

THE
SCOUTER

MARCH 1954 9th

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THE OUTLOOK

By THE CHIEF SCOUT

WELL, it seems if you go on long enough you get some where, and in the end we have not done so badly for Westminster Abbey; the total which we were able to announce to the Dean was £1,162 13s. 5d. The response varied very greatly in different parts of the country and a fair number of subscriptions came from overseas. I know, too, that this doesn't really represent the total contributions made by Scouts, for in many cases they sent direct or else joined in with their Churches. I really had hoped that for such a cause we would at least top the £5,000, but I received a most appreciative letter from the Dean of Westminster:

"If you have an opportunity, I should be very grateful if you would let it be known how greatly the Dean and Chapter of Westminster appreciate all that the Boy Scouts have done to help. I hope that many of the contributors will be glad to think in years to come that they have had a hand in the restoration of the Coronation Church and in ensuring that the worship offered there will maintain the high standard for which the Abbey has been noted for many years past."

I hope we may be able to feel that we have a share not only in the fabric but also in the daily worship in the Abbey. I send a most sincere "Thank you" to all who responded to my appeal.

CUBS have been described in many ways, not the least appropriate of which is, I always think, "A skin tightly stretched round an appetite." Those of us who are not constantly in touch with them are apt to regard them as irresponsible little beggars and wonder how Akela ever manages to handle them. But any Akela with any experience will tell you a different story, a story of how the spirit of Scouting and of service bums as fiercely in their little hearts as in that of any older person.

Such a story is that of Arthur Marshall, not quite eleven years old, whose mother died a short time ago.

For six years she had been ill, and for the last six months bedridden. In spite of school and other obligations, Arthur took complete charge of nursing her. He cleaned and tidied the house when the home help could not be there, and looked after his younger brothers, aged six years and six months respectively, feeding the baby at the proper times.

He undertook all the shopping and cooked and prepared the meals when required. In spite of all this he found time to earn a few coppers running errands for neighbours, which he put into the family pool. You would imagine that he must have been tired out by all these efforts, but everybody knows him as a happy and cheerful boy, and are high in their praise of his indomitable spirit.

It is, I think, a wonderful story of which all Scouts can feel justifiably proud, and I pass it on to you so that you may pass it on not only to your Cubs and Scouts but also to your friends and neighbours whenever they speak disparagingly or patronisingly of Cubs.

ANOTHER fine story comes from Hong Kong, where on Christmas night a destructive fire swept through Kowloon, rendering 55,000 people homeless. Once again the Scouts rose to the occasion and did magnificent work both during the fire and afterwards helping with relief work. So universal was the response that the Colony Commissioner felt that it would be invidious to recommend one or two Scouts only, for there were so many acts of bravery performed by them during the four or five hours while the fire still raged out of control. The Commissioner of Police writes as follows:-

"On behalf of the Force and myself, I would like to express our admiration of the wonderful way in which the Boy Scouts Organisation rose to the occasion when the serious squatter fire occurred at Shamshui on Christmas night. Their energy and enthusiasm was splendid to watch, their discipline first rate, and the fact that there were so few casualties is greatly to their credit."

And the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, sums it up by saying: "They displayed courage, intelligence and discipline in the true Scouting spirit." Courage, intelligence and discipline: could anybody, give higher praise, and yet this is what people have come to expect of Scouts when disaster faces them and the challenge of service is there. Courage, not foolhardiness, which is often mistaken for it, but the true courage, which comes from the habit of service and the suppression of self.

We often forget that it is bound up with courtesy which comes from the same source, and that a courteous man is generally a courageous man. It is many years now since I told the story of the young man whose statue stands outside Parliament Buildings in Ottawa.

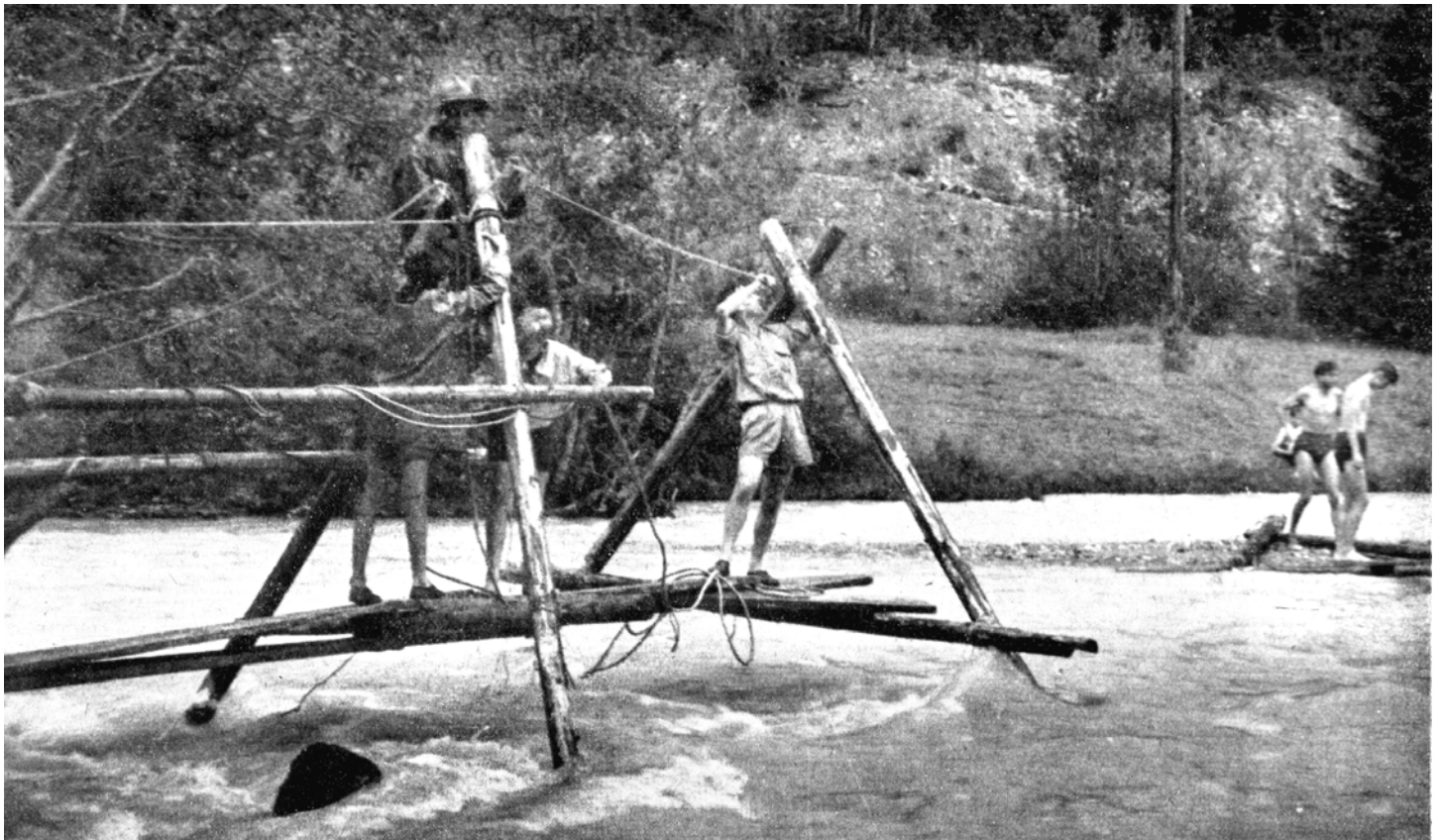
It is a story, which bears repeating. He and some friends were down by the riverside watching the awe-inspiring spectacle of the breaking up of the ice. Suddenly, amid the great blocks plunging in the waves and grinding against each other, they saw a young girl being swept along. The young man started to pull off his coat and his friends said "Don't be a fool; there is nothing you can do, and you will only lose your own life for no purpose."

He tore himself away from them and plunged into the water, saying "What else can I do?" and that was the last that was seen of him, but his spirit and inspiration still live on in that statue for the people of Ottawa to see.

"What else can I do?"

The daily good turn develops the habit of thoughtfulness for others, which in the end dominates our actions, and makes it impossible for us to think of ourselves first. Some people will tell you that the good turn is dying, out. This I flatly deny.

The real Scout, the really courteous man, doesn't boast about his good turns, but takes them as a matter of course and goes about quietly looking for opportunities of service.



SWISS SCOUTS BRIDGE-BUILDING ON KANDER RIVER

Paul Garland

Every now and then some grateful person writes to me and lifts the curtain that I am able to tell you some story which shows that the spirit still lives, a story all the more lovely because it was done in secret. The man who goes about asking his Scouts whether they have done their good turn today and what it was, adopts the wrong attitude. There should be no self-consciousness about it. The casual mention perhaps of somebody who needs help or of hardships that the weather is causing, or anything of that kind, may well pull the trigger. The idea may seem to have vanished into thin air, but he will hear every now and then from friends or from the parents of the Scouts some story which suddenly makes all the hard work and disappointment worth while, and makes him realise that he is doing something of real importance in the hearts of his boys.

Intelligence: isn't it one of our main jobs in Scouting to give the boys the opportunity to develop their intelligence, to create in them that awareness which is so important a step to manhood, to help them to acquire those skills which will open still wider the door to service, to give them the wide experience which they can draw upon when the need arises?

And lastly, discipline. We talk about discipline from within oneself, that self-conquest of which I wrote recently; but although there may be no sanctions applied except those of losing marks in the Patrol Competition and so letting down our companions, the insistence on the very high standards in those little ceremonials which we do have at Flag Break and Flag Down help us to develop that discipline which commands immediate obedience to an order and so enables us to set about our task, whatever it may be, not as individuals but as a corporate body drawing strength from each other and achieving infinitely more than we could ever achieve each working on his own. Yes, it is the training in the Troop room and in the countryside that has enabled Scouts to earn the confidence of people all over the world in their ability to do a job not just for the sake of doing it, but as best they can.

THERE have been so many garbled accounts and so much so woolly thinking about the case of Paul Garland that it is necessary to give the facts. He was born on February 1, 1935, and was a good Scout. He was at the Austrian Jamboree in 1951, but in 1952 he was persuaded to attend a Rally of the World Federation of Democratic Youth on the Continent. In October 1952 he was elected to the National Committee of the Young Communist League. He has not attended a single meeting of the Seniors nor a Church Parade since he was 18, when Senior Scouting ends. He made no attempt to join a Rover Crew nor did he discuss with the Group Scoutmaster his future in Scouting. His District Commissioner has kept in touch with him and tried to persuade him to change his views but without success.

A short time ago he was appointed Secretary of the South-West of England Branch of the Young Communist League and in February, aged 19, he appeared in his Senior Scouts uniform, to which he was no longer entitled, at a Group Pantomime. A number of journalists and a photographer turned up. A photograph was taken and published in the Press. They were not interested in the Pantomime.

It is not the custom of Communists to allow the appointment to key positions of those who are not "sound" on the party line, one of the main planks of which is militant atheism: although of course in this country for obvious reasons that is not mentioned in their literature. He claims that he believes Communism to be the best way of spreading Christian ideals. We are perfectly - entitled, in view of the evidence, to question his sincerity in his Duty to God. As a member of the National Committee and an important official he cannot plead ignorance of the true back-ground of the Young Communist League or that in their opinion the end justifies the means.

In such circumstances we have a duty to both the boys and their parents to protect them from subversive influences and refuse to take Paul Garland back into our Movement.

ROWALLAN.



TALKING POINTS

(Second Series)

2. THAT FIRST CLASS JOURNEY

I AM not quite sure who made the following remark, but I think it was the present Camp Chief: "The First Class journey is an adventure, not an endurance test!"

B.-P. certainly said that he intended the Journey to be the active putting into practice of the lessons and crafts learned during the First Class training, yet as a D.C. I have been watching the situation in respect of the many Scouts who pass through my village, arriving by bus at the outskirts of the City and there considering their sealed orders; very small boys staggering under a load that would try the strength of Hercules; sealed orders obviously constructed by people who had never traversed the ground they intended their Scouts to "adventure" over; incorrect compass bearings that, if followed would merely have directed the boy back to his starting-place; instructions to find antique buildings that have, in fact, been completely missing for hundreds of years and are merely indicated on use map as the sale of....

When the boy gets there, if he ever does, there is nothing but a ploughed field and a couple of indefinite dents in the ground. Instructions to travel by non-existent footpaths and to cross a ferry that was abandoned forty years ago, and above all, a kit that reduces the journey to a rather painful longish walk - perforce mostly over main roads, with meals out of tins, terminating with a report that varies in interest in strict relation to the imagination of the scribe.

I (keep it under your hat!) took my First Class Journey some thirty years ago. It was an adventure. I could write that report out again almost word for word today.

There was no tinned food - flour, fat and the basic necessities only - a ground sheet but no tent - we made a shelter for the night, a billy with fry-pan lid but no knife, fork and spoon, no plates or pint mug. We used our clasp knife and cut substitute fork and spoon from suitable twigs. For our main meal we procured a rabbit, skinned and cleaned it ourselves and cooked it on a spit. Our bread was damper or twist, and apart from a little oatmeal and salt we carried little other food.

May I make an odd comment? I know that things are not the same as they were thirty years ago; there is motor traffic on the roads; it is difficult to go out and catch a rabbit or a pair of stoggies, but we can still make damper or twist and use a large leaf as a plate. A shelter is not impossible in suitable country; very little ingenuity will obviate the necessity for carrying a tent. With the modern transport system there is no need whatever to take the journey over unsuitable country for there is no rule that I know of that prohibits taking public transport to the starting point.

For the Senior Scout bike the limit of weight is thirty pounds, yet one small boy - he admitted to being "nearly fourteen"; was in fact thirteen and two months - had a commando rucksack, designed for a grown man (and a grown man in tip-top condition to boot) which, with its contents (mostly totally unnecessary), and a tent, complete with poles and pegs - big enough for at least four Scouts - weighed very nearly forty-five pounds. Just to make it harder he wore a winter overcoat and an ordinary jacket over his uniform. He had never been on a hike before.

I examined his kit with the idea of making it more suitable for the job in hand. A twelve-ounce tin of corned beef. Two tins of soup and a loaf of bread weighing 28 ounces. Half of margarine, best part of a pound of sugar and a quarter of tea. A packet of cornflakes and about a couple of pounds of potatoes.

Stuck in an outside pocket was a bottle of milk and two eggs - one broken. Two heavy blankets and a heavyweight groundsheet about twice as big as necessary - and to cap the lot, a six-foot staff (he was about four foot nothing and a bit) for which he could not suggest a single practical use. He could only remember warding off mad dogs and building bridges, neither activity likely to be a vital function on his present journey. Yet he carried a separate tent pole.

I can't help feeling that someone had blundered rather badly, and had he been an exception, well, I would have sorted him out and let it go at that. He was no exception, though he had got the biggest load I checked during the season by two pounds.

The First Class Journey is an adventure. Adventure without preparation and careful preparation at that, is mere foolishness. The youth in question was going to look on his journey as a most painful experience, and would probably do himself some physical injury in the process.

I suggest that tinned food should be out, particularly tinned soup, which is 98 per cent water in any case. If you must have soup the desiccated variety is good - and light. A full loaf is bulky, heavy and not even necessary and potatoes are just dead weight. To carry half a pound of marj. when your consumption is likely to be about two ounces does not indicate super intelligence, and a packet of cornflakes - eight ounces of them - is, to put it mildly, daft when all that is needed is one ounce. An ounce of porridge oats would be a lot more effective - and be of higher energy value.

An aged relative of mine when I was young suggested that the young boy's eyes were much bigger than his belly - she was quite right.

If one takes the trouble to weigh the actual quantity of food eaten at a meal - I don't mean the quantity we pile on our plates and leave for the birds when we get a chance - the small amount we really require is astonishing. Remember that a hike on a tummy as tight as a drum is a penance - not a pleasure. You can go all scientific on this subject if interested - calories and things - but a word or two with a Domestic Science teacher at the local school will open your eyes.

I suggest that preparations for the First Class Journey should start months before. There is a lot to make - a sleeping-bag for instance. Less than ten shillings will cover the cost of sheeting material and kapok. If you make it yourself you get one to fit. The army type was designed for a six-foot man! Sleeping-bags have to be snug to be warm and comfortable. That commando rucksacks - five-and-a-half pounds of it and masses of gear intended for the fighting soldier that the Scout has no use for. Why not make one yourself - with a cane frame and a light duck sack made to measure to suit your own needs?

There are lots of things you can make if you will only take the trouble to think it out - and you cannot be a First Class Scout unless you do. Think and plan that you may enjoy, not suffer.

Little things matter - most people take a whole tablet of soap - say three ounces-one tablet lasts the average Scout a week at camp. Why not save two ounces? Ration bags instead of jars and pots. Plastic for greasy and wet materials; flour-bag material for dry - but don't take a three-pound flour bag to hold an ounce of sugar!

Finally, that report. See that your maps mean something; make rough notes on the journey - there is no need to carry a ledger to write your reminders in, a small pad of rough paper will do - and weigh an ounce or two, and half a pencil is just as effective as a whole one - and - strangely enough - just half the weight. It's details like that which count, silly as it may seem!

May I finish with a quotation from two reports from two Scouts on the same journey? One said that he saw a bird pulling at a nest. The other Scout (now First Class) said that he saw a large bird, probably a thrush, picking a hedge bird's nest to pieces. Investigation showed that it was an old one and that the mossy bottom was full of small maggots. Further on in the report the one reported a dead hedgehog. The other reported the finding of the same creature as follows, "Hedgehog killed" on the road apparently by a car within the past hour or so as - the blood had not dried up on the road. The car had apparently tried to avoid the creature as the tracks showed a six-foot tyre score on the approach side."

ZIZERA.

THE TREASURER REPORTS

A LITTLE over six months ago after ten strenuous years our late Treasurer relinquished, his office and deposited his burden upon my unworthy shoulders. Any illusions that I may have had regarding the nature of the work involved were slightly shaken by my inability to find the comforting word "Honorary" in any of the reports and minutes shown to me. Complete disillusionment came at my very first meeting of the Finance Committee, when a senior member of that Committee, while welcoming me in the kindest manner imaginable, ended with the ominous words, "Poor chap, you've certainly taken on Something."

And so indeed I have if I am to continue the work of my predecessor in the way which the Movement will expect and which it has every right to expect.

I wonder if you realise how great is the debt which you, no less than I, owe to Mr. Bunbury. During his Treasurer ship he found the Association heavily indebted to its Bankers - a state of affairs which, subject to proper safeguards, I, as a Banker, am accustomed to approve - but before he retired it was modestly in credit.

This was achieved in the main in two ways.

First as a result of the stringent Retrenchment measures in 1952 which were carried out with so much willingness and with such thoroughness under the watchful eye of our late Treasurer. For this and for many other reasons we owe him a very great deal, and myself in particular for the state in which the Association's finances were committed to my care.

The second main reason for the improvement in our financial position is due to the truly splendid way in which the Movement responded to the Chief Scout's appeal for "Two Bobs for Two Jobs." Gross receipts from this source up to January 14th amounted to no less than £45,318 as compared with £44,662 at the same date last year - an increase of £656. When I tell you that these earnings - our very own earnings - form by far and away the greatest single source of income, it will be appreciated how vitally important they are to a continuance and extension of the work of the Movement.

Thanks to the Retrenchment measures carried out at I.H.Q., to the increased earnings from "Two Bobs for Two Jobs" and to the improved trading results from our Equipment Department about which I shall have more to say on another occasion, it is hoped to finish the year with a surplus.

So far so good - but already I seem to feel the dead hand of complacency descend on some. "Now we can sit back and relax a bit," they say. Or perhaps "What a lot of fuss. I always thought they were a pessimistic crowd," or more fatal still "If there's a surplus, why then there's no need for so much of this Retrenchment," and worst of all "Now that there's a surplus perhaps the Chief Scout can manage with 1/- per head instead of 21-."

Perhaps I'm mistaken and you don't really have such thoughts at all - I hope devoutly that you don't - but if doubt persists consider for a moment what would have happened if the Chief had asked for and received only 1/- per head. Then, instead of a surplus of £2,086 as shown in the last accounts, the Association would have been faced with a deficit of about £18,000 and that at a time when, as now, costs showed no sign of lessening.

The Movement has indeed done a splendid job both by earning more through "Two Bobs for Two Jobs" and by spending less through Retrenchment, and Scouters and Scouts who through their joint efforts have brought this about deserve our warmest congratulations.

The only thing is that the good work must go on with undiminished vigour or else our surplus will speedily melt away and we shall be back once more in the red again.

So far I have referred only to the main causes of our improved financial position, but in addition there is the increased amount for the year 1952 - 53 which the Association has received under the heading "Contributions from the Movement." This at £1,277 compares with £77s. for the previous year - a truly magnificent effort and all the more so since the source of this money is from within the Movement rather than without. It represents to a considerable extent the efforts made by Districts and Groups throughout the country when made aware of the state of the Association's finances in 1952, and is therefore of especial value.

Writing in the Scouter in December 1952, my predecessor referred to this as "Something like a Lighthouse winking from a long way off, a ray of hope, if things got rough." At that time things were rough indeed, and the increased contribution from this source represents to me the fact that our ship, if it has not actually come in, is not exactly on the rocks, but under the friendly protection of the rays of the Lighthouse's Lantern.

Apart from the money received from those within the Movement well-wishers outside it continue to give us their support, and our income from this source at £6,191 is £4,123 higher than the previous year. Of the contributions received from these well-wishers the greater number are from business firms, and we are all extremely grateful to them for this very generous and valuable support.

This brings me to a point of particular importance. - To what extent can or should the Movement continue to rely on the generosity of its friends whether they be firms or individuals?

In days gone by it was possible to approach those who, seeing and appreciating the importance of the work done by the Movement for the youth of the country, gave as generously as their means would allow. Through their contributions the Association was enabled to continue and extend its work. Today, however the situation is different.

High taxation together with the increased cost of living. has made it difficult for those same people to continue their support to the same extent.

Fortunately the Association still receives assistance by way of subscriptions and donations from outside sources, and every effort is made to maintain and increase these contributions.

Nevertheless, I can't help feeling that it would be both unsound and improvident to rely too much on these kind friends for the future. They will give what they can, no doubt, but will it be enough?

Nor do I forget that, in accordance with the decision taken after Skegness in 1952, it is proposed to make a large-scale appeal to the public in 1957.

I must confess to some degree of anxiety on this score. Anyone who has been concerned in recent months with a public appeal for funds will confirm what an uphill struggle this is and how hard it is to achieve the target.

Is there any reason to suppose that the public's purse strings will be any looser in 1957 than they are today?

Another aspect of the same problem occurs to me. Is it good that the Boy Scouts Association which stresses the need for self-reliance in the individual should not apply the same principle as far as possible when its own finances are concerned?

These are important questions and deserve and doubtless will receive the closest attention of us all.

Can we or can't we through our own efforts put our finances in such order as to make needless an appeal for our General Funds in 1957? - How grand it would be if we could.



S. J. L. EGERTON
Treasurer.

JOBS FOR THE BOYS

So Bob-a-Job is coming once again Inevitably, with the passing of the event, the recollections of earlier years, the endeavours to find "something to do" for the willing and earnest slaves who would descend upon my corner of the village with the certainty and precision of a bunch of jays raiding a strawberry patch, fills my mind. Something interesting, useful, harmless.

