

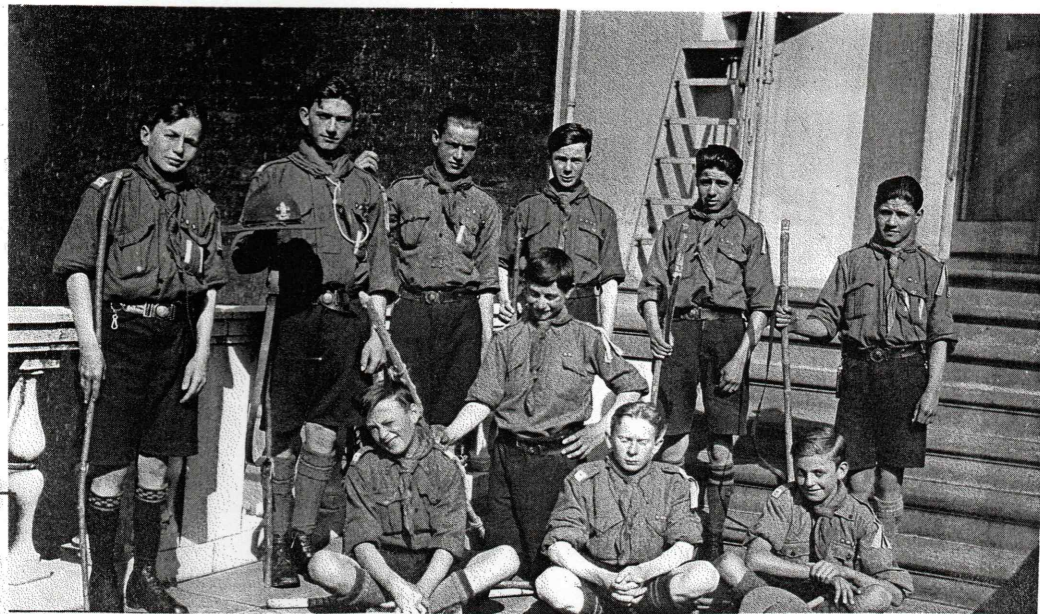
Aug.

1924.

Wembley



*British Empire
Exhibition*





Members of Northleigh Troop attending Imperial Jamboree.



NORTHEIGH SCOUTS
& Polish Chief Guide.

August 1st Friday -

This evening, 7.30 found a party of Northleigh Scouts setting out for a weekend expedition to London & Wembley. Through the kindness & hospitality of Mr. & Lady E. Mason it was possible, with the help of Troop Funds to have three full days away.

The Party consisted of: -

The Scoutmaster

George Porter

Sidney Brown

Bernard Glenister

Jack Keates

Aubrey Hazel

Harry Goodman

Bill Keates

John Wharton

Leslie Brown

Willie Glenister -

We arrived in London in due course, & got to Bruton Street about midnight, where Mr. & Mrs. Evans received us - & we were all glad to turn in for the night.

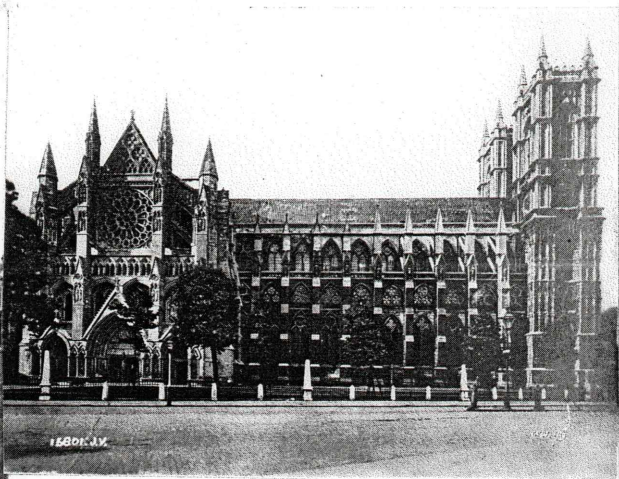
Saturday, 2nd Aug.

Up in good time we started out at 8.30 & walked down to Westminster via Buckingham Palace & the drilling at Wellington Barracks. There we went into the Abbey - The Scouts paid dumb homage at the grave of the Unknown Warrior, & also at that of Mr. Bonar Law. We went round & saw the coronation chair & stone - & then it was 9.30 & time to go on.

By the kindness of Major Edmondson - who had arranged it for us, we met a Police Inspector who took us all round the Houses of Parliament & Westminster Hall. We were all very impressed by it, & went on to Westminster Bridge to look from there.



Buckingham Palace -



Westminster Abbey -

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.
LONDON.

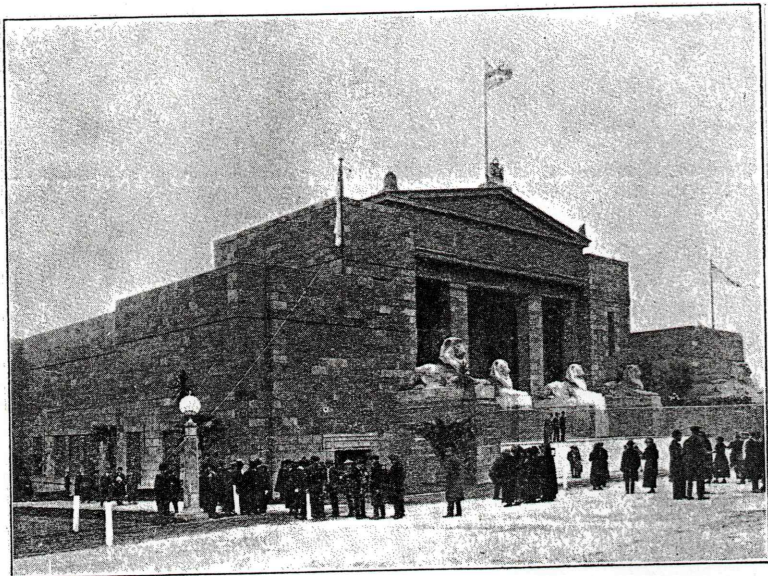




The Cenotaph -
Whitehall.



