

1st Bagshot Scout Group A History

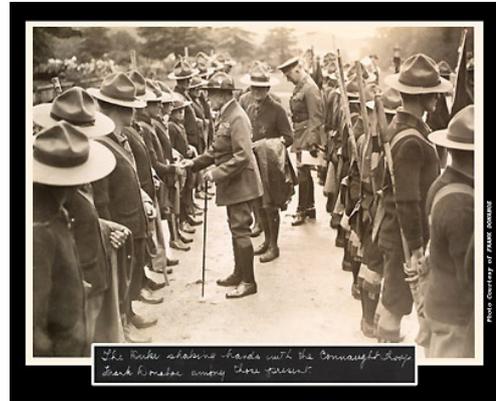
In 2009, 1st Bagshot Scout Group celebrated it's 100th Anniversary.

Members of the group have been trying to piece together our history. We have been fortunate to have the memories of former Cubs and Boy Scouts to open a small window on the past activities of 1st Bagshot Scout Group. We are very grateful to all those who have taken the time to leave us their memories.

Being a member of 1st Bagshot Scout Group means that our Beavers, Cubs and Scouts are part of a heritage that goes back to the earliest days of Scouting.

The group was started just two years after Baden-Powell formed the Boy Scout Association in 1907. We are the oldest group in Surrey. In May 1913, the Duke of Connaught, who lived at Bagshot Park, was appointed the first president of the Scout Association. Hence, the 1st Bagshot Scout Group was known as Duke of Connaught's Own.

During WWI the Canadian Army had a base in Bagshot Park and built a Scout Hut near Rapley Lake. The lake was dug in the 1920's by hand to provide work for unemployed men and may have been used for boat drill. During WWII the Scout troop held week-end camps there. In 1947 a new hut was transferred, possibly from Camberley, and erected in the copse (the old quarry ground) at the top of Waverley Road by the scouts themselves and they used it for many years.





On a visit to Bagshot school, the Duke Of Connaught commented that a tree at the entrance was dead and offered to plant a young lime tree there. This was arranged by the head gardener at Bagshot Park. The Headmaster of the school at the time was Mr. E H Foster, who was also Scout Master of 1st Bagshot Scouts and at this time the Scouts met at the Bagshot School. On the 1st October 1928 the tree was officially planted with the Scouts in attendance under Assistant Scout Master Mr. E Comer, who owned a shop in Bagshot. The Duke was handed the ceremonial spade by Scout R Dowding.

During WWII the Scout troop held week-end camps at Rapley Lake. In 1947 a new hut was transferred, possibly from Camberley, and erected in the copse (the old quarry ground) at the top of Waverley Road by the scouts themselves and they used it for many years.

"The Bone"

There were four patrols - The Hounds, the Stags, The Eagles and the Kestrels. Each patrol vied for the honour of having their patrol name listed on "The Bone" - an Ox shoulder blade.





The winners of "The Bone" Patrol Competition were:

- Kestrels - Nov & Dec 45
- Kestrels - Jan & Feb 46
- Eagles - Jan & Feb 46
- Hounds - Mar & Apr 46
- Kestrels - May & June 46
- Hounds - May 1947
- Hounds - June 1947
- Stags - July 1947
- Kestrels - Camp 47
- Kestrels - Sep - Oct 47
- Kestrels - Feb 1948
- Kestrels - April & May 48
- Hounds - June 48
- Hounds - July 48
- Hounds - Camp 48
- Hounds - Oct 1948
- Kestrels - July 49
- Hounds August 49
- Stags - Camp 49
- Hounds - July 1950
- Hounds - Camp 1950

These patrol names were revived in the Scout Centenary Year, 2007, at 1st Bagshot's Family Camp, where Eagle Patrol won the best patrol award.

"The Bone" is signed by Lord Rowallen (1895 - 1977), on 7th May 1945, just a month after he has been elected Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth and Empire. He remained Chief Scout until 1959.