The self-appointed and insistent team who had "cleaned my motor-cycle" made me chary of letting loose powerful forces without adequate control. Loud strange noises from the garden brought me back at the double, to see the "team," strictly in order of size, mounted in turn upon my beautiful machine, where, with vocal chords obviously Jungle-trained, eyes staring miles ahead, and much weaving of the trunk, they were giving an advance performance of Geoff. Duke that would have made the minor Prophets green with envy.

Filthy and triumphant, they paraded before me. Yes, they had cleaned the motorcycle - Henry, the wheels and tank. Patrick, the engine and gearbox - the others, it appeared, had served who only stood and waited.

Sadly I dismantled the machine, after a decent interval, and repainted the whole thing. But a door had been opened, and a small but insistent foot wedged in the jamb. "Can we come and clean it again next year?" It seemed indeed that this was one of the really coveted jobs. Order emerged from chaos, and the merits of clean rags, paraffin, water and polish were carefully explained.

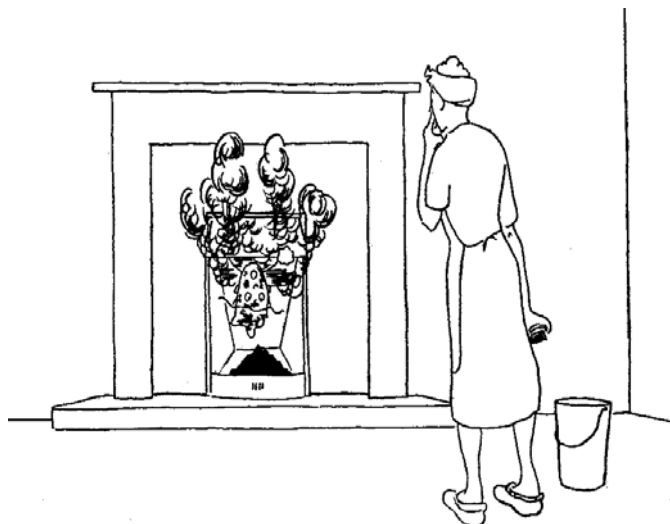
Another year, and the same team - now Senior Scouts - returned faithfully to their old stamping ground. This time a spare motor-cycle - providential inspiration! - lurked in the shed. Here was opportunity indeed. Henry and Derek got the job. The instructions were simple. "Take it to pieces - not just the engine - the *whole thing*. Be sure to put all the bits in this box!" A chest of tools was produced, and the smaller half of the team was kept at bay with promise of a special job "cleaning some old pistols - after tea." I then hastened off to keep a distant appointment.

When I returned about an hour later, work was proceeding quietly upon the bones of the motor-bike. Too quietly. The atmosphere was definitely cool, and the Team appeared to have sustained damage. Dusty hair and bruised faces attested the seriousness of the affair - for these two were close friends - but nothing was said, and to break the tension I called a halt for tea, after which we soon demolished the rest of the job. Henry and Derek finally departed arm in arm, carolling that immortal lay concerning a diminishing quantity of coloured bottles.

Long after, tactful enquiry led to the discovery that one of the pair had come up against a difficulty in removing the front forks of the motorbike - his first encounter with left-hand threaded nuts. Desperate at his lack of progress, and seeing his friend tearing away at the rear end of the machine, fast filling the box with large pieces of machinery, he had suggested "swapping ends." This met with a firm refusal. A fight ensued, and from that, a compromise - to undo a nut each in turn, leaving anything that could not be moved for my attention later!

Digressing for a moment, I like to remember that episode. Both of those boys had very fine characters; it was apparent in their homes, their loyalty to each other, and to the job they were doing. They settled their problem in a time-honoured and straightforward manner, and forgot their difference within the hour. Well, that's history. Back to the main subject . . . the smaller half of the team!

They had shown a tendency toward Cowboys and Sheriffs long before, and knowing of my collection of various weapons, it had become their changeless habit to sit on a five-barred gate right opposite my window on Sunday - sometimes as many as six - like a row of kites, watching me consume my Sunday lunch with refined and educated patience. The moment that I pushed back 'my chair they would drop with one accord and translate themselves on to my doorstep. The usual two questions, fired right and left, would hit me as soon as the door opened.



"Want your chimney sweeping, Mum?"

"Are you going out?" "May we come with you?" And may I say - lucky is he who can hear those questions every week - for he will never grow old while he can answer "Yes" to both!

These boys were taught to handle firearms of many varieties, ancient and modern, and a wide game would develop; stalking, tracking, ambushing, yes - and poaching I fear, though restricted to rabbits, wood-pigeons and (top marks) stoats. Thus another Bob-a-Job, for they knew the importance of cleaning these pieces, and there was always the chance of finding "something new" in the collection. Eventually I had the chance of moving into an adjacent town, and last year Bob-a-Job passed me by.

This year a vigorous hammering on the front door heralded the arrival of *one Cub*. "Any jobs, Mister?" "What can you do?" "Anything!" Followed a muffled confab, with my sister (who happens to be an Old Wolf). She was reluctant to chance handing over our new electric washing machine, so our Cub found himself cleaning a glittering pair of "Cowboy" colts - after an impressive ceremony of unlocking this and that. Now I am not used to Cubs, but a blind man might have seen that all was not well. The little chap became more and more subdued, until finally he asked me what I did with all those pistols. I am sure my feeble explanation did not satisfy him, and he was obviously relieved to be allowed to escape, clutching his card and shilling - and reeking of gun oil! Later in the week I saw a stand erected in our main thoroughfare, and an appointments book was in evidence. It was a hot afternoon, and my request for two Bob-a-Jobbers was not met with any marked enthusiasm. I made an entry in the book, and turned away, seeing through the tail of an eye someone languidly pushing the book over to someone else. My motorcycle is no snail, but when I reached home there were two panting bicycles piled against the wall, and two Scouts busy in the garden. (True to form, my Old Wolf sister had grabbed the passing straw - they were cleaning her bicycle!). Guns galore were produced, plus lime juice and biscuits - it was a hot afternoon remember - and before they left a photo was taken and thanks expressed.

A sequel - an elderly man in a factory ten miles away was voluble in his enthusiasm, explaining to his motor-cyclist neighbour his boy's account of an exciting Bob-a-Job. The motorcyclist said "That sounds like 'Old Bill'" - and so the matter came back to me. I produced a copy of my photo of the two Scouts. Yes, that was his boy, the dark one! We agreed that it was a small world, etc., and I reflected anew upon the propaganda value of Bob-a-Job. I think it can be a power of good. Long may it live!

OLD BILL.

SOME MORE FIGURES

I CAN hear many of my friends saying "Oh, blow that man and his figures," but I am not really very apologetic. I realize that only a minority of Scouters are interested in figures, but I am sure that the majority ought to be interested, and at least the minority may find some points of interest in what follows.

The new census will be taken at March 3 1st, and the forms are due to be completed within the next few days. May I appeal to all for promptness? We have to get all the figures summarised in time for the Annual Meeting of the Council in July. The forms will be found to differ from last year's, particularly as regards page 1, for we are asking for the numbers of *Scouts* to be given by ages. We can then see exactly how much the *Scout* population diminishes year by year, and when we also have next year's figures, we shall be able to see when boys leave. The figures on page 1 will be more numerous than before, but some of the particulars on page 2 have been omitted, so that the total number of figures is less. The idea is that the kind of information which is asked for on page 2 need not all be collected annually, but at intervals of (say) three years, according to need.

This article is a sequel to one which I wrote in 1950 on the same subject, and it is therefore possible to give some comparisons with the figures of four years ago, and to get an idea of where we are going.

The Group

Fifty-eight per cent of Groups in England are sponsored; 42 per cent are open. When we consider that most of the Groups in small towns and villages are open, have we enough open Groups in the big towns?

The average size of a Group is forty members, as compared with forty-two in 1949. As Groups in villages are bound to be small, it would seem that many Groups in towns must be too small.

The average membership is as follows:-

	1949	1953
Pack	23	22
Boy Scout Troop	23	18
Senior Scout Troop	8	6 ½
Rover Crew	<u>12</u>	<u>11 ½</u>
	66	58

It is sad to see the drop in the average numbers in the sections, particularly in the Boy Scout and Senior Scout Troops. The average size of a Pack is now larger than that of a Troop.

There are 42 Scouters per Group, compared with 3•8 in 1949. Despite the comparatively small number of boys per Scouter shown under Packs and Troops below, this is well below the efficient minimum of one G.S.M. and two Scouters per Pack and Troop.

Ninety-six per cent of Troops have Packs from which to recruit, as against 86 per cent four years ago; 37•5 per cent of Groups have Senior Scout Troops. The 1949 figure was only 23 per cent, but we rose to 38 per cent in 1951, and are now sliding back a bit.

Group Scoutmasters

Although the Group system has been in existence since 1928, there are still four out of every ten Groups which have not got a G.S.M. without other duties in the Group.

Packs

There are 12 Cubs per Old Wolf, and 1•8 Old Wolves per Pack, against 1•6 in 1949, but these are not evenly distributed. There are many Packs with one Scouter only, while others have five or six.

There are 33 male Old Wolves to every 67 females. Our pre war percentage was 50:50, and it should be our ambition to restore these proportions.

Boy Scout Troops

There are 10 Scouts (including "over-15s") per Scouter, despite the Patrol System, whereas the Cubs manage to flourish with 12 Cubs per Old Wolf. There are 1•8 Scouters per Troop, to look after 1•8 boys compared with 23 four years ago.



UP A GUM-TREE IN S. RHODESIA!
(Pioneer Badge)

Senior Scout Troops and "Over-15s"

Senior Scout Troops are of small average size and apparently growing smaller (64 per Troop compared with 8 in 1949). There are 10 Senior Scouts per Scouter, and 6t Scouters per 10 Troops. Clearly, these figures need to be improved as soon as we can.

Compared with 22,514 Senior Scouts in England, there are 14,586 "over-15s" in Boy Scout Troops. These are spread over some 5,700 Troops, and average only 21 per Troop. It would be interesting to know what kind of programmes it is possible to arrange for teams of 24 boys!

There are 31,209 Scouts between 14 and 15, but only 16,918 between 15 and 16. Only just over half of the small number who remain in Scouting after 14 go on beyond 15.

Rover Crews

Here are the totals:-

	1949	1953
Rovers under 21		5,397
21 - 25	8,278	3,310
over 25	3,417	2,335
Also warranted Scouters	<u>7,292</u>	<u>8,846</u>
Total	18,987	19,888

OUR DISTRICT

By A.D.C.

There is a net increase of 891, but the increase in warranted Scouters is 1,554 and our Rovers under 21 429, whereas those over 25 have decreased by 1,082. It cannot be regarded as a healthy state when 44 per cent of the total number of Rovers consists of warranted Scouters. There are 97 Rovers (excluding Rover-Scouters) per R.S.L., and 6½ R.S.L.s per 10 Crews.

Losses of Scouts

Our concern about this has been shown by the investigation which has just been made into the figures of 1,000 Groups. Pending the results of that investigation, the following figures may be of some help.

Cubs have increased from 155,682 to 178,646 (i.e., 22,964) since 1949, but Scouts under 14 have decreased from 120,941 to 109,458 (i.e. 11,483). A substantial number of the 22,964 Cubs have reached Scout age and should have helped to show a Scout increase instead of a decrease.

It is worse still if we go back to 1946. Between 1946 and 1953 Cub numbers were up by 50,000, while Scout numbers decreased by 6,000.

Let us look at the 1953 figures by ages:-

Cubs numbered	178,646	(spread over say 34 years Cub life)	i.e. 51,042 each year
Scouts 11-14	109,458	(3 years)	36,486
14-15	31,209		31,209
15-16	16,918		16,918
16-18	20,182	(2 years)	10,091
Rovers under 25	8,707	(7 years)	1,244

These are rough figures, but cannot disguise the heavy leakage between Cubs and Scouts, and the large number of Scouts we lose year by year.

Proficiency

Among the reasons why we lose boys, lack of progress is undoubtedly high on the list. Some of our figures throw a pretty lurid light on this problem.

The Cub figures are:-

Leaping Wolf	5.8 per cent
Second Star	92
First Star	<u>31.6</u>
	46.6
Leaving as Tenderpads	53.4

If over half our Cubs have not progressed beyond Tenderpad stage, it must mean that many Cubs are still at that stage after eighteen months in the Pack, or that many of them have left in disgust and have been replaced by another recruit.

The Scout figures are still more startling.

The boys we keep beyond 15 clearly include many of fine quality. Of those over 14, 177 per cent are First Class Scouts, as against 12 per cent four years ago, and 4 per cent are Queen's Scouts, as compared with 14 per cent. But what about the younger ones? If we assume that almost all the boys over 15 are at least of Second Class standard, there remain 29,535 Second Class Scouts under 15. But the total number of Scouts under 15 is 140,667, so that 111,132 of them are still recruits or at Tenderfoot stage. And that represents 79 per cent of all those between 11 and 15, or four out of every five boys who have not even got beyond the preliminary stage. Words fail me!

Conclusion

I must say again that I know well enough that few will have read as far as this, but perhaps the interested few will feel able to follow up these points. Some of these figures are so disturbing that they ought to be given first priority in our planning, both at District and Group level. As I said in my previous article:

"The collection of census figures is not just a whim of a few people at I.H.Q. who haven't got enough to do. They are intended for use and not for ornament, and the best place to use them is in the Group, the District and the County, rather than at I.H.Q."

J. F. COLQUHOUN.

THE best blokes in the Scout Movement," said old Hankin of the 21st as we walked home from his Troop Meeting the other night, "are the ones you don't notice until they are gone.

Hankin is a man of action rather than of words, but occasionally he comes out with a sensible remark, and I thought this was one of them. The utterly reliable man who can be counted on at all times gets taken for granted.

"What put the idea into my mind," said Hankin, "was the news that we are losing our D.C."

It was the first I had heard of it, but I was not altogether surprised, for our Mr. Peak has been having worse health even than usual for some months. He was gassed when he was a youngster in the First World War, and has been running on one cylinder ever since.

It was in 1946, when Bagshaw died, that the County Commissioner called round on Peak one day and asked him to take on the job as D.C. Peak was a subscribing member of the local Association, but he had not done any active Scouting since 1914, when he ran a Troop somewhere in the Midlands.

"I can't possibly do it," said Peak, "I'm not a fit man, and my job in life is a pretty heavy one, and I've a wife and family to consider. Besides, I don't think I'm the Commissioner type...."

He had twenty reasons why he could not possibly do the job, and they were all good ones, like most of the reasons most of us have for not taking on additional responsibilities that will interfere with our comfort and our leisure; but Peak is one of those quiet undemonstrative men to whom service is more important than self, and after half-an-hour's talk the County Commissioner won him round.

Some Commissioners start off with a great flourish of trumpets, arranging for a special meeting of Scouters to be called so that they may "address" them and give them a "pep talk." It may be a good idea, but it was not Peak's idea, and the way Peak went about things it was quite a while before we knew we had a fresh D.C. He just dropped quietly in on Troop nights and Pack nights and watched. If pressed to "say a few words" they would be very few indeed. He preferred that his presence should not disturb the ordinary routine, though he liked sitting in the S.M.'s Den when the boys had gone, finding things out about each Troop or Pack in his own quiet way, and - learning how he could help.

During his reign I think Our District has reached a new height of Scoutiness, so far as the spirit of the thing goes. If a hot exchange of words has begun at an Executive or L.A. Meeting the Chairman has only had to turn to the D.C. to give his opinion, and calm has fallen at once. Not so much because of what he said, but because of what he is. He is so completely lacking in pettiness that nobody can be petty in his presence.

All the routine jobs that have fallen to him he has done quietly and efficiently, finding new Scouters, persuading A.S.M.'s to take on bigger responsibilities and urging their G.S.M.s to release them, settling disputes between Group Committees and Scouters, playing his proper part, but no more, in District events.

"He's always been so self-effacing," said Hankin, "that not till I heard he was going did I realise that for seven years he has been the king-pin of the whole thing."

We heard a familiar cough in the fog, and there he was, on his way back from visiting the 10th.

"No, I'm not resigning," he said. "The rumour started because I've just taken on as Assistant County Commissioner . . . but I'm keeping on the District, because the A.D.C.'s do all the work, anyway. By the way, Hankin, Mrs. Footer of 14 Scragg Lane has quite a lot of jam-jars, if you'd care to collect them, and if that new wheel for your trek-cart hasn't arrived I'll fix up for the 14th to lend you one, as I'll be round that way tomorrow."

S. S. S.

SENIOR SCOUT SCRAPBOOK

31. OPERATION POLAS

FOR some time now we have had a Senior Scout Council working in S. Staffs, consisting of one Senior Scout from each District together with the A.C.C.(S), the Field Commissioner, the A.C.C. for Training and a District Commissioner. All the four Scouters are there in an advisory capacity, the chairman and secretary of the Council being Senior Scouts. Since its inception two Winter Expeditions have been held, an Indoor Week-end, with speakers and practical sessions, and two Summer Expeditions. The first of these, held last year, was only on a very small scale, but this year the Council gave the Scouters carte blanche to hatch a rather more ambitious stunt.

It seemed to us that as Seniors we ought to implement a "Look Wide" policy and, where possible, take the Expedition out of our own County. An obvious choice was Shropshire, and so "Operation Polas" was born. Something in the nature of a hike was to form the first part of the scheme, and for this it was necessary to find a suitable site first. Several prospecting trips were necessary in an effort to get as near to the Long Mynd as possible and finally we established our headquarters at Marsh-brook. We had hoped to use the Long Mynd for a stunt on the Sunday, but the nearest we could get were the approaches.

After a lot of alterations and the incorporation of a lot of suggestions the final plan was as follows:-

Members of four Round Tables agreed to pick up Scouts at four points - Lichfield, Stafford, Walsall and Wolverhampton (this covered most of the Districts in the County) - and to convey them to a central rendezvous point about two miles outside Wolverhampton where we all met at 3.30 p.m. on the Saturday. Here instructions were given, Patrols made up and a convoy formed, each Patrol being allotted two cars. Most cars were fitted with radios so that the Scouts were able to hear the commentary on the Cup Final as they travelled along.

All of them were blindfolded and the convoy moved off, headed by the D.C. for Wolverhampton and the A.C.C. for Training, while the A.C.C.(S) brought up the rear, ready to cope with any emergency that occurred during the run.

The route lay through Bridgnorth, where much comment was excited by the appearance of a fleet of cars carrying blindfolded Scouts, and from there the convoy headed towards Wenlock Edge. Along a side road to the east of Wenlock Edge flour-bags were thrown on to the road and, Patrol by Patrol, the cars disgorged their occupants with their kit, and then disappeared to a convenient hotel where tea had been laid on for them. Each Patrol had a set of sealed instructions which they were now able to examine.



"All right, then: we'll leave out the spare handkerchief."

There was a portion of a 1 in. O.S. map photographed and reduced in scale by half, a magnifying glass, a sealed envelope to be opened in case of an emergency and a set of instructions. These gave a map reference of the camp site at Marshbrook, about seven miles away on the other side of Wenlock Edge, and Patrols were told to get there as quickly as possible, not using roads.

Enroute a log was to be kept and each Patrol was asked to comment on one particular thing of historical and one of natural interest. When they eventually arrived five of the six Patrols turned in, very competent logs.

Nothing more was seen of them until 8.15 p.m. when the first Patrol arrived. They had been turned out of the cars just as the final whistle of the Cup Final match was sounded, so that it had taken them 3 1/2 hours to cover the course. The last Patrol to arrive, however, did not put in an appearance until 9.45 p.m. - they had apparently been rather far out of their way, it seemed, because they had gone round Wenlock Edge instead of over the top. The Troop Leader and Quartermaster, two Queen's Scouts from the County, had been at the site since Friday night and they had laid on tea, sandwiches and cake for the Seniors on arrival - very welcome on a warm afternoon. Each Patrol had, on arrival, to pitch camp and prepare a cooked meal. By close on midnight all the work had been accomplished, and after prayers everyone turned in. We had hoped to have a short Camp Fire and a half-hour devoted to "Good Turn" stunts, but had to abandon these as time was running out. It was agreed that all the Patrols, including quite a number of Second Class Scouts, had acquitted themselves well. The Patrol camps were quite efficiently erected and the evening meals (each member of the staff fed with a different Patrol) were well cooked.

Breakfast was scheduled for 9 a.m., but all the Patrols were on the job by 7 a.m., realising that there would probably be a heavy day in front of them. Again the Patrols are to be congratulated on their cooking. A short time was allowed for sites to be put in order before flag break, which was followed by a rigorous inspection of each site and of the personnel of each Patrol. The theme of the Scouts' Own, which was conducted by the Scouts, with the yarn given by the A.C.C.(S), was the Senior Scout's approach to Duty to God. The yarn emphasised the doing of one's duty to God as opposed to being dutiful to God.

The main stunt of the morning was a wide game on the Trading Post lines, as was run so successfully at the Welsh Jamboree last year. Before going off to the approaches to the Long Mynd for the start, the Patrols had to ensure that they had prepared their midday meal and left enough wood for the Troop Leader to keep the fires going, so that on their return-all would be ready and time saved. The Scouters acted as trading posts in the game while the Patrols were given a long list of things to be done or collected which the Scouters might, if they were good enough, or the sellers powers of persuasion strong enough, be willing to buy. Among the articles for trading were plaster casts, pioneering models, collections of insects, flowers, leaves, and information concerning certain - places and points of interest in the area. Competition was keen and most Patrols succeeded in producing quite a lot of articles for trading purposes. The midday meal only required serving on the return to camp, thanks to the vigilance of the Troop Leader. A very short rest period followed, before each Patrol embarked upon the "Good Turn" stunts planned for the night before. Each Patrol had some different problem to attempt, including such things as changing a car wheel (one of the staff cars had collected a flat tyre anyway), rescuing a suicide, erecting a tent without poles or pegs, and improvising a gate. As soon as they had completed their particular task satisfactorily each Patrol moved on to a series of stunts devised by the Troop Leader and Quartermaster, in which some of John Sweet's ideas from "Scoutward Bound" were tried out.

Time was running out fast and barely two hours remained before the drivers from the Round Tables would return to pick up their loads. Tea and then striking camp were accomplished with all despatch, so that within about fifteen minutes of the appointed time everyone was ready to leave. The drivers returned everyone to the original picking-up points very tired, but very pleased with the week-end. Looking back it was a grand week-end, nothing particularly spectacular about it and well within the scope of all the Seniors who took part. The time needed for preparation and co-ordination of all the different sections of the adventure was very long and already an idea for next year - something quite different - is germinating in the minds of the staff. - From the way it was tackled the Scouters felt it was well worth while and helped strengthen their belief in Senior Scouting. The co-operation of the various Round Tables and their enthusiasm was most gratifying as was hard work put in by the two Queen's Scouts who were "in on" the scheme and did a lot of the donkey work.

