. As we neared the top of a range it was eerie to look down and see our road winding far below us. But the striking thing we noticed was that the mountain-sides everywhere were scarred with great bare patches where during the earthquake crags and rocks had been torn away by landslips.



A HAIR-RAISING NEW ZEALAND ROAD

Seeing these on every side, one could picture to oneself what a terrible sight it must have been when trees and houses were falling and the very mountains themselves were rocking and sending down avalanches of earth and stones amid clouds of dust.

As I write this I am sitting on a bluff on the shoulder of one of the great mountains which rear their snow-clad heads high above me on every side.

In front of me runs a wide valley which is filled from side to side with a vast white sheet of ice; not the sort of ice you know at home, but a jumbled mass of blocks and waves and walls of ice. It is a glacier, or frozen stream, a mile wide and twelve miles long from where it starts, among the everlasting snow, to its mouth, where, blocked by masses of rock, it melts into a great stream of water.

I can see three tiny moving specks some two miles away on the glacier. These are my two daughters mountain climbing with their guide.

Dressed in breeches and puttees and heavy, iron-shod climbing boots, and armed with ice axes for cutting steps in the ice and with goggles to dim the glare of the snow, they love the excitement of clambering over those great, slippery crags and peeping into the deep clefts and chasms, through which the light filters in deep blue colour.

As for me, I am taking it easy, sitting on my bluff and gazing over this mighty, frozen torrent. There is a steady rumbling hum in the air, just like the roar of the traffic in London as you hear it when sitting in Hyde Park.

This rumbling is the sound made by that vast mass of ice slowly, slowly grinding its way over the rocks and stones beneath it. Watching it, and standing on it, you can perceive no movement, but moving it is, all the same. Just where I am the mass moves perhaps six inches in a day, but higher up, nearer its source, it will move as many feet.

It flows like a great stream, and the lines of its "current" are shown on the surface by streaks and folds in the ice. Where the current has flowed round the corner of a mountain, the swirl rushes across to the opposite side of the valley and there heaps itself against the mountain side before it pushes on again in its new direction. Then it comes across a ridge of rocks below it and mounts over these and makes a sort of cascade down the other side of them. It behaves just as a stream of water does in running down a steep water-course, the difference being that it is all a solid block of ice.

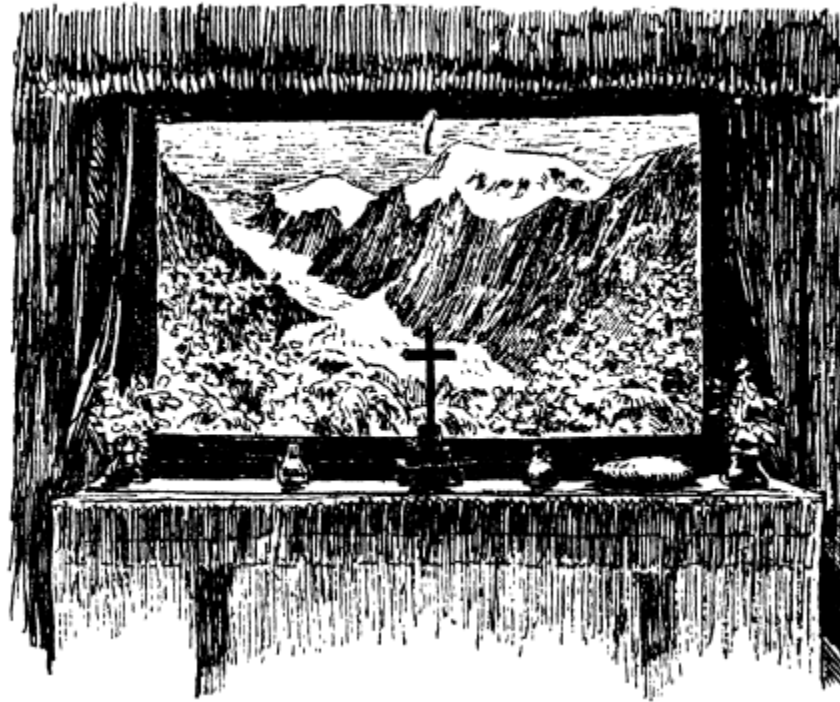
Where it gets on to the warmer ground the underside of the glacier melts and runs out as a big stream of water, which, with other streams off the mountains, soon becomes a river.

Its mouth is a weird-looking place, a great cave in what looks like a dome of rock. But it is in reality a dome of old, old ice that has gradually become encrusted with dirt and dust till it looks like solid earth. Here and there the ice peeps through and the inside of the cave is all solid ice, with wonderful blue shadows in it. It is not safe to venture into the cave because great lumps of ice are continually falling from its roof to melt and form the stream that runs down into the River Waiho.

The whole scene, the snow-topped mountains and this glacier amid the beautiful bush, is one that I shall never forget.

In the church here the east window, instead of being of stained glass with sacred figures on it, is a plain sheet of glass through which you see the mountains and the glacier, with tree ferns

close in front, as an example of the wonders and beauties which God has placed in this world for all of us to see.



CHAPTER XXII

RARATONGA

I WRITE this sitting on the deck of the good ship *Maunganui* as she rolls lazily but speedily across the broad backs and wide valleys of a Pacific Ocean swell. We have left New Zealand far behind and are heading for the Cook Islands, a group of South Sea islands of which Raratonga is the chief.

In travelling half round the world from 0 deg. to 180 deg. going eastward, we have been meeting the sun, and so have gained a whole day. To-day we have left the east and are now in the western hemisphere.

Just north of us is Fiji, a group of islands from which came such a fine contingent of Scouts to the Australian Jamboree. They were of three kinds: white European boys, Indian boys, and

native Fijian boys – and fine big, hefty fellow these were – dressed in their native “*lava-lava*” (a sort of loose cotton kilt). Their handsome bronze-coloured faces are always wreathed in smiles.

The Duke of Gloucester recently paid a visit to Fiji, and among other interesting things that they showed him was the ability of a certain tribe to walk barefooted on red-hot stones.

A pit about four feet deep and fifteen feet wide was prepared and lined with big round stones. These were heated by having a fire of logs burnt on them for several hours.

When the stones were so hot that water thrown on them sizzled and went up in steam and a handkerchief immediately caught fire and burnt, the men, following their leader in single file, walked barefooted into the pit and marched round it for a minute or two. Then they stood or squatted on the stones apparently without feeling any pain.

Mind you, the stones were so hot that the men had to be careful that their flax kilts did not touch them, as when they did they caught fire.

When the men had finished their performance (which is called the *Vilavilairevo*), green leaves and grass were thrown over the stones and they at once sent up a cloud of smoke and steam, showing how really hot the place was.

It is a curious thing that out of the very many tribes that live on the two hundred and fifty islands that form the Fiji group, there is only this one that knows the secret of fire-walking. This tribe comes from the island of Mbengha, and the custom of fire-walking has been handed down from father to son for generations.

It began in ancient days, so their folk-lore says, with a chief named Galita. He dug a hole in the ground expecting to dig out an eel for a big supper he was to give, when to his surprise he came across a little man – a dwarf. Galita was very annoyed at this, and getting the dwarf by the scruff of his neck he said he would kill and cook him in place of the eel he wanted.

The dwarf appealed to him to let him off and offered him all sorts of gifts if he would do so, but Galita did not want any of them and was going to kill him, when the little man told him that he had the secret of being able to command fire to such an extent that he could enjoy being on red-hot stones instead of being roasted by them (for, as you know, the natives of the South Sea Islands cook their food in holes lined with hot stones).

This rather attracted Galita, and he told the dwarf to show him how he did it. So the dwarf dug a hole and lit a fire and heated up the stones till they were white-hot, and then stood on them barefooted, evidently enjoying it.

Presently Galita consented to try it, and when he stepped on to the stones, instead of feeling pain or getting roasted, he found that the heat gave him a most enjoyable sensation. Indeed, he liked it so much that he lay down on the stones and remained there for four days!

