



SUBSCRIPTION & ACCOUNTS

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tel: (519) 653-8288

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PUBLICATION DATES

The last weekends in January, March, May, July, September and November are reserved as printing times. It would be appreciated if written contributions are received two weeks prior to printing.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Group Name: _____

c/o: _____

Address: _____

Prov/State: _____

Country: _____

Post/Zip Code: _____

Rovering Magazine is published on a bi-monthly basis (February, April, June, August, October, December) 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 Movements are as follows:

\$12.00 if 500 sheets of pre-printed material are provided (please leave half inch blank border),

\$25.00 per page if layout is done by Rovering Magazine staff or,

\$20.00 per page with camera-ready copy supplied.

Payment is to be included with the advertisement. 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 of, or supplying a continuing feature to this magazine, please contact the Editor.

Comments and suggestions are appreciated.

Electronic layout assistance is provided by:



MAIA HOUSE
for the fine art of desktop design and publishing

MAIA HOUSE is registered with the Cataloguing in Publication service of the National Library of Canada.

RATES

	1 yr	2 yr	3 yr
Canada	\$11.00	\$20.00	\$29.00
U.S.A.	\$12.00	\$22.00	\$32.00
Abroad	\$20.00	\$38.00	\$56.00

Payable in Canadian funds to Rovering Magazine

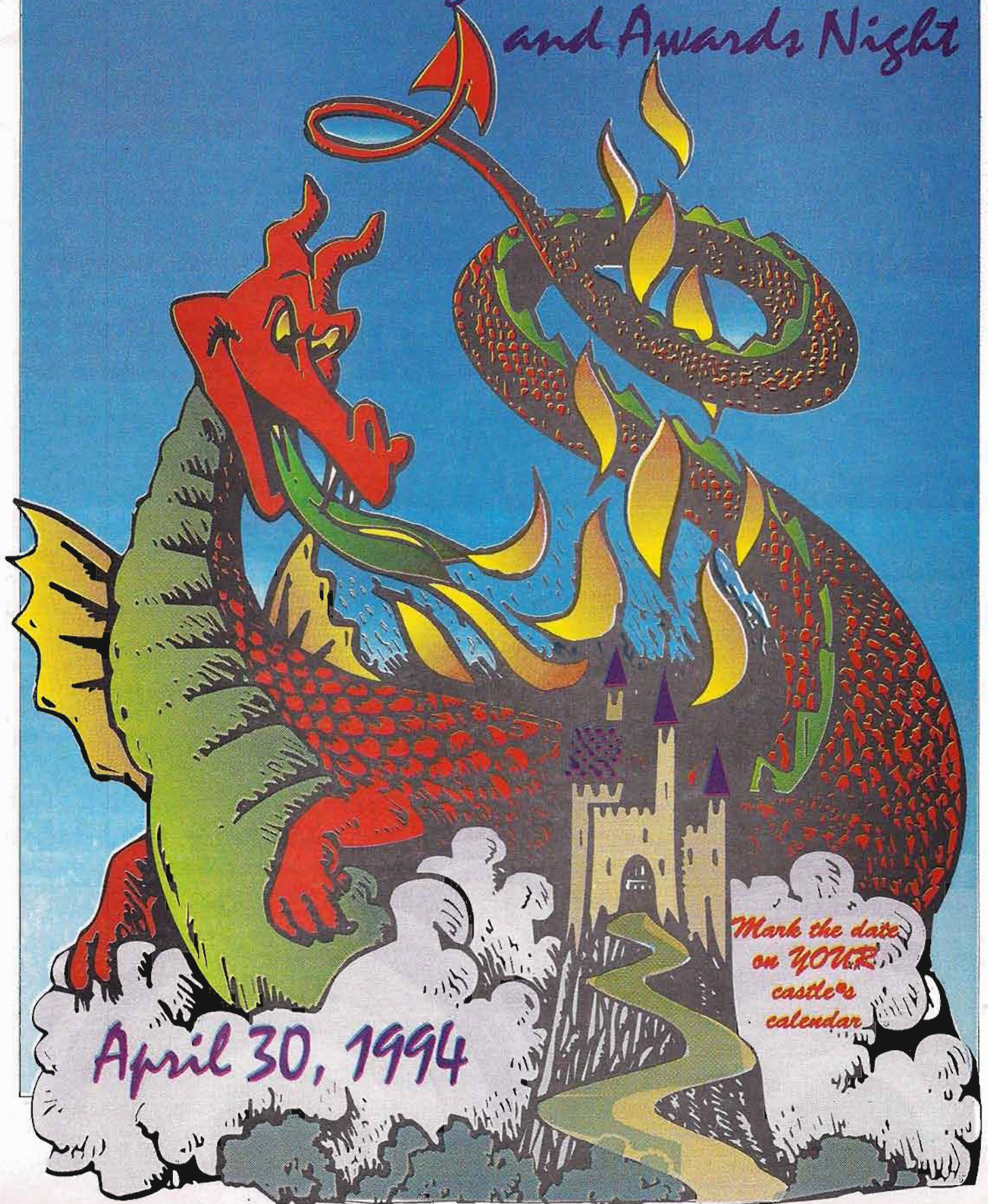
New Subscription ☐

Renewal 1yr. ☐ 2yr. ☐ 3yr. ☐

City: _____



St. George's Dinner & Dance and Awards Night



April 30, 1994

Mark the date
on **YOUR**
castle's
calendar

THIS IS WHAT... the 17th Annual St. George's Day Dinner & Dance and the 17th 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 30, 1994 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

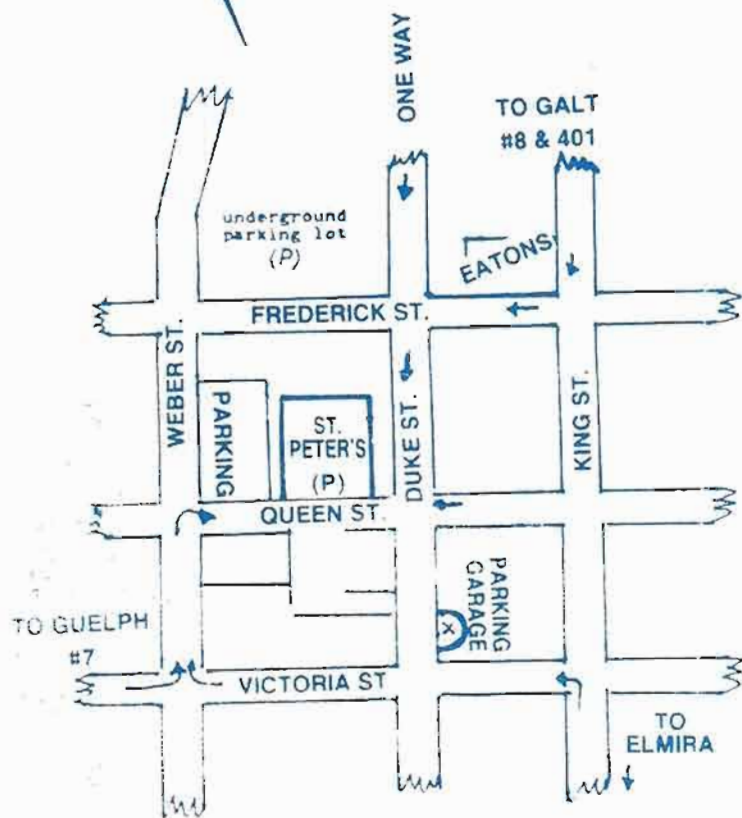
All Rovers and Rangers, their leaders and special friends. Please note due to a limited number of tickets, you would be advised to order well in advance. No tickets will be sold at the door. Semi-formal attire would be appreciated.

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.

NEW
LOCATION

*The Black
Panthers
presents*

TAKES

A

TRIP

TO

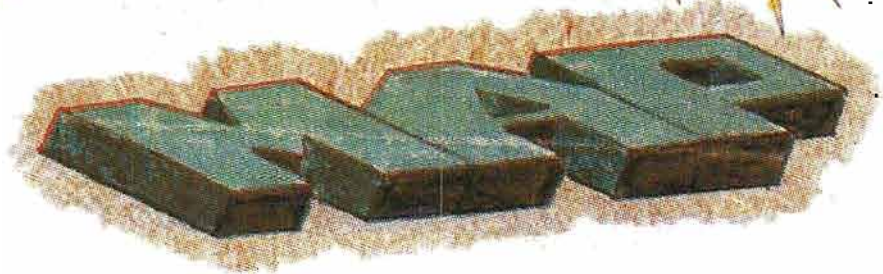
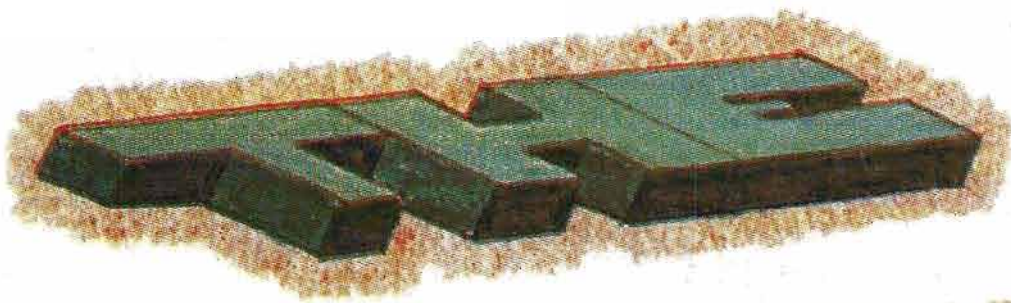
MARS

CAMP OF THE WOODLAND TRAILS

APRIL 15-17

MILTON, ONT.

94



ROCKWOOD

HWY 7

ACTON

HALTON RD. #12 also
(called 25 SIDE RD.)

6th LINE

HALTON SIDE RD. #15

**X CAMP OF THE
WOODLAND TRAILS**

Gas Station
and Store

HALTON RD. #9

SPEYSIDE

LONDON

HWY 401

TORONTO

NO EXIT

McDonalds
Harvey's
Swiss Chalet
Canadian Tire

STEELES AVE.

HWY 25

MILTON

GUELPH LINE

TREMAINE RD.

HWY 25

HWY 5

DUNDAS ST.

Tim
Hortons

HAMILTON

QEW

TORONTO

LAKESHORE RD.

OAKVILLE

BRONTE RD.

LOONEY TUNES

Registration Form

Name of your Crew, Company, & Post: _____

If you are a Venturer Company, could you give us your Rover sponsors name?

Please note Rover sponsor must be in attendance. _____

Number attending: Weekend _____ Day _____

Registration fee per person: \$10.00 before April 1, 1994,
\$12.00 at the gate, after April 1, 1994,
\$ 7.50 Day Rate, includes crest.

Total of registration (no. of people X \$10.00, \$12.00, or \$ 7.50) \$ _____

Name and phone number of responsible adult attending camp -

Looney Tunes Moot will be held at **Camp of the Woodland Trails**
Milton, Ont.

If information is requested about registration, please contact Brian or Harry at
(905) 827-3694

Make cheques payable to: **2nd Oakville Rovers**

Send to:

Brian Flikkema
551 Stonecliffe Rd.
Oakville, On.
L6L 4N8

PEOPLE	ATTENDING	CAMP:
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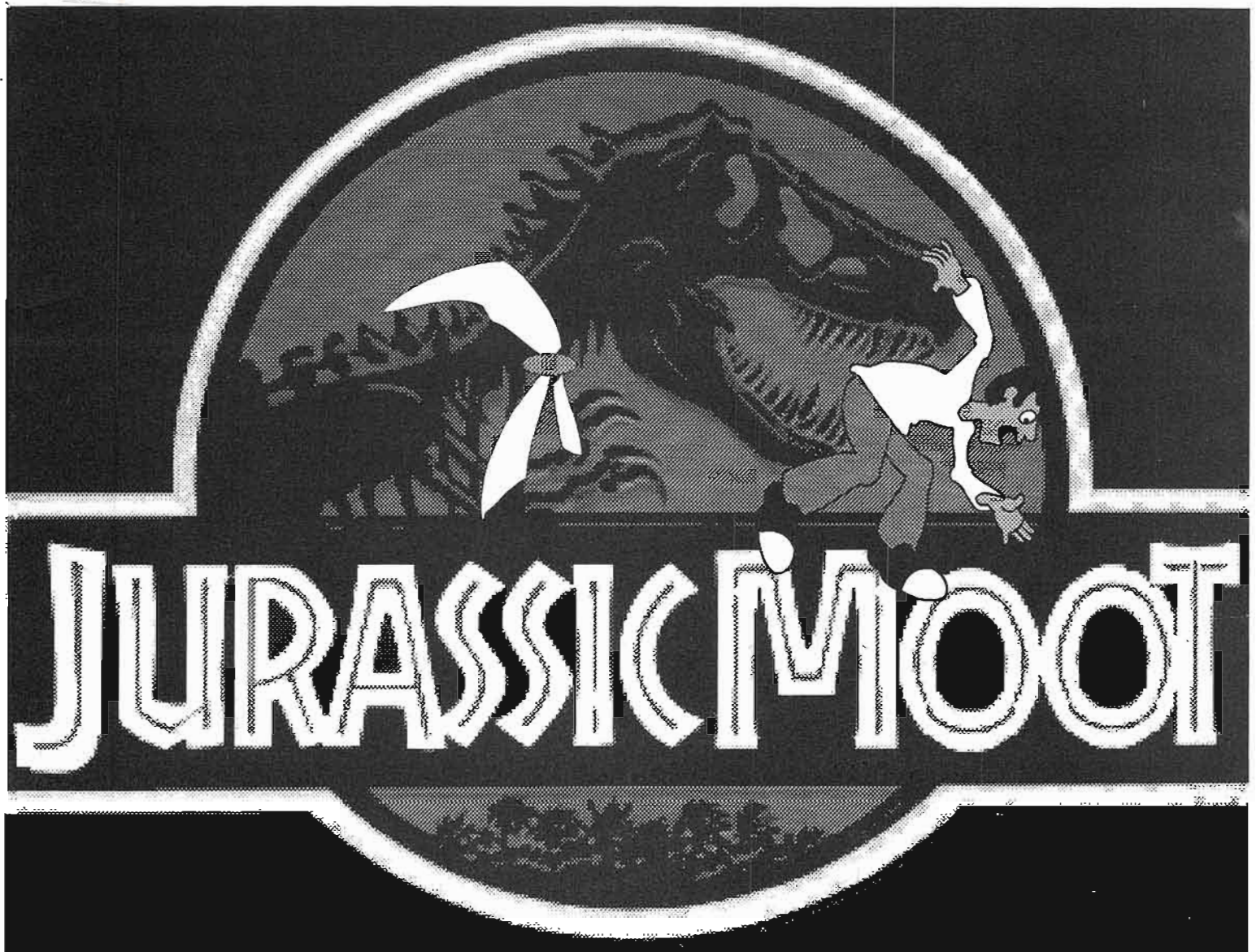
- | | |
|-----------|-----------|
| 1. _____ | 2. _____ |
| 3. _____ | 4. _____ |
| 5. _____ | 6. _____ |
| 7. _____ | 8. _____ |
| 9. _____ | 10. _____ |
| 11. _____ | 12. _____ |
| 13. _____ | 14. _____ |
| 15. _____ | 16. _____ |
| 17. _____ | 18. _____ |

EVENTS CALENDAR

APRIL 1994

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1 GOOD FRIDAY	2 QUEBEC 2nd EASTER B.B.Q. sponsor: Emu Rovers T.B.A. - contact Chris Chandler at 1(514)684-2905
3 EASTER ,PASSEOVER ENDS, DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME BEGINS	4	5	6	7 WORLD HEALTH DAY	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15 LOONEY TUNES MOOT 15th to 17th.	16 B.C. NITE HIKE U.B.C. Endowment Lands. Vancouver Coast Scouthouse for more info.
17 ONT. GREEN VALLEYS REGION - GENERAL DISCUSSION ON ROVERING - PEACE HAVEN CAMP 2:30 PM.	18	19	20 Secretary's Day	21	22 EARTH DAY	23
24	25	26	27	28	29 B.C. - April 30 B.C.Y.P.R.R.T 12:00 Noon Victoria Scouthouse Contact: Colleen Vince 942-4129	30 ST. GEORGE'S DINNER & DANCE, AND AWARDS SPONSOR; 9TH KITCHENER ROVERS and the DONNACONA RANGERS

VANCOUVER COAST REGION



SEYMOUR VESPULA ROVERS PRESENT A VANCOUVER COAST REGION MOOT MAY 6-8, 1994, AT THE CAL-CHEAK CONFLUENCE JUST NORTH OF BRANDYWINE FALLS ON HIGHWAY 99 TO WHISTLER. PLANNED EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES WILL INCLUDE MAMMOTH HUNTING, CAVEMAN STOMP, PTERODACTYL KITE FLYING, AND THE JURASSIC COOKING CONTEST. WINNERS OF THE BEST CAVE (SITE), AND CLAN (SPIRIT) WILL BE PRESENTED WITH JURASSIC AWARDS. PLEASE BE SURE TO BRING YOUR OWN WATER SINCE THERE IS NONE ON-SITE. CONTACT TANYA HAMILTON AT 988-4421 OR MARK HANSEN AT 980-6075

EVENTS CALENDAR

MAY 1994

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 —	2	3	4	5	6 B.C. - May 6-8 Jurassic Moot - V.C.R. Info: Tanya Hamilton 988-4421	7 Mail Submissions to Rovering Magazine for June issue
8 MOTHER'S DAY	9	10	11 B.C.-FRASER VALLEY ROUNDTABLE AGM MEETING - ELECTIONS!!!!!! PHONE- GORD REED (604)420-6195	12 ASCENSION DAY	13	14 TORONTO, ONT. FIND & GRIND CALL HEATHER (416)423-1187 OR CALL HEATHER AT (905)607-0749 hot line (416)490-6364 ext. 226
15	16	17	18	19	20 QUEBEC: 20 - 23 Q-MOOT GOES ARCADE- Sponsor: Cool Chameleon Rovers Contact: Bruce Campbell 1 (514) 727-6626 or Heather Hooper 1 (514) 626-8979	21 B.C. - May 20-23 Camp Skeeler Contact Debbie Lowry (604) 756-9615
22	23 VICTORIA DAY	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

EVENTS CALENDAR

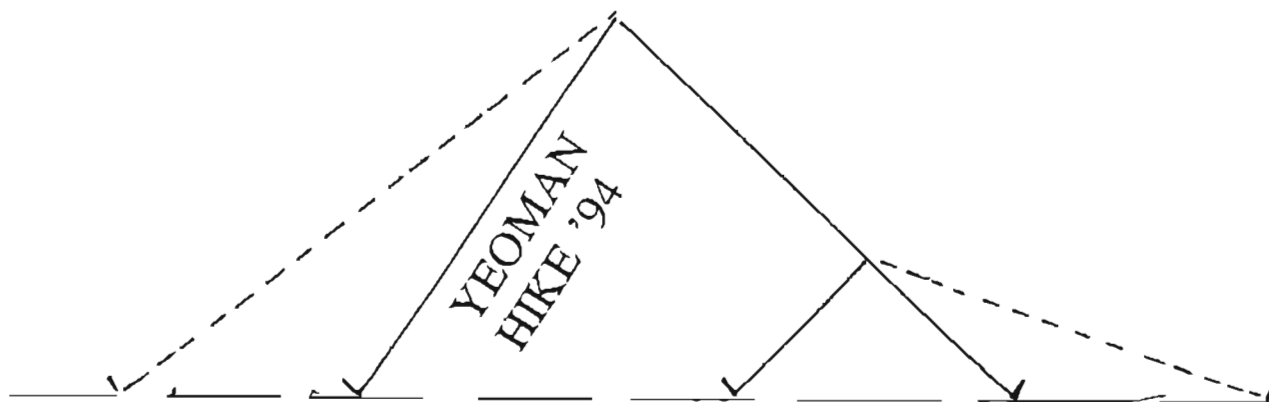
JUNE 1994

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1	2	3 ATTAWANDERONK MOOT 3rd to 5th	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11 B.C. B.P. Trek Challenge B.P. Trail - North Vancouver Contact: Seymour Vespula Rover Crew Tanya Hamilton at (604) 988-4421
12	13	14	15	16	17 B.C. 17 to 19 Fraser Valley Region Moot. contact Jason Farmer at (604) 596-9569	18
19 FATHER'S DAY	20	21 FIRST DAY OF SUMMER	22	23	24	25 ONTARIO: Yeoman Hike. 25 & 26 Contact: Kirby McCuaig (416) 226-2296
26	27	28	29	30		

YEOMAN HIKE '94

JUNE 25th and 26th

- Fun/Competitive 2 Day Hike
 - Evaluated on:
 - Log
 - Camping Skills
 - Hiking Skills
- 2 Member Team
- Many Crews have used the Yeoman Hike to fulfill part of Squireship Investiture requirements.
- Each Team must come completely self-contained
- Open to all Registered Rovers or Advisors
- Sponsored by: Greater Toronto Rover Round Table (participation recognized in Finlay Trophy evaluation)
- Based on Scout's First Class Journey
- Approximately 14 mile hike
- Location to be announced June 24th
- Staggered starts (beginning 8:30 am Saturday)
- Finish: Sunday 3:30 pm.
- All teams must be pre-registered
- Awards for 1st, 2nd & 3rd
- Crest included
- Register by June 10th., Cost \$10.00