Trafalgar Square.



BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION.

Thence we walked up Whitehall, past the Cenotaph, Downing St, & the Homeguards to Trafalgar Square - where we took the tube for Wembley Exhibition -

Arrived at Exhibition Station we went to H.M Government Building, & saw the big world map of Empire shipping routes; the army, navy, airforce & immigration departments - as well as war model scenes, & diving kit -

From there we went to Burmah, & were particularly impressed by the huge tusks of carved ivory, & the Burmese people who were in charge of the pavillion -

India was our next destination - but before going in, we sat on the steps & had dinner & a good rest. Then we went round & saw the different countries of India laid before us.

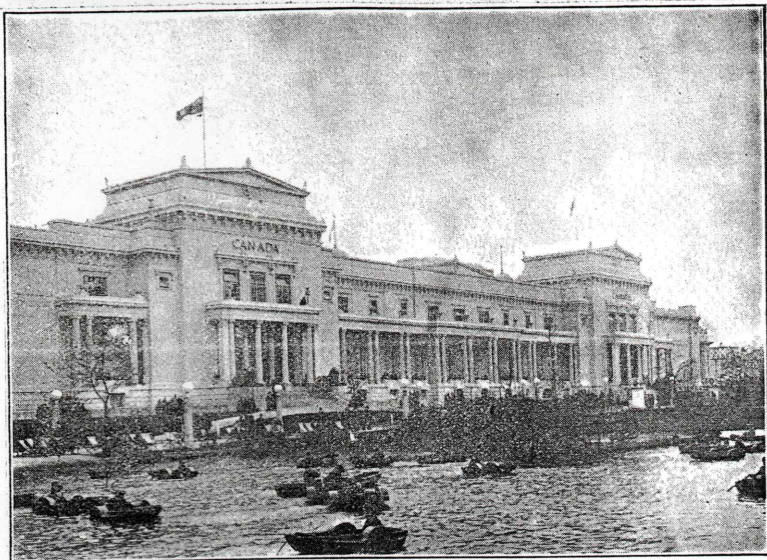
Canada was our next destination, where the N.W. Mounted Police, the timber, the scenes, the C.P.R. the Prince of Wales in butter, axes, engines & everything else caused special & particular interest -

Following on we went to the huge Palace of Industry to see the Biscuit & Paper & Chocolate Machines, all of which were at work -

South Africa seemed too good to be true with its animals & ostriches, native tribes arms & clothing, white man's productions & manufactures - & a film on ostrich farming into the bargain -

After tea we made our way up to the Stadium for the 5:30 performance of the great jamboree - And here a new world of wonder opens -

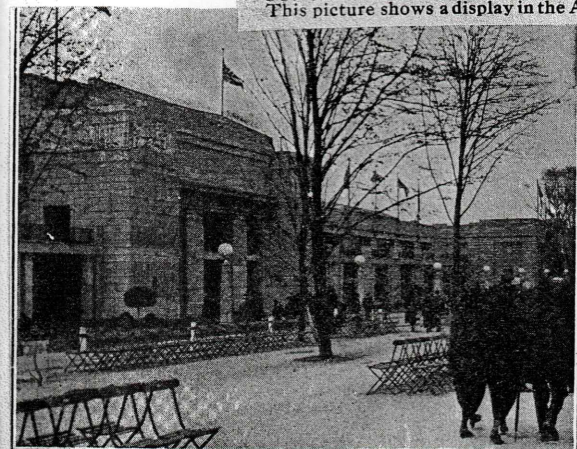
The Australian Scouts pageant of the first settlers in Australia, with wonderful



CANADA.



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. — St. George is Patron Saint of Scouts. This picture shows a display in the Arena depicting the killing of the dragon.



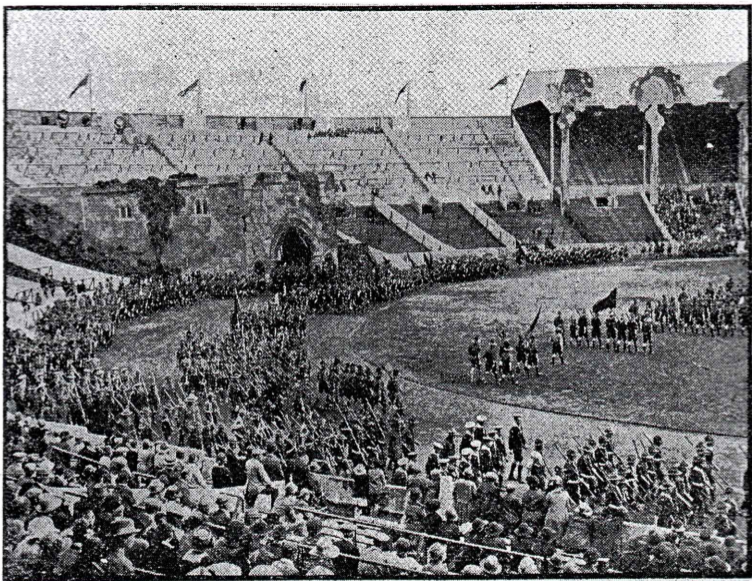
PALACE OF INDUSTRY.



BURMA.



OUR ROYAL BROTHER SCOUT. — H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, who spent a night in camp at Wembley Paddocks and addressed the congregation at the Thanksgiving Service, photographed with the Chief as they were entering the Stadium.



THE GRAND 'ENTRY.—The march of the Empire's Scouts into the Stadium. was one of the finest features of the Jamboree. The march past was most impressive.

Gomes and throwing was followed by Sea Scouts & some physical displays & fancy roping.

The scenery at the end of the Stadium of Mountains had Troops of Scouts standing about in them - they looked fine.

The most impressive part of the show was the procession of Empire Scouts - led by England, each Dominion, Country, Colony & Protectorate marched round the Arena - This vast gathering of Brother Scouts from all over the Empire was very impressive, & then the Chief Scout & the Prince of Wales came into the Arena & took the Salute.

As the two great Scouts stood there at a salute while the procession filed past, the rain came down, but no one heeded it.

