



**ROVERING
MAGAZINE**



SUBSCRIPTION & ACCOUNTS

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PUBLICATION DATES

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: _____
c/o: _____
Address: _____
City: _____
Prov/State: _____ Country: _____
Post/Zip Code: _____ New Subscription[]
Renewal [] 1 yr [] 2 yr [] 3 yr []

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

EVENTS CALENDAR							FEBRUARY 1993	
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY		
Fill in your local dates, and check your winter gear.	1	2	3	4	5	6		
7	8	9	10	11	12 Ont. "Snowball" Contact: Brock Firth (416)673-7732	13 Snowball Moot		
14 Valentine's day Snowball Moot	15	16	17	18	19 BC. Rovent '93 contact: Marc Ramsay 936-3434	20 BC. Rovent '93		
21 BC. Rovent '93	22 B.P.'s Birthday	23	24 Ash Wednesday	25	26	27 Ontario North Waterloo Kub Kar Championships Sponsored by North Waterloo R.R.T.		
28								

EVENTS CALENDAR

MARCH 1993

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17 St. Patrick's Day	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26 Rover Basic Course Peacehaven Camp, Drumbo, \$12.50 per person, contact Todd Watters (519)754-0835	27 Rover Basic Course Peacehaven Camp
28	29	30	31			Check your spring camping gear now!!

IMPORTANT

DUE TO CHANGES IN POSTAL REGULATIONS, OUR CAMBRIDGE BOX NUMBER NO LONGER APPLIES. WE HAVE ENVELOPES AND COVERS PREPRINTED WITH THE *OLD* BOX NUMBER, PLEASE IGNORE AND SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS & ACCOUNT PAYMENTS TO THE FOLLOWING:

**"ROVERING MAGAZINE"
SUBSCRIPTIONS & ACCOUNTS
1873 EARLWOOD STREET
CAMBRIDGE ONTARIO
CANADA, N3H 5A4
OUR FAX NUMBER IS NOW
(519) 658-1359**

U P C O M I N G EVENTS

CANADA

**JULY 10 TO 18, 1993
CJ '93
KANANASKIS, ALBERTA**

ONTARIO

FEBRUARY

12 to 13
SNOWBALL MOOT
Contact: Brock Firth
274 Juniper Ave.
Burlington, Ontario
Tel; (416)637-7732
or (416)664-4806
(before 10pm. please)

MARCH

26 to 27
ROVER BASIC COURSE
Peacehaven Scout Camp - Drumbo
\$12.50 per person
Contact: Todd Watters
(519) 754-0835

APRIL

16th to 18th
LOONEY TUNES MOOT
Black Panthers
(see ad)

16th to 18th
ROVER PART 1 - BLUE SPRINGS
Fee: \$40.00
Contact: Training Dept at O. HQ.

24th
ST. GEORGE'S DINNER & DANCE
Contact; 9th Kitchener
516-745-6320
(see Ad)

MAY

no date
MEDIEVAL FARE

JUNE

4 to 6 (10th anniversary)
ATTAWANDERONK MOOT
\$13.00 pre-registration before May 1, 1993
(includes moot "T" shirt)
\$10.00 after May 1, 1993 (no shirt)
Contact: Brad Norris
(519) 669-7621

JULY

16- 23

ROVER PART 2, BLUE SPRINGS

Contact: Training Dept. Provincial H.Q.

AUGUST

7 TO 14

ROVER PART 2, BLUE SPRINGS

Contact: Training Dept. Provincial H.Q.

B.C. Rovering

February

19 - 21

Rovent 1993™, Vancouver Coast

Cambie Creek Nordic Area

Manning Park, BC

Contact: Marc Ramsay 936-3434

April

17,18

Vancouver Coast Nite Hike

Pacific Spirit Park

Vancouver, BC

24

Provincial Roundtable Meeting

Kamloops, BC

12:00 Noon

May

8 - 9

VCR Moot

Location TBA

Kevin Rostek @ 985-8398

21 - 24

Camp Skeeter

Nanaimo, BC

June

5

BP Trek Challenge

North Vancouver, BC

18 - 20

Kindergarten Moot

Camp Cove

Harrison Lake, BC

July

10 - 18

CJ'93

Kananaskis, Alta

September

3 - 6

Klondike Moot

Camp Dunlop

Kelowna, BC

U. S. A.

AUGUST

12 - 15

21st WEE MOOT

Glasgow, Kentucky, U.S.A.

(see Ad)

LOONEY TUNES MOOD

*The Black
Panthers
presents*



YEAR OF THE TAZ

APRIL 16 - 18



LOONEY TUNES

REGISTRATION FORM

Name of your Crew, Company, Post: _____

If you are a Venturer Company, please give us your Rover Sponsors name:

ROVER SPONSOR MUST BE IN ATTENDANCE

Number attending weekend _____ Day _____

Registration fee per person: \$10.00 Before April 1, 1993.
\$12.00 At gate, after April 1, 1993.
\$ 7.50 Day Rate, crest included.

Total Registration (No. of persons X \$10, \$12 or \$7.50) = _____

Name and phone number of responsible adult attending camp.

Phone _____

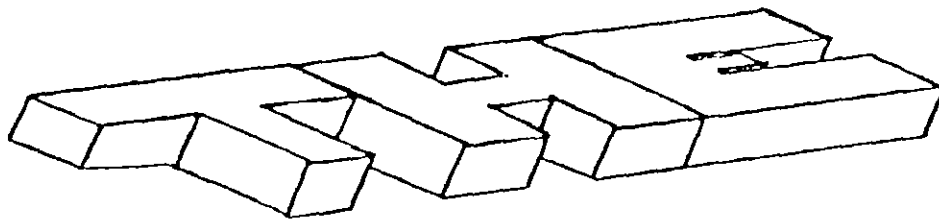
Looney Tunes Moot will held at Blue Springs, Blue Heron campsite (Milton, Ont.)

If information is requested about registration, please contact Brian or Harry at (416) 827-3694 or Alan at (416) 257-3070.

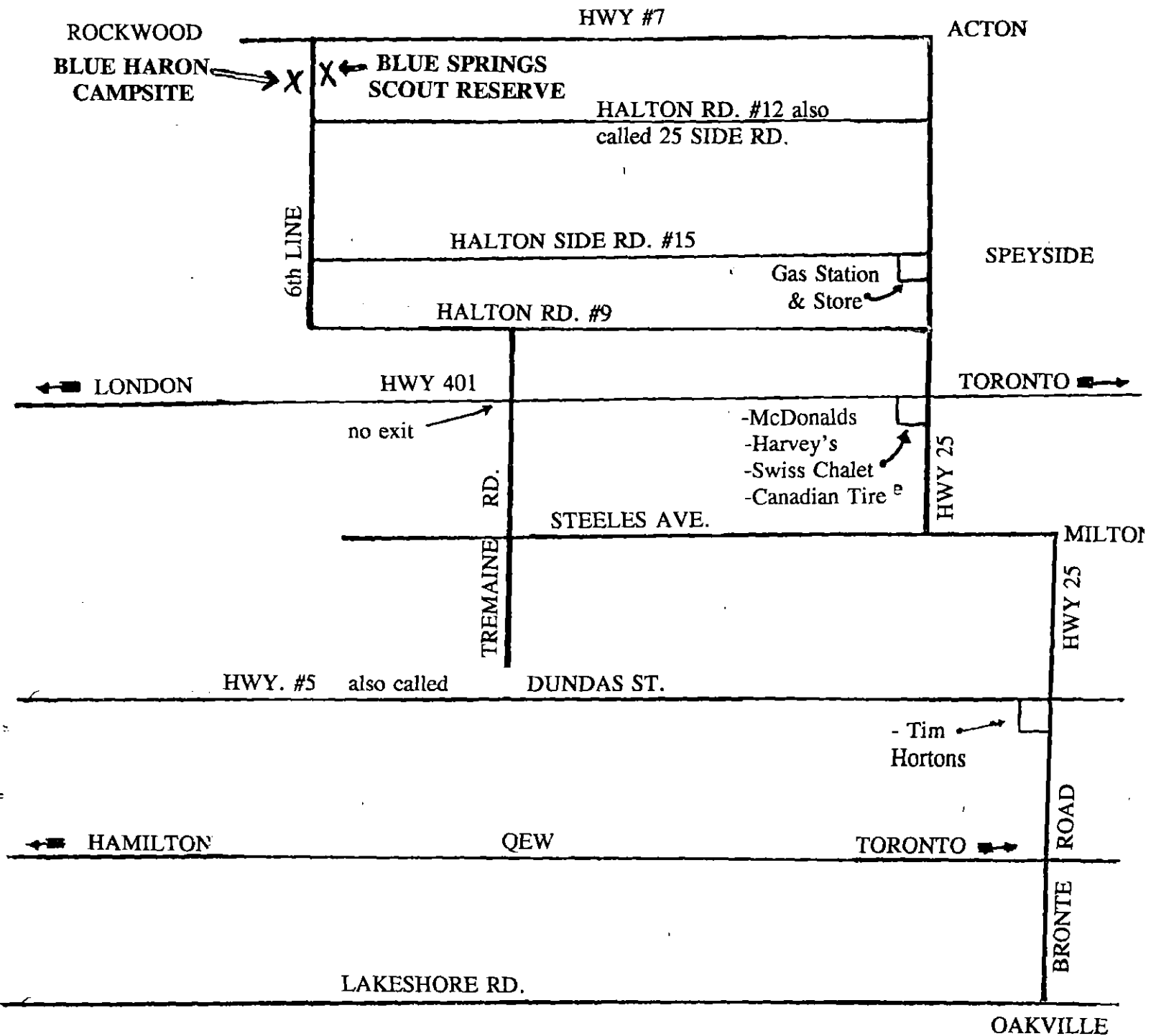
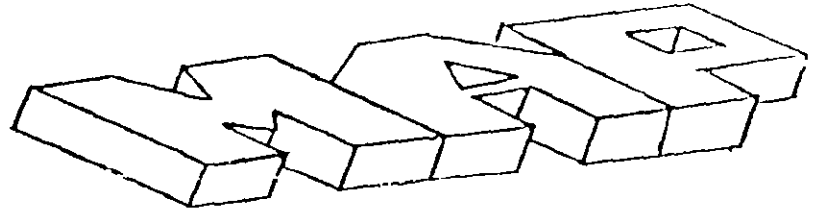
Cheques payable to: 2nd OAKVILLE ROVERS

