

51st. RENFREWSHIRE BOY SCOUT TROOP

C R M - QUEEN

"TRINITY TITBITS"

Summer Camp

Inverpark

Dunkeld

28th. June - 12th. July 1958

THE KILLING TIMES

Parents, are you worried because your son lost weight at camp?

Do not! Because a few pounds of fat have been trimmed off leaving him healthier than before. Exercise did it! Pleasant exercise! They were called the Killing Times yet they were enjoyed!

Hikes (the first few were compulsory) became enjoyable as erstwhile tender feet became inured to the rough paths which led:-

To the East and West, to the North and South, through pine-wood and field, across marsh and river. By King's Seat they trod, after hacking their way through primeval forests.

On the Rumbling Bridge they swarmed, taking photographs and swimming.

Through the Falls of Braan and the Hermit's Cave they fought the hurling death and destruction in the guise of flour bombs.

Going where none had been before they searched the cliffs for caves, then hurtled down to the dales below, through bracken and wood.

The everchanging panorama which presented itself kept weariness at bay, until the now familiar roads, leading campwards were reached.

DID YOU KNOW

.... that the theft of our flagpole has been inscribed for posterity in Vile Three's version of "Bring back my Bonnie to me"?

"The students they work in the forest,
They work there by night and by day,
And when they went off with our flagpole,
They floated it right down the Tay!"

.... that Stag Patrol won camp games and Cuckoo the inspection total?

.... that the dentist had two patients and the doctor three?

.... that a Camp Court judged the misdemeanors of the boys, the P.L.s, the Scouters and awarded suitable punishment?

On behalf of the boys the editors would like to thank
....

Alaister Forsyth our chief slave-driver,
Stewart Kerr as our Chief Clat,
John Beck as our witch-doctor,
Charles McQueen as our most excellent Quartermass,
Larder Quartermaster.
"Sammy" Mitchell as an auxiliary slave-driver.

THE PROUD PARADE

An extremely smart turnout was the opinion of the people of Dunkeld, concerning the Parade of Sunday, 6th July.

Washed, brushed and in full uniform we were ready by 10.15.

Proudly we set out into the calm morning whistling as we marched. The stretch to Dunkeld was soon behind us and what was more natural than to whistle the Troop Song as we marched through the small town?

Dunkeld Cathedral is a very old and very historic Church. Adjoined to it are the ruins of another section wherein lies a graveyard. Some of the stones in it date back into the Middle Ages.

Church finished, the Parade "fell" in again and whistling, marched smartly back through Dunkeld.

P.L.S. HIKE or
SPEEDWELL TOURS INC.

At three o'clock on Tuesday 8th, the hardest task-masters of all, the P.L.s, were joyfully sent packing by the rowdy mob that remained.

It was the occasion of the P.L.s customary overnight hike. Warm in full dress and equipment (only 81° in the shade) they strode bravely from Camp.

At two next morning they stealthily staggered back, after cramming a twenty seven hour hike into eleven hours! The excuse offered was that they did not like the appearance of the weather!

Day dawned cheerfully but not the day of a certain group of blistered, heel torn, foot weary P.L.s.

CRISS CROSS QUIZ

Who raised the Scouter's pyjamas on to the flagpole one dark night? Who retrieved them and what Scout had the last word - "the Scouters are hanging their washing on the flagpole?"

What patrol boiled their rhubarb in milk?

Who stuck a grease pit in the path of a fisherman?

What goon flattened the Scouter's fish?

COINCIDENCE ?

Why did a press photographer visit the camp during the absence of the P.L.'s on their Hike? We suppose the presence of so many husky brutes of men would have been overpowering

INVASION DAY - 6TH JULY

"Lord, preserve us from the fury of the Norsemen" is one version of a Medieval prayer. Ours was a more appropriate one - "From the descent of the parents, O Lord, deliver us!"

After Parade the Camp was all hustle to have everything prepared for the onslaught - water was readied for tea buns prepared, all loose articles secured in Bergens, against the forthcoming assault.

Then like a herd of locust they were upon us! Eating, drinking, praising, criticising, inspecting (after seeing our patrol tents some of the parents wondered where the rest of the boys slept ...) inquiring, peering, asking silly questions (per usual!) bringing sweets, fruit, comics (all destined to litter the Campsite) walking, talking, watching, wondering, smoking, sitting around whilst we waited to prepare our tea, sunning themselves, writing, playing, doing nothing.

Finally they disappeared in a flood of kisses (theirs) and tears, (theirs except for a few of relief on our side) bearing with them the comforting knowledge that their sons were being well taken care of.

QUOTE QUOTES

"Orders must be obeyed without question and at all times!"

"Show a leg" they never ever told us which leg

On seeing a brailled tent one parent asked "Where are the walls?"

WANTED

Skin grafts for heels - P.L.

Who wrote the book of love? - curious.

Was General Untidiness (an old veteran) any relative to Auntie Septic?

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

At exactly 1.26, 28th June, the invasion of Inverpark began!

A bus load of excited Scouts had arrived to set up Camp on the erstwhile green field.

In a crescent formation the sleeping tents quickly arose. Next kitchens, with their fires, and grease pits, gadgets, and firewood despoiled the fair view. (Perhaps adorned should replace despoiled).

Smoke from quickly lighted fires clouded the once fresh country air, and shrill cries and the noise of axes disturbed the peaceful atmosphere.

Orders and counter orders, commands, instructions, wishes, soon had a semblance of order into the situation yet no appearance of order returned to Inverpark. That is until the invaders left a fortnight later leaving it as they found it - clean and fresh!