Adding his signature to "The Bone" is Sir Percy Everett, Deputy Chief Scout to Lord Rowallen and 'right hand man' to Baden-Powell having assisted B-P in the writing of 'Scouting for Boys' and being with him at the First Experimental camp on Brownsea Island in August 1907.



Also on "the Bone" are the signatures of (this is difficult because of the age of writings): "Glad Burchan", International Commissioner. This is followed by the initials I.H.R (or J.H.R.).

There is also a signature of Lorne Barnwell, with the initials "TOR" "C.A.C. Verdun, 2nd Canada. A/SM 1st Bagshot 3rd Apr 45 - ". This is very interesting for us as we know that the Canadian troops stationed at Bagshot Park during the war built 1st Bagshot a Scout Hut near Rapley Lake. We now know that Lorne Barnwell was a Canadian private stationed at Deepcut who came along to Troop Meetings and gave us a hand. 'TOR' probably means Toronto, and C.A.C. probably means Canadian Army Corps. Lorne probably acted as a sort of ASM for a few months.

Ex-Scout Robert Miller: *There was a Scoutmaster of the Woodland Scout Troup in Verdun, Quebec that I knew in the 70's by the name of Lorne Barnwell. His age would of been about right to put him as a private during WWII. I was part of another Scout group in the area so I don't have a lot of information, and the last time I saw Lorne was at a summer camp in '79. As Verdun is a suburb of Montreal, about 525km from Toronto I*

would suspect 'TOR' is an abbreviation for something else but no idea what that could be. Where I do see 'Tor' as an abbreviation for Toronto it is usually not by itself, as in:

7th Toronto Regiment, RCA - 7 Tor Regt

The Toronto Scottish Regiment - Tor Scot R

You will see from the accounts below that during the war years there were only a 15 - 20 Scouts in 1st Bagshot and they used to cycle to meetings at Rapley. Most of their Scout Leaders had been sent off to war and so about five of the boys had to run the Group themselves. They often ran messages around the village and even manned the local ARP. But, as with all good stories, it is best told by those that were there.

In the early 1950's, stories from Bagshot Scouts appeared almost on a weekly basis in the Camberley News and Bagshot Observer.

By 1950, the Scouts had moved into their present HQ at St Annes' Hall in Church Road. The 1950 AGM was held in May that year and, as today, it was a social affair coupled with the business of reporting of the preceding years events. Well over 100 parents and friends attended, and the Chairman of the Parents Committee was pleased to report that there were 58 members in the Group. The meeting was attended by Mr C Starr who was the County Secretary. During the year, the Senior Scouts (the oldest boys) came 4th in the Duke of Connaught's Rifle Competition and three of the Scouts, Ron Frost, Peter Jones and John Poupart, received the highest honour – the King's Scout Award – and were recognized as being the only three King's Scouts in the district. In February, a new Rover Section was started and four Scouts were awarded Bushman Thongs. The Scout Master was Mr Taylor, who championed the idea of a Supporters Association. The idea was that each member of the Supporters Association would contribute half a crown annually towards the funds of the Group, and in return they would receive regular updates on the activities of the Scouts. The treasurer in May 1950 was D Papworth, one of the Scouts. David Barrett was one of the Scouts awarded the Bushman's Thong, and Peter (Taffy) Jones and David Peach were welcomed into the Group.

In June 1950 1st Bagshot won the Bunbury Cup at Highlands Farm in Deepcut. Col. Bunbury presented the cup to Scoutmaster Mr Taylor. The Patrol (Fox) Leader was Donald Bradbury, with Brian Ingledew, Edwin Theobald, Teddy Soanne, Chris Holmes, and John Hayward. The cup is presented to the Patrol who display the best Camping Skills and a team of judges toured the area to the various camps set up by the local Scout Groups.

Senior Scout Leader Peter Jones and Senior Scout John Poupart, both Kings Scouts, took off on a two week hike in July visiting France, Belgium and Luxembourg, starting at Dunkirk. Whilst back at home the Group arranged a Rummage Sale in support of much needed camp equipment.