Send to: Brian Flikkema
551 Stonecliffe Road
Oakville, Ont.
L6L 4N8





LOONEY TUNES
MOOT



DON'T
"EVER"
GIVE UP



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

127 Galloway Drive,
Sherwood Park,
Alberta, T8A 2N1

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is my cheque for a three-year subscription to your publication. Please send it to me at the above address.

At a recent Rover/Venturer EVENT for Alberta, I was introduced to a copy of your publication. Prior to November, I was unaware of its existence.

Attached is a copy of a letter I have sent to all Alberta Rover Crews. It's purpose is to get them doing something about the future of Rover Scouts. You are free to include it, or parts of it in your publication.

If you have any back issues of ROVERING MAGAZINE, I would appreciate them.

Thank you for your assistance.

Graham Norman.

Ed. comment: Your letter both pained and delighted me. First the pain, after 16yrs it hurts to find out that there are still crews who have not heard of us. Delight - If you will send a mailing list of all Alberta Crews, a complimentary copy of ROVERING will be

sent to them.

Your letter is in this issue (ROVERING IS DOOMED). Feel free to contribute to the contents of ROVERING MAGAZINE any time, or encourage other Rovers in Alberta to do so.

It goes without saying that anything to do with Rovers will more than likely be published, but we also encourage stories, fact or fiction, to add a entertainment area to the magazine. Besides it would be fantastic if another Ludlum, Hemingway, Michner or Berton received their start in these pages.

THE OFFER OF A COMPLIMENTARY COPY IS OPEN TO ALL PROVINCES, JUST SEND IN A LIST OF ALL CREWS. If you think this is a sneaky way to get that Rover Address list, which seems to have stalled, well.....

At one time we ran a special column every issue, it looks like it could be started again IF you keep sending in the info. it was called:

MATCHED - HATCHED - DISPATCHED

From 3rd Aurora Nomad Rover Crew: Gordon Campbell and Catrina Grant announce their engagement. Gord a long member of the NOMADS met Catrina when she joined the Crew.

Catrina is from England and is a professional nanny.

Leslie Sloban (nee Wunder) formally of 9th Kitchner, a nurse, who a one time wrote the column First Aid Fredia, gave birth to a son in December.

(I remember a conversation with Leslie in

which she stated she would like 12 children. I think that now, since she has more hands on experience, it would be good time re-open that conversation to see if she (and Karl her husband) have changed their minds.)

The REP-ORRT

ONTARIO ROVER ROUNDTABLE

During the 1993 Scouting year, the Ontario Rover Round Table meetings will be held in rotating locations in Ontario, with a special activity, ie. minigolf, shooting, bowling, etc. following each meeting.

March 28, 1993 - 12 noon - North Waterloo Scout Office

May 14, 1993 - 12 noon - Base Borden

July 24 - all day - Peacehaven Camp (social)

September 19, 1993 - 12 noon Brampton Office

November 21, 1993 - 11 am. Provincial Scout Office.

I would like to thank all the Rovers/Advisors for participating in the awards last year. These awards will be presented at the St. George's Day Dinner & Dance. This year in addition to the Ontario Blood Donor Challenge and the Roland S. Dell Memorial Awards, I am honoured to present 3 Silver Quester Awards and 1 Gold

Quester Award. Also, this year we will be presenting a special award to a longtime scouter for his dedication to Rovering.

This year we (O.R.R.T.) have formed the following task force groups;

1. Fundraising - Sean Hume
2. Public Relations - Robert Craig
Joey Lauzon
3. Obstacle Course - Patric Senson
- Karen Madill
- Shawn Haskett
- Crew from Base Borden

Heather Archer, Chairman of ORRT, will also sit on each task force group.

I would like to ask everyone for full participation and support in all activities or the Rovering Section will be dissolved within five years. I cannot ask or encourage enough people to actively support service work and participation in all Rovering activities. Lets keep the Rovering Spirit alive like Lord Baden Powell had intended.

Heather Archer
ORRT Chairman

B.C. ROVERING

We don't know how it happened, but all of a sudden it was Rovering Magazine time again! Where does the time go!? Yes, we're back again to tantalize your senses with our exhilarating literary flair. NOT!!! Paul and Marc are back in the hole called Paul's Room, and because of certain technical difficulties, (specifically, hard drive failure) we aren't using WordPerfect

for Windows tonight. It's really tough using this Dr conian DOS based WP5.1 again. Sigh.....

Gord couldn't be with us tonight (something about more appealing warm bodies some place else), but he and his Squire, Arran, send their love. As per Tony's (yes, the same Crispie who once dazzle you all with his literary brilliance) request, the word 'Squeeze' will be inserted here as a test case.

The snow is finally melting, and the temperature is hitting a balmy 6°C. The sun is finally radiating some heat for a change. Its been clear and cool/cold for so long, we almost forgot what rain was. The Rover Christmas party at my (Marc's) place was a blast. Rovers from all over the lower mainland attended, and a great time was held by all except the my landlady/Aunt who didn't appreciate being kept awake 'till 3AM. Paul really enjoyed the Sambucca shooters, and not to mention the vodka ones as well! (yech!) The Austrian Rum (180 proof) proved to be a blast furnace on a cold winters night (Right James?!) Just what Tanya and Paul were doing rolling around the bathroom floor and laughing is still a mystery to the rest of us. The final attraction for the evening was the Boa feeding, and Craig didn't want to give up his furry little friend.

Since were talking about Rover parties (sorry Paul), a group or mellow Rovers brought in the New Year at Mike Sedlak's place. Other than a few para-flares, Paul was the only real entertainment (It was that Sambucca thing again).

Hey, Paul, pass me another piece of that Dominos Pizza, I'm starving.

I tried getting a report from a couple of Australian Rovers on the Perth Moot, but

their answering machine was the only one home. Maybe next time.

Vancouver Coast Region

It's a new year, and we're jumping right in. Planning for Rovent '93™ is well underway, and registration packages are out. Bassackwards is the theme, and all your favourite activities like 'Strawberry Flats', 'Snow Golf', and 'Henley on the Similkameen' are on as per usual. A full report on the 'Greatest Winter Camp Known to Man' will appear next issue.

Look for it!

On January 17th, the Vancouver Coast Regional Roundtable hosted a Rover-Venturer Bowling Night at Commodore Lanes in downtown Vancouver. Over 40 Rovers and Ventures bowled the night away for a measly \$2.50, and everyone had a great time. Tim Lam was even heard to exclaim "Look, I'm bowling like Marc!"

The 115th Carleton Rovers have adopted a new name, 15th Hastsezni Rovers (no, we can't pronounce it either). As per Cheri, "It's Indian, but I forgot what it means."

Three Snookums helped out with a telethon for Somalian relief, and they also plan to help out at the Variety Club Telethon in February.

The Vespulas are again putting out an open invitation to anyone who wants to go for "The BP Trek Challenge" on June 5th.

This 47km hike starts at sunrise near Horseshoe Bay and ends before sunset in Deep Cove. Rumour has it that Don will be down from his home in the middle of nowhere to face the 'Challenge'. Way to go Don!