D. C. VINCENT, A.C.C.(S), S. Staffs.

TILE CAMP IN THE ARCTIC

We believe we are the first English Scout camping party to have gone under our own arrangements to northern Lapland, and to have camped there in the open. The site chosen was 2,100 miles away at Abisko, on the shores of Lake Tornetrask, in Swedish Lapland, 150 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

Eighteen of us left Harwich on the new 5,000-ton ship *Amsterdam* on the eve of the summer holiday. Next day, while the rest of the school was celebrating the end of term, we were in the *Hook - Scandinavia Express*, racing across Holland and the British zone of Germany by way of the still ruined towns of Osnabruck, Bremen, and Hamburg, over the gigantic knot of the Kiel Canal bridge (not to mention the two lesser engineering knots at Osnabruck and Flensburg), and so into Denmark. We crossed the Little Belt by the new bridge and the Great Belt by the train-ferry, reaching Copenhagen at midnight. Here we were met by Sven Gaihede of the Copenhagen International Rover Crew, who escorted us to the suburb of Valby where we were kindly lodged in the 6th Vesterbro Troop's den, a well-equipped basement, conveniently situated for shops and tramways. We spent the weekend there, while our quartermaster busily laid in stores for the ensuing week, persuading local bakeries to work overtime for us.

On Sunday we attended morning service at the English Church, one of the finest in the city, having been built by our Queen Alexandra, who was also a Danish princess.

Early on Monday we loaded our stores on our backs and entrained for Maln , via the Baltic Sound train-ferry. We here set up yet another English Scouting record by carrying all our food and gear for a week's camp 1,300 miles, from Copenhagen to Abisko - much of it indeed from England.

The Swedish trains were by far the best in all respects which we have yet encountered on the continent. The journey from Malmo onwards occupied thirty hours. First we crossed the level farming country of Skane; then came the forest area, where pinewoods, interspersed with innumerable lakes and intersected by -huge rivers, persisted for a thousand miles. Among the many memorable scenes we recall perhaps most vividly the glimpse of the vast Lake Vetter from Motala, and those wide rivers, viewed from lofty bridges, each bearing downstream its load of countless floating logs. Eventually we crossed the Arctic Circle, marked for us by white stones across the forest, and entered the land of the midnight sun. By Kiruna, the great iron mountain, the pines and firs practically ceased and only birch remained. By Abisko this dwindled to scrub, the only other trees being sallow bush and an occasional rowan.

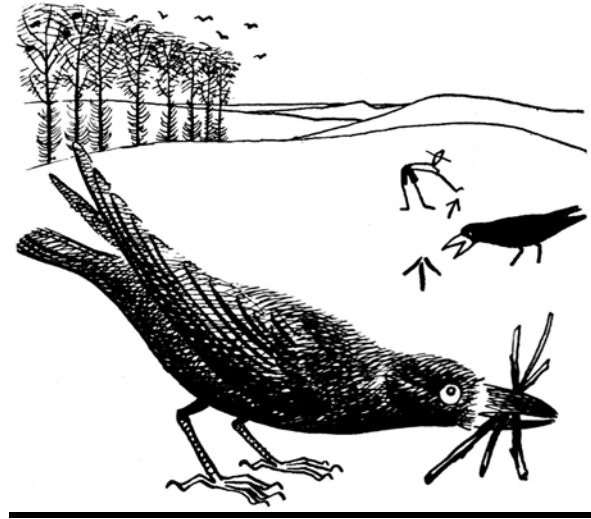
We camped by the -lake shore not far from the score or so of permanent residences which constitute the settlement, and are the only buildings on the edge of this 150 square miles of water. The lake is frozen over until late in May so that it is intensely cold for bathing, even in August. A few of us, nevertheless, braved it for a dip (but only once).

Abisko possesses the only shop within the 120 miles between Kiruna and Narvik; this fact attracts the Lapp population, who come in from even lonelier spots attired in their beautifully -coloured blue, yellow and red costumes.

The weather proved hot enough to allow of sun-bathing, and the one day's rain scarcely penetrated the birch foliage. The only discomfort - though a real and terrible one - was the prevalence through the twenty-four hours of each day of powerfully and profoundly pungent mosquitoes, necessitating copious applications of appropriate creams and lotions.

We were just too late for the midnight sun which sets in mid-July, forty-five days after it has last risen. But we were still able to enjoy unending daylight for the whole of our week's stay. The sun would set at about 11 o'clock in an incredibly rich red sky and would rise again at 1 o'clock in a blaze of gold. We were thus able to explore the country, unrestricted by considerations of darkness.

We climbed Nuolijo, a 4,000-foot height overlooking the lake, topped with snow in which we observed numerous reindeer footprints.



From the summit we got a magnificent view of the sharp Kebnekaise peaks, the highest in Sweden, and of the wild, lonely expanse of the vast lake with the Norwegian fells beyond. We signed the visitors' book on the summit cairn, the first English climbers to do so this year.

We continued the rail journey to the terminus of the Lofoten railways at Narvik. On the way, hundreds of feet below the ledge on which the line runs, we could see the sunken German destroyers *in* Rombaks Fiord, victims of the Royal Navy in 1940.

We spent a "night" following the first stage of the formidable Kungleden trail, the longest, loneliest and wildest in Europe. This is by no means a path, for roads and paths do not exist in northern Lapland. The trail disappears frequently in the ubiquitous marsh and often it is to be traced solely by the scratches of nailed boots on rocks. A few light wooden bridges are to be found, but most streams, some of them fifty yards wide, must be forded. At twelve-mile intervals, the average day's march, is a wooden hut and a Lapp-type "Stuga," the latter resembling a turf-covered Anderson air-raid shelter. The trail keeps to the south side of Abisko Canyon and Abiskojaure lake. We cooked a supper at the first hut and returned along the north side of the lake, endeavouring to trace the disused trail there. It was completely overgrown with 'sallow thicket and birch scrub, but nevertheless we managed to return to camp by 3 o'clock in the morning, having covered the double stage of this primitive trail in eleven hours, all in broad daylight. We rowed to the islands in the lake and crossed it by motor launch to visit a Lapp encampment. A whole family dwells in one "Stuga," which, primitive as it is to look at, yet contains a radio set, tea-service and indoor and outdoor flower beds. The natives keep cows and goats instead of reindeer. A tent was observed constructed over a framework of birch trunks with sacking marked "Tate & Lyle: Made in England."

Plant life was abundant and varied. Among specimens identified were: laburnum. (at Narvik), flowering salix and rowan, several species of betony, dog asphodel, anemones, bell-flower saxifrage, mallow, willow-herb, wild geranium, bulbous buttercup, dwarf cornel, bog pimpemel, wood violet, early purple orchid, campion, clover, meadowsweet, eyebright, willow-leaf heather and the insectivorous butterwort. Railway stations were bedecked with begonia, petunia, dahlia and fuchsia - all this in the same latitude as central Greenland and the northernmost tip of Canada. Bird life included gadwall, raven, rock pipit, ptarmigan (abundant even near houses), dotterel, wagtail, great northern diver, snow bunting, redstart, sandpiper, house martin, icelandic thrush, bluethroat and magpie. Stork and fulmar were seen in Denmark. Little animal life was seen, but we found footprints of reindeer and wolf.

F. W. ROWSWELL,
G.S.M., Brentwood School Group.

PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS

By **MICHAEL BLACKMORE**

Photos by Eric Hosking

The history of the bittern in this country is of special interest because it is one of the few birds that have come back to breed with us again after an absence of many years. At one time it nested in marshy reed-beds over a wide area of Britain but during the nineteenth century it began to decline very rapidly. Bitterns had always been regarded as a table delicacy and after the invention of the shot-gun it was hardly surprising that they fell easy victims to the enterprising wildfowler, for their slow owl-like flight and habit of skulking in dense cover until flushed at close quarters gave them a poor chance of avoiding destruction.

To some extent the bittern's decrease can also be attributed to the reclamation of fens and marshlands for farming purposes, but even so, there were still many suitable habitats where it might have continued to nest if it had been left undisturbed. But as the bird became rarer collectors of skins and eggs invaded its last stronghold in East Anglia, and by the middle of the last century it was clearly only a matter of time before it would disappear from this country as a breeding species. In 1886 a single young one (but no nest) was found in Norfolk, and until 1911 the only records that we know of consisted of non-breeding visitors. In July of that year, however, my old friend the late Mr. Jim Vincent came across a half-fledged nestling on one of the Norfolk Broads.

You can imagine his excitement on that red-letter day. After twenty-five years the bittern had miraculously returned to nest in its ancestral haunts, but would it re-establish itself successfully? As a result of rigorous protection imposed by local land-owners and ornithologists that question has been answered satisfactorily; during the last four decades the bird has not only become numerous on the Norfolk Broads but has also managed to spread from there into the adjoining counties of Lincolnshire, Suffolk and Cambridgeshire. There are also a few recent records of isolated nests elsewhere, but for security reasons these localities must remain a closely guarded secret, at least for the time being.

Some years before the war I spent a holiday in Norfolk to watch the bittern and some of the other rare birds for which the marshlands are famous. It was a fine day as I motored with a friend to Hickling Broad where Jim Vincent was waiting to greet us, and on arrival I noticed with a thrill that dozens of swallowtail butterflies were flying in the sunshine. As we stood admiring them we suddenly heard a distant "boomp" like the sound of a foghorn, repeated three or four times. It was the bittern's love-song to his mate, the most peculiar serenade I have ever heard. During my visit I was to hear that call many times, occasionally by day but more often at dusk and throughout the night, for the bittern is particularly active after dark. On still nights its booming can be heard at great distances and I can believe the statement of one ornithologist who says that the sound travels for as much as three miles.

Early next morning Jim was waiting for us at the water's edge. We had just moved off in his punt when we saw a sight that I shall never forget.

Four bitterns were on the wing together, soaring and diving in a complicated aerial ballet. It was evidently some sort of display and while it lasted we had a splendid opportunity of admiring the birds at close quarters.



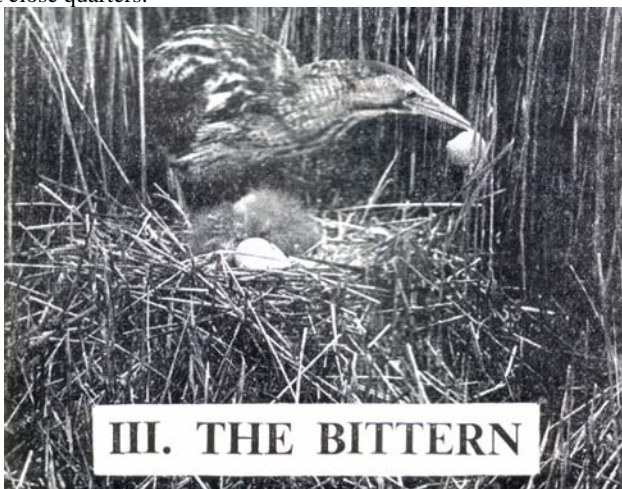
Although similar to herons in general structure they were smaller and more squatly built, and instead of having the black, grey and white plumage of the heron their feathers were a pale brown or biscuit colour, heavily streaked and barred with black.

Jim Vincent soon showed us our first nest in a patch of tall reeds beside a dyke. It was just an untidy heap of broken reed stems lined with dry grass and pieces of sedge, containing four greenish brown eggs and one newly-hatched youngster. Later we saw other nests, all of whose occupants had already hatched, but we noticed that the chicks in each nest were of varying sizes. This is because the female starts to incubate as soon as the first egg is laid, and since she lays up to six or seven eggs at about two-day intervals the first nestling is often a fortnight old by the time its youngest brother or sister is born.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that baby bitterns are the most fantastic little creatures imaginable. Half-naked and with bluish skin and beaks, they have a sparse covering of fine chestnut-coloured down during their early stages, and as they stare at you with their goggling yellow eyes they resemble miniature gargoyles rather than birds. Their voices are like the sharp crackling of dry twigs being burnt in a fire - not at all the sort of noise you would expect to hear from a nestling.

When danger threatens, the bittern's immediate reaction is to stand motionless with its beak pointing directly upwards. In this position its streaked plumage blends perfectly with the reeds and it is very difficult to distinguish the bird from its surroundings. Relying on its protective camouflage it will often let you get almost on top of it before it takes to the wing, and Jim Vincent told me that he had sometimes caught a specimen by marking its exact position and then walking round the area in decreasing circles until he could put out his hand and take hold of the bird. He used to do this occasionally so that photographers could take a close-up portrait, after which the captive would be released none the worse for its experience. But the whole operation had to be done very cautiously owing to the bittern's well-known trick of attacking one's eyes by making a sudden stab with its powerful beak!

Being a semi-aquatic bird, the bittern feeds chiefly on eels, small fish and frogs. After a meal its plumage gets covered with slime from the prey, and over twenty years ago Lord William Percy made a study of the bird's way of cleaning itself. He discovered that it rubs its beak into special "powder puffs" under its wings, dusts its feathers with the powder and then waits for them to dry. Afterwards it scratches its plumage vigorously with its claws and the slime comes away with the powder. The bird puts the finishing touches to its toilet by rubbing its beak into an oil gland on the tail and then anointing its head and neck. Other naturalists have since confirmed the existence of this elaborate performance which may take over an hour to complete. We certainly can't accuse the bittern of not being particular about its appearance!



III. THE BITTERN

COME NORTH OF THE FORTH TO FORDELL

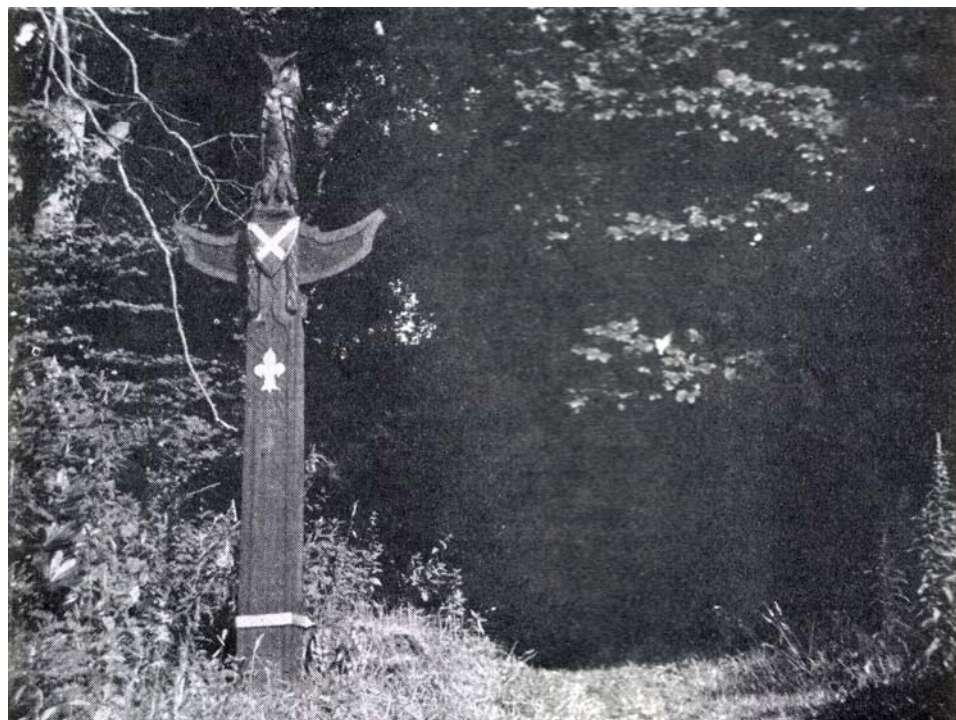
It was in the summer of 1947 that Scotland's new centre for the Training of Scouters was opened in Fordell Estate (pronounced FORdell by the way); and now, with the help of a generous gesture of the Laird. The Earl of Buckinghamshire, the camp has become the permanent possession of Scottish Headquarters.

The setting is ideal - southerly slopes in a wooded park, with a view by day out to the sea waters of the Firth of Forth where often you may see the grey shapes of the fleet, and by night to old Edinburgh itself on the far bank, aglow with twinkling lights and where in International Festival time the castle on its high crag stands revealed in silver light. In its seclusion, Fordell belies its nearness to the main highway close by, carrying traffic from the "Queen's Passage" ferry boats over the Firth, northwards across the ancient Kingdom of Fife to Perth and the Highlands; or to Inverkeithing where the trains from Edinburgh or Glasgow, having completed the always fascinating mile-and-a-bit across the huge Forth Bridge, drop sharply from the great height of the tracks suspended amid the girders to stop at the junction in the hollow. A mile and a half from Inverkeithing (by bus, car or hike) and you are there; or you may come by Dunfermline - ancient capital of Scotland in the days when the estuary formed a military barrier to the English, and when Queen Margaret gave the Forth ferry the name it still hears - a town whose Abbey and parks make it a place of pilgrimage. Fordell is set where all Scotland can gather easily by rail and road, in a beautiful country estate within sight of Scotland's capital city: such is our new training centre.

The grounds are fast developing. There are four sites for Patrols or Sixes, and a Troop or Pack hut and other buildings; and the variety of ground - high cliff and field, hill and wood - provides a perfect setting for Wood Badge Part H camps. The equipment and gear is complete, but always expanding. The Camp Fire circle in the woods by Castle Hill is a magical place when the sparks fly up into the roof of tall trees; there the leader's seat has come from old Wemyss Firs, Scotland's training camp from the beginning in 1921, whose spirit lives on now at Fordell.

This year's late-summer Reunion of Scots Wood Badge folk was made especially memorable by the presence of the Chief Scout, and Ken Stevens, Camp Chief's Deputy, who flew up from Gilwell to bring a gift to the new permanent branch, and good wishes from the Camp Chief for the days ahead.

In Scotland, Scottish Headquarters arranges all Wood Badge camps on behalf of our thirty-eight Scout counties. Already a new summer's programme, of two Cub and two Scout continuous courses, is planned, and Scotland extends an invitation all and welcome to brother and sister Scouters from over the border or over the water to come and share with us the fun and the spirit of a course at Fordell. You will understand the sessions, and they are taken by men and women of skill and experience. The weather in Fife is perhaps the finest in the land. Your company will be from far and near and strangers except in Scouting, and that is the surest way to benefit from a course.



**THE GREEN TUNNEL BY THE OWL TOTEM THAT LEADS TO THE
CAMP FIRE CIRCLE AT FORDELL**



MRS. D. W. DODDS, AKELA LEADER, JOHN ("DENNY") HENDERSON, FIELD COMMISSIONER, THE CHIEF SCOUT AND BRIAN JOHNSON-FERGUSON, ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER FOR SCOTLAND (TRAINING), AT THE FOEDELL REUNION, SEPTEMBER 1953

Your hosts will be the D.C.C.'s and Mk.L.'s of Scotland and their friends who come from time to time to spend a week with us; your course, we need not say, will be run on similar lines to those at Gilwell. Perhaps you can stay awhile and do some sightseeing in Scotland. We are greatly looking forward to your company.

BRIAN JOHNSON-FERGUSON, D.C.C.
*Assistant Commissioner for Scotland
(Training).*

Note: Continuous courses at Fordell, Summer 1954:

Cub: Monday 26th Saturday 31st July, and Monday 23rd Saturday 28th

Scout: Saturday 10th Sunday 18th July, and Saturday 7th Sunday 15th August.

Enquiries to The Secretary, Boy Scouts Association, Scottish Headquarters, 44 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

TROOP NIGHT

A SCOUTER'S MISCELLANY

XIII

The thwarted A.S.M., hamstrung by his own sense of inferiority, is a fairly common figure in Scouting. He rarely lasts long, but his ghost haunts many a Troop room. His epitaph should read:

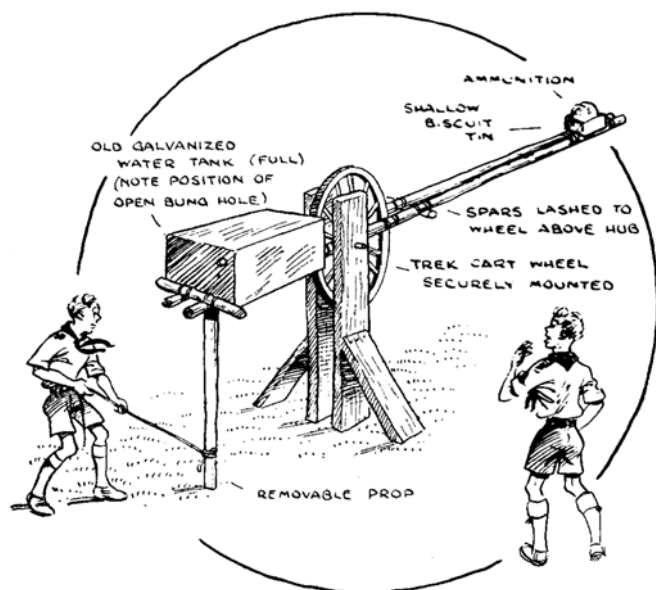
“HERE LIES ONE WHO BUT FOR THE EFFICIENCY,
ENTHUSIASM AND ALL-ROUND EXCELLENCE
OF THE SCOUTMASTER-IN-CHARGE
WOULD HIMSELF HAVE MADE A GOOD SCOUTER.
REALISING, HOWEVER,
THAT HE COULD NEVER COMPETE
(AND NEVER GETTING MUCH OF A CHANCE TO TRY,
ANYHOW), HE QUIT.”

The way to avoid this tragedy (if you recognise yourself as the Scoutmaster in the case) is to take a night off at least once a month, and even on occasion - if you can bear it - to ask the A.S.M. to “sit in” for you at a meeting of the C.O.H.

The Scoutmaster should as a general rule use his greater experience in putting over the more demanding games and practices, leaving the brighter, rowdier, more popular games to his Assistants. Such altruism will certainly make life duller for him, but will score full marks with the Recording Angel.

A possible “tough” activity for an up-and-coming Senior Scout Patrol would be the erection in some suitable spot, under proper supervision, of a life-size Roman Ballista on classical or neo-classical lines. The idea would be for the boys to carry out their own research and to produce their own designs, the Scouter helping perhaps in suggesting possible sources of information. In this connection, a book called *The Crossbow*, with a Treatise on the Ballista and Catapult by Payne-Gallwey is mentioned in the postscript to that excellent story *The Eagle and the Sun* by the Master of Belhaven. Payne-Gallwey describes the construction and power of these Roman engines of war, with which he carried out many experiments on his own estate. Your librarian might be able to help.

Meanwhile, the infernal machine illustrated here might suggest possibilities to your enterprising Seniors. Whether or not it would work would be for them to discover.



At the end of the next meeting of the C.O.H. you might ask one of the A.S.M's to ascertain that all members can renew a burnt-out fuse, fit a new washer to the tap, clean out a choked waste-pipe, deal with a sticking ball-valve, renew a sash cord, and read gas and electric meters. All this in preparation for a “Patrol Jobman Competition” on some subsequent Troop Night.

*

If you are looking for a new kind of yarn spinner for Troop Night you might do worse than invite your local Fire Prevention Officer along to talk on “How Fires Break Out in the Home.” The subject is one that cannot fail to grip. It is all useful training, too.

By the very nature of his calling, the F.P.O. is always ready to help in this way. The size of the audience is of secondary importance. In asking him along you are actually helping him to do his job.