Of course Galita let off the dwarf and told his tribe the secret of being able to stand the heat, and ever since then the secret has been handed down among them, but had never been let out to other people!

There are fire-walkers very much the same as these in India, and also I have heard of them in Africa.

Then in Tibet, away up north of India, there are some tribes who do the opposite; they can make their bodies so hot that when they have got any clothes that they want drying they just hand them on their bodies for a few minutes, and also they can spend a whole night out in a blizzard of snow and ice with no more clothing on than a shirt! That's what I'm told. I haven't seen them myself.

Raratonga is over a thousand miles from New Zealand across the open sea, but the Maoris, who now inhabit New Zealand, are said to have come there from Raratonga some 800 years ago. How did they get there?

There were no big liners in those days to carry them, no aeroplanes – but they got there.

Their own legends say that they came in seven canoes. When you consider that big stretch of stormy sea you will ask, How could they ever do it in little canoes? How could they have found their way without compasses and charts? What was the good of only seven canoe-loads setting out to conquer a country as big as Great Britain?

I have been looking at one of their old-time war-canoes; it is a wonder contraption, and seven of them could carry a pretty strong force.

This canoe was a sort of pontoon made of two great canoes lashed together with a platform between them. Each of the canoes was sixty feet long, hollowed out of a big tree trunk. Its sides were built up with planking to a height of four feet, the canoe itself being only about eighteen inches wide – a very long, narrow affair.

The two canoes were joined together by wooden spars laid across them, and above these a deck was built on which stores of food and water were carried, and above this was a second deck on which the chiefs and warriors lived. The crew in the two canoes used paddles to send them along, about twenty men to each side. A remarkable thing about these canoes is that no nails were used in building them; all the planks were sewn together with stitches of coconut fibre!

When you are cast adrift on a desert atoll you will be able to build yourself a boat, although you brought no nails with you other than finger-nails and clever fingers behind them! Tear the fibre off your coconuts and plait it into cord. Then bore a hole through each of the planks that you wish to join, pass the cord through them. Do this once again, and then pull it tight – so tight that it is as good as an iron clamp.

To make it really tight, tie one end of your cord to a bit of stick, so that it cannot slip through the hole; the other end you round a stout stick and, using this as a lever on the top of the plank, strain the cord as tight as ever it will go. Then, before taking the strain off, jam a wooden peg into the hole alongside the cord and hammer it in so that the cord finds it impossible to slip through the hole. Do this with each end of the cord and cut off the spare ends – and there you are!

Another Maori canoe, which is preserved in the museum in Auckland, is a great open boat very much like those that the Danes and Norsemen used in ancient days and of which some are still to be seen in museums in Norway. I expect you would find models of the Maori boats in that wonder show of models of boats in the South Kensington Museum in London.

Then you might wonder how did the Maoris find their way across those trackless seas?

You may have heard how once some native trackers in Australia were taken for a voyage on board a steamer and were found peering down into the sea from the bows of the vessel. When they were asked what they were looking at they said they were trying to see the tracks that the ship was following. "On land we follow tracks that a white man cannot see, but here on the waters the white man follows tracks that we cannot see."

A sextant, you know, is an instrument with which the navigating officer of a ship gets his bearing with the sun and so finds the position of his ship on the chart.

But the Maoris had a kind of sextant of their own – just a coconut shell with two holes bored in it at a certain angle. When they could see the Pole Star through these two holes they knew they were on a certain meridian of latitude which gave them their position to some extent.



Nowadays the Tahitians and other islanders, as well as white men, use schooners for their voyages. Beautiful boats they are, built for facing the rough seas that have occasionally to be met, and at the same time they are comfortable to live in, with their good cabin space and covered after-deck, and in their extensive holds they can carry heavy cargoes.

I told you that they ply between the islands of these seas, but it is difficult for you to picture the immense number of islands that exist all over the South and West Pacific. For instance, if you look on a fair-sized map of that ocean you may find a group of islands called Tuamotu, or "Low Archipelago," but, again, you may not, for they are not mentioned in all atlases. But they are there. Our ship is passing them just now. We can see about a dozen, little and big, but there are many more than that – seventy-eight all told, covering 860 miles in this one group – and there are hundreds of other groups like it and with more islands in them.

There are plenty of places for schooners to call at or to get wrecked on. Most of the islands, or atolls, as they are called, are much alike in that each is surrounded by a reef of coral rocks on which the surf breaks with a continual roar. Inside this is a lagoon of calm water with a beach of white sand, and the island is covered with bush and palm trees. Lovely places to be wrecked on!

Some of the islands are uninhabited, some are not. The group where we are is called Tuamotu. Its former name, given to it by the Tahitians after they had fought and conquered its inhabitants, was Paumotu, or the "Island of Surrender." The people did not like this title, so it has been changed to Tuamotu.

The chief island in the group is called Tikao. It is about ten miles across and has 200 inhabitants. The whole Tuamotu group has about 4,500 inhabitants. These trade mainly in copra (coconut flesh for soap-making), taro (a root good for food), and firewood, which goes to Tahiti, 170 miles distant.

The group was annexed to France in 1880, so it is no, like Tahiti, a French Colony – otherwise, wherever we went we saw the Union Jack flown by our brown fellow-subjects of the King.

CHAPTER XXIII

TAHITI

WHEN Captain Cook first saw the island of Tahiti he liked it better than all the others he had visited, and when you have seen Tahiti you can quite understand it!

The island is about seventy miles round and consists of a collection of jagged peaks, running up to 7,000 feet; their steep sides and gullies are covered by bush, and the lower slopes are planted with coconut palms.



**TAHITIANS ARE FINE,
HEFTY FELLOWS**

As you approach this beautiful, sunny, green island from the sea you find, about a mile from the shore, a long line of surf breaking on a coral reef with a thundering roar. This reef forms a protecting barrier all round the island. It has a few openings in it through which vessels can pass into the lagoon of calm, clear, greeny-blue water. Then there is a stretch of white sandy beach bordered all along with palm trees down to the water's edge.

Dotted in among the trees are the houses that form the town of Papeete. Close to the shore are moored a number of handsome white schooners. These belong to skippers who sail about, trading among the hundreds of islands that form the groups known as Cook's Island, the Marquesa group, and the Society group, of which Tahiti is the chief.

It would amuse you to see the people of this place. Although it is now a French possession there are very few French

to be seen, except in Government offices, and English is largely spoke and written in Papeete. There are also a very large number of Chinese settled in the island.

The Tahitians are brown in colour, with jolly, smiling faces. The men, hefty fellows, are generally clothed in shorts, singlet and big straw hat. The women in Papeete have taken rather to European dress, though away from towns you see them with merely a coloured linen wrapper, and with their long black hair combed out and hanging down their backs.

In Tahiti there are all sorts of fashions in dress, both European and native, old as well as young, seem to like to appear in shorts or odd garments, no matter how they suit them.

An interesting place in Papeete is the market, but, on the principle that it is the early bird that gets the worms, you have to get up before sunrise if you want to buy the best goods. We turned out at 4.30 and got to the market about five o'clock. The market was most attractive, very clean and fresh, and every variety of fruit and vegetable was there for sale neatly packed for carrying away. A dozen oranges in a net bag, bananas, avocada pears, bread fruit, paw-paws, melons, and mangoes, etc., in neat little freshly-woven rush baskets, ready for you to carry home.

It was curious to note that every one of the vegetables stalls was run by a Chinese.

In the fish market it was interesting to see the enormous number of fish and the many different kinds that had been caught during the night. There were big supplies of red ones just like big gold-fish, then there were strings of small herrings, a number of sea hedgehogs looking very like ordinary hedgehogs except for their big heads and eyes.