Fraser Valley Region

The Kindergarten Moot at Camp Cove is a go on the 18th to 20th of June. Nap time is mandatory, and rumour has it the Moot is being sponsored by 'Depends'. Call Gord for info (or to place an order for your Depends) at 432-9007.

The Fraser Valley has finally got their mailing list done, and they found 5 new crews in their region. The Valley is growing, and now have over 120 Rovers.

Way to go people!

Gord is 'pushing and prodding' the Chairperson of the Rover/Venturer Link Camp to get things happening. It will be sometime this summer.

Burnaby Region

Paul is single again!!!!!! So he's heading to Ottawa to find true love.

There are now three crews in the region (Not to be outdone by the Fraser Valley). According to the BC Roundtable Minutes, they were supposed to be participating in a Christmas parade, but there wasn't one to be found.

Victoria Region

Since we don't have a report, we can pick on the Provincial Roundtable Scribe. Here are a few choice quotes from the most recent Roundtable minutes: "If you want to take part in CJ, contact your local *Out Office* for further details" (must be an executive Out House); "The present need right now is to return the outdoor, at event meetings to a more formalized state from the present information presentation format that they have been following."; "These wheels could be sped up a little if there were more meetings to meet at." Well enough of this silliness. There is one new crew in the region, and

like the Valley, their number are growing.

A Fall Rover-Venturer Symposium is scheduled for February 5th (a little late for the Fall, I'd say) at the Willis Point Fire Hall.

Islands Region

This just in from Kris:

OY!

New phone number alert:

FEW-DIG'M

(339-3446)

New Person Alert:

Couldn't find one.

Planning of Skeeta '93 (no need to have it Trademarked, cause it's not like, like, like that Roventtm, not that Roventtm isn't any good, cause it is, it's that I cannot think of what Roventtm would mean) is going well. The theme is the Fifties. If stuck for ideas you might call Greg (Lamp Shade) Nicholson or Gerry (nickname unknown) Maillet.

A problem that I have noticed in the different levels of Rovering is snobbery. I could see this being a problem for recruiting. So please think of this when you meet someone new, and thank for hearing me.

Paul, please no more 4 hour meetings, and it was a Rugby tackle!

More PowerKris Henry, I.R.R.R.T.

Northern Region

Don complained that the BC Rover static vinyl stickers do not 'stick' in -35°C weather. Our advice to Don is to move somewhere warmer!

Other than that, not much else from Northern.

Provincial Roundtable

The Klondike Moot planning is well under way. We even have Provincial sanctioning! All Rovers and Les Scouts are invited to attend. We have a BC Ferry's chef cooking Saturday's meal (the same guy that does the Skeeter dinner).

The site is located at Camp Dunlop on Beautiful Lake Okanagan in Kelowna, so bring your Speedo's and sun tan lotion and be ready to party! All at the low, low, low, low price of \$15 including meal and activities. Get your On-the-road Scavenger Hunt Lists in the forthcoming registration packages. We have received lots of submissions for our Rover Handbook, and Kris is busily putting it together.

Don't forget to submit your region's logs to Marc or Greg (Lamp Shade) Nicholson for the BC Rover Yearbook by late Spring at the latest. You all know Greg; he's the one with the landing strip on his roof and the flashing lights in his gutters. This handbook should show what the crews in your region have done over the past year including crew logs and photos of your favour activities and events! We will be featuring the 'Crew of the Year' for the crew who submits the best log.

Next informal Roundtable meeting is at Rovent '93^m, and the next formal meeting is in Kamloops on April 24th at 12 noon.

Location to be announced.

Rumours out of Ottawa are that the Rover Review has been moved up 5 years to 1995. The Rovers of BC have not yet received any requests from anyone on the Rover Review Committee for their input.

If anyone has seen or heard anything, please send it to us ASAP. We need to have a say in what happens to the Rover

Program, and it would be unfair not to be given the chance to put our 2 cents worth in.

Another rumour is that a recommendation has been made that there is no need for Rovers to attend international events. This apparently came out of a negative report on the World Moot in Switzerland. Both

Paul and I had a fabulous time at the Moot, and everyone we spoke to really enjoyed themselves. If anything, the last two World Moots have shown good reasons for Canadian Rovers to attend these international events. We both highly recommend that anyone with the chance to attend any international event should do so! The experience will never be forgotten, nor will the new friendships.

Bruce, you finally came to your senses and realized how wonderful our articles really are. We're glad you agree with us for a change.

Thanks to Mike Davis for his update on the "Rovering Sea to Sea" Moot. I have passed a lot of Moot info along to Rovers in Australia, New Zealand, Sweden,

Denmark, Switzerland, and the Netherlands. Looks like we will have a descent international turnout! I sent a fax to the Perth Moot and advertised it there as well. It is truly unfortunate that this

Moot has not received National sanctioning. If there was ever a time when Rovers needed to get together and have a 'National' Moot it is now! With the impending decision hanging over our heads, this Moot could prove vital to Rovering in Canada.

From the land of the second place NHL team; so long until next time!!!!

Yours in Rovering,

Marc & Paul

with Tracey, Don, Tony, Darlene, Kris, and Greg on the speakerphone!

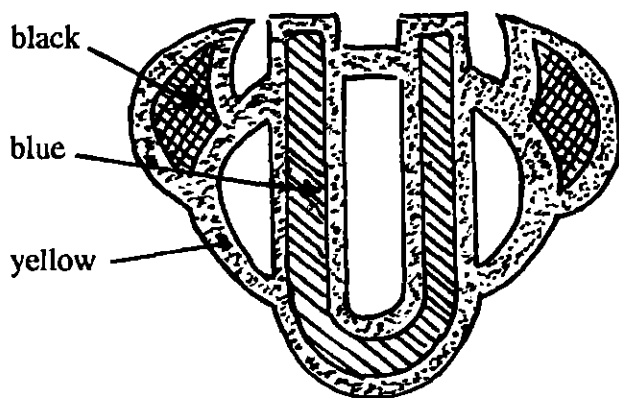
WHAT'S THE NEWS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Hi Don:

Sorry, I am writing a little late, I was ill and also had a lot of work with the arrangement of the Slovak Scout Council etc.

This is my report about organizations;

THE CAMPERS UNION



Logo of the Campers Union

The Campers Union, now in Czech and Slovak Republic, is an organization which associates with the hikers and vagrant communities as well as camp clubs. They are linked on a voluntary basis and common interest. It's a continuation of the union traditions of the communities and clubs from 1930 to 1942, as well as the Campers union from 1968 to 1970. The ideas of the founder of woodcraft, E. T. Seton, are the substance of it's base.

First of all, to be a member in the Camper's Union you must be at least nine years old. Clubs and Communities are free to run their respective organizations as they wish. They create their own names, symbols, rules, and programs. The mission of the Camper union is not one to command, but rather to express common needs and interests of the clubs and communities and insure that everyone has the opportunity to realize their own goals according to their individual programs.

These are the tasks of the Campers Union for clubs and communities:

- * to arrange for courses on camping (summer & winter), special courses for, water sports, skiing, horsemanship, basic mountaineering, diving, protection of nature, and courses for instructors of the Campers Union, and international camp school, etc.
- * to arrange the special activities: "Potlatches" - meetings in the woods, culture evenings, exhibitions, the competition of the country music "Porta", and the competition of songs named "Brana" (Gate) for children.
- * to propagate the international activity which is the base of the foreign expeditions, excursions, tracks and exchanging of work stays.
- * the economical activities, secure the arrangement of bases for the members and also the buying of materials for camping.

Campers Union publish a magazine, "Trail" and the contact address is: Tabornicka Unie

Slovinska 1
101 25 Praha 10
Czech Republic

BLUE SKY! *(It's a greeting of the Campers Union)*

Fred Hnatovic

BRANT DISTRICT'S VENTURER ASSEMBLY

LABRADOR

FRI. NITE BONFIRE
SAT. NITE CAMPFIRE

GOLDEN
PLUNGER

DANCE



VISITS

NEWFOUNDLAND

SHOOTING EVENTS
SENIOR SCOUTS WELCOME

THIS ANNUAL EVENT WILL BE HELD AT

CAMP IMPEESA

SURVIVAL GAME

APRIL 2, 3, 4, / 1993

COST: \$9.00 PREREGISTRATION * \$10.00 AT GATE
\$12.00 ROVER STAFF * PREREGISTRATION
CLOSES MARCH 19, 1993

REGISTRATION FORM

GROUP NAME.....

CONTACT:.....

