

ROVERING

MAGAZINE

HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
CANADA

HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
CANADA



CANADA - WE ARE EVERYONE FROM EVERYWHERE



SUBSCRIPTION & ACCOUNTS

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The first weekends in February, April, June, August, October, and December are reserved as printing times. It would be appreciated if written contributions are received two weeks before printing dates.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Group Name: _____
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Rovering Magazine is published on a bi-monthly basis (Feb., Apr., June, Aug., Oct., Dec.) in the interest of better Rovering (Scouting) and communications. This Magazine has been made possible through the enthusiasm of Rovers and Rangers from around the world.

ADVERTISING

Rates for the Scouting and Guiding Movement are as follows: \$10.00 if 500 sheets of pre-printed material is provided (please leave at least 1/2" blank border); \$20.00 per page if we layout the ad form information provided. Payment to be included with the ad. All advertising must be in by the 7th of the month previous to printing.

A special thank you to all Rovers, Rangers and other volunteers who have contributed and / or assisted in the production of this magazine.

Any Crew or individual interested in assisting in the production or supplying a continuing feature of this magazine, please contact the Editor.

This magazine is now set using WordPerfect 5.1 running on a 286 platform. Style specifications are as follows: Margins t/b 0.5"; Margins l/r 0.5"; Newspaper column with 0.5" centre gap: Typeface: Times Roman 12 pt. At present, submissions in this format must be made on 3.5" floppy disks. Disks will be returned with a corrected style embedded in the article for future use.

Comments and suggestions are appreciated.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	1 yr	2 yr	3 yr
Canada	\$8.00	\$14.00	\$20.00
U.S.A.	\$9.00	\$16.00	\$23.00
Abroad	\$16.00	\$30.00	\$44.00

Payable in Canadian funds to Rovering Magazine

MONTH

[illegible]

EVENTS Calendar

MONTH

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
0700-0800							
0800-0900							
0900-1000							
1000-1100							
1100-1200							
1200-1300							
1300-1400							
1400-1500							
1500-1600							
1600-1700							
1700-1800							
1800-1900							
1900-2000							
2000-2100							
2100-2200							
2200-2300							
2300-2400							

ROLAND S. DELL MEMORIAL AWARD

A MEMORIAL TO "ROLY" DELL WHO DEVOTED HIMSELF TO
SCOUTING AND ROVERS UNSELFISHLY FOR OVER 30 YEARS.

The Roland S. Dell Memorial Award is presented annually to the Rover, Rover Advisor or Rover Crew who renders service of an outstanding nature at any level of Scouting or community work. The award is administered by The Ontario Rover Round Table and is limited to presently active members of Ontario Rovering.

A gift of \$100.00 will be granted to the recipient for donation to the Scouting charity of their choice upon approval by O.R.R.T. executive. A perpetual trophy is inscribed with the recipient's name and remains the property of the O.R.R.T. A keeper plaque is given as a memento of receiving this award.

The screening committee consists of three previous award recipients. In the case of a crew award, that crew will choose a delegate. Nominations are accepted up to December 31st for presentation in April. Nominations will stand for a further two consecutive years and may be updated if the nominator wishes.

Requirements:

The nominated party must be currently registered in Scouting and have rendered noteworthy service to Rovering, Scouting in general and some service to youth outside scouting.

Consideration should be given to the nominee's position and the corresponding opportunity to render outstanding service beyond normal expectations.

Note: The nomination is confidential. To avoid possible disappointment, please do not advise the nominee in any way of your action on their behalf.

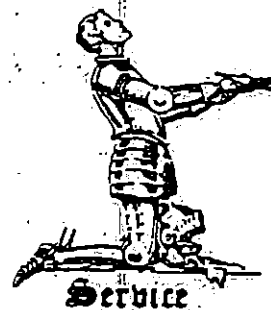
HONoured WITH PREVIOUS R.S. DELL AWARDS

1982 - 37th Hamilton Co-ed Rovers
1983 - Ben Warren, 1st. Niagara Sir Isaac Brock Rover Crew
1984 - Sue Emond, 1st Dixie Rover Crew
1985 - Timothy Halford, 75th Windsor Rover Crew
1986 - James Simmons, BP Rover Crew
1987 - Bohdan Mykolyn, Hamilton
1988 - Don Sitrler, 9th Kitchener
1989 - Skip Reynolds, Kincardine
1990 - Bob & Jane Graham, 75th Windsor
1991 - Verna Dell
1992 -



ROLAND S. DELL MEMORIAL AWARD

To the R.S. Dell Memorial Award Committee



Dear Rovers:

It is an honour to present for your consideration
for the R.S. Dell Memorial Award

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

Nominee currently registered
in Scouting as _____ at _____

Name of Nominator _____

Address _____

Date _____

Signature of Nominator

Please explain on a separate sheet(s) why you feel the
nominee should receive the award, noting Scouting, community
and personal achievements.

Send completed applications to:

R.S. Dell Memorial Award
c/o Ontario Rover Round Table Secretary
Scouts Canada
9 Jackes Avenue
Toronto, Ontario M4T 1E2

UPCOMING EVENTS

ONTARIO

June

Yeoman Hike 1992

6&7

Green Valley Regional Mini Moot
Peacehaven Scout Camp
Contact: Karen Madill
258 Hillcrest Road
Cambridge, Ont
N3H 1B2

7

Green Valley Regional Round Table
Peacehaven Scout Camp
2.00 P.M.

July

3rd - 5th

Circus Moot

Contact: Todd Page
59 Martha Street
Hamilton, Ont. L8H 2O2
(416) 545-9269

18th

**Fundraising Dance in Support of
Proposed 1994 National Rover Moot**
Place: Woodland Trails Camp
Contact: Bruce Brown or Rose Numo
2020 South Millway, Unit 3
Mississauga, Ont. L5L 1K2
(416) 607-0945

SEPTEMBER

25 - 27

The Search for Kirk Moot
Pre-registration \$8.00
At gate \$9.00
(More info future issue)

OCTOBER

16,17,18

Hallowe'en Moot

NOVEMBER

14

Regional Conference
Host: Wellington district
Guelph Centennial Collegiate

Upcoming ORRT Meetings

Time: 1:00 P.M.

September 20th - Provincial Council
November 15th - Provincial Council

B.C. ROVERING

MAY

15 - 18

Camp Skeeter, Islands Region
Camp Caillet, Nanaimo
Contact: Michelle Woodruff 756-4873

23

Rover/Venturer Car Rally, Victoria
Contact: Jason Silvester 474-1316

JUNE

13 - 14

Medieval A-Fare, Fraser Valley
Region
Delta Watershed Park
Contact: Darlene Fitzgerald 853-7130

27

BP Trek Challenge
Baden Powell Trail, North Vancouver
Contact: Marc Ramsay (604)936-3434

JULY

31 - Aug 3
B.C.-Yukon Rover Conference,
Provincial
Camp Barnard, Sooke
Contact: Victoria Scout House or
Greg Nicholson, APC Rovers (604)278-
3625

SEPTEMBER

Rover/Venturer Car Rally, Vancouver
Seymour Vespula Rovers
Contact: Marc Ramsay

OCTOBER

2 - 4
Rosemary Heights, Provincial
Rosemary Heights, Surrey
Contact: Provincial Scout Office

9 - 12
Camp Rendezvous, Northern Region
Camp Hughes, Prince George
Contact: Sandra Galloway 564-7850

NOVEMBER

7
Provincial Scout Office
Burnaby, BC
Contact: Paul Mozsar 432-9007

QUEBEC

SASKATCHEWAN

AUSTRALIA

Dec. 31, 1992 to Jan. 8th, 1993

7th ASIA PACIFIC
12th AUSTRALIAN
ROVER MOOT

SWITZERLAND

July-August 1993

9th World Rover Moot

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear B.C. Rovers

How kind of you to notice us
(thanks James). We would like to
inform you that we have instructed
our Lawyers to register the name
ROVENT(trade mark). Just so there
are no hard feelings we would like
to help select a new name. How about
Ventro?

As for the spelling of Kanata,
perhaps you should take it up with
the Assembly of First Nations
(We are not responsible for Samuel
de Champlain's Hearing!)

By the way what is a Yennadon?
We thought they were extinct!

Yours in Rovering
Knights of the March

P.S. Thanks for the free

advertising. The 4th ANNUAL ROVENT(trade mark) will be held October 23-25 at Camp Echon, just west of Ottawa. For information, please contact John Douglas at; 88 Varley Drive Kanata, Ontario (613) 592-2692

Ed. Note: 1. How did you make the little TM in your letter, I can't find it in my reference books. Just when I thought I was getting somewhere you throw that at me.

2. If you think so much of Rovent to make it a trade mark, how about a report with pictures for Rovering Magazine.

ATTENTION

To all the people who ordered a Rovering to Success through Gary Dell last year. The books are on there way across the ocean now. As soon as they get to me, I will mail them out immediately. You should have them before summer.

Gary (the Troll) Dell

B.C. ROVERING

Before we begin this issues BC Rovering article, we would like to make some comments regarding Bruce's last article. We believe journalistic integrity is very important, particularly to such a fine, classy publication such as Rovering Magazine. We must always be careful of what we say as you may never know the consequences. We must regretfully inform Don (the editor) that one misplaced letter has been the source of all sorts of problems for the greatest Rover Crew in Vancouver Coast Region (this now

makes it 3). At moots, roundtables, and even at the VCR Rover Basic course, the refrain can be heard "Where are the Snookums?" You really don't know what you started, did you Don? (HE HE HE - Don)

We now return to you to our normal (!?) article.

We bring you this article from Paul and Gord's luxurious basement suite in beautiful downtown Burnaby, only a block away from beautiful Vancouver, nowhere near the Fraser Valley (Thank God). Yes, once again it is Tony, Paul, Marc, and Gord bringing you more exciting news from the home of the Mighty Canucks, Britissss Columbia.

It is with much regret (NOT!) that we inform you that this will be Tony's last contribution to the BC Rovering Article. Yes, next month Tony reaches that magical age and is no longer an official Rover. Yes, he still plans on supporting Rovers, just not these three nutheads. However, once a Rover always a Rover, just ask all the Crispies at the last VCR April Fools' Moot (see below).

Never mind seeing below, we talk about it now. The VCR April Fools' Moot was held the first weekend of April at Camp Cove on beautiful Harrison Lake. It was hosted by the 4th Richmond Spirits who really put on a great show. It would appear that Tony was the real fool spending all afternoon before reaching the camp in gale force winds and driving rain to catch a teeny weeny trout not realizing that dinner was being provided. After this great adventure, he, like many others before, was lured into following the road well beyond what he knew was the actual turn-off for the camp. Even Larry of the Spirits, who made the signs, went right past it to the end of the line where he read his own sign "You've gone too far, April

Fools." Many were fooled, some were not amused.

There were many other foolish adventures to be had at the moot. Trees were falling, cabins were burning, roasts were cooking and Rovers were strip... going out of their minds. Yes, Denise, we will write about you in Rovering Magazine. There was even Tuba Ruba starring "the Virgins" (you all know who you are). Ted Lorenz, the wonderful, exciting, entertaining, unbiased judge of the Kangaroo court was quick to dispenseth, dispelleth and disperseth his own brand of foolish justice.

Most worthy of note was the fact that the greatest Rover Crew in VCR won the scavenger hunt with their traditional magic show, blonde jokes, and very unique pick up lines; they really niqued up on you. Hey Amy, have you gotten his wet clothes off yet?

By the time you read this, the horses will be back in their stables and the togas put out to dry. Yes, Camp Skeeter will be over for another year. We will be sure to put in a full report in the next issue. (note: Tony will not be involved in writing it, Yeahhh!).

The Rovers of the Island have been involved in a number of other events. 1st Nanaimo Hillbillies once again hosted the Pie Lake camp at Stella Lake, they even hosted some Richmond Rovers, possibly "Virgins". They have also been involved in service projects in connection with a Regional camporee and a regional Sea Scout camp.

P.S. Island's Region asked, "Where's our Willie?"

(Honest, they made me type this, Marc had a gun to my head.)
(Marc...NOT!)

Fraser Valley has gone the way of

Vancouver Coast, without being able to decide on an executive (If fact, worse than VCR a few years ago (see past, past, past issues), FVR could not decide on a single position). Every vote taken was a draw. I guess the quality of all the candidates was so high that people were unable to choose between them. The current group executive consists of Darlene Fitzgerald, Leah Snelgrove, Gord Reid, Erika Lobmeier and Steve Dreise.

The Fraser Valley Regional Moot is being held June 12-14, 1992 at the beautiful, sunny Delta Watershed Park. If you are interested in attending, contact your nearest Fraser Valley Rover who may know where it actually is.

There is absolutely nothing going on in Northern Region. In fact, Don Illot, who's mind is not working and is totally bored in 'Prince' George says that "Diddley is going on." Don also claims, as a rebuttal to the last issue, that he only wears the garters and stockings at night.