FASHIONS IN TAHITI

There were garfish with long silvery bodies and very long beak-like mouths. Another curious fish imitated a rhinoceros, having a horn sticking out of his nose. Another kind was brilliant blue in colour. We did not see any flying fish in the market, but out on the sea there was what we called a "speed boat fish." He would shoot up out of the water and buzz along at a great pace, just as if he were flying, with only the tip of his tail touching the surface.

Their way of catching fish here is to put up a very large temporary fence in shallow water near the shore. The fence is made of leaves of palm trees, rushes, etc., all woven and plaited together. It is set up in a wide horseshoe shape. About a mile from this the fisherman take up their stations in boats in a wide semi-circle. In the bow of each boat stands a man with a big lump of coral on the end of a cord.

The captain of the fishery stands in a boat in the centre of the line and when he waves a flag all the stone-men throw their stones with a huge splash into the water and then pull them up again. Then the line moves forward a few strokes towards the fence and repeats the stone-throwing. In this way the fish are driven into the circle of the horseshoe fence.

When the boats draw close to the fence a number of men and women, boys and girls, wade into the water and push the two ends of the horseshoe nearer and nearer to each other until they finally close the fence in a big circle round the fish. Then they make the ends overlap and go on drawing the circle smaller and smaller until it holds the fish in a dense crowd, and it is easy then to pick them out and throw them up on the beach.

CHAPTER XXIV

SAN FRANCISCO

I OPENED my eyes to find myself at the “Golden Gate.” There was a hazy light over it all, but through the gateway there was a brilliant glow as of thousands of bright-coloured, glittering jewels.

Oh, no! I don’t mean that I was at the gate of Heaven! No. This was the entrance to the inland sea which forms the harbour of San Francisco and which is called the Golden Gate. It consists of a channel between two headlands which, like that between the “Heads” at Sydney, in Australia, brings you into a fine deep-water lock with city and suburban towns around its shores.

It has another curious likeness to Sydney Harbour in that Sir Francis Drake, when exploring this western coast of America, sailed right past the Golden Gate without noticing its splendid harbour, and landed a few miles farther up the coast. In just the same way Captain Cook, when exploring the coast of Australia, sailed past the “Heads” without noticing the harbour, and landed a few miles farther south at a spot which he named “Botany Bay” on account of its wonderful show of wild flowers.

As the sun rose we saw before us the beautiful city of San Francisco rising and topping the hills overlooking the harbour, with its streets of fine buildings and sky-scrapers.

It was hard to believe that in 1906 this magnificent city was suddenly smashed up by an earthquake, followed by a widespread, devastating fire. I was there a few years afterwards, and saw some of the tram-lines which had not yet been repaired, and I was astonished to see how they had got humped and twisted in the few moments of the earthquake.

One man who was there at the time told me he was riding in a tramcar about breakfast-time, and he noticed that the car gave some extraordinary bumps and at that moment he heard a woman screaming and he saw a man rush out of a house half-dressed with a razor in his hand. Several other people ran out after him. So my friend said to his neighbour in the car, “Looks like

a murder going on there.” Then they found that it was an earthquake. The man with the razor was merely in the act of shaving when the shock occurred, and he rushed out into the open to avoid having the house fall in on top of him.

San Francisco used to be a great port for sailing ships coming to Western America and the South Sea Islands from Europe. Most of the books on sea adventure these days tell of the awful times the sailors had in sailing round Cape Horn to get there, and how they let themselves go in wild orgies when they landed at last in 'Frisco. They had no desire to go to sea again, but it was a common thing for agents who supplied crews for ships to get these men by making them drunk with doped liquor and shipping them on board in that state. This was of procuring sailors was called “Shanghaiing” them.

One of the interesting places in San Francisco is a small public garden near the docks in which there is a beautiful memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, the writer of *Treasure Island* and other boys' books of adventure. He used to sit at this spot and talk with old sailors and learn all about their voyages and doings in the South Seas.

Another curious part of the city is its “China-town.” There are over 100,000 Chinese living here and they have remarkably good shops and houses, all very European-looking except for the peculiar name on the shop fronts and the curious crazy lettering in which they are written. Also in the shop windows, of those that sold food, you would see live animals for sale, fish in glass tanks, rabbits in cages, chickens in coops, and so on. I did not see any dogs, though the Chinese like dog-meat as much as any, but I did see frogs, and plenty of them; great big fat fellows such as you never find in England. (I ate some of them too, and jolly good they are – very like tender young chickens.) The Chinese like to kill their own food.

We also motored round to see the Golden Gate, and found they are about to erect a huge steel suspension-bridge across it. It will be the biggest suspension-bridge in the world. You know the Americans like anything of theirs to be the “biggest in the world.” Whether it is a suspension-bridge, an aeroplane, a hurricane, or a flea, it *must* be the biggest in the world!

Off the point near Golden Gate lies a group of rocks in the sea, and though people had told us that there used to be seals on these rocks a few years ago, we were surprised to see quite a lot of them there when we came by. They looked like great, fat, brown slugs.

Then there was a huge and very beautiful park, in the middle of which there was an aquarium, finer than any I have seen elsewhere. All sorts of weird water-beasts were there.

Small crocodiles hung about, floating immovable on the surface of the water.

Among them were water-tortoises floating or swimming around. One artful little tortoise had quietly slithered himself on to the back of a sleeping crocodile, and there he was, basking in the sunshine, without the croc. knowing anything about it – just like a street boy getting a ride on the back of a lorry.



**A CHINESE STONE-
MASON AT WORK**

There were fish of most gorgeous and beautiful colours, others were square-shaped with little propeller fins on the tops of their backs; most awful “googly-looking” great eels with faces like bull-dogs; leopard sharks, handsome stream-lined fellows, silver, orange, and black, with villainous looking eyes; gorgeous tiny blue fish, tremendously busy in darting about; garfish, long thin fellows with still longer and thinner noses or beaks with which they were continually bumping against the side of their tank. Then we saw a tank full of fish so tiny that one really needed a magnifying glass to see them properly.

It really was a wonderful collection of fish, and I only regretted that I had not more time to spend looking at it.

CHAPTER XXV

WE REACH VANCOUVER

WHEN I poked my nose from under the blanket in the night train from San Francisco to Seattle that nose felt mighty cold. It had been a warm spring day when we left 'Frisco, and now when I looked out of the window the whole country was in deep snow. What a change!

Before long, however, we had a change back again from winter to bright warm springtime. The truth was that during the night our train had mounted up to a height of 5,000 feet above the sea, to cross over a pass in the mountains, where the winter's snow still lay thick.

For miles upon miles we ran through vast forests of tall cedar and pine trees. This was in the provinces of Oregon and Washington (no relation to the city of Washington on the east side of the United States).

These provinces at one time were partly owned by Great Britain, and one island on this coast was held partly by British troops and partly by American, until the Emperor of Germany was asked to be umpire and to decide where the boundary between the two nations was to be. It is said that the British Governor of that part was a keen fisherman, and when he was asked whether the country was really worth keeping he replied no, it was not, because the salmon there would rise to a fly!

For a long distance our railway ran alongside a big arm of the sea known as Puget Sound. A few years ago, when beer and spirits were not allowed in the United States, smugglers, or “rum-runners” as they were called, used to land cargoes of whisky on the shores of this great inland waterway and hand them over to their accomplices on land. These were called “bootleggers,” because they used to wear long knee-boots inside which they hid bottles of liquor.

Another class of men connected with this unlawful trade was the “high-jackers.” These fellows used to waylay the rum-runners and bootleggers and seize their cargoes, which they then sold at high prices and so made a good thing out of it.

The story is told how on one occasion a rum-runner was bringing in a cargo to Puget Sound in a thick fog. Suddenly there loomed up close to him, in the mist, a steamer flying the American Government flag and manned by a number of men in coastguard officers’ uniform. These at once ordered him to stop and to come alongside and show his ship’s papers.

It was hopeless to try to escape, so the rum-runner came alongside. He and his crew were made prisoners and taken on board the steamer, while she took in tow their ship with its cargo.