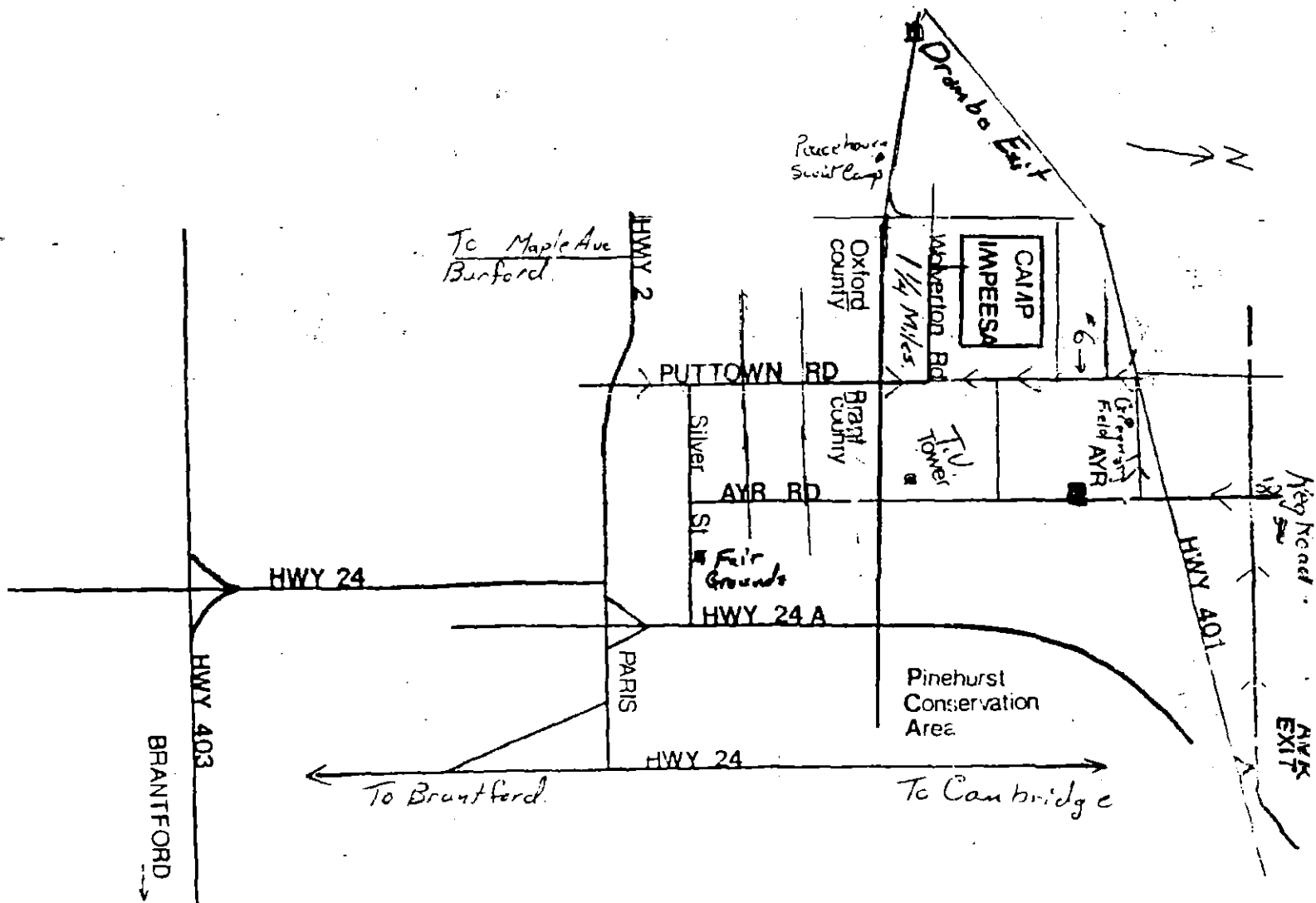
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NUMBER ATTENDINGX \$9.00 = \$......

SEND REGISTRATION
TO
STUART MURCHIE
BOX 337 BURFORD
N0E 1A0
(519) 449-2289

CONTACT PERSON
ANDY KURZAWSKI
161 5TH AVE.
BRANTFORD, ONT.
N3S 1A3
(519) 752-3622



GOD STUFF



I trust that all of you have had a very good Christmas and are well into a good new year. This issue I am getting back to the various Biblical references contained in the investiture ceremonies, and will be looking at Luke 7: 46 - 49.

In Luke we have an account of forgiveness and the saving power of faith. It is interesting to note what the woman did to show her faith is left out of this reference. What she did is the very essence of service. She did what the person who gave the party that Jesus attended should have. She bathed Jesus' feet with her tears and dried them with her hair.

This woman was making a spectacle of herself by doing what should have been done and expecting nothing in return. As if this is not bad enough she was considered a sinner by the religious leaders of society who have nothing to do with her. What her sins were we do not know but through her service she shows her faith and is forgiven.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a German theologian during World War II, would have said that this

woman was living her faith. She had given herself totally over to God and knew what her discipleship cost her, her whole life.

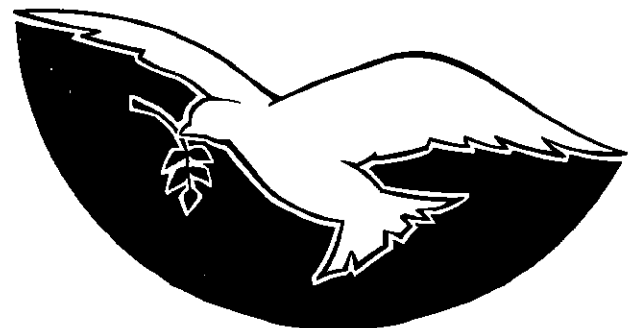
Sometimes it is hard to give of ourselves unselfishly. We look for the rewards that we can receive for our actions and not to the fact that we are showing our love for humanity, when we serve them. We all look for rewards, but not necessarily decorations from Scouts Canada, but it sure is nice to receive thanks from those we work with or give service to.

Christ did not require the woman to do what she did, but knew she had faith. She knew that Christ could forgive her sins and so the act of washing is not what gains forgiveness but the faith which led to the act.

When we give service to someone or to a cause we do so out of a sense of duty, of wanting to be of service. Those Rovers who I worked with at Christmas Baskets in Brantford were there knowing that a job needed to be done. There were no rewards except for sore muscles and the knowledge that we did a job which needed to be done to make Christmas better for many people.

So Luke gives us this story about faith for forgiveness of sins, but also of selfless service. A type of service and faith which does not expect any rewards.

Michael Wm. Diegel
(VE3PSD)



A ROVER PROGRAM AMIDST ROVER'S PROGRAMS

A mature and gracefully aged Rover has asked what is becoming a common question, "what is this Rover program that everybody seems to be talking about?" There are some who feel that no Rover program exists. These people point to B.P.'s original intention to encourage each rover to create his own program of individual goals and objectives. A crew of ten would have ten different programs. Each member acquiring a bit of insight into the areas being strived for by his crew mates. This is of course a good thing. There must be, however, some commonality that draws these people together. There must be some common, underlying goals and objectives that these people share. It is here that you will find the Rover program.

Scouting is a five stage educational process with Rovers as the final stage. Each stage builds on the skills learned in the previous section. The motto of each section succinctly sums up the goal of that stage. As Beavers we learn "sharing" and a program of non competitive and creative activities helps accomplish this goal. In cubs we are taught to "Do Our Best" in an atmosphere of skill development and knowledge acquisition while playing. As a scout we are expected to take all we have learned thus far and "Be Prepared" to learn more, at a more advanced level. When in ventures we add to all this a sense of "Challenge" and attempt activities that allow us to further develop our skills and knowledge while putting them into action. The Rover motto is "Service". What this means in terms of the goals of the section has been interpreted in a number of ways. Some feel it means giving of yourself to Scouting as a leader, committee member or other form of council work.

If this is all it means, however, then there is nothing save red epaulettes to distinguish us from the many valued volunteers who do this without the title Rover on their registration cards. Our section would in fact be redundant. There must be something more that we have to offer. There must be some educational component that we add to the previous four stages that make the Rover section a viable entity.

The Rovers involved in the National Program review have attempted to put into words the common goals that each individual Rover program should share. Thus, they have attempted to formalize the Rover program that each rover's program should operate within. The motto is thought to refer to service to self and community by developing skills and a knowledge base appropriate to our capabilities, which can be limitless. Specific areas such as leadership skills, environmental leadership, active outdoor skills and spiritual growth have been targeted as areas that Rovers should develop as basic underlying goals of their program. These are after all the skills and knowledge that Scouting as a whole wishes to instil in the end product of it's educational process. A successful graduate of these programs can then go out and contribute constructively to the world he or she lives in. In addition they will have developed the necessary skills and knowledge to return to Scouting as an effective and valued leader or committee member when their time to wear red epaulettes has past them by. Be a Rover now and your time to be a Scouter will follow naturally. Take the time to enjoy what this section has to offer you. Sharing experiences and adventure with friends, doing your best to develop yourself, preparing yourself for the challenge that service to self and community entails are all part of the Rover program.