We were all too proud to belong to the Brotherhood.

We got home, supper & to bed gratefully that evening - & our day seemed to have been too good to be true -

Sunday, 3rd August -

This morning we held our Scouts Own at 9 a.m. on the 4th Scout Law, & P.M. spoke on the far reaching & big meaning of Brotherhood -

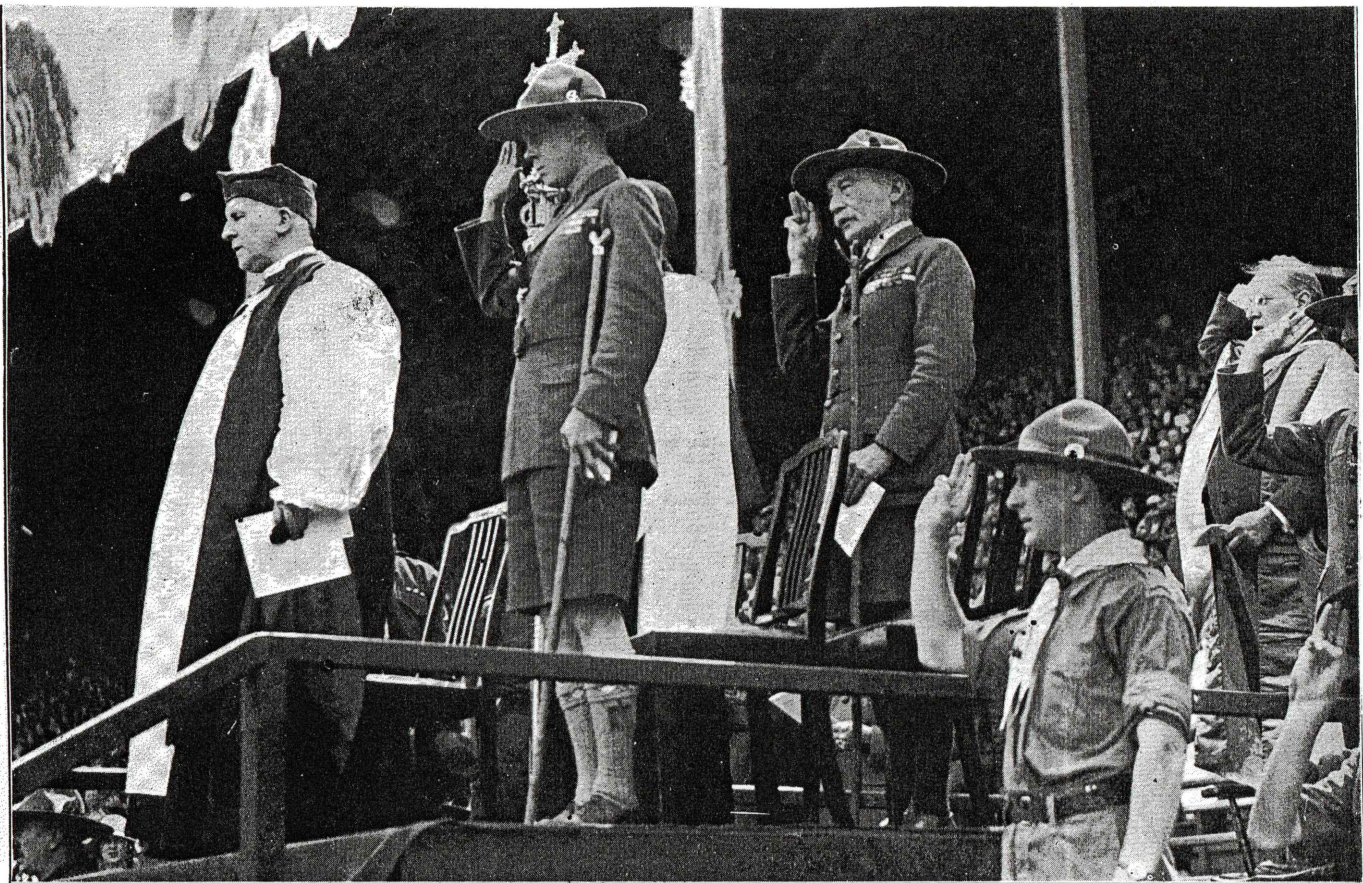
Afterwards we joined with the Polish Guides to started off for Wembley -

We arranged rather badly owing to Sunday trains & stations, & unfortunately we were not on our seats till 11.15 having missed a great & beautiful part of the Great Scout Thanksgiving Service -

What a wonderful Service it was -

13,000 scouts in the arena; 4,000 in seats, 1,000 choir - the Archbishop of York, a Free Church Minister, & the great Scouts on a dias under the loud speaker -

