



# ROVERING



Roger the Ready Rover



## SERVING THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE

### YOUNG DRIVER COURSES

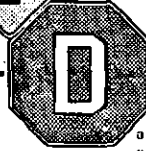
for  
YOUNG DRIVERS  
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Day, Evening and Saturday courses starting several times each month

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10 sessions in-car training  
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### Young Drivers of Canada

a federally chartered  
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Sponsored by Safety minded commerce and industry

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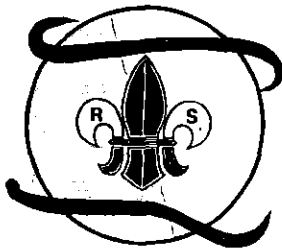
70 AINSLIE GALT



GUELPH

**836-1733**

18 NORWICH E



9th CANADIAN  
WORLD INVITATIONAL

# MOOT 1982

COMING SOON TO CAMP WETASKIWIN — ST. CATHARINES

**AUGUST 14th to 28th**

To Be Included:

TOURS TO TORONTO AND NIAGARA FALLS  
FOOD AND TENTS, TUCK SHOP, CANTEEN AND POST OFFICE

More Information Coming . . . So "KEEP ON ROVERING"

# ROVERING

APRIL 1980



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ALL INQUIRIES, COMMENTS, OR ARTICLES TO BE SIGNED AND SUBMITTED TO;

ROVERING MAGAZINE  
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BOY SCOUTS OF CANADA  
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ONTARIO, CANADA.

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# Rovering...

## UPCOMING EVENTS

### 1980 - EVALUATION YEAR CANADIAN ROVERING.

#### April

- 12 Tri-Region Roundtable - Cambridge Ont.  
St. John's Church, 24th Cambridge Rovers,  
Box 961, Cambridge - 2:00 pm.
- 26 St. George's Day Dinner/Dance - 9th Kitchener  
Rovers, c/o D. Potje, 66 Eton Dr., Kitchener
- 27 O.R.R.T. - Participation House- Markham, Ont.  
1:00 p.m., c/o Red Carlson, 9 Butternut Lane,  
Markham.

#### May

- 2-4 Rover-Ranger Olympics - Greenwood, c/o 32  
Wedgewood Dr., Willowdale, Ontario
- 16-19 Camelot '80 Provincial Rover-Ranger Moot,  
Sanguin Scout Reserve, Mount Forest, c/o  
380 Gladstone Avenue, Windsor, Ontario
- 23-25 Wildman Moot - Barrie Ontario
- 30-31, June 1 Rover Wood Badge, Part II - Blue Springs  
c/o 9 Jackes Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

#### June

- 15 Tri-Region Roundtable - Cambridge Ontario 2:00 pm.  
c/o 24th Cambridge Rovers, Box 961, Cambridge, Ont.
- 20-22 Rover Wood Badge Part II - Blue Springs, Acton
- 20-22 Camas Moot, Camp Samac, Oshawa, Ont. c/o Box 961  
Oshawa, Ontario

#### July

- 11-13 Ye Olde Rover Moot '80 - c/o P.O. Box 3245  
Cambridge, Ontario

#### Sept.

- 21 Tri-Region Roundtable - Cambridge Ontario, St.  
John's Church - 2:00 p.m., c/o 24th Cambridge  
Rovers, Box 961, Cambridge, Ontario



April 1980

Dear Rovers,

Have you noticed the price of gold soaring and plummeting ; the interest rate climbing close to 20%, new cars and farm machinery unsold on the lots, the Russians taking over another country and the Iranians, as rich as their resources are, plunging into anarchy?

There is every indication that the comfortable part of the world that we live in now is in for a rough shaking up.

Many of us are much weaker than our forefathers and we might not be willing to go to war determined to fight for our countries and beliefs. We might not know how to start again if we loose our homes or our jobs or the chance to finish our education. These could dissolve right in front of our eyes.

Now, should any or all of this come about what will we do. Will we blame the government and demand that it take care of us? Will we blame big business - big unions? Will we burn our draft cards, will we spit & jeer at authority and then riot, or wallow in self pity or cower in a corner waiting for fate to put its hand on our shoulders.

The future holds for us exactly what we believe will happen. The strong willed, be they good or evil will overcome the weak and pathetic.

Perhaps its time to test again the fiber which has built our nation and our personal stamina to stand up for what we believe.

If you don't believe in anything then START believing. If you have no goals then set some and make sure you set them high. If you think the government or socialism will feed you, change your attitude and tell the world that you will forge a life for yourself using the hands and back and brains God gave you.

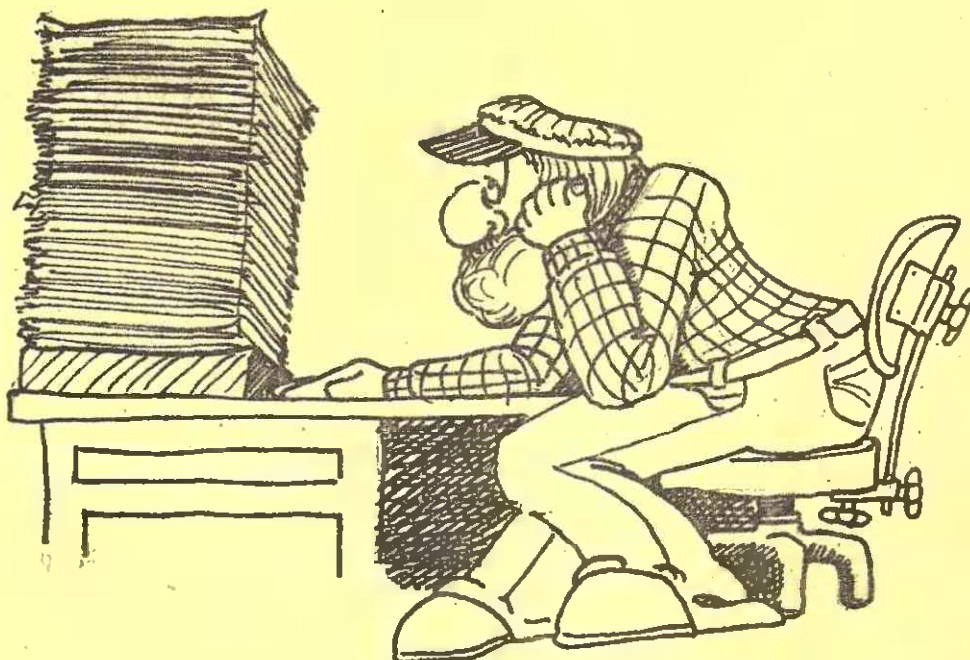
When its time to go to war (pray that it won't happen) grab your pack, hug and kiss your wife and kids and join the rest of us.

Yours in Rovering,

A.J. (Tony) Wallbank  
Editor.







## LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I would like to thank your staff for making my day for me. I am the girl in B.C. who would get a real kick. Reading about the end results of the Toronto conference was great. Then to read a P.S. that was for me was fantastic. I always look forward to receiving Rovering but that February issue will be a treasure I will never lose. Thanks again for printing the article and P.S. for my former Toronto crew members. You will never know how much joy that gave me. Rovering is a great service your staff takes on and I for one appreciate it.

Yours in Rovering,

Maureen Fitzgerald  
Prince George British Columbia.

Dear Editor:

Cindy Luce (formerly of the Queen City Rover Crew) and Mike Frankham (formerly of the Van Doo Rover Crew) are happily announcing their engagement. An early '81 wedding is forthcoming.

Dear Editor:

Please print the following letter:

Hi ya'll!

Just a note to let you know I'm still alive. I attended the Snowball Moot and really had a great time remembering with my old friends, meeting new friends and just plain being there.

I was really glad to see that they were flying the American Flag. It really means a lot to recognize people from other countries. Thank you.

Well, many people wanted my address, so here it is: Cindy Luce  
306 S. Whiting St., Apt. #Q-11, Alexandria, Va. 2230Y

Take care, ya hear?

Keep on Rovering,

Cindy Luce

P.S. "Chops", I still don't believe it!

# WHAT ARE PARENTS?

Between the time your kindergarten teacher introduces you to hand puppets and the time your Army Sargeant introduces you to hand grenades, you can expect to waste about 15 years hollering across the generation gap at a couple of creatures called "PARENTS". Unfortunately it is futile to holler at Parents for the same reason it is futile to holler at Italian waiters: (1) They don't understand your language; (2) They are not even listening, and (3) They're usually hollering at you louder than you're hollering at them.

It's easy to spot Parents in a crowd; they are the ones yelling at the little fellow who dropped the ball in order to make sure he feels humiliated enough- they're the ones pushing the supermarket carts, loaded with the newest, awful tasting stuff advertised as "vital to your growing child's health"! They are the ones leaving the porch light on so their teenagers can't do whatever teenagers supposedly do on dark porches and they're the ones circulating the petition to have 100% unionism for their error.