*

Those of us who on Training Courses have tried to teach a late-comer to Scouting how to master knots, bends, and hitches, know how difficult it is to achieve that co-ordination of hand and eye which is the secret of all good knot-making. (Small boys, thank goodness, are easier taught.) The struggle is evened to some extent if no ropes are used. It is much easier to follow the convolutions of a python than a tapeworm.

Another idea is to have ropes of different colours. But in any case nothing less than 14-inch stuff should be used for demonstration purposes.

*

Gilwell Fables

“Very well” said the Fairy Godmother, “you can have three wishes, but please make it snappy.”

So in due course the young Patrol Leader turned up at Gilwell. He had always wanted to visit the place and it~ seemed a good opportunity.

It was much as he had pictured it - lots of tall trees, and smooth lawns, and banks of flowering shrubs, and acres of springy turf with gorse bushes crowding together in just the right places for stalking games. In the distance was London, and on all sides Epping Forest. Here the swimming-pool sparkled in the sun, and there stood the Boy still nursing his Frog. The young Patrol Leader dreamed his way past all these and so round the Lime Walk. He peeped into the Caravan, tried his own smallish foot in the imprint of the Founder's largish one, rubbed noses with the Buffalo, then wandered into the House to visit the Museum and the Group Room.

And so, at the end of his tour, he came once more to the Boys' Field where the Fairy Godmother was waiting in some impatience.

“Look,” said she, “I don't want to rush you but ~k you think we might put a jerk in it? I'm due in Buck House Road shortly - the Treasurer has sent me an urgent call.”

“Oh, sorry,” said the young Patrol Leader. “I - er - for my second Wish I think I'd like a lemonade.”

It was no part of the Fairy Godmother's job to give advice, but it seemed to her a shocking waste of her talents.

The Provider, of course, was dosed at this time of day, but no sooner had she made a few regulation passes in the air when the ground began to reverberate and in no time the Assistant Camp Chief (Admin.) appeared carrying the key. He unlocked the door and took his place behind the counter.

The young Patrol Leader walked in and bought a bottle of lemonade with the sixpence the Fairy Godmother had provided. The Assistant Camp Chief (Admin.) thereupon emerged from behind the counter, locked the door, and returned to his office.

“Now,” said the Fairy Godmother, “the third Wish, please.” The young Patrol Leader hesitated. “Can I really have anything I want?”

“Anything,” said the Fairy Godmother.

“The swimming-pool - or the Camp Fire Shelter - or the Gidney Cabin - or even the Provider?”

The Fairy Godmother nodded. This was what she liked to hear from the clients. Now they were getting somewhere..

OUR TROOP

"In that case," cried the young Patrol Leader, his eyes shining, "I'll have that queer little wooden hut with the red roof in the orchard."

"The Pigsty!"

"Yes."

The Fairy Godmother goggled at him. This was too much. "Idiot boy," she shrieked, "you can have the whole shooting match if you like. You can have the House, and the Training Ground, and the Gear Store, and the motor-mower - the lot. And you ask for the Pigsty! Why?"

The young Patrol Leader could hardly contain himself in his excitement. "Just what we want," he cried. "It'll make a smashing Patrol Den."

Of course this occurred some years ago, when Patrol Leaders actually held their own Patrol Meetings.

A Knotting Stunt for the Patrol Corner: Scouts are provided with a fairly long lashing each and asked to make it fast to an overhead beam out of reach in such a way that the rope can be released from below. All this must be done with both feet on the ground. Nine times out of ten your Scouts will jump to the conclusion that a draw-hitch of some sort is needed and will tie themselves, literally, in knots.

The classic method is to throw one end of the lashing over the beam and slip it through a man-harness one third of the way up the rope. The man-harness is then run up to the beam and can be drawn down again with the free end at will.

I was present not long ago at the opening of a new Scout Headquarters. The ceremony was performed by one of those grand old men of Scouting who could remember when Seconds were known as "Corporals." and the ability to read and write was one of the requirements for the First (lass Badge).

"I am so glad," said this old warrior, "that your new Headquarters is a hut, and that you've got a nasty concrete floor, instead of one of those posh polished affairs. I notice that already the roof in one corner is letting in the wet. You'll have to have that attended to, won't you? By jove, yes, and the sooner the better. In fact, you'll all have to work like beavers to make the place reasonably habitable this winter, and then you'll still have lots to do to make it really snug. Great fun! I congratulate you most sincerely on your choice, and if you don't mind I should love to drop in from time to time as my rheumatism will allow to see how you are getting on."

And with those stirring words, he formally declared the Headquarters open.

Some people considered that a very odd sort of speech to make under the circumstances. Indeed, one or two of the less imaginative members of the Group Committee wanted to resign on the spot. Others thought that the old boy was merely indulging his antique sense of humour; but he was in dead earnest.

He had his point, too.

Highbrow Activity for Senior Scouts

Divide Patrol into pairs and hand to each pair one or more newspapers (for the same day) and a card marked thus:-

Total Column	Space	..
World News
National News
Political
Sport
Gossip..
Magazine..
Cartoons
Photographs

The idea is to carry out an analysis of the National Press ("the best in the world") and find out the comparative column-space devoted to these matters. The figures are then reduced to percentages of the total column-space and a table prepared comparing one newspaper with another.

JOHN SWEET.

We had had our warming-up game a variety of Poison B all which we have always called "Branders." Its charm lies in Scouts "branding" members of an opposing Patrol at short range with tennis balls - the more balls and the more brands the merrier.

Now they had gone on to Patrol Corners while I lingered by the fire checking up the rolls with Michael, the Troop Leader.

"Patrol corners," did I say? Well, all seemed quiet on the Patrol fronts. I could see that Darkie had turned Jimmy Jackson on to Percy Punce, who had been struggling with his 2nd Class First Aid for a long time. Other two Scouts were busy mounting the Ringwood and Yan Yean sheets of the Army Survey map. These were to be put up us the Eagles Patrol Corner. Darkie himself was doing Tenderfoot tests with a recruit, Tom Boyle.

I knew that the Wombats were well occupied as Blue had arranged with Long John - because his name is Silver - the A.S.M., to spend Patrol time with them on First Aid. I had just thought I had better take a closer look at Nobby Clarke and the Kookaburras when the D.C. came in the door.

We walked across to Nobby's corner together. John Kannas, our recruit from Europe, had his fingers in his ears as he tried to learn the Law off by heart. Bill, Monty and Derek had begun practising their knots with small pieces of string - our Patrols all receive a proportion of the subs. and should keep themselves in small training equipment - Nobby himself. sat in a huddle on the bunks with Terry and Ginger, a little green book in his hand.

"One of the most frequent dangers .to guard against is the head of an axe working loose on the haft. This can be temporarily remedied by hammering the end..."

We listened for a minute, while my cheeks went redder and redder. At last I dared to lift my eyes to the D.C.'s and was relieved to see a twinkle in them.

"This is Nobby, our new Patrol Leader," I introduced.

"Hullo, Nobby," said the D.C. "How's the Patrol getting on?"

"Pretty good, sir," replied Nobby. "We're just doing axemanship."

"So I see," said the D.C., "and some of the others seem to be knotting, and that chap is learning something out of a book. Have you ever used an axe? Or have these two?"

"Too right, we all split wood at home for Mum."

"A little question for you," said the D.C. "If you chop wood at home you're used to handling an axe. And I expect the head gets a bit loose sometimes. What do you do then?"

"We knock it on again."

"I thought so. Have you an axe in your Patrol equipment?"

"Sure thing we have," came the reply. "Here it is in the bunk." Nobby and his pupils got up, opened the bunk, and extracted a very dilapidated axe, with a split handle; loose head, and a dented cutting edge.

"Now a suggestion for you, Nobby. Don't you think that you and your Scouts would learn much more about an axe if you spent your time putting that axe in order than by reading out of a book?"

A rather shamefaced P.L. mumbled something about "He supposed they could," while the others, anxious to stick up for him, remarked that they hadn't told him that they wanted to do axemanship until they got to their Patrol corner.

"That's all right, Nobby," said the D.C. "We all live and learn. I'll tell you what. I've just received a donation to be used for trophies in the District. I'm not very keen on cups and shields, so we'll get some good pioneering gear, rope, blocks and tackles, snatch blocks and what not. As soon as any Troop can show me that every one of its Patrols has got an axe, keeps it in good order, and has at least two Scouts in each Patrol who can chop and split wood,. that Troop can have its pick of any one of the things we buy."

By this time all the Kookaburras were listening with, open eyes and ears. And by the way, they were the first Patrol in the Troop ready to take up the D.C.'s challenge.

STRAIGHT EDGE.

THE GILWELL LETTER

NEWS FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

SIXTY members of the Australian Training Team representing each of the six States gathered together in the delightful surroundings of Glenalta, South Australian Training Ground, over the Australia Day week-end.

Their purpose was to meet together with me to discuss the progress that they had made in training in Australia since I was with them four years ago and to seek fresh enthusiasm and inspiration from their meeting together. Their effort, and this is the significance for the Scouters at home, involved sixty people travelling a total of some 75,000 miles.

If anyone had ever questioned the enthusiasm or the sincerity of purpose in the Australian Training Team, surely this would give the lie. I am afraid during the week-end I thought how some people in Great Britain sometimes find it difficult to attend meetings because they live ten, twenty, or thirty miles away; how they cannot spare the time; how they cannot afford the fare. I must confess I did, once or twice during the week-end, feel a little ashamed of memories such as these. Nothing has ever been achieved in Scouting without effort on the part of its adult leaders and effort inevitably entails sacrifice.

Some of those who read this may be hovering on the brink of whether or not to devote some of their precious leisure time this year to taking part in a Wood Badge Course and I hope that the example of Australia will compel any such to take the plunge.

In addition to the Training Conference, I had the privilege of leading Cub and Scout Wood Badge Courses attended by men and women from all over this vast Continent. Once again I am able to say without any fear of contradiction that the methods and practice of Wood Badge Training stood up magnificently to the test of its 12,000 mile journey. What a tremendous unifying experience the Wood Badge scheme that B.-P. gave to us is proving in Scouting today. The Movement is too vast and too complex to be governed by international rules and regulations except in a few matters of principle, but it is through the training of its leaders, using the method that the Founder gave us, that we can ensure its unity as it grows and spreads over into new and previously unexplored areas (in a Scouting sense) throughout the world. After all, if our Scouters are imbued with the same enthusiasm for the methods and principles of Scouting, then the boy will receive genuine Scouting and no make-shift substitute.

Many of you at home will in recent years have met Scouters from Australia. They have been tremendous in their support of international events, and I would like you to know that those fine fellows you have met are indeed typical of the quality of Scouting throughout Australia today: They have not only the determination and the opportunity to succeed, but they have, as I understand it, the true spirit of Scouting very deeply imbedded in the hearts of their leaders.

It made me feel at once proud and yet humble to see again their tremendous loyalty towards the country they call "home." Proud - because it is my home: humble - because I would like to feel that we were just a little more worthy of their loyalty, respect and love. I wonder if we cannot, each of us, in Great Britain remember to give a thought to the effect our Scouting. Has upon the rest of the Commonwealth of Nations when these moments of doubt come which suggest that we might do a little less, miss this or that meeting or even give it up altogether.

I shall expect at least to be able to put up the "House Full" boards for all of the Wood Badge Courses at Gilwell and indeed throughout Britain this coming year, and to the present Wood Badge holders I am going to issue a personal challenge - you persuade one untrained Scouter to take part in training this present year by your persuasion, your eloquence, or if necessary by sheer physical force, but preferably by the example of your own quality.

JOHN THURMAN,
Camp Chief.

The Scouters and Court of Honour of the Troop are running tins Boy Scout Camp according to Camping Standards; thus reads that important statement on the Camping Standards Certificate. It has been suggested, however, that some Courts of Honour are not fully aware of the commitments they are undertaking when they use the Certificate and, in fact, may never have heard of that useful little booklet Camping Standards without which the Certificate means very little, if anything.

Camping Standards sets out in a simple and concise way the information we want to help us in running a happy and useful camp and if we are prepared to accept the standards laid down then only are we entitled to use the Certificate.

I hope, therefore, Scouters will see that all their P.L.'s have a copy of the booklet. It is not enough for the Scouters to say they themselves have read it - every member of the Court of Honour must be aware of the responsibility he accepts before he votes in favour of running the camp according to Camping Standards.

I trust more and more Courts of Honour will accept the challenge of Camping Standards and that visiting Scouters will find more Camping Standards Certificates to sign.

I suppose that by now most of us have decided on the site for this year's summer camp and I trust you have remembered to check with your District Commissioner that it is not one of those sites which is unsuitable for Scout camping. Every D.C. has a list of those areas and sites in otherwise good areas which are not recommended and if you have not already taken the precaution of consulting the D.C. I suggest you do so without delay so that if you have had the misfortune to select an unsuitable place there is still time to find an alternative site.

Last year we had several reports of Scouters who, sometimes at the very last moment, had to look around for another site as they had not immediately checked their first choice with the D.C., and I felt this reminder might save some of you this problem later in the year.

Every Scouter will, I expect, give careful study to Mr. Colquhoun's article on page 68. There are many lessons to be learned from the figures he quotes and no doubt every Group Council, District and County will be thinking of remedies. One point has struck me, as it will have struck many of you - the very small number of Senior Scouts and Over 15's in some Groups. One cannot help wondering how an interesting and worthwhile programme can be run for two or three of these older Scouts. While I would deplore any weakening of a Scout's membership of his Group I think it is possible for more opportunities for the training of Scouts over '15 and Senior Scouts to be provided on a District basis. We know P.O.R. allows Senior Scout Patrols and Senior Troops in a District to meet together for training and other activities and I hope such meetings will be open to the over 15's as well. I am sure they will welcome the opportunities that these meetings provide.

I am sorry to have to tell you that our Insurers have found it necessary to increase the premium rate for the Personal Accident and Medical Expenses Insurance from three-halfpence to two pence per head. Before the National Health Scheme was introduced the rate was two pence but when that Scheme came into force we were able to obtain additional benefits plus a reduction in the premium to three-halfpence per head in view of the fact that medical expenses would no longer be a liability in the majority of cases. However, experience during the last five years has shown that our expectation of relief in consequence of the Health Service was too optimistic and the reduced premium rate inadequate as the average of claims over these years has been considerably in excess of the premiums paid. When we were warned recently that an increase in the premium rate was inevitable we considered a reduction in the benefits so that the rate could remain as at present but we came to the conclusion that most Scouters would prefer the benefits to remain unaltered. I hope we were right.

A. W. HURLL,
Chief Executive Commissioner.

LUCK OF THE MONTH

By THE EDITOR

March

Write the letters another way and you get charm, but the charm of March lies, for the most part, in what it promises than what it is. "A peck of March dust is worth a King's ransom," says the farmer, thinking of harvest months ahead. And lovely though they are, it is what they are to become that we dream of, as we watch spring beginning to use her pencil on the trees

*"With all their tracteries of twigs
Just hesitating to be green."*

"For the most part" - yet even March with its cold, slicing winds brings the golden ballet of the daffodils and the first frail blossoming on the almond trees and the silver rust of the blackthorn: beauty sufficient in itself to gladden the heart.

Ideas

March, a verb: as many of our Troops have to parade in public, a little time given up to marching practice should be time well spent. It's the time, too, for spring-cleaning, for checking our gear, for brightening our Headquarters ("In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of - paint!"); it's the time for the Group Council to make its requests to the Group Committee who can then prepare a Group budget. It's a time to do something different - perhaps a little crazy - to be, perhaps, as mad as a March Hare. If you're short of unusual ideas for the Troop or for Seniors you may find some you haven't used in The Scouter's Books, No. 1 (B.S.A., 1s.).

Have the Old Wolves thought of inviting the Troop P.L.'s in one evening to run fifteen minutes of their programme? - it's a good thing anyway for Cubs to know P.L.'s before they go up to the Troop. What about a "swot night" for a really determined effort at the particular obstacle which is holding back boys from their >nearest objective. (Remember the national figures - for Second and First Class, etc.!)

Soon the Easter school holidays will be on us. Suggest to your P.L.'s that each Patrol goes out (on cycles or on foot) one day to look for adventure. Or give them a "practice journey" to keep the First Class Badge in their mind's eye.

Reminder to us all in these times

He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as he that goes over to the enemy.

EDMUND BURKE.

B P 's Motto

What a time we're having - and all because Harvey Pack did some of his beautiful carving for Gilwell Park!

Lord Baden-Powell came in for a gossip the other day and mentioned, incidentally and quite casually, that he had always understood that the translation of the family motto was not, as we had given in the December SCOUTER, "Where there is a Powell, there is danger" but "Where there is a Powell, there is safety." The very next morning I had a letter from Mr. T. Jones Owen of Bromborough, Wirral, which I now quote:- When looking at the picture of the two beautiful carved Coats of Arms of B.-P. and Lord Somers respectively in the December issue of Tm SCOUTER, and as a Welsh-speaking Welshman, I was very much interested in the Welsh inscription that constitutes the Motto on B.-P.'s. Coat of Arms-

"AR - NYD - YW - PWYLL - PYD - YW."

I pondered over the inscription and found that the English translation as printed at the foot of page 324 is quite incorrect. The Motto comes from an old Welsh Proverb and appears in the dictionary of one of the greatest scholars that Wales has ever produced, Dr. John Davies, Mallwyd (1567-1644). The word PWYLL in the motto has no relation whatever with the name POWELL; Pwyll means Steadiness or Discretion, a word that is in common use. The name Powell, as some of your Welsh readers will know, comes from "ap Hywel" = son of Hywel or Howell Powell,



THE SHEEPHANK

Hywel or Howell Powell, likewise "ab Owen" = Bowen, etc. The motto when literally translated means:-

"Whatever is not done with care is Danger"

or better still -

"What is done without discretion, is dangerous."

And a splendid motto this is to be sure, and does it not incidentally bear a close resemblance in concept to Lord Somers' motto?

"Curiouser and Curiouser," said Alice." So I wrote to my friend Professor Patrick Duff of Cambridge University to ask him to investigate the question for me. I will quote again:-

Mr. Jones Owen is evidently not familiar with the punning mottoes which are very common in heraldry. The Welsh words mean that what is done without discretion is dangerous; but if you slightly mispronounce one word, saying POWELL instead of PWYLL, you get the meaning "What is done without a Powell is dangerous." Any herald could reel off a hundred punning mottoes, though I cannot at the moment myself think of one in English.

A letter comes this morning from Enoch Powell, NIP., formerly Brigadier, formerly Professor of Greek. He says, "I interpret the motto as follows:-

AR	NYD } NID }	YW	PWYLL	PID	YW
That which not	is	wisdom, deception	a trap	is.	

There may be a pun PWYLL - PYWEL; but if so, it is, a very strained one. A rough paraphrase might be, 'lack of wisdom is a snare.'

Thus the oracle; but he does not make as much allowance as I should for the difficulties of motto makers. I should myself consider that the motto might quite reasonably be translated "where there is not a Powell, there is danger." That fits perfectly well with the family traditions. It had not occurred to me that nyd (which is not in my dictionary) might be an old form of nid (which is, and means "not"). It translates pyd as "a pit; a snare; danger." The carver clearly did not know that nyd meant not. I hope the whole thing is clear enough now.

I hope so, too. But don't we have fun?

REV HAZLEWOOD.

SPECIAL PACK MEETINGS

III. A TRIP TO THE MOON

INTRODUCTION

It is not always necessary or even desirable to prepare the Pack beforehand for a Special Pack Meeting, but in the case of our "Trip to the Moon" we thought that it was a bit much to rush off without so much as a farewell to the fond parents.

We gave the Pack the news of our forthcoming adventure at the previous Pack Meeting, and we all sat round and made plans. We wondered what we ought to take with us, and the suggestions came fast and furiously. Somebody said there were mountains on the Moon, so we said "Ropes," and decided then and there to spend half an hour rubbing up our knots, especially the bowline. Some silly Cub was sure to fall down a Moon crater, at least, we hoped so!

We were also bothered about the "air," and put "Oxygen masks" (or gas masks) on the list.

We had heard that the Man-in-the-Moon was not a very agreeable man, so Akela agreed to bring a suitable gift for him. Well, that seemed to be that, though we wondered what Raksha was up to, as she had disappeared with some of the younger Cubs and New Chums. They had been making round Moon face masks. (Just a round of cardboard, the size of a dinner plate, with holes and slits for eyes, nose and mouth, and a bit of fancy work with blue and white chalk.)

THE TRIP

At last the great day arrived. We started off as usual with Grand Howl, and an extra strict inspection. Raksha collected subs and gave each Cub a ticket for the space ships.

BUILDING THE SPACE SHIPS

Each Six had to build their own ship in their corner, from chairs, tables or anything else they could get hold of. They were given five minutes to do this and to be aboard all ready to take off. To test out the engines the Commander of the Space Fleet (Akela) stood in the middle and pointed to each in turn. When all the engines were roaring together it was wonderful, but the best space ships were the ones which could switch off their engines immediately the C.O. put both hands up.

It was a long way to the Moon, so to while away the time we sang the round "Early in the Morning, down upon the station," substituting "Space ships" for "Engines," and bringing in all the noises which our imaginations suggested to us.

LANDING ON THE MOON

We disembarked, with our equipment. We soon saw how right we had been to bring ropes. The surface of the Moon was very slippery, and there were cries for help from the smallest Cub in each Six. As we had predicted they had fallen down a crater.

RESCUE

There was a race between each Six to rescue their Cub. The Sixer ran to him, tied a bowline round his waist, and yelled "More rope." The next Cub ran up with his rope and joined it with a sheet bend, and so on, the rest of each Six joining on their ropes with reef knots, and finally hauling their Cub to safety.

FINDING THE MAN-IN-THE-MOON

After this experience each Six roped themselves together with bowlines round their waists and reef knots to join them together.

Akela said she had a clue to the whereabouts of the Man-in-the-Moon. She handed to each Sixer a card. This had on it the drawings of an orange, umbrella, teapot, sausages, iron, dog, eggs, and an arrow. The Sixes put their heads together and finally found a trail which led them to the Man-in-the-Moon. As we had feared he proved to be a very disagreeable man, wearing a long white robe, and with a round white face.

THE MOON CHILDREN

The Man-in-the-Moon had some children, and no wonder he was not pleased to see the Cubs, for his own children were giving him a lot of trouble. These children (the young Cubs and New Chums) were making a lot of noise, dancing round him and chanting, "We don't know what to play, we don't know what to play, - Play with us, play with us, Man-in-the-Moon."

Akela could see that the poor man was at his wits end, so she whispered to the Cubs, and they each took a Moonchild, quietly off in a corner, and amused him with knots, somersaults, leapfrog, etc.

The Man-in-the-Moon was so relieved to see his children looking happy, that he began to cheer up. Akela gave him the present she had brought, which was a bag of lump sugar. He was very pleased, but said that he would like the Cubs and Moon children to have it. So Akela suggested that they should play "Guarding the Treasure." The Cubs and children all sat round in a big circle, with one Cub blindfolded in the middle, and the treasure close by him. The Cubs and Moon children had to steal up in turn, and reach the treasure without making a sound. If the Cub on guard heard a sound he pointed, and if he was right the Cub who was trying to steal the treasure had to go back. But if he reached it he won a lump of sugar.