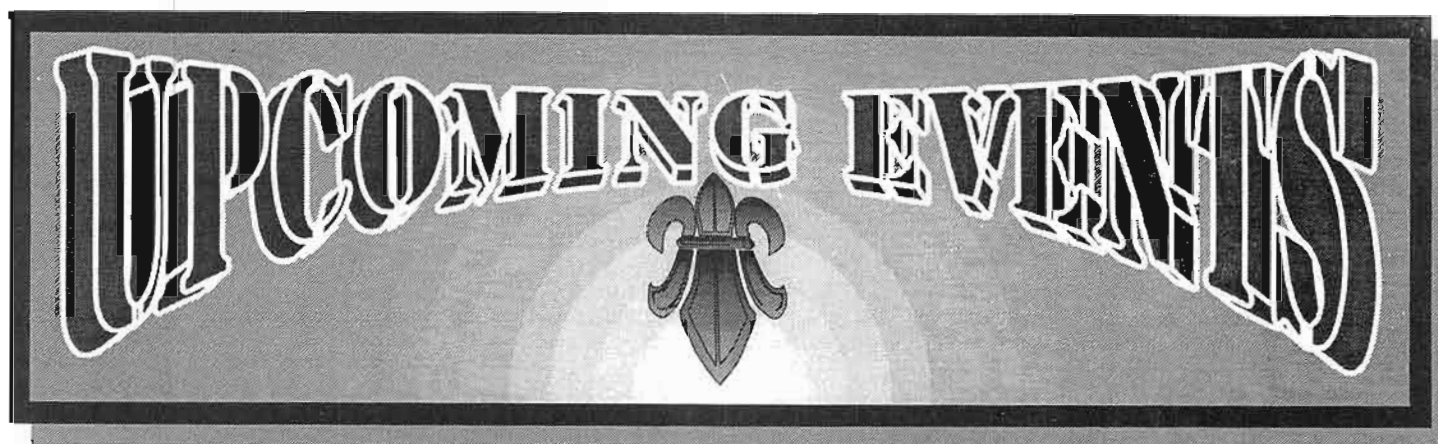


For more information call or write

Nicola Dorosh (Advisor)
3rd Newtonbrook Rovers
H - (416) 221-7077

3rd Newtonbrook Rovers
32 Wedgewood Drive
Willowdale, Ontario
M2M 2H3

Kirby McCuaig (Asst. Advisor)
3rd Newtonbrook Rovers
H - (416) 226-2296



ONTARIO

- April 15-17 - *Looney Tunes Moot*
 30 - *St. George's Day Dinner and Dance*
- June 3, 4, 5 - *Attawanderonk Moot*
- July 1-3 - *Circus Moot*; contact Kevin Gabel,
 31st Hamilton, R.R. #1 Freelon
 16-23 - *Rover Woodbadge Part II at Blue Springs*
 contact: Ontario Provincial Headquarters
 9 Jackes Avenue, Toronto
- August 26 to September 4 - *"Rovering Sea to Sea"*
- October 14-16 - *Halloween Moot*

B.C. ROVERING

- April 16-17 - *Nite Hike '94*
 contact Vancouver Scout House
- 29 - May 1 B.C./Yukon Provincial R.T. Colleen
 Cookie Classic Weekend Event
 Willis Point Fire Hall, Saanich, B.C.
 contact Colleen Vince @ (604) 942-4129
- 30 - B.C./Yukon Provincial R.T.
 Willis Point Fire Hall, Saanich, B.C.
 12 noon contact: Colleen Vince
 @ (604) 942-4129
- May 6 - 8 - *Jurassic Moot*
 contact: Tanya Hamilton Ph: 988-4421
- 11 - Fraser Valley Roundtable AGM meeting -
 ELECTIONS! contact: Gordon Reid (604) 420-6195
- 20 - 23 - *Camp Skeeter*
 contact: Debbie Lowry @ (604) 756-9615

June

- 11 - B.P. Trek Challenge: B.P. Trail - North Vancouver
 Marc Ramsay @ 936-3434

July

- 29 - August 1 - B.C. Rover Conference: Morris Valley
 Scout Camp - Colleen Vince @ 942-4129

August

- 26 - September 4 - *Eh, Canadian Moot*; Woodland Trails
 Scout Camp, Aurora, Ontario

September 17-18 - Camp Raven 1994

contact: Leah Snelgrove @ (604) 985-8596

NOVA SCOTIA

- April - Canoe Course Level 1 & 2
- May 21 -22 - R.R.T. Event- Canoe Trip
 Pleasant Ville, N.S.

QUEBEC

- May 20-23 - *Q-Moot goes Arcade Moot*
 (Cool Chameleon Rovers & Flying Jaguar Rovers)
 Camp Lac Adair, St. Hippolyte, QC
 Contact: Bruce Campbell 1-514-727-6626
 Heather Hooper 1-514-727-6626
- October 7-10 - *Thanksgiving Stuff This! Moot*
 (Granny Grunt Rover Crew)
 T.B.A. Contact: Peter Kock 1-514-489-9729



An open invitation from a handicapped group in Toronto, to visit them. Look at this program.

Apr.04, 94 Monday, 7:00 PM.

School - Science Night

Apr.18, 94 Monday, 7:00 PM.

School - Open House, Friends & Parents

May,02, 94 Monday, 7:00 PM.

Museum - Visit Police Museum

May 94 Saturday, 10:00 AM.

Park - Trees Local/time to be announced

May,16. 94 Monday, 7:00 PM.

Park - Sunnybrooke,visit Police Stables

Jun.3/5 94 Friday, 7:30 PM.

Camp - Weekend, Camp Samac, Oshawa

Jun.06, 94 Monday, 7:00 PM.

Park - Ferry & Hike on Island

Jun.29, 94 Monday, 6:30 PM.

Church - Closing Banquet - St. Giles.

To set up visits to this busy group call:

Bill Leach - 6PM. to 8PM.- 478-8976

Bill Tennison- 6PM. to 8PM. - 233-0336

John Yarrow - 6PM. to 8PM. - 534-5144

A.R.A.

BMW SWALLOWS ROVER

This was the headline I read in a February Macleans issue.

This proves to me not just Canadian Scouting but the German auto makers wish Rovering destroyed. They must be afraid of us to program their cars to eat unsuspecting Rovers. What if it's not just the car manufacturers and the governments involved. They're probably in cahoots with the Canadian Government, who are in cahoots with all major car manufacturers.

What if BMW is just the beginning. Maybe all cars will be programmed to do it. We all remember "Herbie". What if he was real and was the prototype of the Rovering menace. Does this mean that Rovers should bear arms against all small cars. I say YES! Destroy them before they destroy us all. WE ARE AT WAR!!!

BILL !!

Yes Kook.

Bill, don't just read the headlines. The articles was about BMW taking over the Rover Group PLC, the last big British owned car manufacturer.

Sorry Kook.

AHEM, Heh heh, this is Bill Banfield, 1st. Jarvis Rovers just keeping an eye out for the good of Rovering.

(Ed Note: What you need Bill is a cartoonist to go with your imagination)

Although the following was not sent to the magazine I would like to share it with you:

Dear Don & 9th Kitchener Rovers,

I am FINALLY putting "pen to paper" to thank you for the honour of receiving the Roger Award in 1993 for "Dedication to Rangers". The award was presented to me at the closing ceremonies of the Quebec Ranger Rant on Labour Day Weekend by my Girls. Enclosed are 2 pictures taken that evening (if they can be printed - go for it).



I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who had nominated me for this award. It means a lot to me. It's wonderful that you have created these awards so that Rangers & Rovers can show their appreciation to their advisors & each other.

Hopefully, some of us will be able to attend the St. George's Day Dinner & Dance this April. Maybe some of your crew will make it to Quebec for the Moot on

Victoria Day weekend or the Ranger Rant on Labour Day Weekend?

GTRRRRT

Be environmentally friendly,
Bring a mug!



PRESENTS

WHAT

FIND: a Toronto-wide scavenger hunt beginning at 10 am, ending in a dance:...GRIND AT 7:30pm

FIND AND GRIND

When: May 14/94
Where: To be announced

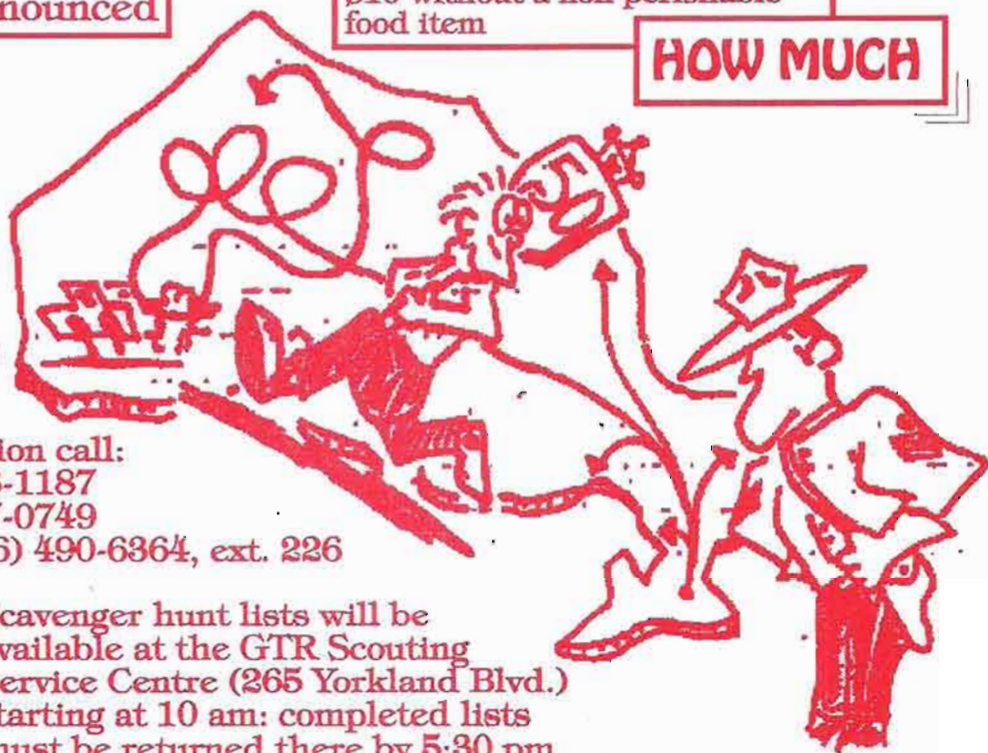
\$5 per person, preregistered,
+1 non-perishable food item
\$7 at the door
+1 non-perishable food item
\$10 without a non-perishable food item

HOW MUCH

Send preregistration to:
GTR Rover Roundtable
c/o Scouts Canada
265 Yorkland Blvd (2nd floor)
North York, Ont., M2J 5C1

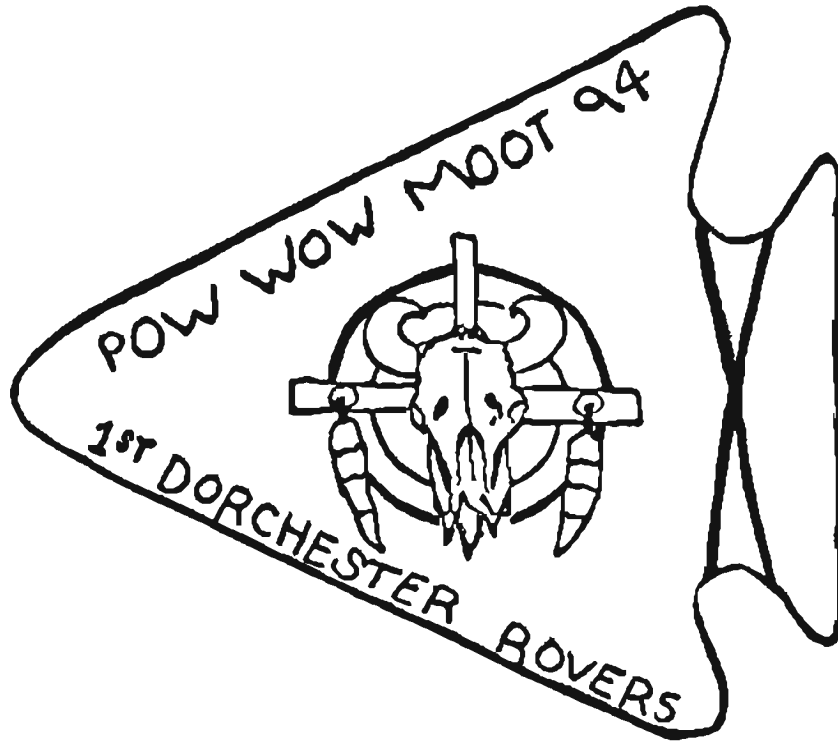
For more information call:
Heather (416) 423-1187
Heather (905) 607-0749
Rover Hotline (416) 490-6364, ext. 226

Scavenger hunt lists will be available at the GTR Scouting Service Centre (265 Yorkland Blvd.) starting at 10 am: completed lists must be returned there by 5:30 pm



1st DORCHESTER ROVERS

1st POW WOW MOOT



If you liked the Wee Moot then you'll love
POW WOW. August 11 - 14/94.
Registration is on a first come first serve
basis. Packages now available. Includes
Native Indian entertainment and a service
project. Location is CAMP BEL in
Dorchester. For info. write: P.O. Box 72
Dorchester Ont. NOL 1G0 or call Chris
(519) 268-3516, Darrell (519) 268-3421 or
Fax Chris (519) 268-2491



Until we do meet, again, somewhere, sometime,
Keep up the GREAT work.

Sincerely,
Irene Latremouille

Dear Roving Magazine:

What follows is a short communication on the Internet. All of the system address coding has been removed.

This may be impracticable, but how does this sound...

Try taking a Crew for each issue and doing a profile of them, it could spread some ideas around for how to improve things for everyone and all that. Maybe you already do this, I've only seen a few issues. Just an idea.

Yours in Service, Brian Trim Marachd Crew

John's Response:

We do this on a regular basis in the column called Meet the Crew. Please refer to the December 1993 issue for an example. However, this approach is dependent upon the crew in question sending in the information. No information, no column. May I use your comments as a letter to the editor?

Brian's Response:

By my guest. I work with Bernie Wile on the Excalibur, and I know all too well that it takes something like that sort of letter to get people to realize they should contribute to their own newsletters. When you want Crew profiles from here, let me know (or anyone else you are in touch with, I don't care how) and I'll find you a Crew or two that wants to do up the report.

Watch for a subscription form to be coming in from my Crew in a few weeks, then we won't be missing things like the column you mentioned.

Service, Brian Trim

THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT HALIFAX AND AREA, from a B.C. perspective.

1. It is usually cold.
2. It can become colder at anytime. You may think that temperatures tend to rise in the day, ya, whatever.
3. There are lovely lakes in the vicinity.
4. These lakes are likely frozen.
5. Insufficient rain, people do not seem to appreciate the finer points of puddle jumping. You are apt to receive strange looks in response to suggestions to go play in the puddles.
6. Lack of rain compensated for by a simply silly amount of snow.
7. The snow is cold.
8. You are apt to receive strange looks in response to suggestions to go play in the snow.
9. Snow can form impenetrable layers over things you would like to access to if not cleared away while fresh.
10. Snow is not liked by performance tires.
11. Snow is not your friend on formal occasions.
12. The term 'hill' is apparently synonymous with 'plane'. (Remember this one on your way to a ski 'hill'.)
13. There is only one season: cold.
14. The people are actually fairly cool in a non-temperate sense.

P.S. That I'm not at optimum health as a consequence of the cold bears no relation to this article. For my thoughts in respect to the cold please see the article THINGS I LIKE ABOUT THE COLD.

Marc Kampschuur
3rd Boundary Bay Notorious Knights

THINGS I LIKE ABOUT THE COLD

Marc Kampschuur
3rd Boundary Bay Notorious Knights

REPORTS



Well hello again! Here is yet another fact filled article from the Black Sheep of all provinces, Quebec! Speaking of Black Sheep, that is the name of one of the newest crews in Quebec. They are located in St. Bruno, south of Montreal. As it seems, we keep finding new crews all the time. In Quebec we have roughly 20 crews, and we would like to know if anyone out there knows of any more. It is very hard to get a complete list of crews, though Jules does keep a very current list, we have heard there may be crews in the Hull region of Quebec. Hey guys! Even though you are really close to The National-Capital region we would like to know if you exist!

Well, now that I have mentioned Jules, I am going to have to tell you the truth, she has gone to the Northwest Territories, to study the mating rituals of the ptarmigan. Well, no that's not it, she's swamped with mid-terms, and since I am the non-student (is that a word?) I am free to write.

I suppose I should let you know what has been happening here in Quebec. As for activities, there was Club Med Moot, lovingly run by the Missing Link Rovers. There was quite an Ontario contingent present. Well, well, is Quebec the new vacation spot, hmm? It was cold and we all had fun. I did hear that a couple of people wiped out on the icy stairs, (was that you Pete?) I will admit that I too slipped and fell, maybe next year we will have to participate in shovelling for food, as a Moot game!

The Flying Jaguars held their Car Rally, attendance was low because of the snow, but the spirit was high! (Hey Canada-we've had too much snow, could we ship some over to Vancouver, it looks a little to balmy over there!)

The Emu Rovers held a Pool Tournament, and the turnout was quite good, though my game of pool really bit the big one.

As for QRRT news, we had a huge Round Table turnout on February 6th, with 68 Rovers present. Why is it that we get a turnout of nearly 1/2 the Rovers in the province for one Round Table when there is something political and silly to discuss, but no one shows up for a regular Round Table? Guys, could we be straying from our Scouting roots?

We also have been revamping our QRRT/QRC constitution. It was a long process, but it had to be done, we were a little out of date, and hopefully it will not have to be redone for many years to come.

Guide/Scout Week happened, and Scout Centre (our Provincial Headquarters) held its annual open house. Rovering had quite an impressive display. This is one way to show off. We are letting people know that Rovering is more than a Moot, and also attract the younger sections, and hopefully spark some interest, that will stick with them until they are of Rover age.

In the Spring, there are quite a few upcoming activities, so, here is a summary. The Jags are hosting Bowling Madness 5, (yippee! we get to wear those cheesy shoes, with the size written on the outside!). St. Joseph's

THE ROGER AWARDS

The "ROGER AWARD" is not in any way, shape, or form, a product of any Scout Headquarters at any level. It is an award that is made by you, the Rovers, Rangers and Advisors, by your nomination-votes sent into Rovering Magazine. It gives Rovers and Rangers a chance to honour their own, and show appreciation for the efforts of an individual or a crew(s).

All Rovers, Rangers and Advisors are allowed to nominate-vote once in each category. All we ask is that you vote only for the moots which you personally attended, and not on hearsay. You may leave a category blank if you so desire.

It is important that you list No. 3 in order of preference, as points are scored, then added to determine the winner.

(e.g.- 3A scores 4 points, 3B scores 3 points, 3C scores 2 points and 3D scores 1 point.)

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

1. Name a person who you feel has given sincere dedication to Rovers.

2. Name a person who you feel has given sincere dedication to Rangers.

3. Name what you feel were the four best moots in the past year in order of preference.

A.

B.

C.

D.

4. Name the best continuing feature to appear in Rovering Magazine during the past year.

5. Name the best feature to appear in Rovering Magazine during the past year.

Send your nomination-vote to: "ROGER AWARDS"
c/o 45 Islington Avenue
Kitchener, Ontario
N2B 1P3

Awards will be presented at the St. George's Day Dinner & Dance in April



EH, CANADIAN PROVINCIAL MOOT



"ROVERING FROM SEA TO SEA"

NEWSLETTER NUMBER 2, FEB. 10, 1994

Eh! Canadian Provincial Moot: *Rovering From Sea to Sea* is coming along more quickly, and with more enthusiasm, than any of us had thought possible. We've spoken with contingent leaders from Canada's East West coasts as well as groups in some American states who are helping by distributing information through their local councils. The Australian Contingent is sending a group large enough to support a small Moot all by themselves, and seem to be adding more people every time we speak with them. They're advertising the Moot via a special information booth at events in Australia. The Scouts Canada National office has received official inquiries from several countries and has responded, thereby helping to spread information internationally through channels which would have otherwise been unavailable to us.

MAILING LIST GROWING FAST

In this newsletter, we'd also like to clear up a small bit of confusion. Activities at the Moot start on *Saturday, August 27*, but, if you like, you can arrive on *Friday, August 26*. The starting date (ie. day #1) has previously been published incorrectly.

We have also noticed that we omitted something in the Registration package. As described under "FEES", inclusive meals begin on Saturday at breakfast. On the Registration

Form, you are told that you can receive meals as early as Friday at breakfast, since guests will be arriving then. These meals are available at a nominal extra charge, payable at meal times.

If you don't already know, the Moot will take place at Woodland Trails Scout Camp, just north of Toronto, and will consist of 1/2-day, full-day & 3-day activities as well as entertainment and, of course, Service Projects.

Our mailing list now includes over 200 groups & individuals, all of whom have been sent Information Packages & Registration Packages. If you haven't yet received yours, please let us know as soon as possible, because I'm sure we'll have received responses by the time you see this newsletter. If you prefer, you can contact me by phone between 8:00am and midnight Toronto time. (5am - 9pm BC, 6am - 10pm Alta, 7am - 11pm Sask & Man, 8am - 12am Que, 9am - 1am NB, NS & PEI, 9:30am - 1:30am Nfld)

REGISTER EARLY

We'd like to thank everyone who's asked for information as well as all who have helped by advertising in their own areas.

Yours in Scouting,

DJR.

Dan McLean Jr.
Communications Co-ordinator
Eh! Canadian Provincial Moot
Rovering From Sea to Sea
(416) 445-5357

FLASH!

We have now begun to receive registrations from all over and we even know what time the Australians's flight will arrive (140 Aussies so far). We'd like to thank the 1st Wawa & 1st Sudbury Rovers for being first to register, and point out to everyone else that this means Expedition spaces will now begin to fill up quickly, so be sure to register immediately. Remember, a mere \$100 will reserve your spot! We are currently discussing exactly how we will be handling day & week-end participation at the Moot. Day & week-end participation will include all the activities available to full-time participants. Future Newsletters will provide more details as they become available. If you're interested in being an on-site staff member, a very limited number of positions are available. If you are interested, please let us know immediately so that we can send you a Staff Application.