August 1950 saw the Scouts on a nine day camp in Brockenhurst, New Forest, where they visited the Isle of White, Lymington and Milford-on-sea. A night Hike was taken by the Senior Scouts from Lymington back to Brockenhurst. At the end of the week Ron Frost was awarded his First Class Badge and Senior Scout Leader Peter Jones and Senior Scout John Poupart return from their travels.

The Bagshot Youth Fete was arranged in September by a number of youth organizations including the Scouts to raise funds for their organizations.

The Scouts themselves were very good at organizing things for themselves and on 16th January 1953, Brian Ingledew, John Hayward and B Goodfellow organized a New Year Party. Bagshot Cubs met on the following Wednesday with the Scouts meeting on Fridays.

In April the Scouts were to return to the scene of their previous triumph in the Bunbury Cup, Highland Farm, Deepcut, for their now annual Easter Camp. Unfortunately, 1953 was a wash-out and so the camp had to be cancelled. However, at the end of April there was the Social Evening with the AGM to look forward to. Again, well over 100 people were in attendance with Mr. A T W Papworth, Chairman of the Parents Committee, Derek Papworth, now the Scout Master, and Rev J Melhuish District Commissioner for Scouts present. The annual expenditure for the Group in 1953 - £106 - and the entertainment for the evening was provided by the cubs.

1953 was significant for being Coronation Year and 1st Bagshot Scouts played their part in this significant event. They built one of the chain of Beacon Fires, on High Curly, on the site of an old beacon which was erected to warn of the arrival of the Spanish Armada. In May, Wolf Cubs Billy Alexander and David Blackall were welcomed into the Group and Patrol Leader John Hayward was presented with his Guide and Linguist Badges, Patrol Second Michael Serle was presented with his Musicians Badge. Wolf Cub Peter Wickens was presented with his second proficiency star.

Scout Camp that year was at Sunningdale Golf Club with Lightwater Cubs. Cub Master D Dolman ran the camp. The Scout Patrol Leaders and their Seconds meanwhile went on a hike in Hawthorne Hill District over the May Bank Holiday.

The Coronation Beacon was lit in June by DC Rev Mulhuish. The Scout Standard Bearers in the Village Coronation Parade were J Hayward (Union Flag), J Hickox (Troop Colours) and W Alexander (Cub Colours). Later in June there was a Scout and Guide Association Coronation Service at Westminster Abbey where Patrol Leaders B Goodfellow and J Hayward from 1st Bagshot represented the Camberley District. Also present was Chief Scout Lord Rowallan (See above).

B GoodFellow was later awarded the highest Proficiency Award, the Scout Cord, and ran scout meetings in the absence of adult Scouters. The papers also noted that Rover Crew attended the Rover Ranger Camp at Cobham.

1st Bagshot were triumphant again in the Bunbury Cup for a fourth successive year.

Patrol Second K Ross was presented with his 1st Class Badge. Patrol Leaders A Standing and Patrol Second J Theobald undertook their 1st Class Journey Hike - a 10 mile trip through Bracknell, Barkham, Finchampstead and Sandhurst. The task took the requisite 24 hours including tough hill climbs.

At the end of 1953, Scout Master D Barrett and Ron Frost completed their Scouter training at Pirbright, Malcolm Cooke was invested into the Worldwide Brotherhood of Scouts, and John Theobald was appointed Patrol Leader succeeding J Hickox who joined the Senior Scouts. C Perry became the new Patrol Second.

Derrick Papworth, Scout Leader.

In 1935, at the age of seven, I was old enough to join the Cubs, who met at school after lessons. By 'school' I mean the Infants School as it was called, on the hill at the top of

School Lane, opposite the cemetery (and opposite the house where my mother had lived as a little girl). The 'Akela' was Miss Davies, one of the teachers, and my first few meetings seemed to be spent learning to shout 'Dyb, dyb, dyb,' and 'we'll Dob, dob, dob'. No one bothered to explain that this meant 'Do your best' and 'We'll do our best', but little boys love shouting so it didn't matter much.

