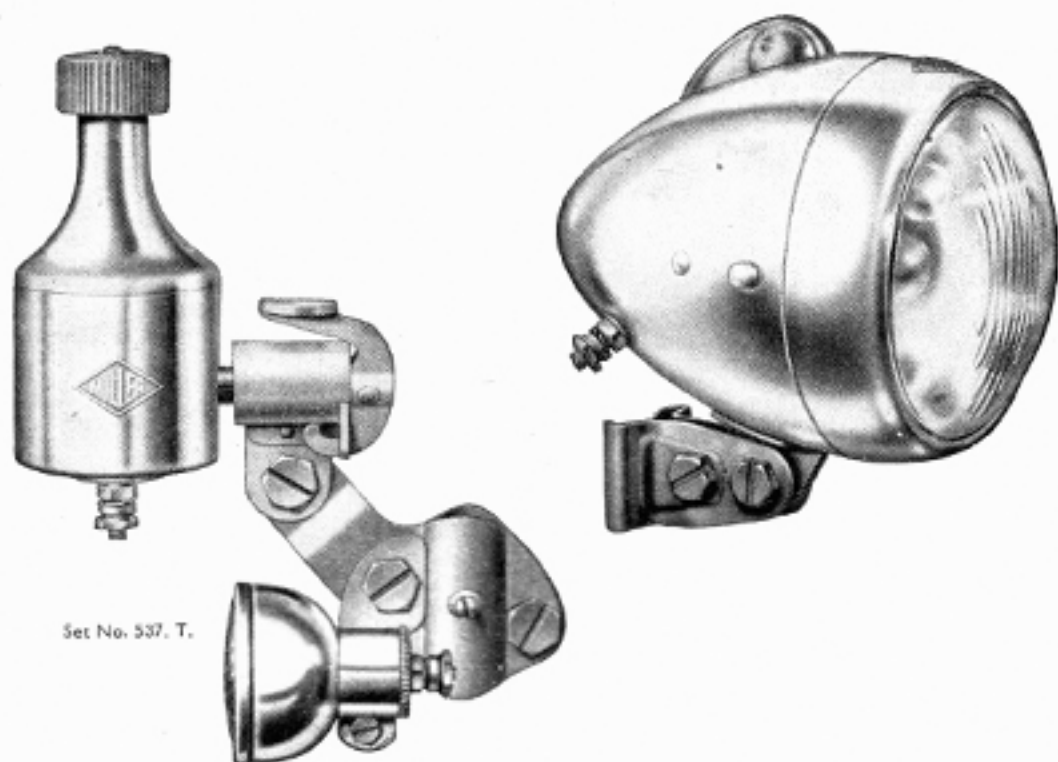


THE SCOUTER
JULY 1954 9^D

THE SCOUTS' SYMBOLS OF EFFICIENCY



Set No. 537, T.

★ The Despatch Rider or Messenger Badge is something to be mighty proud of. So are Miller Dynamo Lighting Sets, whose efficiency and reliability—like the famous Scout Motto "Be Prepared"—is second to none.



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DESPATCH RIDER BADGE:—"The bicycle must be properly fitted out with front light and rear lamp."

(Note to Scouts taking this Test: Examiners appreciate the smartness and efficiency of Miller Cycle Dynamo Sets.)



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(Note to successful messengers: — Miller Cycle Dynamo Lighting Sets give a strong white beam at all speeds.)

Video "Scout Badge Series No. 20." ★



THE OUTLOOK.

By THE CHIEF SCOUT

I had never toured the Mediterranean before, and so Cyprus, Greece and Gibraltar were all new to me, as was also the Viscount propeller jet plane in which we travelled. This is the smoothest and most silent that I have yet been in, almost completely free from the vibration which I find so trying with my leg. I was, therefore, feeling perfectly fresh when we arrived at Nicosia after stops at Rome and Athens.