The Overseas Commissioner read the lesson,

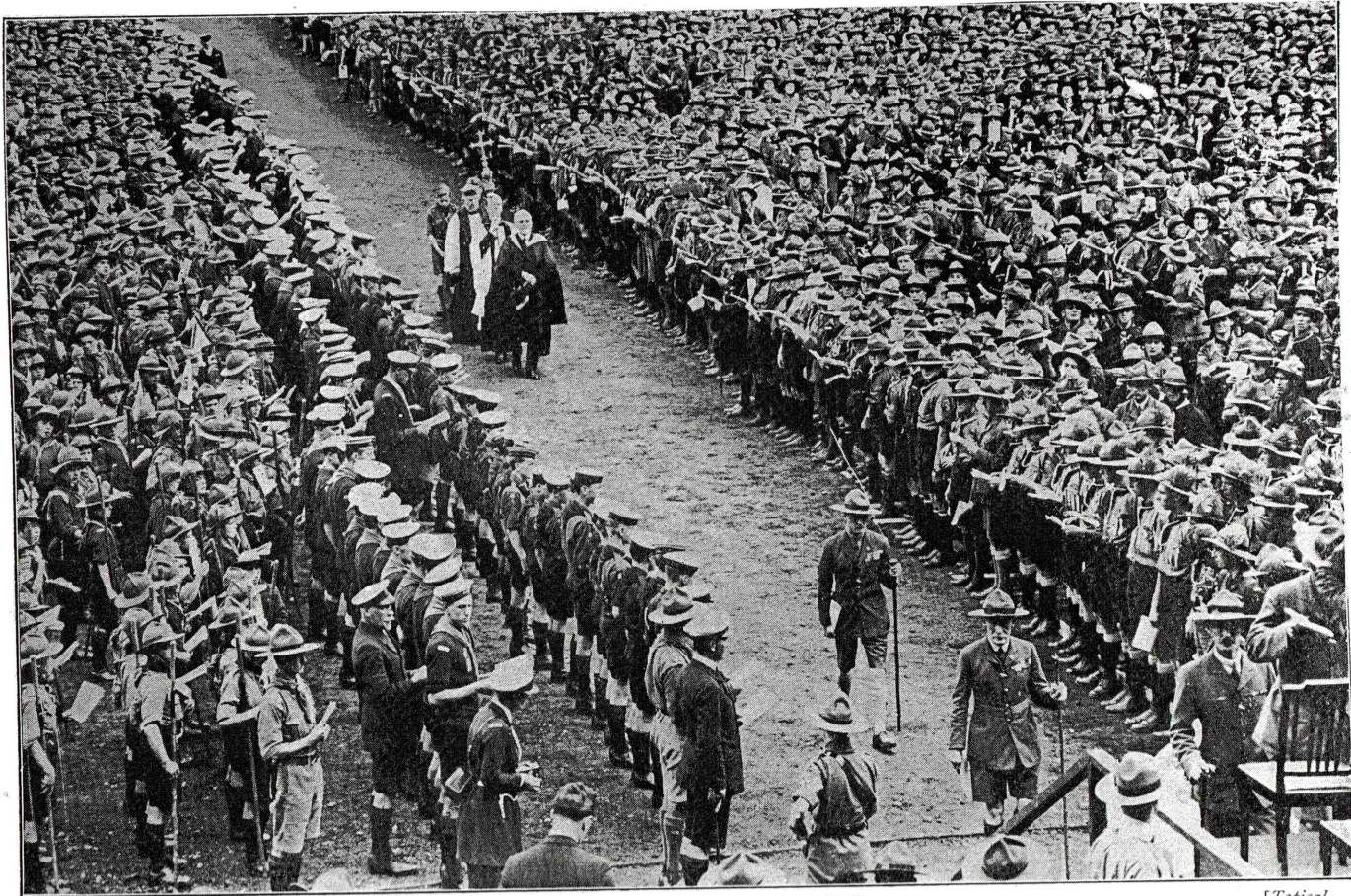


Photograph]

SALUTING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

[I. B.]

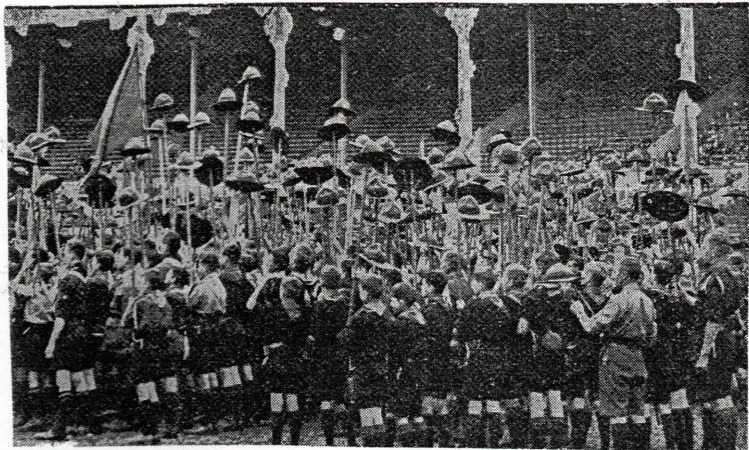
The Prince of Wales, with Sir Robert Baden-Powell and the Archbishop of York, on the dais during the Scouts' Thanksgiving Service. In his address to the Empire Scouts, the Prince said, "The Empire was like a bundle of sticks, any one of which might be broken, but which, when they were tied together, could not be broken"



BEFORE THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE

[Topical

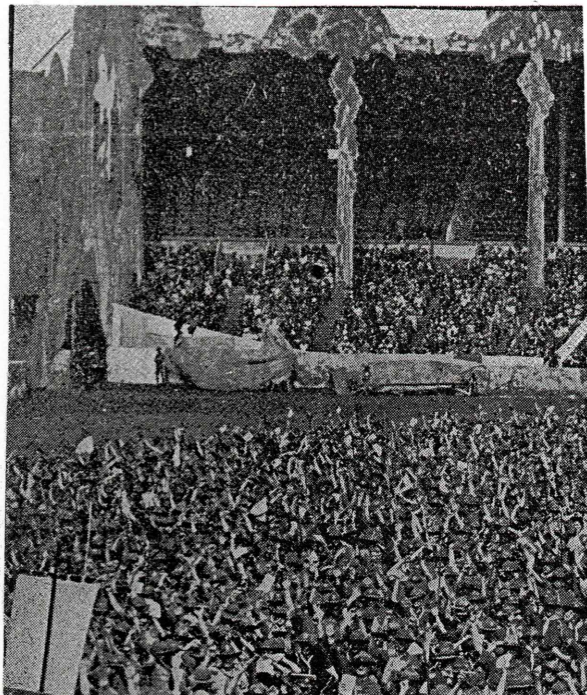
Photograph] The Prince of Wales ("Chief Morning Star," as those master-scouts, the Red Indians, picturesquely call him) preceded by Sir Robert Baden-Powell and followed by the Archbishop of York in his scarlet robe of Convocation, arriving for the Thanksgiving Service at Wembley, when twelve thousand Boy Scouts from all over the Empire assembled last week for the impressive Imperial Jamboree



Jamboree Cheers!



After the Thanksgiving Service -
Waiting to file out of the Stadium.



"I WILL."—The hands of every Scout in the Stadium were upraised in a call for allegiance to the Scout Promise, and as in one voice the

We sang Fight the Good Fight - the Archbishop spoke to us - we raised our voices again, & then the Prince of Wales addressed us in strong, clear tones, audible to every ear.