By the time I was nine, I had begun to accumulate a collection of badges and stars on my Cub uniform. Every summer we took part in a Cub and Scout rally for the whole district, held at Cordwallis School, between the Jolly Farmer and Camberley. The day started with the various Cub Packs and Scout Troops drawn up on parade, flags held high, uniforms smartly pressed, and knees shining clean. I suppose there were perhaps ten or twelve towns and villages represented, with perhaps thirty or forty boys from each. A total of four or five hundred youngsters – I was impressed. Some high official gave a speech, there were three cheers for the King, and the serious business of the day was started.

Cordwallis School backed on to Bagshot Common, an area of several square miles of heath land. There were many tracks, some dating back to Roman times, leading to 'Caesar's Camp' in the middle of the Common. Each group of Scouts or Cubs had been allocated an area to patrol, and had been given objectives to carry out. Wooden staves with small triangular pennants represented 'treasure', and by stealth, guile, or brute force we had to defend our own and capture from others.

We all had a packed lunch with us, plus a bottle of water, and in theory our leaders knew just what to do and just when to do it. In practice, we got lost, separated, made too much noise, and ate our provisions too early. We scampered from place to place, had fights, climbed trees to search far and wide for the enemy, and blew whistles to our hearts content. The open common, the clumps of trees, the hills and valleys, all combined to make the long hot day both a pleasure and a drag. As the time to finish grew nearer, we searched for missing members of the Pack, tried to find our way back to the starting point, and followed gratefully behind the official marshal sent out to guide us back. We fell in on the parade ground, tired, grubby, hungry as can be, and – if we had captured a pennant or two – deliriously happy. A feast of sausages and mash ended a wonderful day.

The late autumn of 1938 saw Germany invade Czechoslovakia, an event that caused panic throughout Europe. For a few days it seemed that we would go to war unless the Germans backed down, and I joined other Cubs and Scouts helping to dig trenches in the field at the top of Waverley road in case of bombs falling. The Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, flew to Munich to meet Hitler, and came back waving a piece of paper and saying 'Peace for our time'. One outcome of this flurry of excitement was the formation of Air Raid Precaution units in all communities, ready to deal with the victims and effects of air raids when they came. Mr W J Morris headed the Bagshot unit, and in addition to the thirty or forty adult volunteers he recruited five Cubs and Scouts as cycle messengers, Pete and Geoff Hutchings, Dave Morris, Alan Dollery, and me. Our cycles had to be in top working order, we had blue and gold armbands saying A.R.P., and we brushed up on our morse code, aircraft recognition, and first aid. Although the crisis soon passed, the organisation was kept in place, and we attended practice sessions and lectures all through the winter.

In the summer of 1939 I was eleven, and able to leave the Cubs and join the Scouts, a memorable moment. I reluctantly gave up my role as a Sixer in the Cubs, and ruefully bundled up my Cub jersey with its collection of stars and badges.

Scout meetings were held in the Hall at Bagshot School, under Mr Mansbridge, an elderly teacher who had run the Scout Troop for many years. On this momentous occasion Mr

Mansbridge was in uniform, something I had never seen before. He was tall, erect, and daunting, with no great sense of fun. Peter Hutchings, Dave Morris, and Alan Dollery were already Scouts, and Geoff Hutchings and me were the two new boys.

On this, my first meeting, we were taught how to run a mile in exactly twelve minutes by using 'Scouts pace', of twenty steps running and twenty steps walking in turn. Mr Mansbridge saw each runner away at one minute intervals, noting the time for each one. Inevitably, we had not listened carefully enough and treated the event as a race and came back too soon. The exception was Peter Hutchings, and I can see in my minds eye Mr Mansbridge explaining in a sonorous voice the error of our ways compared to Peter.

