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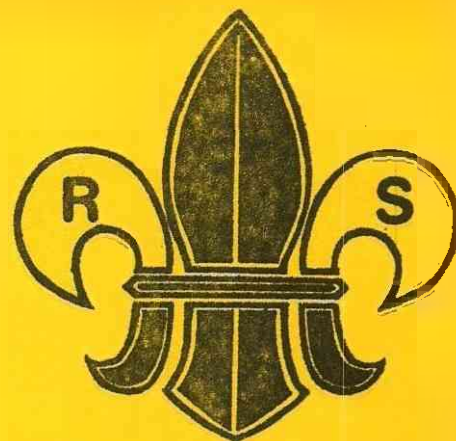


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ROVERING

AUGUST 1978

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Rovering...

UPCOMING EVENTS

August '78

AUGUST

28 NATIONAL ROVER MOOT '78 - Pincher Creek, Alberta
START

SEPTEMBER

2 NATIONAL ROVER MOOT - ENDS

8-10 Ranger Regatta - Sarnia

30 Ontario Rover Round-
table - Annual Meeting
Toronto

29-Oct. 1 Scarecrow Moot- Burlington

OCTOBER

6-8 5th Annual Foresters Car Rally
Georgetown

13-15 Fall Frolic (Ranger Event)
Kincardine

O.R.R.T. Toronto

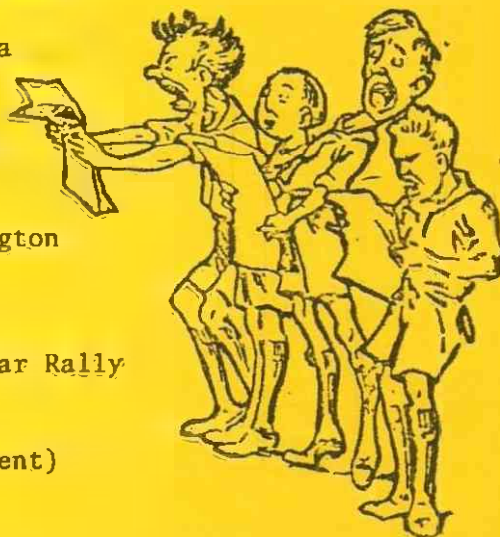
27-29 Ranger-Guider Chairman Weekend- Doe Lake

NOVEMBER

Forthcoming

DECEMBER

Forthcoming





Dear Rovers,

The heat of summer is upon us and all the ideas we had about "getting things done this summer" melt in the sun. We decide to wait until the autumn when things are cooler. I guess we just can't win!! So the best bet is to head up North and get into some of the wilderness country on which Canada is built. The lakes and rocky shores echo with the songs and stories of Voyageurs from our proud past. It's a great time of year to see and feel as much of Canada as we can. And for those of you going to the "NATIONAL MOOT" in Alberta, I envy you. Some of my best Rovering experiences took place at the two National Moots I attended. I'm sure you'll come back with the same good experiences and memories as I have.

Remember not to sleep or drink your summer away. You have only one life day to live, so make the best of it even if it is too hot.

