

The Patrol Books..No. 3

SENIOR SCOUT PATROL NAMES

(PART TWO)

- VII. WALTER RALEIGH
- VIII. JAMES COOK
- IX. GEORGE STEPHENSON
- X. WILFRED GRENFELL
- XI. ROBERT FALCON SCOTT
- XII. R. J. MITCHELL

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Editor's Note:

The reader is reminded that these texts have been written a long time ago. Consequently, they may use some terms or express sentiments which were current at the time, regardless of what we may think of them at the beginning of the 21st century. For reasons of historical accuracy they have been preserved in their original form.

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IX. GEORGE STEPHENSON, by LOUGHNAN ST. L. PENDRED

(Mr. L. St. L. Pendred, C.B.E., was for many years Editor of *The Engineer*.)

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(Wing Cmdr. Edward Shackleton, O.B.E., M.P., is the son of the famous explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton. He himself is both explorer and author.)

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(Admiral Lord Mountevans, K.C.B., D.S.O., LL.D. – “Evans of the Broke” – is known throughout the English-speaking world. He has told the story of his own life in “Adventurous Life.”)

XII. R. J. MITCHELL, by GORDON MITCHELL

(Mr. Gordon Mitchell is the son of the famous inventor of the Spitfire.)

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VII. SIR WALTER RALEIGH

By John Parry

FOR over three hundred years Sir Walter Raleigh has been for Englishmen the type of knightly valour and courtesy, and the most characteristic representative of an age in which brilliant, adventurous and versatile men abounded. He became a hero in popular report in the years before the Civil War, when many of the things which he treasured, or was supposed to have treasured, stood in danger of extinction; and for that reason he gained a place, upon very slender evidence, in the gallery of defenders of English liberties. There is no doubt that this enduring reputation owed a great deal to the tragic circumstances of Raleigh's later life, and to the dignity with which he met undeserved death to save a king's face. He was never popular in his lifetime. He incurred all the hatred which pursues a successful favourite and a holder of profitable but abusive offices. The great Queen's thrifty habit of rewarding favourites with confiscated property made Raleigh appear as one who profited by the misfortunes of others. Even his exploits in the Americas served for many people to mark him as a braggart and a liar. Moreover, although a generous and considerate employer and commanding officer, he had no great love for the common man, and the common man in his own day had little love for him. It was only in his native West Country that he was loved and admired and, perhaps, understood.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH
From the painting by Zucchi

It is difficult to show, by a bald catalogue of his achievements, exactly where Raleigh's greatness lay. He cannot be called a statesman, for though he sat in Parliament and spoke forcefully and wisely on occasion, he was never sworn of the Privy Council or entrusted with a great office of State; the Queen preferred more cautious and humdrum servants, Cecils and Walsinghams – Raleigh was too unpredictable and too impatient of monotonous work. He was a competent soldier; but apart from the ceremonial office of Captain of the Queen's Guard, his soldiering was confined to skirmishes in France and in the Low Countries, and to the enforcement in Ireland of a disastrous policy of repression aimed at replacing the Irish peasantry by West Country farmers. His reputation as a naval commander rests on the attack on the Spanish fleet in Cadiz Harbour in 1596; an operation in which Raleigh was not the commander-in-chief, though his advice and example contributed greatly to the victory. Finally, as a man of letters Raleigh was distinguished but not pre-eminent. His *History of the World* contains some noble passages, but much of it is commonplace enough; and similarly with his verses; a few of them are of great beauty, but others have merely the artificial tinkling of the Court poetry of the time, and the attribution of many of them is doubtful.

Raleigh's contemporaries all recognised his great abilities, in spite of the diligence with which many of them blackened his character; and probably the strange lack of concrete achievement in his life was in some part due to his astonishing versatility. He was a student all his life, interested in everything that went on in that many-sided age; and perhaps the very width and variety of his interests prevented his becoming pre-eminent in any one direction. His unpopularity in later life may be attributed to much the same reason – the quick, impatient facility of a mind which showed its irritation with the slower processes of more experienced if less inspired colleagues. It must be remembered, too, that he was, by force of circumstances, a courtier, owing his place in the world to a middle-aged and capricious queen; a fact which tied him to the Court many times when he would rather have been at sea. The pretty story of the cloak is no doubt apocryphal; but it illustrates shrewdly the nature of Raleigh's rise to power.

Greatness is not to be measured simply by a catalogue of achievements, however, and Raleigh may claim to be judged by what he was and not merely by what he did. In this respect, popular judgment since his death has been right, as it usually is in matters of personality. He was great in gifts and great in character. Apart from his intellectual brilliance, his patriotism and love of liberty, and his open-handedness, there is one aspect of his character which must appeal to us: his love of the sea, of the open air and of an active life, which found constructive outlets even when he himself was kept at home.

As a West Countryman and as a relation by blood or by marriage of half-a-dozen famous sea commanders, Raleigh inherited a love of the sea and of sea adventure. He inherited also an enthusiastic Protestantism and a deep suspicion of Spain, the leading Catholic State in Europe. The Spaniards were still trying, with considerable success, to exclude all other nations from America and from the adjacent seas. Throughout his life Raleigh stood for a bold front against Spain and for insistence on the right of Englishmen to sail where they pleased on the high seas and to colonise any part of America not already occupied by Christians. This was not for him a matter of mere piracy, as it was at times for his kinsman Sir Richard Grenville and for Drake. It was a serious patriotic policy which he put forward consistently by precept and example.

Raleigh was instrumental in raising the money and securing the Queen's approval for Sir Humphrey Gilbert's voyages in search of the North-West passage in 1578 and 1583, and he commanded a ship in the first expedition, which was a failure. Like Drake, Raleigh began his career and ended it with a voyage of disaster. He contributed a ship, but did not himself sail, in the second voyage on which Gilbert and his company lost their lives. From that time his duties in London, the Armada crisis in 1588, and his marriage kept him from exploring for many years. His marriage, indeed, led to disgrace and banishment to his country home; for he married a maid of honour and failed to secure the Queen's consent. It was not until 1595 that he left England in command of his most famous expedition, which was to explore Guiana and to cruise up the Orinoco in boats, in search of El Dorado and the legendary city of Manoa. In its main object the expedition, of course, failed, as all such expeditions failed; but unlike many, it was well organised and well led, and brought back much accurate information about Venezuela and Guiana, though none of Manoa the golden. One of the characteristic features of the story is the chivalrous courtesy with which Raleigh treated both the native Indians and the Spanish Governor of Trinidad, whom he took prisoner. Raleigh's own account of Guiana and of the adventure and hardships he met there is a masterpiece of such writing, worthy of the friend of Marlowe, Spenser and Hakluyt; and both its influence and its language found echo in *The Tempest*.