As the summer wore on, Hitler's determination to attack Poland became more apparent, and in the last week of August war fever gripped all of Europe. We messengers – all five of us now Scouts – familiarised ourselves with the location of the various Command Posts in the district, and practised finding alternative routes from one to another in case the roads were rendered impassable by bombing. War was declared at 11 am on September 3rd, and the Bagshot air raid siren sounded soon afterwards. Evacuees from London arrived within a few days, and some of the boys joined the Scouts.

Scout meetings started again, and my memory says Mr Mansbridge retired at about this time. As a result, a pattern of leadership emerged which continued throughout the war and beyond. Although it may not have been unique, it was pretty unusual, and hinged around the five ARP messengers, under the leadership of thirteen-year-old Peter Hutchings. Peter ran the Troop, Dave and Alan were Patrol Leaders, with Geoff and me as their Seconds. Scoutmasters from afar who were on active service with the army and who were stationed in the district sometimes sought us out, and were allowed to help. These visitors were always welcome, but it was we five who provided the drive and the continuity.

Although our role as Civil Defence messengers took priority during the bombing campaign the Germans launched in 1940 and '41, we continued to run the Scouts as well. One important activity was to grow food on an allotment, with each Patrol being responsible for a part. A full-size allotment on meadow land that had never been cultivated was a formidable undertaking, but we bent our backs to the task and managed to double-dig the majority. Over the months we dug, planted, nurtured, and harvested a reasonable contribution to the war effort, but it inevitably fell to only a few enthusiasts to keep it going. Alan Dollery went further in the food production quest, breeding rabbits for food.

A string of bombs hit Bagshot one winter's evening, killing some people and demolishing two houses in the Guildford Road, and our Civil Defence duties took on a more sombre meaning. The whole village buckled down to war work and duty in a way that had not been apparent before. Scout meetings continued at the school, and in addition we had the use of a grain store at the rear of Mr Hutching's grocers shop. We met twice a week, and had a full range of activities to keep the boys keen and active. We had the immense advantage of having no competition from television or youth clubs, but the great disadvantage in the winter of the blackout, the stringency of wartime existence, and no full-time adult leaders.

One meeting I can remember particularly clearly was of a dozen or so Scouts who were keen model aircraft constructors, and I can see us to this day in one of the school classrooms, surrounded by balsa wood and tissue paper while Alan and I disagreed violently on my theory that aeroplanes might fly one day without needing wings.

By 1941, the community had become accustomed to the oddity of a Scout Troop with no adults in charge, and we were accepted as being a good influence and worthy of support.

Most of the older boys had achieved Second Class badges and were working towards First Class, a lofty target considering we were only able to work from Scout handbooks with no one from the pre-war Troop to guide us. Pete Hutchings was furthest down the First Class path, with the majority of the tests completed. He only needed to undertake the 'journey' test to become our first achiever of this great distinction. This final test required the Scout to go on a journey of twelve miles on foot or twenty miles on a bicycle carrying all his kit, then camp out the night, cook all his meals, be away from home for 24 hours, and return in the same way. Pete was fourteen, and for some reason chose me as his companion, our preference being cycling rather than hiking.

Our parents were much against the venture, the risk of being caught up in a bombing raid being fairly high, but determination prevailed and we got permission to go provided there was an air raid shelter at the place we were going to camp. The only place we could think of that met this requirement was the garden of my uncle's house near Hounslow, which was the requisite twenty miles away and had a shelter in the garden. Off we went, laden with a primitive 'lightweight' tent, cooking pots, potatoes, spare clothing, etc. Cycling had never been so hard! Our rucksacks were far from ideal for cycling, the all-up weight was too great, and we were very inexperienced. The outward journey went very well despite all this, and my girl-cousins were duly impressed with our ability with a frying pan over a campfire, but the ride back next day was pure hell. We had used up all our energy on the outward journey, we were stiff from sleeping on the damp ground, and we took a wrong turning somewhere and found ourselves in Ascot. We really earned those First Class badges!