The rum-runners saw it was all up with them and that they were probably in for a long term of imprisonment instead of making a fortune out of their cargo as they had hoped. So they were pretty unhappy.

However, when they had been steaming along for some little time, one of the coastguards came and suggested that if they liked to make it worth his while he would get the steamer’s boat quietly alongside and they could slip into it and get away unseen in the fog. The price he asked was twenty-five dollars a head, that is about five pounds sterling each.

The rum-runners paid the money and got into the boat with the greatest secrecy. They had just pushed off to make their escape when they were greeted by a roar of laughter and chaff from the whole coastguard crew from hiding places on the steamer. They were not coastguards at all! They were “high-jackers” dressed up to look like Government men. Thus they had captured a nice fast boat with its valuable cargo, and, in addition, received £5 apiece from her crew. Quite a nice little haul!

Seattle is a big seaport on a narrow ridge of land between Puget Sound and a great lake, twenty-five miles long, known as Washington Lake.



THE DIVIDE

In the Rocky Mountains, where the waters flow eastwards to the Atlantic, westwards to the Pacific

As you stand on this ridge and look across the water, you see endless forests on either side as far as the eye can reach, and behind these long ranges of snow-clad mountains glistening in the sun. It is a most beautiful scene.

On the foothills of these mountains on the west side of Puget Sound those lucky beggars, the Scouts of Seattle, have their camping ground of woodland, stream, and mountain. There, in winter time, they do a lot of



AN INDIAN TOTEM POLE AT VANCOUVER

ski-ing. In the woods are wild animals such as moose, elk, and deer, so that only a few miles away from their city they get into real backwoods. No wonder then that they make fine, efficient Scouts.

They gave me a splendid rally while I was there.

After four hours' steaming down Puget Sound, with its lovely scenery, a British steamer, the *Princess Charlotte*, brought us away from Seattle of Vancouver Island, which lies eighty miles off the coast of Canada.

Here we landed in Victoria, the capital, and felt as if we were back at home in England. The streets and the houses were no longer like those of America or Australia. All the suburban houses had bright-flowered gardens, with daffodils, primroses, violets, bluebells, etc., just as in England in spring time, with bright sunshine and crisp air. Then the people are all so friendly and hospitable, and so devoted to "the Old Country" and "Home" as they call it.

Looking to the south across the sea, America appears as a solid line of snow mountains. Looking to the east, another range of snow peaks is seen – the Selkirks and the "Rockies" of Canada.

On the island (which is a thousand miles long) one sees Indians, but all very civilised, dressed in European clothes and living in cottages. Here is a sketch of one of their totem poles on which are carved the crests of the successive heads of a family from great-grandfather down to to-day.

When I arrive at a new place I always go fishing if I can. So when I got to Victoria I went fishing. The island is wonderful on account of the many inlets of the sea, long bays and strips of water running inland between high forest-covered bluffs, beautiful to look at and full of salmon.

One of the best of these bays is called the Saanich Inlet, and I went there with two friends. We were only out for the afternoon, and we caught seven grilse (or young salmon) between us. We really had seven and a quarter, because when the eighth fish was hooked and was being drawn in, a dog fish (a sort of small shark), seeing that the grilse was helpless and could not dart away, rushed at him and tore him away, leaving only his head and shoulders on the hook.

We did not see the dog fish, as it was in deep water; we only imagined it must have been one that took our fish. Of course it might have been a sea-monster like the Loch Ness monster, for one is said to be in the Saanich Inlet. He was reported to have been seen by a number of people. One witness swore to his testimony before a commissioner of oaths, and the commissioner was, curiously enough, one of eleven persons who actually witnessed; the testimony was to the effect that, while paddling a punt to retrieve a wounded duck he had shot, he was astounded to see two coils of some serpent-like monster rise out of the sea at least six feet above the surface, gradually sinking again beneath the waters. Then a head appeared. The head was similar to that of a horse without ears or nostrils, but the eyes were in front of the head, which was flat.

"I was still only ten feet away from it, with the duck right beside the thing," he told a *Victoria Daily Colonist* representative, "when to my horror it gulped the bird down its throat. It looked at me, its mouth wide open, and I could plainly see its tongue and teeth, which were like those of a fish. I swear to the head being three feet long and two feet wide."

“It’s length, when I first saw it lying in the bay, was fully forty feet, and from head to tail I would say it was all that length, if not more, as it appeared in front of me. Its thickness was between two-and-a-half and three feet at the thickest part, gradually tapering to the tail like a snake. In colour it was brownish grey, and the skin smooth, without spikes or fins.

“The eleven other persons who also saw the serpent had come to the point when I called. They saw it plainly and several times shortly afterwards before it disappeared for good. I might add that it swims with its head just breaking the water.”

Now, what do you think? Can you conceive all these people of intelligence and repute suffering from an epidemic of hallucination, or does this strange unrecorded creature of the sea actually exist?

Anyway, whether or not they have a gift for “seeing things,” they organised a fine rally of Scouts while we were there.

CHAPTER XXVI

“I AM A RED INDIAN”

THEY stood in a row, tall Red Indians, in all the glory of feather head-dresses, white leathern tunics and trousers richly embroidered with coloured beads, and with gay blankets flung around them – there they stood in the icy wind to welcome me, as a brother Indian Chief, to their village. They made a beautiful sight in the sunlight, just as one sees Red Indians pictured in their war-paint.

These were the Sarcee tribe, and, many years ago when I first visited them, they had put into me the spirit of “Spotted Eagle,” one of their Chiefs who had died and whose soul was, for the time being, homeless. Spotted Eagle had been present as an onlooker (so they said) at a battle in which the Blackfeet Indians killed the whole of a squadron of American Cavalry under General Custer, which had pursued them.

This was in 1879.



A REDSKIN, THE “PERFECT MAN”.

The Indian belief is that when a man dies his soul still lives and can be joined up with the soul of some living man who has a character similar to his own. Twelve years ago the Sarcee Chiefs held a ceremonial over me at which Spotted Eagle's spirit was called down from the sky to join me.

So now they welcomed me as a brother, and the Chief – a fine, strong-faced old warrior named Big Plume – welcomed me in a charming speech in broken English. After this I went round and shook hands with all the braves of the tribe and then with all the squaws and even the papooses; and also with the boys who have formed a troop of Scouts in their tribe.

Then, what do you think? They spread a robe upon the ground and asked my wife, the Chief Guide, to kneel upon it. The second Chief, speaking in Indian, then made her a member of the tribe, and – I suppose because she was wearing the Girl Guide's Order of the Silver Fish – he gave her an Indian name, "Emonis-Ake," meaning "The Otter Woman."

So now the Chief Guide and I are both Red Indians!



THE CEREMONY AT WHICH THE CHIEF GUIDE WAS NAMED
EMONIS-AKE, "THE OTTER WOMAN"

At the great Rally in Calgary (and it *was* a great one, with 5,400 Scouts and Guides in the arena), a troop of Indian Scouts and Girl Guides, all in their picturesque Indian dress, gave a delightful display of their national dances to the accompaniment of tom-toms and a weird sing-song by their band.

These belonged to another tribe, not the Sarcees, but their friends, the Blackfeet. They were called Blackfeet from some legend of their having marched on foot over plains that had been burned black by grass fires.

It was very jolly to see the Red Indians thus joining the brotherhood of Scouts and Guides.

CHAPTER XXVII

A LAPLANDER'S LAST LAP

WHILE in the Rockies we missed seeing two things, a moose and a bear. The moose were there; fresh prints in the snow told us that they were much bigger than ordinary cattle – for they stand as high as a very tall horse, seventeen hands. They are ugly, which I suppose they know, and in consequence they don't like to be seen, especially in daylight. So they were hiding in the thick bush when we were hoping to see them.