Yours in Rovering,

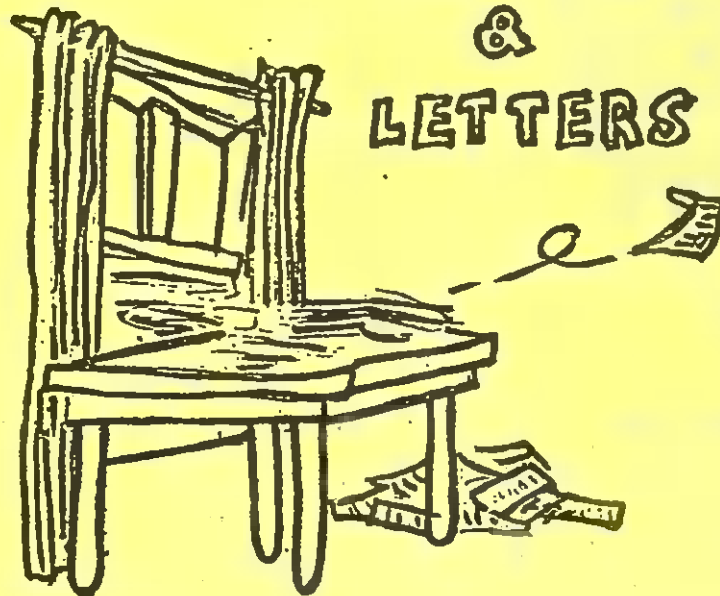
A.J. (Tony) Wallbank



ROVER

Ho-o-o!!!

NEWS & LETTERS



Dear Tony,

I read the article in "The Leader" about your magazine, "Rovering". It appears to be a very interesting magazine; with a subscription of 300, you must be doing something right!

We, too, publish a Rover magazine. It is called "Living Free", and we also have a \$3.00 subscription (for five issues per annum) and a subscription of about 400. Enclosed is the current issue.

"Living Free" is not put out as an "official" Rover magazine, but as a magazine of general Rover interest. We have a fair percentage of non-Scouting subscribers, and subscribers come from all over Australia.

We would like to exchange magazines with "Rovering". The interchange of ideas would be of benefit to both of us, and, of course, I'm sure you're always after interesting articles - we sure are!

Hoping to hear from you soon.

Yours in Rovering,

Gary Pemberton
Editor

Hurstville, AUSTRALIA
1 Carrington Avenue

Dear Editor:

On behalf of the Prime Minister I wish to acknowledge receipt of your letter of April 5 requesting that he fill out a questionnaire relating to his participation in the Scouting movement. Unfortunately Mr. Trudeau's heavy workload prevents him from replying personally.

With best wishes on the occasion of the 70th anniversary of Scouting in Canada

Yours sincerely,

Hellie Wilson,
Assistant Correspondence
Secretary
Office of the Prime Minister

****Please find article enclosed in this issue- Editor****

The Rover Connection

Recently in a shop called the Port Hole, I saw a table of T-shirts. This may not mean much to you, but they were printed with names like captain, skipper, first mate and crew. Each had a picture, which when applied to Rovering, took on a special significance.

The Captain and Skipper T-shirts had a ship's wheel on them. To me, this was a symbolic portrayal of Skip's job in the crew. He merely steers the crew in the right direction, not pushing or pulling but gently pulling his wheel, causing the ship to turn of its own will.

You see, your Skip is not leader in the Boy Scouts sense of the word, but is there to advise you of the right thing to do. He does not turn the wheel but merely suggests to the helmsman or crew members, the correct heading.

The crew T-shirts, on the other hand, were printed with an anchor, a symbol of steadfast solid strength. The body of the crew is the anchor, providing the hold in a storm. How well your anchor holds depends on the bottom it finds. If your crew has a bottom of sand, your anchor will drag in a storm and your crew will be on the rocks. If however there is a rock solid tie in your crew, you will ride out any storm backed by an anchor on good bottom and a Skip watching over the helm.

David A. Hannah

"WAKE UP CANADIANS"

by: D. Kucheron
Kapuskasing

It has become the common ordinary way of life for Canadians to become insurance conscious, borrowers rather than inventors, buyers rather than builders, complainers rather than doers, importers rather than exporters, spenders rather than investors. It has become our way of life for the day, and to complain about the consequences.

Somehow we have lost sight of the fact that governments exist in order to maintain peace and order, but instead, we have adopted the attitude that "the government should do this, the government should do that". We somehow have lost the realization that "we are the government of this country" and that our attitude is self-defeating.

As soon as we depend on someone else, we become "dependent". It is up to us to do, to think, to plan and for the government to regulate us when our eagerness infringes on our neighbour's rights.