We were all standing when our Chief stood up, & to our straining ears his voice rang out strongly -

"Scouts sit down -

"You have heard the call of the Church;

"You have heard the call of your future King -

"As your Chief I now call upon each one of you, who will go out of this Stadium more determined than ever to live by our great Scout Promise -"

As one scout, from the strength of the impulse within we stood up, raised our right hands, & answered him, "We Will -"

We meant it too, with God's help. The Chief then asked a blessing from the Archbishop on us, and the last hymn boomed forth as

The Procession passed down between the Scouts, & filed out of the Arena.

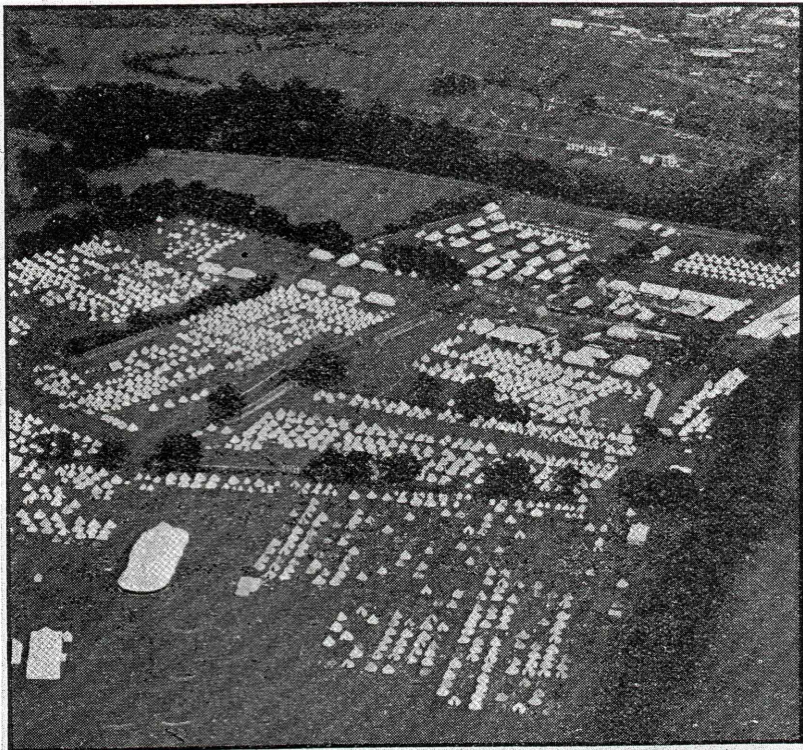
We waited there while the Band broke into a march & the 13,000 scouts filed out by Troops & Nations — & at last, when the Arena was empty & we turned to go, we felt very silent.

The next thing was to get out of the grounds, & we joined the long stream of Scouts bound for the great Scout Camp at Wembley Paddocks.

The 13,000 all marched into Camp for dinner, & we stopped just outside to eat our dinner & rest.

About 2 o'clock we went in & were bewildered by this Camp — acres of solid tenting dissected by a net work of muddy path, stretching away — the temporary home of 13,000 Boy Scouts.

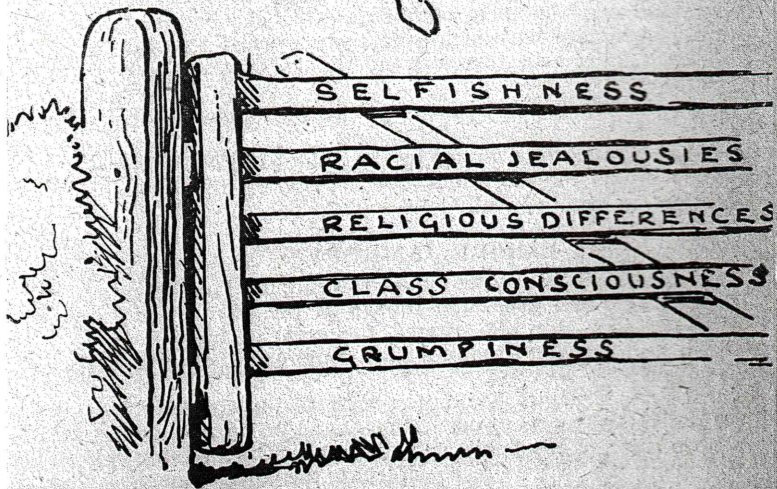
We walked about & around to



FROM THE SKY.—A splendid aerial photograph of the biggest Scout Camp that has ever been held. 13,000 boys lived here for a week. It was a triumph of organisation, and the spirit was wonderful.



THE CHIEF'S CALL.—Brothers from overseas gallantly answered the Chief's call to Wembley. The Chief surrounded by representatives from all parts of the Empire.



THAT JAMBOREE FEELING!

"High o'er the fence leaps Tenderfoot Tim,
Scouting's the power that elevates him."

see what we could get a general idea of the Camp. The thing was wonderfully interesting, & a masterpiece of arrangement, we were all agreed that we should not like to be there. Is a thing of those dimensions a Scout Camp? Surely the name was misleading. How could so great a number live together on so small an area & keep our Camp ideals of cleanliness & order? Each Camp was separate however, corded off from the rest, & by chance we stumbled upon the Oxfordshire Camp & had a chat with our Witney brothers. Then having seen the general run of this home of our Overseas brother scouts, we left the Paddocks behind us & wended our way to the station once more.

Arriving home about 4 o'clock we had tea & a rest while it

poured with rain. The sun came through at the precise moment we wished to go out again however, so with high spirits & renewed energy we started off on a brisk march down the Sunday deserted Oxford street to St. Paul's Cathedral.

Here we were too late to go either up the dome or into the crypt, but we stayed for the beginning of evensong & then swept home on the top of a 'bus.

Monday, 4th August.