Eh Canadian Provincial Moot, P.O. Box 337, Burford, Ontario, Canada N0E 1A0

Centennial Scout Group (which includes the Crusader Rovers), are hosting their 4th annual Fish & Chip & Pub night, (yes! Fish and Chips wrapped in the funnies!). Also the Emu Rovers will be holding an Easter B.B.Q., weather permitting, on April 2nd. The Cool Chameleon Rovers and Flying Jaguar Rovers will be holding the annual Victoria Day Weekend Moot (May Moot to us Quebecers) and the theme is *Q-Moot Goes Arcade*.

Finally and most importantly the Granny Grunt Rovers will be hosting a Moot on Thanksgiving weekend. The Moot is...*STUFF THIS!* Moot. If there is a moot to come to here in Quebec, this is it. I am not favouring the Grunts though, I mean just because I am in the crew does not mean I will use up more space than usual to promote one Moot!

Well, I just got off the phone with a couple of weirdos from some place called B.C. (isn't that a comic strip?), and they wanted to know about the weather here, I think they wanted to laugh at me, but I am not too sure! I won't name any names, but apparently they make these phone calls all over the North American Continent, I think the RCMP is on to them. Is that why you moved, and are now living in a townhouse? Well guys, just remember that there is a time difference, and next time you call, tell whoever answers to wake me up!

I will now take this moment to say hi! to a few people. You see what I can do when I am writing alone? Hi to Michelle in Borden, Billy in Waterloo, Heather & Heather in T.O., and the mass of people who have communicated with me from B.C. Could it be that people just wish they could live here, in La Belle Province, eh? Peut-être vous voulez, une poutine avec votre Pepsi? Well, That's about it for me, and so ends the Steph and Jules article (minus Jules).

Oh, by the way, for those of you who are wondering where the heck we got the name Granny Grunt, (and you know who you are!) Here it is in the condensed form. In New England, in Vermont or upstate New York, there is a restaurant called the Granny Grunt Roadhouse, and the founding members of the crew frequented this establishment on a regular basis, so when it was time to create a name for the crew, this is what they chose. This was in 1975, and so this makes us the oldest Rover Crew in Quebec. This is the information I was able to get at such short notice, as I was on the phone all night, with those far westerners. C'est tout pour moi, bonne nuit, et salut!



Hello, Good evening, Good whatever time of day it is when you are reading this.

It's BC Rovering Mag time again, and with you tonight is Gord, Paul, and Colleen (the new Miss Provincial. Does this mean Paul is the old Miss Provincial?). Marc couldn't be here tonight, because he forgot! Also, because he is **WRONG!!!** (see New Jersey Report later for explanation)

And since Marc gets to proof read this stuff before it gets sent out, I get to insert my rebuttal right away. I did not forget, I just promised someone else my time tonight. Besides, I already mentioned that I would not be putting as much time into the B.C. Report anymore because of a new regular feature that I'm trying to get ready by the next issue. So thwppptt!

Welcome Steph and Jules! We tried to call you, but you were in bed! (*Together?*) (OK, so it was 11:20! That's no excuse, Steph!) Anyway, it's nice to see your report, although the style *does* seem to be a direct copy of the BC Rovering Mag reports. Did you receive copies of our Provincial Roundtable Minutes??? If not, let us know and we will add you to our mailing list. So, next time you're out in BC enjoying our great skiing, why not look us up. Paul will be at the National Youth Forum on May 5 to 8, in Montreal. If you would like to meet the Mo-Zsar of Rovering himself, give him a call to set something up.

OK, quick addition. It's now the next night, and we are talking to Steph from Quebec. She's now awake, and more than a little surprised to hear from us. She's apparently no longer with her Roundtable, but still writing for Rovering Mag we hope. There are approximately 130 Rovers in Quebec now, and the number is growing. She got a letter from John in Pitt Meadows. "Where the hell

is Pitt Meadows?", asks Steph. Apparently it's not in her atlas. She's still not sure if she'll be at the 'Eh! Canadian Moot' yet. Come on Steph! You can get there! It's been snowing heavily for the last two or three months in Quebec. But, bonus, the bars in Quebec are open until 3am. And the drinking age is 18. Worth the snow?? Hmmmm...We don't think so. OK, now back to our regularly scheduled article.

And Nova Scotia!!! Oh, Nova Scotia!!! I don't know where to begin...

OK, quick geography lesson:

Burnaby: Surrounded completely by LAND! Three lakes, very small. (I paddle boated the entire beach line in 30 minutes) One hill (that's a mountain for you flatlanders).

As Proofreader, I must interject. Burnaby is bounded on the North by Burrard Inlet, and on the South by the Fraser River. In case someone forgot, these are bodies of water!

Boundary Bay: Between White Rock and Tsawwassen. Comprised completely of water, one small lighthouse, hence NOWHERE NEAR BURNABY!!!

2nd Burnaby SW Knights of Locksley: LAND

3rd Boundary Bay Notorious Knights: WATER

Distance separating them, approx 38 km's. Similarity between crews: NONE!

That's the last time this will be tolerated. My, aren't we picky!

Vancouver Coast Region

Marc is WRONG!! (Ramsay, that is.) I will note for the record that someone spelled my last name wrong, and this is will not be tolerated. Must have been that Burnaby Bay Crew. And now, live from Mark (legs) Hansen:

In January, Vancouver Coast hosted it's Annual Games Night at the Steveston Rec Centre followed by pizza for all who attended. Some activities included wallyball, pool, and racquetball.

In February, the Friends of Rovent Committee hosted the 20th annual Rovent™ in Manning Park. This year's theme was the Commonwealth Games (the alternate ones are being held in Victoria this summer). In celebration of the 20th Rovent™, numerous VIP's were invited to reminisce about past Rovents™ and schmooze with each other. Two of the three original founding fathers of Rovent™ managed to find their way there. All attendants were given their share (and then some) of one of the forty 20th Anniversary cakes. <<note from Gord and Paul: There's STILL cake in our freezer>> Attendance surpassed the 600 mark in the -15c to -5c weather and



fresh snow-continued evidence that Rovent™ is and remains better than Mid-Island Region's Camp Skeeter!!! In the next issue, a complete report on what happened and who it happened to. Coming up in May will be the VCR Jurassic Moot (see ad elsewhere in this issue).

And also on the agenda, the Seymour Vespucci Rover's '4th Annual BP Trek Challenge' on June 11, 1994. This quick day-hike is approximately 46Km long, and must be completed in one day. There is only three mountains to climb along the way. Really easy. Call Marc Ramsay @ 936-3434 for more info. Not to be out done by any Burnaby Crews, we will also be at Nite Hike again!

Fraser Valley Region

Did we happen to mention how WRONG Marc was?? OK, just making sure.

Don't worry, these guys are always this annoying. Besides, how often am I wrong?

Well, what's new in Fraser Valley?

The next Roundtable is March 9th.

Lots of our Rovers will be doing service at Dream On 94, the giant Beaver sleep-over under the Dome in BC Place. I'll see some of you there. (I'll be the guy with a Beaver attached to each ankle, and a third hanging off my hair. Oh well, I need a haircut anyway.)

Coming up soon is the Fraser Valley Challenge Moot 1994, at Camp Linley, June 17 to 19. More info will be at the Roundtables, or contact Jason Farmer @ (604) 596-9569.

In the fall will be our semi-annual Rover Basic course.

Everyone is looking forward to the next Medieval Feast, late this year.

The 5th Port Coquitlam Knights of Ent are in need of a skilled vet, or quite possibly a new mascot. It seems the cute little white cat didn't like the cold, (5 gal of solid ice), or the treatment (did you ever find the missing eye or tail?). 5th Poco is also starting a "HIRE A SQUIRE" bartering business. Look for them at Skeeter this year. (*I thought squires are supposed to be free to all invested Rovers - Marc*)

3rd Boundary Bay, well what can one say about the best crew in the Fraser Valley Region. Colleen objects, but nobody's paying any attention. Now she's sitting dejected in the corner.

Burnaby Region

6th Centre Lake is on the phone now! Hi Sonia! Yes, Paul is now almost officially a Rover Advisor for 6th Centre Lake. 8 Centre Lake Rovers attended Rovent™, and all had a good time. We have Jackets! Our crew crest has been designed, updated, and re-designed. To the presses we go! We are currently working on our Crew Banner too. Three Rovers are going to Beaver Camp this weekend. Newsflash, there are NO vegetarians in Paul's new crew!! (Not that we have anything against vegetarians or anything, but if it's not red juicy meat, preferably BBQ'd, it's not dinner!)

Both 6th Centre Lake and 2nd SW Knights of Locksley will be attending Nite Hike, helping with night security and running a station.

The Burnaby Beaveree will be April 30. Sonia's term paper is due March 17.

6th Centre Lake is still planning a sailing trip, with the emphasis on still planning.

Now for the Knights of Locksley:

9 Rovers attended Rovent™ and had a blast! Bowling Night happened on March 4th and there was an excellent turnout with 16 Rovers hurling their ball down the lanes. Fun was had by all and we all feasted on THE ROVENT™ CAKE. Another piece anyone? Anyone? Please!

We are currently getting prepared for the following events: Nite Hike, Beaveree, Provincial Roundtable, National Youth Forum, Jurassic Moot, Skeeter, BP Trek, ...etc.

Our Crew crest is now finally a reality! We are placing an order for them in the next month and should have them by Skeeter! (Note: We have been doing this

crest thing for the last 6 years, This is a big thing!!!)

Well that's about it for Burnaby Rovers!

Islands Region

Does Rick have an Island's Region Report??? Oh, hell no. But the next Roundtable next Sunday, March 13, 1 pm, at his house!!! The address is #2 - 1659 Dufferin Cres., Nanaimo. Ph. (604) 755-1694.

Skeeter '94 is happening in Nanaimo on May 20 to 23, 1994. The theme is Christmas in May, including a full Turkey dinner. Bring your favourite Christmas decorations!

The Rovers attended the Parent/Child Banquet, and are looking forward to cooking for the Woodbadge Part II training.

There were 5 or 6 members at Rovent™, and everyone had a great time!

Victoria Region

Hi Jason! Are the Canucks winning??? We know we're getting infamous when the first word's out of Jason's mouth are "Oh S--t, not you guys!". Not even hi, hello, nothing!

There is a Vent/Rover Part II currently under way in Victoria. (Or so says the calender, anyway) Jason says Paul's a dough-head for not having taken a Woodbadge course yet. And Marc is WRONG!!

Victoria is hosting the next BC/Yukon Roundtable in Victoria. It will be at Willis Point Fire Hall, and is a full weekend event; April 29-May 1. The hot-tub is booked!

There is a car rally coming up, May 29, starting at Victoria Scouthouse, 1pm. Contact Jason Sylvester for more info, (604) 474-1316.

Jason says that Florida will take out the Montreal Canadians in the first round. Colleen, however, figures the Hartford Whalers will go all the way this year! We figure Colleen's in her own little dream world...And Jason, well, lives in Victoria. Say no more. *And you know what they say about Victoria, 'Newly Wed or Nearly Dead' (kind of neat how that seems to include the politicians).*

St. George's day dinner will be April 22. Contact St. George for more info, or failing that, Scouthouse. Failing that, just guess.

Halifax Report

Marc has nothing really to report. The Rovers

there won't let him play with matches. You can meet Marc at the Eh! Canadian Moot. Well, since it's 12:45 am there, good morning Marc!!!

Fulfilled the culture quota, endured a performance by the N.S. Symphony with Oliver Jones and trio, excellent performance. Remembered to remove the hanger from the suit. Hiked in Bridgewater, beautiful beaches, fell one or rather five too many times on the ice. R.T. in January was cool, in a literal sense as well. Beautiful scenery, edge of a lake (frozen), in the ski cabin of Brian MacInnes. Next R.T. will be in Chester in conjunction with a Rover Development Course; skating (think I'll avoid this one), curling, golf, and any other silliness we can think of will happen. Attended a crew meeting of the 53rd Fire Rovers, saw the inside of a fire truck, was not allowed to drive it. Rover hospitality here is excellent. Mom service makes excellent lasagna.

Later, Marc.

New Jersey Report:

Ring....Ring....Ring.....

Hi from New Jewursey. (note the accent) It's warming up, into the 50's (that's 10°C for all you Canadians), but another snow and ice storm is on its way on Wednesday! Sure glad we're not there. Tracey is already registered for the Eh! Canadian Moot, and is recruiting more New Jerseyains (*how am I suppose to proof-read that?*) to attend with her.

Oh, and Marc? YOU'RE WRONG. (from Tracey) *This of course does not bother me as anyone living in New Jersey, for whatever reason, can't be fully in the right themselves. Therefore, if you want to prove me wrong, come home and do it yourself!..Marc*

Congrat's on completing your CPR course, Tracey. (To the reader: Would you let Tracey give YOU CPR???) *Not if my life depended on it....*

From Tracey: Lynette!!! Why haven't you written me a letter!!!!!! I'm homesick!

Tracey also says Paul is easy! Is this true Paul?? Is there any chance this was taken out of context??? Naaaa....

Provincial Roundtable

Any opinions expressed in this section are opinions held solely by Colleen, and not by Gord and Paul, unless noted otherwise.

The BC Rover conference is rapidly approaching, the dates are July 29 to August 1, at Morris Valley

Campground, by Harrison. This will be a très excellent event, with the almighty 5th Poco hosting a mountain biking expedition. Other activities will include Rock Climbing (If there is a rock to climb), Ham Radio, Watersports, Off-site orienteering, pushing, pulling, scratching, biting, and generally just being Rovers. Vive la Expresso Bar!

Note: Gord and Paul agree with the dates and location noted herein, but that's it!

The next Provincial Roundtable will be held as noted in the Victoria Report. Be there, 'cause Colleen's bringing cookies!

Also, the conference committee is requesting T-shirt designs for the conference (must be B & W, easily silkscreenable). The winner will get a free shirt and the runner up gets a cookie from Colleen. Please note, you elected Colleen at the last Roundtable. To prevent a repeat of such an occurrence, attend your Roundtables! Colleen will see you all at the Eh! Canadian Moot.

Welcome aboard to Garry Ness. Garry is our new APC for Rovers. You can reach him at (604) 594-5165 if you have any questions for him.

Attention: All B.C. Rovers Interested in Attending the Eh, Canadian Moot

For those of you who are not aware, (which we are sure you are because you are all such faithful readers of BC Roving Mag), there is a Canadian Moot being held from August 26th to September 4th in Aurora, Ontario.

The base cost of the camp is \$285 which includes your food and a variety of activities. Further expenses will include a three day expedition which costs between \$100 and \$250. Attending a three day expedition is mandatory, for the sight must be empty during this time. Estimated travelling cost will be approximately \$500 from the Vancouver Airport. Therefore, so as not to leave you with any surprises, the cost of attending the camp will be approximately \$1000.

The "Eh, B.C. Contingent" is being organized by Garnet Ryder from the 8th Richmond Beachcombers. Information and registration packages regarding the moot will be sent out to all B.C. Roundtables shortly. If you are interested in attending, or require more information, feel free to contact Garnet at (604)294-4540, or you can write to him at:

Christie's Little Man
323-5166 Halifax St.
Burnaby B.C.V5B 2N6
or Internet E-mail to RDEG1287@BCIT.BC.CA

There are only a few months until the registration

Any grammatical effect is purely coincidental and unintended. No liability will be accepted for any consequences related to this article. If you continue to read you do so at your own risk.

Communication can occur verbally or non-verbally. Verbal communication has the virtue of the medium being fairly well defined and clarification can be requested and received through the same medium. To clarify, when a Nova Scotian verbally says, "that is a nice hill", there is an inherent meaning to the terms though clarification can be verbally requested. "What do you mean hill; that level area over there?" and verbally receive and answer, "yes, that area where that person with the skis stands, can you not discern the 5 metre increase in elevation? Obviously it is a hill." No need to change medium. The response that referred to the 5 metre increase in elevation could have taken the form of a swift kick but then there would be uncertainty to whether the kick indicated displeasure with not having a real hill or annoyance at poor observation skills. Conversely, the reference to the level area may seem unnecessary if you simply point in the direction and laugh. However, is the laughter directed at the hill, or lack of it, or the person standing there with skis? Verbal communication is generally less subject to interpretation than non-verbal communication which usually requires clarification through another medium. (If this stops making sense, it is because I have lost the ability to sleep). Verbal communication also has the advantage that thought is usually in word form, if you can think it you can say it. Non-verbal communication tends to be based on reactions without thought. Consequently if you have thoughts that you like to share it may be useful to do so verbally. It tends to be observation (the objective reasonable person standard is not necessarily appropriate). If something is worth your thoughts it is likely worth a few words.

And that's about it for this issue of BC Rovering Magazine.

It's sunny, and warm in BC (I went motorcycling
this weekend, first time this year!). So to all of you still
covered in snow and sub-zero temperatures, ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.....

With you tonight has been Gord Reid, Paul Mozsar, and Colleen Vince (Miss Provincial). On speakerphone (not always willingly) was Rick Holman, Jason Sylvester, Tracey Leacock, Sonia Tilley, Mark (legs) Hansen, Marc Kampschuur, Gord's mom, and whoever told us that Steph from Quebec was asleep.

Good night from BC (the rest of you are asleep already).

Oh, and the Canucks are going all the way, WITHOUT Petr Nedved! St. Louis, enjoy! We hope he's worth it!

If anyone in BC (or anywhere else for that matter) would like to contribute to our articles, please arrange to get it to us. On a disk or by modem would be nice, but we'll take anything.

To contact us (no hate mail please):

Paul Mozsar and/or Gord Reid
#49-9101 Forest Grove Drive
Burnaby, BC V5A 3Z5
(604) 420-6195

or Gord on the InterNet: R1490001@BCIT.BC.CA

Unlike Gord, I went for a night bicycle ride (didn't need one of those wimpy motorized things) up an old access road to one of the local ski hills on the weekend. Beautiful weather! So, from your friendly Proof-reader, it's so long for this month!

...Марс

JUST SAY IT

Caution: the following article is rated (M). Punctuation, capitalization, and whatever else is for visual purposes only.

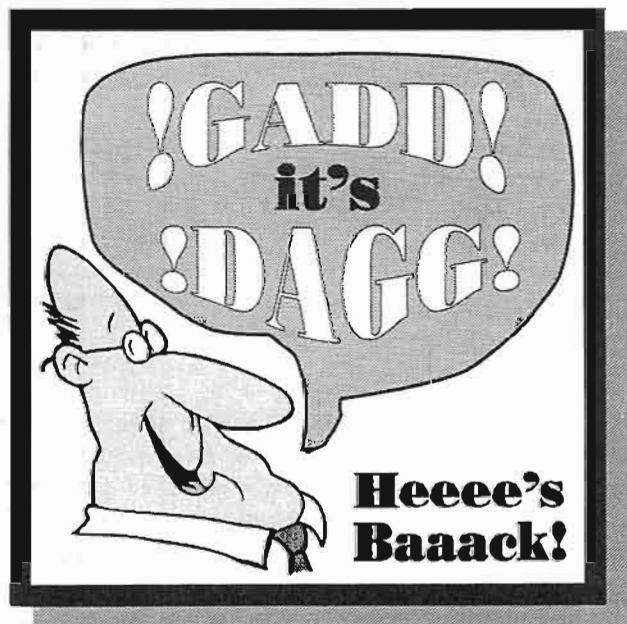
A Corollary: It may be difficult to say thing for various reasons but remember that few thoughts are original, the words used to communicate them even less so. Chances are that the person that communication is sought with has heard the words before or has had similar thoughts. The only real variation tends to be the context. **JUST SAY IT.**

Marc Kampschuur

3rd Boundary Bay Notorious Knights

THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT LAW SCHOOL

1. After writing the \$85.00 LSAT, you will allowed to keep the Papermate pen.
2. You will not be allowed to keep the little pencil.
3. Remember you were thumb printed.
4. A loan will be required for your books.
5. As will a haulage company for their delivery.
6. Books do not have pictures in them.
7. They do have multiple syllable words in an untranslatable language.
8. Concept of reality does not apply to readings you will be assigned from the books.
9. Caffeine is essential.
10. Sleep is not.
11. If you are thinking of law school, do more thinking.
12. If you are thinking that people in law school are intelligent think Marc is there, (but then I may not be there for long).



Just when you thought it was safe to open the pages of this magazine again, I'm back!! - with the first of my "occasional" articles, only four months after my "farewell" column. I had planned to take a longer break than this, but two seemingly unrelated recent events got me thinking, and I needed to put my thoughts down on paper

somewhere, even though this is a theme I've covered in this space in the past. So please indulge me, as I think it's important, and I am sorry if I bore you. Besides, some very exciting and impressive things are happening to this magazine in terms of appearance and layout as well as content, and I wanted to be part of it.