The worst thing about Parents is that they're inconsistent, they believe in Democracy - but not to the point of giving you a voice in what you eat for tea, they understand inflation, but they don't understand why you need a bigger allowance than they got twenty years ago. They are all for driver education, but they don't think passing the course qualifies you to drive the family car, and they advocate free speech - but they'd better not catch you using any around the house.

Like most other life forms, Parents come in two genders: the female who tells you that you can't sleep over your friend's house on Saturday night, or play the radio loud after 9:00 o'clock, or do anything else you really want to do - and the male- who takes on an even more positive approach by saying "Ask your mother". Otherwise parents are pretty much alike. Unreasonable, unyielding, unsympathetic unco-operative, unrelenting, and under the ridiculous impression that they know more about what is good for you than you do.

The behaviour pattern of the female parent is most unpredictable. She will love you enough to bake your favourite cake - and hate you enough to confine you to your room for snitching a piece of it. She will tell your teacher you need special attention because you are a sensitive child, and then chew you out in public for needing special attention because you're a stupid ox. She will demand that you help with the housework because you're almost 15 - and refuse to let you go out on dates because you're only 14. And she'll wait up half the night, fearing you've been in an accident - and then hit you in the head because you're late.

The miraculous thing about a female parent is the way your latest girl friend's (parent) can size you up so quickly. She'll know immediately permanently and unshakeably about all the evil plans you have for her daughter even before you know them yourself. If you show up for a date dressed casually, she knows you're a hippie. If you wear a tie, she knows you're a make-out man - if you talk too much, she's sure to know you're a loudmouth - and if you don't talk enough she knows you're a clod. But no matter how you dress - or talk - or act, she knows she didn't raise a daughter to associate with a bum like you.

Male parents present an entirely different problem. To get along with yours, you must appreciate that he embodies many of the qualities of other Great Men. He has the quiet patience of John Gorton, the unquestioning of Mr. Robert Menzies, the forgiving nature of Mr. Barry Howard, the sense of justice of Mao Tse-Tune, the disarming warmth of Rover Bush, the humane understanding of Mr. Hawke, and the mature approach of Miss Piggy.

Every so often the male parent will make a stab at communicating with his offspring. The subjects he enjoys most during these heart to heart chats include your low marks at school, your spotty attendance record at church, your weak showing at athletics and your poor attitude towards a career in dentistry and your unreasonable feelings about his boss's ugly daughter. The subjects he least enjoys discussing include his latest hassle with the Taxation Department, his grounds for draft deferment during World War 2, his inability to quite smoking and his close association with every hotel in town (and every secretary in his office).

All in all, Parents just never seem to get with it. Because they lack a strong social conscience, they've continued to earn enough money to feed, clothe and house you to this point in your life. Because they insist upon treating you as a child, they've managed to prevent you from accidentally killing yourself at least a dozen times before you got to this point. And because of their stodgy view of today's changing values, they've succeeded in keeping you toiling away at school when you could have become an accomplished council worker by now.

Still, with all their short-sightedness and lack of understanding, parents do serve one vital function. Just think of the terrible blisters you'd get from practising your guitar too long - and the diamond you'd wear out from playing your Beatles records all night and the petrol money you'd waste from revving up your hot-rod in the back yard if there were no parents to emit that familiar annoying cry:

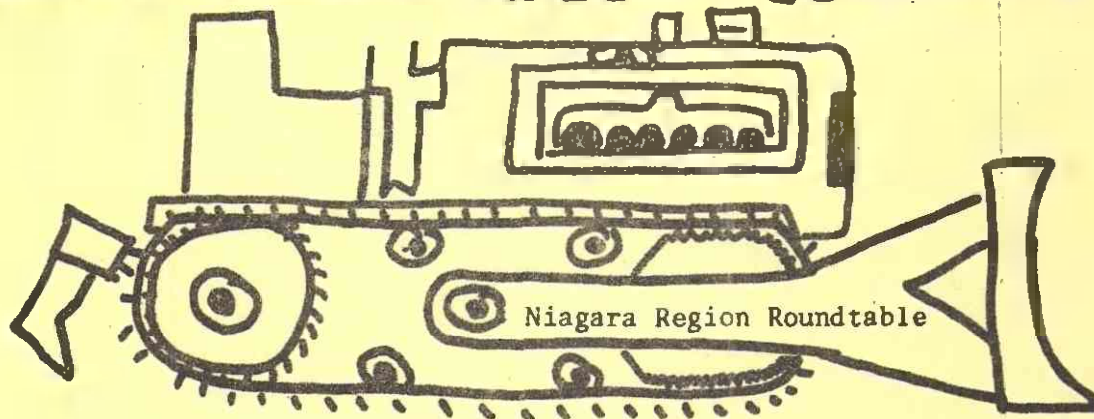
"STOP MAKING THAT INFERNAL RACKET" !!!

Article Courtesy of Living Free





# ST. GEORGE'S DAY 'BULLDOZER' CAR RALLY



SUNDAY APRIL 20, 1980

REGISTRATION: 11:30 am. - 12:30 pm.

FIRST CAR LEAVES: 1:00 pm.

SUPPER: 5:30 pm. - 6:00 pm.

ST. GEORGES DAY  
COMPETITIONS 7:00 pm.

PRESENTATION OF AWARDS 9:00 - 9:30 pm.

BRING A SPARE TIRE AND TOOLS

This fabulous rally will be held for the low cost of \$5.00 per person. This includes the dinner and a crest.  
Final registration must be in by April 15, 1980.

-----  
Tear off and return

No. of Rovers and Guests \_\_\_\_\_ X \$5.00 = \_\_\_\_\_ Total

No. of Cars \_\_\_\_\_

Group Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: G. Dell, 7007 McLeod Road, Niagara Falls, Ontario L2G 3G9

Make cheques payable to: 1st Niagara Venturer Company.  
Inquiries: 357-3075

# A Winter Weekend

This winter weekend on skis and snowshoes is a yearly event for the 9th Kitchener Rovers and section leaders, wives, girlfriends and boyfriends. Last year we went to Loon Call lake north of Burleigh Falls. Our most recent trip was to Chesley Lake near Sauble Beach

After having breakfast at MacDonalds, the advance party left Kitchener at 7:45 a.m. Friday morning. On our way to the cottage many of us tried to sleep, but because of the beautiful scenery it was hard. Many stupid comments were uttered on the way up, such as "Kennelworth, that's where everyone keeps their dogs." "Hey, wasn't that our turn-off for the cottage?" "I know, I just want to go into Southhampton for some Gulf gas." "There's a gas station, there goes a gas station, and another, and another, there goes Southhampton." We finally ended up at a TEXACO gas station and a store, we got gas and snacks. After backtracking we arrived at the cottage at 11 o'clock.

The six of us got out of the car and into snow up to our waist (in Kitchener it wasn't even up to our ankles). We made our way to the cottage and managed to get the door open. While Skip activated the water and power supplies the rest of us unloaded the car. It wasn't a big cottage, it fit the 6 of us perfectly. We could just imagine what it was going to be like when the other seven of the crew arrived.

After settling in Ruth made some soup, which was mm, mm, good! After lunch we went and did our own thing, Skip explained the use of the waxes to the novice skiers. John went ice fishing and the rest of us went exploring on our skis while Ruth stayed at the cottage to tend the fire. Comment: Skier "Why would John want to fish for a piece of ice?"

After an hour and a half of skiing and fishing we returned and sat around the fire, except Skip, he was working on the scoring charts for the Kub Kar Rally for the following weekend. He had a little trouble counting, he went 89, 90, 100, 101. What happened in between 90 and 100 Skip?

Supper time and chili-con-carni, it was delectable delicious. Only Skip complained, seems that green peppers caused a violent reaction in his stomach, oh well, I guess those things happen when you get older. After supper Skip and Ruth went skiing by moonlight, while John and Frank went ice fishing. Which left Linda and Heather with the supper dishes. After finishing dishes they sat with their feet by a warm, bright and vibrant fire. Staring into the amber coals they became lost in the memories of the day past and fell asleep. Rudely awakened from a sound sleep, "Heather someones outside!". Their only coming back from skiing.

Dejected & disappointed John once again returned empty handed, exhausted from chopping holes in ice, he asked Linda if he could sleep in her bunk. Heather got the wrong idea, but he didn't mean it that way, I hope.

One, two, three, and the bob sleds are off as we watched the Olympics (on T.V.) waiting for the rest of the crew to come. Bobsledding is a very dangerous sport, fortunately there were no accidents, WHOOPS we did see one! When Heather fell off her chair eyeing the suits the men wore, WOW!!

SNORE, who or what was that, looking around we saw that Skip wasn't interested in the mens suits, being exhausted from his "moonlight skiing" fell asleep.

Soon after Skip awoke the rest of the crew arrived with food, food and still more food. For one thing we know we won't starve.

At the sight of food everyone became hungry, and for some reason the whole cottage came to life. ( like they had all washed with Coast Deoderant soap ). Soon after our feast, Mark, Jenny, Terry, Linda and Heather played monopoly. At about 1:30 Heather and Linda gave Mark a loan, all their money, because the game became boring. What else can you expect when Jenny wants to play Tycoon.