The voyage to Guiana established Raleigh as a distinguished explorer and sea commander, as is shown by his employment as Rear-Admiral in the fleet which sacked Cadiz and destroyed the best part of the Spanish navy in the following year. But his interest in maritime affairs amounted to more than that, for he was the earliest and most convinced patron of peaceful colonisation. He sent out seven expeditions in all for the settlement of his colony of Virginia, and

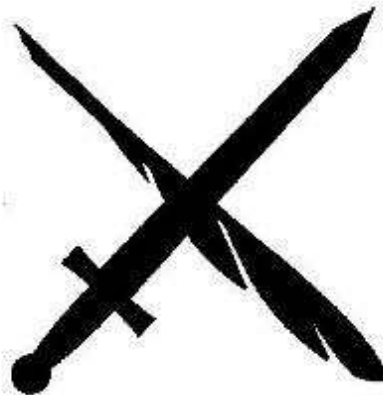
spent on it a great part of his private fortune and an infinite amount of time and thought. He was certainly responsible for one of the most important consequences, the introduction of tobacco into England. As far as immediate results were concerned, Raleigh's Virginia enterprises must be reckoned as failures; neither he nor any of his contemporaries appreciated beforehand the immense labour and hardship involved in founding a new community in a wilderness – even so fertile a wilderness as Virginia. But Raleigh's vision was great and his methods were sound. The first permanent and successful settlement, it is true, occurred in 1607, after he had ceased to be responsible; but it stemmed from his efforts and might have been long deferred without them. He lives as one of the greatest men England ever contributed to American history, and, for himself, he never lost the fervent faith which he expressed in the words, "I shall yet live to see it an English nation."

The story of Raleigh's last years is one of tragedy. The old queen died, to be succeeded by a king who sought peace and royal marriage with Spain and disliked almost all that Raleigh stood for; and shortly afterwards Raleigh found himself on trial on suspicion of complicity in one of the many ineffective plots which were hatched against the new dynasty. There followed fourteen years in the Tower, broken only by his reprieve, for one more voyage to Guiana to find the source of the Incas' gold. The voyage ended in disaster; for it involved a skirmish with a Spanish settlement, for which, upon his return, at the urgent insistence of the Spanish Ambassador, Raleigh was again tried and this time executed. No wonder that the many writings of his years in prison show a weary contempt for worldly place and power. It is the story of his last years that reveals the quality of the man. He, the courtier, the favourite, the brilliant dilettante and man of affairs, lived through fourteen years of the Tower and an unjust and barbarous trial, to write calmly on the eve of his execution –

"Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Who in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust."

*The Patrol Symbol – a
silhouette of a sword
crossed by a pen ; the
Patrol colours are green
and gold for colonies
and treasure.*



VIII. JAMES COOK

By J. N. L. Baker

JAMES COOK was one of the great figures of the eighteenth century. His greatness was recognised by his fellows, and everything that has been learned about him since his death has only added to his reputation. What did he do to win his place in history and to what qualities did he owe his greatness? Cook began life with no particular advantages. His father was a farm worker, and young Cook, after leaving school, went to help on the farm. In 1745 he became a shop boy in Staithes, near Whitby, and stayed there for a year and a half. His employer introduced him to a local shipowner and so Cook began his career in a collier, trading up and down the east coast of England, and later in the Baltic. He remained in this work until he joined the Royal Navy in 1755. Here he soon made his mark. Within two years he was given a Master's warrant, and in due course took part in the Seven Years War against France, serving with distinction in the St. Lawrence River, and being present at the capture of Quebec. His particular duty as a Master was "to observe all coasts, shoals, and rocks, taking careful notes of the same," and there is no doubt that he did his job very well. After the fall of Quebec he remained in North American waters, surveying the St. Lawrence River and a number of harbours, including Halifax. He came back to England in 1762 and soon after his return married Elizabeth Batts.



JAMES COOK
from the portrait by Bosc

For the next four years Cook was engaged in survey work in the neighbourhood of Newfoundland, and it was there that he made important observations on an eclipse of the sun in August, 1766. From these he made some calculations of longitude which were later published by the Royal Society. This piece of work, together with his charts of Newfoundland, marked Cook as an accurate observer and a methodical surveyor.

At this time the learned men of the Royal Society were interested in the forthcoming transit, or passage, of the planet Venus across the sun. The astronomer Halley had predicted that this would happen in 1761, perhaps in 1769, and then not until 1874. Some partially successful attempts to observe this transit were made in 1761 and it was decided to renew the attempt in 1769. For this purpose the Astronomer Royal calculated that the best place for the observation was in the Pacific Ocean, and in the middle of the area indicated, the island of Tahiti had recently been discovered. It so happened that there was also a problem of geography in the Pacific, for many believed that in the southern part of the ocean, and surrounding the South Pole, was a vast continent, known as the Great Southern Continent, and the Royal Society was interested in this, too. Hence an

expedition was organised to study both these questions, and Cook was chosen to command it. He selected for his ship the *Endeavour Bark*, built for the coal trade and so well known to him: a good sea boat, though rather small and slow. He took with him trained observers and a party of naturalists led by Sir Joseph Banks.

At the time of the voyage very little was known about the central and southern pans of the Pacific Ocean. There had been many voyages across it, but most ships had followed more or less the same route. Cook sailed in August, 1768, and after rounding Cape Horn, followed a more westerly track than usual, thus showing that there was no land to the west of South America. He reached Tahiti in April, 1769, and on June 3rd, a cloudless and very hot day, successfully made the observation of the transit of Venus. He then set out to find the Southern Continent. Sailing south and then west he saw no land until he reached New Zealand, already discovered by Tasman in 1642. He sailed round both islands and showed they were not – as Tasman had thought – part of the continent. He then sailed home along the unknown coast of East Australia and through the Torres Strait, narrowly escaping disaster on the Great Barrier Reef. He reached England again in July, 1771.

The voyage was a great success. Although no Great Southern Continent had been found, the area in which it could be had been greatly reduced. A great number of observations had been made from which accurate charts could be drawn and much new land had been put on the map. Perhaps most important of all, Cook had shown how, with care and the proper diet, scurvy could be avoided on a long voyage. This saved the lives of hundreds of sailors in all subsequent voyages.