Actually, Don was able to come up with one bit of news, Camp Rendezvous will be coming up once again on the Thanksgiving Weekend. Okay, we know this is early, but planes to Prince George fill up fast so book your flight early.

Victoria Region is Busy.

Marc is currently having some trouble locating the information for the Vancouver portion of the article soooo, we will move on to Burnaby.

The Region is getting ready for the municipality's centennial and will participate in Burnaby Region's 100 metre float and procession in a parade down Kingsway to Swangard Stadium, home of the Vancouver 86'ers.

Vancouver Coast had a somewhat successful (okay, it was extremely successful) Rover Basic. It was attended by hundreds of eager Beavers wanting to know all about Rovers. Okay, it was attended by about 2 dozen eager Rovers from throughout BC.

One point that was made is that there have not been enough of these gatherings available to Rovers in BC. We strongly suggest that other regions in the province consider holding such courses. A big thank you should go to Victoria Region and Vancouver Coast Region for getting the ball rolling.

Marc has informed me that he would ensure that Tracey's name appear in the article.

TRACEY

Tracey actually wanted us to know that she organized the entire event, all by herself, with no help at all.

Just a quick reminder that the BP trek is coming up on June 27th. This dawn to dusk hike will take Rovers over the historic Baden Powell Trail through the beautiful North Shore mountains.

Hey, guess what!! Vancouver Coast is once again looking for a chairman for the 'real' Rovent. The only apparent requirement is that you are breathing and you come from Vancouver Coast. Then again, breathing may be optional, just ask Joanne.

The Rovers were once again involved in the Annual Vancouver Coast Nite Hike at the University of BC Endowment Lands. Rovers are involved in running registration, activity stations, refreshments, and security for this all night event which was attended by over 900 scouts and guides from throughout the Lower Mainland and United

States. Rover crews from the neighbouring regions also assisted.

The Provincial Roundtable happened.

\$50.

Yes, for the small fee of \$50 you can enjoy the sun and fun of Camp Bernard in beautiful downtown Sooke, B.C. near Victoria on Beautiful Vancouver Island in Beautiful BC for the weekend of July 31 to August 3. You will receive free food, free accommodation, and free exciting activities. Yes, it's the 2nd BC Rover Conference. Rovers from all across the country and even in Burnaby are welcome to attend. If you are travelling to BC this summer you won't want to give this beautiful, exciting event a miss.

Always planning ahead, BC Rovers are planning to celebrate the 80th Anniversary of the Rover section by hosting a BC Invitational Moot on the Labour Day weekend, September 1993. The Rovers of BC would like to invite you all to attend. More information will of course follow in future issues.

Stickers!!!

The stickers are here, yes, every Rover in Canada should have their "Thermonuclear Rover" sticker on their car. The BC Rover Roundtable is raising funds by selling static vinyl stickers. Yes, they won't stick to most dental work. The cost is \$4 each and for a small charge, we will mail them anywhere in the known universe, extra surcharges for shipping to Vernon, Ontario. (yes, this means you Nicole). BC Rover crests and stickers will soon follow.

That's about all there is for news this time. I would like to thank Don (the editor) in advance for his patience in waiting for this article. We know you wanted it

early Don, but Tony's work schedule does not allow him time out of the office in the last two weeks of April as clients scream "Where is my TAX return" and "I have to pay how much!!!"

As this is my last article I would just like to thank all my loyal readers (even you Bruce). I would very much like to thank all those people who have given me the great opportunities that I have been given in Rovering. Particularly Tim Halford and Rob Baker for giving me the opportunity to be involved in the National Rover Conference and the World Youth Forum in Australia.

To finish, we would like to challenge all the remaining provinces who have regretfully not kept us up to date with their activities to write articles for Rovering Magazine. I have been doing so now for about five years and have enjoyed every minute of it (except for the abuse when I don't show up). Maybe try what we do; get three or four people around a computer and just type whatever comes into your head. It's worked for us!?!

Hey Don, NICE COVER! We like it.

Yours in Rovering from the Beautiful, exciting, marvellous, balmy, sun drenched Province of BC.

Tony, Marc, Gord, and Paul...

ALBERTA ROVERING

Okay. Peer pressure has finally come to a boil, forcing me to sit down and write this little submission. My name is Phil Bacon, and having been elected (choo choo! I hear that train coming in...) a

few months back as ARRT (Alberta Rover Round Table) Vice-mate, and CRRRT (Calgary Region Rover Round Table) Mate, my duties were explained as such:

- 1) Run an occasional meeting.
- 2) Submit an article.

While point one was difficult enough, the hard one has been number two!! Does anyone realize how hard it is to get Alberta Rovers to tell you what they are doing? Impossible! So today (this being May the third) I cornered various Rovers and forced them to reveal their secrets (actually, I bugged them with my pad of paper in Red Robin's, but we were in a corner booth...).

Hidden Calgary Talents

It is true! The second annual Rover/Ranger/Venturer "Countdown to Stardom" Talent contest was actually won by Rovers! Congrats to the 31st Wyverns for their "If it's not Rovering, it's crap!" video! Especially enjoyed was the part where Jake was lured down from his tree by "Dad's" oatmeal cookies. The numerous Rangers present were unable to defeat the Wyverns, even though they entered three separate entries! The Knights of the Wilderness, however, were unable to claim last place for a second time, although they tried very hard for it. They are now reportedly cooking up something uglier for next year.

Calgary Cowpie Curling Report

Thanks Tony! Yea, the Funspiel was a great success. I'd just like to add that we love to see out-of-Calgary Rovers at all of our functions! My address will appear at the bottom of the letter, so ya can ask me for the necessary information.

Red Robin Report

Thirty provincial Rovers annoyed managers and staff at a local Red Robin following today's ARRT meeting. A subdued "Augie" was muttered upon entry, so as not to aggravate staff members. Of course, once food was served, the normal... er... exuberance of Alberta Rovers came out, prompting managers to ask Jan and John Bacon if they were supervising us. Not surprisingly, they replied:

"They're adults. They're on their own."

The great "Augie/Oggie" debate then resumed. Do you spell it Augie? Or Oggie as Todd Beck of the Knights of Sicarius Dracorum maintained. Suggestions are welcome.

Dave Erikson had a "Big Mouth Burger", which surprised no one.

All present enjoyed watching the video of Jackie Wilson's "Reet Petite" and suggest that more videos should be made with plastercine people with trumpets in their nostrils.

All the following information was gathered through annoying people with my pad and paper.

E-Vent '92

Once again the Knights of Excalibur have volunteered (choo choo!!) to run the very successful camp. Theme possibility is Camelot Revised, an updated version of last years E-Vent with better programs and food! (Camelot 2.1?) To this end, they are asking for volunteers to cook. Not!

Children's Telethon

Once again the Knights of the Silver Tip are involved in the Miracle Network telethon! Anyone interested in lending a Rover hand is to

contact Jim and Diane Jenson in Edmonton! (Sorry Jim, Bill told me to put your name down...)

Knights of Logras formerly challenge all Alberta Rovers to meet or beat their pledge of \$50! C'mon people, empty yer pockets!

Mall madness!

(from the March 1992 edition of "Rover Ramblings, the ERRT Newsletter.")

The 22nd Challengers report that their "Mall Madness" crew challenge was a huge success.

Rover historians were stunned to find out that the 6th Moose had won the challenge, ending a years long streak of losses. Of course, the Knights of the Silver Tip were heard to utter their traditional cry, "Just wait till next year!"

Clearly, a good time was had by all.

ARRT stuffs

The ARRT executive wishes to announce the addition of a summer meeting/camp, which MAY be held July 25-26 at Camp Impeesa. More information will follow as to exact details.

Also, we're looking for volunteers to run a bingo for the Optimist club! If we do this right, we can pay off our NAROCO debt to the province! Contact Bev Dorrell!

Alberta Rovers 75th!

Yep, it's true. Rovers have been in Alberta for 75 years. And certain Rovers in Alberta have decided to celebrate this.

They wish to have a series of displays showing Rovering from the different decades through till the

present. They also hope to dig up as many hairy legged old men as they can find and get them together for an alumni dinner!

They hope that this can be run in conjunction with the Canadian Rover Service Moot at CJ '93, which brings us to...

Rover Service Moot

Yep. The Knights of the Silver Tip have gotten official National permission to run the '93 moot in conjunction with the Canadian Jamboree. The plan is to run from noon one day to noon of the next including events, displays, campfires, and anything else they can think of. They still REALLY need extra assistance, so anyone that can help, PLEASE contact them!

Also, you out-of-province characters pay attention. They hope to have a lot of Venturers visit the Rover displays and sign a little sheet saying "Yay! I wanna be a Rover too!" What we need is a representative from every province willing to match these eager young people with Rover crews in their areas! Contact K.O.S.T. if you are willing!

P.O.E.T.E.

The 6th Moose are building a Pyramid Of Extra-Tinned Edibles to support the Edmonton Food Bank, and, hopefully, to win a spot in the Guinness book of World Records! Here's hoping they can do it without Brent being buried alive.

Beyond our Borders

Our travelling Rover Crew, the Knights of Sicarius Dracorum are happy to announce that Hoppy (their Kiwi Rover who was hurt badly in a car accident after they met him in the Australia Moot) is recovering

well and now able to write, walk and dress himself, and very much appreciated the banner that he received from ARRT.

They are also shunting Gerald Bizot Senior off to Japan for a while. A warning to all over-zealous advisors.

G'bye Clark

Clark Walton has been transferred to Nova Scotia. A going away party is planned at the Rose and Crown in Edmonton for July 18 at 8pm.

Clark is leaving his faithful Rover friends, and many saddened Venturer females.

Famous Rovers

The Knights of the Wilderness Search and Rescue Rover Crew have reached such a level of training that they have been invited to join the R.C.M.P., S.T.A.R.S, and many other important search services in a search simulation this June! Now knowing the Wilderness, none of us are surprised at this honour. They've been working and training for this sort of thing since their forming. Way to go!

Where the heck IS Atrebla?

The Nanton Aviation Museum is holding it's grand opening on July 25. Among the many displays, air shows, aircrafts shown there is the Lancaster Bomber that the Knights of Atrebla have been diligently rebuilding for as long as anyone can remember.

They are also going on what they are calling "Indiana Jones and the Search for the Lost Lancaster", wherein they will travel to the wilds of northern B.C. to locate a Lancaster that crashed there 45 years ago! Why? Because no one

Dear Rovers:

MEET THE CREW

Hi! I'm known as the 66th 'OZONE' Rover Crew. My home is Glenwood United Church, 1825 Grand Marais, Windsor, Ontario. Although, I existed in the past, I was reestablished in 1986.

I started with 4 members and have grown to 17 members, a Venturer Liason and an advisor. I've produced 14 alumni. My members range in age from 18-24.

Although, I'm only 6 my group has had the opportunity to do a great deal including sending representatives to Harmony '86 and the 8th World Rover Moot in Australia. My members favorite activities are canoeing, hiking and being youth leaders.

Thanks to my district, sponser and group committee I've been able to allow my members to pursue many activities. We've travelled in canoes in search of Carve Island, by foot along the Appalachain Trail in Tennessee, by raft down the Ottawa River, by dog sled across the great white north and this year we'll go by train and foot to discover Algoma, Ontario.

Well! I'm glad I've had the opportunity for you to get to know me! Say 'Hi!' when you see me 'round the ol' moot site.

GREETINGS FROM THE 'OZONE'

<u>top</u>	2nd Mate		Alumnus		
Steve	Bill	Rob	Paul	Mike	Steve
Cave	Ames	Somerville	Kowalski	Golab	Knehlner



*Tracy
Payne
57th

<u>middle</u>				<u>bottom</u>		
Carla	Brenda	Jim	James	Jody	Michelle	Jon
McIntyre	LaRose	Golab	Knehlner	Muma	McIntyre	Keefner
		Treasurer		Secretary	Past Mate	First Mate

<u>absent</u>	Advisor						
Jim	Bob	John	Dan	Andrew	Kim	Tracy	<u>Mascot</u> Rover
Grieg	McIntyre	LaRose	Golab	Johns	Pare	Como	

ever bothered before. It'll be just them, the bears, the mosquitos, and a Lancaster bomber.

Anyways

I apologize for the lengthiness of this report, but we just wanted you people to know that we still do exist here in Alberta, and we still view Rovers as a force to be reckoned with.

Anyways, here's my address if ya want more information, or if ya want to send us your news.

Phil Bacon
128 Gloucester Cr. S.W.
Calgary, Alberta
T3E 4V5

Thanks lots, and see ya in a couple months!