Keep On Rovering,
Sean Hume
1st Imperial Dragons

**ROOTED IN THE PAST!!
POINTED TO THE FUTURE!!!
HOLD IT IN THE PRESENT!!!!**

**The ST. GEORGE'S DAY
DINNER and DANCE &
The ROGER AWARDS.**



THIS IS WHAT... the 16th Annual St. George's Day Dinner & Dance and the 16th Annual Roger Awards.



... Sponsored by the 9th Kitchener Rover Crew.
and Donnacona Rangers.

THIS IS WHERE

St. Peter's Lutheran Church
Kitchener, Ontario

THIS IS WHEN

Saturday, April 24, 1993 6:30 p.m.

THIS IS WHY

To enjoy yourself, and celebrate our Patron Saint's day, also to honour the Roger Award recipients.

THIS IS WHO

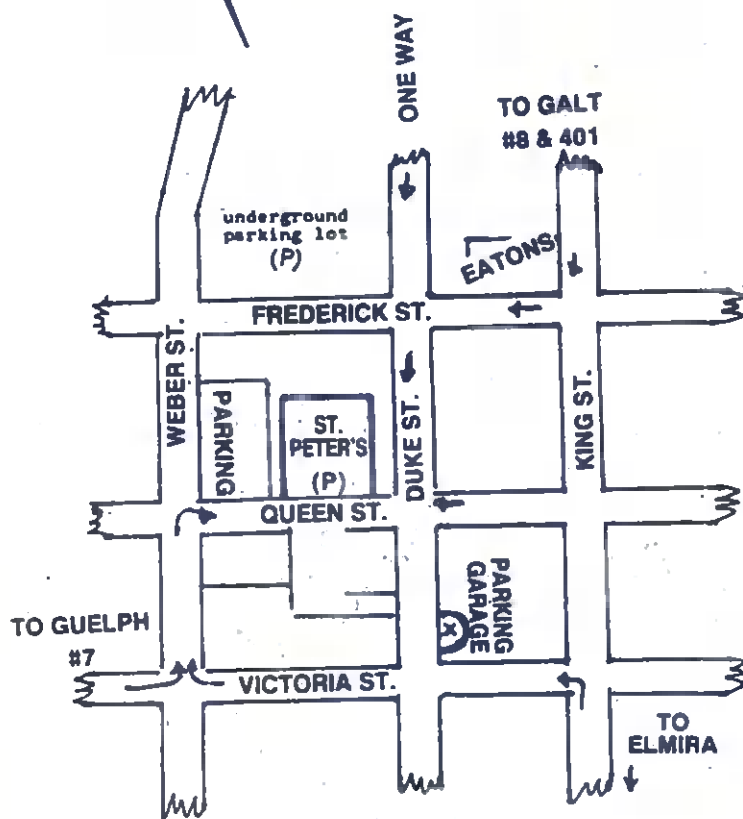
All Rovers and Rangers, their leaders and special friends. Please note due to a limited number of tickets, you would be advised to order well in advance. No tickets will be sold at the door. Semi-formal attire would be appreciated.

THIS WAS EXPECTED

Price \$9.00, includes corsage for the ladies, dinner and dance.

SEND YOUR ORDER TO

The 9th Kitchener Rover Crew c/o Treasurer
45 Islington Avenue Kitchener, Ontario
N2B 1P3



Name _____ Crew _____
Address _____
City or whatever _____
Postal Code _____ Phone No. (____) _____
No. of tickets _____ @ \$9.00 = \$ _____ total.

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

GGAD IT'S DAGG!!

Sorry, I didn't get my act together this month, so I don't have a column for you. There aren't any burning issues that I'm really steamed about at the moment, anyway, so I'll save my thoughts for the April issue. (Your pay will be re-instated after next issue, ho! ho! -ed) But here's a subscription renewal for another two years anyway.

However, I would appreciate it if you could print this letter, because I'm trying to give some money away! It dates back to the World Moot in Australia, over two years ago now. It seems that, when finances for the Canadian contingent were finally sorted out over a year later, there was some money left over, so I have been trying to issue refunds to the various contingent members. I sent a series of cheques out last year, but as I feared several of the people have moved. As a result, 7 of the cheques have yet to be cashed. Following is a list of names of the people who are still owed refunds. The ones marked with an asterisk indicates that the envelopes were returned to me marked "not at this address"; the others have just disappeared, or at least the cheques were never cashed. (One of them I never sent because I know the person has moved, but I don't know where!) Anyone knowing the mailing address or whereabouts of any of these people is asked to contact them or me, at the address below. Thanks

Caroline Beaulieu* Stephen Bingham

Jeff Candan Christa Deacon*

Larry Klerer Brad Osolin*

Darlene (Senez) Fitzgerald

for refunds write to: Bruce Dagg
214 -170 E. 3rd Street
North Vancouver, B.C.
V7L 1E6

HOW ABOUT THAT

I have to admit that going to the Barbados for a week in January sure takes some of the sting out of winter. My wife and I have started going to have our eyes burned out by the chlorine, at a local pool every Friday night, and I sit in the sunroom with my (ahem) pineapple juice watching a tape on the Barbados while snow comes down. A poor, poor substitute for the real thing.

I am sorry the Magazine is about a week late. Everything seemed to happen at once, for the last couple of weeks I have felt like a one arm paper hanger in a windstorm. Now my crew members have told me that they have managed to clear some time to go to Snowball. That means sleeping in tents, eating in the cold, walking in the cold, competing in the cold, I guess I have reached the age where WARM should be the order of the day. Ahh! for the beaches of Barbados!

The Roger Award nominations are coming in like a flood! But, (I hate this) somebody out there is playing games, at present there are 67 nominations for a certain person, virtually all done on the same typewriter, or the same handwriting, and photocopies of each. Now come on, our tabulators know that some people are very popular, but they aren't stupid. Let's play the game fair. Enough said!

As to the comments in the last issue about colour pictures, I haven't given up, I intend to make my son eat a page.

Next issue will have revised subscription costs, and advertising rates. It is not a big increase, just enough to keep the magazine in that area called slightly in the red. The reason for this is that certain crews have donated in the past, and that helps defray expenses. *This issue for instance, virtually all the printing costs have been taken care of by a generous donation from the 11th Cambridge Co-ed Rover Crew.* A big thank you is the order of the day. **NOW DON'T READ THE FORGOING AS A PLEA FOR FUNDS, IT IS NOT, AND THIS PUBLICATION WILL NEVER ENTER INTO THAT SITUATION.**

In a previous issue a satire was published about Ontario the Welfare State, and I commented on it in this column. I did not receive any written complaints, just a couple of comments from Rovers saying they agree. But, I did hear through the grape-vine that some of Headquarters (I will not say which one) personal were very upset with the political overtones. I apologize for that, it was intended as concern for our country, which I feel should rightly involve the concerns of Rovers.

I was happy to see a couple of weeks later in our local paper stories about welfare fraud, changes in UIC, and the latest rumours, that the Ontario Government is moving on welfare disbursement requirements.

I feel for the Rovers and young people out there moving into the Job market. I feel for the 40 to 50 year olds who have lost their jobs, and are now in a world where technology has passed them by. I feel for the young couples who have a dream of a home of their own and may never see it come true. I feel sorry, that my generation has allowed a system to be in place that encourages fraud and laziness. I feel there are issues that every Rover Crew should be discussing, not for political reasons but for the love of Canada. And if that comes

across as political, I am sorry, but that's the way it is! I just read back what I have been typing, did I do it again?

Many thanks to Sean Hume who picked up on comments in HAT in the last issue, well done Sean.

In keeping with Rovers' hiding their light under a basket: The Rovers of North Waterloo undertook a Christmas service project, with the ELKS, it was a great success, and they hope to expand next year.

I have just been informed that virtually everything that has appeared in these pages for the past year have been nominated for Rogers, now if your favourite doesn't win and you didn't vote.....

I'll leave you with that thought!

KEEP ON ROVERING - Don

THE AFRICAN

by Alan West

Synopsis: Dr. Dan Voit was waiting to board a plane to attend a Crew reunion, the presence of two young Africans set off memories of his wife and his stay in Africa, memories he sometimes would like to forget.....

When Dan and Joan arrived in Africa to help set up and instruct in a medical centre, they were met by a government official from their own embassy, who hinted that their servants were to be treated as slaves.

Dan and Joan ignore his remarks, and when

they meet their housekeepers, Dan makes his feelings clear to Issac and Mary, and tells them he would sooner have them as friends not servants.

Issac has noticed Dan's buttonhole badge, and tells Dan and Joan in perfect English of his connection to Scouting. They become good friends and spend many week-ends travelling together and exchanging skills.

Ten months pass by, and Dan has noticed certain people are watching him, especially a self proclaimed witch doctor, by the name of Muba. Also present was a rumour of a leader who wants a peaceful solution to the African peoples problems, named Impeesa. The biggest change to take place was the birth of Dan and Mary's son Shawn.