We got to the Exhibition at 10 a.m. today (its time of opening) & went straight to the East African, Nigerian, Gold Coast & Sudan pavillious - At this hour the place was empty, so we revelled in Ashanti drums, weapons, native tools & clothes,



St. Paul's Cathedral -

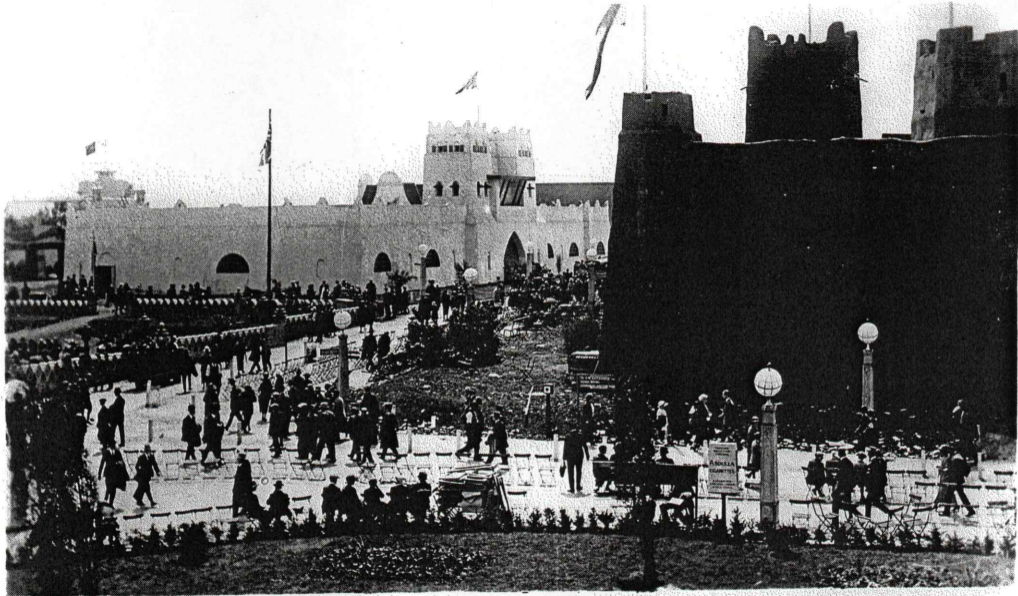


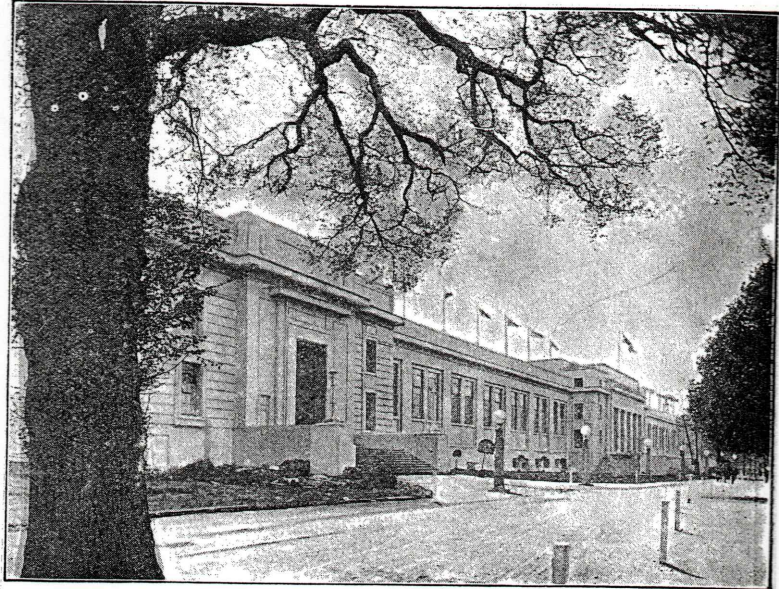
Photo
Campbell-Gray.

EAST AFRICA, NIGERIA, and GOLD COAST.
The British Empire Exhibition. Wembley.

W & K No 9



Native Australian-



AUSTRALIA.

stuffed lions, elephants & giraffes, carved & uncarved tusks, raw hump, & photographs of different black races. The native workers in metal, wood, jewellers & carvers were very interesting as we watched them in their little shelters for some time - the Nigerian soldiers & their broken English were a great joy also.

From here we went to Australia - & the Bank Holiday crowd was here! Battered about in a solid block of jostling people we tried to see model ranches & sheep farms, sheep sheering by machine, leather, pearl fisheries, gold nuggets, dairy farming, orchards - Then we were glad to emerge & breathe again, with a good rest upon the Australian steps before facing a like crowd again elsewhere!

Malaya was our next stage, & there

we saw fishes, indiarubbers + women weaving, to say nothing of a mysterious tin-smith who we were a long time trying to find out what he was doing, & failed in the end to discover.

Lunch on the Malayan steps followed -
our usual break rest & drink -

Then, what some of us had been itching for all day - the Palace of Engineering. Here, in the engineers paradise, we wondered about, & what we saw defies any sort of list -
Engines, engines, engines: oil, steam, electric - all the most modern, most wonderful, most up to date & perfected engines to do any & everything that has to be done in the world - Land engines, sea engines - big & small ones - with & without wires; with & without noise. For war, for peace - endless engines.