Our nationalism is sometimes reduced to a two-cent bargain--when a foreign product is cheaper than a Canadian manufactured or produced one, we hide under the cloak of "saving" for the moment, but losing for the day. We live under the illusion that foreign companies and countries will forever keep giving us "bargains" even when it is not to their advantage and even after we have become dependent on them. Canada's trade deficit is our deficit.

Wake up Canada. Change your thought pattern. Change your way of life.

Your security is as solid as you make it; your freedom is as worthwhile as you use it; your liberty is as important as you protect it; your community and country is as solid and wholesome as you feed into it.

What does this mean on the practical side? Realizing the power that you have as an individual; if you do not buy a foreign consumer product...that product will not be sold; if you buy a Canadian product, that dollar will stay in Canada, pay for Canadian labor, Canadian raw materials, Canadian infra-structure rather than someone else's setup.

When you and every other Canadian realize the tremendous power that you can exercise in your purchasing power, Canadian products will sell, Canadian dollars will stay at home, Canadian dollars will build the future. We will come out of our deficit situation and stand on solid bedrock.

Next time you feel like complaining, do something about it. Start up a small business or at least support an existing one--develop a wholesome and life-giving thought pattern and let it break out in words that breed action, after all, do you want to go on record as being a rotten Canadian.

We are not expected to be Santa Claus to the world, we are expected to be neighbours.

MOOT MISSES



by mark

Nancy-Jo Nowak



MOOT MISSES



Nancy is a member of one years standing with the 28th Buffalo Explorer Post. She is sixteen years old, blue eyed and blond. She enjoys rock music such as Steve Miller, Styx, and Aerosmith. Her favorite color is blue and she likes red roses. Nancy enjoys all sports but her favorite must be swimming, as she instructs three swimming classes a week and works as a lifeguard during the summer. With all her swimming you would almost expect her cooking to lean towards fish, wrong, it is spaghetti. At school her favorite subject is computer electronics. She has no interest, or comments, on going steady at the present moment. She believes to belong to the Scouting organization, means to meet a lot of new people and to make new friends.

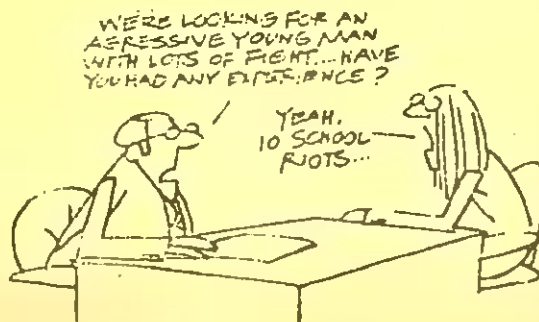


DEATH VALLEY

This is the story of a coarse encounter of the third kind. Summarised from the Kangaroo Valley Police Report of the weekend of 4th, 5th March 1978, these extracts are confidential and should you read them you take your life into your own hands.

- * This report involves the invasion of Kangaroo Valley by an alien race by the name of "Rovers". The invasion operation was code name "Moot", (Mobile Operational Overthrowing Theory) and involved about 60 spacecraft, each having a Rover Crew, making up a total invasion force of over 500.
- * In preparation for the attack the Rovers went through a series of training activities which, for example trained them to carry objects between their knees while attacking up a soaped gradient. What a fighting force they must be, so thorough is their training.
- * The honour of leading the attack, denoted by the Moot skin, was eventually forced unwillingly on the crew of a flying saucer called (don't laugh folks) "4th Wagga". This was their first mistake!
- * Interpol has been contacted to discover if any of the Taj Mahal's at the moot were on the missing list. Perhaps India has drifted into the Bermuda Triangle.
- * A session of black magic was held Saturday night. A group practicing wizards (and the practice was needed) conducted this ritual. Whatever the magic style, it must have powerful as no rocks have grown there since.
- * The Moot was punctuated by the strange chant which involved the crowd cheering, then roaring, then showing their disappointment with a word which was promptly dispatched to our leading cryptologist, Mad Ernie, to decipher. However since his brilliant decoding of "Moot" we haven't been able to get him down from (driven there by his frightening revelation of Moot) the flag pole.
- * The tensions finally came to hand late Sunday, when the crowd was whipped into a frenzy, culminating in the parading of a creature called a Stan Bales, to the delight of all.