Finally in our bunks and some on floor, we talked until 2:45 A.M. our first mistake. Since we awoke late Saturday, the ski trip to Hepworth started late, and we did not pack a lunch, this was our 2nd & 3rd mistakes. This leads us to the .....

## **The Hepworth Disaster**

Skip, Dan, Jenny, John, Frank and Linda were planning to go on a 18 mile crosscountry ski trip to Hepworth for lunch. At the last minute Mark came running out the door saying, " They are only going around the lake, aren't they? " Well he didn't know what was coming. It was not long before we came to barbwire fences. Most fences were not hard to get over, but some we had to take off our skis, plunge into the snow that went to our waist, and climb over the fences. After crossing several fields of deep fluffy snow, we came to an unplowed road which had been carrying snowmobile traffic. At this point we gave up on the brutal strain of the deep snow and switched to the easier going roads.

We came to several enormous hills on the road. Going up these hills was like climbing a mountain. Going down was beautiful, having the cool wind carress our warm faces, as our skis whispered on the trail to the bottom. ( It was like diving into a giant peppermint patty ).

By this time Mark realized we were not going around the lake. Also by this time we knew we could not make Hepworth & back, so we consulted the map and chose Parkhead. We felt this small village would have a small store. When we reached Parkhead there was a corner store, but it was closed. It dropped our spirits and did not help our sore bones and grumbling tummies.

We had many suggestions how to get back. One, try to make it to Hepworth and get a ride home. Two, go back slowly to the cottage. Three, find a phone and call for a taxi. Four, one of the guys hitch hike and try and get a ride to the cottage. Then Harvey could come and pick the rest of us up.

After a lot of thought we decided to pick two, go back slowly. Most of us went down the enormous hills on our skis, and took off our skis when it came to going up hills. On the way back Rover Mark's foot hurt so much he carried his skis while squire Frank skied beside him. Mark could walk much faster than the rest of us could ski. After awhile Mark and Frank disappeared. It made us feel like turtles, but it was impossible to go any faster because of sore bones.

Then, we came to the barb wire fences, which seemed like days to get to. Half way across the field we saw a van stop on the side of the highway, we wondered if it could be Harvey looking for us. So we waved as conspicuously as we could, but it left.



We continued on until we came to the highway we crossed before. Just as we got across we heard ( beep, beep, beep ), we turned around, and saw THE RESCUE TEAM! YEAH! YEAH!

Mark opened the door of the van, he said he'd tell us how he got back when we were in the van. Jenny, John and Linda got in willingly, but Skip looked at Dan, Dan looked at Skip and they said, " the heck with it were going all the way back on skis ". Mark explained that snowmobilers came along and gave them a tow most of the way. LUCKY!!

As we got back we thanked the rescue team kindly. We felt like falling in the door of the cottage, but we had to show the others that we can take it. When we were eating our delicious ham dinner that they had ready for us, Heather was watching for Skip and Dan on the binoculars. She said it looks like they were ready to die.

Bang! bang! Crash the door opened " WE MADE IT !! " Skip and Dan were proud of themselves. I think it showed all of us something who went on the ski trip. It showed us that if you think you just about had it, you can still go on.

After we told the others about our Hepworth disaster, they told us what they did all day. Our rescue team Harvey and Terry cut down two trees, while Heather, Claudette and Ruth skied about three quarters the way around the lake. After they came back from skiing Heather, Harvey, and Terry changed into snow shoes and I guess had a pretty good snow ball fight. At the same time Claudette and Ruth went for a walk. Eventually all of them got back to the cottage. They all had a rest, then started to make supper and waited for the skiers.

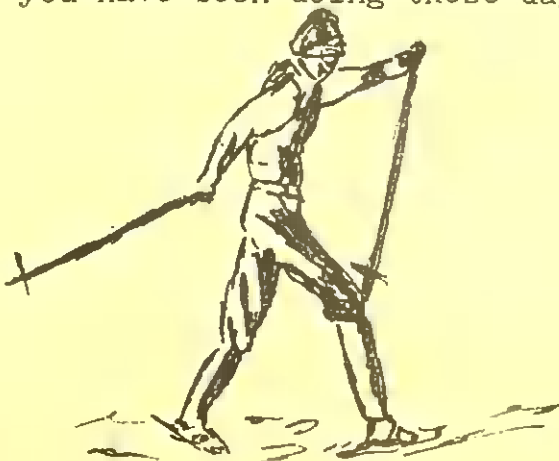
After supper we sat around to let our tummies settle. The rest of the evening was spent lying around and talking.

Sunday morning we arose around 8:00 a.m. after eating breakfast, John went ice fishing again, but this time dragged along Frank. The rest of us were cleaning up or getting our things together. John came back and said he caught a fish but forgot the fish and the axe. John was out that door in a flash because he knew it was Skip's axe. ( Skip just grinned at him ).

Once we were all packed everyone had something to eat. We decided we should be on our way back to Kitchener because it looked like a storm was coming.

Well thats the end of 9th Kitcheners ski trip. But sometime 9th Kitchener would like to hear about your adventures. We don't care what you write about, as long as it is suitable for the magazine.

Writing an article like this ( it doesn't have to be this long ) could be a good challenge for your crew. So come on lets hear what you have been doing these days.



Keep on Rovering,

Linda

+

Heather



# THE 9th KITCHENER ROVER CREW & THE DONNACONA RANGERS

*presents the 4th Annual  
St. George's Day  
Dinner and Dance*

*and  
3rd Annual "Roger Awards"*

*at*

**St. Peter's Lutheran Church**

**Kitchener**

Map on reverse side

**Saturday, April 26, 1980**

**6:30 p.m.**

**Cost: \$6.50 per person**

STILL a few tickets left !!!

ADVANCE sale only !!

NONE will be sold at door !!!!

THE ROVER SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR !!!!

Don't miss it.

NO JEANS Please Semi-formal Attire

(Slice off here)

Name..... Crew.....

Address.....

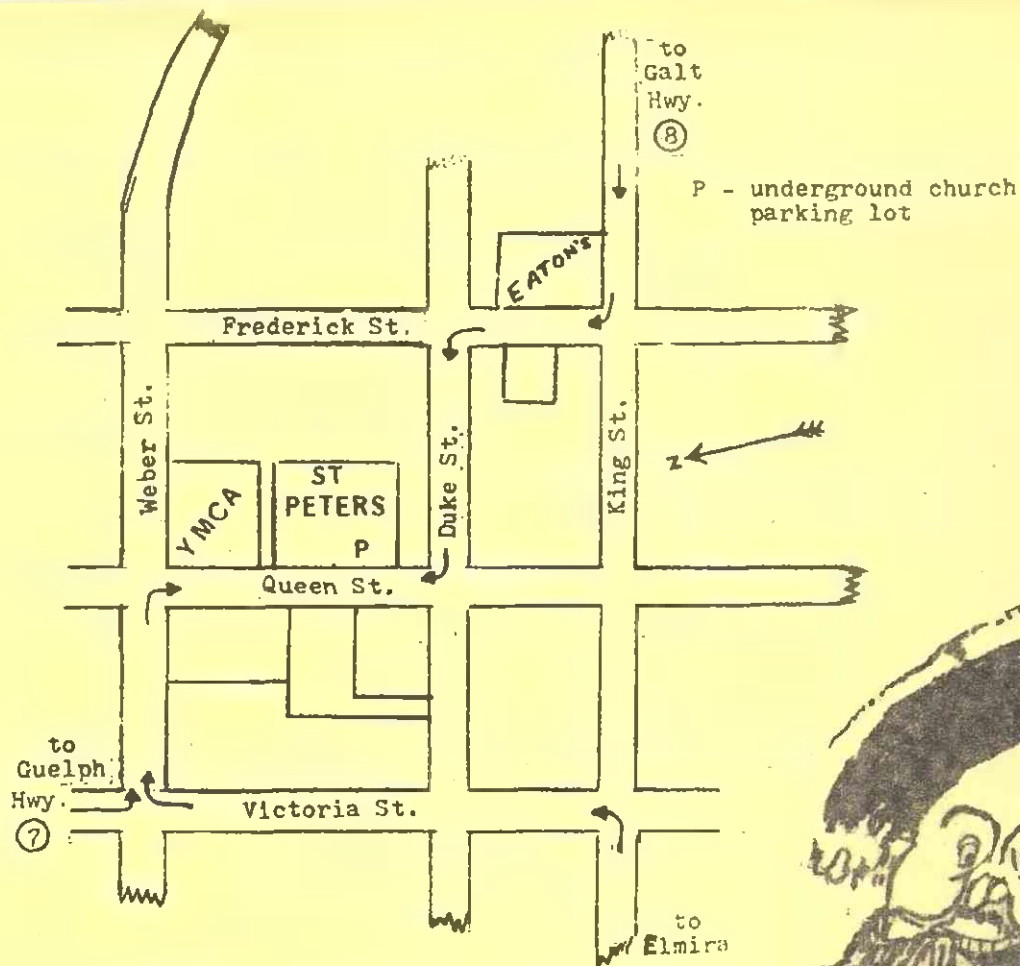
City or whatever .....