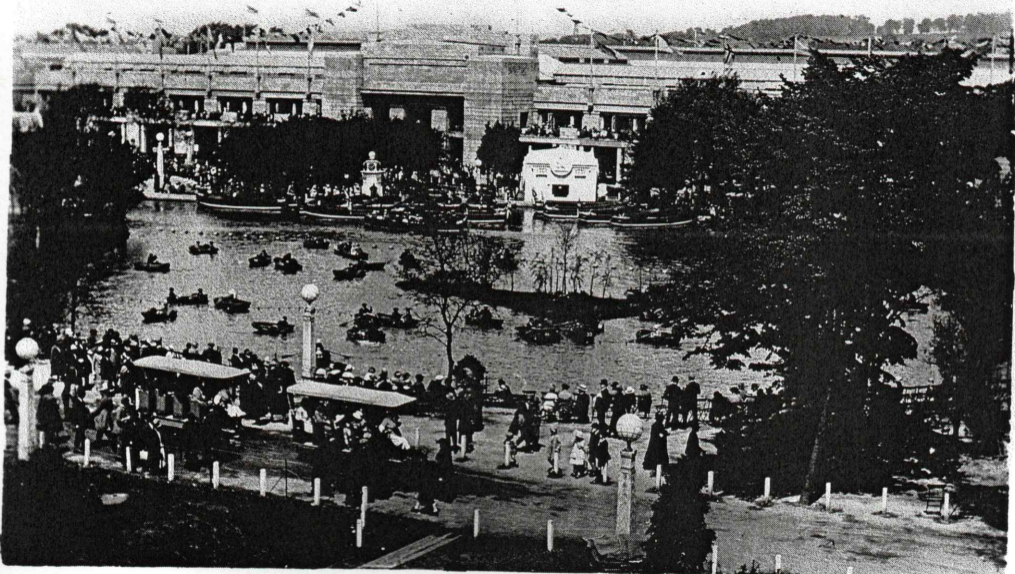
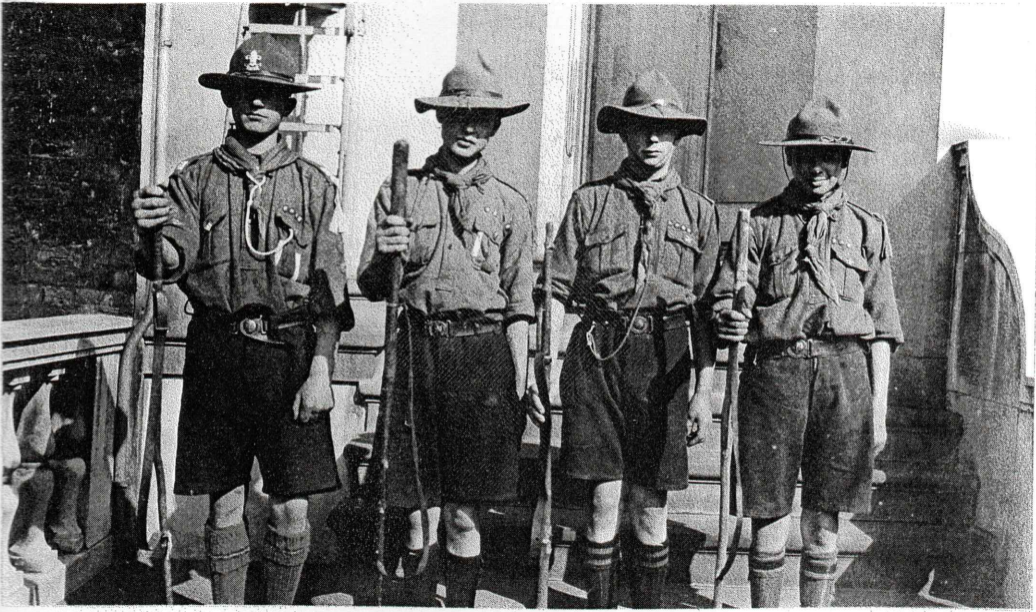
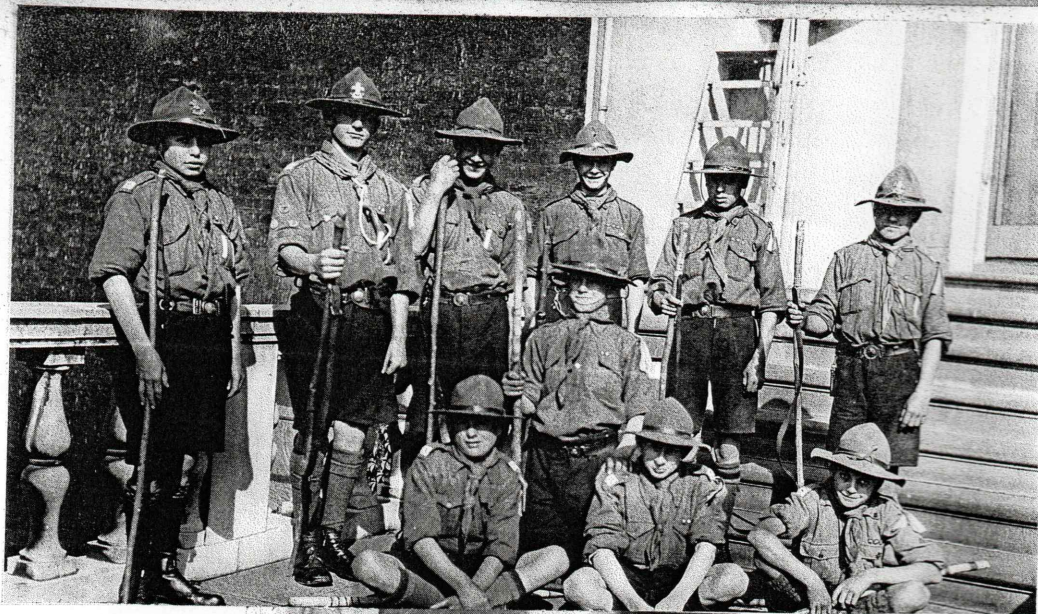


Photo
Campbell-Gray.

PALACE OF ENGINEERING and the LAKE.
The British Empire Exhibition. Wembley.

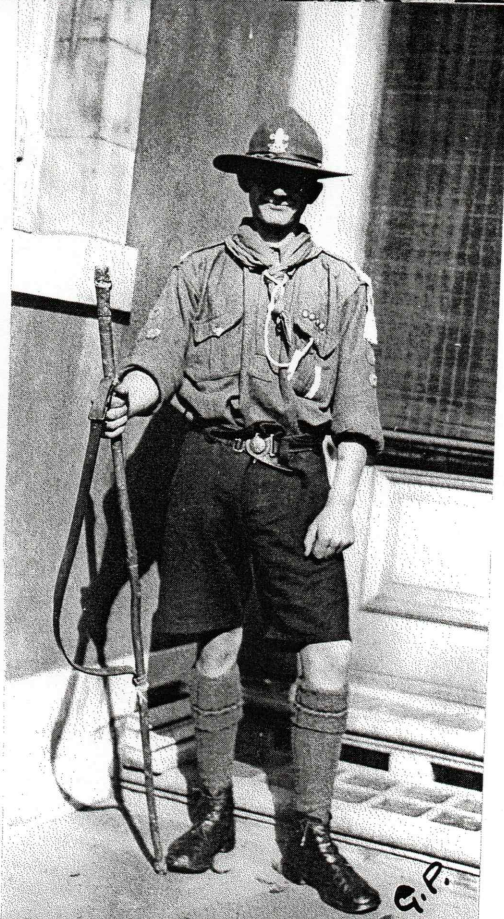
W&K No 10





Our

Party



I AM OFF TO THE BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE

HAPPY HEALTH AND ENERGY

Wembley, Aug. 1-8, 1924.