Cook was promoted to the rank of Commander and soon set off again, this time to search thoroughly for the Southern Continent. He sailed from Plymouth in July, 1772, for South Africa, and then began a great voyage round the world in a high southern latitude. Three times he went so far south that he was stopped by ice. Then after a visit to Tahiti he went south again, between New Zealand and South America, and again on two occasions was held up by ice. Another sweep north of Tahiti was made, and then from New Zealand he sailed south of Cape Horn to the ocean to the south of Africa, where he had begun his work, and thence back to England which he reached in July, 1775. This three-year voyage was a complete success. Time after time he had sailed over seas where the Continent was supposed to be: no trace of it was found, though Cook rightly guessed that beyond the ice a smaller Antarctic continent might exist. All the objects of the voyage were carried out; the health of the crews was good, the navigation of the ships superb. A new map had to be drawn when the full results of the voyage were known. Well might a great French explorer, who followed Cook into the Pacific, say of him: “Mr. Cook has done so much that he has left me nothing to do but admire his work.”

Cook’s third voyage, begun in 1776, was intended to solve another geographical problem known as the north-west passage. This passage was thought to be a water route, navigable throughout, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, round North America. All efforts to find it from the Atlantic had failed. Moreover, in 1771 Samuel Hearne, a servant of the Hudson Bay Company, had walked overland from Hudson Bay to the mouth of the Coppermine River, on the Arctic coast of Canada, in about latitude 68°N. Clearly no passage could exist south of that point.

Cook went out to the Pacific by the unusual route of Cape Town in order to examine some land discovered in the Indian Ocean. In August, 1777, he was at Tahiti and after a long stay sailed northward in December. He discovered the Hawaiian Islands, coasted along North America, and when he reached latitude 60°N. began his detailed examination. Several inlets were found but when examined showed no passage. Finally he passed through Bering Strait and reached latitude 70° 44’ N. where pack-ice made further progress impossible. He therefore decided to return for the winter to Hawaii. Here he carried out a number of small explorations, but he was greatly troubled by the thefts of his ship’s property by the natives. Determining at last to seize a hostage

to prevent further thefts, he landed on one of the islands and met with unexpected opposition: In a fight on the beach Cook was killed on February 14th, 1779. The voyage to the north was resumed under Charles Clerke, and again a high latitude was reached but no passage was found. The ships arrived back in England in October, 1780. Although apparently unsuccessful the voyage had virtually proved that the only passage was in a high latitude, if indeed there was a passage, and that ice conditions made its navigation very difficult.

Such, in brief, is the record of James Cook. Between 1768 and 1779, in three great voyages, he had produced a new map of a large part of the world. The trained observers and naturalists who went with him had brought back much valuable information about new lands, new peoples, new plants and new animals. For Cook's voyages mark a turning-point in the history of exploration, the beginning of a new age when scientific enquiry was becoming increasingly important. With Cook we enter our own age.

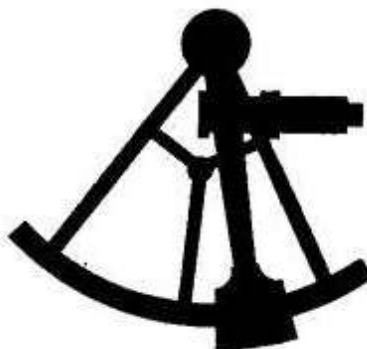
But apart from all these general accomplishments Cook will always stand out as a great man. Wherein lay his greatness? Pages could be written about him, but I will single out three great qualities. First, Cook made himself complete master of his job. He was never afraid to learn and he always took great pains to see that what he did was both thorough and correct. The result was that everyone trusted his judgment and none disputed his orders. By ability, by industry, by honesty he commanded respect.

But he did not rely on his authority alone. If he found his crews unwilling to carry out the necessary measures to prevent scurvy, he applied the measures to himself. When he made rules for their conduct on the islands of the Pacific he was himself the first to obey them most scrupulously. The discipline which he exacted was the severe discipline of any good ship, but it was a discipline to which he subjected himself. Hence he exercised his authority by example as well as by order.

Finally, he was modest. That may sound surprising for one who did so much and won the admiration of the world. If he made a great discovery he said so in straightforward words without boasting. If he proved others wrong – as he did many times – he did not gloat over his success. If he found that others were doing good work he praised them. The young officer who first saw part of the east coast of Australia – Lieut. Hicks – was rewarded by having the cape named after him, a reward that will last for all time.

James Cook is now a figure in our history books, and it is difficult to picture the world in which he lived. But his example will remain for all time as a great sailor, a great explorer, a great man. Few can hope to equal him, but all can try to emulate his qualities.

The Patrol Symbol—a silhouette of a sextant ; the Patrol colours are dark blue and gold for the ocean and scientific instruments.



IX. GEORGE STEPHENSON

By Loughnan St. L. Pendred

GEORGE STEPHENSON was born in 1781 in the little mining village of Wylam, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. His father was a fireman at one of the nearby collieries whose wages were twelve shillings a week. Four families lived in the same little house – it is still standing – and each had but one room. As George was the second of six children, one can imagine the crowded condition of that one room. But it does not seem that they were an unhappy family. The father, like so many miners, had a great love of birds, and tame blackbirds were always flying about the cottage or robins looking in for scraps. George inherited this love of birds and all his life long courted their friendship.

In those days children had to help with the home, and when he was a mere nipper George earned twopence a week on a farm. But he had only one ambition and that was to get work with the colliery engines. Of course he had no means of making real models in brass and iron, but his passion for engines was so great that he modelled them in clay. When he was fourteen his wishes came true, for he was engaged to assist his father. From then onwards he worked on and about colliery engines for many years. He was a strong, healthy and happy youngster, totally absorbed in engines. He always wanted to know all that he could about them and whenever possible he took the parts to pieces. Thus he came to understand them perfectly. But one thing he could not do. He could not read and so learn about engines from books.



By courtesy of The Institution of Mechanical Engineers

GEORGE STEPHENSON

When he was earning enough to spare a little from the house he paid fourpence a week to a schoolmaster to give him lessons and so learnt to read fairly well, to write rather badly, and to do sums quite well. He never lost his love of learning, and years afterwards, when his son, Robert, was at school and college, the two of them together used to spend their evenings reading up Robert's notes and going through his lessons.

When he was twenty-one he was given a better job « another colliery. The pay was good enough to get married upon so he set up house on his own. But when his day's work was done he took on other work, cobbled shoes and mended clocks for his neighbours, thus adding a little to his small income.