Phil Bacon
76th Knights of Logres Rover Crew
A.R.R.T. Vice-Mate
C.R.R.R.T. Mate

The REP-ORRT

ONTARIO ROVER ROUNDTABLE Regional Representatives

Every region in Ontario is entitled to 2 representatives at ORRT meetings. Three times in the past year, the ORRT has not had a quorum of 9 voting members. Every region is encouraged to ensure that they have 2 representatives for all meetings. If a region does not have a roundtable, Rovers should contact their Assistant Provincial Commissioner or Regional Commissioner to see how representatives can be appointed.

PUBLIC RELATIONS PROMO

We would like all Crews in Ontario to send in a slide or video presentation of service, events, moots, service to other sections of Scouting, etc. These presentations will be used as a public relations promo instead of a static display. We would like to use them (if available) at the Annual Meeting of Boy Scouts in April. Please send all presentations to: Public Relations Promo

The Ontario Rover
Roundtable

9 Jackes Avenue
Toronto, ON M4T

1E3

THE ROLAND S. DELL MEMORIAL AWARDS AND THE ONTARIO BLOOD DONOR CHALLENGE

We wish to thank the Rovers and the Rover Crews for participating in the 1991 Roland S. Dell Memorial Award and the 1991 Ontario Blood Donor Challenge. These awards were presented on April 25, 1992, at the 15th St. Georges Day Dinner and Dance held at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Kitchener, Ontario.

SILVER AND GOLD QUESTER AWARDS

Let's "ADD ONE MORE" Rover and/or Scouting section to the 1992 registration. Apply for the Silver and Gold kits at: Quester Awards
The Ontario Rover Roundtable
9 Jackes Avenue
Toronto, ONT. M4T 1E2

ONTARIO ROVER ROUND TABLE

THANK YOU.

The Ontario Rover Roundtable's Executive wishes to thank the Imperial Dragons for the set up and construction of the Toronto Sportsman Show Display and also to Sue Heel for the photo developing. Unfortunately, during the Toronto

MEET THE CREW

In operation since 1987, the 3rd Boundry Bay, Alberta, "Notorious Knights" has a membership of nine Rovers and two Advisors.

They meet twice a month and attend all camps and moots. The Notorious Knights have won several "Spirit Awards."



Sportsman Show, the following items were missing:

6 Rover Crests, Bumper stickers, and Signs.

If anyone knows the whereabouts of these items please contact Sean Hume or any member of the Imperial Dragons.

The Ontario Rover Roundtable wishes to thank the Imperial Dragons for their set up of the Rover Display at the Provincial Boy Scout Annual Meeting held in Toronto on April 4, 1992. We also wish to thank the following Rovers who assisted at the Rover Display:

Heather Archer, ORRT Chairman
Cam McLaren, ORRT Vice-Chairman
Brent Starr, 1st Wilmot
"Greyhawk" Rovers
Russ Kelk, ORRT Advisor

We also wish to thank the 9th Kitchener Rover Crew and Don Sitler for the donation of the last two issues of Rovering Magazines for the Toronto Sportsman Show and the Provincial Boy Scout Annual Meeting. They were very well received and the Scouters commented on the excellent quality.

PUBLIC RELATIONS

On March 28, 1992, Heather Archer, ORRT Chairman, attended the Rover Basic held at Holy Trinity Church in Welland on behalf of the Ontario Rover Roundtable.

VISITING REGIONAL/DISTRICT ROUNDTABLES

The ORRT executive would like to be invited to visit a regional and or district roundtable meetings. Please contact chairman Heather Archer at (519) 273-1454, or 219 Douglas St. Stratford, Ontario N5A 5P8.

SERVICE PROJECT

Rick Parkhill, Ranger at Blue Springs would like Rover Crews and Scouters to offer their time for a

day or weekend to help maintain and upgrade our Provincial Training camp, Blue Springs located near Acton. If interested please contact Rick Parkhill at (519) 853-2209 or contact 9 Jackes Ave. at (416) 923-2461.

OBSTACLE COURSE AT CAMP BLUE HERON

The Executive of ORRT is currently drafting up a model Venture/Rover obstacle course in dry and wetland. Any Rover or Rover Crews with any ideas or suggestions, please contact Heather Archer 219 Douglas St. Stratford, N5A 5P8. (519) 273-1454.

THANK YOU

All of the members of the Ontario Rover Roundtable would like to thank Alex Thompson, our outgoing staff support, for his many years of service. Good luck with your future endeavors, Alex. WE will miss you!

BLOOD DONOR CHALLENGE RESULTS

Honourable Mention

76th Knights of Logres Rover Crew
33rd St. Catharines/Merriton MF1 Rover Crew
9th Kitchener Rover Crew
1st Wilmot "Greyhawk" Rover Crew
1st North Grimsby Kings Own Knights Rover Crew
1st Niagara, Sir Isaac Brock Rover Crew

"A" Division

7th Downsview Rover Crew

"B" Division

Sterling Dragon Rover Crew

"C" Division

11th Cambridge Sir Gallahad Rover Crew

The ROLAND S. DELL MEMORIAL AWARD

Was presented at the St. George's Dinner and dance to Verna Dell of 37th Hamilton Sea Rovers.

THANK YOU & BEST WISHES

I wish to thank everyone for the get well wishes that I received during my recent illness.

As chairman of OORT, I would like to wish everyone a healthy and safe summer. Take care and I hope to see everyone in September.

Heather.

HOW ABOUT THAT

This issue two "count them" meet the crew. One supplied a very brief outline, but what the heck at least they sent it in.

Also this issue two new articles. One by that lovable, bumbling, Roger the Ready Rover, it's about time he earned his keep. We hope that "Rogers Ramblings" will become a regular feature.

The other is an exclusive to Rovering Magazine. It is the private newsletter sent out by Ray and Inge Bates. By the time this reaches you their daughter will be my daughter-in-law, so now you know the connection.

We have all felt at times like saying take this job and shove it, well, Ray and Inge did just that. They retired early, rented their house, loaded their backpacks and took off. They are veteran travellers from way back, and the stories they tell almost gives you a case of itchy foot. When I received their newsletter that they send out to friends, the first thing that came to mind was, this is just the thing that a lot of Rovers do, only they don't send news articles. So with their kind permission the first and we hope not the last report from the RAMBLING DUO. "By Bus To The Panama Canal".

O CANADA OUR HOME



I hope you all sending crests and Birthday Greeting's to Canada, to the 1st Bridgeport Crew as outlined in the last issue. Rover Magazine has a special cover just for them.

DID YOU ANSWER THE LETTER ABOUT THE NATIONAL MOOT. IF YOU DIDN'T PUT THIS MAGAZINE DOWN AND DO IT NOW!!!

St. George's Dinner and Dance went very well. Tried something a little different in the opening procedures. Instead of singing our National Anthem, we listened to Red Skelton's tribute to Canada, in which he narrates our National Anthem and what it means to him. Then each row of tables had three minutes to decide on a song to sing, and how well they did decided by impartial judges, which in turn decided which row of tables went first to the buffet. Well, the people at the second row of tables stood up and sang O CANADA. The results were electrifying, the rest of the Rovers all rose and joined in. They sang clear and loud, it was a lusty love song to their country. One of my Rovers told me that one act made all the work the proceeded that evening worthwhile!!

The Roger Award presentations were aptly handled by Dan Mclean Jr. and Dave Parkhill the Guest MC's for the evening. The following is a list

of nominee's for each catagory, the winner is in italics;

BEST FEATURE IN ROVERING MAGAZINE DURING 1991;

Why We Drink
The Way We Were
Facts That Desrve Your Attention
Search Moot 91
Diamonds For Christmas
Find and Grind

BEST CONTINUING FEATURE IN ROVERING MAGAZINE DURING 1991:

Upcoming Events
Soupy's Kitchen
The Way we Were
God Stuff
Letters to the Editor
How About That
Ggad It's Dagg
Round Table Reports
Reports from Different Countries

BEST MOOTS OF 1991

Snowball Moot
Wee Moot Moot
Halloween Moot
8th World Moot
Attawanderonk Moot
Circus Moot
T.N.T. Moot
Club Med Moot
Woodstock Moot
Scarecrow Moot
Search Moot
Bear Bash Moot
Do Nothing Moot
Moot Balls Moot
Bai Hai Moot

DEDICATION TO ROVERS

Travis Ryder
Stu Murchie
Jim Patterson
Bill Bonfield
John Silbicck
Jim Outram

Karen Madill
Brian Jeffery
David Ovens
Heather Archer
Billy McGuire
Harvey Haun

DEDICATION TO RANGERS

Miriam Barkley
Casey Irving
Laura Canine
Mrs. Greene

Once again we have been advised by the tabulator of the votes, that in practically all cases the voting was very close. So if your favorite did not win and you didn't vote it might have been your vote that would have made the difference.

THERE ARE STILL 7 PROVINCES TO BE HEARD FROM. And after all provinces are reporting then we can start on countries and after that well, *What the mind of man can perceive he can achieve.* That goes for National Moots as well!!

Keep on Rovering Don

P.S. To the guys in B.C. Great Bumper Sticker!!
Thanks Don.

**BY BUS TO THE PANAMA
CANAL**

Ray and Inge Bates
October 1991 - March 1992

It was a "dark and stormy morning" as we walked down from our small motel to join the one other

passenger boarding the Greyhound bus as it started its journey south from Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan towards Chicago. It was October 25th, and our daughter Karen had driven us to the Sault the previous day so that we could start our journey south to the Panama Canal. We had rented our house and taken early retirement from our jobs in order again to go travelling and see some more of the world.

It took 13 hours to get to Chicago winding through Michigan, a little of Indiana and eventually into Illinois. En route, we did pick up more passengers than the initial three, and these included two freshly released prisoners from a state prison in upper Michigan who had free tickets south to Detroit.

After checking into a youth hostel in Chicago, we spent two days there visiting some of the local sights, including Marshall Fields store, Field Museum, Sears Tower as well as watching the finish of the Chicago Marathon, with its over 10,000 competitors.

With the Greyhound Bus Co., we had bought a special bus ticket for \$68 each, which gave us all of 30 days to cross the United States from north to south. In our case, we took 10 days to make it to El Paso, Texas on the Mexican border. En route, we stopped and did some sightseeing in St. Louis, Oklahoma City and Albuquerque, New Mexico.

We had been many times on vacation in the States and also on business trips, but nevertheless, we were both shocked by the deserted, desolate inner cities to which the Greyhound took us. An unusually early winter storm up in Minnesota gave us snow and freezing rain down as far as Amarillo, Texas.

Crossing the border into Mexico from El Paso to Ciudad Juarez was as simple as walking over a bridge spanning the almost dry Rio Grande river. Soon we were into the excellent Mexican bus system with its clean spacious terminals and computerized ticketing en route via Chihuahua to our first

major stop -- the Copper Canyon area. We did stay long enough in Chihuahua to visit Quinta Luz, the museum and former home of the revolutionary leader Pancho Villa. Included in the museum's display is his bullet-riddled 1923 Dodge in which he was assassinated.

The Copper canyon, between Chihuahua and Los Mochis on the Pacific coast, is an extensive area of many canyons deeper and wider than the Grand Canyon in the U.S.A. Its full length can only be traversed by train as there is still no complete road. The train journey is spectacular, the track winding back on itself passing over numerous bridges and through many tunnels. We spent 7 days in the Canyon area based in the small town of Creel at 2,228 mts. From there we took day hikes into the surrounding countryside populated still by the Tarahmara Indians, many of them going about their traditional life living in caves cut into the sides of canyons.

In Creel we stayed at the pension Casa Margarita. It is run by Margarita, a middle-aged lady and her sisters. We had a nice double room with ensuite bath-room, all complete with an individual gas heater. The price, including a good breakfast and substantial evening meal, was \$20 for us both. Margarita's was full of travellers from all over the world, as her place is recommended in back-packer guide books in four languages. The evening dinner was in three sittings and each was a babel of languages and dialects with English as the connecting link.

From Creel we went down into the canyons to the little village of Batopilas at just 500 mts a drop of 1,838 mts from Creel and from pine forests to banana plantations. The distance is only 150 kms, but because of the tortuous road conditions, it took all of 8 hours by bus. The road is narrow, with a consistency between rock in some places and dirt. 200 mts to 600 mts sheer drop-offs are common with, of course, no guard rail. To add to the excitement, the two drivers took long swigs of cheap brandy at frequent intervals egged on by a small group of their macho cronies riding in the

front. The bus only returned after two days which was good, as it gave our nerves a chance to calm down for the return trip.

Batopilas has had its glory days as a town of 10,000 as a centre for silver extraction, but is now only a village of 600 souls surrounded by crumbling ruins of haciendas, churches and factories. Power went off at 9 p.m. on our first night and had not returned when we left two days later. For company in our very basic Hotel Carmelita, we had Ed and Ken, two Aleutian Island seasonal fishermen taking a break between seasons.