Postal code.....

Number of tickets..... @\$6.50 = ..... Total

Make cheques/money orders payable to the 9th Kitchener Rover Crew





A TYME  
TO FEAST AND FROLIC  
AT THE TABLE OF  
THE SLAYER OF DRAGONS,  
PROTECTOR OF FAIR DAMSELS,  
AND PERPETUATOR OF THE  
BROTHERHOOD.

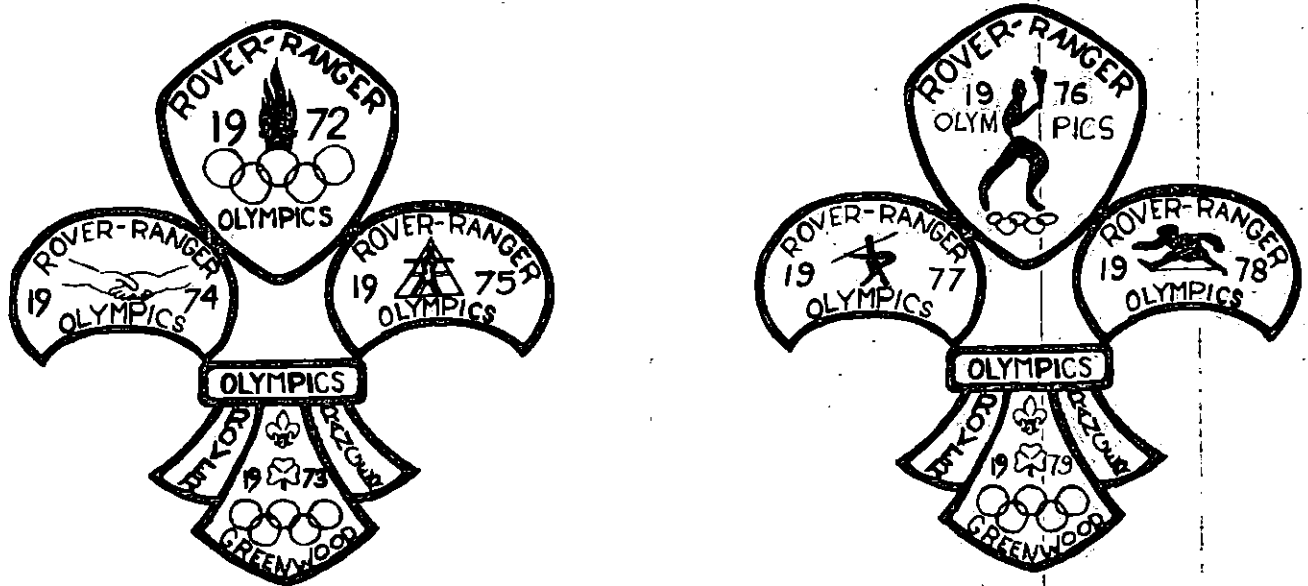
'TWOULD BE FOOLHARDY  
TO NOT MARK APRIL 26 1980  
AS AN EVE OF MERRYMAKING.

*we do not jest!*



Fill in the opposite side now !!  
Enclose in a envelope and send to :  
9th Kitchener Rover Crew  
c/o Rover Dan Potje  
66 Eton Drive  
Kitchener, Ontario.  
N2B 1P1

# THE NINTH ROVER - RANGER



## OLYMPICS

GREENWOOD  
CONSERVATION AREA

*May 2, 3, 4*

Registration - in advance \$4.50  
at the gate \$5.00

**3rd NEWTONBROOK ROVERS**

32 Wedgewood Drive, Willowdale, Ontario

**M2M 2H3**

FRIDAY :        - registration starting at 5 P.M.  
                 - dance starting at 9 P.M.

SATURDAY :

- registration
- 10:30 A.M. - Cross Country Run ; an individual event for the athletes in the crowd
- lunch
- 1:00 P.M. - opening ceremonies
- assignment to teams for afternoon events
- Olympic Events include:

- 1) Moonball
- 2) Volleyball
- 3) Obstacle Course
- 4) 3 - Legged Soccer
- 5) Boardwalk
- 6) Pentathlon
- 7) Water Relay
- 8) Snowshoe Relay
- 9) Tug - Of - War
- 10) Canteen

- bring old clothes for the Olympic Events
- 5:30 P.M. - dinner
- 7:00 P.M. - Car Rally; to enter, drivers must obtain waiver forms, produce ownership and insurance forms
- 9:00 P.M. - dance

SUNDAY :

- 10:30 - breakfast
- morning free
- Rovers' and Rangers' Own
- 11:30 A.M. - Closing ceremonies; Presentation of Awards

IN GENERAL :

AWARDS :       - Olympic Medals will be given for the top teams and  
                  Cross country winners  
                  - Trophies to the top crew and company at the moot  
                  - Awards to rally winners  
                  - Long distance travel award

EQUIPMENT : - come self-contained  
- bring your own: tents, stoves, food and fuel

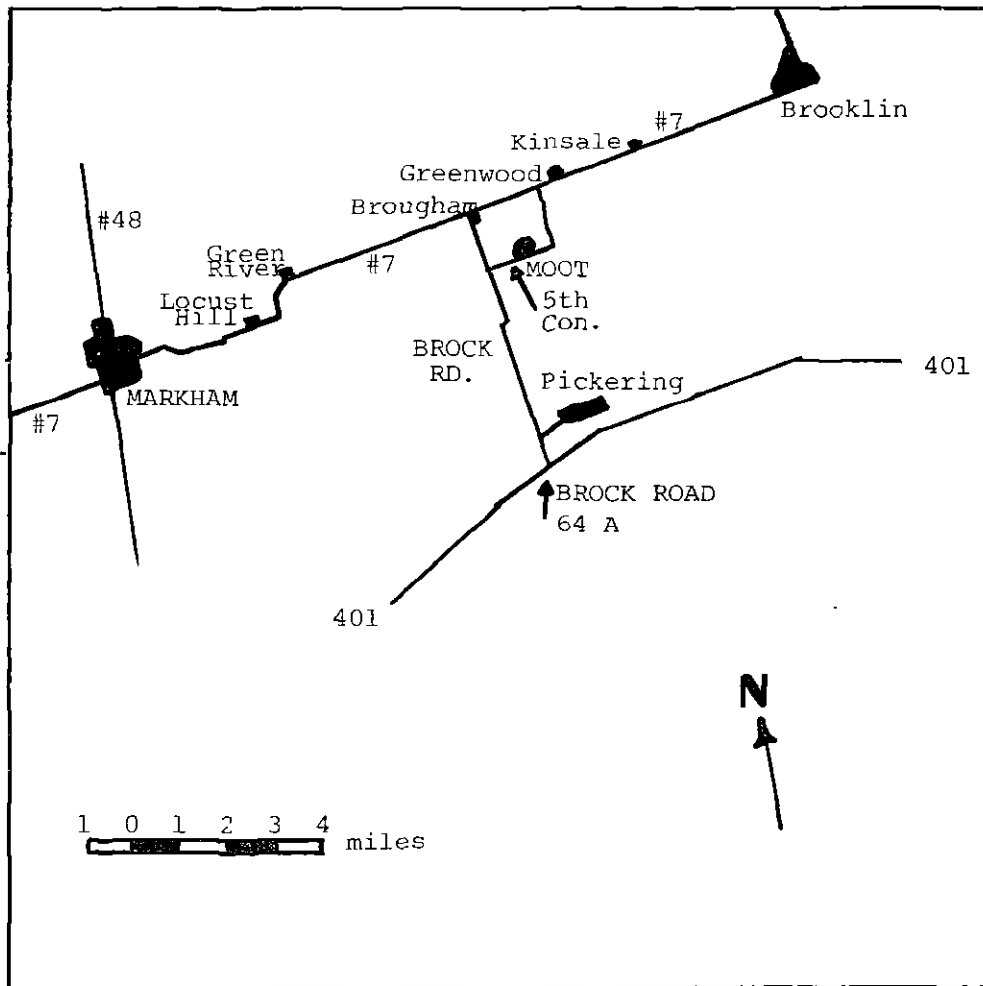
CANTEEN :     ~ a canteen and coffee shop will be open selling coffee,  
                     pop, and chips  
                     ~ Past Moot crests will be available  
                     ~ for food supplies, there is a store in the Town of Brougham

HOSPITALITY TENT : - for the leaders

RULES AND REGULATIONS : -All Rover and Ranger rules and regulations will be in effect

- This moot is open to registered Rovers, Rangers, and Explorer Posts (BSA)
- Ranger companies must be accompanied by a leader
- NO LIQUOR OR DRUGS WILL BE TOLERATED.





The Moot is being held in the Group Camping Area of Greenwood Conservation Area. If you come by way of Highway #7, go as far as Brougham. Go south from Brougham on Brock Road to the first road on the left. (east) (5th Concession). Follow Concession 5 to the Moot site.

If you come by way of Highway 401, Exit at Brock Road (Interchange 64 A) and go north to Concession #5. Turn right (east) on Concession #5 and follow to the Moot site.

