

THE EARLY DAYS OF HONG KONG SCOUTING—PART 19

ARCHIVES OF THE PAST – Part 9

The following is the first part of an article appeared in the February 1941 issue of the Hong Kong Scouting Gazette. Some 10 months before the fall of Hong Kong to the Japanese Imperial Army on 25th December 1941. It ironically recorded the last Christmas "Good Turns" by the Hong Kong Wolf Cubs before the 2nd World War which would be followed by the darkest Christmas of Hong Kong History: the surrendering of the British Garrison to the invading Japanese Army on the next Christmas day exactly one year after.

CUB CHRISTMAS "GOOD TURNS"

Instead of combining together as in the past for their annual Christmas "Good Turn," owing to the smaller number of Packs in the Colony this year, it was decided that each Pack separately should visit some social institution and bring, if possible, small gifts.

The following is a summary of what some of the different Packs did, together with accounts from the 1st Kowloon (St. Andrew's) and 19th Hong Kong (St. Stephen's College) Cub Packs.

The 1st H.K. St. Joseph's were taken by Mr. Huang Fu Chun to the Nethersole Hospital where they sang songs to the patients.

The 11th H.K. Pui Ching and the 30th H.K. Tak Ming were taken by Miss Chan and Miss Luk together to the children's ward of the Lai Chi Kok Tuberculosis Hospital. Sweets and biscuits which had previously been collected were given away.

The 1st H.K. St. Joseph's were taken by Mr. Lim to the "Home for the Aged" in Kowloon City, to whom they brought food and fruit.

The 1st Kowloon (St. Andrew's) Pack "Good Turn."

On Sunday, December 22nd 1940, six Cubs with Akela, a lady friend and Shere Khan set off from Kowloon Railway Station to Fanling.

We were going to Miss Dibden's Babies Home to do our Christmas good turn.

The train was very crowded, so we had to go into a 3rd Class carriage, to be together. Still that didn't worry us. Most of us had been on the train before, but it was great fun seeing if we could see our own homes from the train as it rushed past. Soon we were out of town and all waiting for the word to close the windows before we got into the tunnel. With a rush and a great cloud of smoke, we entered the tunnel and immediately Akela was besieged by hosts of questions as to how long the tunnel was and 'what was the hill we went under.'

Akela, as you all know, knows everything as the Wise Old Wolf should do and by time our questions had been answered, we were out in the sunlight again and rushing across the paddy fields to Shatin.

It wasn't long before we had passed Taipo and reached Fanling. Indeed the journey passed very quickly. Peter White had brought a bag of peanuts with him and we made a terrible mess of the carriage floor with all the shells littered about, very un-cublike wasn't it?

From Fanling Station we had to walk about half a mile down the road to the home. We passed lots of Indian soldiers riding on horses, and wished we had a horse too, to carry all our parcels. We also saw a wee pig riding on the carrier of a bicycle just as if it were an everyday thing for him to go to market that way. Of course he was tied on, but it so reminded us of the sort of thing Donald Duck would do, that we had to laugh."

(to be continued)