Where there's Smoke there's Fire.
(Don't Believe it!)

It was Friday evening, July 11th, Year of Our Lord 1958. The scene - a campfire, occasion - the customary farewell of the evening before departure.

This campfire was only the last in what had been a series. All the others had been mere rehearsals.

Seats had been constructed to accommodate any visitors who dared, wished, to come whilst boys squatted as usual on the groundsheets. Preparation had been going on for several hours to prepare the supper of buns, cocoa and sandwiches.

Not only the campfire was a roaring success, (due to careful handling of a quantity of paraffin) so also were the articles.

Particularly good solos were given by A. Pettigrew and L. Dempster, and the "Vile Three" performed their forementioned song, (together with a few more verses).

The songs followed one another without any awkward intervals. An unwept lack was the absence of any individual or patrol items. As a last word we can only quote

"Hallo? Hallo?"

"Here!"

A CAUSTIC COMMENT

Such is the only remark which could be made about a certain something which despoiled the view.

Belonging to a Mr. McQueen this junkheap (called by the ignorant - a car) littered up, what was otherwise a tidy camp site! Except when persuaded to go (very infrequently) by kick, curse or push, this object of derision was a veritable eyesore.

Furthermore suggestions were proffered for its betterment commencing with burning and ending with the relatively mild one of reversing into the Tay.

Such public secret organisations as the Council of Eight, the Secret Four, and the "Vile Three" even suggested the use of a whitewash brush but alas whitewash was not to be procured.

However, in its better moments (it occasionally had them) it must be said that the object became a helping instrument, (all this just to soothe the somewhat ruffled feathers of a certain somebody) and an epitome of grudging admiration!

TIMBER!

On the morning of Friday, 11th July the elder boys set out on the prospect of an unusual visit. It was a visit to the scene of operations of a neighbouring logging camp.

Much to our regret we were not allowed to run wild with falling axes, (Maybe they didn't trust us). However after some instruction we were permitted, under the

eagle eye of the foreman, to trim one of the fallen trees.

In all fairness it must be recognised that there was no actual felling rather than a clearance of all storm damaged trees.

TRINITY'S TOP NUMBERS.

1. Fatigues
2. Inspection
3. Swimming (this enabled the boys to have the wash they said they had had before inspection.)
4. Getting dirty again
5. Eating (non-stop)
6. Tall stories (we believe you millions wouldn't.)

THE '58

On Wednesday 9th a slight scuffle in one tent led to a spirit of rebellion being raised by the camp against the PLs.

Action was quickly joined and the weapons of war produced (Tea-water, mud, river-water, clods, etc.)

It was a mighty battle. With odds of 4 : 1 the intrepid PLs warked against their mutinous subjects. After a decisive defeat the rebellious elements retired behind a tributary to regroup.

Undismayed, the bold band of undaunted PLs crossed the raging torrent (six inches of water, two feet of mud) determined to squash the last elements of the revolt. Within five minutes all was over. Trapped by superior cunning the enemy were crushed (remember the mud?)

Triumphantly bearing the captured enemy standards the victors returned to camp, the '58 was over!

THE PERTH VISIT

One of the highlights of the camp was undoubtedly the trip to Perth on a Thursday of brilliant sunshine.

Once again the Troop was coming under the eyes of a curious public and once again it rose to the occasion. Fully dressed we filed aboard a hired bus for the short, pleasant journey to Perth.

To enumerate fully the day at Perth we would have to write over thirty accounts. Let one suffice. "It was great."

Included in the three shilling charge was tea, and we all congregated at a restaurant called 'The Washington'. Pie and chips was the order, followed by lemonade and biscuits. An extra surprise was ice-cream donated by Mr. Clark.

As a token of the Troops' appreciation of all he had done for us L. Deemster presented Mr. Clark with a small remembrance.

Incidentally it was at 'The Washington' that we received two shillings per skull given by our butcher.

Yes Thursday was a day to be remembered by all those who had participated, including the inhabitants of that most unsuspecting warm-hearted town of Perth.

THE RELIEF OF DUNKELD.

All were sorry to see the end of our camp - even the skies wept to see us leave! (Why couldn't they have put a face on it?).

However, despite the steady rain Saturday was a day of work, work and more work. From early morning it was a question of all the innumerable little jobs that had to be done. The kitchens were to be dismantled yet meals had to be cooked, sandwiches for the journey prepared, refuse burned, latrines filled, tents struck and packed, grease pits filled, utensils to be cleaned, all in a race to be in time for the bus. We succeeded!

When the bus arrived we were ready for it. Working with a will (never knew we had one at Camp!) the gear was quickly stowed away.

Despite a pause to change tyres the return journey was finished even before the most optimistic believed it possible.

The end was the anti-climax of unloading, the end of a thoroughly enjoyed camp!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

For - compliments received from the Session Clerk of Dunkeld Cathedral for our smart display.

For - the compliments given by the Forestry Commission to one of the finest camps they have ever seen.

Thanks to Mr. Clark for the great friend he proved to be. Thanks to the local butcher for his gift of two shillings per head.

Thanks to the traders in general who allowed us to finish Camp with a sizeable margin of profit.

Thanks to the weather man for a perfect fortnight.

Thanks to all the others who gave their assistance in making one of the best camps ever.

The editors regret that there was insufficient space to elaborate on the gory details of latrine digging, the sadistic sentences passed on the PLs by the Camp Court, (even the grimmer details of what the PLs did to the Camp Court). All the other little funny incidents which must be left to readers to remember and preserve.

