

Story 06 Angel Delight Fight

I could not find a van or minibus to take the Cubs to camp at the Wrekin, so was obliged to use a lorry.

Amongst the gear at Gorway there was at that time a few large wooden boxes containing Galley equipment Rocket Life Saving Equipment: ropes and tackles. The four boxes were taller than the side boards of the lorry and then we filled in the center void somewhat, with the tents and personal gear, and cubs about fourteen of them the rear of the truck looked like a nest. We pulled a tarpaulin over the "nest" and over the mast of the RLS to form a ridge pole, roped it down. A couple of Venture Scouts rode in the "nest" to maintain calm. The cubs thought it looked vey cosy and a bit of a challenge to ride on the rear of a lorry. One of the fathers asked me where about we were going:-

"It's on the camp form". I showed him the signed permission to camp

Walsall Sea Scots

Log Settlement Little Hill

Telford

"and what's the telephone number?" was the next question.

Page 2.

“Telephone?” We haven’t a tap never mind a phone the water comes from a stream that fed Viroconium. If the drinking water was good enough for the Romans it’s good enough for us. I have never heard of anyone who had so much as a sore throat, in thirty years.” Mobile phones had not been invented.

So off we went with an apprehensive wave from the parent standing in Gorway Road.

It was a great camp. We rigged the Rocket Life Saving Gear in the paddock below the Cabin, where it was a huge success.

I was standing by the foot of the mast, the cubs running round in circles having multiple rides in the breeches buoy. When I noticed a rub mark on one of the lad’s neck.

“Where did you get that mark?” I asked.

“It happens when the returning rope passes over your arms”

“Stop”. I yelled “There needs to be a re instruct here, before this gets out of hand”

Instead of simply grasping the handle beneath the traveller. The boys were reaching under the returning whip before holding onto the Traveller grasp handle. All very simple, but a point to look out for.

Page 3.

The weekend passed with the usual tests walks trails and cooking on small fires. There are asides here .On Sunday mornings the Cubs were instructed to light a fire and cook their own breakfast. Here the tales and adventure starts with complaints and observations similar to:-

Ashley has trodden on my breakfast.

My egg has set on fire.

Can we eat it?.

Twists and Dampers were on the menu.

Cubs are content, and will remain so for hours given a bowl of dough and a stick, or a few sausages, to play with fire is their idea of life and forever be it so.

There is nothing more exciting or time consuming to a cub than poking sticks into a fire.

We had purchased several packets of Angel Delight, and packets of cheap milk, perhaps it was long lasting milk, any way in the outcome it made up two gallons; of creamy substance in various flavours and colours.

Page 4.

For afternoon tea the venture scouts had rigged a long table in the compound, bearing tinned fruit; Cake (the Battenburg type) and Cherry Genoa; squash; biscuits; bread butter and jam were on the table. The afternoon was warm and sunny so we suggested the boys strip off their shirts to get a little beneficial sun on their backs. We kidded them they would be brown by the time they had eaten.

Everyone had taken their fill when I produced the flavoured mixture.

“Who wants strawberry?”

“Who wants raspberry?” chocolate? Vanilla?

When each had been served, there was some Angel Delight, left over so seconds were in order, Bernard and I asked the cubs not to start until everyone had what they wanted.

“Who want chocolate on their strawberry?”

Who wants raspberry on their vanilla?”

Page 5

And so on until I took the last couple of pints in a Dixie to the end of the table, using a ladle, I scooped up as much as I could and threw it at the boys opposite to me and then repeating the action from the other side of the table.

The youngsters shocked but comprehending cottoned on immediately.

“This is not for eating it’s for throwing!”

The air was thick with ANGEL delight. Except for one lad who knew it was really for eating, he retired to the Bunk House and came out now and then for replenishment.

The final challenge was to clean up the cubs at the end of every camp. Bernard and I assisted by as many dads that could make the trip to the Cabin, supposedly to collect their sibling and to see for themselves, where we camped. We took the wrapping of their pristine tablets of soap. This was the time when we wanted them to wet their faces; necks; arms and hands, endeavouring to present cleaner faces or at least a tablet of soap that had been opened, to mums and dads. It worked in most cases but it always took a long time.

Page 6.

The journey back to Walsall was the same format as the journey out. The boys and Venture scout helpers took up their places on the back of the lorry, in the nest, so that once I had reached Jesson Road the cover sheet was rolled back to release the “fug” inside.

Belvidere Rd. Highgate. Turn left into Gorway there was the Mums and Dads to greet us. One of the older Cubs took up his ruck sack ; slinging it onto his shoulder he vaulted over the tail board of the lorry. His Mum promptly burst into tears.

“You took him away a Little boy and bought him back a man”