Scouting activities took a dramatic upturn in the spring of 1942, with an offer of the use of a very large timber building in Bagshot Park as our headquarters. A Major Saville administered the Park from Windsor Castle, and in some way he had heard of our need for a better place to meet. The building had been erected by Canadian troops during the first world war, and was set in an isolated area of coppices, woodland, open meadows, and even a three acre lake. The site had many advantages for Scout training, but involved a two mile cycle ride for most of the boys. It was however a dream come true, and became our second home for most of the war.

In a sense, the acquisition of the HQ at Rapley Lake was a generous recognition of the way that a small group of us under Peter Hutchings' leadership had successfully run a large Scout Troop for a long time, and reflected the service we provided to the community. We already enjoyed the pleasures of camping out, and were able to pursue this ultimate 'boy' activity now that we had such a perfect place to use. Patrol camps and Troop camps were held under perfect conditions, and the large timber building provided separate rooms for each Patrol as well as a commodious hall for troop activities. Paradise!

In August 1943 the government announced that although there were few opportunities for people to go away on holiday because of the war, it was time for each community to see what it could do to organise 'holidays at home' to give people a break. For Bagshot, this meant a large-scale Fete, held in the field behind the school. The Scouts were by now totally accepted as a mature and responsible organisation, despite the fact that there was no one over the age of fifteen in charge. We were included in the planning and took a major part in the preparations for the Fete, our services being called upon by many of the voluntary organisations taking part. This was a real community effort, and virtually every man, woman, and child in Bagshot came along on the day. There were stalls, sideshows, and displays of every imaginable sort.

In addition to erecting tents for others and manning various events, we had undertaken to provide the main centre-piece attraction, a huge aerial runway. Local builders had lent us long wooden scaffold poles and planks, and the take-off platform was as high as a

two-storey house. Dave Morris took the lead in building the edifice, and access was by the longest ladder I have ever seen, which provided an adventure in itself before arriving at the jumping area. The ropeway was nearly a hundred yards long, with a second, lower; platform at the far end. The 'seat' was a stout bar of timber slung beneath the travelling pulley, and a slave line attached to the block enabled us to pull the seat back from the far end at the completion of the ride.

It is a shame there were no films available to enable us to take photographs, because this was one of the most satisfying and successful achievements to recall. The crowd loved it, and at tuppence a go the ride was in continuous use for the whole of that long summer's day. A party of paratroopers from one of the army depots turned up in the late afternoon, and provided everyone with thrilling displays of acrobatics as they whistled down the long ride at great speed. Although Dave had taken the lead in design and construction, we all shared in the glory of that very successful day.

One of our Scouting activities that autumn took us – on our bikes – on to Bagshot common, using the track from the end of Vicarage Road around to Rapley Lake. This was a fenced area, used by the army for weapons training, and at Alan Dollery's suggestion we tried to make use of the fence wires to carry messages. Alan had obtained a pair of earphones from somewhere, and I had taken along a part-used high-tension battery of my father's. We wired the battery to the fence and to the earphones, and found we could talk through our homemade telephone system over quite long distances along the fence. Gates were a problem, and on subsequent occasions we took spare wire with us to bridge across openings. Then one day someone forgot to connect up the battery, and to our astonishment we could hear just as well without it! Don't ask me how.

Camping continued to be a major attraction. One camp I will never forget took place near our HQ at Rapley, and involved most of the Troop. A small lightweight tent had come into my possession, and I insisted in sleeping in it instead of in one of the large communal tents used by the others. When morning came, everyone was up and about, fetching water, lighting fires, cooking breakfast and so on, but the occupant of the one-man tent was still asleep. At someone's suggestion, the whole party quietly surrounded my tent, then with care released the guy-ropes and lifted the whole tent up and away, leaving me – still asleep – amidst a circle of grinning Scouts. The surprise was completed by the owner of a bugle putting it close to my ear and blowing a piercing note, whereupon I awoke to peals of laughter.