And as to the bears, they were still in bed – the lazy old fellows. You see, when winter comes every bear seeks a cave of hollow bank in which to curl up and go to bed; and there he sleeps for about three months on end. He needs no food and very little air – indeed, he breathes very slightly, and his pulse goes quite slowly, it only beats once a minute. How fast does *your* pulse beat? Well, somewhere about once a second, over sixty beats to the minute. When spring comes he wakes up, his blood runs again, and he breathes in the ordinary way.

Round about Banff the bears become very cheeky and come into your camp while you are out and not only gobble up all your food, but they have learnt that tins contain good things to eat, so they take these also out of your store and break them open.

A friend of mine who lives there and knows their ways told me how he found a party of tourists picnicking beside their car when a bear came along and joined in the feast. They fled and stood in a great state of alarm while the bear finished their lunch. Then he got into their car to see if he could find some more.

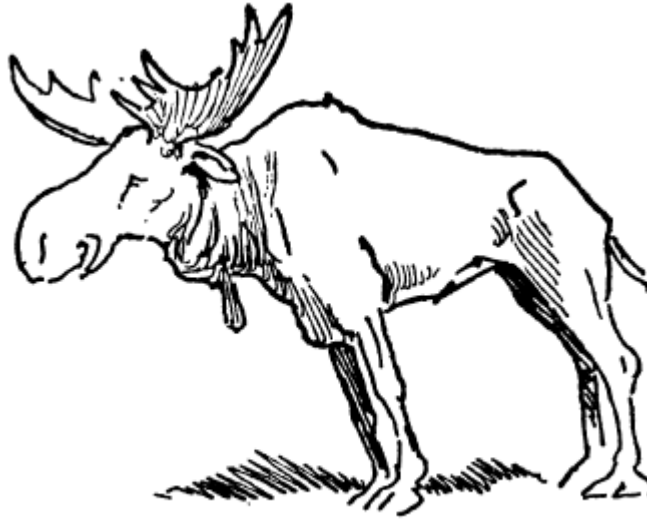
My friend then showed them what they should have done; he went up to the bear and gave him a hearty kick. The old Baloo did not wait for more but went shuffling away in a great hurry, still licking his chops.

Young bears are delightful to watch, and they love playing about with each other and are quaint, ungainly creatures – rather like Wolf Cubs! But when they grow up, those that belong to the “grizzly” kind become very dangerous and when roused will tackle a man and kill him.

There is plenty of adventure still to be found among the wild animals in Canada, and thanks to the many “National Parks” (that is, tracts of country where no trapping, shooting, or hunting is allowed) the wild creatures of all kinds are not only keeping up their numbers but are increasing;

at any rate this is the case with beavers, skunks, otters, minks, foxes, martens, wolves, deer, moose, elk, and caribou.

Bison had almost been killed off where they used to roam in their thousands on the prairies. A few years ago, however, a number of the survivors were rounded up and located in Wainwright National Park, and now the herd numbers about 6,000.



THE MOOSE IS AN UGLY BEAST

The long trek of the herd of reindeer which the Canadian Government purchased some years ago in Alaska, in order to ensure supplies of food for the Eskimos living on the Arctic edge of the great valley of the Mackenzie River, has now successfully ended.

When the herd was bought, it was at least 1,200 miles from its future home, and the contract provided for its delivery on the east bank of the Mackenzie River, near the delta. A Laplander, named Andy Bahr, over sixty years old, was engaged to take charge of the trek, and he started in December 1929, with 3,000 reindeer. In his original party there were six Eskimos, three other Laplanders, a doctor, and a geographer, but all dropped out at various points, and he had to secure fresh recruits as he went along.

The great herd could travel only very slowly, as every day it had to be given ample time to feed, and many difficulties were encountered in crossing a trackless wilderness and in facing the hardships of a sub-Arctic climate. Blizzards in winter and plagues of mosquitoes in summer held the herd up, and even drove it back time and again. Packs of wolves hung on its flanks and took heavy toll of it, but Bahr kept the reindeer moving steadily eastward for more than four years. Last spring the herd arrived on the western bank of the Mackenzie River, but the ice was beginning to break up, and after abortive attempts at crossing Bahr decided to stay on the western bank until the river froze again in this winter.

Now he had brought the herd to its destination, which has excellent feeding grounds. About half of the original herd died from the hardships of the trek, but numerous calves were born every year, and the herd is now not far below its original strength. The result of the experiment will be

watched with interest; its success will be very welcome to the Eskimos, to whom the herd has been brought, as they have so reduced their supplies of caribou and walrus that they have often been in danger of starvation.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A THRILLING BISON CHASE

I FEEL as if I were back once more in my caravan – you know, the one which you Scouts gave me at the Jamboree in 1929.

We are living in a railway carriage which is fitted up like a huge caravan, or a yacht, and which has been lent to us to make our journey through Canada more easy. We have each a small sleeping cabin on board with a dining-room and kitchen all complete. The coach is coupled on to a train when we want to travel, and is unhooked and put on a siding wherever we want to stop and inspect Scouts.

Well, here we are in a delightful siding at Banff. Close round us are the woods, and beyond them, whichever way we look – north, south, east or west – there are great snow-capped mountains, for, as you know (or ought to know), Banff is away up in the middle of the Rocky Mountains.

The country all round for 3,000 square miles is what is called “National Park”; that is, it is a preserve for wild animals and birds. Nobody is allowed to hunt, trap, or shoot them; consequently, although in a free, wild state, they are not afraid of people.

This morning we went out to have a look at them, for there were their tracks in the snow even in the paths round the town and on the railway.

The town itself is not very large, but all its streets are named after animals, such as Bear Street, Moose, Elk, Wolf, Rabbit, Squirrel Street – so the whole place is very “animally.” Within a short distance in the woods we came across a mall herd of what looked like big sheep, about the size of ponies, but with no tails to speak of, and the bucks had fine-looking horns. These are known as mountain sheep, and it is a pretty sight to see them skip up the slanting side of bare rocks and stand in an attitude at the top as if posing to be photographed. So I obliged them by taking a movie photo of them.

Then we came across the homes of some beavers. These “lodges,” as they are called, were big domes about six feet high and ten feet across, made up of hundreds of small logs and branches jammed together with mud. Round about them, for fifty or sixty yards, the beavers had dug ditches to bring water to the lodge, and below the lodge they had dammed up these streams with dams made of more branches and small logs.

Why do they make dams?

Well, you see, they make their lodge in this way; close to a stream they build up a sort of earthen bench running round in a circle with an entrance to it level with the ground. Over this they build a dome-shaped roof of branches, sticks, and mud. Then, to prevent enemies coming in at the door, they flood the ground round the lodge until the water is sufficiently high to hide the doorway. In order to do this they dig channels to bring the water from the stream, and they build a dam to hold up the water and make it deep.

They are as clever as human people at making their dams, but work twice as hard as any workman to get the job done.

We saw a herd of wapiti deer. These are like red deer, such as you see in Windsor Great Park or in Scotland, but much bigger and with splendid antlers. Very handsome fellows.

Then we came across a very shaggy, sleepy looking lot of bison – great, heavy-headed, slow-moving monsters. But they were in a fenced-in paddock which we were not allowed to enter, for slow though they appear, they are quick in their temper and quicker still when they get a move on. They can then go as fast as a horse, as will be shown by what happened when I was last here.

A game-warden was riding through the paddock when one old bull-bison put down his head and began to paw the ground. He looked exactly as if he were about to lie down – but in reality it meant anything but this. In fact, it meant he was about to charge! So the warden directly turned his horse away and started to canter towards the gate of the paddock, but the bison when after him at such a pace that there was no chance of his reaching the gate in time to open it before Mr. Bison got him.

The warden turned his horse and went for a gallop in a wide circle hoping to get a start from the pursuing bison. Mr. Bison followed him all right, but again as he neared the gate the beast was too close behind to allow him to open it. So off he went again, full split on a yet wider circle. Once more he neared the gate and it looked as if again it would be too close a thing for him to get through before he was caught. Fortunately this time there was some one at the gate who, seeing his predicament, flung it open for him and as he dashed through slammed it shut again in the face of the pursuing bull.