The attack never eventuated, however, as came Sunday afternoon, the aliens were totally exhausted from the training. Even though they did not get a chance to plunder the countryside, the smiles on the aliens faces indicated that the Moot was a total success.



Reprint: "LIVING FREE"
Australia
Rover Magazine

How To

Travel Off road

Of late, your raving reporter has been Rovering about the country side attached, in one way or another, to a vehicle that may be known to you as a Toyota Land Cruiser. After suffering various positions of travel on (and off) the said cruiser and associated loaded trailer, he has decided to publish for your benefit a directory of the more comfortable areas of travel.

REQUIREMENTS

1 cruiser (optional)	1 track (unpassable)
1 bullbar (no bull)	1 pass (untrackable)
1 looney bin	various trees (vertical)
22 looneys	more trees (horizontal)
1 trailer (decrepit)	1 wind (straight from the north pole)
1 pile of gear (4ft. over trailer)	6 rivers (very wet)
1 tarp (glassy smooth)	2163 puddles (muddy)

POSITIONS

1. Driver's Seat
Capacity: 1 driver, 21 advisors
Comfort: reasonable but for advisors
Danger: reasonable but for advisors
Advantage: have only yourself to blame (but for the advisors)
2. Passengers Seat
Capacity: 1
Comfort: good
Danger: only in fighting for position
Advantage: can hit driver
3. Gearshift Seat
Capacity: 1
Comfort: reverse and second gear only
Danger: castration
Advantage: can double shuffle without moving feet
4. Back Compartment
Capacity: 8
Comfort: none
Danger: deep breathing and yawns
Advantage: you will probably travel in a coma
5. Bull Bar
Capacity: 3 needed to block drivers vision
Comfort: designed to avoid any
Danger: falling off and being run over - frost bite- drowning - sudden stops - bulls - being battered to death by trees.
Advantage: gain reputation as thrill seeker

JUST TRUCKING - "FROM OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

Ottawa, Canada

Over the past year (a most eventful one at that), I had the honour of being presented with that always elusive, most astringed Rovering award -- The Rambler's Badge. Finally, after 3½ years and many hours spent jotting in my log, it gave me great pleasure to accept this award from my Rover Skipper and my Rover Crew.

So what does this have to do with "our Nation's capital, you ask? Well, I'll tell you; it was an 800 mile ramble to , in and around Ottawa that assured my attaining my Ramblers Badge Award.

And now, I'd like to tell you all a few facts about another well-known Canadian, and avid Ottawa Rambler --- The Honourable Mr. Pierre Elliot Trudeau, Prime Minister of this country of ours ---Canada. You see, Mr. Trudeau too, was a member of the Boy Scouts of Canada in his youth.

Mr. Trudeau was a Boy Scout member from age twelve to fifteen. Then from age fifteen to seventeen he continued in the movement as a Sea Scout.

He was a woodsman and a great believer in the outdoors generally. His love for the wilderness and for exploring our great inland rivers by canoe, were undoubtedly encouraged by his earlier days in Scouting.

Thus, he wrote an article about one of his canoeing adventures --- Exhaustion and Fulfilment: The Escetic in a Canoe.

Lego!

Greg Lengyell, Magazine Staff

Exhaustion and Fullfillment

The Escetic in a Canoe

I would not know how to instill a taste for adventure in those who have not acquired it. (Anyway, who can ever prove the necessity for the gypsy life?) And yet there are people who suddenly tear themselves away from their comfortable existence and, using the energy of their bodies as an example to their brains, apply themselves to the discovery of unsuspected pleasure and places.

I would like to point out to these people a type of labour from which they are certain to profit: an expedition by canoe.