Soon after he had settled at this new pit a fine new engine was erected at another pit not far away. Fine as it was it would not do its work, pumping out a mine, and when the engineers had given up hope the colliery manager, who knew of Stephenson's cleverness, asked him to try his

hand. George did things to that engine that horrified the engineers and were against the rules, but he made it work and it quickly pumped out the mine. That, of course, increased his reputation. He was asked to doctor other engines, and at length was offered the post of engine-man at Killingworth Colliery with a salary of no less than a hundred pounds a year. Living was costly in those days because of the Napoleonic wars. Nevertheless, he felt himself quite well off with an income that would now be worth about £300 a year. Thus he had raised himself by his own industry, zeal and courage from the humble cottage at Wylam to a quite good position.

No sooner had George settled down at Killingworth than he began thinking about making a steam locomotive. He was not the first to do so, but the others – with one exception – who had tried made the mistake of thinking that smooth wheels would slip on smooth rails. Now Stephenson and another man, Hedley, resolved to try if that would happen. They made experiments that proved it would not and that if an engine was heavy enough the “adhesion,” as it is called, between the wheels and the rail was sufficient for the purpose. With this knowledge they set about making a locomotive with smooth wheels. It worked indeed, but very, very slowly, because, even with a long chimney, the fire did not burn fast enough to keep up a good head of steam. Then Stephenson turned the exhaust from the cylinders into the base of the chimney. It blew the smoke and hot gases out very rapidly and drew so much air through the furnace that the fire burnt brightly and the engine travelled twice as fast as before. That was the blast-pipe, which is found in all steam locomotives to this day.

After that Stephenson built other locomotives for the colliery, each one better than the last. But at best they were clumsy things with upright cylinders and many clanking and rattling rods.

In 1821 – he was just forty – he took a step that altered the course of his life and made him known throughout the world as the Father of Railways.

Darlington, in the County of Durham, is in the centre of a great coalfield, but the roads in those days were so shockingly bad that it was very difficult to distribute the coal. To surmount this trouble, Edward Pease, a local banker, got up a company to lay a “plate-way” of wooden boards placed end to end between Darlington and Stockton, hoping to sell the coals to the towns and villages on the route. The coal wagons were, of course, to be hauled by horses. When Stephenson beard of this scheme he went to see the great man and at last got him to agree to build a “railway” instead of a “plate-way,” and even to try a locomotive upon it.

So the company appointed Stephenson engineer to the railway with a salary of £300 a year. Furthermore, Pease helped him to set up a works at Forth Bank, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where locomotives could be built by specially trained men. Stephenson was, therefore, not only the first railway engineer, but the first locomotive manufacturer. At these works, which still exist, he built many famous engines, including the “Rocket.”

The Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened in 1825 and, despite all the prophets, proved such a success that Stephenson was asked to build a railway for carrying passengers as well as coal and other freight between Liverpool and Manchester. That was a much harder job, for a great cutting had to be made through solid rock, a long tunnel had to be pierced, and many bridges and a viaduct had to be built. But worst of all, a fearsome bog – Chat Moss – four miles wide and up to 30 feet deep, had to be crossed. Everyone, including famous civil engineers of the day, said it could not be done. But Stephenson had made up his mind that it could. It would take too long to tell how, at length, he succeeded and carried the railway successfully from Manchester right up to Liverpool.

Now whilst he was battling with the railway itself he had also to fight for his locomotive. People wouldn’t believe that he could make an engine to run at even as much as twelve miles an hour, and they said that if engines were allowed, the farmers’ cows and horses would be frightened

out of their wits, haystacks would be set on fire, and birds would be killed by the fumes from the chimneys! In face of the opposition the directors of the railway had almost decided to haul the trains along by ropes driven by fixed engines, but Stephenson would not give in and at last it was agreed that an open trial of locomotives for a prize of £500 should be held. The trial took place amidst great excitement at Rainhill, near Liverpool, in 1829, and the “Rocket,” built at the Forth Bank Works, triumphed completely. It astounded the large crowds that saw it, and silenced the critics by travelling at the inconceivable speed of 35 miles an hour! It was a simpler engine than its competitors and laid down the foundations of steam locomotive design which have remained solid to this day.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was an even greater success than the Stockton and Darlington, and when a very few years later Birmingham was joined to London by the first trunk railway, the great pioneer’s triumph was complete.

To see how great a man George Stephenson was, we must remember the conditions in which he lived. His youth was spent in a small mining village amongst people who were ignorant and very rough. There was no one to help him. His father was too poor and in those days State education was unknown. People did not expect the Government to assist them; they rather resented its interference with their lives. They were stout believers in self-help and self-reliance, and thought competition and the battle of life built up character. Men who wanted to rise had to fight for themselves and rely on their own effort. Most of the early engineers were such men and Stephenson was one of them. He mastered his craft by taking advantage of every opportunity, he paid for his education out of his meagre wages, and he taught himself by constant patient study. And all the time he was developing a trust in himself and the courage that goes with it. Once he believed a thing could be done, and was worth doing, he stuck at it till it was done. No arguments, no opposition, could shake him. His personal motto was “Perseverance,” and he was faithful to it all through his life.

Conditions have altered in the hundred years since Stephenson died, but it still remains as true as ever that the great men are – those who have justly won by their own endeavours confidence in themselves, and who have the courage and perseverance to see things through, however stiff the fight might be.



The Patrol Symbol—a silhouette of the “Rocket”; the Patrol colours are red and blue for fire and steel.

X. SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

By *Edward Shackleton*

A CLASS of boys, on being asked who Wilfred Grenfell was, elicited the reply from one that “he was the man who went to sea on a frying-pan!” Grenfell’s own story, *Adrift on an Icepan*, can never fail to thrill those who love adventure.

Wilfred Grenfell was born in Parkgate, Cheshire, on February 28, 1865. His early education was at Parkgate Mostyn House School, of which his father was both owner and headmaster. Here on the Sands of Dee, every inch of which he says was dear to him, he learned to swim and sail. Outside school hours he and his elder brother, Algernon, were allowed more liberty than was generally usual in those days. Their parents went abroad for the holidays, leaving the two boys to almost complete liberty, for the school matron does not seem to have been unduly anxious if the boys now and again did not return at night. Both were keen sportsmen and ardent collectors. Wilfred knew all the birds which frequented the Sands of Dee. From daylight to dark he would wander alone over endless miles, all sense of time forgotten, until the pangs of hunger forced a retreat. On his eighth birthday, five miles from home in the marshes, he fell head over heels into a deep hole while wading out, gun in hand, after some oyster catchers which he had shot. The snow was still deep on the countryside, and the long run home far from easy, but he says his regret was all for the gun.