Man and horse were panting after their lucky escape when a motor omnibus full of tourists drove up and shouted to him, “Oh, would you please do it again, we were just too late to see your stunt.”

CHAPTER XXIX

THE “MOUNTIES”

REGINA, in the Province of Saskatchewan, is a big town out on the open prairie. Here is the headquarters detachment of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, or the “Mounties,” as they are generally called.

These, as you probably know, are the finest force of their kind in the world. Grand, smart-looking men, half soldiers, half policemen, able to ride and to shoot and to look after themselves in the Arctic winter or blazing summer.

They have to be equally handy on horseback or in canoes, or with a dog-sleigh. And as they are scattered about in ones or twos in distant parts of the country to keep order among rough characters in mining districts, or wild Indians, or smugglers, horse thieves, and other undesirables, they have to be very strong and very plucky, and each one about equal to six ordinary men – and so they are. The result is that when an evil-doer comes under their eye he is a “gone coon.”

Their uniform is the cowboy hat of the Scouts, with the red tunic and blue breeches of a dragoon, and brown gauntlets and field boots.

The people of Canada are very keen to keep law and order, and are very proud of their Mounted Police and ready to help them at all times. Consequently the criminals who flourish so well in America don’t get their chance in Canada.

Now the other day two boys found a pistol lying under some bushes. Well, you know what a boy does with a pistol when he finds it. He keeps it hidden away as his most precious possession till one day he proudly shows it to his friends, points it at one of them, and the thing goes off and there is one boy less in the world!

But these boys I am telling you of were Canadian boys. They did not fool around with their pistol but took it to the nearest Mountie. The police fired the pistol into a lump of soap. They found that the track which it made corresponded exactly with the track made by a bullet found in a murdered man, and through this pistol they were able to bring the crime home to a certain man who was quickly tried and hanged for the murder.

So boys, although they are awful young scaramouches, *can* be useful if they like and helpful to the police.

Have your parents ever “moved house?”

Isn’t it an awful job packing up everything you possess and getting the whole of the furniture, the carpets, the mattresses, and – oh – all the caboodle tumbled out of their places and stowed into vans and carted away? And then, days later, all the stuff has to be unpacked again and dolloped into the new house, and the things sorted out into their right places – those that haven’t got smashed or lost. Isn’t it an endless job?

Well, in Canada thy have a much better way.

When they move house they move house. That is to say, they take the whole mansion, as it stands, to where they want it to be!

The other day I met a house walking down the road.



A HOUSE IN THE BACKWOODS

You see, the houses here are what are called “frame” houses; they are built entirely of wood on a framework of stout timbers. Powerful jacks, rather like those used to raise motor-cars, are placed under the framework to lift the whole house a foot or two off the ground. Sawn lengths of scaffolding poles are placed underneath it to act as rollers. A motor tractor is hooked on to the front, and away she goes! The family can sit inside and look out of the window as the house goes along to the new site.

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When my boy Peter was about six years old he had a fine present of a wolf’s skin from the Wolf Cubs of Winnipeg. When he received it he and his sisters danced round singing a war-song which they had made up and which ran thus:

Winnipeg the middle of
Winnipeg the middle of
Winnipeg the middle of
Cana-Canada.

So when we reached Winnipeg on our journey I knew that we were half-way across Canada.

It was the day of the King's Jubilee and I was luck enough to be able to start off the Scouts' bonfire there right in the middle of Canada.

The Scouts and Guides at the Rally (6,000 strong) were some of the best that we had seen, and we had a wonderful time with them.

From my earliest boyhood I had always wanted to visit Winnipeg, or as it was formerly called, Fort Garry. I had read of it and always pictured it as a walled-in Hudson Bay Company fort out in the prairie, where Red Indians and trappers came together to barter their goods, and where the whites could defend themselves against the attacks of red-skins.



A HUDSON BAY CO: POST

And so it was in the old days – but by the time I visited the place first it was nothing like that, but a huge modern city with its skyscrapers, its tram-cars, and its splendid Parliament buildings.

Yet, tucked away among all these I suddenly came upon a little, old fortified gateway – it is all that is left of Fort Garry, and is there preserved as a memorial of the old pioneering days when Winnipeg was first founded.

When I was in Winnipeg a few years ago General “Sam” Steele took me round and showed me the place. He was in my Constabulary in South Africa, and before that he had spent the greater part of his life in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

In the early days of his service he had joined, as a private, the Red River expedition of 1870, to repress a rebellion led by Riel. This expedition was organised by Colonel Wolseley, who afterwards rose to be Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley. Riel had taken possession of Fort Garry with a force of half-breeds and French-Canadians to prevent that part of the country from being made Canadian. He thought it was impossible for any troops to get there from Eastern Canada owing to the forests, swamps, and torrents that lay in the way. But Colonel Wolseley's men did wonders. They came, chiefly by boat, up most difficult rivers, and eventually made their appearance about six miles from Fort Garry on August 23rd in that year.



OLD HUDSON BAY BLOCKHOUSE

They planned to attack the fort that night, but a hurricane of rain and wind sprang up. The ground became a bog, so the commander gave up the idea of a night attack. Next morning he brought his force down the river and landed two miles from the place. As he advanced not a shot was fired, and scouts, on being sent round to the other side of the fort, found the gate open, and Riel and his men were seen in the far distance escaping across the river!

That was the end of the trouble. The fort was occupied, the Union Jack re-hoisted, three cheers for the Queen were given, and law and order were established in the new province of Manitoba.

And from that day Winnipeg began to grow.

Men are still living who can remember Winnipeg in its early growth. The Sergeant-at-Arms in the House of Parliament there told me that he knew the place when there were only forty houses in it, and now it is one of the greatest cities in Canada with a population of 600,000.

A great part of Ontario consists of a network of lakes and streams among dense forests, so that roads are difficult to make.

The way people get about is with light canoes; with your canoe you can paddle up the rivers and across the lakes, taking your pack of clothing and food, and then you walk through the forest to the next bit of water, carrying both your pack and your canoe.

As a rule two or sometimes three men travel together, and while one carries the canoe through the forest the other carries the packs. This part of the travelling is called “portaging,” the ground walked over being called a “portage” (pronounced “portarge”).



CANOEING IN CANADA

To carry your canoe you put it on your head like a big hat.

First of all you tie the two paddles, with their handles crossed, to the crossbars of the canoe, then you turn the canoe bottom upwards and lift it on to your head, so that the two paddles rest on your shoulders. Thus your shoulders take the weight, with your head inside the canoe.

A canoe weighs about forty pounds and looks an unhandy kind of hat to wear when making your way through tangled wood or over rocks and broken ground, but it is wonderful how easily a man who is accustomed to it carries one.

Then the others of the party each carry a load or “pack” containing the food, tent, spare clothing, blankets and cooking pots. This load may weigh from sixty to eighty pounds.

It feels a lot if you try to lift it and carry it like a portmanteau, but it feels quite light when carried in the way that is usual in Canada, that is on the back with a supporting band pressed round the forehead. This band is called a hump line, and I recommend everyone who had a big load to carry to try one. A heavily loaded haversack can be carried this way much more easily than when slung from the shoulders.

Put the strap over your forehead, letting the bag rest on your back. Then, pulling the strap downwards on each side of your head, you will be able to carry a big weight with ease.

In every camp, as in every town, you will find workers and you will find shirkers, but you don't find many shirkers in a Canadian camp. The shirker could not stop there a day – the others would not have him. Every backwoodsman take his share as a natural thing, and everyone whether he is the master who pays for the expedition or the man who is paid to act as guide, carries his pack just the same as the rest, and he does not try to pick out a light one for himself or ask other people to carry his load for him. He humps his own pack, or, in other words, “paddles his own canoe.”