It snowed heavily in the January of 1944, but benignly, with no wind and lovely bright days. The roads were impassable to bicycles and our regular weekly meetings at the HQ by Rapley Lake involved a two-mile walk. A dozen of us did it one Sunday morning, and the memory I have is of the journey back. We had a toboggan with us, equipped with pull-ropes, and we harnessed up three or four boys as huskies. The smallest Scouts took turns to ride, and I can see us now, laughing and shouting, full of camaraderie, throwing snowballs, creating ambushes, racing along with the toboggan, and covering the journey in no time at all. Happy days indeed.

The war was coming to an end, and we senior Scouts began to think in terms of careers and further education, holding long philosophical discussions sitting around a camp fire late into the evening or chatting in one of our homes as we congregated together. No one had the faintest idea what to do next – the war had dominated our lives, and the concept of 'next year' was a little beyond us. We were children of the war, and could not imagine any other sort of life. Life went on however, and the Scouts always took part in the concerts in the village hall, making good use of the winter period when camping was not available.

With the war won, Scouting continued and had gained immeasurably by the formation of Senior Scouts, fifteen-year-olds who had been Tenderfeet back in the dark days when



the Troop was at its lowest. The gang who had run the show from the first were now being called up for military service, and the Seniors (John Reed, Gordon Houchen, Taffy Jones, Hubert Underwood, and others) easily stepped into the breach. Major Saville let it be known that our stay at the HQ by Rapley Lake was coming to an end, and a new meeting place was found in the grounds of Mr and Mrs Underwood's house and business in the Guildford Road.

A year or two later, word spread that a timber building had been found that we could have, provided we could find somewhere to erect it. The Parents Committee rallied round, and a site was found in the coppice at the top of Waverley Road. All that was needed was a large concrete base to be laid, a team to erect and waterproof the building, electricity and heating found, and we were there! The parents took over, led – so far as the concrete work was concerned – by Hector Galloway, a parent who lived nearby and had the requisite building skills, and a few months later we had a splendid new HQ set in perfect Scouting surroundings, much closer than Rapley had been and our very own. Marvellous!

Most of the old gang had now joined the forces, and I was involved in night-school at Guildford for several years. A genuine Scouter appeared, Les Taylor from Lightwater, and under him, with help from us oldies when we were about, the Troop thrived. The Cub Pack had been lucky to find – as successor to Miss Davies – another teacher, just out of the army, Jim Garrett, and under his leadership the Group gained a strong junior arm. With Cubs, Scouts, and Senior Scouts, and a strong Parents Committee led by Mr Bert Underwood, the years without adult leaders began to fade in the memory. When Les moved away, I was free to return as Scouter, with John Reed as ASM and two Cub Packs, a large Scout Troop, Senior Scouts well established, and my father, Mr A T W Papworth as chairman of the Parents Committee. We were a force for good in the community, and our Summer Camps for several years were opportunities for many of the old gang to pop down to wherever we were located on the south coast to join in our activities. My departure for the Far East in 1954 brought to an end my own involvement in the 1st Bagshot Group, but with the Centenary now upon us, these dredged up memories might ring a bell with some of those who played a part.

Derrick Papworth 2006.

Ron Frost, Scout Leader.

Ron was one of the 1st Bagshot scouts during the post-war years and was Scout Master from 1952 until 1961 when he took a job working in London. Ron would like to contact anyone who remembers him or the scouts in those days.



There is so much that I could tell you about the Troop in the 1940's and 50's for it was such an important part of my life and of other members of the troop.

I joined the troop in June 1947. as number eight in the Kestrel patrol. Derek Papworth, who would have been about 20 years old, ran the troop. They were preparing for Summer Camp in Hayling Island at that time. Derek said to me that if I had passed the tenderfoot tests soon , I could come to camp. With help from the older boys and I lot of work at home, I passed it all the following week.