Photo by kind permission of the Grenfell Association

SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

Love of the sea, which was to play so large a part in the life of this boy, was with him from the first and many exciting adventures he and his brother had with a boat they had built themselves and proudly christened the *Reptile*, but which an undiscerning cousin was heard to remark, “looks awfully like a coffin”!

Never at a loss to amuse themselves in the holidays, it once occurred to the brothers that a cousin from London might add to their enjoyment, and so when their parents had left, a much valued sixpence was expended in a telegram: “Dear Syd, Come down and stay the holidays. Father gone to Aix.” Promptly came the reply by wire: “Not gone yet, Father.” It happened they had stayed the night with Syd’s parents, and he, having to ask for his railway fare, the secret was out. A sense of humour prevailing with the grown-ups, Syd was duly sent along.

“It is the men who take ventures who make the world.” On a bleak day in August, 1892, a ninety-ton ketch, *Albert*, anchored in Domino Run, Labrador. It brought a young doctor, Wilfred Grenfell, who had crossed from England to investigate conditions amongst the fishermen of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland. Although this country is situated in approximately the

same latitude as the British Isles, the stream of ice drifting southwards along the coast from Greenland gives it a very different climate to these temperate islands of ours. One old explorer in 1524 wrote of Labrador, “this land is barren and only fit for wild beasts.” When I paid a short visit to the “coast” one summer my first impression did not belie this opinion, yet Labrador is nevertheless an important link in the chain of Empire communications and defence, and the fact that there is a hopeful future for it is as much due to the action of that man of vision, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, the Labrador doctor.

The coast of Labrador is ice-bound for many months each year, a rocky, forbidding country, inhabited by a scattered, isolated and often disheartened people. With no resident doctor on that thousand miles of coast, injuries went untreated, resulting often in complete disablement. Snow blindness might end in total loss of sight, and simple “snags” from fish hooks, the daily tools of these fishermen, often meant infection and the loss of a limb. In the early days Dr. Grenfell (as he then was) had sometimes to operate on the beaches, or in a tiny cottage lighted only with a kerosene lamp, or a candle. In his hospital ship the Doctor sailed the Coast each summer, and whenever the ship’s siren sounded small craft of all sorts swarmed from the tiny villages bringing patients to be treated or begging him to come ashore to those too sick to be brought. Nine hundred were thus treated that first summer.

Not only was Grenfell a doctor but also a Master Mariner, able to sail his own ship, which also brought him many an adventure, for if an urgent call came for help, he refused to delay for the weather and took grave risks in doing so. The fishermen used to say, “The wind is blowing wonderful hard; this will be sure to bring Dr. Grenfell.” And as one old skipper said, “The Lord must keep an eye on that good man.”

In the years that followed Dr. Grenfell inspired others to follow, doctors, nurses, teachers, industrial workers from many countries, until to-day there is a chain of hospitals, nursing stations, school and orphanage, hospital ship, supply schooner, with clothing distribution centres and agricultural efforts along the coast of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland.

Grenfell was a deeply religious man, but of those who came to help in the work he never asked what opinions or doctrines they held. He said he could always tell what a man’s religion was worth by his work. He had a hatred of careless or shoddy work, perhaps greater if done under the name of religion. He said he was sure that “when Christ made doors and windows in Nazareth they did not jam and misfit.” Equally he felt he had made no sacrifice in choosing Labrador rather than a London practice – he always said the good Samaritan did not tend the wounded man from a sense of duty but from the sheer joy of helping a fellow man.

“When two courses are open, take the more venturesome” was a favourite saying of Grenfell’s and this he always did. Again and again he took risks to save delay in reaching some patient. One Easter Sunday, in answering an urgent call, he endeavoured to take a short cut across the ice with his komatik and dogs. The ice was treacherous and soon Grenfell and his eight dogs were struggling in the icy water. With a great effort he succeeded in climbing on to a pan of ice, dragging his dogs after him. In order to keep himself from freezing he was obliged to kill three of his dogs, wrapping himself in their skins, and using their leg bones as a staff for a makeshift flag. Through the long night Grenfell was adrift. He had had no food from six o’clock the morning before, he had with him only a rubber band which he chewed during the forty-eight hours. And as from time to time he heard the ominous cracking and grinding of the ice beneath he knew that the pan must soon go to pieces. But from the neighbouring village help was at hand; unknown to him his signal had been seen and rescue came at last. In the hall-way of Grenfell’s house in the North there stands a bronze tablet to the memory of “three noble dogs, Moody, Watch and Spy whose lives were given for mine on the ice.”

It is little wonder the fishermen adored him although sometimes giving expression to their admiration in unconventional ways. He tells this joke against himself of the very early days when visiting a remote settlement in the far North. The settlers, a mere handful of people, came to greet him, determined to show him honour. Proudly they marched in a procession placing him at the head and singing as they marched: “See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on”! Often, too, he would laugh at his own absentmindedness. Once, in the days when he smoked a pipe, a heavy fog made navigation difficult. “Have you a match?” he asked one of his volunteer crew. It happened to be the only match box on the ship, although he was never to know that. Murmuring his thanks, he handed the boy a burned match, and threw the rest of the box into the sea, all the time peering intently through the fog, with his mind only on guiding the ship safely through.

On one of his journeys from England Grenfell met on board ship a “handsome girl in black,” proposed to her before he knew her name, saying that the only thing that mattered was what it was to become, married her and she returned with him to Labrador to help him in his work.

In recognition of his work, Grenfell was knighted in 1927 to the great joy and satisfaction of all his friends on the Coast.

But as the years passed Sir Wilfred’s health failed and to his grief he could no longer continue the arduous life on the Coast with its long journeys on dog team in the winter, and the rough seas of summer. To the last his thoughts were for the fishermen he loved, and shortly before his death during the war he wrote to Dr. Curtis in charge of the work on the Coast, “Do not worry about me. I ask you and all friends of the Mission in these dark and uncertain days to redouble their efforts to help the people of the Coast.”

The work of the Labrador Doctor still goes on. Every year, in addition to the regular doctors and helpers, volunteers from the young men of Britain, Canada and the United States visit the coast to do their part in helping those whose need is so great. They, too, taste not only of the adventure but also of the satisfaction of doing good deeds which is of the very essence of the Scout attitude to life. No man that I have met was ever more suited as an example and inspiration to the Scout Movement.