THE FREEDOM OF THE MOON

The Man-in-the-Moon was so pleased with the Cubs for making his children happy, that he presented them with the Freedom of the Moon, and said they could come again whenever they liked, and teach his children to be Cubs.

Akela thanked the Man-in-the-Moon, and the Cubs gave him three cheers, and the best Grand Howl ever.

W. M. PEIRCE.

THE GAMES CHEST: CUBS WINTER SPORTS

1. SKI-ING.

Gear: Two pieces of cardboard for each Six.

Purpose: Cubs form up into relay formation. Leader has two pieces of cardboard on which he places his feet. At the word "Go" leader pushes cardboard to end of Den and back as if he were on skis, whereupon the next Cub takes over. First team to finish is the winner.

A. K. MUSOROVE.

2. DANGER! THIN ICE.

Gear: A torch.

Purpose: Just for fun, but perhaps a warning to country Cubs.

The hall becomes an ice-covered pond, with the walls representing the bank. One Cub is chosen to be "Davy Jones," and Akela with the torch is the sun. The Cubs skate round the pond, until the sun comes out (Akela switches the torch on), when the ice melts and all the Cubs must get to the bank (touch the wall) as quickly as possible. The moment the sun comes out, "Davy Jones," who has been standing in his locker in one corner of the hall, rushes out and touches as many Cubs as he can, who are drowned, and return with "Davy Jones" to his locker. The game continues until only one skater is left, who gets a big "woof."

IAGOO.

3. SKI-RACE.

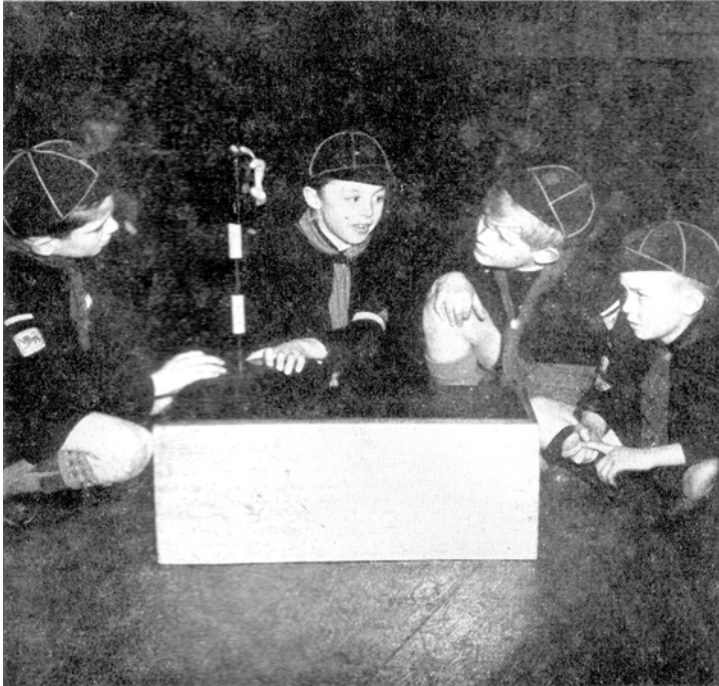
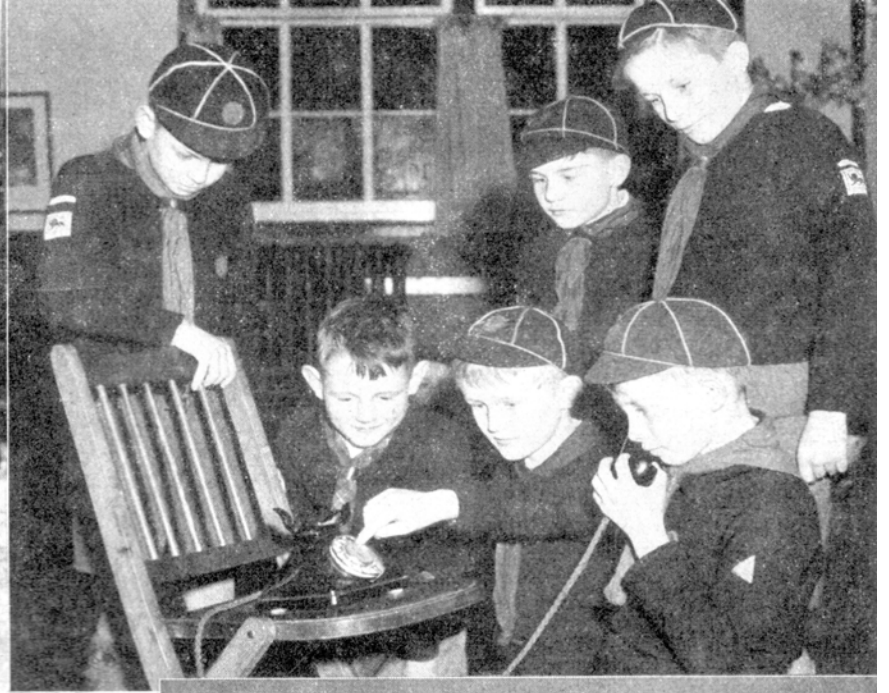
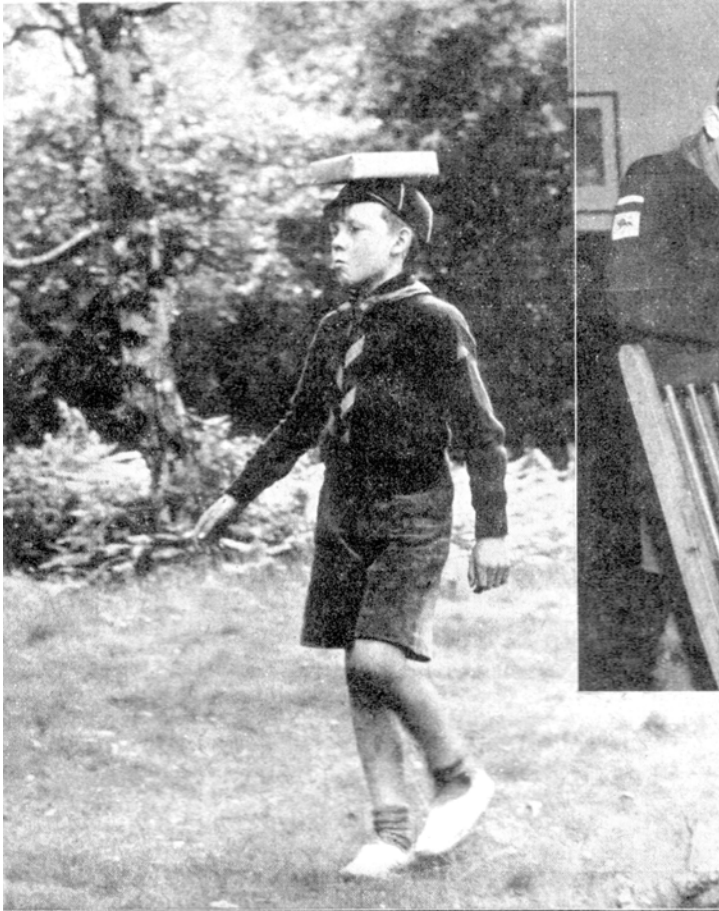
Gear: Brown paper or cardboard. Two strips per Cub and one or two pairs of scissors per Six.

Purpose: Handicraft team spirit.

The game commences by each Six in their corners being given strips of brown paper or cardboard enough for two strips approximately 8 in. wide and 2 ft. long per Cub. Each Cub has then to make a set of skis. This is done by pointing one end of each strip of paper or cardboard and rounding the other with a pair of scissors. In the centre cut two slits from side to side leaving half an inch margin on each side. The strips thus made are fitted over the Cub's shoes and he is able to ski!

Pack then forms in Sixes as for relay. Each Cub fixes his skis and on word "Go" first Cub skis to a given point, takes off his skis and runs to back of Six. If he loses a ski whilst "ski-ing" he must stop and replace it before proceeding. Each Cub in Six repeats and first Six at alert holding their skis in their left hands wins.

W. N. PAUL.



CUBS IN TRAINING

*Balancing (photo by G.B. Bland); The Telephone (photo by A.W. Wilkins);
Highway Code Instruction (photo by A.W. Wilkins);
and Model-making (photo by L.H. Buckland)*

II. KEEPING GOLDEN HAMSTERS AND TAME MICE

By L. HUGH NEWMAN, F.R.E.S

IF you have a pet dog or cat, or even a rabbit, you can be certain that its ancestors have been tame animals for hundreds of years, but the Golden Hamster, now such a popular hutch pet, has had quite a short association with human beings. It is only twenty-four years ago that a female hamster and her litter were found near Aleppo in Syria, and from this one family have descended all the thousands of hamsters which are now kept as pets all over the world.

The Golden Hamster is a very attractive and pretty animal, and there is no doubt that it prefers human company to the companionship of other members of its own race.

So many animals feel lonely in captivity unless they have companions, but hamsters are naturally solitary and will fight and wound each other if you keep more than one in a cage. The females will even attack their own young after they are a few weeks old.

Hamsters are rodents and like to use their strong teeth for gnawing. In fact your pet will very soon work its way out of a wooden cage, and if you aren't careful it will gnaw the furniture too, on occasions when it is allowed to run round the room for exercise.

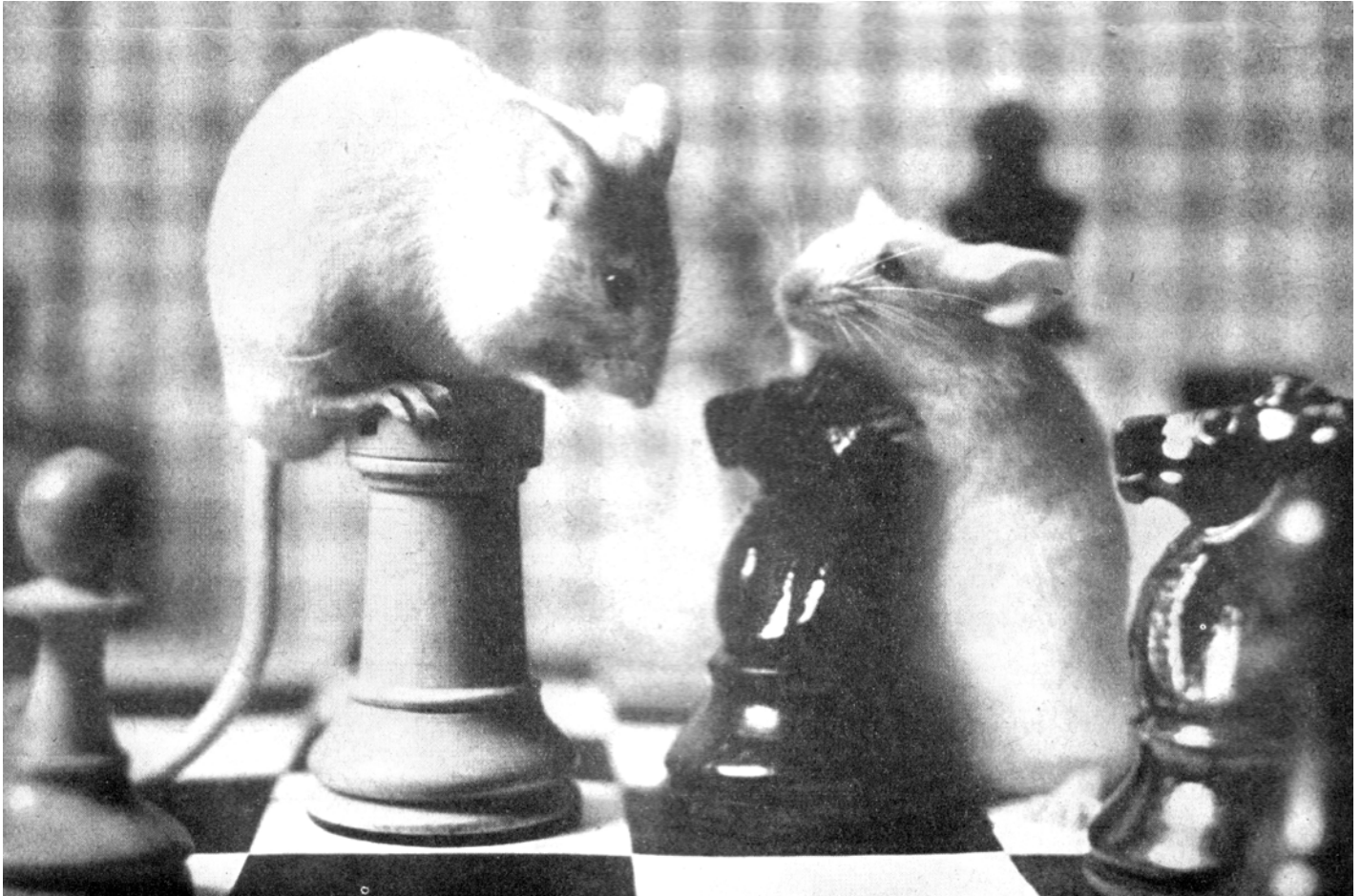
For this reason it is a good plan to house a hamster in a metal cage and this should measure at least two feet in length, a foot in width and the same in height.

To keep the hamster happily occupied, and prevent its teeth from growing too long, you should provide a good solid chunk of wood in the cage for it to nibble and gnaw. One end of the cage should be shut off as a sleeping compartment and be filled with clean soft hay for bedding. Keep the floor strewn with sawdust. If you place a small metal tray in the corner which your hamster has selected for a convenience, it will help to keep its home dry and clean.

Feeding is not difficult, but your hamster will need a rather more varied diet than a rabbit or guinea pig and you must remember that it is not a strictly vegetarian animal. Spratt's cat food, which you can buy from pet stores, is a most suitable basic food for hamsters, but in addition to this they need raw and cooked vegetables such as carrot, potato, peas, swede, parsnip, and also some cereal such as corn, an occasional taste of sweet fruit, nuts, bread and biscuits, and in the some weeds such as plantains and dandelions and of course lettuce and cabbage leaves. You will probably find that your also eats grubs and insects, and it will certainly relish little bits of cooked or raw meat and fish now and then.

The quantity of food which a hamster will consume varies of course with individual animals, but a tablespoonful per day is usually enough. Hamsters always carry some of their food away into a corner and hoard it, and if they are well fed this emergency supply will never be eaten, so by inspecting your pet store you can judge whether or not you are giving it sufficient food. If you cannot find any store at all, then your hamster is underfed, but a mass of scraps in a corner means you are giving too much. This hoarding habit is rather a nuisance, but as hamsters don't feel happy unless they have something "in the cupboard" you should allow a little hoarding, but clear it all out at least once a week otherwise the stored food will go bad and your pets may become ill.

Hamsters hoard all kinds of things besides food, and if you allow your pet to run in the room you must be careful to see that there are no pins or drawing pins or nails or other slurp objects on the floor which it might pick up and stuff into its cheek pouches. If the delicate pouch lining is injured the hamster usually dies from blood poisoning.



The Golden Hamster is most lively in the evening, so the best time to feed your pet, clean out the cage and play with it is after tea, when it will be awake and ready for a meal and a game, and you yourself will have time to attend to it properly. During the winter hamsters must be kept warm indoors and be given plenty of bedding. They are not hardy animals like rabbits and will become stiff and unconscious if they are cold, and this will shorten their lives. A well-tended and well-fed hamster should live for two or three years, and if you give it plenty of attention right from the start it will prove to be an affectionate and responsive pet.

Unlike hamsters, tame mice dislike being alone and you should always keep several of them together. You can buy special cages for mice, usually built in two storeys, living space below and nesting boxes above. If there is an old dolls' house put away in your attic, this can be easily converted into an excellent home for mice.

Replace some of the windows with perforated zinc for the sake of ventilation, and fix a little ladder leading from the lower floor through a trap door upstairs. Cover the ground floor with a good layer of sawdust, which should be changed at least once a week, and give the mice some nesting material such as soft hay, clean old rags or cotton wool, and the females will fashion their own nests when their litters of babies are due. Mice are very easy to feed and the best thing you can give them is a mixture of six parts rolled oats to one part bird seed with a drop or two of cod liver oil.

They need drinking water and about once a week a good feed of lettuce. Never give them cheese as this will make your pets smell strongly. Odd crusts of baked bread, a hard dog biscuit or a bone will give them something to use their teeth on.

You might not think that mice are very intelligent animals but as a matter of fact they soon get to know their owner and enjoy being handled. I used to keep white mice as a boy and they became so tame that I carried them about in my pockets, and they ran up my arms and into the sleeves of my coat.

You can get mice in many different colours as well as white, and even piebald if you wish. Unfortunately these charming little creatures seldom live longer than eighteen months, but as they breed so quickly you can always raise more.

During the warm summer weather you can keep their cage in a summer house or garden shed, but they must be brought indoors before the cold weather starts. I once lost a particular pet of mine called Dixie, because nobody remembered to bring his cage in when I myself happened to fall ill.

When I went to feed him after the first frosty night that autumn, I found him dead at the bottom of the cage. If you already have a cat in the house, don't try to keep mice as well. Pussy will be constantly on the watch and sooner or later there is sure to be a tragedy.

HOW CAN WE RUN A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION? – III

By **J. J. PYTCHES** and **K. R. R. WILSON**,

G.S.M. and S.M.(S.) of the 11th Taunton (King's College) Scout Group

"The detailed organisation of all activities in the field." This was the definition given last month of the rôle of the 2 i/c. It is primarily a staff job, and the findings guide the leader in his decisions about the expedition as a whole. Its necessity cannot be over-stressed. A breakdown in the field, and the consequent failure of your expedition, will not receive international publicity. The calamity caused by lack of planning and foresight will not appear so serious as that which might ensue during the ascent of a great Himalayan peak. But for you it would be crucial. Moreover there is no doubt that one of the salient features of this year's Everest expedition was its detailed staff work. How detailed can be seen from the appendices of Sir John Hunt's book.

Perhaps the best entry to the subject can be made through a study of an imaginary problem. In this way we can see what has to be done to solve it. We can then suggest an organisation capable of dealing with the multiplicity of problems that constitutes an expedition as far as the planners are concerned. Some field-work has to be done from an advanced camp. How is this camp to be set up and maintained?

First we must know how long the work will take how many people, and at what distance the camp will be from base. Suppose the answers are as follows: party, one "boffin" and five boys; time, ten days, allowing for bad weather; distance, four hours (a vertical rise of 2,000 feet, a horizontal distance of seven miles). The question now is - of what strength must the initial "coolie" party be? This will depend on a number of factors: weight and bulk of specialist equipment, tents, personal kit (N.B. blankets or sleeping bags?), signalling equipment, first-aid boxes, cooking equipment, and fuel, and, most important of all, rations. (They can be as light as 2 lb. per man/day.) The coolie force needed to revictual and refuel the out-camp largely depends on the weight of the ration, and on the intervals at which you think the camp ought to be visited.

So far it has been a matter of clear presentation of the relevant facts. No speculation, or planning, or laying down of policy has yet been undertaken. This comes in now. What will happen if the piece of work is finished in six days? (Speculation.) How does the size of the party and the necessary support fit in with your strength as regards other pieces of fieldwork you may have in mind? (Planning - are you going to have to scrap some of the fieldwork?) Ought the boys to wander alone over difficult country? (Policy - two boys may be needed to carry out a packet of primus prickers.)

Again, are you going to keep, say, a third of your strength at base to act as "coolies" for the first half of the expedition, and then change over? (Policy - presumably the lucky third who never coolie will be "boffins" and specialists.) Already facts and policy have dictated an overall plan, which must be sufficiently flexible to allow for surprises,

The way to plan the work as a whole is now clear.

Stage I. The 2 i/c himself. He and his leader probably share opinions on matters of policy (e.g., safety precautions), and on what constitutes a successful expedition of this kind (the maximum amount of valuable fieldwork consistent with enjoyment - and they may consider a certain amount of hardship and monotony worthwhile enduring). He will have been in on the idea from the start, and will have had the chance of thinking everything over in outline before the detailed planning need begin.

Stage 2. Finding out the facts. The 2 i/c knows roughly the various branches that are going to be involved (e.g. food, equipment, signals, specialist equipment, supply), and he will call together selected boys to go into these questions. He must give them a rough guide as to what he wants to know, and he must explain how interdependent the branches are.

The boys need not be experts, although this is an advantage in technical matters. With regard to experts remember that an expert is liable to scamp the thorough thinking out of details on the grounds that he will be on the spot. He may not be able to come, and he can't be everywhere at once.

The 2 i/c may reserve for himself the work of getting information about the fieldwork from the "boffins," and the extraction of useful knowledge from the map.

(Some possible other facts to be found out: Food - how much does cost increase as weight decreases? Are substitutes for expensive light foods available, and have they the same food value? How long will fresh meat stay fresh? Signal range of lamps and map intervisibility problems. Rescue - what ought to be in the rescue rucksack? Ought definite rescue routes to be laid down?)

Stage 3. Relating the fact and producing an outline plan. Probably the best way to do this is for the 2 i/c to see each branch representative in turn, so as to give himself time to digest the facts. He can then work out a rough programme for the fieldwork, round which the whole camp must be built. This is a pretty hectic bit of brainwork and is not the sort of thing to sit down to after a tiring day.

(Some possible discoveries and decisions made at this stage: the three Scouts with a knowledge of surveying will never be free to act as coolies; "x" sleeping bags must be borrowed or begged; members of each group must be able to work the signalling lamps; the ration must only weigh 2~ lb. a day.)

Stage 4. Filling in the plan with details. The framework you have may consist merely of a schedule of fieldwork to be done, by what party, and in what order. The 2 i/c's immediate job is to expand "by what party" so that each boy, as far as possible, may get a square deal between coolieing and fieldwork. Some kind of chart keeps up the interest of those members who aren't directly connected with the planning. In any case a tabular form is best, and it is worthwhile settling firmly on the details of movements for the first two or three days.

It is wisest to leave the middle part blank, but to show the "square deal" one could fill in prospective tasks and positions for the last few days. On information derived from this chart, and from the original outline, the i/c's of the various branches can work out their own details and compile their lists of stores.

If this is well done it will enormously shorten the time required for equipping a party about to leave base camp, and it will ensure they take everything they are going to want. For efficiency over this we designed a form of which a specimen is shown. It consisted of three parts on one sheet. The top half was for general information and briefing. At bottom left was a kind of transport requisition - we were lucky enough to have a Land-rover. The Q.M. got the most complicated part - at bottom right - telling him exactly what was wanted in the way of food, stores, etc. In practice the form was invaluable. It saved endless conferences and unnecessary writing and, most important, helped ensure that nothing was forgotten.

Objection. This plan is all a sheer waste of time, all castles in the air and may easily have to be scrapped. The answer to this is simple. First, many of the difficulties which might scupper a less carefully thought-out plan have been anticipated.

Secondly, if for some reason a drastic change has to be made, you still have all the factual details at your fingertips, and you have a considerable start in working out an impromptu plan.

Clearly you cannot co-ordinate all the activities of several groups of boys, all of whom want to spend as much time as they can in the field, without a plan. Therefore let it be a comprehensive plan.