Exhaustion and Fullfillment Con't

I do not just mean "canoeing". Not that I wish to disparage that pastime, which is worth more than many another. But, looked at closely, there is perhaps only a difference of money between the canoeists of Lafontaine Park and those who dare to cross a lake, make a portage, spend a night in a tent and return exhausted, always in the care of a fatherly guide -- a brief interlude momentarily interrupting the normal course of digestion.

A canoeing expedition, which demands much more than that, is also much more rewarding.

It involves a starting rather than a parting. Although it assumes the breaking of ties, its purpose is not to destroy the past, but to lay a foundation for the future. From now on, every living act will be built on this step, which will serve as a base long after the return of the expedition ... and until the next one.

What is essential at the beginning is the resolve to reach the saturation point. Ideally, the trip should end only when the members are making no further progress within themselves. They could not be fooled, though, by a period of boredom, weariness or disgust; that is not the end, but the last obstacle before it. Let saturation be serene!

So you must paddle for days, or weeks, or perhaps months on end. -- My friends and I were obliged on pain of death, to do more than a thousand miles by canoe, from Montreal to Hudson Bay. But let no one be deterred by a shortage of time. A more intense pace can compensate for a shorter trip.

WHAT sets a canoeing expedition apart is that it purifies you more rapidly and inescapably than any other. Travel a thousand miles by train and you are a brute; pedal five hundred on a bicycle and you remain basically a bourgeois; paddle a hundred in a canoe and you are already a child of nature.

For it is a condition of such a trip that you entrust yourself, stripped of your worldly goods, to nature. Canoe and paddle, blanket and knife, salt, pork, and flour, fishing rods and rifle; that is about the extent of your wealth. To remove all the useless material baggage from a man's heritage is, at the same time, to free his mind from petty preoccupations, calculations and memories.

On the other hand, what fabulous and undeveloped mines are to be found in nature, friendship and oneself! The paddler has no choice but to draw everything from them. Later, forgetting that this habit was adopted under duress, he will be astonished to find so many resources within himself.

Nevertheless, he will have returned a more ardent believer from a time when religion, like everything else, became simple. The impossibility of scandal creates a new morality, and prayer becomes a friendly chiding of the divinity, who has again become part of our everyday affairs. My friend, Guy Viau, could say about our adventure, "We got along very well with God, who is a damn good sport. Only once did we threaten to break diplomatic relations is He continued to rain on us. But we were joking. We would never have done so, and well He

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I DO not want you to think that the mind is subjected to a healthy discipline merely by worrying about simplistic problems. I only wish to remind you of that principle of logic which states that valid conclusions do not generally follow from false premises. Now, in a canoe, where these premises are based on nature in its original state (rather than on books, ideas, and habits of uncertain value), the mind conforms to that higher wisdom which we call natural philosophy; later, that healthy methodology and acquired humility will be useful in confronting mystical and spiritual questions.

I know a man whose school could teach him patriotism, but who acquired that virtue when he felt in his bones the vastness of his land, and the greatness of those who founded it.

PIERRE ELLIOTT TRUDEAU

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ATTENTION

Attention Rovers of the following Districts:

<u>Region B</u>	<u>Region C</u>	<u>Halton Region</u>
Mississauga	N. Waterloo	Oakville
Malton	S. Waterloo	North Halton
Brampton	Hamilton	Milton
Yellow Briar	Wellington	Burlington
	Brant	1st Hornby
	Ingersoll	
	Woodstock	
	Big Creek	

Above are the new regions as they will exist on September 1st of this year. As you know Green Acres Region will no longer exist and this raises the problem of the Regional Roundtable.

Because of the few number of Rovers in our region we, the current executive of GARRT, feel that we could not support three separate roundtables. Therefore we are recommending that a tri-region roundtable be set up.

With this in mind the date of Thursday April 14th at 7:30 p.m. in Oakville has been set aside for our new region to amalgamate or split into separate roundtables. We will see you there for this very important organizational meeting.

The Executive
Green Acres Regional Roundtable.



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and his Boys and Girls at*

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