The Patrol Symbol—a silhouette of a Newfoundland schooner; the Patrol colours are black and gold for the long night and midnight sun of the Arctic.



XI. ROBERT FALCON SCOTT

By *Lord Mountevans*

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, whose name stands perhaps highest amongst the greater gods of Antarctic exploration, was a Devonshire man, born on June 6, 1868.

He was chosen by the late Sir Clements Markham when as President of the Royal Geographical Society he selected the leader for the National Antarctic Expedition of 1901-1904. Scott had had no previous Polar experience, but he was an officer of more than ordinary scientific attainments and had been known to Sir Clements throughout his naval career. Apart from being a brilliant naval officer Scott had the keen brain of a first-class scientist, and the literary ability which has so often been denied to the British Polar explorer. Looking back over a period of more than forty years I would class him as one of the three cleverest men I have ever met.

Directly he received his new appointment he made himself felt, and whether in building the *Discovery* and fitting her out at Dundee, in selecting her staff or her stores and equipment, Scott's judgment seems to have prevailed.

Scott very soon mastered the early history of Antarctic exploration. In 1901 he sailed from the Thames, with a very well-chosen company, which included Shackleton, whose name, after Scott's, is perhaps the best known of the modern Antarctic explorers.



CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT

Leaving New Zealand on Christmas Eve, 1901, Scott said good-bye to civilisation for more than two years, and steered south to the gales, fogs, bergs, and pack ice, which he negotiated skilfully in his strong little ship. Entering the Ross Sea he sighted South Victoria Land after obtaining a deep-sea sounding of 1,480 fathoms which told him that he was on the verge of the Antarctic Land Plateau, and this heralded his first look at the Antarctic continent, whose high mountain peaks he could clearly distinguish more than one hundred geographical miles away. The *Discovery*, after forcing her way through a heavy belt of pack ice, entered Robertson Bay, and Scott landed at Cape Adare where he found the hut left by the *Southern Cross* expedition, a few members of which had wintered there in the year 1896, this being the first party to winter on the shores of the Antarctic continent. Scott left a record here as he did on his Southward way at predetermined positions where the Relief Expedition which followed in the little whaler,

Morning, was able to follow a year later, on what I can best describe as a great Antarctic paper chase.

In Scott's first expedition, having decided on his winter quarters in McMurdo Sound, Scott followed the edge of the Great Ice Barrier for more than four hundred miles and then discovered new land to the eastward which he charted and christened after King Edward VII.

The expedition landed on the Great Ice Barrier and Scott made a balloon ascent in the inlet which he called Balloon Bay. His view from the balloon showed the sastrugi or snow waves on the Barrier surface, which he became so familiar with on his many sledging journeys.

Scott's winter quarters in 78 degrees South and 167 degrees East were in the small bay protected from the northward by a little strip of land which he named Hut Point. Here he spent two winters because the ship was frozen in for a year longer than he had intended to remain. However, this gave him opportunities to make sledge journeys to the south-east, the south-west, and westward.

After the first winter the Relief ship, *Morning*, in which I served as Second Officer, brought stores and coal southward, and when it was found that some miles of solid frozen sea ice held the *Discovery* prisoner and that there was no chance of breaking free after the first winter, the little *Morning* took back six of her company, including Shackleton, and brought to New Zealand valuable specimens which Scott's people had collected, and then with another ship, the Dundee whaler *Terra Nova*, a second Relief expedition was undertaken. This time more than thirty tons of gun cotton was taken south by the Relief ships and used to blast out nearly five miles of sea ice, averaging ten feet in thickness. It was an exciting business indeed setting the *Discovery* free.

Scott returned to England in the late summer of 1904, having added a great deal to the knowledge of Antarctic conditions and bringing scientific collections for the British and other museums.

Scott then returned to the Royal Navy, having been specially promoted to Captain. After five years of service he undertook his second and last expedition, the objects of which were to complete and extend his discoveries, and part of his programme was to make a great sledge journey to the South Pole itself, achieving scientific results on the way.

In this second expedition Scott chose a company of sixty out of nearly 8,000 volunteers. The expeditionary ship was the same *Terra Nova* which had taken part in the second Relief expedition. I had the good fortune, although still a young Lieutenant, to be chosen to command the *Terra Nova* and to be Scott's second-in-command. Dr. Edward Wilson was selected to be chief of the Scientific staff and principal zoologist and artist to the expedition, which employed dogs, ponies, and motor sledges to assist the transport over that great frozen Sahara, the Ice Barrier.

Encountering a terrific storm soon after leaving New Zealand in December, 1910, two of the ponies and one dog were drowned in the heavy seas that washed over the *Terra Nova* and nearly caused the loss of the Expedition. The *Terra Nova* was held in the pack ice for nearly three weeks; however, after passing through nearly four hundred miles of pack, McMurdo Sound was entered and the winter quarters selected on a spit of land which Scott named Cape Evans. This time the *Terra Nova* was sent back to New Zealand after landing a second party in Victoria Land. A hut was built in which twenty-four members spent the first winter after carrying out autumn sledging journeys, and then, having planned several scientific enterprises, Scott himself left for the South Pole, with sixteen men, two motor sledges, ten ponies, and thirty dogs.

The motors broke down after dragging three tons of stores well on to the Great Ice Barrier, and then with ponies and dogs dragging the food supplies to the foot of the Gt. Beardmore Glacier which Shackleton had discovered and ascended in 1905, Scott was compelled to kill all

the ponies owing to a terrific blizzard which lasted for five days and left the ponies with no food remaining. The dogs were sent back with just enough food to carry them the five hundred miles to Cape Evans, and then the redoubtable leader organised three sledge teams each dragged by four men which established depots on the Beardmore Glacier as far as 85 degrees South. Here 7,000 feet up four men turned homewards, and Scott with two parties proceeded on to that bleak inland plateau in which the South Pole, 90 degrees South, the uttermost south, is situated. I had charge of the last supporting party which bade farewell to Captain Scott on January 4, 1912, in latitude 87° 35' South after establishing the final food depot before the Pole was reached. That day Captain Scott took one of my party, Lt. Bowers, entrusting me with the hazardous job of marching back short-handed 750 miles. My little party made a short march with Scott's team to see that they could manage their increased load on the sledge, then we stopped, shook hands all round, and said good-bye, little dreaming that we would be the last to see Scott and his four companions alive. From that day misfortune seemed to dog our leader's footsteps. Three days after saying good-bye Scott met with a blizzard blowing from the south, a dead head wind which slowed down the party's progress. Then, another disappointment, when close to the South Pole Scott found a cairn of snow on which a black flag was flying – this told him that the Norwegian expedition under the famous Norwegian explorer, Captain Roald Amundsen, was ahead of him. A few days later when Scott reached the Pole on January 17, 1912, Scott's men found a little tent with the Norwegian flag fluttering above it, and in that tent Scott found a record stating that the Norwegians had reached the Pole just a month before.