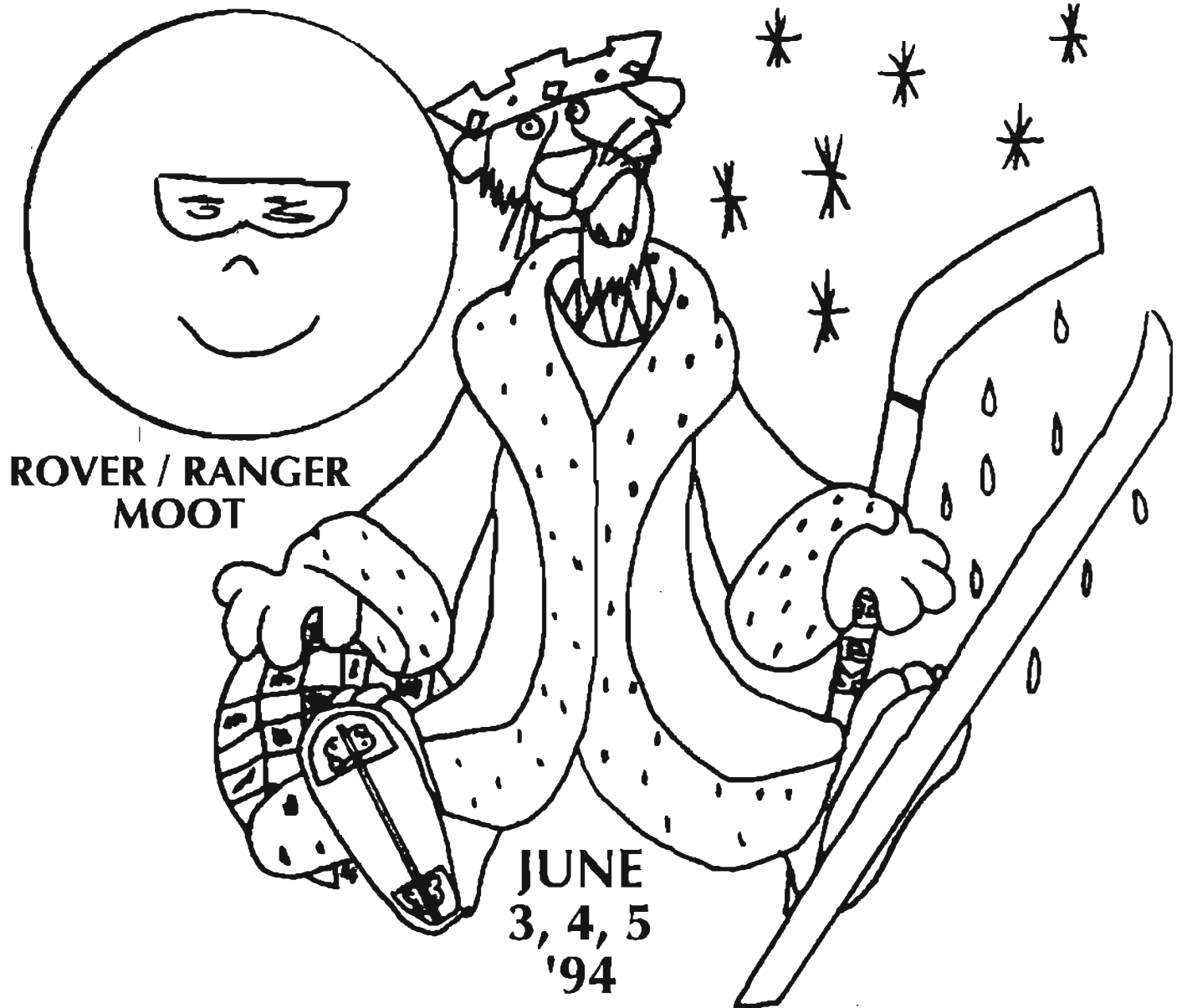
Before I get to the main theme of this article, I have a few random general observations and comments. Is it coincidence that the issue after my "farewell" article I get mentioned at least twice, by people I've never met? Anyway, keep up the good work John, the Mag. looks great; and thanks for the info on the two former Rovers I owe money to, Jules (or is it Steph? - you two sound the same in print!). Two issues ago, Don mentioned that he and I had only met once, at Harmony Moot near Vancouver in 1986. As one who has argued long and hard in this column for another National Moot or equivalent in this country, it should come as no surprise that I'll be attending *Rovering Sea to Sea* this summer, so let's make a date for another meeting Don, eight years later!

Also, before I go on, I can't help but gloat over the success of the 20th Ro-Vent™ this February, an event which I have been involved in running, in a small way, for the past several years. I didn't hear the final attendance figures, but it must have been somewhere between 700 and 800. For most of its 20-year life this event has been run by Rovers and friends from Vancouver-Coast Region, and although not a Moot by the strictest definition of the word, Ro-Vent™ must be one of the longest-running Rover-sponsored events in the country, if not the longest.

I saw at least two references on the last issue to the 3rd "Burnaby" bay Notorious Knights. This Crew sure gets around - last year we read they had moved to Alberta! (*I guess I'll never hear the end of that boo-boo, ED.*) I knew that was too much to hope for! Wherever they're from, they showed up at Ro-Vent™, and won a number of competitions, including the Snow Golf and Henley-on-the-Similkameen (once they got their boat back from the inept Vespula pirates).

Now, to those two unrelated events I made reference to earlier. About a week before the new Federal Government introduced its budget, I attended the A.G.M. of the strata council of my condo development, where we had a long debate over our annual budget. When I started to think about it, the parallels between the two processes were quite amazing. For example, we wanted to keep the increase in our monthly maintenance assessments to the rate of inflation if we could, but how could we do it when some of our costs, such as insurance, hydro and gas to name three, are rising at rates well above the inflation rate? Do we make cuts in other areas, such as gardening, painting, or cleaning, and let the place deteriorate? Like the country, we have a problem of deteriorating

ATTAWANDERONK



For more information: Trish Bolduc

c/o 1st Elmira Rovers
Box 41
Elmira, Ont.,
N3B 2Z5
(519) 669-3130

Come prepared for all season events!



PRE-REGISTRATION FORM

Crew Name: _____

Mailing Address: _____

Contact Person: _____

Phone No. () -

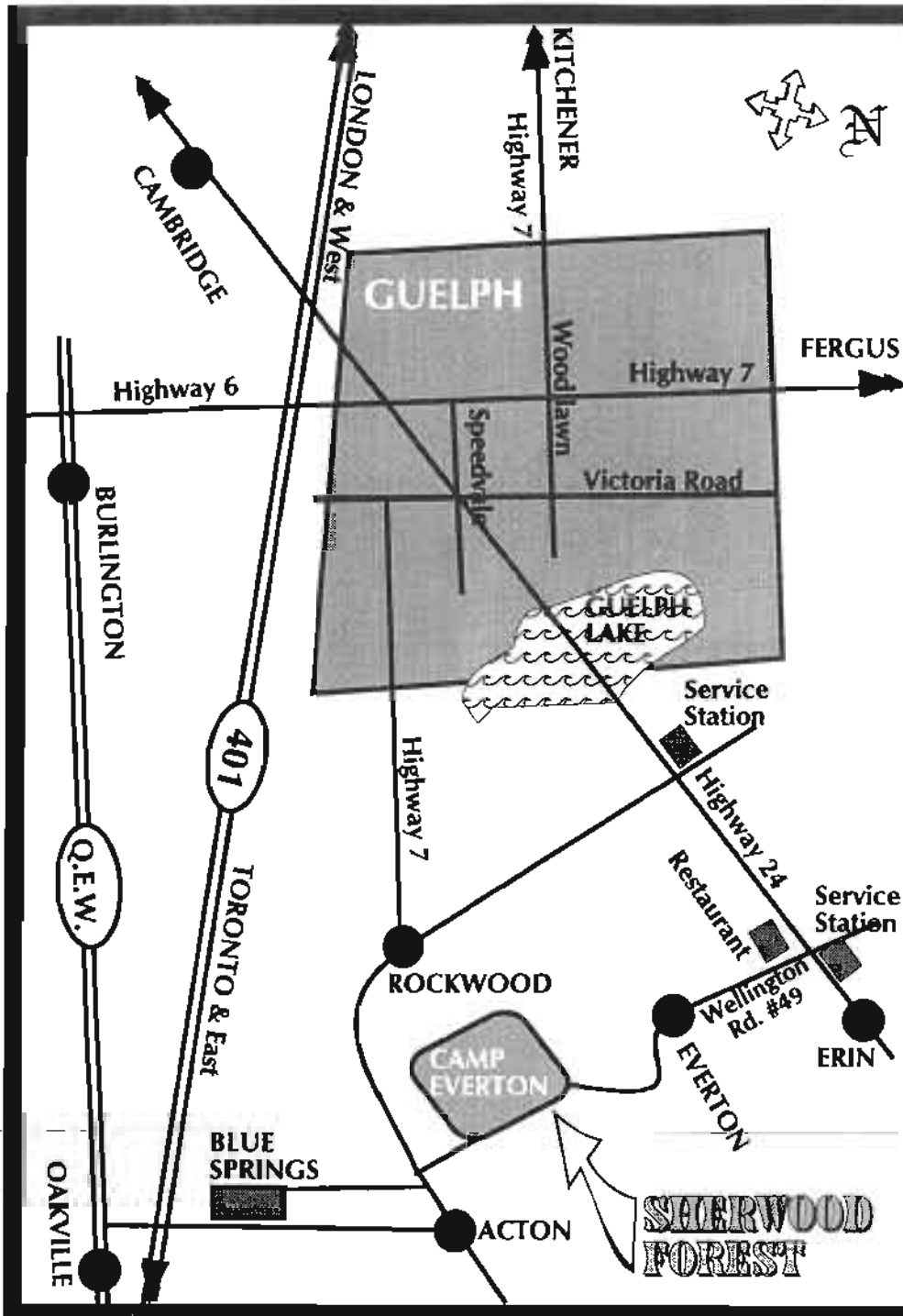
Names of Crew Members:

All Scout and Guide rules are in effect.

No. of members _____ X \$8.00 = \$ _____

Pre-registration - \$8.00

Registration - \$10.00

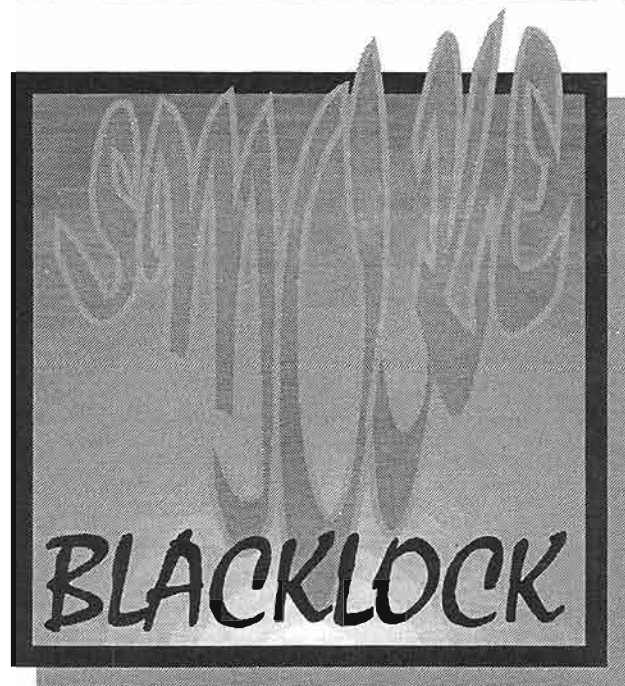


infrastructure - our original plumbing is nearing the end of its life span. Last year, faced with mounting costs for plumbing repair, we were forced to replace a lot of our original pipes, but we had to borrow from our Reserve Account (ie run a budgetary deficit), in order to do it. We reluctantly chose to raise taxes (ie increase our monthly maintenance assessments), in order to balance our 1994 budget. The whole exercise gave me a better appreciation for the problems our politicians (of all political stripes) face when trying to run the country, province, or city they represent. In terms of the recent Federal budget, some people thought it didn't go far enough in terms of spending cuts, while others thought it went too far. The simple fact is, everybody is in favour of spending cuts, as long as none of the programmes or services they personally use are affected.

A couple of years ago, I joined one of the major political parties in this province, and started to meet some of our elected MLA'S. The more I got to know them, the more I got to realize that most politicians are just normal people, like you and I. Sure, there are a few bad apples, just as there are a few bad lawyers, teachers, priests, and any other occupation you care to mention, but, for the most part, they are honest, hard-working individuals, faced with a near-impossible task, and I don't begrudge them their pension plans or other perks. How many of us would want that job? So let's stop blaming our political leaders for all of our problems, and start doing our share.

So what does all of this have to do with Rovering? Well, just like we should give our politicians a bit more credit, we also need to give the people involved with the current review of the Rover program more credit and assistance. I'm sure these are honest, dedicated, well-meaning people, and if we feel they are misguided on a few points, it's up to us to present some credible alternatives, in the form of constructive criticism, not just cynical complaining. So if you care about this program, it's up to you to GET INVOLVED with the review process. As I said before, the biggest threat to the program we know and cherish doesn't come from misguided directives from a review committee, it comes from apathy within the Rover community. Does anybody care?

Yours in Rovering,
Bruce Dagg.



WHO OWNS THE BOARDS?

K.R. "SMOKE" BLACKLOCK

I recently was asked whether a Crew could ask for the Rover Epaulettes to be given back to the Crew. The reason behind this request was the Crew's belief that a member was not living up to his Rover Promise and commitment to the Crew. They wanted to remove the Rover Boards and "drum" the member out of the crew.

When a crew asks a Squire to do the Vigil they have decided, that his or her maturity and level of commitment is high enough, that he or she will do a good Vigil. Once you have made this decision you are faced with a person who will conduct a Vigil as honestly as their personal commitment requires. After this Vigil the member may choose to be Invested. Therefore the Rover Epaulettes are presented by the Crew in recognition of the members decision. If the crew finds they have made an error in asking the Squire to complete a Vigil it is their own error not the Squires.

Assuming that your Crew may have made an error in this fashion you now look for a way of correcting it. Several options are available to you. First of all, you should communicate your concerns to the person involved. The sponsor of the former Squire possibly still has enough influence with him or her to share the crews feelings. That may be all that's needed to solve the problem. Explain what the Crew sees happening and ask if there is some mistake in the belief. If there is a misunderstanding about the commitment and/or the facts, you can talk it out and look for solutions. The Rover Mate or Crew Advisor may also have the rapport with the member to try to fill the communication gap if the sponsor is unable to.

In any case, you should not come out in an accusatory manner, as this will only cause animosity, without providing any solution. Instead, your approach could be that the Crew is concerned that one member's commitment to the Rover Principles is different from what the crew expected. Ask for clarification of what the member's beliefs are concerning Rovering. Do not debate these beliefs, but if they are different from those of the rest of the Crew, then discuss the differences, in an attempt to find some common ground. This meeting should be in a one on one setting and possibly in a coffee shop or other semi-public place where it can be discussed quietly and informally. Whoever is talking for the Crew should suggest that the Crew members are available to help him carry out his ideals as it states in the investiture of most crews. Try to establish a plan for a demonstrated commitment to the Crews standards. If successful this discussion and agreed terms remains a private thing between the two involved.

In the event that the problem cannot be solved in discussion between the two, it may be necessary to ask the member to leave the Crew. This is a failure on the part of both the member and the Crew but is still a better choice than allowing the rift to spread until the Crew destroys itself. Each member sets his or her personal standards and if these are not the same a friendly parting of the ways should take place if possible. The fewer people who are aware of the circumstances, the less chance that the subject will cause problems for other people. When you meet at Round Tables or at Rover activities both sides should demonstrate their maturity by being friendly and civil, as you are to every other Rover.

We in Rovers pride ourselves on the fact that it is our own self-examination which leads to our Investiture. We must therefore also pride ourselves on the fact that we are self directing individuals who are prepared to accept the fact that others have different views: Not right; Not Wrong; but different.

It's not easy, but if you wanted everything easy you would not have accepted the Rover Motto and Principles. Good Luck.

MOVING ON TO SERVICE STAGE.

K.R. "SMOKE" BLACKLOCK

A crew will sometimes find itself dying of old age because they have no way set to get rid of the older members. The Rovers who are now enjoying Rovering more than ever are reluctant to sever their ties with the Crew, and so new members see no chance to explore their

ideas of how the Crew should be working. Getting the movement back into the Crew is essential in order to continue to keep the crew alive.

One of the key ways to ensure that younger members have input into the Crew is to set a mandatory upper age limit for office holding. This could be set a year or two below the mandatory retirement age at age 24 or 25. The oldie would be able to serve as committee chairman or member on a particular project such as a moot or service project, but could not hold a position as Mate, Scribe, Treasurer etc. His or her energy could then be directed towards a single project and attendance at meetings except as necessary for that project should be totally optional. The old one will be encouraged to find other interests in Scouting and the community.

In the original Rover Program the member moved on from Squireship or Probationary Stage to the Training Stage where the individual member worked toward personal development in the Spiritual, Mental, Social and Physical fields. The Rover worked within his personal aims to Develop himself and also to carry out Service as a member of the Crew.

From this step he moved on to the Service Stage which was comparable to a Knight Errant who was expected to travel into the wider world searching for Service to carry out. Although still a member of the Crew and still a part of the Crews commitment to Service he was expected to also develop a personal Service role which was a continuation of his Rover Ideals. From this ongoing commitment arose the saying "Once A Rover always A Rover". This did not mean he would stay in the Crew forever but in fact would live by the ideals identified in his Vigil to carry out Service even though it may not always be pleasant or convenient.

When your member reaches the age, set by your crew to cease active office, hold a meaningful ceremony to recognize the fact. A vigil should, perhaps, be a part of this ceremony, with the member thinking of his or her commitment to carry out the Ideals of Rovering throughout his lifetime. In addition to the questions set by BP to guide the Squireship Vigil the Rover will think of;

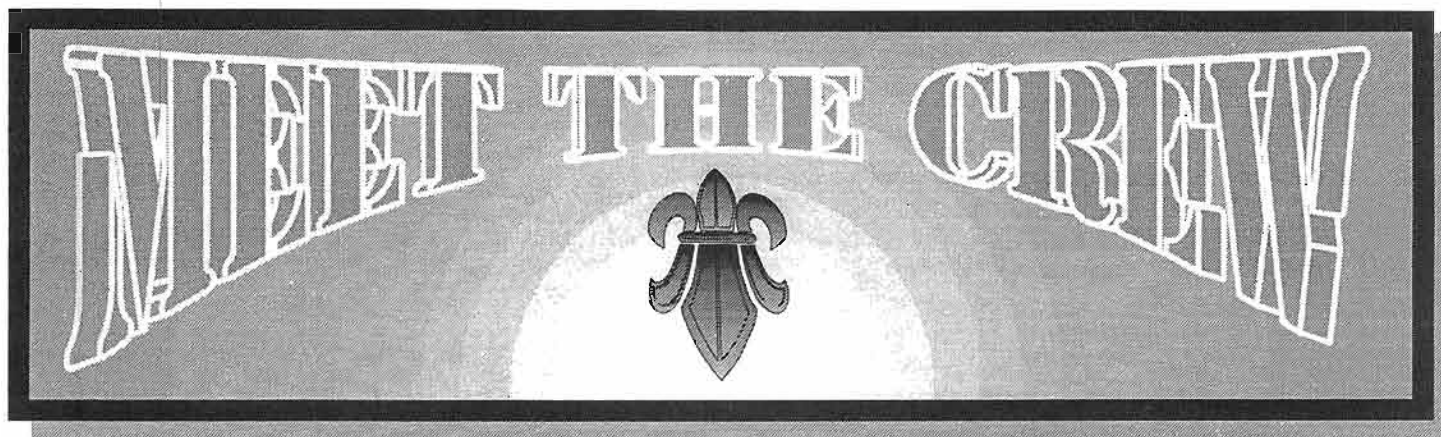
1. What role will Service take in my life from here on?
2. What type or field of Service do I intend to carry out in future?
3. How will I balance my commitment to Service with the commitments to my family and to my employer?

The time remaining in the crew before reaching the upper age limit should be used to develop any additional

training, etc in order to move on to this "Life Service" commitment. When the time comes to leave the crew entirely a celebration of this leaving should take place, more in recognition of graduation than retirement. Following this ceremony the Service Stage Rover would only attend meetings and activities on special occasions.

Service Stage Rovers should normally not become a part of the Crew Advisers team until at least a year has passed after leaving the Crew. While a new crew would likely benefit immediately from the Rovers skill and Experience, the old Crew should have a break in order to adjust to the changed situation.

If a crew cannot move their old members along they will become stagnant, but if they drive them out without ongoing ties they will find they are without a great resource group, long term traditions and lifelong friends. When you reach the age established to move on, then you owe it to your crew to move on, not as an enemy driven from the door, but as a mature adult pursuing your own aims and ambitions, keeping the ideals, friendships and memories of your Crew life, and moving on to represent them with pride as a Rover.



A ROVER CREW WITH A DIFFERENCE

by Allison Prittie

Rover Skip, 35th Kitchener

The 35th Kitchener Rover Crew is not your usual and typical group of young men and women. All of the youth on our crew are all handicapped in one way or another. The crew meets at the Sunbeam Residential Development Centre in Kitchener, Ontario, on Wednesday evenings.

Our Rover Crew meet at the same time and in the same place as the Cubs, Scouts, and Venturers. Since everyone is handicapped, we find that it is easier to work and plan together. All girls and boys play the games, make the same crafts and participate in the same activities.

Currently, we have 11 Rovers; 8 of whom are confined to wheelchairs. The youth in wheelchairs are from Sunbeam Centre. They need constant care - 24 hours each day. They are not able to talk, walk, feed themselves

or go to the washroom. They wear diapers: luckily, for the leaders, the nurses and aids that come to the meeting with the youth do that for us.

The other boys and girls in the crew come to us from a group home in Waterloo (a twin city of Kitchener). They have difficulty talking and thinking. They go to school but they are in very small and special classes. In their group home, their adult companions (on a 1:1 basis) try to teach them the basics in life that most people take for granted ----- buying groceries, going to the bank, mailing letter or doing simple chores around the house. These jobs are difficult to do for these boys. Most of them will never be able to do all of these things themselves and the prospects of living on their own in the future are unlikely.

Even though their comprehension of what we are doing is extremely limited, they do have their own way of showing their feelings. Smiles on their faces, the pounding of their feet on the wheelchairs, the screeching of their voices and the grasping of their own crafts with a tight fist are some of the signs that the Rover Advisors receive from the boys and girls as a sign that they are aware that something is happening.

Program planning for our weekly one (1) hour meeting is difficult and time consuming. The advisors have to plan and do everything. They plan for the individual capabilities of the youth. Since the vast majority of them are restricted as to their motor functions, our games, crafts and badge work need our hands and legs - meaning the advisors, service scouts and those girls and boys who can walk. Regular openings and closing are always an exciting part of each meeting with one of the boys or girls raising or lowering the flag. Uniform shirts are worn by all youth and full uniform is worn by all advisors.