WHERE THE ONLY HIGH-ROAD IS THE RIVER

And that is what every fellow with any grit in him does in his journey through life. He takes his share in the work and difficulties, whether they are heavy or light, and does not try to leave it to others to do his work for him.

CHAPTER XXX

ON A FOX FARM

WHEN in the New Brunswick Province of Canada, I went for a day's fishing in a place with the cheerful name of PENOPSQUIS. The village of a few houses and farms lies in a pretty wooded valley. These woods are full of deer and moose and the rivers are full of trout. Most of the farms are Fox farms, that is, they breed "silver foxes" for their fur. I paid a visit to one of these, and it was interesting to see and hear about them.

The farmer owned twenty-eight mother-foxes and nine dog-foxes and these had families amounting to ninety-nine pups.

Each family of mother and pups lives in a separate enclosure of wire netting with a kennel set up on legs well above the ground to prevent rats coming in to eat their food. The foxes are black, with a white tag at the end of their brush. Very handsome but very shy.

Directly they saw strangers approaching they bolted and lay low. So our farmer advised us to keep back behind him while he went forward and spoke to them.

The mother-fox came out of her kennel very very cautiously and crept towards her owner till she put her nose through the wire to be stroked. Then she walked round her enclosure making a curious little grunting sound. This our friend told us was her call to her pups in the kennel to come out. Presently a little foxy head with a pair of sharply pricked ears looked out of the kennel, and inch by inch the little furry body followed. Then a second cub crept out eager to see the fun. But three more of the family still remained in the kennel and though mamma grunted her invitation to them to come and say how-d'yo-do to us they were not for it.

The truth was that in a neighbouring enclosure a mother was barking a warning to her family not to come out, and the poor little beggars of No. 1 family were not sure whether the warning was intended for them, so did not know which to obey, and preferred to stay indoors. The cubs were jolly looking little fellows and when left alone played and gambolled joyfully with one another. But they are delicate little things and require very careful feeding with eggs and other delicacies. Their life, though a happy one, is short, for so soon as they have grown to their full size with a proper coat of fur, they are killed and their pelts go to the fur market. Although so small they are important to people because their skin is worth between £8 and £10.

CHAPTER XXXI
IN NEWFOUNDLAND



THE OLD MOOSE HUNTER

I HAVE been in two Sydneys in this tour. One, of course, is the capital of New South Wales, and the other is in New Scotland, that is, Nova Scotia, in Canada.

This Sydney is a big iron and steel manufacturing place and is also the port from which you sail for Newfoundland, being on Cape Breton Island, the eastern end of Canada.

The passage across the mouth of the St. Lawrence which is ninety-six miles wide, takes about eight hours in summer. In winter it takes many more because the sea gets covered with ice and the ship has to force her way through it. Our ship, the *Caribou*, is so built with shelving bows that she can run up on the ice and break it down with her weight.

Luckily for us the ice had all gone when we crossed, and in due course we reached Port-aux-Basque in Newfoundland. (By the way Newfoundland is pronounced “Newfnland”.)

Port-aux-Basques is a quaint place, a scattered township dotted about among bare rocky hills on a narrow inlet of the sea, which forms a natural harbour. (Our ship had to twiddle round and get into it backwards.) A cold, wind-swept place, with some snow still lying on the hills – in June!

There we were met on arrival by a troop of Scouts and a Pack of Cubs. You can't get away from them even in this out of the way corner of the world. And a strong, hefty-looking lot they were!

I first longed to be a Sea Scout (long before "Scouts" were invented) when as a small boy I read *The Voyage of the "Adventure" and "Beagle."* There I learnt about those hardy people, the Patagonians of South America, who spent their lives afloat in canoes fishing among stormy seas, blizzards and snowstorms without any clothing on. And I thought them tremendous heroes.

But all the time there were equally hardy men of our own race whom I came to know of later. Men riding the icy seas, facing danger and discomfort with a cheery pluck and determination that eventually brought them their splendid reputation in the Great War – the Newfoundland men.

I have passed in sight of their home more than once and now – at last – I have landed there.

The train rattled us off into the country and within two hours we were in green wooded country and warm air.

Here we anchored ourselves for a few days, to rest and to fish. We lived in a railway carriage on a station siding and very jolly it was.

You see, Newfoundland is not like England. It is a big island (the fifth biggest in the world, so its advertisements say) but very much of it is, except for flies, uninhabited; consisted as it does of lakes and swamps and rocks and forests.

The railway runs through it from Port-aux-Basques on the west to St. Johns, the capital, on the east.

Where we are, on the west, there are very few roads besides the railroad and the train only runs twice a week. Rough "trails" are cut through the bush for bringing in what we call "timber," but which in Canada is known as "lumber."

Here and there along the line we come to a siding with a name but no station, and piles of lumber neatly stacked ready to be loaded up and taken to the pulp mills further up country.

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And now we have reached Grand Falls. This is just about the centre of Newfoundland. For miles we have travelled across wind-swept moorland where even now, in June, the snowdrifts lie. Then our train ran alongside a mighty river bearing on its surface millions of three-foot logs, all drifting steadily down-stream from the forests where they have been cut till they reach the booms stretched across the stream to catch them. Here they collect in a vast mass of wood, packed closely by the current and forming a sort of loose raft extending for half-a-mile up stream and a quarter of a mile across.

As you read your daily paper it may interest you to know that it was once one of these logs drifting down the Exploit River to Grand Falls.

The *Daily Mail* paper, for instance, is made here, at Grand Falls in Newfoundland. That log was cut from one of the millions of spruce firs grown in the seven thousand square miles of

forests owned by the *Daily Mail*. He was launched into the river to be floated for a hundred mile down to Grand Falls. Here the stream drew him onto a moving staircase which took him up out of the water and ran him high up along a runway, and finally tipped him over into a huge pile of other logs to wait till he was wanted. When I call it a “huge” pile, you will agree it is huge when I tell you it is almost as big as Westminster Abbey!

Underneath this great stack of logs there runs a strong stream of water in a big trough which is covered in with a removable roof. This is called “the wigwam.” When the logs are wanted, this roof of the wigwam is removed and the logs fall into the trough and our log was carried along by the stream till he was picked up by another moving stairway which took him to what my guide called “Eton and Harrow,” that is, he was dropped down a chute into a great big cylinder which was buzzing round and round. It was like a huge kitchen colander with its side full of holes, and open at the ends. The logs all jumbled and jostled together in this concern soon got all their bark worn off; and then, pushed on by fresh logs coming in at one end, they were driven out at the other thoroughly cleaned and scraped. That’s why it was called “Eton and Harrow,” because the logs were like a lot of boys sent to school where by mixing up together they soon got all their rough corners rubbed off, and emerged at the end nice clean fellows ready for their work in the world.

So our log, coming out of this “school,” slid into another stream of water which carried him to the next stage.

Here he was put into a big funnel and pressed down by a hydraulic pusher against a big grindstone. This was buzzing round at 250 revolutions a minute, and in a few seconds what had been a fine log was ground down to a pulp exactly like porridge.

Poor log!

But a friend of his, another log, was taken to a different funnel and he was shot head first down this funnel at the bottom of which was a powerful quick-acting set of keen knife-blades which in two seconds had chopped him up into little chips. These chips were then boiled in a huge cauldron by chemical process till they also came out almost like porridge, but rather more like wet cotton wool because they had still the threads of the wood fibre left in them, which had been altogether ground out of our particular log.

In the end the two, the “porridge” and some of the “cotton wool,” were mixed together in a great mixing machine, and eventually poured out in a film like very thin paste over a wide and endless sheet of fine wire netting. This film carried along on the netting gradually dropped its moisture and became dry, then leaving the wire support it passed through a mangle which squeezed all the remaining moisture out of it, and behold – our log has become a sheet of paper!