Scott had now to face that long, bleak, dangerous journey of over 900 miles with a closing season and weather conditions that were insuperable. Petty Officer Edgar Evans, the sledge master, who was considered to be the strongest man in the Expedition, was the first to fail due to a heavy fall which caused him to sustain a severe concussion. Scott's party managed to get Evans in safety nearly half-way home, but he fell again on some hard blue ice and must have injured his brain. Evans died just near the position where the poor ponies had been killed, and then Scott, with nearly five hundred miles march across the great Ice Barrier, found that another member was rapidly failing due to terrible frostbites – Captain Laurence Oates of the Inniskilling Dragoons – who, realising that he was delaying the party and that the only hope of their salvation lay in his self-sacrifice, deliberately walked out of the tent in a howling blizzard and gave up his life to save his three companions, Scott, Wilson and Bowers, beset with hardship. Scott wrote in his diary that it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. After Gates' noble sacrifice Scott's little party fought their way northward with fine perseverance, but were overtaken by a blizzard which lasted with out cessation for nine days and nights. Scott was only eleven miles from one of the big food depots when he made his last camp. He had food for two days then and fuel for one hot meal.

After a week without food, in cold that beats Russian winter, Scott and his companions died, but before they breathed their last, Scott wrote a magnificent message to the public, a message that is, in fact, a saga in the English language. With the pencil literally dropping from his frozen fingers Scott was man enough to write: "How much better has this all been than lounging in too great comfort at home."

It would take many volumes to describe all that this grand man achieved in the nature of scientific Polar exploration. The vast store of knowledge in hydrography, terrestrial magnetism, geology, biology, meteorology, ice structure and glaciation acquired by Scott's two Expeditions have enriched the science of the Polar regions enormously.

Nowadays South Polar exploration is mostly conducted from the air. Scott's work was typical of the best performance in the earlier part of this century when we knew little about air-cooled engines and when the hardest sledging had perforce to be carried out by man-hauling parties on

the glaciers and bleak inland, badly crevassed, ice-capped plateaux, where animal transport was impossible.

The Patrol symbol—a silhouette of a sledge; the Patrol colours are dark green and light blue for the southern oceans and the Ice Cap.



XII. R. J. MITCHELL, C.B.E.

By Gordon Mitchell

UNFORTUNATELY my father died when I was only 16 years old, and therefore that great companionship and understanding between father and son, which I feel only begins in its fullest sense when the boy becomes a young man, was largely denied to me. Consequently I write the main part of this story as seen only through the eyes of a boy, but I shall try as far as I am able to make it a personal as well as merely an historical story.

My father was born in 1895 and spent his youth in Stoke-on-Trent. After leaving school he worked at an engineering firm, going through the various departments and eventually finishing in the drawing-office. Meanwhile he attended evening classes studying Drawing, Engineering, Mechanics, and advanced Mathematics – in short, getting that thorough training and basic knowledge, which is so very essential for success, in the sphere of his chosen career, namely, engineering. I am frequently asked why my father took up the aeronautical side of engineering. Although he was interested in aeroplanes in his youth, I think it was largely fate that took him to the aeroplane world, in that in 1916, when he had completed his basic training and was looking round for a job, the Supermarine Aviation Works at Southampton advertised for an engineer. It appeared to be a position that held good prospects, and so he applied and was accepted for the job. This, then, was the turning-point in his career, for he spent the rest of his life with this firm.



R. J. MITCHELL, C.B.E.

He soon graduated to the drawing office and thence to the design staff, where he was engaged in work on flying boats. It was here that he first became connected with the Schneider Trophy

racers. I expect most will be familiar with these races, but I will give a very brief account of the conditions involved. They were international races for seaplanes – for planes that could take off and land on the water, and pass a test of seaworthiness. They were not races in the strict sense of the word, in that the competing planes did not all take off together and race each other round the course. They took off individually at intervals, and it was the plane that completed the course in the shortest time that was the winner. The course was usually triangular and was marked out by pylons. The race was held every two years and was to be continued until the Trophy was won outright by a country winning three consecutive races.

I will not go into the details of the earlier races as it was not until the 1929 race that I was old enough to sit up and take notice myself, as it were, and as I have already said it is from this personal aspect that I want to write the main part of this story. The race was to be held in Britain, the previous race in 1927 having been won by us in Italy with a monoplane designed by my father. I well remember the great strain that my father underwent during the months prior to the race. It was a continual fight against time, against disappointments, against troubles. As the day of the race drew nearer, this strain increased as another great worry was added, namely, concern for the safety of the pilots who were now flying and testing these planes. One cannot give too high praise for these test-pilots, who risked everything to try out these completely revolutionary aeroplanes, which flew at a speed never before attained by man. My father felt a personal responsibility for the safety of these men who were risking their lives in machines which he had created. My most cherished memories of those times were the days when my father and I would get up at 5 a.m., motor to Calshot, and watch the test flights being carried out immediately after dawn. This was often the time when the best weather conditions existed – good visibility, a gentle breeze and little or no cloud. Then when the planes had all safely landed, we would go up to the Air Force mess and eat a very welcome breakfast of fried eggs and bacon.

Meanwhile, as the testing became more severe and the maximum speed of the planes was reached, many troubles developed which involved many long hours of work at all times of the day and night, in order that a remedy could be worked out and the required alterations made to the planes. There was no 45-hour week for anyone connected with this job, for if the planes were not ready by the day before the race, they were disqualified, I remember particularly one Friday evening, my father came home and said that as things were going fairly smoothly, we would all go away for a holiday over the week-end. So early Saturday morning we went off to the Isle of Wight for what was to be our summer holiday for that year. We had only been away for a few hours, when my father received a wire to return at once as one of the planes had crashed in taking off. So ended our “summer holiday.” However, in the end all the difficulties and anxieties were surmounted. Britain won the race and we now had two consecutive wins to our credit. If we could only win the next race in 1931, we should have won the Trophy outright. As the time drew near for the preparations for this race to be made, it seemed that we should have to throw away our chances and not even enter the race. This was due to the financial depression of those years, and the British Government did not feel justified in spending the necessary money. However, the day was saved by the generosity of Lady Houston, who gave £100,000 in order that we could compete.