Each year, we complete a modified version of the badge requirements for the Scout Program. In the past five (5) years, we have completed the Citizenship, B.P. Woodsman, Safety, Explorer, and Conservation badges. We are now working on badges related to their heritage.

While completing the Heritage badge, we are engaging in many different activities. We made collages of people from different nationalities, mobiles, igloos from cotton balls as well as Indian necklaces, headbands, drums and ". When all of the Indian crafts were made, we had an Indian War Dance. To tie in with a pioneer theme, we canoed from Pennsylvania to our own Grand River in Kitchener. We didn't use real canoes. Wheelchairs were imaginary canoes and the drivers hands were paddles. We paddled around the gym in circles. As we paddled, we pointed out different sights that we would see along the way. Each time around the gym was equal to 10 kms.

Relays, assembling puzzles, bowling and playing with soft balls are some of the favourite games that Rovers play. Perhaps the most favourite game among leaders and children is "Duck, Duck, Goose" and its many variations such as "Witch, Witch, Ghost", "Indian, Indian, Teepee", "Santa, Santa, Elf", "Bunay, Bunny, Carrot", and "Heart, Heart, Arrow". We are not crazy to think of these names but we do need a sense of humour each meeting.

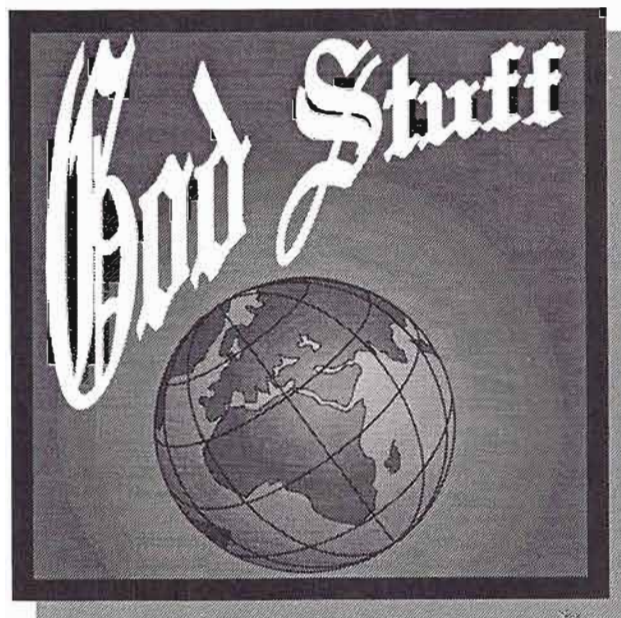
Throughout the year, we try to include special interest visitors such as the R.C.M.P., a magician, a balloon maker, Junk Man Band, and the Police Robot: Officer Broker. We also colour and race Kub Kars that have been made for us. As part of Scout - Guide Week celebrations last year to honour Lord and Lady Baden - Powells' birthday, the Chaplain of Sunbeam Centre came to visit the children. We assembled puzzles that resembled Lord Baden-Powell. A mobile was made depicting all sections within the Scouting Movement. The children enjoy watching action packed short films or videos with lots of music.

Our crew tries to participate in District events. On Apple Day we are allotted two entrances at a local mall for two-one hour time slots.

To raise money for our group, we have had a

Wheelie-Walk-A-Thon of 7 kms. and a Bowl-A-Thon. Employees at the Centre and leaders obtained sponsors for each event.

The leaders enjoy working with the boys and girls in our Rover Crew. It is a fulfilling and rewarding experience.



There is one part of Rovering that many leaders have difficulty with and that is Rovers' Own. We feel uncomfortable with planning them and even more uncomfortable with leading them. A Rovers' Own is not something to be afraid of.

When we go to moots we are supposed to have some sort of worship services. This is easy since someone else usually does it for us. What about when our crew is out on their own? Are we supposed to have something? Yes, we are.

A Rovers' Own is simply a gathering of Rovers for the worship of God. The form that this takes is up to the person leading it. A Christian would, naturally, lean towards Christianity, while a Hindu would lean towards that religion. Whatever the form takes one needs to be sensitive to the needs of those present. In other words don't do a Christian service if you know that most of the Rovers present are not Christians.

Over the years, it seems that we have developed a form for these services. Generally speaking there is 1) a call to worship, 2) a song, 3) a prayer, 4) a spiritual reading, 5) a Scouter's five minutes, 6) a prayer, 7) a closing song. This is not to say that all Rovers' Own will follow this format and they do not need to. The important thing is to be prepared and do what you are comfortable doing.

Many of us are uncomfortable leading singing and do not play a guitar or other portable instrument. So, leave them out, or get help with them.

When I do a Scout's Own I generally have all but the Scouter's 5 done ahead of time. "What about being prepared?" you ask. I have a rough idea about what I want to do, but as I go around the camp over the weekend I am able to see what the youth are doing and thus make the message more relevant to them.

The length of a Rover's Own is not critical. I have done Scout's Own which have lasted thirty seconds in the pouring rain to an average of ten minutes. Remember a Rover's Own is not a substitute for regular religious

services, but it is the best we can do at camp, unless it is a large moot. Perhaps a large moot should make provisions for religious observances of these groups.

The main thing to remember with any Rover's Own is to have fun and enjoy what you are doing. Above all remain true to your beliefs. If you do not fully believe in what you are doing, how can you give the service the emphasis that it deserves.

In Christ,

Michael Wm. Diegel

(VE3PSD)

P.S. My packet radio address is VE3PSD@VE3CDX
#SWON.ON.CAN.NA.

CANOE TRIPS

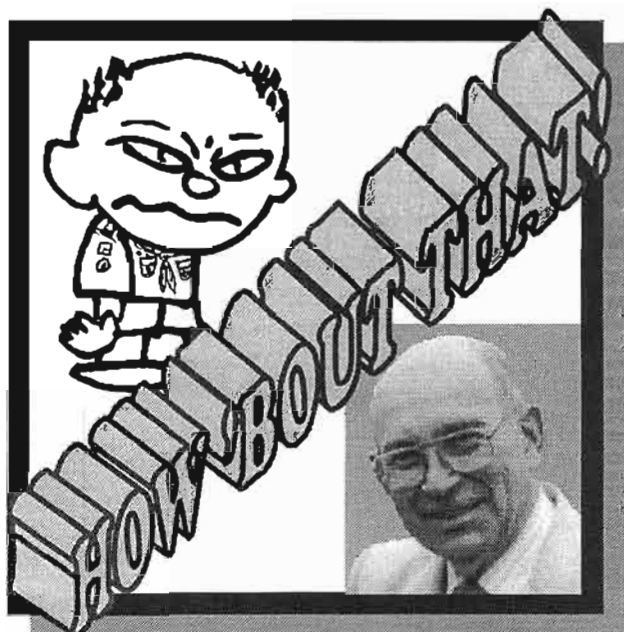
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Well, I am about to break the hearts of countless beautiful ladies. That roaming bachelor who present flowers to so many of you is about to give up his roving ways and pledge his heart to one only. On July the 9th, Ian "Soupy" Campbell is getting married. First Gordon and now Ian, alas, who will take these two Scottish lads place.

All kidding aside, and if we have room, in honour of Ian's forthcoming bliss, there is in this issue, (if there is room) a poem written by Ian almost 10 yrs ago. Ian at one time wrote a column on cooking for *Rovering Magazine*, which raising the question, who is going to cook? A reply Ian?

Keep On Rovering, Don

The Secret Sharer

continued

by

John Sitler

Chapter Seven Olympic Gold

July arrived, as well as, time for departure. The three families and Reg gathered at Terminal Three and

waited to board. Their flight was non-stop to Sydney. For an event this special, Mark had pulled off another surprise. While waiting for their flight, the other family members stood in amazement as their plane was towed up to the terminal; a brilliant, spotless Concorde. This was British Airways at its finest. Angela looked down at Mark with her 'and how much did *this* cost?' look. Mark had heard just how long and tedious the usual flight to Australia could be.

Not for this boy! He wanted to *get* there!

The flight, touch-down and disembarking in Sydney were uneventful. Two more travel steps had to be taken. First a ride on The Wheel to Fremantle to check-in and then another to the Hub in time for opening ceremonies. They had read back home that due to the size of the site, the Olympic flame was to be lit at each of the stations on the rim of The Wheel and then duplicated at the Hub. That evening, when the torch arrived with much ceremony, by Concorde from Vancouver, Sydney was to receive the first flame. Runners were to take the torch aboard the train and travel with it to each station in turn, clockwise on the map. Then in Sydney, the torch would be transferred to the branch line headed for the Hub. This last leg of the journey would hold the final runners to take the torch to the main chalice.

The three families met Bomber in Adelaide, where they stopped off for lunch. They seemed a bit in a hurry to get checked in. Bomber told them not to worry. The day before, he had breakfast in Fremantle, went snorkelling on the Great Barrier Reef, had dinner at the Hub and was back in Fremantle for curfew. He told the group, while at the Hub, he saw a model of the opening ceremonies stadium and flame mount. The Aborigines had allowed the use of Crown Rock, a sacred place for the mounting of the flame. The entire top of the outcropping was to hold the flame chalice.

The group carried on to Fremantle and were checked into their rooms by three o'clock. Bomber could only stay and show them around for about an hour and then he had to rejoin the team to prepare for opening ceremonies. He told Derek to watch for a main character in the opening acts of the show. Derek pressed him for details, but Bomber was not about to spoil the surprise.

After an early dinner and a short stroll on the beach, the three families were off to the Hub for the opening of the Olympiad. As they arrived at the mag-lev station, Rajid pointed up to the torch tower on top of the building. It was now lit. This intensified an already present feeling of passing through a sacred portal. They stood on the platform as the train silently rolled in front of them and glided to a stop. The entire outside surface of the vehicle was slick, streamlined, mirror-finished stainless steel. This helped it slip through the air easier and kept the

interior cooler in the hot Australian sun. Getting on was just as easy as getting on a subway car.

Once inside, however, any resemblance to this other method of rapid transit were gone. The seats all faced the same direction, just like an aircraft. They were well padded to absorb the initial impact of take-off. The ceiling had a semi-circular curve and due to the novelty of this technology, large LCD readouts slanted periodically down from the ceiling for everyone on board to see. The windows were much larger than on an aircraft since air pressure was not a problem.

The families took their seats and fastened their seat belts. The conductor announced their departure. The rollers in the track began their work. The readouts in the ceiling began counting up the speed. In ten seconds, the vehicle was up to fifty kilometers an hour. Then -- BLAM -- the magnetic wave kicked the vehicle from behind and it shot off, lifting off the track and zippering along on the magnetic surf. The readouts went crazy! As the vehicle accelerated, passengers were pressed into their seats. In one minute, they were up to five hundred kilometers an hour. Fremantle was now far behind and the centre of Australia would be coming up in a few minutes.

The tracks for the entire system were built high above the ground on pylons, so as not to interfere with kangaroos. The ride was smooth and without the usual motions that come with train travel. Since the vehicle was not in contact with the track, there was nothing to bump up and down on or cause sway. Derek turned to Rajid and said, "some warp drive eh?"

All tracks were double and all trains were double-ended. The vehicles never needed to be turned around. When they reached the Hub station and disembarked and before returning passengers got on, Derek looked over his shoulder and could see the seats reversing themselves. As he would tour the country for the next week this would not be the only technical wizardry he would encounter.

Their small group now became part of the flood tide of humanity washing into the gigantic stadium. The edifice wasn't actually a building. Geologists had discovered that Crown Rock was the centre of a huge meteor crater made in the dim distant past. Construction consisted of hollowing out the original shape from the desert floor and filling in the stadium. The other structures stood all around the giant hub. The effect this created was an amphitheatre in the round. Seating descended toward the centre of the bowl where a level surface had been constructed where that night's opening show would play. Derek and his entourage were fortunate to gain seats close to the bottom of the bowl. The audience at this level would feel they were a part of the show and not just spectators.

At the centre stood Crown Rock. Its sheer walls,

blood red in the setting sun, rose almost vertically from the stage surface. The base of the monolith was ringed with empty flag poles and on one side, just off the seats, stood a pole so tall it needed guy wires to hold it up. This one was meant for the Olympic flag. Disguised in the side of the Crown were large pipes shooting straight up to the top. From the vantage point of the audience, only the rim could be seen. What the audience could not see was a giant network of gas jets lining the bowl-shaped top of the rock. The rim of the sun dipped below the horizon and the massive throng in their seats waited in hushed reverence for the show to begin.

The stage went dark. The ground beneath their feet began to rumble and then a red mist highlighted by floodlights began pouring down the sides of the rock. The music of creation filled the air and the mist continued to pour down until the stage was a moving sea of red. Fireworks now shot up off the top of the great rock. The effect was incredible. This lifeless lump in the middle of the desert had been turned into a theatrical volcano. Up out of the mist rose prehistoric creations of all kinds. Some were puppets no bigger than the actor inside while others were so huge, they had been inflated to gain their designed height.

The fire on the rock subsided and the mist ceased to pour down. Gradually the lighting changed to blue. The mist became the ocean. Some of the imaginary creatures could not survive and began to perish only to have their places taken by other even more exotic creatures. As the tableaux danced and swirled, creatures more familiar to the present day made their appearance. Fish and mammals of the oceans and the reefs dominated the stage now.

Chaos was everywhere. A conch shell trumpet broke through the din and the chaos began to subside. The lighting dimmed except around the Olympic flag pole. From under the seats, from a special entrance, the community of dolphins began their ascent up a ramp to the stage. They were led by a larger dolphin at the head. Derek checked his programme. This animal had a name; Master of Wind and Water, Prince Dolphin, the Great Teacher. Like most of the other puppets on the stage the actor could only be seen from the waist down, but Derek knew those legs anywhere: Bomber.

As the Great Teacher, came up the ramp and turned right to proceed around the huge stage, he turned and took a long formal bow aimed directly at Derek. The crowd went wild. The family group was far enough down to the front so that every detail could be seen. Bomber knew exactly where Derek was sitting. He lifted the huge puppet up high enough to let his face be seen for just a moment, caught Derek's attention, and winked. Derek went red. Little did the audience realize that the puppet character on-stage had just paid homage to the real Great

Teacher. Mark was sitting one row up directly behind Derek and he leaned over and squeezed his son's shoulder. Derek reached up and clamped his hand over his father's.

The rest of the show was just as incredible as the beginning. At the end of the theatrical performance, giant screens appeared on-stage and were placed at the base of the Crown. Some of the audience on the other side couldn't see the base of the Olympic pole. Television cameras picked up the action and displayed it on the huge screens all around the Crown.

Soon, the more traditional part of the ceremonies began. The flags of the nations began their parade onto the stage, along with the athletes from each country. They poured up the ramp in a never ending stream. When the last country appeared, the ring was completed. The entire stage was filled with the world community's finest athletes. Each flag bearer now took their flag to the base of the Crown and hoisted it up the pole. In unison the flags of all nations ascended the Crown and stopped, waving slowly in a slight breeze, about two thirds of the way up the rock.

The athletes nearest the entrance parted and made way for the largest flag of all; the Rings of Olympus. Several athletes carried the flag flat, up the ramp and proceeded, turning right, to circle the avenue of athletes, before the audience. The bearers did a complete circuit of the stage to arrive back at the pole. With only one floodlight trained on the flag, it ascended with ceremony to the top of the pole. From this point it could be seen from anywhere in the complex.

The stage went dark. The amplified sound of a mag-lev train slowing down for touch-down filled the stadium. The single floodlight hit the ramp area. Up from the entrance came near naked athletes straining on huge ropes, three on each side of a central space. They ascended, one group turning left, the other right. Then it appeared, shining like a diamond in the floodlight; a mag-lev train car. The background music for its ascent to the stage stopped suddenly as it reached the top of the ramp.

When the train car reached the stage it stopped and the doors slid silently open. Out stepped two aborigines, a man and a woman. Clad only in loincloths and covered head to toe in mystic body painting, they shared and held aloft the Olympic Torch. The athletes all round the stage were standing looking at the audience. With some unseen signal they all turned and knelt and looked up at the top of the Crown. The Torch bearers strode with pride to the base of the Crown and brought the torch down to a receptacle in the side of the rock. With a high-tech pyrotechnical trick, the flame leapt off the top of the torch and shot up the side of the rock. It ascended and disappeared over the top.

All at once the entire top of the Crown erupted

into a ball of bright flame, shooting skyward to an incredible height. Then it settled down to a gigantic cauldron of flame, set to burn night and day for the duration of the Games. This Olympic Flame was so huge, the night glow from it could be seen anywhere on the coast. The crowd had not been disappointed. The cheer went up and the Games were declared open.

For the next week the three families were spread out all across the continent, zipping from event to event. Wherever they went the organization proved to run smoothly. The Aussies had outdone themselves. On Wednesday, Rajid made his debut in the high country and fell in love; with a horse named Ralph. Derek wanted to get back to Fremantle before the next race, but Rajid could not be budged. Rajid's father held a family pow-wow and the results were that his wife and daughters would accompany the Seidlers back to Fremantle.

Back at the sailing site, excitement was building by the hour; so had the surf and wave conditions. The spectator stands were in behind a sizeable breakwater and up high. The water behind the wall was calm; good thing for those people who loved to watch sailing and soothe their aversion to getting wet. Nearly everyone had high-powered binoculars to watch the action. The audience had all the appearance of hungry flies learing at a pile of unattended food. A huge dirigible flying overhead was mounted with television cameras to help the near-sighted. Giant screens were perched to each side of the stands to let people get a close up view. This video view was somewhat akin to watching ping-pong while suspended from the roof of the Sky Dome.

The fleet was whittled down to eight competitors. Bomber had picked up formidable competition from an American named Randy. This guy seemed determined to knock the chip off the shoulder of the cocky Canadian with the cool nickname. This was the second last race and it would eliminate three boats.

The starting gun sounded and the cats shot off into the first leg of the triangular course. Right at the start, one of the other competitors was disqualified for crossing the starting line too soon. One down, two to go. Bomber's cat picked up speed and soon the race was between Randy, Bomber and a German. Three more evenly matched competitors could not have been hoped for. The boats jockeyed for first place on all three legs of the course. They shot across the finish line air-borne; first the German, then Randy and then Bomber. These three boats and two others were assured a place in the final race.

What was not apparent to anyone and secret to Bomber and his coach was that Bomber's injured leg was beginning to bother him just enough to cause him to momentarily lose his concentration and focus. His coach

SEARCH MOOT

THE SEARCH FOR *FRED* !!



SEPTEMBER

23-25, 1994

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SEARCH MOOT 1994



This is just one of the many beautiful sights you will experience at **Search Moot**. If you've never been to this unforgettable experience on the Toronto Island, then you are missing out on some of the best scenery you have ever seen.

You might be wondering if **Search Moot** is back. The answer is *yes!* The Moot will be held at the same place and the same time as the 2 previous award winning years. This bulletin is to inform you that the Moot will be held on the weekend of September 23, 24, and 25, 1994.

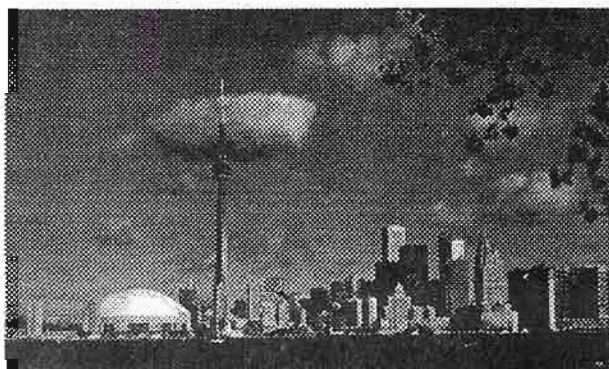
You will arrive on Friday afternoon at the Toronto Harbour. You then board one of the ferries provided by the City of Toronto for a luxurious 10 minute voyage across the Harbour to serene and placid Wards Island. There, you and your gear will be shuttled by truck to Snake Island which has been exclusively reserved for the Moot. After you set up camp on your reserved site, you can socialize with friends new and old, by our beachfront campfire, or you can participate in activities to get a head start on the competition for points for the many trophies and awards available throughout the weekend. Flag break and opening takes place Saturday morning after breakfast, and then it's group and crew events 'till dinner time. After dinner is your time to freshen up and look your best for the professionally D.J.'d indoor dance until the wee hours of the morning.

Closing and awards ceremony takes place Sunday after breakfast, and then you make the trip back to the mainland with many fond memories of a fun filled weekend, and perhaps even the famous Trophy for the Best Crew.

This year we are hoping to add a few additional events and activities to the program, among them are some waterbased activities, new dance venue (indoors), professional DJ's, and an improved snackbar.

If you would like to give us your ideas and suggestions on how we could improve the moot for this year, we would love to hear it! Please give us your thoughts, because this is your moot.

This year we are offering \$2 in canteen coupons for the first 30 people who register. Registration is \$8.00 before June 1, 1994. Registration after June 1, will be \$12.00.



This is the view from our roaring campfires, and some of the beachfront sites.

WE HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE!!

For more information:

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THE SEARCH FOR FRED!

wasn't so much worried about the possible loss of a medal as the danger this posed to Bomber. In the rough water, enough of a distraction could be very dangerous or possibly even fatal. Derek had picked up on this through his binoculars. He thought the only person he should say anything to was Bomber.

The following two days proved to be a lesson in frustration. The weather refused to co-operate and two time slots for the final race had been cancelled. On the second day, the strain was beginning to show on Bomber after he had received the cancellation notice. "Let's go snorkelling," Derek suggested.

Just south of the town was a beach becoming popular with locals and -- dolphins.

"Did you bring it?", asked Bomber, referring to the special snorkel.

"I never leave home without it," Derek replied, mimicking a famous TV commercial.

The beach in question, like many in Australia, was a nude one. This didn't bother the two one bit. Derek could understand why the dolphins had chosen this beach. The humans looked a little more real; none of that strange stuff clinging to their bodies.