I never saw such a country as Newfoundland for odd names for places. What do you think of these? “Hearts Delight,” “Mosquito,” “The Topsail,” “Fore Topsail,” “Mizzen Topsail,” “Come by Chance,” “The-place-where-the-man-fell-down.”

Then what we should call a “lake” Newfoundlanders call a “Pond,” with them a pathway is a “Trail,” a jungle-bush is called “Barrens,” while “Blasty Bough” is the name they give to a branch of a dead spruce which makes a good fire-lighter.

Talking of fire lighters, the Newfoundlanders are, rightly, very afraid of forest fires because when one of these starts it grows at a great pace and spreads over miles of country, destroying

thousands of valuable trees. So everywhere one see notices – no two alike – so they attract attention. One of these which would appeal to Scouts was

“A camp fire extinguished
Is a duty well done.”

Another ran:

“Don’t mix sand with hash
Nor cigarette ends with dry grass,
Nor trout with slimy eels,
Nor dry bush with live pipe-heels.”
“Don’t smoke when travelling
In the woods in the fire season.”

A Tenderfoot after lighting his pipe will blow out his match and throw it on the ground. A bushman will break the match in half before throwing it away. Why? Because if the match is not really out and is still smouldering it will tell him so – by burning his hand.

Fires are a nuisance and a danger in Newfoundland, but fortunately, owing to the care taken, they come seldom, but the flies are a nuisance and come at all times.



A TENDERFOOT

Mosquitoes come singing round you and stinging you at unexpected points. They seem particularly fond of the taste of human ears – the brutes! But they are no so bad as the black flies. These are very small and harmless looking beasts and they don’t shout at you and give you warning that they are coming. They simply come, quite quietly and take a piece out of you and fly away to a neighbouring tree and eat it. At least that’s what I was told.

Our windows and outside doors are all covered with fine wire netting which prevents the flies getting in.

The people in outlying farms or villages have to supply their own wants as best they can because there are no roads and hardly any shops except in the towns. So when they want a thing they can't go round the corner and buy it as you fellows do; they have to make it. Just in front of me stands a home-made cart. A long pole split in two forms the two shafts held apart by a series of cross-battens just like steps of a broad ladder. This ladder is laid on to a wooden axle and pair of wheels and there's your cart!

The horses' harness is mainly composed of rope. For winter work, or when a man cannot buy a pair of wheels, he puts the ladder-body on to wooden runners so that the cart is really a sledge. When he wants a wheel-barrow, he makes a small-sized sledge in the same fashion, and that's a good idea for a Patrol trek-cart.

These people have to keep their horses and cattle and sheep in stables during the winter for for six months the ground is covered deep in snow. So there is no grazing.

In the summer therefore the animals are let out to wander where they like to get their food. The oxen and sheep go away for miles into the bush seeking grass, but their owners don't bother about them. When autumn comes and nights get cold and frosts begin, the animals know that winter is coming and they have the sense to return to their homes of their own accord.

The sheep are shorn in the spring, and the women card their wool and spin it, and weave it into cloth or knit it into stockings with which to clothe their families.

And they need jolly warm clothing for the winters are very bitter. All along the railway, on both sides of it for mile after mile, are high wooden palings to keep back the snow drifts from blocking the line.

In one river which we fished there was a complete section of a great steel railway bridge lying in the river bed and across on the opposite bank several hundred yards away lay another great section, while in the river there was about a quarter mile of railway track. All this was wreckage of a bridge that had stood about half a mile further up stream. About four winters ago the ice on the river had broken up with the coming of spring and had floated down as far as the bridge and there it got help up by the stone piers which supported the iron sections of the bridge. More ice floating down gradually piled itself on top until there was a mighty bank of ice over twenty feet high pressing harder and harder against the bridge till at last it could no longer stand the strain and with a tremendous crash it gave way to the force of the ice and was carried away down stream and stranded in different parts of the river.

A man told me that he was at work lumbering (that is, cutting timber) in the forest two miles away, and when he heard the thundering, crashing and shrieking of the tearing ice, he did not know what was happening and had thought to himself "Surely this is the end of the world!"

CHAPTER XXXII

THE UNITED STATES – AND HOME

I HAVE been, for a change, into the centre of the earth! No, not down a mine, but into the centre of a huge, hollow globe, made of glass, on which is painted a complete map of the world. You walk into this great glass room on a bridge across the middle of it. It is thirty feet across. The bridge itself is made of glass, so that you seem to be floating in the middle of the globe. If you look down between your feet you see the South Pole and Antarctic below you, while right up overhead is the North Pole and the Arctic, and around you are Africa, India, China, American and other countries, all on a very large scale with their principal towns clearly marked. Even the depths of the different parts of the seas are shown. One learned, for instance, that the deepest point is in the sea just west of the Philippine Islands. It is seven miles deep there, so you should be very careful, if you ever go to the Philippines, not to fall in!

Also one sees unexpected things, such as the fact that England is further north than Newfoundland, and New York is on the same latitude as Madrid. And so on. One could spend hours in that globe studying geography. The globe is called a Mapparium and is in the great building in Boston which forms the headquarters of the Christian Science. The whole building is wonderful, with its shops and library and vast numbers of floors.

In Washington we went to look at the Capitol, a huge, white-domed building which forms the Houses of Parliament of the United States.

In the central hall below the dome there is a series of fine pictures illustrating the history of America. There is the discovery of the country by Columbus. Then, a hundred years later, Captain John Smith colonising Virginia, and Pocahontas, the Red Indian princess, being baptised as a Christian.

Then came the emigrants from England to New England and the foundation of the country as a British Colony, 1607, and onwards. But a hundred and fifty years later troubles arose. The British colonists in America quarrelled with the old country over some taxes which they had been ordered to pay. Troops were sent to force them. They resisted, and after a war they defeated the British troops and formed themselves into a great independent republic under the great leader George Washington. His crest was an eagle, and his coat of arms was some stars and some stripes, from which comes the American crest of an eagle and their “Stars and Stripes” flag. There are forty-eight stars on that flag which stand for the forty-eight States into which America is divided.

The President, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, received us most kindly at the White House. He is greatly interested in the Scouts and had arranged for a big “Jamboree” to be held in the capital in August, 1935, and a camp had been arranged for 30,000 Scouts. We went over to the camp ground and saw the splendid preparations which had been made, and there was great disappointment among Scouts everywhere then the Jamboree had to be cancelled at the last minute, owing to an outbreak of illness in an adjoining State.

And here we are back in New York, the city of skyscrapers, preparing for the last lap of our world tour. A heat wave is in progress, and we are 90° in the shade – and damp.

When I go to sea I like to do so in a *ship* and not in a big *Hotel*. I like to get a good book like *Midshipman Easy* or any story of pirates and buccaneers; wedge myself into a comfortable corner, and let the seas roll and uplift me while I picture to myself the adventures about which I am reading.

But for me, on this last lap of our world tour, this was not to be.

We were booked to sail in the *Majestic*, from New York across the “Herring Pond” and the *Majestic* does not belie her name. She isn’t a ship – she’s a majestic example of what mere man can rise to in the way of naval architecture – a magnificent great giant of the ocean, holding within her vast bulk dining saloons and concert rooms and luxurious suites of state-rooms, everything most gloriously comfortable and further completed with an excellent orchestra and first-class cooking.

But not my idea of a *ship*!



ON A LUXURY LINER

Then, too, the sea was as calm as a mill pond all the way, so that one felt more than ever that one was living in a first-class London Hotel and not in a slight improvement of Sir Francis Drake’s *Golden Hind*. What would he think of it if he came back to life and came aboard the *Majestic* to have a look round!

However, there we were, and as we sighted the shores of Old England and drew slowly up to our berth in Southampton Water we could but feel that it was a restful ending to our nine months’ trip and that though we had seen the beauties and wonders of many far-away lands, Old England beats them after all, and we were glad to be back safely “at Home.”



THE END