A series of incidents take place which led to a fight with Muba. Dan struck Muba and knocked him down, Muba swears revenge.

When Dan arrives home one evening to find the four helpers that Issac had Dan hire, Issac wife Mary, Joan and Shawn waiting. Issac informs Dan that the Mau Mau are going to strike tonight, the roads are blocked so they strike out cross-country to a jeep Issac has hidden. At that point Mary, Joan and Shawn head in the opposite direction, while Dan and the three helpers move off to attract Muba after them.

Back on the North American Continent, a meeting was taking place in a remote area. The house and buildings were hidden from view, and there was a great deal more underground than there was on the surface.

The man behind the desk was not in any uniform, but he was definitely in charge, he addressed a younger man who sat across from him:

"Captain, we pulled you out of your present assignment because we have a slight problem, and your name came out of the computer as a possible

solution." the man paused and lit his pipe. "there is a situation developing in a section of Africa that could, in fact will turn ugly. We want you to head a team to get the man, his wife and child out, before it is too late."

"Why me?" asked the captain.

"Because we need a face that Dr. Dan Voit will trust and listen to" replied the older man.

"Dan Voit!!!, how, why?" came the startled reply from the captain.

"We ran a computer check on a good match for likes and interests, so we would send in the right person, and lo and behold two names pop up, both with the same connection, one a retired Major and Captain Alan West."

Alan West looked at his superior, thinking this must be a joke, but he knew that it wasn't.

"This is standard operation, if you caught we have no record of you. You can pick your back up partner, and there is a team being assembled in the area for your support. You leave in two days and you'll be briefed on the way over. Any questions Captain?"

"Yes, you mentioned there was another with the same connection, a Major who is retired. I have been thinking of that, and", the man behind the desk smiled and interrupted Alan.

"He has been contacted, and is willing to come out of retirement, we are making arrangements to have him leave home to attend a funeral."

"Did this Major retire to a small town, is he a whiz in electronics, is he well trained in small arms and knives, does he speak German & French, is a ghost in the woods?" asked Alan.

"All that and more." replied Alan's superior, "Just remember when this is over it never happened. By the look on your face I think you have already guessed who it is."

"Yes sir, and in that case I will not need a back up partner." beamed Alan.

Two days later the airforce plane on which Alan was on made a quick landing and take-off. And seated with Alan and his briefing officers was Major Harold Wait.

"Skip, when the old man told me there were two with same background and one was retired I just knew it had to be you." said Alan.

"How did you come to that solution, Alan?"

"A lot of little things, the way you could disappear in the bush, the knowledge you had, languages you could speak, and the fact that you were in the war but never talked about that or your past. This is going to blow Dan away when he sees you and me." replied Alan.

"When he sees you, not me, remember I'm back up and a wee bit rusty. It will be hard enough telling him that you were never in Africa and you will deny anything he says that involves you, and it will be worse if I am visible. You understand Captain!"

"I understand Major" replied Alan.

They were interrupted by the briefing team, "If it would please the Major and the Captain we have a lot to cover, may we get at it."

Most of the time the briefing was going on, the man that Alan had called Hank is his crew days sat quietly honing a knife. Alan found it hard to believe the stories he had heard about him in the last couple of days. The man who sat at campfires

and laughed and joked, was now sitting across from him looking every inch a professional killer.

Almost as if he was reading Alan's mind he said, "I have been told you are top notch in your field, but remember it's a job, not very pleasant at times, but a job, you do it and forget it, otherwise you'll go over the edge." then Hank smiled and added wilyly, "It's not a Boy Scout camp."

Alan laughed and looked at a picture of Dan Voits house, the house that was burning down at that very minute.

After Issac's wife Mary, and his wife Joan had left in the dug out, two of Issac's men appeared out of darkness carrying two huge rocks, which they put in back of the jeep. Dan turned to Issac with a question which was answered before he could ask it.

"That is to simulate the weight of Mary and Joan, they pried them out down stream so it wouldn't be noticed." explained Issac, "now lets move on from this stream and move quickly, there are no gas stations out here and we want as much space between us and Muba when we run out."

Issac went on explaining his plan as they drove slowly, and more than once he remarked that at the pace they were going a good runner could keep up, he could hardly wait for dawn.

The idea is to move away from the direction the women were taking, and when the gas ran out start a slow arc back, and with any luck they would cross the border one or two days after the women crossed it. It would mean travelling at night on foot but quickly as they had no children to slow them down.

Dan remarked the women would have to keep Joan well hidden during the day, in case any of the Mau Mau decided to look in that direction.

Issac laughed and said there would be no problem, because by now the skin of both Joan and Shawn had been dyed, and they were dressed like the rest of the women.

"You mean she's out there dressed in what passes for a skirt and nothing else, Joan won't know where to put her hands first!" cried Dan.

Issac shrugged his shoulders and said, "When in Rome." and laughed quietly.

The next day beside a river they ran out of gas. Taking advantage of the high water they loaded their gear on to a small raft, and pushed the jeep into the deep water. Then hanging on to the raft they let themselves drift with the current as they made for the other side. Just as they reached the other bank two of Issac's men turned and swam for the bank on the side they had just left.

Issac told Dan they were going back and would catch up tomorrow, before we start their run for the other border.

Issac led off with Dan following and the last of "hired" help following. It was to become very obvious that the so called hired help that Issac had acquired were much more than that. At the frequent stops that Issac called, (Dan suspected it was for his benefit) the "hired" help would slip out of his back and disappear and reappear when it was time to go.

That night as they made camp Dan asked Issac where, the now obvious soldier, went every time they stopped. Issac told Dan that he scouted the perimeter and set traps.

"Remember Dan," explained Issac, "Muba had time to get to a phone, he could have someone coming from the opposite direction, now I doubt it but I consider it a possibility not to discount."

The next day dawned after a fitful night, Dan felt that he had laid awake all night wondering if Joan was alright.

They had travelled for three hours when Issac held up his hand, a figure appeared a little distance from them. They watched and as the figure drew closer Dan recognized him as one of men who went back after they had crossed the river. As he drew closer he fell then slowly rose and stumbled a few more feet only to fall again. He tried to rise then slowly sank to the ground.

Issac was first to get to him and when Dan arrived Issac just shook his head, he had died.

"He hung on long enough to get back to us, I don't how he did it." Issac continued, "They found the camp, drained the rad of the jeep, they also found a rope tied to the back bumper of the Jeep. The rope was tied to what was left of Iman. They ran into two of Muba's men when it was over three men lay dead, and somehow he managed to get back to us. So by now the jeep's engine has seized and Muba and his man are afoot."

"Do you think he'll turn back?" asked Dan.

"We had a madman chasing us, now we have a angry madman, what do think?" Issac looked at Dan then added, "Before they entered the camp at night, they scouted out the area, they came across a group of men in army type uniforms, are they re-enforcements for Muba, or do they follow Muba? If they follow who are they? Or maybe they are there by coincidence?" Nevertheless we must cover our spoor to this man, and make it look like he never reached us."

When they returned to their original line of travel Issac indicated they would now reverse to the border the women had crossed. Up until now the path of travel had been fairly clear to any tracker, now great pains were taken to make their tracks disappear.

Muba reached the dead man late in the day, and when they found the tracks of Issac and their party, the tracker said there were only three, all men.

Muba had a suspicion but he followed the spoor until it started to disappear. He told the tracker they were going to take a chance and head to the other border, "I think the women left them long ago, and now they make to hide their track so they can join them. Very clever, I think the women left them at the first little river we crossed, and by now they have crossed the border. We will travel night and day and be waiting for them." With that they turned and started at a slow jog in the same direction that Dan, Issac and Issac's friend were travelling.

That night Dan and Issac made camp in a small cave. Issac decided to risk a small fire, just as his friend came back into camp and told him there was no sign of pursuit.

Dan spoke to Issac's friend, "You know I'm ashamed to admit it, but I still don't know your name."

"My English name is Baden." he replied with a smile, "And don't feel bad, names are not important when one is of the same spirit."

When Dan spoke to Issac he asked if Baden was named after someone special. Issac replied, "We have had a lot of Badens over the years, this one is my cousin."

Morning came all too soon. Dan woke to the smell of coffee in the cave.

Issac handed Dan a cup and announced, "We will cross the border early this afternoon, Muba won't dare to cross over. There is one trail that, shall we say, 'eludes' the border guards. We will take it and you will be with your wife and child by this evening."

Dan looked at Issac, "We have a angry madman chasing us, I don't think for one minute that a border means anything to someone like that."

Baden came into camp, said "Nothing" and left again as Dan and Issac packed up. If Baden had gone a 1/2 mile further south he would have crossed a trail of two men travelling parallel to them. Muba had passed them during the night.