(NOTE) : MOOT SIGNS WILL BE POSTED.

#### PRE - REGISTRATION FORM

Full Crew or Company  
Name and Number \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Name and Address of  
the responsible per-  
son who will be in  
attendance at the  
Moot. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Number Coming \_\_\_\_\_ Registration Fee \_\_\_\_\_ enclosed (\$4.50/person)

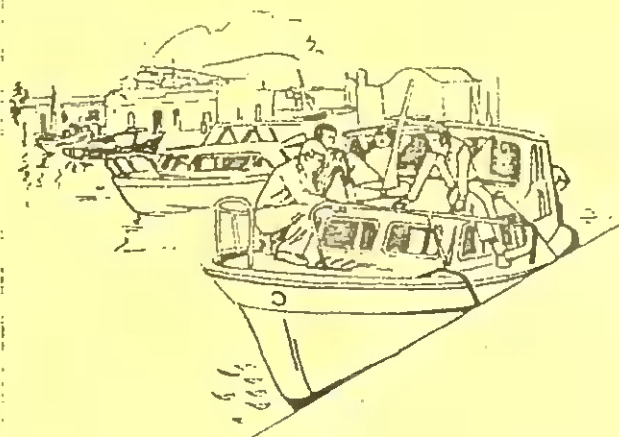
Or \_\_\_\_\_ at the gate (\$5.00/person)

- send approximate numbers regardless if you pay in advance or not

- please send certified cheques or money orders only,  
and make them payable to :

3rd Newtonbrook Rovers

Please send form to : 32 Wedgewood Drive, Willowdale, Ontario. M2M 2H3.



# Nova Rover

Greetings from Canada's ocean playground. Here in Nova Scotia we are proud to announce a twenty percent increase in Rovering, also we welcome a new crew from Bridgewater all the best and long life.

In march the Nova Rover Conference '80 was held in Dartmouth with the theme: "Rovers are growing" hosted by the spartans. The conference dealt with everything from what Rovers are, what they do, advisors and recruitment. The conference was open to anyone over 16 and was a huge success.

We are also getting ready for the 2nd Nova Scotia Moot to be held at lake Musha-Mush, June 20-22. The theme will emphasize outdoor scouting skills, with a one day training course for Scouts. For information on the Moot, drop me a line.

All the crews are busy with activities that match our crazy weather. One day snow, next day rain, next day sun, and some days all three in one. On some hikes you don't know if you should bring thermal underwear or bathing suits. Until next time farewell from Nova Scotia.

Yours in Rovering,  
Peter Koskolos



*Best Wishes from Colonel Sanders  
and his Boys and Girls at*

**Scott's chicken Villa.**

# **HOW ABOUT THAT**

YE OLDE ROVER MOOT SHOULD BE JUMPING WITH VISITORS THIS YEAR, A GROUP OF SCOUTS AND VENTURERS FROM NORTHERN IRELAND SAY THEY WILL STOP BY, ALSO A GROUP OF ROVERS FROM WINNIPEG HAVE EXPRESSED INTEREST IN ATTENDING THE MOOT IN JULY.

JIM MURRAY OF 24th CAMBRIDGE CAME OUT WITH THIS ASTUTE COMMENT WHILE IN DISCUSSION WITH HIS ASSISTANT SKIP " WHEN I'M NOT IN, I'M OUT".....BRILLANT DEDUCTION JIM.

FOR ALL YOU BIRD FANCIERS OUT THERE THIS WARNING, DON'T TEACH A MYNAH BIRD TO TALK "DIRTY" YOU COULD BE CHARGED WITH CONTRIBUTING TO THE DELINQUENCY OF A MYNAH.

JUDGING BY THE VOTING IN THE ROGER AWARDS, IT MUST HAVE BEEN A BUMPER YEAR FOR MOOTS IN 1979, ALMOST EVERY MOOT HAS BEEN NOMINATED!

TIP-O-THE-BERET: TO THE ROVERS AND RANGERS OF NORTH WATERLOO DISTRICT, SEEMS THEY ORGANIZED AND RAN THE FIRST DISTRICT KUB KAR RALLY WITH GREAT SUCCESS, AND PLANS ARE UNDERWAY TO MAKE THIS A YEARLY SERVICE PROJECT. A GOOD WAY TO KEEP THE RED BERET IN FRONT OF OUR YOUNGER BROTHERS!

ROGER SAYS:"ROVERING IS LIKE A WHEELBARROW, IT STANDS STILL UNLESS YOU PUSH IT."

TIP-O-THE-BERET: TO PAULINE HEATON OF GEOGETOWN, WHO WENT TO NORTH WATERLOO'S DISTRICT CONFERENCE AND SHOWED THE EVER IMPROVING AND EVER EXPANDING ROVER SLIDE PRESENTATION. SHE WILL BE SHOWING THIS PRESENTATION AT THE ST. GEORGE'S DINNER AND DANCE, THIS TYPE OF SHOW HAS BEEN SUGGESTED MANY TIMES NOW IT LOOKS LIKE IT IS FINALLY GETTING OFF THE GROUND THANKS TO PAULINE.

SPEAKING OF ST. GEORGE'S DINNER 9th KITCHENER INFORMS US THE PIES ARE ALL BAKED, 127 lb. OF TURKEY HAS BEEN PURCHASED THE DOOR PRIZE IS ALMOST FINISHED AND THE TICKETS ARE MOVING WELL.



H.A.T. con"t

RUMOR HAS REACHED US THAT A CERTAIN CREW HAS BEEN APPROACHED AND OFFERED THIS USE OF T.V. FACILITIES TO PRODUCE A FILM ON ROVER SCOUTING. IF THIS IS TRUE, WELL, GET YOUR FANNIES IN HIGH GEAR FELLOWS, OPPORTUNITIES LIKE THIS DON'T COME TO OFTEN.

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A CONTRIBUTION FROM SQUIRE HEATHER GRAHAM:

IT MAY BE

NEXT TIME YOU WALK, AMONG THE TREES.  
TAKE TIME TO OPEN YOUR EYES AND SEE.  
IT MAY BE, YOUR LAST CHANCE!

NEXT TIME YOU WALK IN THE SUN,  
TAKE TIME TO OPEN YOUR MIND AND FEEL.  
IT MAY BE, YOUR LAST CHANCE!

NEXT TIME YOU WALK WITH A SONG IN YOUR HEART,  
TAKE TIME TO OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SING.  
IT MAY BE, YOUR LAST CHANCE!

NEXT TIME YOU WALK WITH A FRIEND,  
TAKE TIME TO CALL HIM YOUR FRIEND.  
IT MAY BE, YOUR LAST CHANCE!

THANKS HEAPS HEATHER. WE TRY TO MAKE THE MAGAZINE AS INTERESTING AS POSSIBLE, BUT THE STAFF HAS ONLY SO MUCH TIME AND AND ONLY SO MANY IDEAS, THAT LEAVES YOU THE READERS TO SEND IN THE POEMS, PARAGRAPHS AND STORIES, WITHOUT THEM IT GETS A LITTLE ROUGH AT TIMES.

DAFFENITION: A CAMPER IS ONE WHO ENJOYS SIMPLIFIYING LIFE,  
BY MAKING SIMPLE THINGS MORE DIFFICULT.

FAMOUS SAYINGS: OF ALL THE ANIMALS, THE BOY IS THE MOST  
UNMANAGEABLE----PLATO.

MEN DO NOT STUMBLE OVER MOUNTAINS, BUT  
OVER MOLE HILLS.----CONFUCIUS.

# - MOOTS -

## GO NO-GO

The season for Moots is on us again, or should we say summer type moots, as there were several winter moots, (some winter, who had snow).

Maybe this is the time to ask ourselves about our reasons for GOING as Companies and Crews. Should it be.....

**GOING** to have a chance to associate with other groups, meet new ones and renew ties with old friends.

**GOING** to be recognized - to have others calling out Hi!, even remembering your name - and doing the same to others, and feeling the warmth that this engenders.

**GOING** to compete in all the events, enjoying the laughter, the cheering for your side and loving the chance to be in competition with others. Building up pride and tradition in your Company or Crew.

**GOING** for a chance to support the ones who have put many hours in, putting the show together. And if you thought it was well done, and no doubt you will, give them a pat on the back, they will probably need it as they try to find enough energy, after everyone who participated have departed, to pack up and return the site to its original condition.

As for the No-Goes

**NO-GO** if your intention is to sit around and crab about the weather, the camp site, etc., etc.

**NO-GO** if you intend the weekend to be a card playing marathon in your tent, smoking up a storm, to have some drinks (not pop).

**NO-GO** if you don't intend to participate in the events because everyone else is too fat, too thin, too short, too tall, too young, too old, the events are too silly or they are too tough, too--too--too.

Please stay home, and don't inflict your presence on the rest of us.

Paul Samson R.L.