The amount of paper is not important as long as it is concise and inclusive. Above all it must be self-explanatory. Whoever steps in when you are carried off gibbering will then be able to get on with the job.

DEAR EDITOR

Roland Philipps

DEAR EDITOR,

In the excellent article by A.D.C. on the R.H. Pantomime in your February issue, there are two statements which need correcting.

I should be glad if you could make it known that Roland Philipps never lived in the house he left to the East London Scouts. He only completed the purchase just before war was declared in 1914, and had only time to move in his furniture and install a housekeeper before he joined up.

Neither can it be said in strict accuracy that Roland was wealthy. He came from a wealthy family, it is true, but if he had had plenty of money he would certainly not have mortgaged the house he bought "up to the hilt." In fact, when he was killed, his estate could not pay out the legacies he had left as the bulk of his estate consisted in an expectancy, subject to the life of his father, and it was only when Lord St. Davids agreed to sell his life interest that Roland's beneficiaries got any benefit from his estate. P. B. NEVILL,

Chairman, Roland House, Board of Management.

F. W. Baggallay Memorial

DEAR EDITOR,

May I through your columns bring to the notice of the many Scouts and friends of the Rev. F. W. Baggallay the inauguration of the above memorial fund. The memorial will take the form of a carved wooden plaque to be placed in that part of the Scout Hut which is used as a chapel at his old home Perry Cottage, Lingfield, now bequeathed to the Movement. It is hoped to unveil this memorial at the opening of "Perrywood" as an official camp site this summer.

To have known "Skipper Baggallay" was a privilege and I am sure anyone who did will wish to share in this small expression of our gratitude to him. Contributions to the fund, which closes on April 18, 1954, should be sent to Mr. A. F. Manners, 42 Trinity Square, London, E.C.2.

Ray. L. N. SMALL,
Chairman, 8th City of London Group Council.

Horse and Caravan

DEAR EDITOR,

It has become a tradition in my Senior Scout Troop to plan the following year's big "do" during the Camp Fire we hold on the last evening of the Summer Camp.

Eventually we decided that a horse and caravan tour of the West Country was the thing - but alas both horses and caravans appear to be members of dying races!

We did wonder, therefore, through the wide circulation of Tint Scouter, whether any member or friend of the Movement knows of a trusting owner who would loan (or hire) to us, for two or three weeks in July - August, either a horse, caravan, or covered wagon.

Being Scouts, he need have no fear that the active part of the combination would not be treated with every care and kindness.

JOHN ROSWELL (S.M.), *Manor Park Boys' School, Aldershot.*

Forty Years Ago

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very interested in reading the letter published in the February issue of THE SCOUTER relating to the camp held in Belgium in 1913. I also was present at that camp and as the writer from the Channel Islands has forgotten the name of the Scouter and his brother who organised that event I can tell him the name was "Rushworth."

BERNARD W. STEWART, *D.C., Beckenham and Penge.*

DEAR EDITOR,

I was particularly pleased to read Mr. Reed's letter in current issue of THE SCOUTER. I was one of the boys who accompanied Mr. Reed to Belgium in 1913 and the thrill of that camp is still with me. Sometimes I wonder if the old days can be recaptured.

F. J. GARDNER, *S.M., 3rd Bodmin Group.*

The Crux of the Problem

DEAR EDITOR,

Much has been said about leakage, but is this the crux of the problem? In this connection you may be interested to hear of the recent action taken in the case of our Scout Troop.

Our Troop of thirty-five was disbanded after Summer Camp last year and restarted in October with thirteen lads. This action was taken after a decision by our Group Council and with the approval of the sponsoring authority. Letters enclosing forms with conditions of entry to our new Troop were sent to all parents of Scouts under fifteen.

May I say that our concern was not so much a matter of leakage but rather what I call ~Moral Discipline." In other words we were unable to maintain the Scout spirit in the Troop. We consider our main problem to be a parental one. In general, the example of parents to their children is bad, their guidance is deplorable, their support of the ideals of Scouting, weak. We could not combat this.

We are determined that the lads in our Troop will try to keep their Scout Promise. We prefer to have a dozen lads supported by their parents on moral issues. We'll build up on these lads.

Better this than thirty-five lads who join Scouting because of its popular appeal and to whom the Scout Promise is just lip service. We do not believe, as many parents do, that the boy of twelve should decide for himself. Duty to God is the first thing in Scouting. Lads who now join our Troop *must* attend Church every Sunday. The apathetic view that one can be a good Christian without going to Church is not our view. The lads *must* attend camps. If they want Scouting they must carry out the rules. Scouting comes before television. The Good Turn comes before the cinema.

The action we took was tough. We hope and pray that we are successful in our efforts. At the time of writing we still have, after four months, twelve of the thirteen lads, the other one has left the District.

DEAR EDITOR,

As one who is nearing the completion of forty-two years in Scouting, as a Scouter, it came as a grand tonic to read our Chief's Outlook for January, 1954, paragraphs three and four especially, giving a high ideal for 1954.

Shades of Philipps, Slingsby, Major Crum, Dr. Griffin and "Uncle" Elwes appeared to me and smiled contentedly.

As the years come and go some of us perhaps have become a little perturbed at the advance of the technical and academic sides of Scouting.

I always support Training and Badge Work. A good proportion of my officers held the Wood Badge and the proportion of King's Scouts and First Class Scouts was up to the national proportion(!) But I think we kept a keener eye on behaviour and keeping the Spirit-Breath-Life-of-Scouting up to scratch, than now.

I withheld the King's Scout Badge from two Scouts and nearly a third and for a time withdrew the Wood Badge of a Scouter, because of unscoutlike behaviour. Anyone obtaining his King's Scout Badge received from me, as a personal gift, a coloured copy of Don Carlo's *The Pathfinder*; with a hope that the lad would endeavour to keep the "Great Pathfinder" as his guide. I have met some of those old King's Scouts, now married, with families, who still have the picture framed and in a prominent place.

I have run a large Troop and realise how difficult it is to do so now. But, I feel more than ever, as I look back over a long, happy, up and down and very worthwhile Scout life, that this question of behaviour, character training and citizenship is still worth studying. It is worthwhile to wrestle privately, when the Troop Meeting is over, with this lad and that lad, who are thorns in the flesh to you; or during some quiet period at camp. It is worth while the Court of Honour discussing programmes, activities, etc., but to discuss also the above problems.

It is worth while the S.M. having a "private" notebook with all his boys' names in: their addresses; kinds of homes they live in; kind of parents (if any); the rest of the family; backgrounds whether good or bad; nature of work (if working age).

It may be necessary for the S.M. to know that Tom's father has a vile temper; that Bill's father and mother drink heavily; that John's

parents are separated; Alan's brothers and sisters share one room, etc. etc.

If you know these data and more, then we can help the lads untie some of life's tangled knots and retie the ends up again into a real life-line. And thus "He cast the bread upon the waters and it will be seen after many days" - by someone.

EDGAR VERNON,

Hon. Coin., S. W. Leeds.

"Smartness in Scouting"

DEAR EDITOR,

Our District held a Coronation Tattoo in 1953 and we had an item from the Guides. In the Grand Finale, all the Troops and Companies taking part marched on and took up their positions at the rear of the arena. I thought at the time that the marching of the Scouts (and some Scouters) was atrocious compared with the Guides, but on seeing a film of the Tattoo I am convinced that it was almost a shambles..

I have seen other Districts on parade at various times and in conjunction with other organisations and the Scout sections invariably compared unfavourably with regards to marching. Guide Companies, so I understand, have fairly regular periods of drill practice and nobody accuses them of being "Military," so why can't Scout Troops. There must be a number of young Scouters or members of the B.-P. Guild, who, having been in the Forces, could give Troops half an hour of drill per month. If this is kept up, then it cannot fail to improve the standard of the Scouts' appearance in public.

As an Organisation, we claim to try to fit the boy for life in the Forces (and thereafter) and, having been in myself, I am convinced that even an idea of how to halt, or keep in step, will be an immense advantage in the first few weeks of that most dismal of periods - "Square Bashing Training."

N. R. HANDLEY,

*C.M. and Rover Mate, 4th Purley
(1st Coulsdon) Group.*

District Church Parades

DEAR EDITOR,

May I draw your attention to a form of "sponging" of which some Districts are guilty through thoughtlessness. District Church Parades are arranged to take place at one of the local churches and it is then decided that the collection shall go to some well deserving charity.

The Scouts expect to find the church opened to them clean, tidy, lighted and heated. They expect to use the hymn books, the organ and church furniture. They give no thought to the extra work to the verger who has to go through every pew in the church sweeping and putting kneelers straight before the next service.

They give no thought to the cost of replacing damaged books or to paying the wages of verger, cleaner, organist and choir boys.

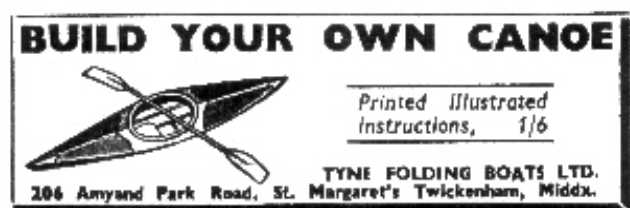
The clergy and congregation are heartily glad to see the young folk using the church for prayer, worship and thanksgiving, and they hate to mention the financial aspect, so the Scouts, get away with it.

Should not we Scouts be anxious to give at least a tithe of the collection to the maintenance of the building in which we choose to worship?

Scouts should be taught that these days all churches are financially dependent entirely on the support of good citizens whose privilege and duty it is to care for them.

G. E. S. HERERWARD,

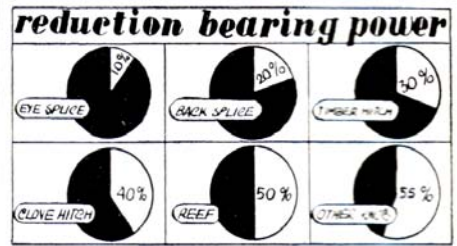
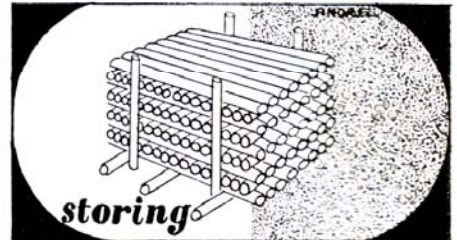
*G.S.M., 1st Caterham (St. Mary's)
'and Churchwarden.*





resistance of timber

TREES	GRADING OF RESISTANCE AGAINST		
	DECAY	BENDING	PRESSURE
OAK	1	2	4
ACACIA	7	1	1
PINE	2	5	7
ASH	3	3	3
ELM	4	4	2
BIRCH	5	6	5
BEECH	6	7	6



PIONEERING - providing that you possess or have access to the right kind of materials and equipment - can be an unlimited source of fun, in which you are tested time and again both physically and mentally. No project will be brought to a successful end without a great deal of planning and at the same time improvisation; of arranging beforehand, and last-minute solving of unexpected handicaps and difficulties.

In this country of ours there must be very few Troops indeed who can lay their hands on a complete and absolutely comprehensive set of tools, and who have all the timber, ropes and cables at their disposal, needed to tackle any pioneering job, irrespective of its size.

However, it is useful to know what material you generally need, in order to make a sensible choice when obtaining your stock, and how to care for and maintain your materials.

However, it is useful to know what material you generally need, in order to make a sensible choice when obtaining your stock, and how to care for and maintain your materials.

Your first worry will be a choice of timber, and to compile a set of spars, etc., which will enable you to embark on a reasonably wide field of projects. In the second picture you'll find a grading of available timber, according to its resistance against decay, bending and pressure. Often, of course, you will not be in a position to select your timber, and is it just a question of "Have what you can get." However, it is good to know if a certain kind of timber is suitable or not for bending and other purposes. In a future article "Raft building," we shall deal with the weight and some other factors of timbers.

A point of extreme importance - once you have obtained your timber - is how to maintain it in a good condition, so that you safeguard your boys against accidents, and increase the useful life of your material.

The best way to look after your timber is to de-bark your spars, in order to prevent any possibility of insects damaging them.

Do not leave it at that, but also rub them in with carboleum, which has been heated beforehand. Repeat this a few times.

Storing of timber has to be done in such a way that rain cannot reach it, but sun and wind have free access.

The top half of the picture 3 gives you an example how to do this. You can cover your stack by building a roof above it.

Another point to bear in mind, is to mark all your timber, according to size, which will save you a lot of time when pioneering.

We have a wide choice when selecting the kind of ropes we need, depending of course on our purse, and on the particular purpose for which we want this rope.

The best kind is hemp, which is strong, smooth and durable. Manila, which comes from the wild banana, growing in the Philippine Islands, is also very good, although not as strong as hemp, but extremely durable. Coir, made from the husk of coconuts, is very coarse and rough, and inferior to hemp and manila. Sisal, an American product, is hard, but very useful for making gadgets. Cotton again, is strong, smooth and easy to handle when dry, but hard and stiff when wet.

Ropes are made either laid-up (which means, that the strands are twisted together), or braided, in which case the strands are plaited together. Try to avoid knotting two ropes together when pioneering, as this will result in a considerable loss of bearing power or "safe-load" of these ropes. The bottom part of picture 3 shows you this loss in percentages of the whole safe-load.

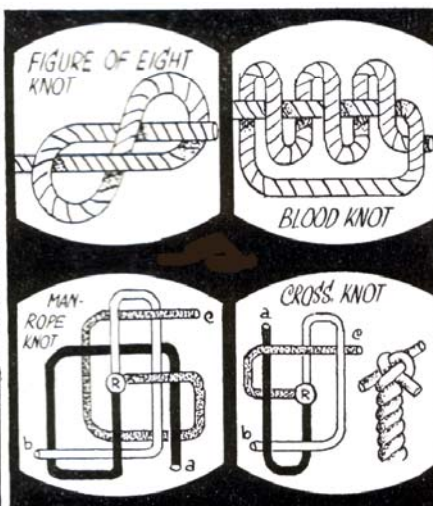
A good way of calculating the safe-load, is to square in inches the circumference of your rope, which will give you the safe-load in hundredweights.

For old rope, of course, this safe-load is about ten to twenty-five per cent less.

TRAINING NOTES

[These notes are intended as a basis for yarns on parts (only) of certain badges or of Scout training.]

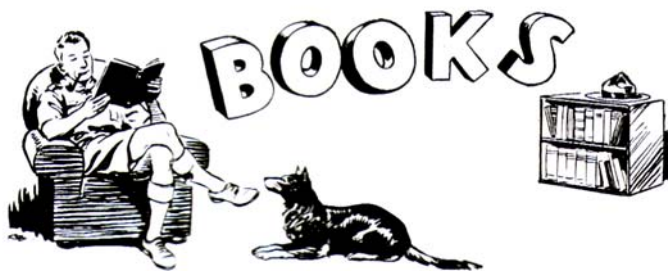
3. PIONEER MATERIALS



With ropes as much as with timber, much depends on the care you give it, and the time you spend on its maintenance. See to it that all rope is whipped properly, or at least prevent unravelling by making a stopper knot at the end of your rope. Picture 5 shows you four examples of such knots. The figure-of-eight and the blood knot are quite simple to make and can be used especially for thin string. The bottom two pictures give two diagrams of knots to be used for hawser laid rope (made with three strands) and are shown as if you are looking on top of the end of your rope (R): (a), (b), and (c) are the three strands of the rope. Heavy ropes should always be spliced at their ends.

Always store your ropes in a dry place, and when wet hang them out in the open to dry. Do this for instance from a first-or second-floor window, so that all moisture will not collect in one place, but flow out of the ropes.

Remember, rotting of your rope starts from its centre, and will not show until it is too late. When storing ropes, coil them up and put heavy ropes on shelves or on hooks, and small lashing ropes in bags, according to size. Do not forget to mark your bags clearly with the size of the ropes.



There are two kinds of metal cables, suitable for pioneering:- (1) iron cables, of which strands are twisted around a rope centre, and (2) steel cables, where each strand has its own rope centre. A steel cable, therefore, will be lighter and more pliable than an iron one. If you compare cables with, say, hemp ropes, you will find that cables last longer, that they are lighter, but that they break easier due to lack of elasticity.

The care of cables is much the same as for ropes, except that you roll a cable on a drum, the diameter of which should be at least twenty times that of the cable, and that you must oil your cable regularly. And never forget: much of the usefulness of your material depends on the way you look after it.

J. ANDRE DE JONG.

WE'RE PROUD OF YOU

Skis Against the Atom, by Knut Haukelid (William Kimber, 15s.).
Mountains and Men, by Wilfrid Noyce (Bles, 12s. 6d.).

Occasionally a publisher's blurb tells so admirably and exactly what a book is about that it seems foolish not to quote it: "Knut Haukelid was the leader of the assault party of the handful of Norwegians parachuted into Southern Norway to blow up the heavy-water plant at Riukan. Not only did he and his small party, after painfully biding their time in the snowbound mountains, finally succeed in dynamiting the plant, but the following year they boarded the steamer carrying the whole German stock of precious liquid. . . and blew it up in mid-fiord."

Now, as it concerns our own "Belge" Wilson, Colonel J. S. Wilson, Camp Chief 1923 to 1940 and Director of the International Bureau 1938 to 1953, I must quote from the Introduction:

"Colonel J. S. Wilson was transferred on 1st January 1942 from the Training Branch to the more exacting role of head of the Norwegian Section, when its great potentialities were becoming clear. It is of interest that the necessarily extensive and complicated programme of training for S.O.E. personnel, drawn up by Colonel Wilson in 1940 before there was a single recruit, remained basically unchanged throughout the war, and was used at home, in the Middle East and Italy, and even in the Far East for native personnel; a remarkable example of imagination and foresight.

"Colonel Wilson was thus directly in charge of the operations recounted in this book and of all others being carried out concurrently in other parts of Norway, notably in Oslo itself (see Max Manus's book *Underwater Saboteur*). It was thus he who was in day-to-day control of the author of this book and his comrades in Norway, and to him and his staff that they looked for guidance, for warning of Gestapo activity, for supplies to enable them to live and to fight - in fact he was their father and mother."

There is no need for me to say any more. Every Scout of whatever age will want to read this book, which is well produced with some good photographs.

Mr. Wilfrid Noyce is, of course, also a member of our Movement, but he has a wider fame as a mountaineer, poet and author and is known to a million homes as a member of the all-conquering Everest expedition.

This, a new edition of his first book, tells of the mountains of his boyhood and his youth: he writes beautifully and his book is adorned with photographs that in themselves bring peace. I hope that many of you will become acquainted with Mr. Noyce's book, so wise, so bright with the spirit of youth.

R. H.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS

A Field Guide to the Birds of Britain and Europe, by Roger Peterson, Guy Mountfort and P. A. D. Hollom (Collins, 25s.).

More and more Scouts are going abroad for their camps, and more and more Scouts are taking an interest in bird watching each year. This book, covering the whole of the birds of Europe, including some which are only rare vagrants, is just the book for them. It is scientific without complication. It gives the information in simple terms, gives the name of each bird in English, Dutch, German, French and Swedish. The plates are excellent; exquisite, indeed would be fully justified, and with the descriptions there are little maps showing distribution. And, in spite of this, it will fit handily into a jacket pocket. It is the finest thing of its kind that I have come across, and will be a joy to every bird watcher. Its price is 25s., but I can honestly say that its value is far greater than this. I believe it is being published in six languages, the first time that any bird book has had such wide distribution. On the plates you will see lines drawn to the most important points in identification and separation of birds, such as the warblers where so many are very alike. I can see a lot of Bob-a-Job money this year going into its purchase for Troop libraries, and I can imagine no expenditure which will be better worthwhile and give more lasting pleasure. I cannot say more than this, can I?

ROWALLAN.

Sea-Birds, by James Fisher and R. M. Lockley (*New Naturalist*: Collins, 25s.).

It would be difficult to find two men of this decade better qualified to write this particular book. Travellers and explorers as well as ornithologists, men devoted to their enthusiasm which has resulted in a harvest of great knowledge, their have naturally produced a book of great authority. Yet they are careful to say This book is not a comprehensive survey of a problem based upon a lifetime's experience ... "we have paused in field-work simply to offer this book as a stimulant" This it can hardly help being for those who will trouble to read its closely-reasoned and illuminating pages.

The volume has the many diagrams and comprehensive bibliography that we expect from this series. The photographs seem better than ever.

Animals, Men and Myths, by Morus. (*Gollancz*, 21s.).

If the author had been more selective and had produced a book half the size, he would have written an entertaining book on an entertaining theme. Some of his chapters are full of curious facts: others are a recapitulation of the familiar. There are plenty of illustrations but only a few add anything to the book which, while pleasant enough to dip into, is on the whole disappointing.

R.H.

JORKENS

Jorkens Borrows Another Whisky, by Lord Dunsany (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). For many years the wise Scouters among us have told, as the leaping flames ceased to leap, and the darkness drew nearer, and midnight closer, some of the Jorkens stories to the Scouts in their blankets around our Camp Fires, their eyes watchful and exciting, and no sounds other than country night sounds and the voice of the teller of the story. And what stories they are which old Jorkens tells to his fellow members of the Billiard Club: travel stories of the long bow in which by means of the convincing detail he persuades us into delighted belief of his incredible fantasies.

For the great Jorkens stories you must go back to The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens or Jorkens Remembers Africa or Jorkens Has a Large Whisky. The stories in the present volume have not quite the lustre and strangeness of the earlier tales, although they still crackle with wit and shine with sudden poetry like flower-edged rivers glimpsed from a train some summer evening. Indeed Jorken's whisky and water is more welcome than other men's whisky. And if all the stories in this latest book are not quite as tall as they used to be, some of them are, and three or four of them, e.g. "A Walk in the Night" and "The Unrecorded Test Match" will enrich the darkness as the camp fire flickers low. The Jorkens books are a part of the good Scouter's equipment! Read this one therefore - as well as the others. R. H.

THE BIBLE

Everyday Life in New Testament Times, by A. C. Bouquet, illustrated by Marjorie Quennell (Batsford, 15s.).

The very fact that this book is written by Dr. A. C. Bouquet is in itself sufficient recommendation. Dr. Bouquet is an authority who can make the gathering of information a pleasure and not a toil.

This book contains a wealth of information and if you are historically minded, or studies take you in the direction of Palestine, you will find it invaluable. Customs, conditions of living, modes of travel, religious practices are a few of the subjects clearly and interestingly dealt with. In some cases you will be surprised to find how little we have progressed, whilst in others (to our minds) we are streets ahead.

Younger readers will revel in the illustrations drawn by Marjorie Quennell. They are first-rate and extremely helpful. I turned to them many times with great pleasure. Altogether a good book for over fourteens and one which asks some straight questions and demands some straight answers.