They arrived at the beach and the impression of Baja was very strong, except for the lack of clothes. Derek and Bomber got out of their rented jeep and stripped. Carrying their gear towards the beach, someone recognized Bomber and a magical appearance of autograph books sprang up from the sand. Bomber commented to Derek how amazing it was people could do without clothes but not pen and paper. Derek smiled and politely backed away as a knot of jubilant human flesh pressed in around the Golden Canadian.

This mad scene carried on for a few minutes until one of the autograph seekers heard a strange noise behind her. About ten yards out dolphins were popping up and whistling at the shore. Derek was nowhere to be seen. Then his head and snorkel popped up above the surface. The knot began to break up to watch this little show. Bomber had been successfully up-staged.

"I think I'm being told to c'mon in, the water's fine. You'll have to excuse me now," he told his audience. He hung on to his gear and splashed into the surf. Part way out, he stopped, put on his flippers, mask and snorkel and then continued on out. When he caught up to Derek, he became surrounded by dolphins.

"Saved by the dolphin whistle, thanks buddy."

Derek spit out the snorkel, "don't thank me, thank them," he said smiling, motioning to the crowd around them. The pod responded by turning their noses down and

waving their tail flukes in the air.

"What does *that* mean?" Bomber was stupified.

"Silly boy, don't you recognize applause when you see it?" This was the first of many surprises for Bomber.

Much to the dismay of the people on shore and closer in, the private party continued for over two hours a couple of hundred yards out. Suddenly Bomber's leg cramped up and he began to lose control in the water. Derek gave a short staccato warning in the water and pointed at Bomber. Two dolphins dove and came up under Bomber to support him. Derek spit out the snorkel and yelled, "hang on to the dorsal fins and relax!!" Bomber did as he was told and the dolphins began to slowly manoeuvre him towards shore. In the shallows, with Derek in close attendance, he told the dolphins to let Bomber down slowly. The two animals slid apart and reversed course back out to deep water. Derek called for assistance from the other people and he and another young man helped Bomber hobble back to the safety of dry land.

The crowd gathered around at a safe distance to see if their idol was all right. A little boy came up and asked Derek, "is he not going to win the gold now?" Derek looked at Bomber half lying in the sand, caught Bomber's expression and then turned his head to the little boy, "of course he is. He's the Grand Master of Wind and Water." This time, Bomber let the comment pass.

Back at the Olympic village, with a little massage oil and trained hands the leg was put back into shape. Derek met with Bomber for dinner that evening. During the meal, Derek played more with his food than eat it. Bomber noticed and swallowed a mouthful hard to clear his throat, "it's not going to jump into your mouth like a dolphin, you know," he said, motioning towards Derek's plate.

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Rick listen, silver or bronze or nothing is still okay with me. Are you okay with that?"

"Always."

On the last day of the Olympics, the weather decided to co-operate. The catamaran event was the last to take place. As well as sailors, the entire world tuned in to watch this last battle take place. If the athletes didn't know tension before, they sure knew it now. The number of people around the world watching the events was known to everyone, especially the athletes.

The sailors looked over their boats one last time. Zippers on wet suits were closed up, flotation vests checked and safety harnesses were securely strapped into place. Each athlete jumped aboard their vessel and headed out to the course. The starting gun sounded and the race of the century was on.

Bomber took an early lead about one third of the way into the first leg. Derek could no longer stay in his seat. He walked down to the railing next to the water and stood with one foot on the railing, leaning out with his binoculars glued to his eyeballs.

The sailors were coming up on the first marker. Bomber took the turn a little wider than he should have and Randy came up the inside and shot out in front. The Canadian contingent back on shore was visibly disappointed. Derek paid no attention. The boats were battling for ground; tack for tack. They came up on the second marker. Bomber managed the same stunt on Randy and the fans roared their approval. Derek still paid no attention.

The last leg of the course was going to be the worst; close-hauled. The course had not been laid out that way, but a wind shift earlier in the day made it that way. This last leg of the race was almost parallel to the shore. With the boats now running mostly against the surf, at about three degrees off the wind, athlete and boat were beginning to take a pounding. The crowd on shore was ecstatic. Derek was worried. The cats were pounding so hard they began their aerial performance. The big waves were flinging the little craft up into the air and smacking them back down again sending spray in all directions. At this speed and movement, the boats looked more like windsurfers than sailboats.

With only hundreds of feet left, Randy's boat began to edge out in front of Bomber's. Derek was crest-fallen. The audience, binoculars trained on the events off-shore, did not notice in the calm water below, a curious dolphin. Derek could hear a question being asked of him and he looked down. Without a moment's hesitation he chattered to the dolphin and pointed out ahead of the finish line. The dolphin dove and headed out to sea.

Bomber could feel his concentration slipping. His leg was beginning to ache again. He could not handle a severe spasm now. He noticed Randy beginning to pull out ahead. There was only a few feet left to go. There was only ten feet, nine, eight, seven,... Then almost in slow motion, a dolphin, out ahead of the finish line, shot up out of the water, directly in Bomber's line of sight. It called loud and clear to Bomber. He saw the signal and yelled, "for Derek!!" He yanked on the lines, gybed to catch the wind just right and shot out ahead of Randy's boat.

Beep!! Beep!! The finish line signal went off in rapid succession. Who had won? The crowd and Derek on-shore sat for the next eternity and waited, binoculars slowly lowering to the rest position.

"For Canada-" The rest of the announcement was drowned out by cheering. Bomber had done it. Gold for Canada. Derek sat down on an empty seat in the front row

as the his tears began to run down his face. Never had anyone else's success ever felt so good. He watched his shining hero in his skin tight wet suit bring his cat into the calm area directly in front of the audience. One by one the three top sailors of the world mounted the podium to receive their medals. Bomber stood there searching the audience for his family, Rajid's family and Derek's family. He couldn't see Derek and as he bent down to receive his medal, he caught sight of a stunned looking young man in the front row. Bomber saw Derek's big grin and the tracks of his tears. As laughter is infectious so were tears. Bomber stood at attention to listen to the gracious hymn of the Carlen version of the Canadian national anthem. He had insisted that this version be played, should he win. He was already soaking wet, so no-one would see him looking at Derek and crying. It simply couldn't get any better than this.

The three winners were mobbed by well-wishers. Derek sat down and waited his turn. When most of the spectators had gone, Bomber walked over to Derek. He pulled him up with his handshake and gave his platonic brother a tight emotional hug. Then he stunned everyone watching. He took off his medal and hung it around Derek's neck and said smiling, "for the Prince Dolphin, this day, the true winner of this Olympics." Derek was in shock, he tried to remove the medal. Bomber tugged at it hard to prevent him from removing it. Then he put his arm around Derek and in front of a disbelieving crowd, led his saviour away. A nearby photographer didn't miss this shot. That evening the world would see in the newspapers, the friend who was awarded a gold medal; just for being there.

That night all three families got together in a private room for dinner. Bomber patiently explained what had happened out on the course just prior to the finish line. He was convinced Derek had something to do with it. He told everyone that those last few feet were for Derek, not for them, not for Canada and not for himself. Bomber said that he knew he had won the race, he didn't need a medal to remind himself of the fact.

The day after, Bomber had a televised interview with a CTV announcer stationed in Australia. Toward the end of the interview the announcer could hold back no longer; he asked, "I see that today, you're wearing your gold medal. Whatever possessed you to give it away to that boy?" Without hesitating and in front of the entire national television audience, Bomber answered, "That boy, as you call him, is a very close friend. And about the medal? Let's just say a little dolphin told me so."

As with any big event, the newspaper picture of Bomber awarding Derek with his gold medal started rumours flying. Some were beginning to say that cheating was somehow involved. The International Olympic

Committee decided to put this circus to rest and called an inquiry. If Bomber had been found to cheat, his medal would be stripped away and awarded to Randy.

The inquiry was held in Fremantle behind closed doors. Only those connected with the Canadian team and the boys families were allowed to attend. All members of the final race were there as well. At the front of the room was a panel representing the Olympic Committee. The case was represented by a lawyer to conduct the questioning. This was much like a court of law with one exception; the question or assumption of guilt (cheating) had been made and it was up to all parties to prove innocence.

The event in question was a little more difficult to prove than some of the other events. Spectators from every part of the event were a good distance from the action. The entire inquiry was heavy with video evidence. What the cameras did not catch was the dolphin that called to Bomber.

All along, Randy had suspected something strange and powerful had happened and this inquiry was tarnishing the magic of it. When he was introduced to Derek, Randy was told of Derek's natural-born talent. The day before, he had heard about the incident at the beach and he began to put two and two together. Everyone connected with the Canadian side had been put on the stand to testify. The panel next called Derek Seidler. Derek began to stand and Randy decided that enough was enough. Derek was a good kid. No-one was going to turn this into a freak show.

"No, wait. I've got something to say." Randy got up, walked over to Derek, put his hand on his shoulder and asked him to sit down. Members of the panel and the lawyer said nothing. This was the silver medalist talking now. What he said could either bring him a gold medal or he could hang himself and be stripped of his medal along with Bomber. Randy went and sat in the witness chair.

"I've sat here patiently and listened now for two hours about points in a race I didn't even know existed. I have a lot to gain if the outcome of this inquiry strips away Bomber's gold." Randy then looked squarely at Derek and continued, "I don't think that should happen. There has been speculation about a certain dolphin and the possibility that somehow this animal was sent to influence the outcome of the race. That's utter nonsense. I have kept quiet up until now. I too saw the dolphin. I heard Bomber scream 'for Derek'. I had no idea who Derek was at the time. I have since learned a great deal about the special relationship that Bomber and Derek share. On that day, just scant feet from the finish line, I believe a dolphin was sent to Bomber, not to influence a race, but to remind that crazy Canuck just who he was, what he represented, and to help him find his focus in a moment of pain. You

weren't kidding anyone, Bomber, I knew about your damaged leg."

The packed room was a sea of murmurs. Randy took out his medal from his jacket pocket, slipped it on around his neck and continued, "If anything strange happened on that race course, it should be remembered throughout history that the old gods of Olympus smiled down upon a golden champion and gave him his victory. I wear this silver medal proudly and I do not want what the gods have given to someone else." The room was silent. Randy got up out of the chair, walked over to Bomber and shook his hand. He then went to Derek and said, "you wear that medal well." Then he sat down.

A member of the panel banged the table with a gavel, "this panel will take a recess to reach our decision." Just after the panel left, the room erupted into chaos. By consensus of everyone in the room, Randy had been declared a hero that day.

After two long emotionally painful hours, the panel returned. This time the press was let into the room. The centre panellist stood and spoke, "We the panel representing the International Olympic Committee have found no evidence of any wrong-doing on anyone's part. The gold medal awarded to Richard Sommers shall remain as awarded to Derek Seidler. This inquiry is adjourned." The gavel came down and the cheer went up. The press stampeded to telephones and any other line of communication. Never in the history of the Olympics had an inquiry awarded a medal to a spectator. This was news; Big Time.

The panel did not leave the room. They waded through the melee to congratulate Derek, Bomber and Randy. During rapid-fire questioning by the press, Bomber let out his nickname for Derek; Prince Dolphin.

That did it. Headlines around the world ran, 'PRINCE DOLPHIN SENDS OLYMPIAN GODS TO WIN RACE.' Canada was not going to pass up the chance for a party like this. Before the families were ready to return home, the athletic machinery in every province got busy and had the surprise of a lifetime waiting for them.

At the closing ceremonies, Derek was busy meeting athletes from all over the world. As the athletes paraded one more time around the track a cheer would go up as two Golden Canadians passed that section of the stands. Bomber had taken Derek with him onto the stage and Derek wore the medal while Bomber paraded him on his shoulders. At the end of the ceremonies, the party began. Rajid joined the two down on the stage. The two boys were in their glory. The trio were together, basking in the attention of the moment and their friendship.

Back in Canada, the families' plane touched down

in Vancouver. Mark was a bit miffed, as they were supposed to fly directly to Toronto. Bomber's coach announced a slight change in plans. As they left the plane, feeling a bit disoriented, a mad crowd met them at the exit gate. The heroes were back.

The families were passed by airport security through the crowd to waiting limousines. Once inside, the coach turned to Mark and announced his surprise, "athletic organizations at home have been working feverishly for this party since the inquiry win. Your families are to appear in ticker-tape parades in every major Canadian city on your way back home. Don't worry, it's all paid for." The Seidlers' collective jaw dropped. Each family was in its own limousine. The others would soon learn of this new adventure.

When they arrived at the hotel, the staff had literally rolled out the red carpet at the entrance. Once the coach explained to the other two families what was up, Bomber simply said, "call me a cab. Derek, Coach you're coming with me." The three of them jumped into the cab and Bomber gave instructions to the driver to take them to a particular sporting goods store. There in the store, Derek was outfitted with just as flashy a wet suit as Bomber's.

"Now, *that's* what I call cool parade gear," said Bomber slapping his hands together, signalling a job well done. The trio came back to the hotel in time for dinner.

The next day the families got ready and proceeded down to the cars at the hotel's front entrance. Three long lean convertibles waited curb-side. During the preparations, Derek had gone to Bomber's room to get dressed. Everyone was accounted for except for the two heroes. Down the stairs, they came, grinning; both of them wearing trenchcoats. At the bottom of the stairs, they whipped open the coats to reveal their matching attire. All assembled in the lobby gave them a standing ovation. Derek was wearing the gold medal. Mark and Bomber's father were standing side by side. Mark leaned over and said, "We've done good a job with those two haven't we?" Bomber's father just nodded and nodded and nodded.

Bomber and Derek were to ride in the lead car with the Coach. Derek looked at Bomber with a slightly disappointed look and then Bomber insisted that Rajid join them. The three Navy Divers were back together on a new mission. They had a country to conquer.

As the week and the cities went by, the heroes were paraded before the whole country. The event was to take an interesting turn in Ottawa. The entire group was called to Rideau Hall, with no time to change. In the presence of each other and television cameras, the Governor General spoke, "by the power invested in me and by Her Majesty the Queen, I award to you Richard (Bomber) Sommers, the medal of the Order of Canada for

selfless determination in the face of adversity in awarding and recognizing valour." She paused and added, "and this must be the first time in my political career that I've ever pinned a medal on a wet-suit."

Then she walked over to Derek and extended her hand, "and to you my Prince Dolphin, there is no award that I could give that would match the gift that you have been given; to be in such intimate company with God's creatures."

When they returned to their hotel, Derek and Bomber shared a room that night. They lay awake, talking until the new hours of the next morning and then drifted off to sleep. In Derek's dream, Bomber held out the gold medal on the stern of the *Star Gazer* and placed it around Derek's neck. Then, the two of them dove over the side and joined the singing dolphins in a turquoise sea.

Chapter Eight

The Great Teacher

Once back home and the media attention had subsided a bit, research in the dolphin tank resumed. During the first week of August, Heather came out to the group and told them they were wanted as soon as possible at Derek's home. Heather re-assured them, this was no emergency; just that someone had spoken to Derek's parents and the guests were waiting for them to return. The students gave Derek and Rajid a lift to Derek's place. The foursome walked into the living-room to meet a living legend.

"Derek, Rajid, I'm sure you know who this man is. Monsieur Legault, may I introduce to you my son Derek and his friend Rajid," Angela said, barely able to hide her excitement from Derek. The two students were introduced to everyone by Professor Mannheim. The two boys stood and stared as if they just seen Santa Claus in the flesh. There in Derek's livingroom was the captain of the *Oceanic* and world-famous ocean explorer, Jacques Legault. The two boys could barely manage to shake the man's hand. They stood, they stared, they barely breathed. This wasn't TV, this was real! Even after the experience of the Olympics, the very idea of a TV personality showing up in one's own home was rather remote. People seen on TV generally stayed there. They weren't supposed to walk into your life!

"Boys, are we being zombies today?" Angela had to nudge the two of them back to reality. Both boys starting blithering on at the same time with the usual 'I watch your show all the time' routine. Derek ran out of the

room and up the stairs. Before Rajid could say much more, he had re-appeared with an autograph book in hand. Rajid was aghast. He leaned over and whispered to Derek, "NOT cool man!" Derek whispered back, glaring at Rajid, "I DON'T CARE, Man!" Jacques chuckled and signed his autograph and said in halting English that he was quite used to it. He said he would only worry when the autograph books stopped appearing.

With the celebrity niceties out of the way, the professor took the floor to explain his plan, "Remember, Derek, when I said that when you felt confident enough, we could return to Baja? We aren't. I've been corresponding regularly with Jacques and he tells me that he's been studying dolphins in Polynesia for the last three months. I told him about you and he's very intrigued. How would you, Rajid and Richard like to go to the *Oceanic* for a week and try out that new snorkel, eh?"

Derek looked at Angela. She was already nodding. The professor explained they would repeat this visit at both Rajid's and Bomber's homes. The two students were also to go, they weren't about to miss this. It turned out that the pod of dolphins that the explorer was studying had never had human contact before. If Derek could make contact, then this would be proof positive of his abilities.

Just before the group of visitors were about to leave, Derek turned to Jacques, "Monsieur Legault, I know this may sound a little stupid, but, could I show you something before you go?" Angela looked at Derek, a little puzzled; then it clicked; the model! She had forgotten to mention it. Derek led Jacques up to his study. The explorer walked into the room, his eyes went wide and he reverently knelt in front of *The Secret Sharer*.

"*Mon Dieu*, I will have to re-paint the hull soon, no? This is *tres manifique*!" His eye went over every detail of the model. He knew the design. He had authorized this version. He stopped at the bow and reached out and stroked the figurehead. It was rather ironic that the animals that most intrigued him would be represented on this model of his ship by a complete stranger.

"What does the name mean?", he asked Derek.

"I can't tell you. That's between me and Gramps."

"Of course it is." Jacques didn't press any further. He was flattered enough with the results of Derek's inspiration and talent. When they got back downstairs, Jacques turned to Angela and said, "Your son; he is truly Prince Dolphin, no?" Derek just looked at him and Jacques winked.

"I - uh- got a little carried away, before you came home," admitted Angela, "sorry." Derek smiled, "Never mind."

The visitors left. The front door closed.

"Decent!!!!", the two boys yelled in unison and tore up the stairs to discuss yet another adventure that had fallen into their laps. Angela looked up the stairs after them, "I guess there's four for dinner," then she thought of Bomber, "on second thought, better make that five." She headed for the kitchen.

Dinner had in fact grown to a table for eight. Bomber had shown up with the professor and the two graduate students in tow. Both the students knew their way around the kitchen, as Angela gratefully found out. The dinner table was a scene of delightful chaos. There was a great deal of talk about adventures to be had in French Polynesia. During dessert, Bomber noticed Derek had become a little quiet. After dinner, the students said good-night, the professor went out with them and Rajid excused himself to more homework. Mark went to help Angela in the kitchen. Derek and Bomber were clearing the last of the dirty dishes. Derek set down his pile and just stared at Bomber.

"Hey man, are you all right?" Bomber could sense that something was not quite right. He could tell when the wheels were turning in Derek's head.

"C'mon up to my room." The two left the last two piles of plates and headed upstairs.

"What's up buddy?", Bomber asked, following Derek into his study and closing the door to a crack.

"I dunno. Before, when Monsieur Legault was here, I could hardly wait to go," Derek picked up the snorkel, lying next to *The Secret Sharer*, "and now, I'm not so sure I want to." He stood playing with the snorkel, turning it over and over, staring at the floor.

Bomber walked over, perched himself on the arm of the desk chair and raised Derek's face gently by the chin, "Scared?"

"Yeah, well -- no -- I mean, these dolphins have never had contact with humans. All the ones I've had contact with have known humans before me."

"Derek, I was there at Baja, too. Remember? They chose *you* out of all the people on the beach. Don't you think that maybe these new animals already know about you? We went swimming in Australia with another pod. *You* introduced *me* to the dolphins!

Don't you find it a bit *odd* that somehow they knew who you were?"

Derek looked Bomber in the face, puzzled. Puzzled at the realization that seemingly everyone else had seen this except him.

"I guess I'm just afraid of failure, bro. I'm afraid that these dolphins will turn the international prodigy of the dolphin language into an international fraud."

With a slightly exasperated sigh, Bomber let go of Derek's chin, walked over to *The Secret Sharer* and picked up his gold medal and ribbon hanging from the rigging. He walked back, slung the ribbon around Derek's neck, positioned the medal just right, and took Derek's face in both his hands, locking their gazes together. "And this I hear from someone who helped me win a gold Olympic medal."

The tears welled up in Derek's eyes. He reached up and wrapped his arms around Bomber's neck and slid his face up to hide on Bomber's shoulder. Bomber held him tight and safe and let his little brother cry all he wanted to. Mark had come upstairs to see what the two were up to. He quietly poked his head in the door, saw this scene and just as quietly shut the door and went back downstairs to the kitchen.

"Angie; Derek seems to have collected another brother. Our son is upstairs right now crying on his shoulder." Angela walked over to her husband and smiled. They stood in the kitchen, locked together, happy with their son's gifts and achievements.

On departure day, the families of all three young men piled into two shuttle vans and drove off. At a pre-arranged signal, where they should have turned to go to Terminal 3, they instead went in the opposite direction. The driver of each van announced his instructions to his passengers. To avoid media attention Jacques Legault had arranged a Dash 8 commuter from the Toronto Island Airport to connect with an international flight in Chicago.

The family groups stayed until the plane left the ground. The three young men would be gone a long time. They would be in the islands about a month. Derek, Rajid and Bomber would miss the height of summer, but not sailing. The *Oceanic* was attended by day-sailers and a couple of catamarans as well as one thirty foot trimaran. The tri was mainly used as a camera platform.

The hours went by too fast for everyone on board the flight. Bomber and Rajid entertained the professor and the two students with their tales of sailing Lake Ontario and the coast of Australia. The students liked best, the story of how the boys had formed the NND; the Naked Navy Divers club. Derek, on the other hand, was huddled with Jacques. The way they talked you'd think they had been on this project for years.