## ROBIN HOOD

Con't

The mutton washed down by a frothy mug of ale, had just hit the spot after the long ride. The poster in the corner of the country inn foretelling "Ye Olde Rover Moot" had sparked Robin Hood's interest. Leaving the inn, and bidding farewell to the inn-keeper, Robin made his way along a mossy green trail that descended into a gently sloping valley. The spring sunshine trickled through the leafy greenery and splashed onto the valley floor, displaying a colourful cascade of green and rusty hues. In such a setting of splendour, Robin quickly became lost in a reverie of his home and the forst brothers who had meant so much to him, not so long ago.....

Robin was roused out of his thoughts by the sound of voices. They appeared to come from another trail through the bushes that led down to the river. Rounding a felled tree, he came upon two men, both dressed in the habit of the times and carrying their bows slung over their shoulders with their quivers at their sides. Robin, glad of their company, exclaimed, "Hail, hardy travellers of the woods, fear not! I am Robin Hood of Nottingham. Where may ye be travelling?"

The two men, somewhat taken aback by the tall, green-clad apparition, and the legends that followed the name, felt obliged to answer him genially, "Greetings Sire! We are humble dwellers of Northants and are mending our way to the registration".

"Registration? For what might ye be registering? Not further taxation by the Sheriff, I fear?"

"Nay, nay, sire. We are registering for The Games that are coming three months hence. A challenge has been sent out by the office of the Sheriff that all men of the realm who consider themselves worthy and able are to repair to the Sheriff's outpost to have their marks made on parchment. Thus signifying their intent to compete for the honour of being known throughout the land as the Bravest of the Brave, and the Strongest of the Strong."

A slow smile warmed across his face as he remembered the other Games that had gone before. Those were better times when all was well in heaven and earth, and freement would gather in a spirit of goodwill and brotherhood. In the Games themselves one had to be fleet of foot and have a keen eye; but one also had to be able to accept defeat as magnanimously as one was lauded for victory. It was thus that a spirit of co-operation prevailed among the dwellers of the districts, and an open welcome was always extended to those who had travelled from afar, for their participation in the games precluded a long and arduous journey from their distant homelands.

"I remember the games well," said Robin Rood, "and no doubt we both have many noble tales to tell. I too am travelling to Nottingham Wood, as I have some unfinished business with the "Good Sheriff". Perhaps you would do me the honour of sharing the miles of my journey; as our paths have already crossed, it would be foolhardy to ignore fate, as she can be a tempest when she is not adhered to."

And so they set off, through the endless forst, sharing many a tall tale together. When darkness fell, they camped by the river and shared what food they were able to hunt from the forest. Sitting by the roaring fire, watching the flames travel and dance like a Jester, and the woodsmoke rising to the heavens like a prayer, Robin Hood had a strange feeling that he knew where he would be in three months time....

## THE ROVER BOYS

By Ian Gentles

Going back some seven years ago, the Rover Boys had quite an exciting weekend. It is one story, that even now, when on occasion we get together, we like to re-tell.

We had been searching for some kind of a service project. Being a new crew, we didn't want to take on anything too wiely, in case it discouraged us from more in the future. That was when "FAST" Eddie, our skip, suggested that on the Hallowe'en weekend, we might act as security for the District Scout Camp. He recalled that on past years, some of the buildings had been vandalized. Well our "GREEN MATE" Gordie, decided to enquire about the possibility and before we could say "ROGER THE READY ROVER", seven of us were piled into a '61 Rambler, headed for the camp. When we reached the Rover Chalet, we could see by the bright red Cyclone GT parked in front that our assistant skip "BEAU" had just beat us there. The dust from the stirred gravel was still settling on the roadway. Soon after "Davey" (now known as the Fonz) arrived in the white "Vomet" with Gordie pulling up the rear in the Toyota. After piling all our gear in the Chalet and putting a pot on for some hot chocolate we decided to check out the camp. It was a full moon and Beau just couldn't resist telling a couple of goul jokes as the mob proceeded across the field toward some of the scout cabins. It really was an enjoyable walk and probably the first time that I realized how perfect the area was for a Scout Camp. We had to cross Bronte Creek several times as the trail meandered through the lower camp, towards the training buildings. Our green mate, as usual showed his backwood skills by slipping off a rock into the creek. The rest of us truly enjoyed listening to the squish-ing noise of his sneakers as we continued along the trail. After checking out the last building and finding it secure, Beau suggested we head out to #2 sideroad, as he said we might be able to catch some "smoochers" parked by the bridge. When we reached the "lovers lane", all we found were churned up spots in the roadway, where surprised couples had made a speedy getaway. After throwing some sticks and small stones from the bridge into the creek and watch them disappear into the ever darkening waters of the evening light, Bill suggested we should return to the Rover Chalet as the water for the hot chocolate must surely have boiled away by now. When we returned, FAST EDDIE was waiting for us. He asked us if we had decided to walk to Toronto as we had been gone for over two hours. After the second cup of chocolate and some cake which Gordie's mother had sent along, FAST EDDIE bid us goodnight and headed out to the reclining seats of his old Rambler for a peaceful night sleep. We just couldn't go to bed yet, not the first night out at camp, so we decided to get up a card game. Six of us joined in for a rowdy bout of hearts. Bob and Paul while searching through the cupboards came across a stack of ten year old Playboy's and from time to time stopped giggling long enough to pass on a lewd joke they had come across. Bill had left about twenty minutes before, for another walk in the night air. He was always more independant than the rest of us and enjoyed frequent hikes through the bush on his own. I always wished that I could harness his knack of being in tune with the out of doors. When he returned it was the same as when he had left. Gordie was getting quite boisterous, as "the Fonz" had laid the Queen of Spades on him for a third time. Paul and Bob were well through the stack of magazines by now and Beau was busily pumping up the Coleman lantern which was growing dim. Bill was completely ignored until he said for a second time, somewhat louder "There's a couple of guys



stripping a car down by the bridge". He was met by several cries of "You're kidding", "Get off it" and "Really?" At Beau's insistence he began to recount how, when down at the Training Lodge, he had heard voices in the distance. He followed them through the trees till he came to an abrupt stop at the fence bordering #2 sideroad. There he watched in silence as "click", "click", "click" "thump" the right rear wheel of an expensive looking car came quickly off. He also heard one of the culprits curse as he scrapped his knuckles in a vain attempt to remove the radio. As silently as he had come upon the "Midnight Auto Supply", Bill turned and hiked back to the chalet where he now was trying desperately to convince his fellow Rovers of what he had witnessed. I wanted to phone the cops and Gordie figured we should attack them as the floor hockey sticks were still in the trunk of his car from a previous meeting. It was our assistant skip who decided we should check the situation out first before doing anything rash. Bill decided to head back through the woods and watch in case something went wrong, as Beau, Gordie, Davey and myself headed for Gordie's Toyota which was the easiest to get out of the laneway. Beau told Gordie to drive normally (something new for Gordie) down to the bridge and pull up along side of the "visitors". As we drove down the hill and rounded the curve we could see the glow from moving flashlights and the silhouettes of the two cars in the moonlight. As we approached, Beau cautioned the rest of us to be silent and he would do all the talking. We pulled along side of a pale green '65 Rambler, which was parked behind a new Buick Riviera. Two heads popped up from the far side of the Buick, near the front, and one of the figures approached our car. Beau rolled down the window and with a smile said "Evening, you fellas got car trouble?" The burly figure in the lumberjack's shirt didn't answer but gazed through the window, trying to make out all of our faces. After a moment he replied "No, no car trouble, we're just trying to figure out which way Milton is from here". Beau quickly gave directions, "Go down the road to the corner, hang a left, go to the first crossroads, hang a right and then you'll end up right in Milton." "Thanks, that's great" came the reply from the figure in the shadows. "Okay, see ya" said Beau as he cranked up the window. The dark figure returned from where he had come and Gordie started to head across the bridge. "Car strippers all right" said Beau. "Did you see how that Buick was sitting low on the far side?" added Davey. "We'd better phone the cops" I said in a quivering voice. The adrenalin was pumping through all of us, as we realized we had just talked to genuine car thieves. "Turn around at the laneway to the first farm on the left here" Beau instructed Gordie. "Lets get back to camp and phone the police". Gordie was now a bundle of nerves, being scared as well as terribly excited. He turned that Toyota in a 180 degree circle right in the middle of the road in a flash we were flying back over the one-lane bridge. I noticed the car strippers look up as we roared past them, and there was Bill's face smiling just behind them in the trees. "There's the camp road turn! turn! turn!" shouted Davey. As he did, Gordie put the little Japanese speedster into a four wheel drift on the gravel. To this day I shudder as I visualize us sliding towards, first the ditch, then the trees, and finally the gateway. Beau was shouting that he had better slow down as he was going to kill us all for sure. But Gordie didn't take any notice as we rocketed through the narrow lanes towards the stockade building and its telephone. Somehow I was unanimously elected by the other three to phone the police. I fumbled with a dime and jerked the "0" on the dial. It seemed like forever for the operator's voice to come through the receiver. "Get me the police" I stammered "Which police department would you like?" came back the monotone voice, "I don't know" I screamed "Get me the O.P.P.", one moment" she said.