As the day of the race was now only seven months away, the fight against time was even greater than it had been in 1929. A new engine had to be produced by Rolls-Royce and two entirely new planes designed and built in this short space of time. Sufficient to say here that once again the task was done, and my father’s ambition to design three consecutive winners was fulfilled. So ends what I like to think as the first phase of my father’s life, and I feel that it would be a good time to pause for a while in this story of his life to tell a few rather more personal things. He had many hobbies and was very keen on sport – tennis, cricket, golf, and shooting being the main ones. He was also very fond of seeing a good football match, and we would often

go to watch the Southampton team play on Saturday afternoons. An example of but one of his many hobbies was a pond which father and I built in the garden. Every so often we would go down to a little pet shop in Southampton and buy one or two new varieties of fish for our pond – in time we had built up quite a good collection, of which we were both secretly rather proud, and loved to show them to any visitors who called.

He had a good sense of humour, and in addition he had what I now realise to be one of the greatest of assets, namely, sound common-sense. He used to tell me that for success in life you needed 50 per cent, knowledge and 50 per cent, common-sense. You might have the necessary knowledge to do a certain thing, but unless you had also the common-sense to tell you when and how and in what way to do it according to the circumstances, then the bare knowledge was practically useless.

There is, unfortunately, not space to elaborate further on these more personal items, as I should like to do, but in short, we led a normal, happy family life, and this, as my father realised only too well, is the only foundation for real happiness.

Now to continue with the main story. Many people believe that my father was concerned only with the Schneider Trophy planes in these years. This is not so, as such successful, but, of course, less spectacular planes, as the Southampton, Scapa, the Stranraer flying-boats were designed by him during this period.

Later, he produced the little Walrus amphibian plane, which, although rather noisy and ugly in flight, did grand service during the war in co-operation with the Navy, in Air-Sea rescue work, and so on. However, it is the spectacular that always gets the publicity, and it is at this stage that I begin the story of that world-famous little plane, the Spitfire. There can be few people alive to-day who have not at least heard that name; it was the culminating product of my father's life work.

The story really begins in the summer of 1933 – it was the day before we were to go to Devon for our summer holidays, and there was all the usual family excitement of packing and arranging this, that, and the other. However, father had not been feeling very well for some little while and when in the evening he felt somewhat worse, my mother persuaded him to see a doctor before we set off the following day. The doctor saw father, and then the blow fell; he was seriously ill and a major operation had to be performed at once. All thoughts of the holiday were at once dismissed by mother, although father in his typically unselfish way suggested that rather than disappoint mother and myself we would go on the holiday and he would have the operation when we returned. Mother would not hear of this, of course, and on the next day father went to a nursing home.

The worry, anxiety, and terrible strain of the next weeks, especially for mother, can only be understood fully by those who have had similar experiences. For weeks my father's life hung in the balance, but after many long months, he eventually pulled through and returned home. He was, however, no longer the strong, active man that he had been before his operation. His doctors told him this and added that unless he took complete rest from his work, and led the life of a semi-invalid, he could not possibly live much longer. So began this semi-invalid life for my father, which as far as the doctors were concerned, was to go on for evermore. It was during these months, however, that it became obvious to father, from what he saw and heard when he visited Austria on a holiday in 1934, from talks with people who had firsthand information, that Germany was rapidly making preparations for another war. In particular they were building up a huge Air Force.

From then on my father knew that he must give up this semi-invalid life no matter what the consequences, and return to developing the plans that had been forming in his mind, even before

his operation, for a single-seater fighter to protect this country against attack. And so he returned to his work, physically a semi-invalid, but mentally as alive, and alert, and well as any man. Once again began the fight against time, not merely against the date of a race, as was the case when the Schneider Trophy contest was on, but this time against life itself, for he realised that at any time his physical health might give in under the great mental strain that was just about to begin. It was a terrible decision for him to have to make, for he had his wife and family to consider, but he knew, and my mother knew also that he must go back. I hope this will have given some idea of the very great difficulties and hardships under which father designed the Spitfire. They were very hard days. I should like here to mention the inestimable help of my mother, who passed away not long ago. She did everything that a human being could do to look after and help my father, and to alleviate the great strain under which he was living. There can be no doubt that one of man's greatest assets is a wife who will love him and help him in both prosperity and adversity. My mother was certainly such as this.

So in 1936 the first ever Spitfire was wheeled out of its hangar at Southampton, and taken up on its first test flight by Capt. Summers. As he began his take-off run, the tension for my father and his design staff was immense – would things work out in practice as had been worked out on paper? At last the Spit. was in the air and she flew as if the air was meant for her. After a brief flight round,, Captain Summers landed, walked over to my father, and told him that the Spit. was the goods. Of course, many more test flights had to be made and modifications carried out, but it soon became obvious to all concerned that here was not just an ordinary plane, but something streets ahead of its class. That this was so has since been proved by the war-time record of the Spit. She was the only British plane that began the war as a frontline fighter, and was still in the front-line when the war finally ended. Of course, by the time the war ended, the Spit. had had many hundreds of modifications done to her, and higher and higher powered Rolls-Royce engines installed, but the basic design remained. All these alterations were very ably carried out by the technical and drawing office staff, led by Mr. J. Smith, whom my father left to carry on his work.

However, no sooner was the main work on the Spitfire completed, than father laid down the plans for a super four-engined bomber. He worked with every-increasing energy to complete the major work on it, but at last the long dreaded time came when, even he could carry on no longer. His physical condition deteriorated rapidly, and on June 11, 1937, he passed away.

Work was continued on the bomber and the building of the prototype begun, but in 1940, when nearly completed, it was destroyed in a bombing raid on Southampton. Whether or not it would have turned out to be as successful as the Spitfire, one can only surmise. Myself, I feel that the chances that it would have been a great success were very large; and that once the production difficulties had been overcome, it might have influenced the course of the war very considerably. However, be that as it may, the Spitfire was there and being produced in vast numbers. How the Spit, influenced the course of the war is most certainly no surmise, and is well-known to all.

*The Patrol Symbol—a
silhouette of a Spitfire ;
the Patrol colours are
light blue and gold for
the sky and the sun.*