Jacques calmed Derek's fears of making a complete idiot of himself by categorically stating that no press would be anywhere near the dive site. By public knowledge, the *Oceanic* wasn't due back into port for another month and

a half and she had been at a very remote anchorage for a month already. The press simply wasn't prepared to chase a ketch halfway across the Pacific that didn't appear to be doing too much anyway. That simply wasn't news.

After another change to a smaller jet in Los Angeles, the group again took off. This stage brought them to a private airstrip in the islands. They all walked off the tarmac across the lawn and boarded a sea-plane for the last leg of the trip to the *Oceanic*.

The plane skimmed low over the water and approached a dense mound of green on the horizon. As it got near enough to see the palm trees on the beach, the plane rose and banked to clear the land. The pilot circled the aircraft around to the other side of the island to reveal a protected cove, filled with turquoise water, surrounded by blinding white sand and the greenery of lush vegetation. Smack dab in the middle of the cove floating at anchor lay the *Oceanic*, partially surrounded by other smaller craft.

Derek and Jacques were on the low side as the plane banked around the huge yacht, preparing to land. Derek looked out the window and studied every detail of this dream ship. Her hull was snow white and everything, absolutely everything, was bristol. As the plane circled lower and lower, the sun glinted off different details here and there making the vessel sparkle and it dazzled the eyes.

"She is my beautiful mistress, no?", asked Jacques of Derek.

"Yes," were all the words Derek could find to say.

The sea plane bumped, bounced and skittered to a landing in the cove. The pilot motored as close as he dared to the *Oceanic* and cut the engines. An inflatable runabout pulled up alongside and two of the crew began handing out luggage and people to be transferred over. When the tender reached the side of the yacht, the plane kicked on its engines, kicked up a spray and taxied for take off. As the plane banked out of sight around the island, the quiet of the cove descended on everyone.

The three boys were now in their element and their realm. On board, dress was South Pacific casual. Some of the divers working aft with equipment were dressed in nothing more than the skimpiest of swimsuits. Jacques explained, "When we're in port or in front of the cameras, I enforce an acceptable dress code, but out here, close to Mother Nature, I like the crew to be comfortable."

"Don't you find it distracting for research?", asked the professor. Jacques retorted, "the animals we study are naked all the time. What difference does it make?"

"Good point."

Cabins were assigned to the guests, three to each.

Derek, Rajid and Bomber in one, the professor and the students in the other. Jacques announced dinner would be served in one hour. On their way into their cabin Bomber asked Derek and Rajid, "shall we call a meeting of the NND to order?" Derek and Rajid looked at each other, "Sure!" One of the students poked his head around the corner, "can two more potential members join the meeting?" Rajid answered, "Why not?" Soon, the NND was another mission; conquering the cove. The professor went off in search of Jacques and saner company.

The total compliment on board during this anchorage was fifteen. Five guests were certainly not a burden. Dinner that evening was a jovial free-for-all as nationalities and languages got to know each other. All the people on board were specialists in something and contributed to the team spirit needed to bring underwater video to the television sets of the world. Derek and his friends couldn't be in better hands.

After a couple of days of sun and fun, a lookout reported seeing the elusive dolphin pod coming close to the island. Activity became feverish. The trimarran was made ready. Derek, Jacques, Bomber, Rajid, Professor Manheim and three divers cast off toward open water. Wave height was down on this, the leeward side of the island.

The tri hoisted sail and sped out of the cove. About a mile offshore, the boat came to fast and anchored. The group on board waited. The professor went down below and switched on recording instruments and donned headphones. Everyone on board was quiet. Derek stripped and put on flippers and the special snorkel. He waited, shaking, not from temperature, but from sheer excitement. The moment of his test was here. Bomber was sitting next to him and noticed his nervousness. He placed his arm around Derek's shoulder and tugged. Derek turned his head and smiled a nervous smile in return.

Then Derek heard it. One of the members of the pod expressed curiosity of the strange shape in the water. They began to swim underneath and around the boat. Derek's face went blank as he listened. He whispered to Bomber, "they're expecting something, the time is right." He got up and jumped over the side. Momentarily, the dolphins surprised by the presence of a human, began to flee in self defence. Derek called out to them.

One member of the pod stopped and turned and slowly and ever so cautiously began to swim back. Derek repeated his greeting and the dolphin went wild, zipping around Derek and calling to the rest of the pod. Within moments the water around and under the boat was alive with writhing dolphins, chattering a mile a minute. Derek's voice was somewhere in there too. Down below in the cabin of the boat, the professor was madly adjusting dials, trying as best he could to get a good recording. The divers sat on

the deck looking over the edge, spell-bound. Bomber and Rajid weren't paying any attention, they had seen this scene many times themselves. Jacques was beside himself. Rubbing his head and muttering over and over, "mon dieu! mon dieu!" He looked at Bomber and Rajid in astonishment and asked them, "how can you just sit there?"

Rajid calmly looked at Jacques and answered in an even voice, "he does this all the time. Those dolphins are just glad to finally meet him."

"They *know* of him?" Jacques was incredulous.

"You bet!", was Bomber's answer.

The ballet and symphony beneath the boat went on for over three hours. Then the pod, member by member, left the area to return to deep water. Derek surfaced next to the swim ladder and began to haul himself up. Bomber and Rajid gave him a hand. Derek stood on the stern, looking energized, refreshed and exhausted. Jacques came over, "that was *manifique!*", and gave Derek a good tight hug. Derek looked over to Bomber and gave him a thumbs up. Bomber smiled and winked. Everything was turning out all right. The divers on board sat and stared, mouths open, at Derek.

"What are you guys looking at?", Derek asked them. One of the divers managed to mumble, "something wonderful." These two men and one woman were seasoned professionals. They had seen many undersea wonders and had tried and hoped to get closer to their subjects. Of anyone on board, they could best appreciate the magic that Derek had experienced. To Derek, it wasn't magic at all. Both he and the dolphins were learning more from each other with each new encounter.

After dinner that evening, on board the *Oceanic*, Bomber and Derek went aft to the stern and sprawled on the deck, looking up through the rigging at the stars. They lay there chatting about what had happened to them after they had met and what might happen next. Bomber propped himself up on one elbow to better talk to his little brother. Derek stretched and yawned and Bomber couldn't help but notice the cat-like moves being made unconsciously in front of him. Bomber waited and drank in this display of an awakening sensuality in Derek. The dolphins were beginning to affect Derek in a way that cut deep to his core.

As they lay there, Jacques came up, hands in pockets, and knelt between the two.

"Excuse me, may I join the party?"

Bomber said, "sure." The conversation did a small loop and returned to the effect this situation was having on them. Derek and Bomber went on at length explaining

their story to Jacques. Question and answer, question and answer, the seminar went on into the night. At length, Jacques was left with one last question, "Derek, what do the dolphins call you?" Derek looked at Bomber, smiled and answered in an even tone, "Great Teacher."

The month went by quickly and smoothly. During their stay, Bomber had ample opportunity to display the skills he was famous for. Two of the divers challenged Bomber to a race. He politely refused, saying that his gold medal win was the pinnacle of his competition sailing. He went out with them anyway, just for fun. The divers were no match for his skill. Bomber easily skittered around them, like a mosquito around a bear.

The dives with the dolphin pod continued. After their first encounter, new members of the team would be introduced to the animals by Derek, one at a time. The dolphins came to know all the team members and Jacques could begin sending down divers with recording gear and cameras.

Derek kept up his conversation with the pod, expanding his knowledge of them with every encounter. Every now and then something like a lecture would take place. Derek would hang motionless in the water while the dolphins sang to him. When the professor asked what this signified, Derek said that they were teaching to him the ancient songs of the deep.

"Where do they start?", the professor asked one day.

"At the Beginning." Derek conceded that to learn all the songs would take a very long time.

At the end of the month, it was time for the guests to depart and the *Oceanic* to head for home port. Jacques ordered that all be made ready to set sail. The catamarans were dismantled and loaded onto the deck and lashed down. The trimaran was taken in tow. The various inflatables were collapsed and stowed. Jacques thought that to send his guests home without a short sail aboard the *Oceanic* would not be very polite. He would take his guests under canvas as far as the private airstrip and drop them off.

The great vessel let go all mooring lines and weighed anchor as the giant engine began to push the vessel out of the cove into open water. The dolphin pod returned and formed an escort at a safe distance. Jacques gave the order to set sail. Clouds of canvas unfurled over their heads. The vessel heeled over and left paradise.

Jacques asked his first mate to fetch Derek. He returned with the him to the wheel house. Jacques smiled at Derek and stood off to the side of the wheel.

"Helmsman, take the wheel." Derek grinned and

gladly took the great vessel in hand. Many adventures were yet to come the way of the NND. Derek was to continue his learning from the dolphins; details were to be worked out later.

While the *Oceanic* responded to his touch, Derek's mind wandered, considering what had happened to him over the past two years. His home life was comfortable and profitable. He had gained two brothers; Rajid and Bomber. He had gained back his father. And now, he had met and be-friended another idol; Jacques. He stared out to sea, smiling and a tear began to trickle down his face. Jacques noticed and asked, "what's wrong Derek?"

"Nothing, it doesn't get any better than this."

Jacques stepped behind Derek and placed his hands on the wheel on top of Derek's; just as with *The Secret Sharer*, Bomber had done two years ago. The two men shared a mistress as they sailed into the rest of their lives.

More than anything else, Derek had swum with the dolphins and to them he had gained stature and became known to the deep as Great Teacher.

The End

50 Fun Things

to do in a final that does not matter

(i.e. you are going to fail the class completely no matter what you get on the final exam)

1. Bring a pillow. Fall asleep (or pretend to) until the last 15 minutes. Wake up, say "oh geez, better get cracking" and do some gibberish work. Turn it in a few minutes early.
2. Get a copy of the exam, run out screaming "Andre, Andre, I've got the secret documents!!"
3. If it is a math/science exam, answer in essay form. If it is long answer/essay form, answer with numbers and symbols. Be creative, use the integral symbol.
4. Make paper airplanes out of the exam. Aim them at the instructor's left nostril.
5. Talk the entire way through the exam. Read questions aloud, debate your answers with yourself out loud. If asked to stop, yell out, "I'm s-o-o-o sure you can hear me thinking." Then start talking about what a jerk the instructor is.
6. Bring cheerleaders.

7. Walk in, get the exam, sit down. About five minutes into it, loudly say to the instructor, "I don't understand *any* of this. I've been to every lecture all semester long! What's the deal? And hwo the hell are you? Where's the regular guy?"
8. Bring a Game Boy (or Game Gear, etc...). Play with the volume at maximum level.
9. On the answer sheet (book, whatever) find a new, interesting way to refuse to answer every question. For example: I refuse to answer this question on the grounds that it conflicts with my religious beliefs. Be creative.
10. Bring pets.
11. Run into the exam room looking about frantically. Breathe a sigh of relief. Go to the instructor, say, "They've found me, I have to leave the country", and run off.
12. Fifteen minutes into the exam, stand up, rip up all the papers into very small peices, throw them into the air and yell out, "Merry Christmas!" If you're really daring, ask for another copy of the exam. Say you lost the first one. Repeat this process every fifteen minutes.
13. Do the exam with crayons, paint, or fluorescent markers.
14. Come into the exam wearing slippers, a bathrobe, a towel on your head, and nothing else.
15. Come down with a *BAD* case of Turet's Syndrome during the exam. Be as vulgar as possible.
16. Do the entire exam in another language. If you don't know one, make one up! for math/science exams, try using Roman numerals.
17. Bring things to throw at the instructor when s/he's not looking. Blame it on the person nearest to you.
18. As soon as the instructor hands you the exam, eat it.
19. Walk into the exam with an entourage. Claim you are going to be taping your next video during the exam. Try to get the instructor to let them stay, be persuasive. Tell the instructor to expect a percentage of the profits if they are allowed to stay.
20. Every five minutes, stand up, collect all your things, move to another seat, continue with the exam.
21. Turn in the exam approximately 30 minutes into it. As you walk out, start commenting on how easy it was.
22. Do the entire exam as if it ws multiple choice and true/false. If it is a multiple choice exam, spell out interesting things (DCCAB. BABE. etc..).
23. Bring a black marker. Return the exam with all questions and answers completely blacked out.
24. Get the exam. Twenty minutes into it, throw the papers down violently, scream out, "F___ this!" and walk out triumphantly.
25. Arrange a protest before the exam starts (i.e. Threaten the instructor that whether or not everyone's done, they are all leaving after one hour to go drink).
26. Show up completely drunk. (Completely drunk means at some point during the exam, you should start crying for mommy).
27. Every now and then, clap twice rapidly. If the instructor asks why, tell him/her in a very derogatory tone, "the light bulb that goies on above my head when I get an idea is hooked up to a clapper. DUH!"
28. Comment on how sexy the instructor is looking that day.
29. Come to the exam wearing a black cloak. After about 30 minutes, put on a white mask and start yelling "I'm here, the phantom of the opera" until they drag you away.
30. Go to an exam for a class you have no clue about, where you know the class is very small, and the isntructor would recognize you if you belonged. Claim that you have been to every lecture. Fight for your right to take the exam.
31. Upon receiving the exam, look it over, while laughing loudly, say, "you don't expect me to waste my time on this drivel? *Days of Our Lives* is on!!"
32. Bring a water pistol with you. 'Nuff said.
33. From the moement the exam begins, hum the theme to *Jeopardy*. Ignore the instructor's requests for you to stop. When they finally get you to leave one way or another, begin whistling the theme to *Bridge on the River Kwai*.
34. Start a brawl in the middle of the exam.
35. If the exam is math/science related, make up the longest proofs you could possibly think of. Get pi and imaginary numbers into most equations. If it is a written exam, relate everything to your own life story.
36. Come in wearing a full knight's outfit, complete with sword and shield.
37. Bring a friend to give you a back massage the entire way through the exam. Insist this person is needed, because you have bed circulation.
38. Bring cheat sheets *for another class* (make sure this is obvious... like history notes ofr a calculus exam... otherwies you're not just failing, you're getting kicked out too) and staple them to the exam, with the comment "Please use the attached notes for references as you see fit."
39. When you walk in, complain about the heat. Strip.
40. After you get the exam, call the instructor over, point to any question, ask for the answer. Try to work it out of

him/her.

41. One word: Wrestlemania.
42. Bring balloons, blow them up, start throwing them around like they do before concerts start.
43. Try to get people in the room to do the wave.
44. Play frisbee with a friend at the other side of the room.
45. Bring some large, cumbersome, ugly idol. Put it right next to you. Pray to it often. Consider a small sacrifice.
46. Get deliveries of candy, flower, balloons, telegrams, etc... sent to you every few minutes throughout the exam.
47. During the exam, take apart everything around you. Desks, chairs, anything you can reach.
48. Complete the exam with everything you write being backwards at a 90 degree angle.
49. Bring a musical instrument with you, play various tunes. If you are asked to stop, say "it helps me think." Bring a copy of the Student Handbook with you, challenging the instructor to find the section on musical instruments during finals. Don't forget to use the phrase "Told you so."
50. Answer the exam with the "Top Ten Reasons Why Professor _____ Sucks."

forwarded on the Net by

Brian Trim

HOW 'BOUT THAT

continued

John: Sorry folks! Here's the rest of the column that was prematurely cut off earlier.

Every year I mention this, and every year I wonder did anybody see it. Please get your Roger Award nomination-vote in before April 23, 1994. Last year some arrived in May!!! too late, too late.

Ticket orders are coming in a steady stream for St. George's, and they will probably arrive at your door just before this magazine goes to press. For those of you who have ordered, you can take advantage of the colouring contest, just sign your masterpiece and note you have ordered tickets, on the warrior woman side of the sheet.

I received a note from John R. Yarrow, the assistant Rover Advisor of the 206th Toronto.

He writes, "Dear Rovering Magazine Office, more information on Rovering Books etc." Now he is not the only one asking, but he is the latest.

So lets take his request point by point;

I hate to disillusion you John, but the office you speak of is a 8 X 10 room off my rec. room, one swivel chair can reach everything, including the "file" cabinets. I call it an office, my wife calls it chaos, I guess our points of view are different. It is an exciting place to be, because everytime I start looking for something, I find a buried treasure, which I promptly relocate, to be discovered again.

Now, the second part of your statement, "Information on Rover Books etc." Somewhere in my file cabinets there is a small booklet written by a squire on Rovers. I know I have it, but I must have put it in a very safe place, and one of these days it will appear in these pages. There are also two gentlemen, (one is "Smoke" and the other is from London, Ont.) who I am sure are not finished with their contributions. Other sources for books on Rovering, your local Scout Shop, maybe, and for golden oldies, used Book Stores and estate auctions. One member of my own crew does a regular check of used book stores about once a month. The bad news is he is not the only one looking for old Scout/Rover books, so if you're not there at the right time you lose out.

OR you could spend a couple of weeks here and do a "dig" for hidden treasures, just kidding, it's not that bad, not quite.

How About This: The average 15 year old has seen 15,000 televised killings. Ninety-four percent of video games are violent. 8,000 acts of violence per year are shown on TV cartoons that five year olds watch. Violence is depicted in the mainstream culture on CD covers and in the words of songs. - Dr. Peter Jaffe.

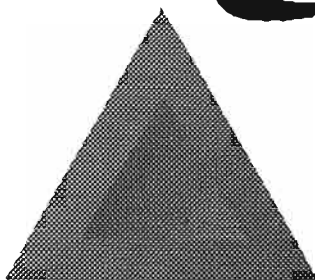
I ask the question, What has happened to Crime and punishment? We took 10 God given laws and turned them into thousands of law books.

The best example I can think of took place before the 10 commandments. God made some rules, two people broke the rules, zippo, they are tossed out of the garden and the gates slammed behind them. There was the crime and the punishment was swift.

Does anybody tell their children what fantasy is and were it ends and why it should end and what the result would be if the line isn't drawn? I just read back what I have written and if I keep going it's going to get much deeper. If anyone out there wants to take up their pen on this, feel free to do an article on it.

And why do we have calenders? So we can plan every event for the same weekend. For months in upcoming events and on the calender pages Looney Tunes Moot has been advertised. Now the regional commissioner has decided to run a general discussion on Rovers the same weekend. Last issue I made the comment "wouldn't it be

BC Rover Conference '94

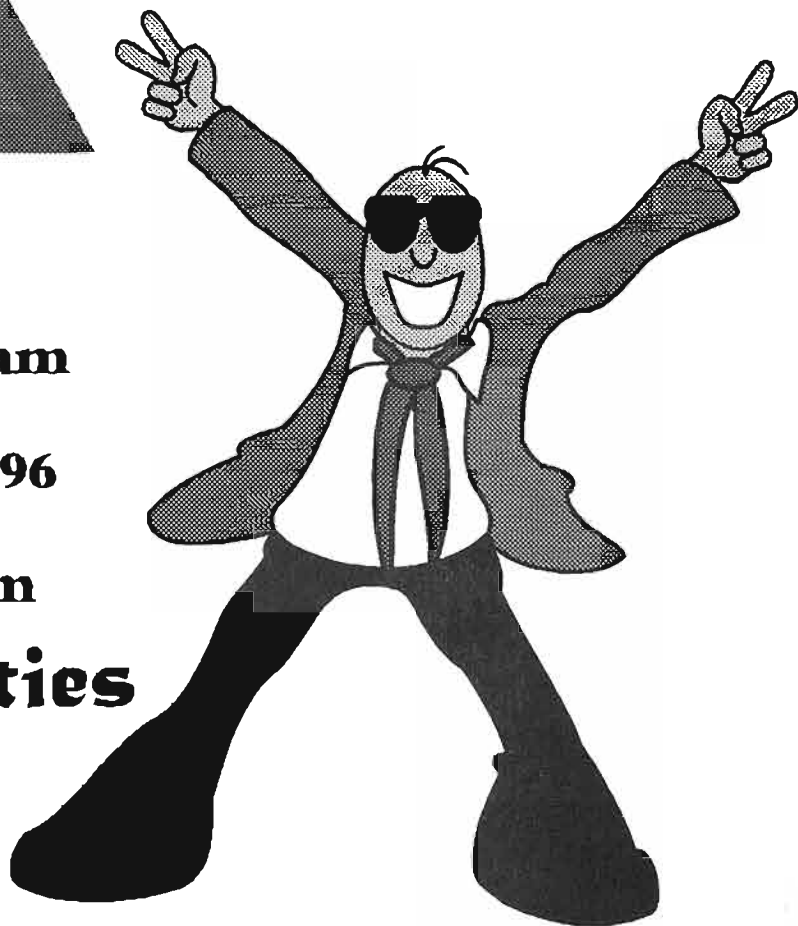
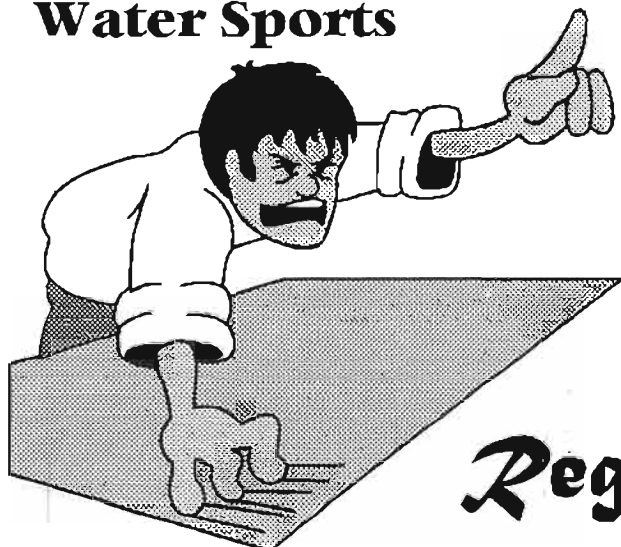


Discussions

Guest Speakers
Rover Review Program
Rover Handbook
Sweden World Moot '96
Squireship Review
National Youth Forum

Planned Activities

Mountain Biking
Rock Climbing
Crafts
Offsite Orienteering
Project Wild
Debates
Ham Radio
Water Sports



Join in!