During World War two, a Canadian Army regiment lived in large wooden huts near Rapley lake. When they left, one of those huts was given to the troop. The troop members dismantled the hut and (I believe,) with the help of Dave Morris's Uncle Sid, who ran a removal and coal business, transported it to an old quarry site at the top of Waverley road, an absolutely perfect site for Scouting purposes. All the maintenance was done by the scouts themselves with no help from Adults. Subs (I think) were 1d for the troop and 1d for the patrol.

During troop meetings, points were awarded for good performance, ie the first patrol to be ready for some event, the smartest patrol etc and at the end of the month the winning patrol would have their name printed on "The Bone" This was the shoulder blade of an Ox. It was a great honour and fiercely competed for. There were two patrols when I joined, the Kestrels, Hounds, but in 1948 a third was added, the Stags.

Cubs, as they were called were from age 8 to 11, Scouts 11 to 15, Senior Scouts 15 to 18 and then there was The Guild of old Scouts.

Most of us were very keen on badge work which was marked very strictly, but most gained second class and some first class and bushmans thong, but I was the twelfth in the history of the troop to gain the King Scout award, which in my case was presented to me by King George VI at Windsor castle, the proudest day of my life.

The training I received through being in the scouts has served me well all my life. Joining organisations like the St Johns Ambulance brigade to get the Ambulance badge, attending lectures at the Fire station, learning to do many DIY work of the build industry as served me well.

My annual holidays until about 10 years ago, have been camping under canvas in a remote place, Scouting style and including heavy rain and thunder storms, enjoyed most every minute.

Ron Frost 2006

David Waskett, Patrol Leader - Hounds Patrol.

I was Patrol Leader of Hounds Patrol of 1st Bagshot c. 1960 - 63 when I moved away. Mr Dollery was SM and he ran a fish and chip shop near the railway viaduct; chips after

troop meetings were 4p and 6p. I remember some wonderful summer camps with Jack Straw. A fellow PL was David Oates whose father joined the troop. The Scout hut was near the rifle range beside the viaduct on the station side. I remember going to boxing classes in the rifle range.

David Waskett 2007

An anonymous visitor to the Historical Boy's Uniforms website writes,

An English reader has provided us a glimpse of English Cubbing in the 1960s. "I was a leader in the Cub section of the Scout movement for some 22 years. The boy depicted was a member of the pack that I ran for 12 years between 1956-68. The black socks with green rings were quite common at this time when it was the custom to have quite a wide variety of uniforms based upon one general theme. In 1966 it was decided that all Cubs in the U.K. would wear grey socks and shorts. I have attached picture of the boys in my Sub Scout pack in 1966 dressed in their uniforms. From your remarks, it could be that the colours have not travelled well, so I will explain. Anthony, the boy in the first picture, is wearing a the traditional green Cub peaked cap with gold piping, green jersey, blue corduroy shorts & black socks with green rings. Peter is wearing cap and jersey as per Anthony, but has grey shorts and socks, you will also note that I have referred to him as a Cub Scout, for in 1966 the cubs in the UK adopted the American nomenclature. These boys belonged to a Scout Group named 1st Bagshot which was one of the first Scout groups to be formed. Bagshot is a village 30 miles SW of London on the road to Exeter and was the first overnight stop for horse drawn coaches. Queen Victoria's youngest son, Arthur, Duke of Connaught, lived at Bagshot and was the then president of the Boy Scouts Association, so, until his death during World War II (1942), the 1st Bagshot Scout Group was known as Duke of Connaught's Own and had part of Bagshot Park dedicated to they're activities. Anthony is wearing the uniform chosen when Cubs were first introduced to the group and which they wore until the changes in 1966. Before 1966 there was quite a variety of colours that cubs could adopt for they're uniforms. It was quite common for cubs attached to Sea Scout Groups to wear uniforms that were completely navy blue, and also, cubs attached to the few Air Scout groups that existed tended to be dressed in grey jerseys."