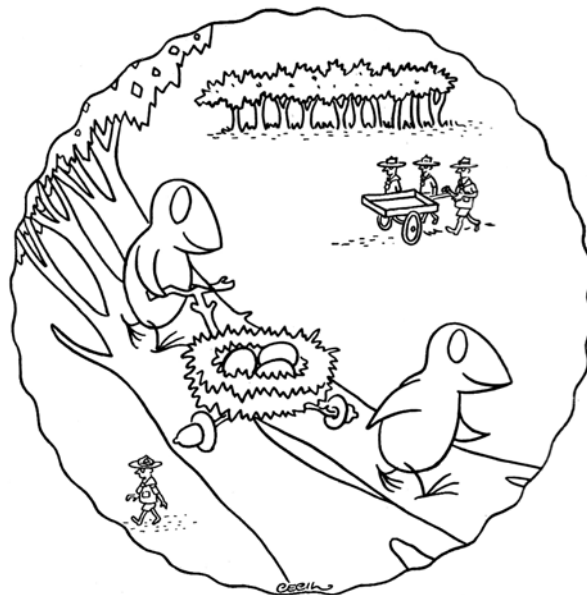
EDITH LEVERIDGE.

How the English Bible Grew, by R. W. Thomson (Religious Education Press, 2s. 6d.). *The Word of the Lord Came. . .* by Eric Fenn (S.C.M., 3s. 6dj).

No doubt in the coming months much attention will be focused on the Bible as a result of the Bible Weeks organised by the British Council of Churches and there will be a number of publications to help us. Mr. Thomson's contribution is a little book of 64 pages in a series on English Christianity which sets out to tell us of the way in which the Bible in its present form reached us. Primarily written for use in schools, it is nevertheless not without value for Scouters who could quite well use some of the material about men like Tyndale who succeeded in smuggling 6,000 copies of the New Testament into this country, so alarming the authorities that the Bishop of London decided to buy up the whole of the remainder of the edition to burn them. Tyndale quite willingly sold them to him - at a price sufficient to bring the book out in a better and larger edition!

Mr. Fenn's book is of a different kind. He is convinced that our failure in Bible reading is due more to lack of imagination than to lack of knowledge. Accordingly he has produced a series of short introductions to some twenty books of the Bible. Each introduction is divided into two. The first part is a brief historical note about the book and the second is a vivid and often highly imaginative foreword which tries to capture the spirit in which the various Old and New Testament writers set about their task. Undoubtedly he is more successful with some books than with others, but there can be few people who would not be helped to capture the spirit of some part of the Bible by this little book.

EVERAD SAMPSON.



IN BRIEF

Two books from Messrs. Warne & Co. The Book of Flight, by Kenneth M. King (5s.) is quite excellent value for the air-minded older Cub or younger Scout; plenty of diagrams and illustrations. Tropical Aquariums, Plants and Fishes, by A. Laurence Wells (10s.) is a specialist book. It is packed with information; there are small black and white drawings and twelve coloured plates. Quite admirable for those who wish to start on this exciting hobby or equally for those already immersed in it.

TECS., ETC.

Holmes and Watson, by S. C. Roberts (O.U.P., 10s. 6c1).

It has long been a harmless amusement among the addicts of the Sherlock Holmes stories to consider Holmes and Watson as real persons and to examine the stories critically from this point of view.

There is a considerable literature on the subject and although some may merely be bewildered by this sort of learned foolery, others (and I include myself among them) get a great deal of innocent fun from it.

Over the years The Master of Pembroke College has contributed a number of papers on various aspects of the lives of the two immortals and he has now collected them together - a gesture particularly welcome in a year generally held to be the centenary of Holmes's birth. Those who love and constantly return to the stories (and I hope most of our readers do) will find this book entertaining - and a real test of how well they do know the stories (stories which I first read lying on a hearthrug before the fire in the green-silver bound volumes of the Strand Magazine, long since, alas, vanished).

Half mast for the Deemster, by George Bellairs (Gifford, 9s. 6d.)

An Isle of Man background and a thoroughgoing plot begins with the murder of a Deemster, and a young Boy Scout camping with his Lancashire Troop (not troupe, as Mr. Bellairs writes in Chapter 17) who can't to the rescue in splendid fashion in a grand fight with Scout staves and catapults. Mr. Bellairs writes pleasantly and easily and even if you don't normally read thrillers, you should read this one. It's a good story well told and I shall now look forward to reading other books by this author, whom I had not previously met. If he is kind enough to bring in Scouts so sympathetically again, perhaps he will allow us the pleasure of vetting the relevant paragraphs.

Fingers of Fear, by Philip Macdonald (The Crime Club, 9s. 6d.)

Six short stories by a master who since Hollywood claimed him visits us but seldom. Oh for the halcyon days of Antony Gethryn who appears in one of these stories! If we can't have a new full-length Gethryn won't Collins republish The Nursemaid Who Disappeared, one of the finest stories of detection of the last two decades?

LETTERS TO A YOUNG ROVER - III

DEAR DAVID,

Your letter dated last Wednesday arrived this morning, and I have at last managed to decipher it. The writing is more atrocious even than usual, but as you say it was written in the back of a truck, I will forgive you.

I am glad you have found one real pal in the army, and from your description George seems a good sort of fellow. Army friendships are among the best of all friendships, because they are made at a time when a man has been uprooted from familiar things, and is hungry for someone to fill the gap left by the absence of those he has left behind. Personally I don't think I have ever come much closer to any human being than I did to my own great pal of the early days of World War II. We suffered the agonies of training together in a black cold winter near Andover. I can remember now how loathsome it was to crawl from between the blankets at the sound of *reveille*, and shiveringly march to breakfast with the prospect of an interminable day before me of digging trenches in hard chalk with blue hands and a sick stomach, and how Peter's jolly smile and gay philosophy used somehow to turn a sordid pilgrimage into a splendid adventure.

I learned in the army something of what Solomon meant when he said that "one man in a thousand sticketh closer than a brother," and that Kipling was not just writing sentimental nonsense when he sang of the friendship that endures "to the gallow's foot, and after."

There is indeed between most members of a decent unit in the army a fellowship of loyalty that we might well carry into some aspects of our civilian life. Perhaps, too, in the army, real character shows up more vividly than in the easier conditions at home. The most popular man in a unit is not popular because he is handsome or rich or witty or well educated, he is popular because he is brave and loyal and true. I think that in the "mob" in which I trained the popularity prize would have gone to a Lancashire mill-hand named Ackworth, an oldish chap with no teeth and poor physique, but with such an undaunted spirit that when things were at their worst it was always Ackworth who cheered the rest of us up. I remember lying in my blankets on the floor of our cold barrack-hut after our first day on "field-work." We had been drenched with rain and then frozen and drenched again, and come home aching in every limb to find that something had gone wrong with the cookhouse stove and only a lukewarm meal awaited us. "Old sweats" can take this and worse in their stride, but we were "soft" and newly come from bench and desk, and we felt miserable and cold and ill-used. Then old Ackworth, from under his blankets, began to tell us funny stories in a Lancashire accent that you could cut with a knife, and presently the whole thirty of us in the hut were rolling about in a state of helpless laughter.

Ackworth wasn't only full of "guts," he was loyal, and he dreaded that he would be found unfit for the Royal Engineers, and given an easier job. He wanted to "stay with his pals" and refused to "go sick," however ill he felt. He won through, and the day he "passed out" as a fully-qualified sapper he wore his flash with the pride that lesser men have taken in donning the crossed swords of a general.

Loyalty sometimes seems to me the loveliest of the virtues, and the loyalest man I ever met was (how did you guess?) an African. His name was Yeseri, a coloured man from Uganda, and he was a sergeant in my platoon doing a job in 1943 in Egypt. We were a Company of three-hundred-odd coloured East Africans, led by eight white men, and conditions as to food, etc., were very bad. Some of the Africans decided to mutiny, and one of them broke the white Major's jaw with a tent-pole, and a score or so of the others started hurling rocks at the rest of us officers. Luckily the military police arrived before much damage was done, and the ringleaders among the mutineers were arrested.

They had to be court-martialled, of course, and we tried to find loyal Africans who would give evidence of the affair, but though all of them had seen what had happened, they became dumb when questioned, for their older tribal loyalty was stronger than their oath to King George.

Then my sergeant Yeseri came to me and said that he had thought it over, and decided that his oath to King George bound him to give evidence, much as he disliked to do it. We took a note of his evidence in a big tent in the camp, and then dismissed him, and a moment later we heard a noise like a zoo in pandemonium outside the tent. I rushed out, to find about fifty African soldiers apparently tearing Yeseri to pieces. Every stitch of clothing was off his back, and they were punching him and kicking him, so that he was covered with bruises and blood.

I took him by the arm and dragged him back into the tent, and we lent him some clothes, and arranged for a truck to draw up outside the tent. Then Yeseri leaped into the front seat next to the driver, and I sat next to him, so that he was protected on both sides, and we drove across the sand through that yelling mob. As we passed through the gates we had to slow down, and a black fist shot past my face and bashed Yeseri on the nose, a parting present to a man whom all the other Mricans regarded as a "rat."

When I got Yeseri to the hospital I sat by his bed and told him not to be frightened. "When you're fit again," I said, "we'll transfer you to another Company."

"No, Bwana," said Yeseri, "I want to go back to my friends... they just didn't understand why I did it ..."

They had beaten and bruised him and torn the clothes off his back because he did what he thought right, but to him they were still his "friends."

The greater and more dramatic loyalties are not so very difficult for Englishmen to observe, but we are sometimes rather forgetful of seemingly smaller but really equally important loyalties. You know, for instance, that we are all worried about what ~ call the "decline in family life" and the number of broken marriages and divorces, with all their sad repercussions on the children. Basically, all these things are due to lack of loyalty, and if you marry that nice girl of yours when you get home and are settled in a job, I hope you'll take very seriously your promise to stick by her- "for better or-for worse, -till death do you part."

There are too many people nowadays who say "if a marriage is unhappy, it is much better that it should be dissolved, so that the parties can marry again and find someone that they can be happy with." Don't ever fall for that silly talk. Where divorce is very easy, as in some parts of America, named couples separate because they are passing through a difficult phase that they would survive if they had more patience. Then they marry again, and what happens? In another couple of years they are unhappy again, and get divorced again. I expect you'll laugh at me for saying this, knowing that I'm a-bachelor, but the onlooker does see quite a lot of the game. If you get married and after a bit find things not going too well, don't think of separating, but humbly seek the reason for the failure in yourself, and meet your partner much more than halfway. It rarely fails.

Lastly, and perhaps most important of all, is loyalty to parents and those others who have been kind to us in our youth. I had to write an article about an Old Ladies' Home recently, and I chatted to the old ladies, and it made me sick to hear how some of them were treated by their sons. One old lady had a picture of her boy on the mantelshef of her little bedroom, sitting in the garden of his Australian house with his wife and his own children. "He's done very well," she said proudly. I asked how often he wrote, and she said "nearly always at Christmas, but he missed last year, I expect he was busy."

He ought to have been shot. Ten minutes of his time every month would have produced a letter that would have been worth more than the Crown Jewels to that lonely old lady, but he just didn't bother.

When I hear of sons who are "too busy" to remember their parents, I think of the Master Himself, and His mother, and how.. as He hung in agony on the Cross He thought of the woman who would miss Him most, and told John to be a son to her.

Yes, loyalty is a lovely virtue. If people say of you that you're the type who "never lets anybody down," you'll have made the grade.

Yours always,

A.D.C.

ROVER SCOUTING IN VICTORIA – I

AS a result of a talk to the 3rd Tuesday Rover Club on the subject of Rover Scouting in the State of Victoria, Australia, I have been asked by the Editor, Rex Hazlewood, to write on that topic for THE SCOUTER.

By way of introduction it might be appropriate to mention that I was a Boy Scout in 1908, a Rover Scout in 1922, became Rover Commissioner for Victoria in 1930, and recently Was Leader of the Contingent of Rover Scouts from Australia to the Rover Moot at Kandersteg, Switzerland, so have had some experience in the game.

At the inception of Rover Scouting and for many years after there was very little printed matter available in Australia as a guide to Leaders in the management of Rover Crews, and progress could be made only by experimenting with various methods, and building on obvious successes; and succeeding paragraphs are largely a story of those efforts, particularly in Victoria.

Up to the time of the Australasian Jamboree at Frankston, Victoria, at Christmas 1934 - 35 great difficulty had been experienced in many aspects of Rovering, such as discovering what could be termed the basic plan; in finding suitable and interesting programmes of activities; in handling a very wide range of ages of members of Crews from entrants at 18, 19, 20 and older, to men in their fifties (in several cases their seventies); in securing Rover Leaders; in providing suitable training for Rover Leaders, and so on.

As a result of questioning younger Rovers some of the greatest obstacles to progress seemed to have been the extremely wide range of ages in Crews and the incompatibility of their activities, consequently the first action necessary appeared to be in those directions.

Upper Age Limits

Nineteen thirty-six saw the institution of an upper age limit of 25 on Rover Scouting, and the reasons for that may be of interest.

Experience had shown that most of the Rovers and Scouters had received the maximum of their training by 23 plus, but remained in Crews for companionship, social and service activities, for further years, and tended to upset the functions of Crews as training organisations, as they should be. Age 25 was therefore fixed to allow ample margin, and a period of time was allowed for the decision to be complied with.

Those affected by the upper age limit were fine types who had good service to their credit in Crews and at Frankston Jamboree, and included excessively long-term, experienced Rover Mates, and many who were Scouters. The age clause was applied for no other reason than to make way for younger lads and Patrol Leaders who would not enter Crews while the older men were present, and for whom programmes were usually framed.

Opinion generally in the Rover Section, at first decidedly hostile towards an upper age limit, had later become definite that Rovering was intended for young men preparing for manhood; that it covered the period between youth and maturity and was suited for Unmatured young men as distinct from matured young men, and quite distinct from older matured men; that it had its greatest training effect in the individual's Squire and early Rover training; and that the training effect steadily weakened as the Rover grew older, and formed his own outlook as he progressed towards maturity.

In searching for the span of Rovering, B.-P.'s own picture in *Rovering to Success*, page 208 (third impression), and the definition given in P.O.R. 254 both indicated a young man in the Unmatured stage.

B.-P. wrote: "There is, camping in my garden, a living example of what I hope may be the outcome of this book, on a wider scale."

"With all my heart I hope it."

"He is a hefty Rover Scout, about *seventeen* years of age; that is, a fellow training to be a man. He has tramped from a distance with his pack on his back .."

(In later reprints the age is shown as *eighteen*.)

P.O.R. 254 defining Rovering stated among other aspects it had an added object in helping Rovers "to make useful careers for themselves."

There seemed no doubt from the foregoing that Rovering should be for the really young man and should start training him when he began crossing the threshold of manhood, as "a fellow training to be a man" and at the stage "to make useful careers for themselves."

It had become obvious by 1936 that Crews should have three stages as follows:-

- (i) Squires, from 16 -17, in training for Investiture at 17 plus;
- (ii) Rovers from 17 plus, in training after Investiture, up to age 23-25;
- (iii) Older Rovers segregated after completion of training and attainment of maturity.

Subsequently three stages of Rovering were established by Rule 257 of the 1947 edition of P.O.R.

Investiture before 17 was never permitted, the view being that to retake the Scout Promise from the viewpoint of a man, the Squire should be 17.

Experience had shown that the presence in Crews of matured young and older men, and Scouters beyond the age limits of 23 - 25, had the following adverse effects:-

- (1) Undue emphasis was placed on social activities and less on training.
- (2) Rover outdoor activities were dropped in favour of social activities.
- (3) Crew programmes were framed to suit the older Crew members, rather than the younger who should have been suited.
- (4) Unmatured young men in the Crews would rarely give their views in discussions in the presence of older men and matured young men, and felt they were hampered by them.
- (5) A few younger men entered Crews, but the majority would not enter from the Troops because they said the Crews did not interest them.

At that time there was no rule in P.O.R. to specify when Rover training had completed its purpose. Rule 272 of 1947 P.O.R., which deals with the third service stage of Rovering, is therefore of interest, as it states that the Rover will move up to



the service stage at the latest by his twenty-fifth birthday.

In Victoria, experience since 1936 clearly indicates that most Rovers have fully completed their training by age 23 plus and in that case may move on to the third or service stage earlier, and advice is continually given through the Victorian Rover Training Course instituted in 1939 that training has normally finished by 23 plus. Since the upper age limit to the Training Section was applied it has proved to be a very sound and progressive move.

It was thought then and is still believed that the youngest members of a Crew, the Squires, are its most important responsibility as they are then at the most keenly receptive stage of their Rover training, during which the foundations of their Rovering should be thoroughly established. It was obvious that older Rovers in their progress towards maturity had passed through that receptive stage, and if they had not received all that *training* could give them by 23 plus or at the most 25 it was doubtful whether a further indefinite period in the Crew would make up the loss in training. It was certain, however, in our experience that their presence in the training section was a hindrance to the younger members. It was possible for the older to continue to receive and give benefits in other directions from companionship, social and service angles, but it was not necessary to remain in the training section to do that.

When the viewpoint was conceded that the youngest members of the Crew were its greatest responsibility and that programmes should be framed to suit them, then the older matured men in Crews were obviously not being catered for. As they were expected to continually defer to the viewpoint of the younger members they were in effect looking backwards to a juvenile viewpoint instead of forwards to a more mature and adult stage us keeping with their older years, and which allowed them full, rather than restricted, scope in their activities. Such a set-up was psychologically incorrect for the older men, who, though the product of the Movement, were in an unsuitable age grouping in its ranks.

When the question of age limits was being studied it was observed that unnatural young men between 16 and 23 did not in their leisure hours associate naturally with older men, but kept to age ranges about their own, consequently it seemed right that Crews in their activities should not continue to depart from natural age groupings.

Some may consider that an age range from 16 to 23 plus is too great; however, our experience from the middle 'thirties and during the war years showed it can operate satisfactorily. There is a certain amount of hero worship by the younger for the slightly older members, who are thereby inspired to set better standards in all activities; and the vigour of the younger fellows animates the older ones to show they are capable of still greater vigour, and are not "too old" even at 23 plus.

The older fellows below the age limit of 23 plus have a wholesome training effect, too, on the younger, more irresponsible ones in hammering them down occasionally both physically and mentally; but while the younger fellows will readily accept advice from fellows a few years older and stronger whom they hero-worship, they will not so readily listen to much older men, despite the fact that the older men are obviously much better informed. They at their extremely vigorous stage of life regard the older men as "too old" and therefore physically inferior.

Subsequent to the application of the age limit in 1936 it was thought that the older men affected would not desire to retain contact with Rovering, but that was proved incorrect and shortly after a third stage had to be created to include them. It was called the Rucksack Club, and is mentioned later.

The set-up of Rovering in Victoria today is generally in accordance with the three stages mentioned in P.O.R. 257; Squires are partially segregated from Invested Rovers while undergoing a set scheme of Squire training which averages about 9 to 12 months before Investiture.

The Training Section has a top limit of age 23 plus. The Rucksack Club is akin to the Third or Social and Service Stage. Some Crews have a third stage and one of them called its Rovers in the training stage The Players and those in the third stage The Gentlemen.

Since the training age limit was established it is not necessary to force anyone to leave the Section against his will. All R.S.L.'s and A.R.S.L.'s and *incoming Rover Mates too* complete the Victoria Rover Training Course where the reasons for the action are fully explained, consequently the purposes are well understood in Crews and action in each Rover's case is taken by him automatically.

For instance, just before I sailed from Australia with the Swiss Moot Contingent, five very keen and active Rovers at the top age limit in one Crew informed me they were stepping out of their training section because "They felt the younger Rovers. were not getting a fair go." Some of them are now Scouters and the others are helping in District work. They have joined the Rucksack Club and their Group Old Scout Guild.

Three of the older and two of the younger Rovers were members of the Moot Contingent.

Rucksack Club

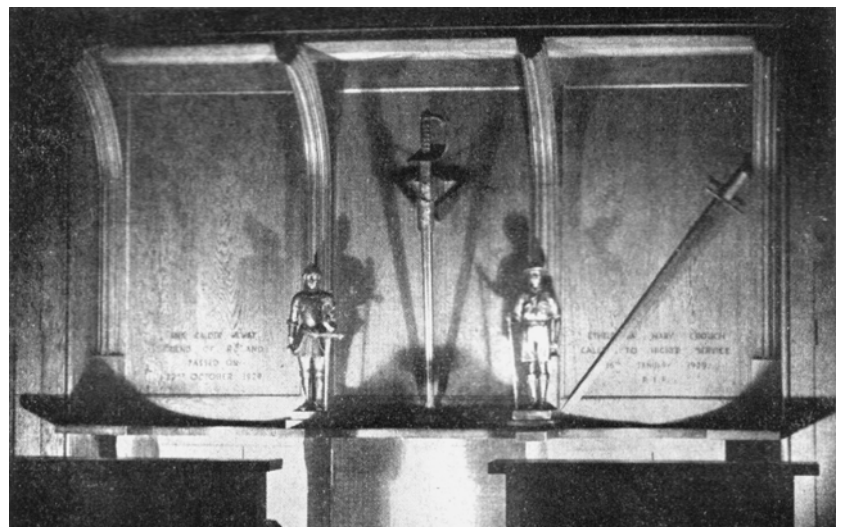
When the upper age limit was applied in 1936 few old Scout organisations were functioning, so a new Club was created in 1937 and given the above name. It was and still is centrally organised but has a few District branches.

It was felt that its members were mature men and citizens. and that such a body should be formed on club lines with a President, Secretary, Treasurer and Committee, and other office-bearers elected annually to manage its affairs; and that such a set-up should be the logical method for men of mature citizenship to conduct their own affairs. As Rover Commissioner I was elected President and have continued annually to hold office since, and some of the other office bearers are Rover Leaders and Scouters of other Sections. It conducts its own programme of outdoor and social activities, takes part in occasional Rover *outdoor* (not indoor) activities and Rover Working Bees and raises money for the Rover Section; last year it handed over £80. It generally has a strong attachment to and is a big help to~ Rovering. It is also affiliated with the B.-P. Guild of Old Scouts, so serves as a link between Rovering and the Guild and that obviously is a sound scheme. In such an organisation matured men are not hampered by a requirement to defer to unmaturing young men.

W. F. WATERS,

Headquarters Commissioner for Rover Scouts, Victoria.

[To be continued in the May SCOUTER.]



[Photo by F. G. Logan]

WHERE IS THIS? (3) (Answer next month)

February's photo shows the entrance to the Edinburgh and Leith County's Camping ground at Bonaly Hill.

THE AGE GAP IN THE B.-P. GUILD OF OLD SCOUTS

Some people complain that the title "Old Scouts" is a bad one, giving the impression that the Guild is an organisation of elderly gentlemen, long past taking an interest in Scouting or any other useful activity, and fit only to sit over their beer and discuss the present with many grumblings. Such critics forget that the word "old" is often used to describe something rather specially select, or a highly experienced body of men. School "Old Boys" Clubs contain men of all ages, banded together to help their parent foundations; and Napoleon's "Old Guard" was certainly not made up of grey-beards, but of those who had been trained and hardened in his many campaigns. Nevertheless, if something is not done soon, there may well be truth in the criticism in a few years time, for the Guild is not recruiting sufficient young men.

The ultimate aim of the B.-P. Guild of Old Scouts must be to become an organisation embracing a large proportion of those who have been Scouts; an organisation into which, when they have finished their active Scouting, young men pass willingly and almost automatically, knowing that in the Guild they will be able to find inspiration and help to live their lives according to the ideals of the Scout Promise and Law; will be able to have a fuller life in some service to the community; and will have a chance to repay occasionally a part of the debt they owe to Scouting. The Guild is at present a long way from this goal, and unless resolute steps are taken will never reach it.