Leaving the canyons at Los Mochis, we headed down to Mazatlan for seven days of R and R on the beach. We were lucky to find an economical place to stay within about 500 mts of the upmarket, large hotel Golden Zone. the Hotel Jacaranda is locked in a 1950's time warp, and is reputed to have been originally financed with some money of Clark Gable's. It has a swimming pool still in working order, but much of the rest of it is in a sad state. We had most of the time hot and cold water in our bathroom, but sometimes in the evening somehow the pipes got crossed and we only got scalding hot. This also included the toilet bowl and tank which emitted steam when flushed! Well, at least it kept the cucarachas away! Ha!

At the Jacaranda we met Paul, a 23 year old Canadian from Regina on his first trip outside of Canada. He adopted us and we took him with us for the next two weeks as a sort of apprentice traveller. With him we journeyed through the old colonial gold and silver towns of Zacatecas, Guanajuato, San Miguel de Allende, and Queretoaro to Mexico city. We also made a side trip together to the winter hibernating grounds of the Monarch butterfly, which spends its summers in N. Eastern U.S. A. and Canada. At 3,300 mts, in large fir trees amidst Alpine-like meadows, were more than 50 million "Monarcas", as they are called in Mexico. Many of them were already in a dormant state and were hanging in 1 meter balls, like grapes on the trees. There were many still active and they covered the ground around us, flew into our faces, landed on

our arms, and made a windlike sound as so many flew together.

This being our fourth visit to Mexico City, we only stayed three days, but despite the bad publicity re pollution, crime, etc., found it still to be an exciting place and the pollution less than we expected. The city was gearing up for Christmas and all the main roads in the downtown area were decorated with more Christmas lights than Toronto. Large buildings were covered with lighted decorations such as massive pinatas and the inevitable Santa and his reindeer.

Leaving Paul to continue south alone, we headed for the bustling colonial, V.W. producing town of Puebla and nearby Cholula. Cholula has the remains of the largest pyramid in the world on top of which is now a church. When Cortes arrived here, he razed the town of then 100,000 people and vowed to put a church on top of every holy site. He did not quite succeed, but there are over 70 churches in this now small town of 10,000.

In Puebla we stayed with our first Mexican Servas host family. The Sanchez family consists of father Carlos, wife Justina, and daughters Monica, 19, and Susana, 21. Their home from the outside is very non-descript, being entered through a garage door from a dusty dirt street. But what a contrast the inside was, with a spacious lounge complete with fireplace, large dining room, modern elegant furniture and no less than one piano and one organ. A young friend of the family drove us around all the tourist spots of Puebla and in the evening Monica entertained us on the organ. It was a beautiful insight behind the rather stark walls of Mexican streets.

Following our interest in archeology, we headed next for the Gulf coast to visit the El Tajin ruins consisting of various pyramids, each with a unique window or niche decoration. We were lucky to be there on Sunday, when the Voladores give a performance showing the ancient rite of imitating birds as they descend upside down on ropes from a central "Maypole" 20 mts high. In nearby Jalapa, capital of

Veracruz state, we visited the new regional archeological museum, and at Villahermosa the Venta park. This latter in a natural setting displays some of the larger stone heads weighing up to 20 tons from the ancient Tolteca peoples. Our archeological hunger was pretty well sated in Mexico when we rounded it off by visiting the Mayan site of Palenque with its towers, courtyards and temple structures.

We continued our journey by heading west and south via San Cristobal de las Casas to enter Guatemala on December 20th. After the sleek organized Mexican bus system, it was a bit of a shock to walk over the border into Guatemala and be hustled on to an old Bluebird school bus that had seen much service north of the Rio Grande, before beginning a new longer life as part of the major form transportation in Guatemala. Baggage goes on the roof, people and assorted livestock inside. People sit 3 to a seat meant for 2 and livestock ride on laps. The buses are always packed and then 10 more people get on, usually through the still quaintly named rear "emergency exit". We even saw one man with one foot inside the bus and the other on the rear bumper, reading a newspaper leaning on the loosely swinging emergency door.

We decided to spend Christmas and New Year in one place and headed for Panajachel on the shore of Lake Atitlan. Another cynical name for the little town is "Gringotenango", owing to the great number of foreign travellers that go there. But it is easy to see why as the surroundings are quite marvelous. The lake is formed by an old volcanic crater and is 16 Kms across by about 500 mts deep and on its shoreline are three major volcanoes and remains of various smaller ones. There are good restaurants in Panajachel serving international cuisine and as the menus point out with deference to the cholera scare, "our food has been delicately disinfected."

On Christmas day we had a party for various fellow travellers and over 20 showed up representing eight nationalities. Most people brought a bottle or fruit or veggie bits. Food is very cheap from the market

and passable vodka and rum are \$3.50 a bottle.

After the soft life of Panajachel, we took off for 12 days of hard bus and truck travel through the Western Highlands, where the population is over 90% indigenous. Each village has a different costume and in some cases a different language. A highlight of our journey was a three-day trip to the 4,000 mtr high area of Todos los Santos, reached by bus doing the 90 Kms in five hours from Huehuetenango.

On the bus we met Rosa, a full-blood Indian of the Mam area. Rosa is 26 and has four children and another on the way. She had two of the children in tow, a daughter, Lucia, 8, and a son Alejandro, 1. These three had been to Panajachel to sell woven goods to the tourists. On the day we met her she had already been on the road in packed buses for 6 hours and now with another 5 hours to Todos los Santos she cheerfully told us it was only a two-hour walk straight up a slippery mountain track to her home. She carried Alejandro most of the time and she and Lucia shared two large bundles of unsold goods carrying them on their heads.

We arrived at Todos los Santos in pouring rain and an all enveloping cloud, and we dived for what cover was available. Rosa took the time to show us to a guest house before loading up and walking off with cheerful wave into the clouds.

Next day we attended the Todos los Santos market at which about two thousand indigenous people came, some walking up to five hours each way to get there. At an Indian market there are no raised voices. The vendors quietly stand or squat by their goods and only when asked the price, reply in a subdued voice. To the Indians the markets are a very special social occasion and the profit motive a distant aim.

Back in Huehuetenango we made our way east across the highlands to Coban and the Alta Verapaz area of large coffee plantations. This area was settled in the late 19th and early 20th century by German colonists, who built up a major coffee

industry, including roads, railways, and factories. They were twice dispossessed, first in the First World War and secondly in the Second World War when Guatemala joined the allies in 1943. Today these large plantations are nationalized.

Just south of Coban we visited a nature reserve to view the Resplendant Quetzal, a bird whose feathers were used by the Maya for adornment, and today the national currency of Guatemala is the Quetzal. Their habitat is the cloud forest and this has been greatly reduced due to expanding agriculture and deforestation. Nevertheless we did happily see ten of these magnificent birds, one of the males being almost a metre long with his tail feathers.

There is an unnerving air of violence about Guatemala, as the army is still in conflict with guerrilla forces. Unfortunately the violence has spilled over into civilian life with a lot of armed robberies of businesses, so in turn to protect themselves many businesses down to a small as a cake shop are using armed guards, especially in Guatemala City. Armed robberies of young backpacker tourists has also become common in the colonial town of Antigua. While there we met a couple of holdup victims, and at the same time a young dutch girl was shot and killed. It was a very disturbing situation as her passport and other I.D. had vanished and it took some time to find out her nationality and who she was. The mystery was solved by the distribution of photographs taken at the morgue.

Ellen visited us for ten days flying from Toronto into and out of Guatemala City. This gave us a good chance to discuss and do some planning for her wedding to her Marc on June 6th. Ellen has great interest in handicrafts and photography so the travelling we did with her in Guatemala, a nation of colorful handwork, was a feast for her eyes. Various "unrefusable" deals later, she bought an extra bag to put it all in! With Ellen we did a side trip just over the border into Honduras to visit the Mayan ruins at Copan. The layout at Copan and the enormous stellae gave her ample scope for photography.

Her time with us was very short but we all had a good time. As she left we took a bus over another border into El Salvador. There had just been a peace pact signed by the Government and the FMLN gue-rillas and we arrived in San Salvador on the Fiesta of Peace Day, 1st February, witnessing a massive parade through the streets from the air-conditioned comfort of the front window of the downtown Mac-Donald's restaurant.

In western El Salvador we spent time at the crater Lake Coatepeque as well as climbing to the three craters of Volcano Santa Ana at 2,365 mts. In San Salvador we got signed into the British Club and were able to enjoy the best and probably only fish and chips in El Salvador as well as some warm beer.

In eastern El Salvador, just before crossing into Honduras, we met two U.N. observer officers, one from Spain and the other of the Rajput regiment of India. They told us that the peace amnesty was going well so far with the government forces staying in their barracks and the guerillas congregating to hand over their weapons.

We passed quickly through Honduras in one day and entered Nicaragua, where our clocks were back on Toronto time and we were exactly due south of our starting point in Ontario at Sault Ste. Marie. Here we met again Hank and Eva Schroeder of Scotsdale, Arizona. They and their camper were part of a 13 camper caravan making it from Texas to the Panama Canal in three months. The campers came in all shapes and sizes and the caravan was complete with a wagon master in his vehicle up front and a rear end vehicle containing a mechanic. It was the first such American caravan to go through El Salvador and Nicaragua in over 10 years. We had climbed Volcano Sanata Ana with Hank and Eva in El Salvador, and in Nicaragua we found an isolated beach with them for snorkelling, as well as doing some sightseeing of the volcanoes in Lake Nicaragua.

Hank and Eva are very active retirees, including amongst their interests snorkelling, scuba diving,

shelling, off-road Baja California trips, and sailing in their own 27-ft. trimaran.

Moving over the border from Nicaragua to Costa Rica was like going into a new world for us, as we went from travellers to become holiday makers. There is so much to see and do in tiny Costa Rica and it was packed with tourists from all over the world. Many of them were on expensive tours or used rental cars to get around, but we found the local bus system to be very adequate and not being bound by time constraints, were able to see all we wished. We found Costa Rica to be generally clean, efficient and free of violent crime. We never met a miserable "Tico" or "Tica", as the people call themselves. They all seemed to be content and happy, despite missing out on a few of the "material comforts" such as maybe a second car.

We visited the Pacific coast at Tamarindo which has many kilometers of beautiful unspoiled beaches, with a good number of surfing spots. It is also an area where the world's largest turtle, the Leatherback, lays its eggs on local beaches, and we went on a 2 a.m. expedition to witness this event. We were lucky to see one large female burying her eggs and returning to the sea, leaving tracks like an A.T. vehicle in the sand.

Costa Rica is world renowned for its National Parks and especially its rain/cloud forests and the efforts to preserve them. We saw some of these efforts when we visited the Monteverde Cloud Forest Reserve originally bought and kept as a reserve by American Quakers in the 1950's. We spent five days in this area and did day hikes on marked trails through the forests. In the light green light below the forest canopy we were able to spot quite a few bird species, including different sorts of hummingbird, toucan, torgon and quetzal as well as the two-toed sloth.

From Monteverde we also saw and heard Volcano Arenal exploding on an almost daily three times which the locals called "buenos dias", "buenos tardes", and "buenas noches". Later we climbed a little way up Arenal to witness at night its ongoing,

between explosion, natural fireworks display. It was awesome to see at close range the car-size red hot rocks bouncing down the mountainside, followed by a spitting stream of hot lava. We visited both volcanoes Poas and Irazu from San Jose, but these are easily climbed in a taxi to the top on an asphalt road. From these two volcanoes we could see both the Pacific Ocean and the Caribbean Sea.

A real highlight of our Costa Rican holiday was the five days we spent near the Tortuguero National Park in the village of Tortuguero on the Caribbean coast. We got there by bus from San Jose to the port of Limon and then an 80 km. boat ride through the Tortuguero inland channel system.

Tortuguero village is situated on a narrow neck of land with the Caribbean on one side and the lagoon formed by the Tortuguero river on the other.

The area abounds in bird, insect and animal life. We took hikes in the forest and also rented a dugout canoe to see some of the wildlife up close. We saw monkeys, sloths and exotic birds, and very interestingly observed vast armies of leaf eater ants moving along their forest floor highways.

In Tortuguero we stayed at Cabinas Sabina, which is comprised of very basic wooden cabins, each with a balcony complete with wooden arm chairs. Through ventilation is provided by opening the shuttered windows to allow Caribbean sea air to flow in one side and out to the lagoon on the other. To get a decent meal we had to approach Miss Junie no later than 2 p.m. to order for a 7 p.m. supper. Miss Junie is a black lady who looks to be in her early 70's who works only by order for about 10 travellers each evening. Choice was always fish or chicken, but served with at least four tropical vegetables. She also served a jug of fruit juice such as tamarindo along with the meal.

We stayed in Tortuguero for five days and left by boat with three other travellers in a tropical downpour lasting almost the whole three hours back to Limon. As it was an open boat, we were soaked through, but the rain was warm if stinging, as the

boat rushed along.

This whole coast had been affected by the April 1991 earthquake whose epicentre was Limon. Most of the coastal road bridges had fallen and had been replaced by temporary Bailey bridges. But worse was the buckling of the landscape, whereby the coastline had been raised two metres in some places and lowered in others. Canals were being dredged to compensate for the raising, and in another area a once thriving village was now under water.

Further down the coast from Limon, we stayed in Cahuita and Puerto Viejo both home to Costa Rica's black community, many of whom speak English as a mother tongue. There is also a sprinkling of Rastafrians who have their own way of speaking, which included greeting Ray with "Hello, big daddy!"

South of Puerto Viejo and over the border into Panama appears to be one grand banana plantation. We passed mile after mile of banana trees, with each one sporting a blue plastic bag over its single stem of bananas. This bag protects the crop as it grows from insect and bird attack. Most of the banana crop and also a lot of melons heads by road and rail for the port of Almirante in Panama, where it is packed into refrigerated containers and shipped out to North America and Europe under such brand names as Dole and Chiquita.

In this Caribbean area of Panama we used a combination of boat and buses to get us along the coast in the Bocas del Toro area and over the continental divide to the city of David back on the Pan American Highway. From there it was "only" a seven-hour bus ride to our goal, Panama city and the Panama Canal, on the 143rd day of our trip. We got really turned around there, as contrary to the rest of the Americas, at Panama City the sun rises over the Pacific and sets over the Atlantic.

We found Panamanians to be very friendly and helpful to us, but in Panama City we had to be very careful where we went as there are a lot of armed robberies. The situation has apparently gotten really

bad with the removal of the military rule of General Noriega and the increased unemployment as a result of companies and banks leaving the country after the American invasion and economic embargo.

We did some sightseeing using taxis and visited Colonial Panama, and Panama Viejo, this latter having been razed by the English pirate Henry Morgan after a series of previous attacks by Sir Francis Drake. We were able to see the workings of the Panama Canal from Miraflores locks as a large Toyota car transporter went through on its way to the U.S. East Coast.

We had a much closer look at the canal when we hitched a two-day ride through from Colon to Panama on a small yacht. We went with solo sailor Klaus Ginter, flying the Austrian flag on his 10 metre yacht "Maui". Klaus had left Europe via the Straits of Gibraltar in June 1990 and soloed across the Atlantic in 23 days and spent the remainder of his voyage cruising the Caribbean. In Austria he had closed up his electronics business of 25 years to fulfill his life's ambition of circumventing the world. He was looking for volunteer line handlers to help him through the canal, which would lead him to a crossing of the Pacific. In company with eight other small craft, we left Colon in mid-morning after each of the boats picked up a pilot. Besides us two and Klaus on board, there were two other line handlers, Colin of Scotland and one-legged Eric from South Africa. Eric and Colin were crew from Eric's yacht which was bound via Australia to South Africa. They were helping Klaus along as he had helped them. Small boats take two days to go through the canal as precedence is given to the more than 40 ocean size ships going through each day in about six to nine hours each.

After the first set of locks at Gatun, we hoisted sail to assist the engine and sailed across the man-made Gatun Lake to anchor for the night at Gamboa. Here we all had a celebratory swim, followed by an evening of cocktails in true seaman fashion. Next morning, after a wake-up swim, we were off again through the deep Gaillard Cutting and more locks to enter the Pacific ocean at the Balboa Yacht Club

near Panama City.

The canal transit seems to us to be a very fitting end to our journey and this report. We are now back in San Jose, Costa Rica and plan to fly part of the way home to Canada to be there by about mid-May. After Ellen's wedding in June, we will be heading for the U.K. and Europe where we plan some travels by V.W. bus. Inge's brother, Reinhard, in Germany has got a good used, but cheap, one lined up for us in July.

Trivia:

To Panama Canal:	143 days
Buses:	103 (not including local)
Trucks:	3
Yachts:	1
Boats:	5
Beds slept in:	66
Hours on buses:	225
Km. total:	15,600
Crossed continental divide:	11 times
Average cost:	US\$50.00/day.

ROGER'S RAMBLINGS

Hello everyone out there in "Rover-land". For those of you who don't know me, my name is Roger. Some of my friends call me "Roger The Ready Rover" just because I like to always "be prepared". I suppose that sometimes my pack does get to be a little cumbersome, but I rarely encounter a situation when I don't have all the necessary equipment to carry out the task at hand.

I have this great belt that I made several years ago. The original design was one I made in Scouts, but I outgrew that one and up-dated the pattern. I can hang everything I need on it for a hike or a



moot. In fact, I usually always wear it. It's pretty hard to sneak up on anyone while I have it however! There are spaces all over this belt for my jack-knife, eating utensils, rope, hatchet, whistle, mug, compass, map, matches, and so many other things that it would take up the whole page to list them. My knife (The Scout of course) has just about any attachment on it that I could ever need.

Did you know that I once sent a character idea to a television studio? Shortly after that a spy movie came out that was conspicuously familiar. You might have heard of it. I think it did fairly well in some places in the world. Their character was named James Bond. And can you believe that they didn't even give me credit for it! This guy had all

these amazing devices, very much like some of mine of course. Anyway, I'm getting away from my topic.

I've lived in Kitchener (at Don's place) for quite a while now. Since I moved from British Columbia, I toured many parts of our great country. I made so many friends along the way that I've been thinking that I'd like to go and visit them again. If any of you people reading this would like me to drop by on my way through, drop me a line c/o the Rovering Mag. I'm sure that Don will bring your letters to me way down in his basement. I'll be looking forward to hearing from everyone soon, so I can plan my trip.

I guess I'll tell you what's been happening in this part of the world lately. We went to Snowball Moot and it rained all weekend, but we had a good time anyway. Then came time for our Kub Kar Rallies throughout the Green Valleys Region and the winners from each district got to compete in the Regional Rally. Some those of Kars are pretty wild, let me be tellin' you! I even made one to compete in the Rover division of the races. We had such a great time that I won't brag about where my Kar placed. (sarcasm)

There was also the Venturer Assembly that Brant District hosts annually. Many Rovers come out to help run this wonderful event. Everyone was having so much fun that it didn't matter when a certain six Rovers got on the aerial obstacle course all at the same time. I don't think I've ever seen a cable break before. The only thing that got hurt was the ground under them, and maybe even their pride. Of course what was ten feet under them was a swamp. Kookie missed the water but sank in up to his knees. Hacker hit the water and the mud. The others didn't get it quite as bad. I think someone even got it on video. I'd really like to see that!

I also attended the St. George's Day Dinner and Dance. They wouldn't let me near the kitchen this year. I keep telling them I'm sorry, but they still refuse my help. Anyway, the meal was great and the dance was even better. I don't know about the two M.C.'s that 9th Kitchener arranged for though. They have a very unusual sense of humour, but I suppose that is to be expected from any 1st Dorchester Rover. My Roger Awards were very

nicely made, of course, and the winners were chosen by mail in nominations.

I suppose that is enough rambling for me for this issue. I hope to hear from some Rovers out there if they would like me to come and visit on my trip around Canada. Hope to see all of you eventually.

yours in Rovering,

ROGER

GGAD IT'S DAGG!!

JUNE 1992

Dear Readers:

Not to be out done by Don, who recently wrote "How About That?" from poolside somewhere in the Caribbean, I'm starting this column from a beach near Tauranga on the Bay of Plenty in New Zealand. It's the first day of May, and there's a chill in the air. Summer here is definitely over, although it was warm enough the last three days to wear shorts and singlet (tank top or muscle shirt for those not familiar with NZ terminology). This is my last full day in New Zealand, on a trip which began with the 50th New Zealand National Rover Moot. That's right 50th!! Granted it's only four days long, but that doesn't diminish the amount of effort put in by the organizing committee and the Rovers of the host area. And yet, for 50 of the last 56 years, people have been prepared to get off their butts and put on a National Moot in New Zealand. Only WW11 was able to interrupt this string.

This leads me nicely into what has become the favourite topic of this column, which is, of course, the next *Canadian* National Rover Moot (funny how frequently that seems to happen!). Up until recently, we had a pretty good string going ourselves, with national moots every four or five

years, culminating in Harmony Moot near Vancouver in 1986. But then, for reasons I still don't understand, nothing happened in 1990, except that ill-fated Provincial Moot in Ontario. Now, thanks to the hard work of a dedicated group of individuals, it appears that we have a very good chance of seeing a National Moot in Ontario in 1994.

In Fact, by the time you read this, the Ontario Provincial Commissioner may have already made his decision on this. Assuming that he makes the right decision, it is up to all of us across the country to get behind this moot and support it. If we don't, there may not be another National Moot in this country for a long time. (The initiative to have an increased and organized Rover presence at the Scout Jamboree in Alberta next year is definitely worth supporting, but it is certainly *Not A National Moot*, for reasons I have previously pointed out in this space).

I have also heard one rather disturbing rumour. If true, it seems that some of the powers that be in Ontario would prefer to make this an Ontario Provincial Moot rather than a National Moot. **WRONG, WRONG, WRONG!!!** Anyone who would seriously make such a suggestion obviously did not learn anything from the fiasco of 1990. The simple fact is, to make a major moot of 7 to 10 days duration work, you need national and even international participation. There are simply not enough locals prepared to pay the high cost of attending a local moot and end up seeing the same old faces, no matter how fantastic the program is. I know for a fact that there are a lot of Rovers in B.C., as well as in Australia and New Zealand, who will attend a Canadian National Moot, but I also know they will *not* attend an invitational Ontario Provincial Moot, even if the Moot programs are otherwise identical. The name does make all the difference in the world in this case. So let's hope the decision-makers have the wisdom to do the right thing, and then get behind the moot and make it a great success.

Now it's time for my response to the latest

offering from those incredible guys over at B.C. Roving. I don't really know Gord, but to Marc, Paul and Tony I'd just like to say I love you guys too, but you'll have to stop calling me "Snookums". I'm having a hard time explaining it to my girlfriend! 'Til next time.....

Yours in Roving, Bruce Dagg.

(Aw Gee Bruce, does that mean I can't call you SNOOKUMS, after all I'm in Ontario...Don)



*Early Registration Bonus
 \$7.00 Each
 \$10.00 At the gate
 \$7.00 One day

CAMP NEMO
 July 3rd 4th 5th 6th

Circus
 Moooo!

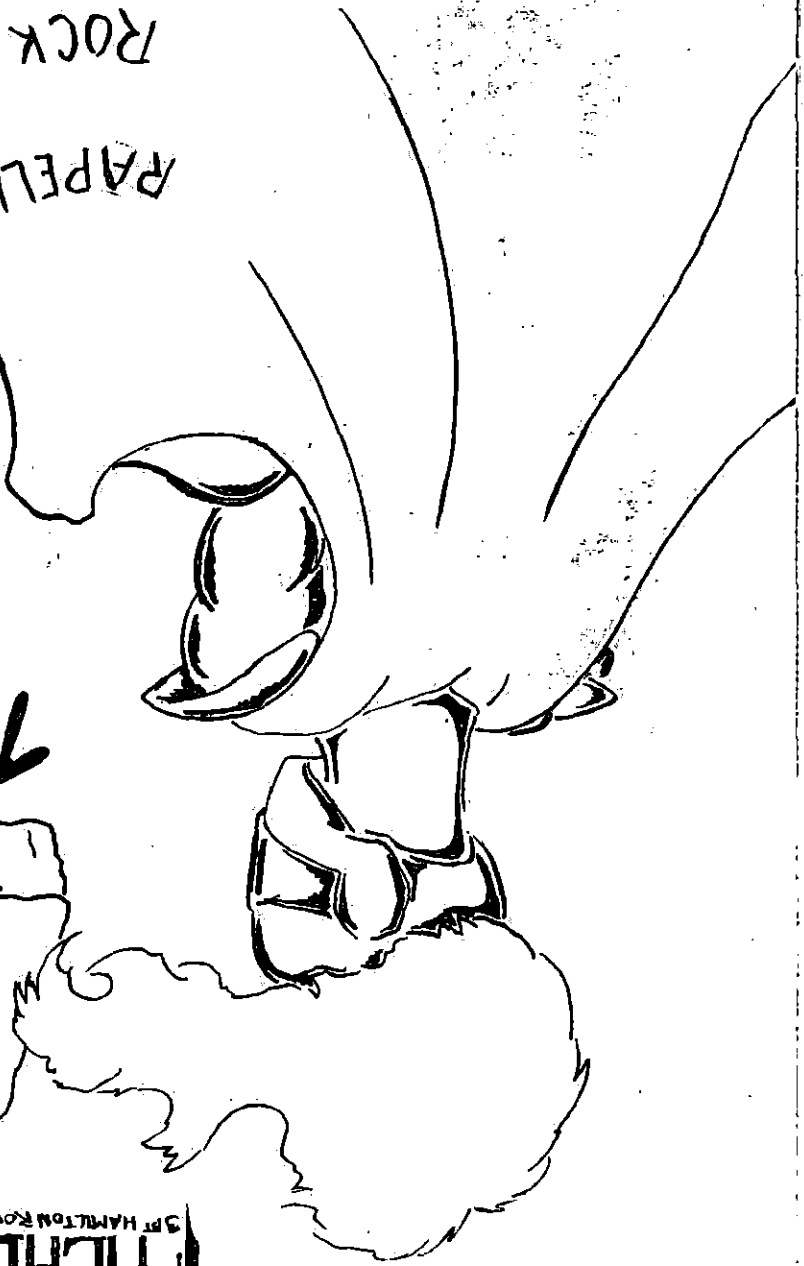
THE
 OVERVIEW

Dare You
 To go...

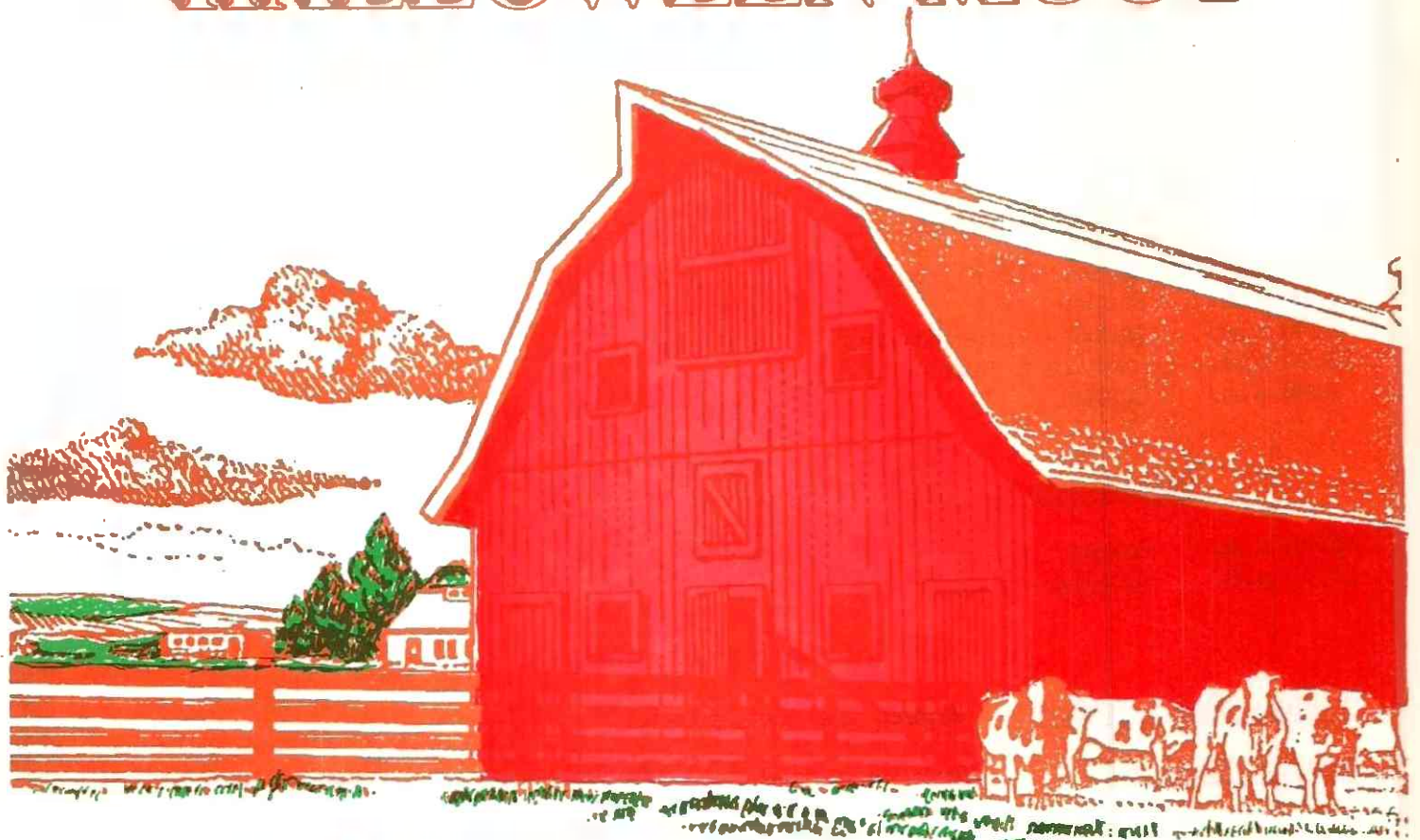
The PALADINS
 GPT HAMILTON ROVERS

RAPELING
 ROCK CLIMBING
 OPEN SPORTS
 CAR RALLY
 DANCE

For Information
 CONTACT:
 FRANK CHRISLER
 957 UPPER SHERMAN AVE.
 HAMILTON ONTARIO
 L8V 3N4
 (416) 318-1842



HALLOWEEN MOOT

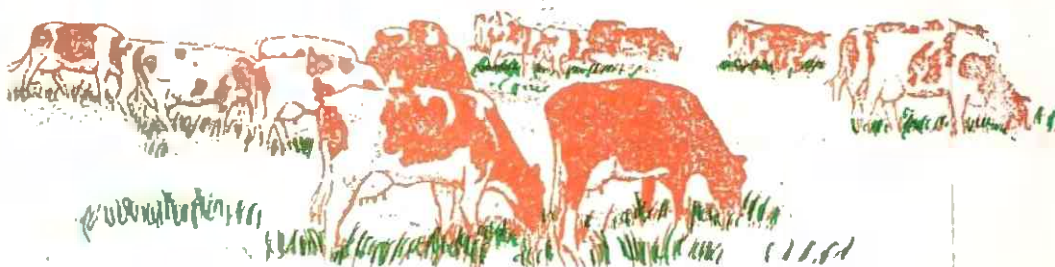


BACK TO THE COUNTRY

OCTOBER 16-18, 1992

**PRESENTED BY
1st BURFORD ROVERS
38th ST. MARKS ROVERS
and FRIENDS**

**For More Info Call
Stu & Mary Murchie
(519) 449-2289
or Write
1st. BURFORD ROVERS
p.o. BOX 337
BURFORD, ONTARIO
N0E 1A4**



HALLOWE'EN MOOT 1992

Presented by the 1st BURFORD ROVERS Past and Present and 38th ST. MARK'S
and FRIENDS

Friday, October 16th

12:00 Noon Registration Opens
5:00 p.m. Supper
8:30 p.m. Variety Entertainment
12:00 Mid. Bonfire & Bedtime stories
2:00 a.m. Curfew

Saturday October 17th

9:00 a.m. Official Camp Opening
9:45 a.m. Crew Events
12:15 p.m. Lunch
1:30 p.m. Car Rally & Group Events
3:00 p.m. Demonstations & Displays
5:00 p.m. Supper
8:00 p.m. Form in parking lot for dance
8:30 p.m. Costume Dance
1:00 a.m. Bonfire
2:00 a.m. Curfew

Sunday, October 18th

10:00 a.m. Rovers' Own
11:30 a.m. Closing & Awards

Variety Entertainment: Expect the unexpected!!

Bedtime Stories: Tell us a good ghost story around the campfires and
you'll get some more points

Car Rally: Waiver forms will be available at registration
immediately after opening.

Dance: Prizes will be awarded for best costumes. The dance
will be held in a heated hall in town; directions
will be supplied. An alternative is available.

Jack O'Lantern
Carving: Vegetables will be distributed upon arrival to the moot
(one per group). Carved vegetables must be turned in
at registration by 10:00pm Saturday. Vegetables will be
judged and points will go toward the main trophy.

General
Information:

A tractor with trailer will be provided to haul gear
to the campsites. All groups come self-contained.
There are a limited number of motorized camper sites
available, please preregister and prepay if you would
like one.

There will be a canteen selling hot and cold beverages,
fresh doughnuts and snacks, in the pavilion.

A Saturday lunch will be provided. Including day
registration.

Crests are not included in the cost of day registration.

The main Moot Trophy will be awarded to the group with
the most points at the end of the weekend. The trophy
will be engraved accordingly.



RULES AND REGULATIONS

All Rover/Ranger rules will be in effect.

Cutting of live trees will not be tolerated: wood will be provided.

The moot is open to all registered Rovers and Explorers. Rangers are welcome. (Rangers wishing to come, must obtain private sanction). Venture companies must be sponsored by a Rover Crew.

Car permits will be issued upon arrival. Permits must be shown when entering or exiting moot. Vehicles parked on site must stay on site. Sites will be assigned upon arrival.

Fires must be eighteen (18) inches above ground.

NO GROUND FIRES ALLOWED.

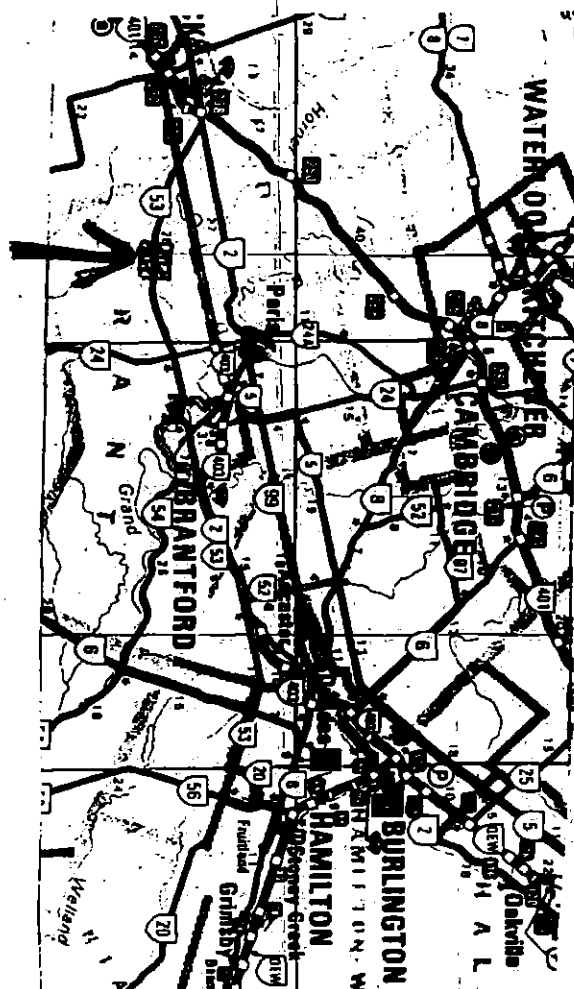
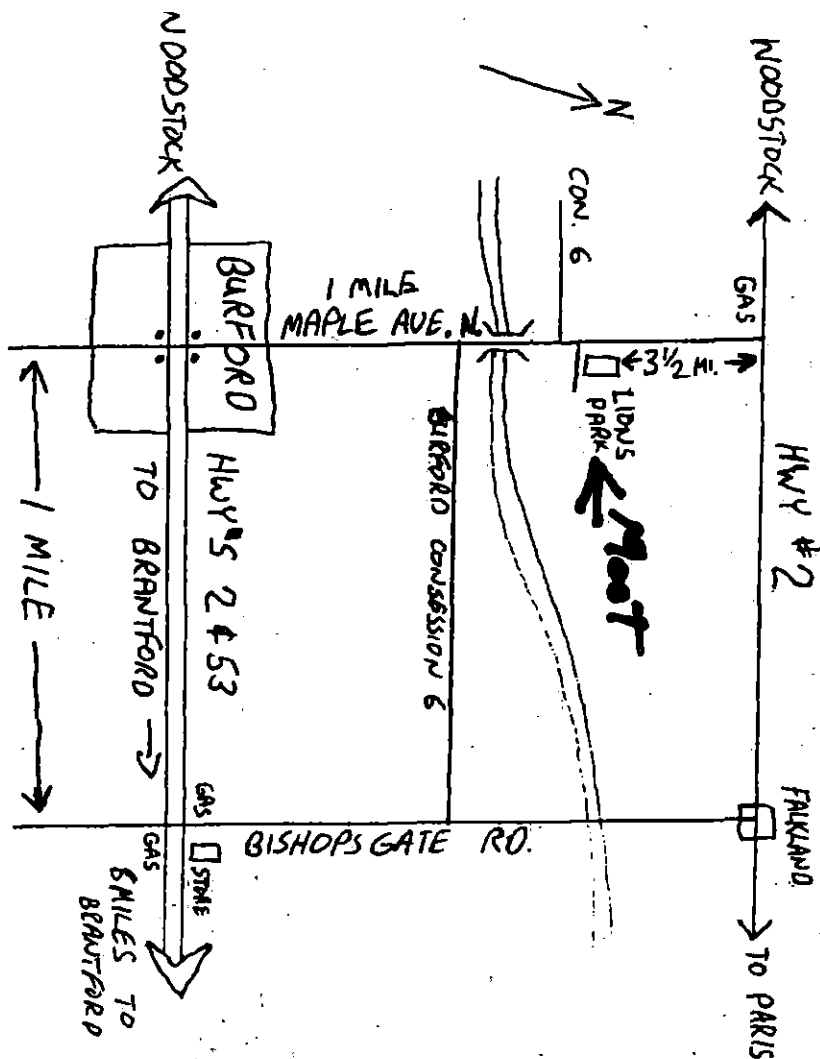
St. John Ambulance will be in attendance.

Set all garbage in front of site before leaving.

We are not responsible for lost, stolen, or damaged articles.

***** Anyone found in possession of, or consuming alcoholic beverages or drugs risk arrest or the immediate expulsion of the entire crew or company from the camp*****





Toronto/Hamilton Region: Use the Rest Acres off-ramp on HWY 403
London/Windsor Region: Use HWY #401 to #403 to #53 east

PREREGISTRATION FORM:

Name of Crew, Company or Post: _____

Mailing Address: _____
(Please use postal or zip code) _____

Name of responsible adult attending camp: _____

Number attending: Weekend _____ Day _____
Registration fee: \$8.00 advance (prepaid and postmarked by October 2nd)
\$10.00 at the gate; after October 2nd
\$6.00 day rate: CREST EXTRA

Please enclose a list of the names of those attending.

Cheques Payable to: HALLOWE'EN MOOT

Send to: 1st Burford Rovers
P.O. Box #337
Burford, Ontario
Canada NOE 1A0

Any Problems or Questions?
Please call...

Stu or Mary Murchie (519) 449-2289

Val or Travis Ryder (519) 751-0582



ST. GEORGE'S DINNER & DANCE



Making sure all bolts in walls are tight.



The high riggers build the turret, rig the back screens for projection, while balancing on 1"x2"



Never hurts to meditate a bit



IT'S READY

ST. GEORGE'S DINNER & DANCE (con't)

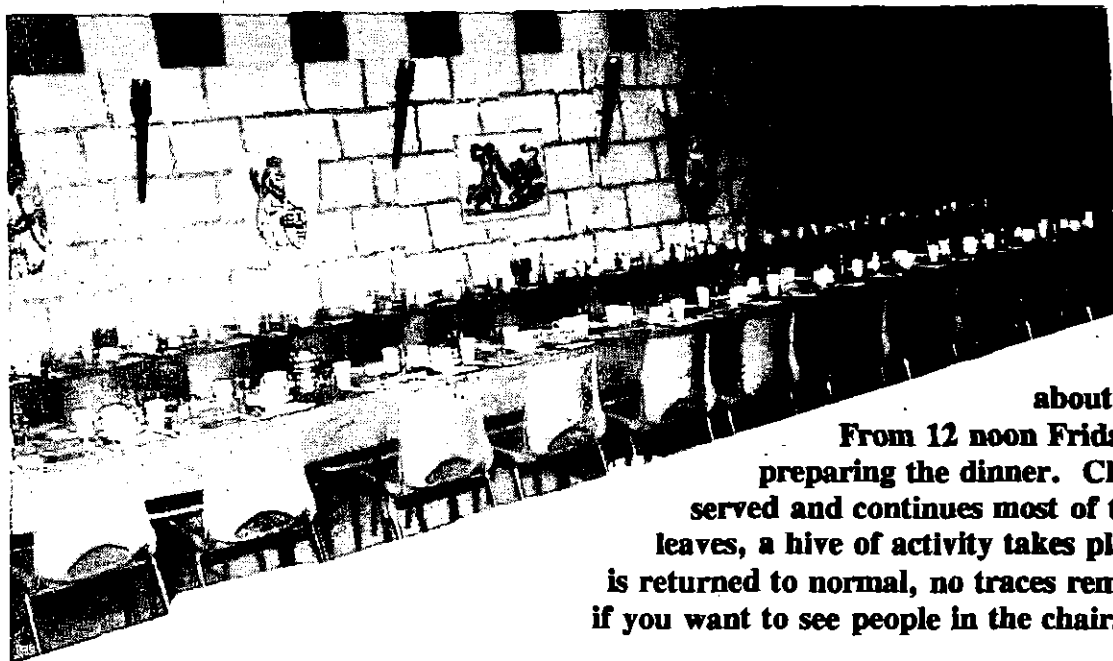


Greetings from Prov. Comm. **PAUL JACKSON**, **JIM SIMMONS U.S.A.**
A.D.C. North Waterloo, **JOHN LOCKNER**, Chairman St. Peter's
Church, **RON ROCKEL**. (left to right)



Dave Parkhill
and
Dan Mclean Jr.
Entertain

ROGER AWARDS and HUGGS



It takes a week to prepare, about 18 hrs. spread out over 4 days
From 12 noon Friday till 3 P.M. Saturday is spent preparing the dinner. Clean up is started as the meal is served and continues most of the evening, after the last guest leaves, a hive of activity takes place and at 4 A.M. the Church is returned to normal, no traces remain of the previous night. But if you want to see people in the chairs you have to be there brother!

**ST. GEORGE'S DAY
C A R R A L L Y**

(Better Late Than Never)

SUNDAY JUNE 28, 1992

1:00 pm

Calder Community Centre, GRIMSBY, Ontario

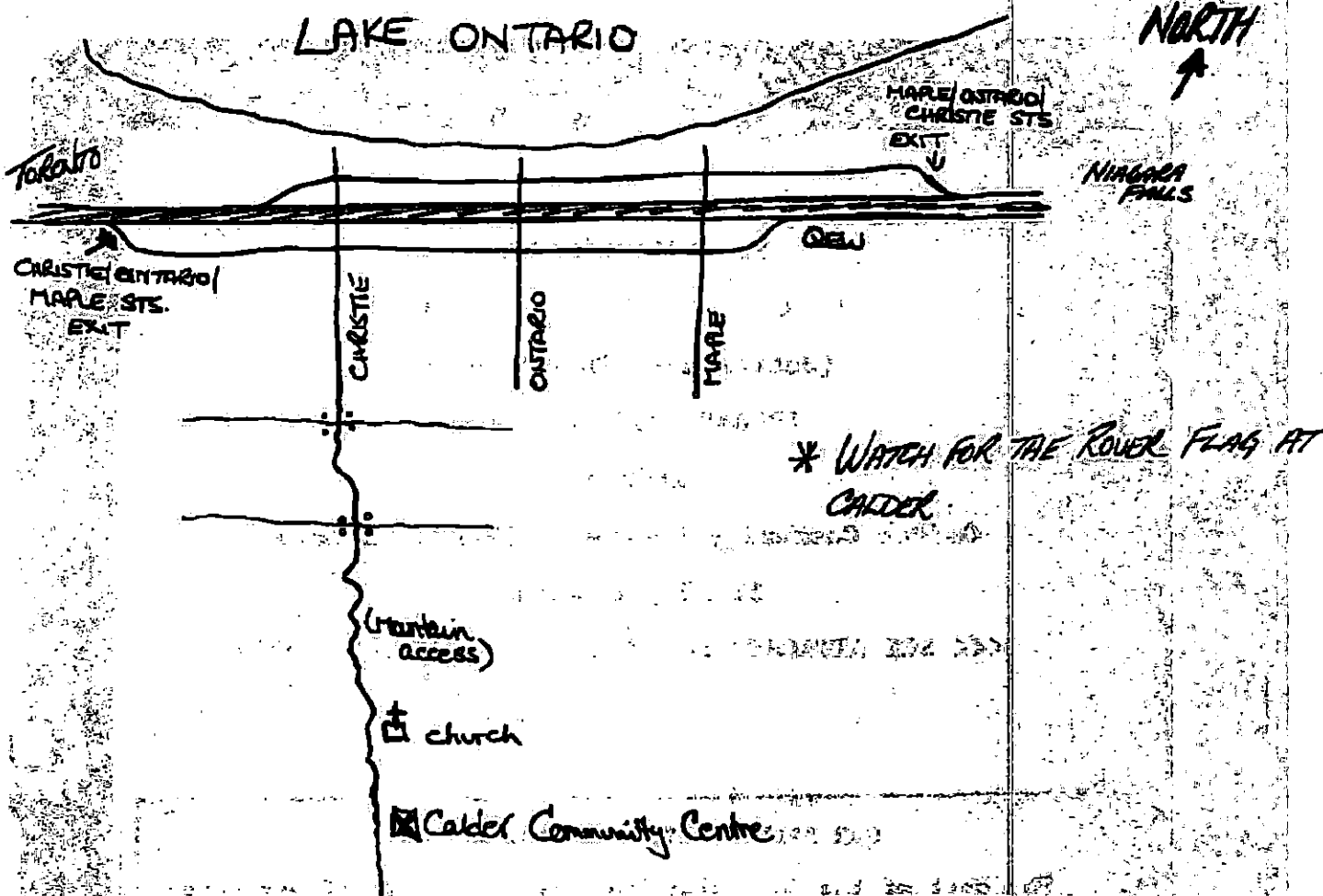
\$2.50 per person

<<<< SEE ATTACHED FOR FURTHER INFORMATION >>>>

CAR RALLY RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. The cost of the Car Rally has been set at \$2.50 per person.
2. The minimum number of participants per vehicle will be not less than two (2).
3. The maximum number of participants per vehicle will be limited to the number of seatbelts in the vehicle.
THIS RULE WILL BE STRICTLY ENFORCED.
4. Seatbelts must be worn at all times throughout the Car Rally.
5. All vehicles **MUST** display their assigned vehicle number, and operate with their headlights on at all times.
6. Participants must obey posted speed limits, stop signs, traffic lights, and all other Laws of the road.
7. Participants must stop at all designated "Checkpoints".
8. **ALL DRIVERS WILL BE ASKED TO PRODUCE A VALID DRIVERS LICENCE AND VALID INSURANCE CERTIFICATE ON THE DATE OF THE CAR RALLY.**
9. Trophies will be awarded to the First, Second and Third place finishers.
10. Refreshments will be provided following the Rally.
11. Deadline for registrations is JUNE 15, 1992.
12. For further information, please contact:
Russ Kelk (416) 945-3587

***** PLEASE, NO PHONE CALLS AFTER 10:00 PM. *****



CAR RALLY REGISTRATION FORM

(Please, only one vehicle per registration form. If you need extras, please photocopy, or use separate piece of paper.)

CAR LICENCE NUMBER:

TYPE OF VEHICLE:

CREW/COMPANY NAME:

DRIVER'S NAME:

PASSENGER:

PASSENGER:

PASSENGER:

PASSENGER:

- X \$2.50 -

#PEOPLE

TOTAL ENCLOSED

Mail to:

Christina Dixon
R.R. #2
HAGARVILLE, Ontario
NOA 1H0

NIGHTMARE

by Alan West

Synopsis: John Nemea a well known football player has returned home to his old high school as the athletic director. He becomes engaged to Jill Axworthy the drama teacher. During a football practise John takes a blow to the head, and starts to experience unexplained dreams which became very real. The last dream becomes vividly real when he remembers, in detail, the brutal slaying of a dancer, after waking up with blood on his hands and sheets. After seeing a news cast of the murder, he phones the police and describes what the girl was wearing and where she was stabbed. The silence, on the phone followed by the question, "Who is this?" confirmed his suspicions, John hung up immediately and said aloud, "What have I done?"

John sat in his kitchen, waves of despair washed over him. "I've become a Jeckel and Hyde, a teacher by day and a killer by night." He thought maybe he should run, no that wouldn't work he would just start killing some where else. One thought after another filed through his head. He started to sweat and he admitted to himself, "I'm frightened!"

Suddenly his memory moved back a few years...there were three canoes sitting in calm water, the crew and skip were looking at the white water that faced them. It wasn't all that bad but it was their first and it was obvious that caution was being replaced by fear. John looked with disbelief at his bow partner, for Skip was fastening his life jacket, he turned to John as he pulled his hat down tight and said, "Let's go!" As they pushed off John yelled in turn and thought, "why do I always get paired with the nut in the group."

He could not recall one bit of that run, but he recalled what Skip had said as that sat in calm water, waiting for the others. "You see John we had nothing to fear, but fear itself." And this is what had suddenly come to mind. "Nothing to fear, but fear itself."

He picked up the phone and dialed the number that came to him almost automatically. After the third ring he started to get cold feet, then the voice that he knew so well said "Hello".

"Skip, it's John Nemea, I want to ask you a question."

"It's great to hear from you John, I heard you were back in town. What can I do for you."

"Hank, did Roger Lee graduate as a lawyer, and if he did do you know where he is practising."

"He did and he is with a firm right here in the city."

"Do you know if he takes criminal cases?"

"No I don't John, is there something wrong, you sound edgy?"

"I'm in trouble, the worst possible kind."

"Don't say another word to me, get a lawyer, now!"

John became aware of the rolling of distant thunder, at least that's the way it sounded till he realized someone was knocking or rather pounding on the door. His first thought was the police had traced his phone call, that was quickly dispelled as he heard Jill's voice calling him.