Again the line was silent for what seemed to be an eternity. A female voice answered, confirming that I was now talking to the Waterdown detachment of the O.P.P. I quickly recounted our story and told her our location on the #2 Sideroad between Walkers and Appleby lines in North Burlington. After all that she said I would have to phone the Burlington Police Dept. as we were not in their jurisdiction. "One moment and I'll connect you" came the operators voice who had obviously been listening in. Anxiously, I again told of our meeting with the car-strippers to a male voice of the Burlington Police, midst shouts of "What are you doing" and "What's going on" from Gordie and Davey. "They are on their way", I yelled as I hung up the phone, hearing my dime being digested. "It will take them at least ten minutes to get here" noted Beau. "We musn't let them get away" cried Gordie. Together we came up with a plan. Davey would go in the white "Vomet" across the bridge over the hill and park it across the roadway blocking that route of escape. Gordie would then approach from the rear in the Toyota. Davey was somewhat apprehensive saying "I don't think my insurance will cover this if they broadside me!" but in the excitement of the moment and for the lack of a better plan, Davey went along with us. When we returned to Chalet to get the "Vomet", Bill was waiting for us. A half dozen heads poked out of the doorway, wanting to know what was happening, but there was no time. Bill and Davey hustled into the "Vomet" and despite Gordies driving, Beau and I again joined him in the Toyota. We followed Davey out of the camp with the lights of the Toyota off, so as not to tip off the car strippers of our presence. We watched as the "Vomet" passed the two parked cars, crossed the Bronte Creek bridge and the taillights disappear over the hill. In the silent darkness we waited. Where were those cops? Suddenly the lights of the Rambler came on and we could hear the wheels spin as it churned up the gravel pulling onto the roadway. "hit the lights, let's get em" shouted Beau. In a split second we were again tearing up the road in pursuit of the car strippers. We were launched into the air as the front wheels hit the incline of the narrow bridge. I was glancing back at the somewhat forlorn looking Buick, which was olidly resting on the ground, without any wheels, when I felt the Toyota struggling to an abrupt halt. There in front of us was the "Vomet" pulling sluggishly onto the road from a farm laneway. "We'll never get them now" shouted Gordie. "Why didn't he block the road?" I added. Later we would find out that they had decided to pull out just in front, when they heard them coming but as is the fate of many well laid plans, it failed, when the "Vomet" couldn't take the sudden demand for forward thrust and had stalled. Just as we seemed to be gaining I felt the Toyota begin to slow. I yelled frantically at Gordie "Come on what ya doin' we can catch em!" Gordie shouted that a police cruiser with his dome lights flashing was quickly approaching from behind and he was pulling over. Again I urged him to keep going but to no avail. As the cruiser came screeching to a halt beside us, the red lights piercing the night, the passenger door opened an officer began to get out. I guess they thought we were the culprits. In mass confusion we all shouted simultaneously "They're up ahead ", "Go, go, go" "It's the white car". Obviously the driver heard us, because without thought for his disembarking fellow officer he spun the tires and was off in a cloud of dust. The other fellow desperately trying to get back into the cruiser and close the door. We decided at Beau's prompting to follow. Upon rounding the bend we saw the cruiser pulled off to the side of the road with another car in front. "They've got em" shouted Gordie. "I don't think



so" retorted Beau. "They've got Davey". In our anxiousness, moments before, we had forgotten about Davey being in front in his white "Vomet". Gordie pulled up along side and we quickly proceeded to vouch for Davey and Bill much to the chegrin of the police officers. Someone shouted, "There they go!" We could all see headlights rounding a bend further down the road. The police ran to the cruiser shouting back for us to stay put, as another cruiser would be along in a few minutes. We all watched as the flashing red lights disappeared into the dust and darkness of the night. Gordy and I wanted to continue with the chase but Beau stopped us with an affirmative "NO". We decided to return to the bridge and the dismantled Riviera. We all clamoured about the now immobile hulk and despite seeing hundreds of cop shows on T.V. proceeded to get a fair number of finger prints on the exterior until Beau cautioned us about possibly destroying evidence. A lone cigarette butt was still smoldering on the vinyl roof and inside the radio hung halfway out of the dash. Momentarily another cruiser arrived. They asked us where the first police car had gone and we told them the general direction. The new officers told us how they were supposed to come in from the opposite direction to box in the thieves but had gotten lost on the back roads. Gordie looked at me with a smile as our original plan had been so similar and would have worked had the "Vomet" not sputtered out. The one officer tried several times unsuccessfully to raise the other cruiser over the radio. After several minutes they decided to drive on further to see if they could find their fellow officers. Well we stood around for about half an hour. Finally, we saw a cruiser approach from the same direction in which they had left, followed by a sergeants station wagon. In the back seat were not the car thieves, but the first two officers on the scene. The sergeant proceeded to question us on a description of the thieves and their vehicle. When he had finished, Beau asked him if there was anything else we could do. "You've done quite enough" came his stern reply. It was then that we learned that the first cruiser had almost caught up with the car-strippers, when it failed to negotiate a bend in the loose gravel, and had plunged down an embankment, through the trees, coming to rest near the creek

## Planning A Banquet!

come  
on home to

# MOTHER'S

### Pizza Parlour & Spaghetti House

Enjoy Mother's perfect pizzas, superlative spaghetti, super submarines and fresh-baked lasagna in Mother's Roaring 20's dining-room. Pickup and neighbourhood delivery too.

We're open from 11 am till 1 am Monday through Thursday and from 11 am till 2 am Friday and Saturday. Sundays & holidays noon to 1 am.

#### NOW SERVING IN--

Barrie	Guelph	Oshawa
Belleville	Hamilton	Ottawa
Brampton	Kingston	Peterborough
Brantford	Kitchener	St. Catharines
Burlington	London	Sarnia
Calgary	Mississauga	Stratford
Cambridge	North Bay	Toronto
Chatham	Oakville	Waterloo
Windsor	Winnipeg	Welland

The cruiser was a write-off, but the cops were only shaken up a bit. Somewhat disappointed we returned to the chalet and proceeded to tell our story to the others, who were now roasting marshmallows in the fireplace. FAST EDDIE didn't find out 'till the next morning when he awoke from a good night's sleep in the old Rambler. Even now when we re-call the events of that night he looks at us with a glint of disbelief.

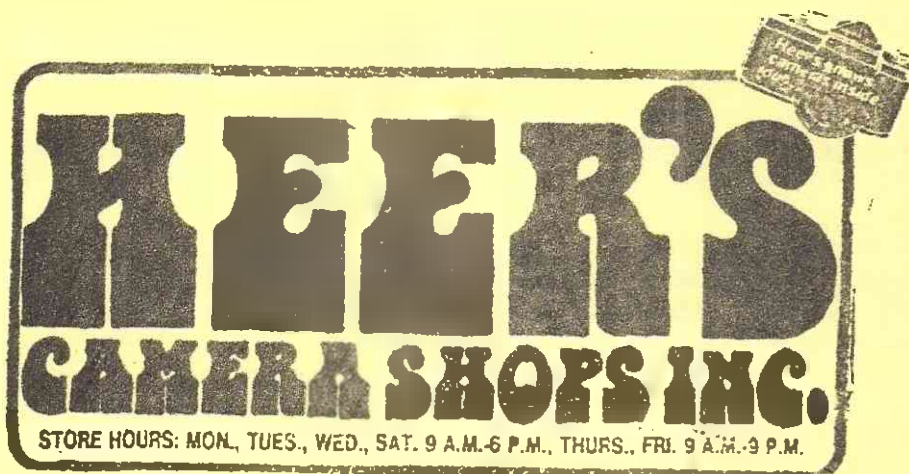
Ian Gentles

#### SIX RULES OF DECISION MAKING

1. Does the course of action you plan to follow seem sensible and honourable to you. Never mind what anyone else has to say. If it does it is probably right.
2. Does it pass the test of sportmanship? In other words, if everyone followed this same course of action, would the results be beneficial for all.
3. Where will your plan of action lead, how will it affect others, what will it do to you.
4. Will you think well of yourself when you think back at what you have done.
5. Try to separate yourself from the problem, pretend for a moment it is the problem of the person you most admire, ask yourself "How would that person handle it?"
6. Hold up the final decision to the glaring light of publicity. Would you want your family and friends to know what you have done? The decisions we make in the hope that no one will find out are usually wrong.

Contributed by: Dr. Ken Smith  
Kiwanis International

*For the*  
**Best**  
*in*  
**PHOTOGRAPHIC**  
*Equipment*



Stores in  
Kitchener and Hamilton  
Cambridge and St. Thomas



# ROGER AWARD

If you haven't voted, get with it ! As things stand now there are a few ties, and we need votes to break them. It will be too late for any votes-nominations received after April 24, 1980.

The following is a list of nominees to date. NOTE they are not listed in any particular order as to standing or number of votes received.

SECTION ONE: Roly Dell, Dick Smith, Don Sitler, Ted Dea  
Tony Wallbank, Greg Lengyell, Bain Milroy.