Today in the Guild there are not many members under the age of thirty-five, and naturally young men are shy to join a Branch and, if they do join, feel out of place among their elders who, they fear, cannot meet their need and wish for activity. An effort must be made to break this deadlock by trying to build up a steady flow of young blood into the Guild, so that a Branch may contain both the young and not so young, the younger members taking the more active part, perhaps mainly towards Scouting, their elders tending more towards organisational work and service to the community. A much more balanced Branch will result, and the young members can infuse energy into it.

The Guild does not wish to lure away from active Scouting those who should more properly be in the Rover Section or holding warrants: provided a man is usefully employed it does not really matter to what organisation he belongs, and a Scouter may always be a member of the Guild as well. But many people feel that by the age of twenty-five a Rover has obtained all the benefit he is likely to get from that training; and even that his presence in the Crew after that age may sometimes be a deterrent to youngsters who are thinking of joining. A man of thirty is apt to forget how incredibly old he appears to lads of eighteen or nineteen - one foot in the grave so far as they are concerned! Surely he would be of more value in providing the livelier element in a Guild Branch.

To achieve this steady flow to the Guild will require energetic action on the part of both Scouters and members of the Guild. Scouters should ask members of their affiliated Branch who do not actively help the Group to meet their Scouts from time to time, so that the boys may get to know them and discover (it is hoped) that they are not so decrepit as they thought, are really quite decent chaps, and even perhaps that they still know something about Scouting. The Branch, or individual Old Scouts, should invite Senior Scouts and Rovers to some interesting function or outing. One Old Scout who owns a boat on the Thames invited all the Senior Scouts in the Group to a days sailing with him and members of the Branch; an excellent way of gaining contact. Once mutual understanding and confidence have been established, the battle is half won.

It is suggested that Branch Secretaries should maintain close touch with Groups in order to keep a list of those who have gone for National Service, so as to encourage them to join the Guild if they do not intend to return to active Scouting; and G.S.M.s might supply Branch Secretaries with the name, address, and age of a boy who leaves in good standing under the age of eighteen, so that he may be approached by the Guild when he reaches that age.

It is emphasised again that the Guild cannot develop into a strong National Organisation, nor play its part in an International Fellowship, unless there is a steady flow of young members. There is no short cut, but the greatest effort is worth while if it will ensure that the next generation may feel that they can have a stake in Scouting, with all that that means, from boyhood to old age - Brother Scouts till the end of their days.

E. E. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN.

NOTES AND NEWS

MARCH PHOTOGRAPHS

This month's cover is by Peter Pridham of East Molesey. The boy's head on page 65 is by J. D. McKerrell of Helensburgh.

1954 SCOUTER PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

Glimpses of nature - clouds, buds, flowers, flowering brandies, insects, birds, animals wild and domestic, trees, fruits and fungi, fishes, the weather, etc. etc.

Photographers are invited to send in photographs for the above competition.

(i) Photographs should not be less than half plate size.

(ii) The name and address of the competitor should be written on the back of each photograph.

(iii) Prizes of 10, 7, 5 and 3 guineas and fifteen prizes of 1 guinea will be awarded. Any other photographs used will be paid for at normal reproduction rates.

(iv) Photographs should be sent to The General Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, at any time of the year before the closing date, October 31st. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed for all photographs that have to be returned.

The Editor's decision is final.

SCOUT CANOE CRUISE - VII

There will be a Canoe Cruise on the Thames, from Leehlade to Pangbourne, during the week August 14-21, 1954, led by Percy Blandford (A.C.C., Warwickshire). The Thames is an interesting and attractive river without any great difficulties, and for this cruise boys with only slight canoeing experience will be accepted, providing they are over fourteen and able to swim at least fifty yards. The boys must provide their own camping gear and canoes, or arrange to share or hire. The cruise is divided into Patrols, each in charge of a Scouter. Applications are invited from Scouters and Rovers for these and other jobs on the cruise.

The Thames is normally a very expensive river for *any* type of boating, but for this cruise the Thames Conservancy have very generously granted us an exemption from registration and lock fees, giving a saving of about thirty shillings on each canoe. By joining the cruise you are able to do a Thames cruise which many people would otherwise find impossible because of the expense.

In the past many Senior Scout Patrols have cruised with us, as an alternative to their annual camp, either with or without their Scouters. Individual Scouts have come from most parts of the British Isles, and from places as distant as Egypt and Iceland. Canoes may be built or hired cheaply and there is no difficulty about transporting them by rail.

Further details and application forms are obtainable from The Editor, *The Scout*, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS FOR APRIL

3rd	Oxfordshire Wolf Cub Palaver	E. Dennis Smith
3rd/4th	Cardiff Cubmasters' Conference	Mrs. H. I. Addis
9th/10th	Glasgow Cub Conference	Mrs. H. I. Addis
24th	Wandsworth Annual General Meeting	J. F. Colquhoun
28th	Scarborough L.A. Annual General Meeting	F. Haydn Dimmock
28th	Bank of England Scout Society's Annual Dinner	Sir Rob Lockhart

B.-P. Guild

3rd Somerset Annual General Meeting, Taunton	Brig. E. E. Mockler- Ferryman
10th Suffolk Annual General Meeting	Brig. E. E. Mockler- Ferryman

SERVICE SCOUT LIAISON OFFICER

The Rev. A. H. Gibson, M.B.E., C.F., of Church House, Marlborough Lines, Aldershot, has been appointed S.S.L.O. to the Aldershot and Farnborough Scout District of Hampshire. Groups are requested to send him the names of all Scouts posted to Army units in Aldershot and Farnborough.

TWO NEW FILMS

The following titles have been added to the I.H.Q. Film Library:-
"The Secret of Falcon Castle." Sound film, black and white, 52 minutes. Hire charge 30/- first day, 10/- extra each additional day.

"Back to Gilwell." Documentary, silent, colour, 38 minutes. Hire charge 10/- first day, 4/- extra each additional day.

Apply to Publicity Secretary, Imperial Headquarters.

WOODBADGE COURSES

Gilwell Park

Cub Courses

No. 127 Monday, March 15th—Saturday, March 20th (Indoor)

No. 128 Sunday, May 9th—Friday, May 14th

No. 129 Sunday, May 30th—Friday, June 4th

No. 130 Monday, June 21st—Saturday, June 26th

No. 131 Monday, July 12th—Saturday, July 17th

No. 132 Monday, August 2nd—Saturday, August 7th

No. 133 Monday, August 23rd—Sunday, August 29th

Scout Courses

No. 227 Saturday, April 3rd—Sunday, April 11th

No. 228 Saturday, April 24th—Sunday, May 2nd

No. 229 Saturday, May 15th—Sunday, May 23rd

No. 230 Saturday, July 3rd—Sunday, July 11th

No. 231 Saturday, July 17th—Sunday, July 25th

No. 232 Saturday, August 7th—Sunday, August 15th

No. 233 Saturday, August 14th—Saturday, August 28th. (To be held in the Lake District. Scouters (5) specially invited)

No. 234 Saturday, August 21st—Sunday, August 29th

No. 235 Saturday, September 11th—Sunday, September 19th

Rover Courses

No. 11 Saturday, June 12th—Saturday, June 19th

No. 12 Monday, July 26th—Monday, August 2nd

Conditions of entry: Applicants for all Courses must hold an appropriate Warrant and have reached their twentieth birthday at the date of the Course. *Applications to:* Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, Chingford, E.4.

County Courses

A full list of Wood Badge dates, covering the whole of the United Kingdom, was published in the February issue. Up-to-date information about Courses can always be obtained from Gilwell Park.

Scotland (Fordell)

Cub, Cont. July 26th—31st Cub, Cont. Aug. 23rd—28th

Scout, Cont. July 10th—11th Scout, Cont. Aug. 7th—15th

Apply: The Secretary, Scottish Headquarters, 44 Charlotte Square,

[Edinburgh 2.

London (Gilwell Park)

Scout, 3 W.E. April 17th (assembling Saturday mornings)

Scout, 4 W.E. May 7th (assembling Saturday mornings except first week-end, when assemble Friday evening)

Scout, 5 W.E. Sept. 11th

Cub, 3 W.E. June 5th Cub, 3 W.E. June 26th

Cub, Cont. July 18th—23rd

Apply: The Secretary, London Office, 3 Cromwell Place, S.W.7

Cheshire West (Overchurch)

Scout, 4 W.E. May 22nd (incl. Whitsun).

Apply: J. H. V. Milton, 178 Liverpool Road, Great Crosby.

Gloucestershire (Cranham)

Scout, 4 W.E. April 17th (including Easter)

Apply: Major P. Buckle, The Ridge, Bourton on the Water.

Kent (Upnor and Training Ship *Arethusa*)

Scout, Cont. April 17th—25th. Sea Scouts specially invited

Apply: E. R. Bindloss, 43 Yardley Park Road, Tonbridge.

Leicestershire (John's Lee Wood)

Scout, 3 W.E. April 17th (omitting W.E. April 24'25, incl. Easter)

Apply: T. M. L. Walters, Granby Buildings, Granby Street, Lough Borough.

(Ullesthorpe)

Cub, Cont. June 5th—8th

Apply: Mrs. Pye, 4 Cowper Road, Hinekley. Nottinghamshire (Walesby)

Cub, Cont. April 16th—20th.

(Near Nottingham)

Scout, 4 W.E. May 15th (Whitsun W.E. at Walesby)

Apply: J. N. Davey, 38 Arno Vale Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham.

Somerset (Stogursey)

Scout, 4 W.E. June 12th

Apply: H. D. Sleight, 13 Charmouth Road, Bath.

Warwickshire (Rough Close, Coventry)

Scout, 3 W.E. June 5th (incl. Whitsun) Rover, 3 W.E. Sept. 11th

(Stratford-on-Avon)

Cub, 3 W.E. Nov. 20th (indoors)

Apply: P. W. Blandford, Quinton House, Newbold-on-Stour, Stratford-on-Avon.

Worcester (Kinver)

Cub, 3 W.E. June 5th (incl. Whitsun).

Apply: Miss R. Rimmer, Rectory Cottage, Areley Kings, Stourport-on-Severn

Yorkshire West and Central (Bradley Wood)

Scout, 4 W.E. May 22nd (incl. Whittun) Scout, Cont. June 5th-13th.

Apply: J. F. Wilson, Grinkle Dene, Linton, Nr. Wetherby, Yorks.

Cub, 2 W.E. July 24th (incl. August Bank Holiday)

Apply: Miss G. Barker, 17 Victoria Mount, Horsforth, Leeds.

Northern Ireland (Old Fort, Hillisborough)

Scout, 5 W.E. May 22nd Cub, 3 W.E. Aug. 14th

Apply: E. Moore, 50 Dublin Road, Belfast.

OPPORTUNITY

The Suffolk County Council, Boy Scouts of America, which is located on the eastern end of Long Island, has offered to accept a Boy Scout from this country to join them as their guest at their summer camp. Further information can be obtained from the International Commissioner, Imperial Headquarters.

COUNTY EVENTS

3rd/4th April Cardiff (S. Wales) Second Cub Scouters' Conference.

10th/11th April Wiltshire Senioree, Wardour Castle, Tisbury.

THE WAY TO A FINE CAREER

A comprehensive booklet entitled *The Way to a Fine Career*, giving details of the Army Apprentice and Boy Training Schemes, is available, free of charge. Scouters who wish to have a copy for reference or for passing on to Scouts who are interested should send a stamped, addressed, foolscap envelope to the Training Secretary at I.H.Q.

VISITS TO H.M. SHIPS AND ESTABLISHMENTS

Many Scouters may be unaware of the fact that it is possible to arrange for parties of Scouts to make day visits to H.M. Ships and Establishments.

Scouters who wish to arrange such visits should apply to the Training Department at I.H.Q. at least one month in advance. They should state the Establishment they wish to visit, the number of Scouts and Scouters in the party, and times of arrival and departure.

Accommodation for short periods and sea trips can occasionally be arranged for *First Class Sea Scours* in which case a fee (for food) of about 4s. is payable.

AWARDS FROM 26th NOVEMBER TO 30th DECEMBER, 1953 "CORNWELL SCOUT" CERTIFICATE.

D. W. Adams, Scout, 18th Itchen (Merry Oak School); A. Preedy, Patrol Second, 24th Beckenham; B. Wear, Wolf Cub Sixer, 4th Hong Kong; J. Weir, Scout, 12th Coventry (St. Margarat's C. of E.). *'in recognition of their high standard of character and devotion to duty.'*

MEDAL FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT.

B. Clayton, Patrol Leader; I. F. Gleadall, Patrol Leader, 1st Olton. *"In recognition of their resourcefulness and persistence when, whilst on a First Class Journey, August 1952, they discovered a newly-born baby wrapped in a sack and bleeding profusely. By their subsequent actions in rendering first aid and obtaining medical assistance the child's life was saved. They then, in spite of many difficulties put in their way, reported the circumstances to the Police and, with the assistance of the two Scouts, an arrest was eventually made.*

"The Chief Constable for Warwickshire has commended the two Scouts, stating that they dealt with the situation better than many adults would have done and demonstrated considerable presence of mind."

CERTIFICATE FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT

D. E. E. Juggins, Patrol Second, All Soul's (170th Handsworth, Birmingham).

"In recognition of his courage and fortitude despite a great handicap."

GILT CROSS.

Jamilkhir bin Hashim, Scout, 1st Krian (S), Perak, Malaya.

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a child from drowning in a river, Kedah, Malaya, 2nd September, 1953."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION GALLANTRY.

P. King, Wolf Cub, 5th Baihain and Tooting (Lady Downes Own).

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in going to the assistance of a child in danger of drowning in the sea, Bournemouth, 26th August, 1953."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT.

Buckinghamshire - J. A. Porter, C.M., 1st Slough.

Hampshire - D. O. Parker, G.S.M., 8th Gosport; G. C. Wilson, O.S.M., 7th Gosport.

Liverpool - G. H. Plunkett, A.D.C., Aintree and District.

"In recognition of their further outstanding services to the Scout Movement."

MEDAL OF MERIT

Bristol - L. E. G. Chapman, D.C., Brislington and St. Anne's.

Buckinghamshire - H. W. Bird, R.S.L., 1st Slough; Miss G. L. Marks, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Chesham District; Miss D. M. Norris, C.M., 2nd Amersham-on-the-Hill; E.3. Rowlandson, C.I.E., Chairman, County Scout Council; G. A. Sellers, S.M., 1st Eton; Rev. C.R. Warner, D.C., Beaconsfield District.

Cumberland North and East - D. M. Milligan, G.S.M., 17th Carlisle (Church of Scotland).

Derbyshire - Rev. G. A. L. Lloyd, G.S.M., 3rd Bolsover (Church).

Hampshire - Mrs. E. M. A. Lindsey, Badge Examiner, Southampton and District (Itchen Division); Miss B. H. W. Nimmo, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Gosport; E. Pennell, G.S.M., 11th itchen (Weston); A. H. Whitehead, Hon. Secretary, Gosport.

North-East Lancashire - H. Cooper, G.S.M., Bolton Road Congregational; A. Entwisle, G.S.M., Highfield Congregational.

South-East Lancashire - Mrs. M. C. Smith, C.M., 8th Leigh (St. John's), D.C.M., Leigh and District.

South-West Lancashire - Miss M. Dolan, D.C.M., St. Helens and District.

"In recognition of their outstanding services to the Scout Movement."

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

LH.Q. Appointments and Resignations

Appointment - Organising Commissioner, British Scouts in Western Europe: Lt.-Colonel D. G. Brodie.

Venturer Badge - Bushman's Thong

P.O.R. 434 has been amended by the addition of the following paragraph:- "On production of a Doctor's Certificate to the effect that the

Venturer Badge tests would be dangerous to a boy's health or physically impossible, the words 'of which the Venturer is obligatory' would not apply. The District Commissioner, however, must satisfy himself that the boy shows the qualities which would enable him, but for his handicap, to pass the Venturer Badge tests."

Advertisement Manager

Applications are invited for the full-time appointment of Advertisement Manager, who will be responsible for obtaining advertisements for inclusion in *Tim SCOUTER* and *The Scout* and should have had experience of advertising, preferably in connection with national monthly or weekly publications.

Apply in writing to: The Administrative Secretary, The Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Sub-Editor, "The Scout"

Applications are invited for the appointment of Sub-Editor of *The Scout*. Applicants should have experience in the production of a national weekly or monthly boys' paper and preferably some experience of Scouting. Youth and enthusiasm are essential qualifications.

Apply in writing to: The Administrative Secretary, The Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Adventure Scheme, 1954

Last year, a Coronation Adventure Scheme was held, the entries for which are now being considered by the Judges. The Competition will again be held in 1954. The prizes will go to the Troop Funds of the winners, the Competition being entered for the honour of the Troop.

Conditions of Entry

TEAM: Any one or two 1st Class Scouts between the ages of 15 and 18 years.

DATE: Any time between April 1, 1954 and March 1, 1955. There is no limit to the length of the adventure itself, provided it is completed by March 1, 1955.

NATURE: The adventure, which must be planned by the Scouts themselves, can take any form and can be undertaken in the British Isles or abroad.

COST: There is no limit to the cost but brief accounts must be included in the Report. Scout Law No. 9 must not be ignored. There will be no objection to entrants having received Grant Aid for their project.

ENTRIES: In order to enter for the Competition the following information will be required:

Full name and address.

Signature of approval of Parent or Guardian, G.S.M. and D.C. This may be written on a postcard and should be sent to the Training Secretary at I.H.Q.

A full report or log should be submitted by March 31, 1955.

This should include details of all equipment taken, details of all expenses, all necessary diagrams and/or photographs, and copies of maps used if not usually available. The adventure is the important thing and help may be given in the compiling of the log, the purpose of which is to give clear and concise information of the adventure.

Money prizes for Troop Funds will be allotted as follows:-

1st Prize	£20
Two 2nd Prizes	£15
The best Report from Scouts between 15 and 16 years of age who have not won one of the above prizes	£5
The best Report from Scouts between 16 and 17 years of age who have not won one of the above prizes	£5

Princess Elizabeth Birthday Fund -

As in 1952, two selected members of Youth Organisations will leave this country during mid July for a tour in Southern Rhodesia lasting approximately six weeks. No expense for travel or accommodation will fall upon the representatives between leaving this country and returning to it.

The Boy Scouts Association has been invited to nominate one representative who shall be over 18 and under 23 on May 17, 1954, to participate in final selection by the Committee of the Fund.

District Commissioners are invited to nominate suitable Rovers or Scouters who are able to take advantage of this tour. The following details will be required of each candidate:-

Full name.

Address.

Date of birth.

Scout rank.

Badges gained.

Brief Scout and general history, including details of any previous trips abroad.

These nominations should reach the Training Secretary before April 10, 1954. The selection of the Scout nominee will take place in London on Friday, May 7, 1954. The person selected would be required to attend a further Selection Committee on May 28th by the Committee of the Fund.

St. George's Day Scouts' Owns

At this time of year, L.H.Q. receives many enquiries from Groups and Districts for advice about Scout Funds which might benefit from collections at Scouts' Owns. Special objects which are suitable for these gifts are: Roland House; the B.-P. Memorial Fund; the Benevolent Fund.

Roland House is particularly deserving of consideration this year.

Easter Holidays

I.H.Q., including the Restaurant and the Scout Shops, will be closed from 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, April 15th, to 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday, April 20, 1954.

C. C. GOODHIND,
Administrative Secretary.

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

Chesham Bois Scouts present "Our Show 1954" their 21st Revue. Music and sketches by Ralph Reader. At Pioneer Hall, Chesham Bois, for nine nights. Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, March 25, 26th, 27th, April 1st, 2nd 3rd, and 8th, 9th and 10th. Tickets 3s. 6d. and 2s. from F. E. Davies, Lynthorpe, Waterside, Chesham, Bucks.

The 9th and 15th Stapney Groups present the "Stepney Clang Show" (by kind permission of Ralph Reader) at the Roland House Scout Hall, 29 Stepney Green, E1, on Thursday, 22nd, Fri. 23rd and Sat. 24th April at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s., 3s. 6d. and 5s. (all numbered and reserved) available from the Box Office Manager, G. H. Fall, 259 Stepney Way, London, E. 1. Special reductions for parties of organised Youth on Thursday, 22nd.

"Our Show, 1954" ... the Hertford Gang Show each evening 26th April to 1st May inclusive at the Corn Exchange, Hertford. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Saturday 6s. and 4s. Applications by post to Mr. A. A. Franklin, "Benalva," Farquhar Street, Hertford, Herts, not later than 9th April

Welcome to Wiltshire for the Annual Rover Moot, May 8th—9th, at Calne. Splendid panel of speakers, all meals provided. Programmes from R. T. Kemp, 31 Brittox, Devizes. (S.A.E. please.)

Middlesex Rover Moot - Gilwell, 22nd—23rd May. Applications, with 5s. camp fee, to Mr. F. Samuel, 367 Sulivan Court, Fulham, S.W.6.

Midland Counties Rover Moot, Rough Close, Warwicks, 29th—30th May. Early application appreciated. Barrie Clark, 23 Wordsworth Road, Coventry (stamp please).

Suez Canal Zone Reunion: 1954: Week-end 3rd and 4th July. For details write to Mr. E. Garrana, Roland House, 29 Stepney Green, London, E.1.

The First N.W. Kent Rover/Ranger Conference will be held in Bexleyheath on June 12th/13th. Full details obtainable from W. Hunus, 45 Percy Road, Bexleyheath.

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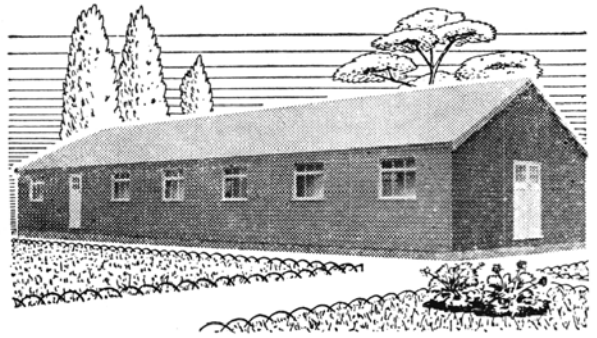
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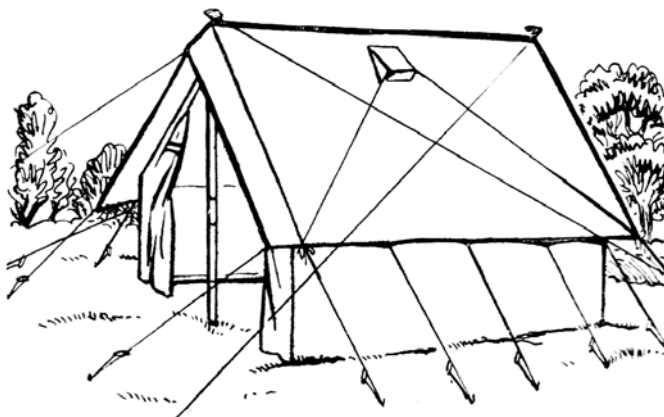
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