Great Food Provided!
Fun!!!
Tenting/Camping
Awesome Crest
Group Discussions
Great source of
Rovering Ideas
Advisors Welcome

Registration on back...

BC Rover Conference '94

REGISTRATION FORM FOR THE B.C. YUKON ROVER CONFERENCE
JULY 29 - AUGUST 1, 1994

PLEASE PRE-REGISTER BY MAILING IN YOUR PAYMENT BEFORE JULY 1ST

CREW NAME: _____

DISTRICT: _____

REGION: _____

PLEASE REGISTER _____ PERSON(S) AT \$45.00 EACH = \$ _____
REGISTRATION ON-SITE OR AFTER JULY 1 WILL BE \$50 PER PERSON.

ARRIVAL TIME IS FRIDAY EVENING, CAMP OPENS SATURDAY MORNING, DEPARTURE
WILL BE AT NOON ON MONDAY. THE CONFERENCE WILL BE HELD AT MORRIS VALLEY,
JUST PAST HARRISON MILLS. PLEASE BRING YOUR MEDICAL FORMS!

ROVERS ATTENDING:

NAME:	ADDRESS	POSTAL CODE	PHONE#
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PRICE INCLUDES THREE MEALS ON SATURDAY, THREE MEALS ON SUNDAY AND
BREAKFAST ON MONDAY.

REGISTRATION/ENQUIRIES: COLLEEN VINCE 942-4129
3080 NEWBERRY ST.
PORT COQUITLAM, V3B 3J7

nice if everything could be planned a year in advance" I would like to include a calender in the December issue that would list ALL upcoming events for the year. Something to think about.

Keep On Rovering,

Don

This is how Sh__ happens

In the beginning was the plan.

And then came the assumptions.

And the assumptions were without form.

And the plan was completely without substance.

And darkness was upon the face of the Rovers.

And they spoke among themselves, saying: "It is a crock of sh__, and it stinketh."

And the Rovers went unto their Districts and sayeth: "It is a pail of dung and none may abide by the odour thereof."

The Commissioners went unto their District Councils and sayeth unto them: "It is a container of excrement and is very strong, such that none may abide by it."

And the Councils went unto their Regions and sayeth: "It is a vessel of fertilizer, and none may abide by its strength."

And the regional commissioners spoke among themselves, saying one to another: "It contains that which aids plant growth, and is very strong."

The RC's went unto the Provincial Council to sayeth unto them: "It promotes growth and is very powerful."

The Province went unto National and sayeth to them: "This new plan will actively promote the growth and efficiency of the Movement, and these areas in particular."

National looked upon the plan and saw that it was good.

And the plan became policy.

This is how sh__ happens.

forwarded on the Net by
Brian Trim

Ed. Note: Does this have a certain amount of truth? I sure hope not!

What Really is a Rover?

I'm asked this quite often,
"Is it all that tough?
Camping, hiking, canoeing,
You know, all the sort of stuff?"

I laugh and say,
"There is only one thing that makes it all worthwhile,
It's the people I meet,
They always have a smile."

What is a smile from a Rover?
It's really hard to explain,
It has a special magic.....
It wipes away the pain.

Rovers are quite odd,
They are people you may never understand,
(until you join, of course)
You see ... they're quite a different brand,

As a Rover, I'm marked for life,
I've secretly been told,
It's their love, loyalty, and honour,
That makes our friendship ten-fold.

They're your friends for life,
Right from the start,
They share their joys and sorrows, but with a
difference
They give from the heart.

That makes all the difference,
For me anyway,
All the love I get,
It's a debt I could never repay.

A Rover's duty is SERVICE,
They always get the job done,
But the best part of it is,
It is Service with a smile and fun.

We all talk about good times and the bad,
That come with each passing day.
But the love I have for these Rovers,
Will never fade away.

Love Soupy



MARK & RAY'S



WESTERN ADVENTURE!

Friday May 27th, '94 - 8 pm

Dance to the best in
rock, R&B, hip hop,
dance, soul, and
country. Don't miss
our horse & cattle
auction, hog tying,
rodeo roping, cattle
calling and
bucking bronco
contests!!!

**Cost: \$5 (\$4 in advance)
(Western costume required)**

**Location: John Ashbridge's Community
Centre (formerly Scouts Toronto Water
Activity Centre) at the foot of Coxwell
Avenue & the Lakeshore (Lakeshore Blvd)
Toronto. Free Parking available. Call
(416)469-3428 for more info.**



Send cheques to:
Mark & Ray's Western Adventure,
32 Chester Avenue, Toronto, On.
M4K 2Z9

**THE COOL CHAMELEONS AND FLYING JAGUARS
PROUDLY PRESENT**

"Q-MOOT"

GOES

ARCADE

**MAY 21-24, 1994
CAMP LAC ADAIR
ST. HIPPOLYTE, QUE**

\$20 pre-registered (supper included)

\$15 deposit due by May 1st

\$10/day visitor's pass (24hrs)

COST IS PER PERSON

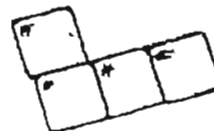
Pacman Fever



Space Invaders



Starfox



For information contact:

Heather: 626-8979

Bruce: 727-6626

**Make cheques payable to:
Beaconsfield Rovers
4403 King Street
Pierrefonds, P.Q., H9H 2E8**

Moot Events

Friday

- 7pm Arrival / registration
- 12pm "Pro-Golf"

Saturday

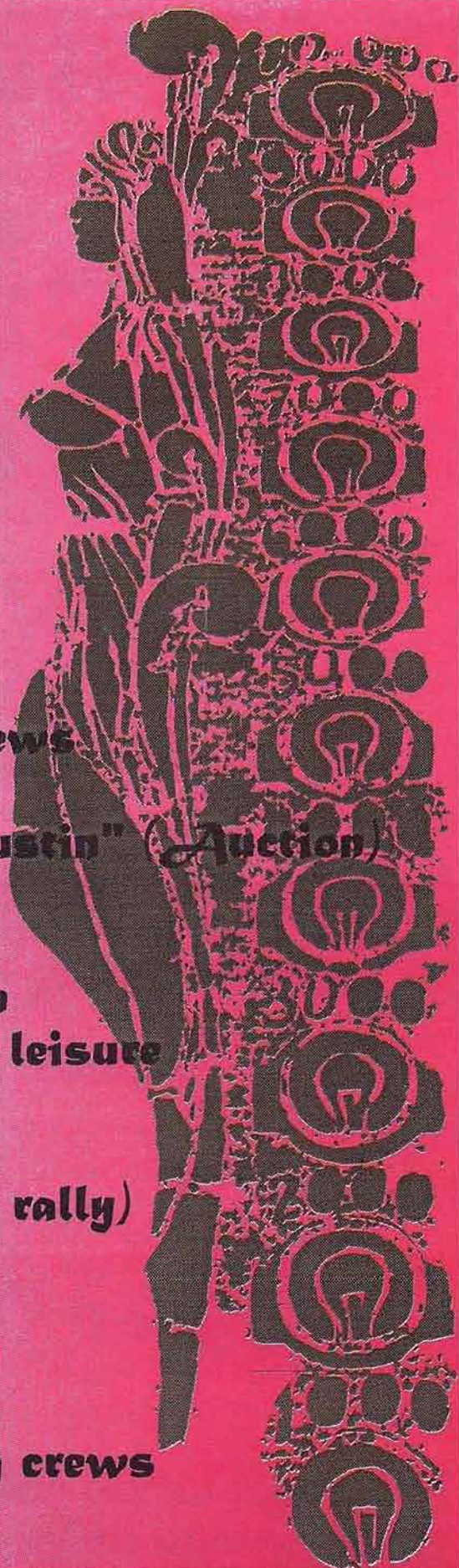
- 9am opening
- 10am "Packman Fever"
- 11:30am Exchange Lunch
- 1:30pm "King's Quest"
- 4pm Sponge game
- 5pm Supper by hosting crews
- 8pm Casino
- 12pm "Late night with Justin" (Auction)

Sunday

- 10am Ranger / Rover Own
- 10:30am "Knights" Demo or leisure
- 11:30am Exchange Lunch
- 1:30pm Crew events
- 4pm "Mario Kart" (Car rally)
- 6pm Supper
- 8pm Dance

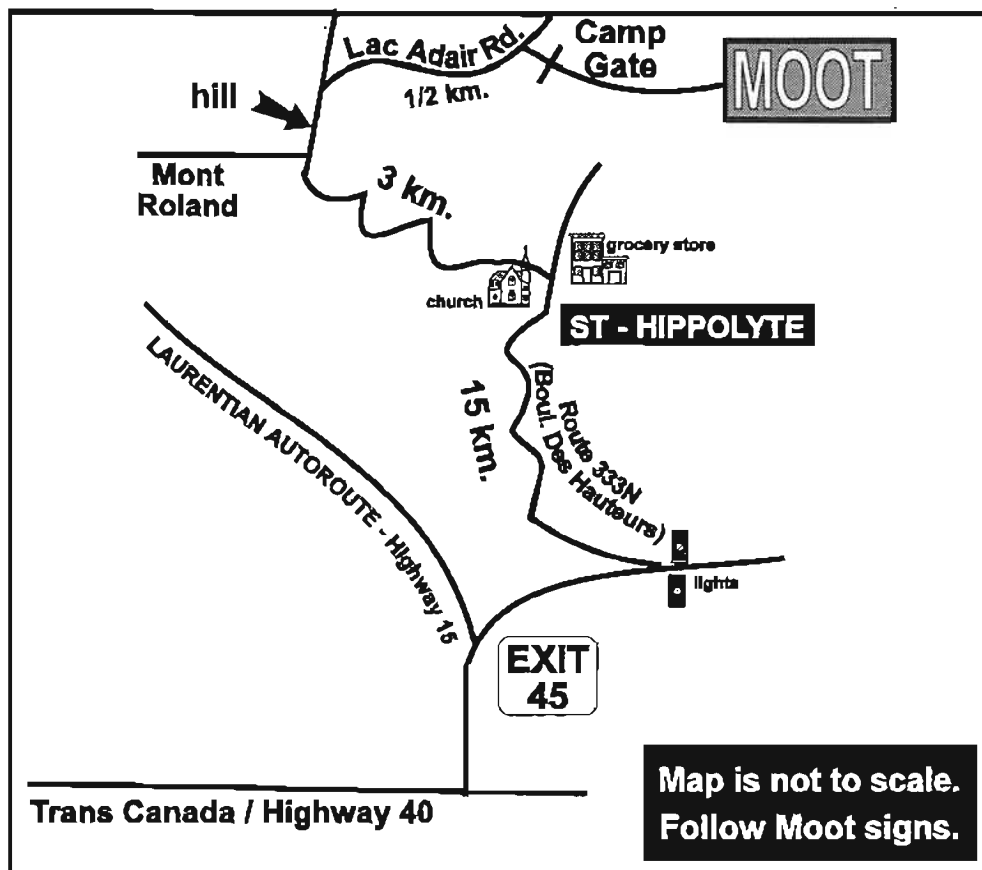
Monday

- 7-9:30am Breakfast by hosting crews
- 10am Closing and awards



Moot Directions

1. Take Laurentian (Highway 15) Autoroute to Exit 45
2. Follow signs for St. Hippolyte-Lafontaine
3. Turn left onto Route 333N (Boul. des Hauteurs)
4. Follow Route 333N for 15 km. to St. Hippolyte.
5. Turn left at church and grocery store.
6. Turn right onto Lac Adair Rd.
7. Turn right to enter Moot site.



Additional Information:

There will be an optional Exchange Lunch between Crews, Units, and Companies. If your group is interested in participating, please indicate so below.

All Ranger/Rover rules are in effect!

No drugs or alcohol will be permitted on site. Anyone seen in possession of these will be asked to leave and transportation home will be the responsibility of the person's group. Advisors and leaders are reminded that they are responsible for their group's actions.

The balance of the Moot fee will be due upon arrival at camp.

REGISTRATION FORM

(Please register before May 1st 1994)

Crew / Unit / Company name: _____

Address: _____

Contact person: _____

No. of people attending: _____ Telephone: _____

Arrival: Friday ☐ Saturday am ☐ pm ☐ Sunday am ☐ pm ☐

Exchange Lunch Yes ☐ No ☐

Amount enclosed: \$ _____ X _____ = \$ _____

Mail to: Heather Hooper
4403 King Street
Pierrefonds, QC
H9H 2E8

BE A LEADER AT CAMP ADVENTURELAND!!!

No, it's not a vacation. No, you won't be drinking pina coladas on the beach. And, no, you won't be returning relaxed, refreshed, and tanned



What you will experience is true adventure, excitement, and most of all the overwhelming joy of working with youth...

Camp Adventureland is a four week based camp, divided into one week sub camps, and is offered to youth 7 - 11 - in and out of Scouting. Adventureland runs a fun packed program with such recreational activities as archery and woodcraft -- to name only a few.

Adventureland is now accepting volunteer staff applications for the summer of 1994.

A variety of positions are available, some include, village staff, program staff, kitchen and dining room staff. Applicants must be at least fourteen years of age. Staff that attend camp will receive the following:

- free food and lodging
- free canteen selections
- camp crest
- free camp for their cub-aged children (value \$175.00+)
- free village/site available the next year for their cub pack (some restrictions apply)
- recognition ceremony
- **volunteer service hours!**

For further information, or an application please contact the **ADVENTURELAND HOTLINE**

at (416) 490-6364 (ext. 233), or write to:

Camp Adventureland,
265 Yorkland Blvd.,
2nd floor, North York,
Ontario, M2J 5C7

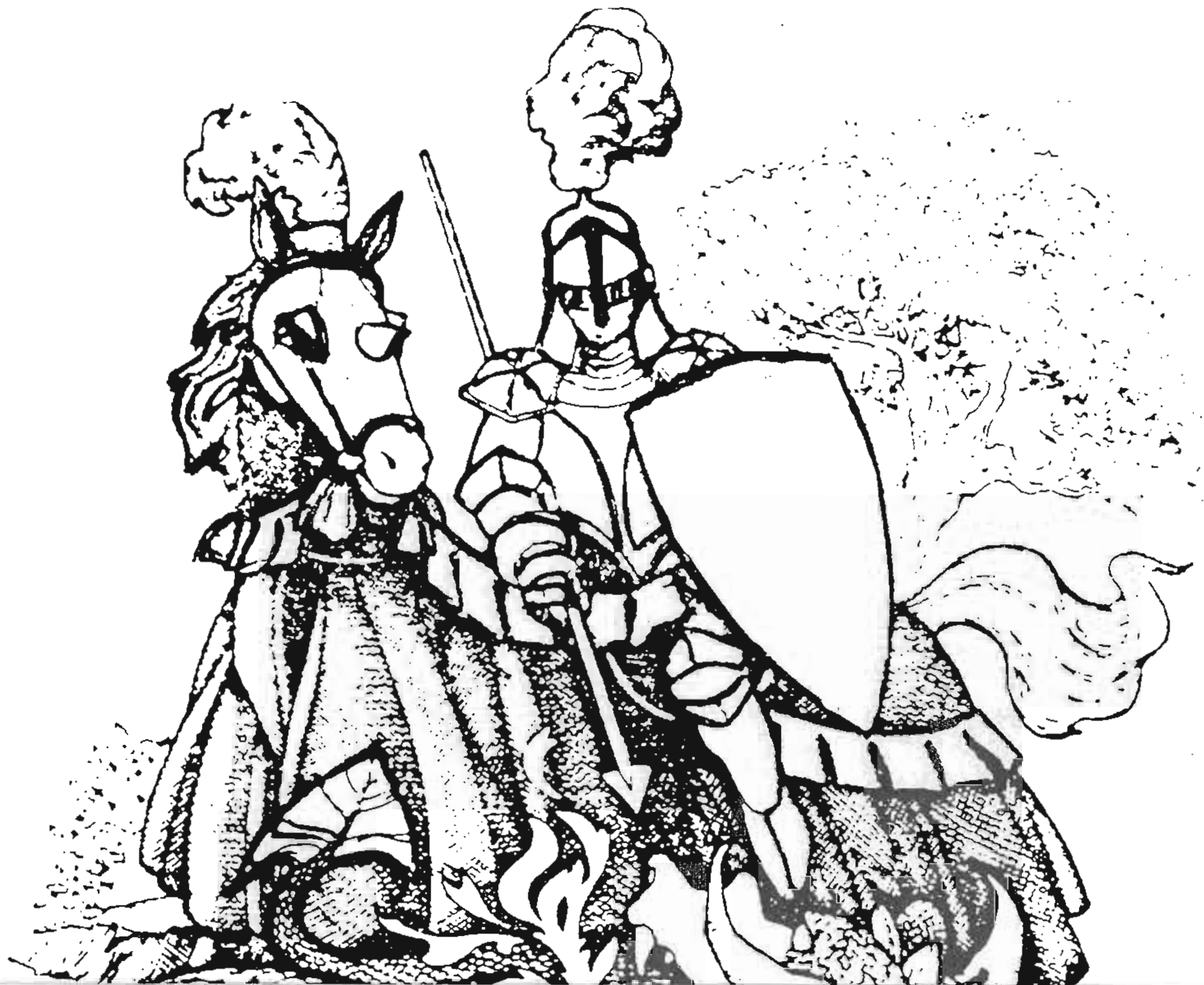


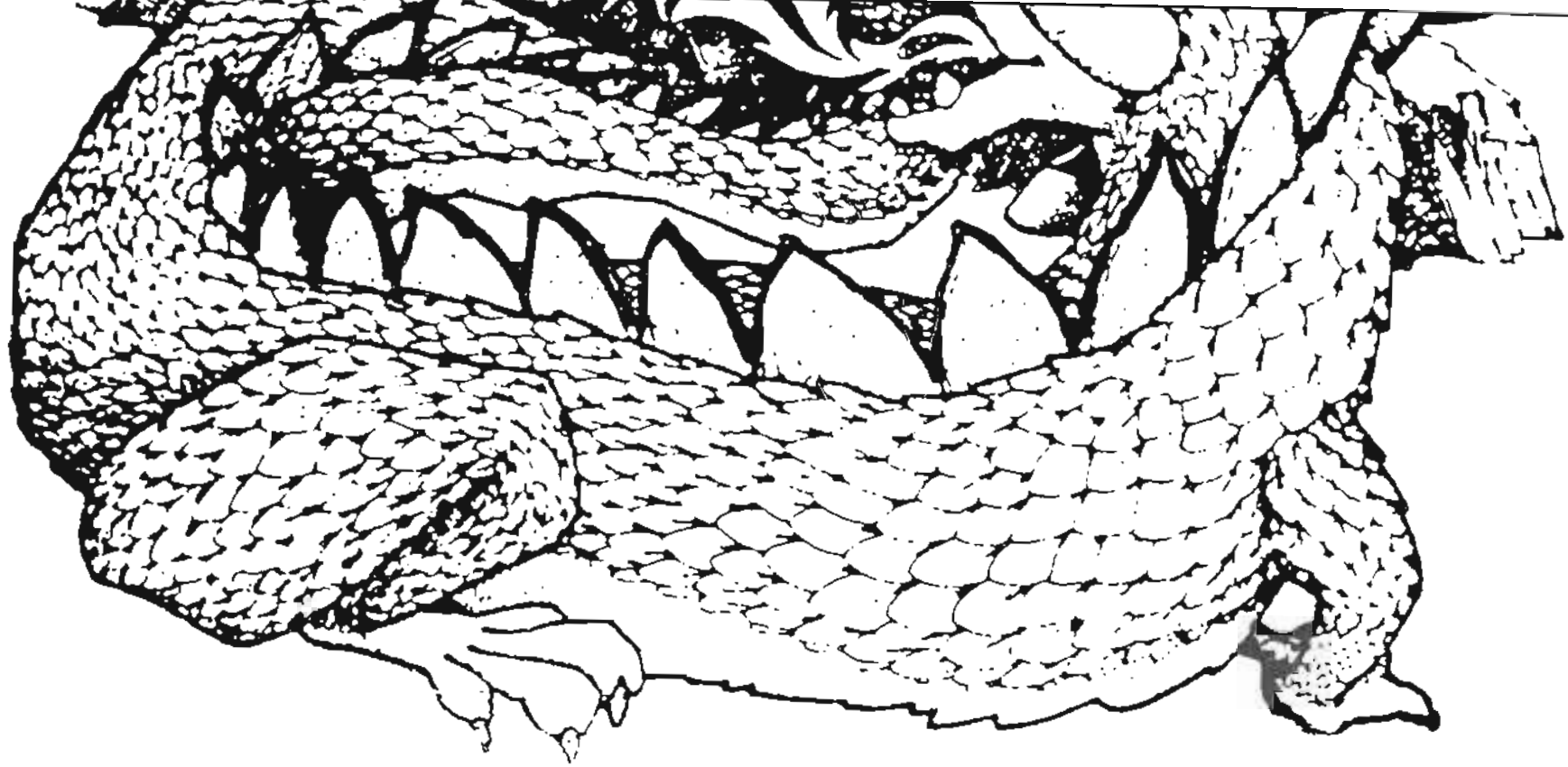
**Remember, time flies..
don't be left out...**



*Don't doodle with me!
Look inside! NOW!!*







Here is your chance to be a kid again. Colour the Knight and surrounding area, send your finished masterpiece with your cheque for tickets to the St. George's Dinner & Dance. If your work of art is selected, you could be one of the three Rovers to receive a refund on your ticket. Contest closes April 23, 1994. All entries must be received by then. As only one goes in a Magazine you may photo-copy so other members of your crew can enter, but entry for everyone is the purchase of tickets. I the undersigned do hereby declare that I coloured the picture of St. George and the Dragon with my own hand.

Name:

Crew: