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An illustration featuring three Scout figures in uniform (two on the sides, one in the center) and a central fleur-de-lis. The figures are flanked by two vertical columns of circular symbols, including an anchor, a hand, a bird, a cross, and a head. The text 'SEA SCOUTS' is visible on the left figure's uniform.

BE PREPARED

points are awarded for cleanliness, walking, skiing, etc., and some very amusing games are played. The Rydal field and Pwllcrochan woods are favoured spots for the cubs' recreation when weather conditions permit of meetings being held in the open air.

Until the Scout H.O. is established we are not in possession of an indoor rendezvous, but are hopeful that as a result of negotiations which are at present being conducted on our behalf, this difficulty will be solved by the time this article goes into print.

SEA SCOUT SECTION

Since the formation of this section just over six months ago, quite an appreciable amount of sea scouting has been carried out.

On his return from the Navy, Andre Foster took over the duties of A.S.M., and has proved himself an excellent leader.

The section now comprises fourteen youths, all of whom are over fourteen years of age. New recruits will be given a warm welcome. Meetings are held twice a week, on Tuesdays for sea training, and on Thursdays for swimming practice. Occasional trips are made to Deganwy, where we have been allowed to increase our experience by using Dr. Eileen Davies' yacht and dinghies.

Until such time when we can afford a larger boat, a canoe is being used for training in the Bay. A lot of work can be done ashore, however, in order to improve the efficiency in the boats.

A swimming team is being formed, and it is anticipated that contests with other teams will be arranged during the summer months. Camps are being organised for the next few months, and we are looking forward to taking part in the forthcoming Jamboree which is being held in the grounds of Gwrych Castle during August, particularly as the Chief Scout will be there.

Articles of interest to all sea scouts will appear in subsequent issues of this magazine.

MY ESCAPE

By P. L. HANS WINS

The following is the first instalment of the actual experience of P.L. Hans Wins at the time of the invasion of France, Belgium and Holland by the Germans in 1940.

During the night of Friday, the 10th of May, 1940, the Germans invaded the Low Countries.

At that time I was in a French Boarding School known as "Nid Aiglons," which is in the town of Heide in North Belgium on the Dutch-Belgian frontier. My parents were living in Antwerp which was about fifteen miles from Heide.

Heide is an important frontier town and is a most important military strongpoint. Near Heide there was an aerodrome, so it was a natural target for the Germans.

It all started about 4 a.m. when an attack was opened by aeroplanes. We naturally thought it was a manoeuvre as they were very popular there. Some boys even went on the roof of the dormitory to see the 'planes, which were flying extremely low. But towards breakfast-time things got really bad and bombs were being dropped all over the place and windows were all out. The Belgian ground defences were in action, shooting down only a few. We soon found out the truth about the bad news.

My parents in Antwerp could not contact me because there was no communication, but some of the senior boys had obtained a car and I joined them to get to Antwerp. I there joined my parents and, packing our car with as much as it could carry, we proceeded to Dixmude. My sister was in Holland at the time and was unable to join us as communications with Holland from the outside were cut off. As far as we know she is still there.

In Dixmude we remained a week but soon had to proceed further. We obtained a pass from the military authorities which enabled us to cross the French-Belgian frontier at St. Omer. There, there were miles and miles of cars, people

on foot, horse drawn carts and all sorts of transport waiting to get across the frontier which was then shut. But we had our necessary papers and could cross. There were two cars, one was our own and the other belonged to some friends but was driven by my brother.

From St. Omer we went on to Rouen. On the way we were constantly machine-gunned and bombed by the Germans. They were merciless; they shot at everybody and everything! Everybody was very panicky indeed.

(To be continued)

LETTER RECEIVED FROM AN OLD FRIEND IN BAYERN

The following is a letter received from Edward Simson written from Bayern, U.S. Zone, Germany. Some of the older members of our troop may remember meeting him at the Jamboree in Holland during the year 1937 and again when he visited this country in 1938 and attended a number of our troop meetings. We are glad to hear that he has survived the war years.

18th May, 1946.

Dear Brother Scout,

I think you will wonder getting a letter from Germany. I hope you have not forgotten my visit once in 1938. The time is going so quickly. My country Estonia has been destroyed in the horrible years of war. Many of us were killed. I tried to escape to Sweden; was caught by the Germans and brought to Germany. All this is over now but I can not go back home, because now too my country is ruled by other powers. We cannot go home before communistical dictatorship is destroyed from the world. It's a pity the world doesn't know how horrible it is. So many of us here are looking for a new land somewhere, a land of liberty and democracy. I hope you will understand my bad English and understand me. I'll be very happy hearing again something about you and your country—I loved as much as my own.

I wish you all the best and good Scouting.

Yours,
EDWARD.

Needless to say, we are sending him a copy of this gazette and by this medium will send him our united best wishes for the future.

Extract from Wordsworth's Poem.

"ODE TO DUTY"

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty, if that name thou love
Who are a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who are victory and law,
When empty terrors overawe,
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail
humanity!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security,
And they a blissful course may hold,
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet seek thy firm support, according
to their need.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend,
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of Truth thy bond-
man let me live.

RECIPES

1. Malt Loaf

Ingredients:

- 2 tablespoonful malt.
- 2 tablespoonful syrup.
- 1 pinch salt.
- 1 tea cup milk.
- 3 cups S.R. flour.
- 2 to 3 ozs. sultanas.

Method:—Put syrup, malt, milk and bicarbonate of soda in bowl and allow to melt (over pan of hot water). When soda bubbles, add flour and sultanas (cut up) mix well. Put in greased tin and bake in moderate oven No. 3 for 1½ hours. This will then be fit for a King!

know of safe arrival.

Next morning we visited places of interest and in the afternoon called at the Scout Headquarters. We were anxious to meet the International Commissioner but unfortunately he was out, however everyone was very nice to us and presented us with copies of French Scout Magazines and other Scout books. We also visited both the Scout shops and noticed that uniforms appeared to be available but coupons had to be given up.

We left Paris at 11-10 p.m. in a packed train and arrived at St. Claude about 10-30 a.m.—a most tiring journey—we caught the mid-day bus and after an hour's run arrived here safely.

Our camp is right up in the mountains. The scenery is beautiful, very much like Wales, only more densely forested. The weather has not been too kind although the days are unbearably hot and at night-time it is extremely cold.

So far we have hiked to Lake Dantré, 3,000 feet above sea-level but we have had only one day fit for hiking yet.

Towards the end of my stay I will send you a further report.

Cheerio,

Your friend,

HANS WINS,

P.L. Falcons.

Second Instalment of Hans Win's Account of his Escape from the Continent.

We had passed Rouen about fifteen miles when trouble began, for soon our heavily laden car broke down and left us in the middle of the road, helpless, but fortunately we managed to get a lift back to Rouen, so as to be able to get a train journey the rest of the way to Bordeaux. But the last train out of the city had gone! That is to say the last train to Bordeaux. We then decided to take a train to Paris and try to get one from there to Bordeaux.

We waited at Rouen a day on a packed platform and just before we left a train had been bombarded by Germans and we saw casualties coming in. It was a terrible sight—old women, stretcher cases, etc. When

the train did arrive there was such a scramble to get in that people were killed and children lost. We managed to get on, though we had no seats, but we were on.

At about midnight, stiff from having to stand, we arrived at the Gare de Nord, Paris and from there proceeded to Gare St. Nazaire. The night was cold and we had to sleep on the station as accommodation was out of the question. People on the station were dying of hunger and cold. It was a most dreadful sight—in fact, it was so terrible that I refused to remain there any longer so we went out to try and get some sleep on a bench outside.

After another fight to try to board the train to Bordeaux, we actually managed to get a seat. In our compartment we sat with some holiday makers who were really enjoying themselves, not caring at all about the war. We arrived at Bordeaux and had to chase for hours to get accommodation and at last managed to get a room in the station hotel.

We were now well ahead of the Germans.

My brother, who was by profession a mechanical engineer, met his manager who begged him to join him at his new factory in Brest. News travelled so slowly that we were weeks behind with news and unfortunately let him go. When he had gone and we realized the position we immediately telegraphed him to return, but already it was too late. The Germans had cut off Cape Finister. We did not hear from him for four years, but now we know that he is alright.

In Bordeaux, we spent three weeks and then the news of the Germans' advance came suddenly when the last boat had left. It seemed as though we were doomed but some to the mouth of the river where it had to pass out. This last chance we, of course, took, and with a borrowed car we raced after the boat. The distance was a hundred kilometers and we put in all the car could hold, as you can understand.

To be Continued

HANS WINN'S ADVENTURES

Concluding Chapters.

When we arrived at Le Verdon, a naval port at the mouth of the Girond River, we were told that the boat had been slowed up for some reason, and if we were to come back about 7 o'clock the next morning we would be in time.

That night I thought the end of the world had come. The Germans were bombarding the town and it was like fireworks, only worse. We had retired from the town to the woods for shelter and could see from there the whole port under fire; the ground defences shooting down only one, but that was better than none!

In the morning we reported at the appointed office hours before the time, as you may well understand. The Germans, we were told, had lain mines and it was impossible for the ship to enter the port. We could see the ship on the horizon. We were told that if we wished we could be driven by a small motorboat out to meet the ship. This, of course, was very dangerous indeed and the officer said that it was at our own risk. We naturally accepted this.

Air raid sirens sounded and we could see the low flying German planes coming in to attack over the sea. It was decided to carry on as the ship could not wait, and as we were going full speed, racing towards the ship, the German planes opened fire on us with machine guns. We were completely helpless, but luck was with us and nobody was hit although the motor boat suffered heavily.

When we reached the ship, which was a Dutch one called "De Reggestrom" we had to climb a rope ladder to get on deck. It was a small cargo boat which could hold 30 sailors plus cargo; the ship now carried 300 people. There was, of course, no sleeping accommodation, the sailors had already given theirs up for women and children, so that we had to sleep on deck, which was cold and hard. Going through the Bay of Biscay the weather was very rough and, having to sleep on deck, we were not too comfortable. Food was far from plentiful and after the second day there was none left. Such were the conditions on board when an unidentified plane was sighted. We all took to the lifeboats but the plane passed over still unidentified.

When we arrived at Falmouth the port was packed with ships and we were not sighted. On the fourth day it was our turn and a port patrol vessel came with food, chocolate, cigarettes, etc. It was a luxury after two months of inadequate food and accommodation. Then we were taken aboard a launch which carried us ashore. There, under a guard, we waited hours for transport and we were soaked when it did come at last, as it was raining heavily. We were then taken by bus to a picture house which served as a temporary shelter.

Whilst travelling by car and train we slept in the car or train as it was and also drove on at night in the car.

Then we lost my father who was taken by another bus to a church which also served as a temporary shelter. After spending a night at the picture house we were taken by a special train to London where we found father again.

We arrived in London during an air raid. After it was over we were taken to Crystal Palace which served as a kind of internment camp. In our party of 300 they caught 6 spies who were dressed up as priests but were found to have papers and maps on them.

From there we were moved to Fulham, which was an excellent place, at least compared with Crystal Palace. The food and sleeping accommodation was good and we remained here for about a month. At last we were told that we could go next day, but unfortunately we got mixed up with a new party and once more had to stay and go through it again, test after test, and then we were released. The trouble was that we had no relations here who could identify us and we had lost our papers.

In Crystal Palace we slept in the main hall on camp beds. There were all nationalities, Dutch, Belgian, French, etc. Some people even slept on the organs. The food was not too good but plentiful and we remained there for about three weeks.

When we were released some friends booked a room for us in the Regent Palace Hotel. It seemed as if we were Kings as we had not seen a proper bed for two months. We stayed there for a fortnight.

Then we moved to Russell Square and we were there all during the blitz. But I will not tell you about the blitz as that in itself would be a different story.

We know now that my brother, the one who was left behind in France, is safe and that he has been fighting with the Resistance Movement.

I was very much impressed by the hospitality of the British people and I feel they are true and reliable friends in war and peace.