"Get in here and be quiet." was the gruff greeting Jill received. Looking stunned, she allowed herself to be propelled to a chair.

"I can't say anything to you 'till I talk to a lawyer, please trust me." Then he picked up the

phone book and looked up Roger Lee. As he dialed the number, he thought, "I ask her to trust me, that's bolting the door after the cows have left."

"Hello is that you Roger, this is John Nemea, I'm in big trouble, will you help me, please?"

"Slow down John, this is Saturday and I was just leaving to go golfing, can't it wait until Monday?"

Then very slowly John said, "Did you see the morning news cast or hear one on the radio?"

"Yes"

"The story about the dancer, I think I did it."

Jill gasped, "John what are you talking about?" Utter disbelief was written all over her face.

"John, you're not putting me on, are you? No you wouldn't, not about something like that. Give me your address, and Ill be right over. Who else knows about this, it sounds like someone is there with you."

"My fiancee is here and overheard me talking to you, why?"

"Will she stay till I get there?"

"No problem, I'll be waiting, goodbye."

Turning to Jill, he said very calmly, 'Let's have a cup of coffee, and no questions till Roger gets here, O.K."

Jill muttered, "I guess I don't have much choice."

John opened the door and looked at the

sweatsuited figure standing there. A grin spread across both of their faces as they extended their left hands. Almost together they said, "It's good to see you again." Roger continued on, "Now what in the hell is this all about?"

"You sit down and I'll explain, and you can ask questions after." While John told his story, Jill looked at him with complete disbelief, then busied herself making and pouring coffee.

John told it all from the drinking to the murder in damning detail, and when he was finished his face was ashen grey and his voice was a mere whisper.

Roger had watched John intently as he listened, he remembered the Hammer he had known, and none of this made any sense. It did not fit the image, it was like looking at a field of skunks and smelling roses. Before Roger could ask a question, Jill spoke and told what she had seen and heard, after John's head injury.

Roger held up his hand, "O.K., I've heard enough, the first thing we are going to do is go down to the police and tell them what you know." he took a deep breath and continued, "If you are guilty, and I don't believe you are, but if you are we are going to plead insanity."

"Anything to put an end to this, I'm almost afraid to go to sleep, because I know that I'll become that other person, and may kill someone else."

Jill shook her head, "I don't believe this is happening, it must be a bad dream."

Lt. Culford looked at the man who sat across the desk from him. The man had just quietly described the details of last night's slaying, details that had not been released to the public. The police had a confession, but, as the lawyer, Roger Lee pointed out, not one shred of evidence.

The list of questions that were answered with a puzzle grew.

"Where is the knife?" "At my other place", came the answer.

"Where is your other place?"

"I don't know, I only go there when I am asleep."

More and more questions, and they were answered freely. The more questions John answered, the more confused Lt. Culford became.

Finally, exasperated, the Lieutenant took Roger into the outer office.

"Mr. Lee, I'll be honest with you. I feel like I am questioning two people, one who is open and honest, the other vague and evasive. I could hold him, but you would have him out very shortly, am I right?"

"Your right! May I make a suggestion?"

"Feel free, anything will be better than what I am getting in there."

"Release him in my custody, and have a couple of men assigned to watch him. I'll take him home and spend the night with him, and if he gets away from me, your people would be right there."

"Whose side are you on councillor, it almost sounds like you want to prove one way or another that he did it?"

"You don't understand. I've known John for years, and I don't believe he could do what he claims to have done. With John it is now a matter of honour, that's why he is here, and he knows that it is also my honour, to prove him guilty if I can. Deep down inside him he did not call me to defend him but to help him one way or the other."

The policeman looked at Roger like he was

just seeing him for the first time. "I'll go along with your idea. Why do I feel like I am dealing with a couple of Boy Scouts? What are smiling about Mr. Lee?"

"You don't know just how close you are, someday I'll tell you about it."

They went back into the office and Roger explained what had transpired, that John was being released into Roger's custody, pending further investigations by the police.

John didn't really believe what Roger said. He suspected that he would be watched, after everything he had told the police how could they do anything else. He turned to Roger and said "Why?"

Lt. Culford answered instead of Roger, "In spite of everything you have told us, there is not one solid shread of evidence to prove you did it. Your entire story could be a supposition on your part. If I did charge you, your friend here would have you out in no time, understand?"

John looked at Roger in disbelief and exclaimed with a shake of his head, "This is absolutely nuts."

On the way home John sat in the back seat, while Jillsat up front with Roger. She had become fascinated with the stories that Roger was telling her about the days he and John had been Scouts and Rovers together. The only story that was not told was the one about a certain Christmas. A story shared by only seven people, who had agreed to keep it that way.

As Roger talked John grew more relaxed, as the memories of those days came back in nostalgic waves. He heard Roger mention one of the last moots they had managed to attend. It was a new moot called "Snowball". "We camped in a ravine figuring we would be out of wind. The only trouble was the wind roared down the ravine that night like a express train." Rogers description

brought memories into sharp focus. John thought, "I remember that one, I darn near froze." That was about the last thought he had as he fell asleep with a smile on his face.

Jill turned to talk to John and saw he was asleep. Her eyes were still on him when he awoke, and what she saw and heard startled her.

John's face looked twisted with a fury of madness that made his eyes blaze with radiated hatred. He spoke with a low gravelly voice, "I've got a damn hangover." Then his eyes became warmer and his expression turned very puzzled.

"Must have been dreaming again." he remarked.

All this took place in the few seconds Jill turned to talk to him. It didn't go unnoticed by Roger who was startled by the strange voice from the back seat.

When they reached John's place he invited Roger to have supper with Jill and him, "I cook a mean steak," John bragged.

"I seem to remember steaks that were more like shoe leather", laughed Roger, "I'll accept your invitation just to see if you have improved."

"Just for that I am going to pull out all the stops, I've changed my cooking habits over the years." then added quietly as an after thought, "A lot of things have changed."

John went straight to the kitchen, ordering Jill and Roger to stay out, and calmly announced, "Dinner in forty-five minutes."

Roger looked at Jill and asked, "Is he putting me on."

"Not one bit." came the reply. Then quietly so she wouldn't be heard over the clatter of dishes coming from the kitchen, she told Roger what she has seen in the car.

Roger nodded and said, "I heard." and walked over to the window. He turned and told her there was a unmarked cruiser parked out front.

"Are you sure?" asked Jill.

"If I had to bet on it, I would. It was with us all the way from the police station."

Just then John appeared in the kitchen doorway. He was dressed in a apron with a towel draped over one arm, and spoke with a undetermined accent. "Zee monagement of Ghon,s Grezzy Spunn invetes yoo to zup at hiz tayble.- your right Roger, I saw them too."

"Doesn't bother you John?" asked Jill

"Not one bit, it tells me they must have believed some parts of my story, come on let's eat."

While they were eating Jill asked John, "Are you feeling O.K., because you look terrible."

John finally admitted he was feeling lousy, "probably that bump on my head was still affecting me." he said.

"Roger and I will clean up, you go and get some rest" and she quickly added, "no arguments."

He got up slowly, and despite the throb in his head he remarked, "This is definately the classest place to eat, a drama teacher for a maid, and a lawyer for a busboy." With a half hearted laugh he walked slowly to the bedroom and literary fell on the bed and was asleep almost instantly.

Jill kissed him lightly on the cheek, and closed the door.

John looked around the room, the gun collection, the knives, the bows and arrows, all looked great. "I must have given the cops the slip." he thought. Then he said out loud, "They're witches, I'll kill every one of them, rid the damn earth of

them." With that statement echoing in his mind he walked out the door and slammed it behind him.

Dusk was falling and in a matter of a couple of blocks the street became a land of deep shadows, accented the pools of man made lights. He stopped at the corner store, bought some cigarettes and a bottle of aspirin for his hangover. He left the store, lit up and decided to go for a walk. He walked almost aimlessly and found himself opposite the supermarket, that had fired him just a week before. He didn't give a damn he told himself. His parents had left him a bundle, and he only worked part time to make sure his inheritance didn't run out. As he watched the store, its lights started going out and employees were leaving.

It was then he spotted the blond, who in his mind had him fired. It didn't matter that he had been warned several times for being late and also for drinking on the job. "Just because I gave her behind a squeeze, they fire me on the spot. If she hadn't screamed I'd still be working there." was the thought running through his mind.

He reached under his jacket and around to his back, and touched the bowie knife that was tucked in his belt. He became aware of the sheath that rested against his upper buttocks, and the grip that lay just below his shoulder blades. Very quietly his voice a hoarse whisper, he said, "I'll teach that blond witch."

As he watched her he came to the conclusion that she was going to walk home. That meant she would be passing by a small run down park about a block from her house. John turned and started to run; he would reach that park well before her and wait, "And then I'll....."

After cleaning up, Jill and Roger sat in at the kitchen table with a coffee. Roger was telling her about John's trip back through time, and his first existence as a mouse.

"He has never mentioned that," reply Jill, "but I guess I wouldn't spread that around either.

How did you find out about it?"

"During the summer, when John came home. All the guys were in town, so we got together and went out to our old camping ground. We were sitting around the fire, and John told us the story. We debated, much to John's dismay, whether to change his nickname from "the Hammer" to "the mouse".

"No wonder he has never mentioned that," Jill giggled, Then more serious, "You guys must have been very close for him to tell that in the first place."

"I guess we were, and now we are all scattered." Roger grew quiet then said, "Maybe when this mess is cleared up we could....."

The relative quiet was shattered by a gravely voice from the bedroom. The voice sounded like a madman, and there was no mistaking the words, "KILL HER", followed by silence.....

TO BE CONTINUED



At the St. George's Dinner & Dance there were, as guest Em'c and also as entertainers, Dan Mclean Jr and Dave Parkhill. During the evening Dan stood in front of the capacity crowd and without any notes, gave a rather stirring testimonial on Scouting. Here, with many thanks to Gilbert Asmus who played the video over and over, to put the testimonial in written form, is what Dan McLean Jr said. We'll call it.....

"OFF THE CUFF"

As I've become older in Rovering, my views on Rovering and Scouting have changed quite a bit. When I first started 14 years ago, it was with a bunch of guys that I went to high school with. They asked me if I'd come out to a Rover Moot, which was a Dorchester Moot. And I said, "What's a Moot?".

We're from a farming community you must understand, so if somebody says something like, they want you to go to a moot, you feel like you are being set up! It sounds like, "Are they making fun about the way I talk or something. Anyway they asked me to go out to this moot, they explained to me what it was, and the first thing they said was, "Lots of girls". It was true, I started going to Rover Moots primarily just as a social thing, just to meet people.

I discovered after probably a year or two, that there were not only many interesting people to meet, and just say "hi". to for the weekend, but people that go to campfires with, people that you hang out with in the events. There were many

people that I discovered had a much different sort of attitude to what was going on. They were there not only for the fun, they were there to network with other Rovers. They were there to talk to other Rovers, to learn from other Rovers.

Since then my attitudes have changed even more. I consider that Rovering has been a huge influence on most every part of my life. Most of the members in our Rover Crew, who have been in for any period of time, have experienced the same change. There's been a huge change in the way they approach people, the way they approach almost any situation.

I'm only sorry that I didn't get started in Scouting much earlier. I was in Cubs probably for about a year and it just sort of faded out and I didn't get back in till I was 18. I'm very sorry I wasn't in it longer.

In my life, in the last few years, I've drifted somewhat from Rovering. I don't go to all the Moots, and I don't go to all the Dances. But, I have tried to carry with me everywhere I go, the Rovering Spirit. Everywhere I go, everything I do, I make sure that people know that I am a Rover. It's one of the first things they find out about me. I'm a member of Scouting and very proud to be a Rover. Many people before me have obviously taken the same attitude to their work places, to their social events outside of Scouting.

When I tell someone that I'm 32 and still in Scouting, first they kind of chuckle, because they didn't think that Scouts were that old. But before long, I would find my employer telling clients, "oh by the way you can trust this guy, he's in Scouts." I would chuckle!!

At the same time, I do get immediate respect from the people I deal with in the business that I am in. This is due to the fact, that many Scouts before me have taken pride in being Scouts. They have carried that pride into their workplaces, they have been honest, they have been fair, they have been industrious.

I feel it's not only my responsibility, it's the responsibility of everyone in Scouting, especially

we in Rovers. Since we are looked on as an example, it's our responsibility to carry that pride, to our dedication, our honesty, throughout our entire lives.

Tell every one you are a Scout and be proud that you are a Scout.

I think if Dan were to sign this he would sign it:

From the Heart, Dan Mclean Jr.

I am almost positive that there are a lot of leaders out there, that when they read Dan's remarks, they are going to think, "It really is worthwhile." Thank you Dan.....Don.

A big thank you from Rover Magazine to the Ontario Rover Round Table for the surprise donation that they gave to the magazine. Every bit helps,
thanks much.