Cyprus is the story of the Crusades: Crusaders' castles and monasteries and abbeys and churches are to be found everywhere. It has had a stormy history, having been at various times in the hands of Rome, our own Richard I, the Lusignan kings, Venice and Turkey, and it was during the Turkish regime that many of the great Crusader Churches were turned into mosques. There are four separate communities - the Greek, with about four-fifths of the total population, the Turkish with nearly one-fifth, and smaller communities of Armenians and British people. There are mountains in the North and the South and a wide central plain, very fertile, which produces large quantities of wheat and barley. There are also vineyards and citrus fruit plantations, and a large proportion of the fresh grapes which come on our market are grown in Cyprus and sent home in refrigerated ships. Famagusta is the only harbour, and nearby are still remains of the port where Paul and Barnabas landed and the causeway on which they went to the then flourishing city of Salamis.

We found the standard of Scouting generally pretty good, although, owing to lack of training in recent years, there are some weak Troops and Packs in certain localities. There are great problems of accommodation in most places, but at Famagusta they have been extraordinarily fortunate in being allowed to take over existing buildings on what is known as "The Ridge."

These were very simple affairs, but the Scouts have done a real job in decorating them and making the best use - of them, and the spirit is first-rate. In other districts we also saw some excellent adaptations and improvisations, and if the present political problems can be solved, Cyprus should go ahead. What do I remember best? A Turkish Troop who occupied a shelter at the end of the submarine telegraph cable. It is a dark shelter, but the Scouts have fixed up a series of mirrors which carry the sunlight round the corners until, in the end, it lights up a picture of the Queen.

A most effective device, and of course it is only the first mirror that needs to be adjusted to suit the position of the sun; the rest can be permanently fixed.

A blind Troop at Nicosia, in the Blind School there, who put on a really wonderful show - singing, dancing, signalling and a fire alarm.

The boys were on parade when the alarm went, but they were able to run at once straight for the door of the house and up the stairs.

They swarmed down a rope out of a window, lowered a boy, made a stretcher, gave him first-aid for bums, and carried him round to the balcony, where a small Patrol Leader, dressed up as a doctor, arrived in a pedal car, took out his bag and carried out the dressings. It was a wonderful demonstration of Scouting among the blind.

At another place there was the forepart of a ship, with mast, wheel, bell and binnacle. This was by far the best housed of all the Groups we visited, and very, very smart were the Sea Scouts and Cubs.

A Reform School, where Scouting has been going on for a long time with excellent results for the boys. It is in a windy spot, and much of the land was badly eroded, but it is a fine place now, thanks to the imagination of the headmaster and one of the house masters who is the Local Commissioner and Scoutmaster.

The Camp Fire at Larnaca with Scouts and Guides. Good stunts, good singing, good dancing, with every seat - 2,500 - in the Football Stadium filled.

We hail a Rally at Athalassa, a forestry estate, where there were some very fine Camps in excellent order and very clean and tidy. There was a Troop here from Kuwait with a number of American boys in this British Troop, and another smaller party from the Canal Zone.

At a meeting of the Scout Council His Excellency the Governor, appointed only a few months ago, took his Promise and I invested him, as a Scout. He came round the Camp with me and was very much impressed by all he saw.

It can get pretty hot in the low country and the central plain in the summer, but that doesn't worry the Scouts for they have a beautiful camp site up in the mountains at a place called Troodos at about 4,000 feet. There is a stream running through it, trees for shade and rocks to climb. The wild flowers are magnificent, and owing to the late spring-they were not yet past their best.

Many boys from outside the Island come to camp there and they are contemplating levelling some more ground to allow of more tents being pitched.



"Bred any good cooks lately?"

Mr. Douglas Williamson and his team are doing a very fine job indeed, and the welcome and enthusiasm everywhere were most heartening.

The Guides also had a Rally for me with all the communities represented. As I walked through their ranks to the rally ground they sang different songs of welcome in their own languages, and their dancing and other displays were excellent.