Dan's heart was singing, he was happy, he knew his wife was safe, and he would soon see her and his son.

As Issac stepped over a rock he looked down and said, "The border." He pointed to a thick stand of trees, "Through those trees and one hour down the trail is a hut where your wife and son wait for you."

Dan followed Issac's pointing finger just in time to see Baden enter the trees. He realized that Baden would probably reach the hut first, and Joan and Mary may come to meet them. For the first time in the last few days dan felt a weight lift from him. The sore muscles and feet seemed to disappear, and their pace quickened. In no time at all they reached the trees, and they could feel the air change, cooler and refreshing.

They turned a slight bend in the trail when Issac stopped there at the side of trail was Baden's body. Issac turned to Dan who was slightly behind, unslinging his crossbow, and putting a bolt in it in one fluid motion.

"Dan look out," he shouted, Dan felt the blow to his head and as he lost conscious, he tried to warn Issac, for a figure had appeared behind him.

When Dan came to, he found himself tied spread eagle between two trees. Off to one side there was a stranger with a crossbow bolt

protruding from his forehead. He became aware of someone talking.

Issac was in the same situation as he was, spread eagle between two trees. Standing in front of him was Muba, not the Muba that Dan had seen at the clinic. He looked absolutely mad, and he was laughing as he slowly dragged the point of a knife across Issac's chest, leaving what looked like a slight scratch, that trickled blood.

Dan spoke, "It takes a brave man to do that!"

Muba walked over to Dan and kicked him, "The great doctor is awake, good, for at sundown your screams will fill the air, and everyone will fear Muba. And you Issac will watch as I skin him alive before it is your turn."

Dan faded out and in, he reasoned it must be from the blow on his head. Every time he came to Muba was sitting there honing his knife, and Issac was talking to him in some dialect Dan couldn't understand, which Muba ignored.

Muba stood up and said, "It is time." and walked over to Dan, "I will send your head to your wife." and he laughed.

Issac yelled, "Muba if you do this you will set your cause back years."

Muba's knife touched Dan's skin as it sliced through his clothes. Muba put his face next to Dan's and hissed, "After the clothes, it will be your skin."

Dan felt himself slipping into unconsciousness, there was a sharp slap across his face, and Muba screamed at him, "WAKE UP DOCTOR"

I am dreaming Dan told himself, everything around him seemed to be in slow motion. Through

the haze he saw two half naked black women running towards him, both were carrying cross-bows. And one of them screamed, "Leave him alone!"

The women stopped and raised their bows, Muba turned and raised his knife and suddenly there was blood everywhere. Dan thought, "this is it I'm dead." and passed out.

Muba never knew what hit him an instant before the bolts were released a shot rang out, and a high velocity bullet passed through his body destroying everything in its path. Before his body even started to slump two steel cross-bow bolts tore through his heart.

A group of six men came out of brush, they moved quickly and quietly. One moved to help Mary cut Issac loose the other went Dan.

Joan had already cut the ropes on one side when the stranger came and held Dan, then eased him to the ground. "Who are you?" Joan asked.

"You're Joan!" Alan replied a little startled. "I thought you were a native."

Joan was glad the colour had not worn off she felt she was blushing from head to toe. She put on a jacket that Alan offered her and remarked, "I thought I was used to this, but I guess not. You still haven't told me who you are!"

"I'm a friend, and I was sent here to get you out safely, but I see you almost did by yourselves."

Dan opened his eyes and looked at his wife, "Great tan" he mumbled and Joan through her arms around him and held him. He looked past his wife at the blurry image standing there, suddenly his eyes widened, "Alan what are you doing here." and passed out again.

"He knows you!" said Joan, "What is going on here?"

"Joan listen to me, who I am is of no importance. There is a team on the way to take you to the Hospital. We have to be gone before they get here, because the locals will also be present.

The official story, if it has to be released, is that you got lost in the bush. It would be best if even that is not released. The best thing would be to rest until Dan is well, then return home, trust me."

Joan looked around the bodies were gone, and Issac and Mary were standing beside her.

"It is time to say goodbye, Mary and I will never forget you." Issac said with tears in his eyes. "They have radioed their people and they are picking up Shawn and taking him to the hospital"

Joan stood up and sobbed and put her arms around Issac and Mary, "I don't understand, what is happening, who are these people? Why must you leave?"

"All this never happened, you and Dan and Shawn went into the bush and were lost. You wandered for five days and were found, and while you were gone your house burned down. That's the story for your protection and ours. Apparently the government feels it is best this way." Issac and Mary looked at her. Then Mary kissed Joan on the cheek and said, "You will live in our hearts forever, goodbye, and may God go with you."

With that they turned and walked away, two of the most precious friends Dan and her have ever had.

"Joan," and she turn to face Alan,
" Officially I don't exist, and I know Dan is going to be puzzled as to my appearance here. It would be best if you followed the advice you will receiving. As near as I can figure the powers to be don't want an incident, for what reason is anybody's guess, but they can make life easy if you

co-operate or difficult if you don't."

"Is that a threat, Mister whatever your name is? demanded Joan.

"No, just advice from a close friend, and when we meet again, it will be for the first time, remember that. Trucks are coming I have to leave.

Joan turned and looked at the path, and could hear the vehicles, she turned back and Alan was gone.

A voice shouted from the path that trucks were coming down, "There they are."

"Well that was close Major, but all's well that ends well." remarked Alan.

"They will spend about three to four weeks in supposed isolation, and they will be debriefed and certain facts will be pointed out which will convince them to go along with the story. And speaking of stories Alan, do you still write those little short stories that you wrote while you were in the crew." asked Hank.

"Just a few notes that I keep, I would like to do a series of short stories on how the lives of a group of young men relate to each other." Replied Alan.

Hank looked at Alan, "I don't suppose this episode would be one of them?"

Alan laughed, "Who would believe a tale like this?"

"Probably no one, but truth is stranger than fiction, who knows what people would believe." hank said putting his arm around Alan's shoulders.

"You know maybe in a few years when things get buried a bit, it just might wash." said Alan.

"Just make sure you don't upset the old man we don't exist you know."

They walked together down the trail, just like they did in the past, and the bond was still there.

"Well Dr. Voit I understand you and your and son leave for home today. I hope we have come to an understanding." the supposed diplomat smiled.

"Yes, we understand the problem, and we will not cause you any trouble." said Dan.

Just then the door opened and a certain government official came in, Kenworth Jennkins. "I told you to listen, now look at the trouble you have cau....."

His statement was cut short by the presence of Dan's fist on his jaw. Dan turned to the diplomat and said, "I'm sorry but he has been asking for that since we first met him."

He stepped over the unconscious form on the floor, looked down and said, "That will keep his mouth shut for a bit. Come now it's time to go."

"Doctor, we are going to land please fasten your seat belt." a flight attendant was standing beside him. Dan thought, "I must have fallen asleep, funny it all came back so clear, I had put it out of my mind and it comes back like it happened yesterday. And I did see Alan. I'll have to ask him about that at the reunion if he is there."

As they left the plane the young black student bumped him, and said, "Excuse me sir" Before Dan could reply he was gone. He was on his way to his get his luggage, when a familiar face appeared, "Hank, how are you?"

Dan only heard part of his reply, for when putting his hand in his pocket for his baggage claim

he drew out a piece of paper, which caused him to look desperately around the room.

"Dan are you alright," Hank was asking.

"Yes I just found this, and now I know why that young black person looked so familiar. It wasn't his looks, it was his walk!"

Hank looked at the paper, and saw what was written, and understood, but couldn't say anything.

A short note from a boy who had not forgot.

"Impeesa lives! - Three toes."

The end.

Coming Next - "REUNION"

**PAUL & MARC'S
MOST EXCELLENT EUROPEAN
'MOOT' VACATION - PART II**

After our hearty breakfast, we headed East along Rio Terra di S. Leonardo towards the Arsenale. The wide main street slowly narrowed into winding passages common to the city of canals. There are many interesting sights along these streets, and it pays to wander off of the main streets and venture down the numerous side alley-ways to discover their secrets. After trying to sneak a good look into the Arsonale, we wandered further East towards the Giardini Pubblici through viale Garibaldi. Back on the Southern waterfront, we headed back West towards piazza S. Marco. On the corner of riva dei Sette Martiri and Via Giuseppe Garibaldi, there is a plaque on the side of a building that reads 'CANADA - John Cabot,

Venetian, and his son Sabastian discovered Newfoundland in the service of Henry VII of England - Erected MCMLXXXII by the Province of Newfoundland, Canada.' It's a bit of a treat to find stuff like this when you're wandering around far off foreign countries.

We paid our 4000 lire for a ride to the top of the Campanile of San Marco (tower in piazza San Marcos). This tower had been rebuilt more times than most people care to mention, but it stands tall above Venice to give those of us who ventured to the top a view unlike that anywhere else in Venice.