I AM OFF TO THE BOY SCOUT JAMBOREE

HAPPY HEALTH AND ENERGY

Wembley, Aug. 1-8, 1924.

G.P.

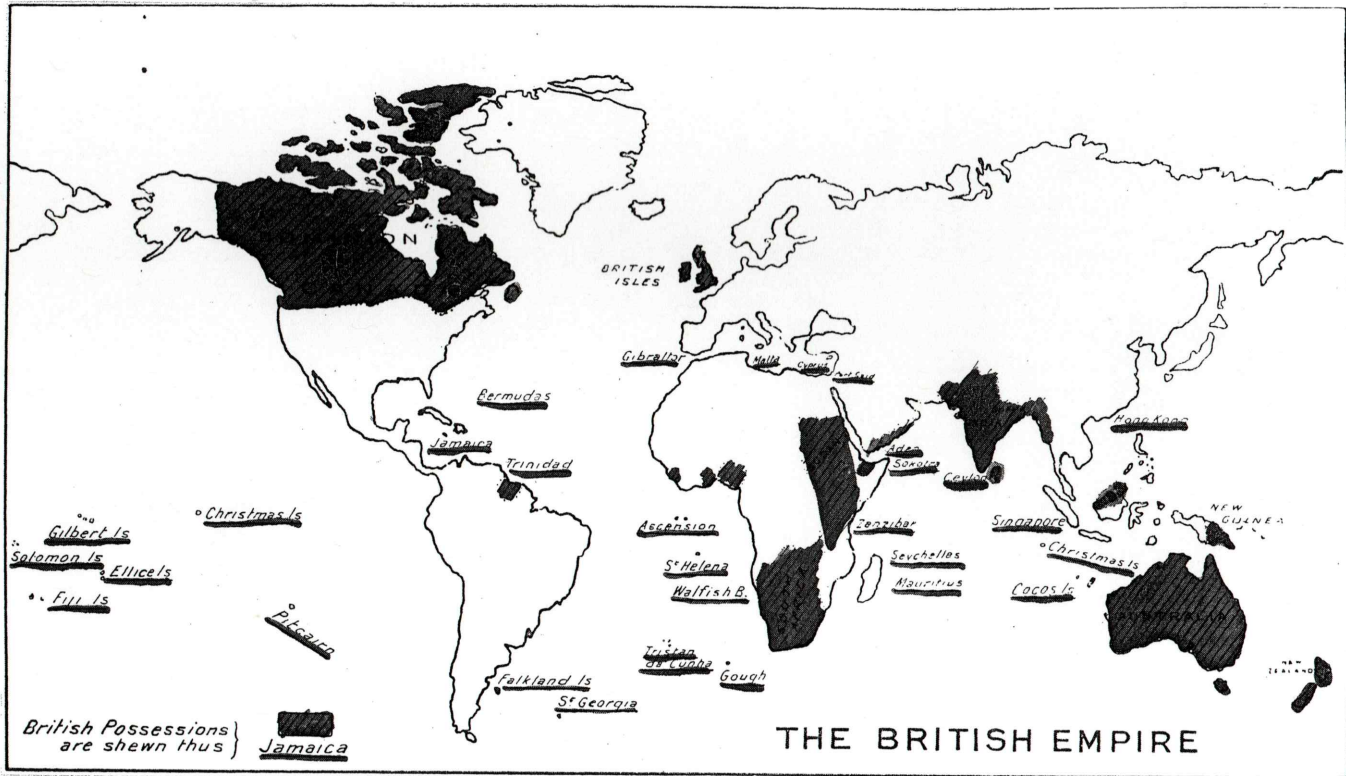
Then the great event came off!

Turning down an avenue when he did not see us, we left Aubrey Hazel behind — discovered 3 miles later by our S.M. who went back for him & did not see him — & Aubrey was lost! To cut a long story short, the S.M., George Porter & a Polish Guide (Staczka Jalcubowska) looked & reported & enquired for the lost Scout, while the other scouts waited at a given place — 4.30 arrived, & we had got to leave the Exhibition in another hour. The S.M. then sent George Porter & the Polish Guide to take scouts into the Amusement Park for an hour — & there they went on "Jack & Jill", though time was too short for the "Scenic Railway —"

At 5:30 all foregathered at the Station - Aubrey still being lost George Porter was given money & instructions to take the Scouts home, while the S.M. remained to find him -

When the party reached Bruton Street they found Aubrey, having had his tea, & the S.M. ringing up shortly afterwards & hearing this, returned to Bruton Street with all possible speed - Tea & packing did not take long, & after thanking & cheering Mr. & Mrs. Evans for extreme kindness, we all rolled off in 2 taxis for Paddington, waving goodbyes to our two kind friends & all the Polish Guides.

The train started, & we all, thankful beyond expression, heard Aubrey's story - His coolheaded sense surpassed what we had credited him with by a very long way - We owe more to "that Guide" too





than can be easily described - & when the train was well on the go, the S.M called all the Scouts into one carriage, & after a few serious words we all bent our heads & silently thanked God for the outcome of it all.

Had this spoilt our trip? No! Was not the childish thrill of the scenic railway amply replaced by the real adventure of a brother showing what he was made of.

We all felt in our hearts that night, & still feel, that that weekend was too wonderful for words. Our tuneless singing on the way from Oxford station mixed with every whoop & yell - our brimming hearts of real gratitude, all meant the same.

We did all Thank God - & do still.