SECTION TWO: Snowball, Wee Moot (Kentucky), Buckskin & Feathers  
Olympics, International, Scarecrow, Camas, Rovers town

SECTION THREE: Abuse & Misuse by Skips Sampson & Sitler  
Christmas Wishes by Jim Murray  
Ontario Ranger Regatta by Linda & Don Sitler  
Winter Survival by Magazine

SECTION FOUR: Moot Misses by John Mitchel  
How About That  
Profile  
Page B.C.

All Rovers, Rangers, and Leaders are allowed to nominate-vote once in each category. All we ask is that you vote only for moots that you personally attended, and not on hearsay.

You may leave a category blank if you so desire.

To send in your nomination-vote, just print on a sheet of paper the number and section.

e.g. #1 Joe Rover  
#2A example moot  
#2B moot example

It is important that you list #2 as stated in the instructions as 2a is worth 4 points, 2b is worth 3 points, 2c is worth 2 points and 2d is worth 1 point.

## PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

1. Name a person who you feel has had sincere dedication to Rovers.
2. Name what you feel were the four best moots in 1979 in order of preference A..... B.....  
C..... D.....  
(see note above) In this category there are two awards for best moot.
3. Name the best article to appear in Rovering Magazine during 1979.
4. Name the best continuing article to appear in Rovering Magazine during 1979.

Mail to 45 Islington Ave. Kitchener, Ontario. N2B 1P3.

All ballots will be tabulated and checked, the presentation of the awards will take place April 26, 1980. at the St. George's Dinner and Dance.

# RETROSPECT

*In 1976 At the Ontario Rover Conference, Skip Jim Simmons of the B.P. Crew of Kentucky, addressed the assembled Rovers.*

*What Jim said is just as true and pertinent now as it was then. At the Ontario Rover Conference 1979 a tape was played of his address in 1976, after which Rover Ben Warren of the 1st Niagara underscored segments and added comments of his own to provide food for thought. What follows is a brief summary of Jim's and Ben's remarks. READ THEM AND THINK!!!!*

In Jim's speech he describes Roverings current state of affairs, he states a number of reasons why,

- ie. - no support from District, Region, Provincial, National
- no training
- not using all available resoures, not knowing where all the resources are.
- are we providing the quality of service that we have provided in the past. Do we have to learn to provide ourselves with the same service that we provided others with in the past.

Canadian Rovers providing service at the 1950 U.S. Scout Jamboree led directly to the formation of the last Official founded Rover Crew in the U.S.A., the B.P. Rover Crew of Glassgow Kentucky.

- how many Crews today provide any kind of service ?
- could the Rover Crews of today provide the kind of service that would inspire others such as the case in 1950?

B.P.'s definition of Rovering was "a Brotherhood of the Open Air Service" - some crews suggest, lets drop the service idea, some have already dropped the open air concept, and in most cases this speaks for itself.

"YOU MAY BE THE ONLY ROVER CREW THAT ANYONE MAY SEE" You are Rovering, each and everyone of you represents Rovers to the Public If you see some Rover or Crew giving bad representation of your section, what should you do. Ignore it, stop it , correct it ?  
WHAT WOULD YOU DO ??????

" Once a Rover --- ALWAYS a Rover. If you are really a Rover, and it is in your heart, you will not do anything to hurt Rovers" remember --- people are quick to forget the good you may have done; but they always remember the bad.

Have you ever done anything to hurt Rovering?

"I'm proud to be a Scout,- I'M PROUD TO BE A ROVER SCOUT. The uniform is a symbol of my being a Rover Scout, and wearing it is the easiest way of showing anyone who sees me that I am a Rover Scout."

- this is a uniformed organization, when you make a good appearance, people judge you. Don't think you can survive without the people outside (this organization) and without their support. Whether this support be membership leadership, resource personal, or for financial assistance.
- have you or your Crew done anything lately to increase Public awarness and support for Rovering in your area. It could take the form of Service projects, appearances at Public functions or working with other sections of the Scout Movement.

"They can take Rovering away from you. Look at England & the U.S.A. I am the lucky one, I have Canada to come to. I can bring my Crew to Moots up here. But if Rovering dies or is done away with in Canada.....where will we go?.....where will you go?.....It's a long swim to Australia and New Zealand."

"The strong Crews that I have observed over the years are the ones that have strong Rover Leaders."

- a key to individual Rover Crew strength is good, strong leadership, so if you have a good leader, hold on to him. if not go out and find one.
- "You would be surprised what your Rover Leader might know if you turned around and asked him." At the last conference the Rover Leader resource was well used, as all discussion groups were led by Rover Advisors, Prov.Feild Ex's, or Rovers in leadership training.

"I believe we have to go back to the traditions we had, that old spirit, the 'espritie de corps'."

- traditions like; forming a circle, crossing arms and holding hands while singing closing songs.
- parades thru moots at midnight with improvized instruments
- mug up.

If we don't soon bring these and other old traditions back into practice, there will be no one around that remembers them. that will leave even less tradition to pass on to the next generation of Rovers-----WHAT WILL BE LOST, WILL BE LOST FOREVER.

It seems to be normal practice at Moots, that many Rovers do not put themselves out to meet anyone new. Therefore they cannot meet any old friends because they never made any.

"THEY LOSE THE COMERADRA, BROTHERHOOD AND FRIENDSHIP, THAT THEY COULD HAVE FOUND THERE,"

--are you one of these Rovers?

- is anyone in your Crew like this? If so it is up to you to change attitudes, if you do not, you will never know just what you are missing. Rovers that have experienced the Brotherhood and Friendship of moots know exactly what I mean

"Changes for change sake is a false idea. Changes should come slow and gradual. We have some things now that we are going to have to live with; whether you like it or not, lets learn to live with it."

The types of changes in Rovering are: Physical changes- are changes to the basics of Rovering concept, Structure changes- are changes to the structure that Rovering works under.

ALL MAJOR CHANGES IN ROVERING TAKE APPROXIMATELY 5YRS. TO MATURE. We can gauge the changes to Rovering from past conferences From NOROCO '69 & '71 and ONCON '73 came big sweeping physical changes:

- co-ed Rovers - introduced to increase numbers.
- Rover '71 Handbook - replaced Crew Scouters Handbook
- Uniform changes

Co-ed Rovering is not a question of pro or con anymore. It did not obtain the objective of greatly increasing Rover membership. But it is here to stay and we are making the most of it!

Rover '71 Handbook it has since been replaced by the Rover Handbook, but it did initiate changes some of which are still with us today.

Uniform changes - we have stopped fighting this issue,- we have incorporated changes.

From the Provincial Rover Conference '76 there were no big physical changes but some structural;

#### 4 retrospect con't

Three of these changes were incorporation of uniform changes to settle the issue, basic corrections to the Rover Handbook, and recommending that there be a Provincial Conference every 3 years.

We can see that quickly incorporated changes have not solved the problems that Rovering is suffering from today.

" If there is no longer a need for Rovering as we know Rovering today, if there is no longer a need for a Brotherhood of the open air and Service, then we should let it die-gracefully."

" What is sacred about the name Rover, what is sacred about the name Scout? If that is all we preserve, and we do away with all our other traditions."

It is obvious that for simple self preservation, Rovers must make a change in the present direction which our section is heading. This change must be made not by National H.Q. or Prov. H.Q., but by the grassroots of this organization - US - THE ROVERS.

When we change it must be a slow and gradual structural change, not one that will change Rovering as we know it. Not a change that will take away what precious few traditions that we have left. But a change that can be planned and controlled. If we do not like the direction it is leading us, we the Rovers can revise it and continue.

As previously stated it takes 5 yrs. for any change to Rovering to gain total acceptability. The groundwork for any change must be made soon!

Rovers of Canada:

It is our future!

IT IS YOUR FUTURE !!!!!

In the words of B.P.

" GO FORWARD WITH CONFIDENCE,  
PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

Ed. note; Due to contents and extreme importance of this article, your comments are invited.



# *A. Dispatch From The Sheriff*

Dear Editor:

Just a short note to thank you and your staff for assisting us in advertising our upcoming "YE OLDE ROVER MOOT 80" in the Rover Magazine.

The purpose of advertising this invitational MALE ROVER MOOT in your magazine was to let the members of the Rover section know of this upcoming event. It is not our intent to discriminate against our co-ed Rovers, but simply to run a fun-filled challenging week-end for the male members of Rovering.

Since the co-ed Rover program was created as an individual crew option and not a mandatory requirement for each crew's program we do not feel we are dwelling in the dark ages nor being male chauvinistic pigs as some correspondence has stated.

During the year there are many many activities gaged and organized for the participation of all members of Rovering. Is there then any reason why we as all male crews should be discrimated against because we wish to organize "YE OLDE ROVER MOOT 80" as an all male Rover invitational Moot.

We do apologize to any co-ed members whom we may have offended by sending your crews notices on the moots but we do not have any way of knowing until we are informed by your crew if you are co-ed or all male. As stated in our notice it will save everyone involved much embarassment if co-ed Rovers do not show up on our battle field of honour as admittance is restricted to males only.

*The Sherriff.*  
The Sheriff

P.S. The Sheriff is illiterate!

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