It really pays to shop around for your souvenirs in Venice. We found price differences of up to 40% on the same item depending on where you purchased it. Besides, it's a lot of fun exploring the many stores offering items unique to Venice.

Evening found us at a sidewalk cafe near our hotel. I ordered a pizza, and Paul had the (petite) lasagna. The prices for the food was reasonable, BUT we soon found out why the price of the Cokes wasn't on the menu. 6000 Lire each we paid for a small glass of Coke (that's a little over \$6.00 CAN for those of you who don't know how much a Lire is worth). Needless to say, we were a bit miffed!

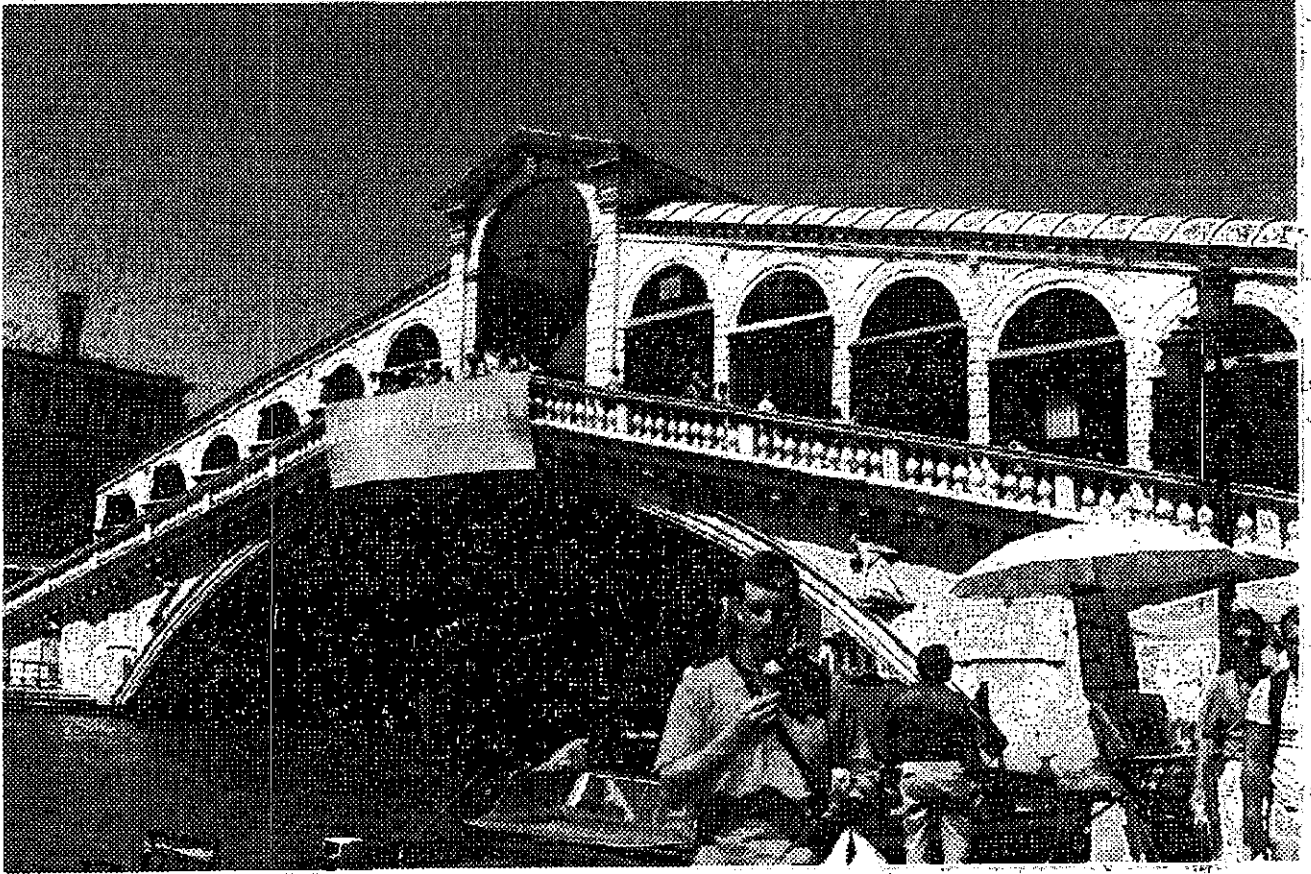
Back to the hotel to grab our packs and off to the train station to await our 23:35 train to Roma. On the steps of the station, we watched the sky dim and the lights of Venice come to life around us. For some light hearted entertainment, we watched the Police constantly tell people keep a certain area of the stairs clear. Not seconds after, they diligently did their job, the stairs would again fill with unknowing tourists. We overheard a lack of accent coming from a couple of guys from Tsawwassen, and started to discuss our respective travels to date.

Our first attempt at trying to get a couple of

seats on the train resulted in shrieks of fear coming from a young Asian girl who didn't want us to join her group in their compartment. Are we really that scary? We were then invited to join a couple other people in their compartment only to be rudely kicked out by another group of people who claimed to have reservations. A couple more rail cars were finally added to the train and we managed a compartment with Ron and Lonnie from Baltimore and New York, as well as a young lady from Venice who didn't speak much English. After convincing her that we were nice guys, we managed to find out that she was going to visit her relatives in Florence.

Our train arrived in Roma at 8:45AM and we found that none of our stuff had been stolen yet. This is truly amazing knowing the reputation of the trains into Roma. I led Paul straight to Papa Germano's Pensione to try and find a room for the night. We were promptly informed that they were full and to try the Vichi Pensione across the street. A double room with a shower just outside the room was 25,000 Lire. We were later informed that Pap Germano's was only renting rooms to female travellers. Hmmm... Had to waste some time before check-in, so we wandered down the street to find some brunch. Seems to be almost impossible to find cold OJ in this part of town. Sat by the fountain across from the Basilica S. Maria degli Angeli e dei Martiri near the train station and had our brunch consisting of buns, salami, cheese, and, of course, Coke to wash it all down. Toured the Basilica which was the site of one of Rome's largest bath houses before returning to the Pensione to check in.

Back to the hotel for a much needed shower, then it was off to the Colosseum. One thing to watch out for when buying bottled water, make sure you don't buy the carbonated stuff unless you happen to like it. No matter how much we shook it up, we couldn't get rid of that carbonated taste. Yech!!!



*A refreshing strawberry Gelato,
by a bridge over Venice's main canal.*



*The most expensive meal on our trip at a sidewalk cafe
in Venice. Notice the size of the \$6.00 Cokes!!*

I should have known something was wrong when this Italian 'gentleman' drove up and started chatting it up with us, asking questions about how to get here and there. It wasn't long before this story came out that he was in town for a garment trade show and he had to get rid of these two beautiful leather coats and how he wanted us to have them. He handed us the coats and then gave us some sob story about needing a few bucks for gas for his rental car, and asked us for 50,000 Lire for each jacket. He seemed awfully annoyed when we gave him back the jackets and said bye. We didn't quite catch the few Italian words of praise that he muttered as he drove away.

The Colosseum was an amazing sight. We slowly made our way around its various levels, blowing frame after frame of film.

Then it was off on our lengthy trek to the Catacombs on the outskirts of Rome in the hot midday heat. We found Rome's oldest active roadway, Via Appia, which led us along for several kilometres to the Catacombs.

It was good to see that the Canadian Ambassadors residence was the epitome of wasted taxpayer's money. If this is any example of the type of home that a Canadian Foreign Ambassadors gets to live in, I want the job! This place was NICE!!!

The Catacombs of St. Callixtus contain over 30 km of passages, and over 500,000 Christians and slaves were entombed there. This was the official burial place of the Bishops of Rome, however, all but 2 bodies have been relocated. The two remaining bodies are from the fourth and sixth centuries, and are housed in their glass enclosed cases in the catacombs. I found out too late that I could use my camera as long as I didn't use a flash. The catacombs were definitely a cool break from the hot mid-day temperatures above ground.

Unfortunately, we then had to make the long

journey back to the Colosseum where we ran into Ron and Lonnie again. Looks like we'll have to check out the site of old Rome next trip. A truly magnificent piece of architecture is the Victor Emanuel Monument built between 1885 and 1925. Pictures of this structure cannot possibly do its sheer size any justice. You have to simply stand in front of it and stare in wonder.

The Pantheon was our next stop. This is one of Rome's most impressive pieces of architecture. Despite being built 27 BC, destroyed by fire in 80 AD, and rebuilt around 120 AD, it is in remarkably good condition. A few rather strange individuals seemed to spend an eternity standing directly under the centre of the dome and go on and on about the power they felt around them. We just liked the cool echoing effect.

We made our way back to the hotel, and completely forgot about food. It didn't take long to fall asleep after a refreshing shower.

My, how time flies when you're having fun...see you next issue..