During our stay in Cyprus we flew down to the Canal Zone. What a change since I was there last in 1916! Moascar was then a tented camp on the sand; now there are fine houses, green lawns and well-equipped buildings, although there are still some 'camps in the surroundings. An excellent little Rally with Service Rovers, Scouts and Cubs. Some Greek Rovers were also present, and in the evening a first-rate Camp' Fire. Sir Francis Festing was himself a Scout, and assured me that Scouting was an absolute Godsend to the whole Zone. Major Wallace, Commissioner for British Scouts in Egypt, brought us messages from the Ambassador, from the Italian, Armenian and Greek Associations, and also from the International Commissioner of the Egyptian Scouts. They are having a terribly difficult time, but Sir Francis told me that the health record was the best in any Command, and it was quite evident that the morale was tremendously high. The Rev. Ken Oliver has just come home to the Guards Chapel, and Sir Francis Festing to be G.O.C. Eastern Command. They will be sadly missed, but Scouting is firmly established and will, I am sure, continue. On all sides I heard tributes paid to the Camp Chief's Deputy, Ken Stevens, who was out there running courses a year ago.

Our next port of call was Greece, where Scouting is at an immensely high level, and which I had looked forward to visiting for so long. Mr. Benaki, the Chief Scout, had asked me on many occasions to make time to visit his country, but, alas! I was too late to have him as my guide. Early this year he was seriously ill, and although I had hoped to be able to see him, the doctors forbade any visitors, and during the last few days I had news of his death. He was a man of commanding presence and great charm, with a burning love of his country and of beauty and craftsmanship in all their manifestations. A familiar and well-loved figure at all International gatherings, he was for a time a member of the International Committee, where he was a wise counsellor and guide. A great Scout and a great man. Scouting in Greece owes more to him and his leadership than we can estimate. After a long and full life he has "Gone Home," but we shall all have affectionate memories which we shall cherish, and his spirit will live on in the Scouts whom he loved so well.

In Greece, every name almost is familiar, and somehow the past is ever present. There was no time to go up to the border villages where Scouting has done so much in bringing back the children who suffered so sadly during the war to a decent way of life, nor to the earthquake-shattered villages and towns, where the Scouts rose so magnificently to the occasion and lived up to their Promise in their service to those who had lost everything. But the Groups we did visit were a real inspiration, full of enthusiasm, with magnificently decorated Headquarters, the craftsmanship of a very high order, and the welcome we received from Scouts, mayors, councillors and parents was far beyond all expectations.

One day we drove down to Mycenae and Nauplia and shook hands with the Scouts of Argos, the descendants of the Argonauts who sailed with Jason in quest of the Golden Fleece. The ancient city of Mycenae - 1500 or 1600 B.C. - with the Lion Gate and Agamemnon's Tomb, displays the majesty of Ancient Greece, while Delphi at the foot of Mount Parnassus shows the beauty of 500 to 600 B.C. Here met the ancient kings to settle their differences in council; here too was the famous oracle and the Temple of Apollo. The situation is indescribably lovely, and the wild flowers - the poppies a deep crimson - were such as I have never seen before. I was told that there are over 1,500 different varieties of wild flowers and flowering shrubs in Greece, and I can well believe it.

I went to Pyrgos Vasilissis, their Gilwell, where a Patrol Competition was being held, and was immensely impressed by the quality of the boys and the Scouting. The competition ended in a tie between a Patrol, one of whose members was the Crown Prince, and a Patrol from one of the poorest parts of Athens.

I was also at a Cub Rally at Chalandri, where Euripides was born.

Our Ambassador, Sir Charles Peake, who was with B.-P. at the first Humshaugh Camp in 1908, is tremendously popular with the Greek Scouts in whom he takes a great interest.

Luncheons, dinners, receptions, filled in the gaps in a crowded programme. The Mayor of Athens received me most warmly, and Mr. Sophianos, the President, Mr. Geo. Zalacostas, the International Commissioner, and of course, Rann Alexatos, were constant and delightful companions. His Majesty the King received me at the Palace. He is a wonderful supporter of Scouting, and takes his son in Scout uniform on his tours during the school holidays.

If I have kept my visit to the Benaki Museum till the last, it is only because Scouting was the main object of my visit. The late Mr. Benaki was a wealthy man and started in his youth making a collection which must be unrivalled in the world. The immensely wide variety covers every phase of Greek life and Greek artistry from Ancient Greece to recent times, damascened firearms, icons, wood carvings of incredible delicacy, illuminated manuscripts, jewels, pottery, and last, but not least important, the costumes, now dying out, worn in the different regions of Greece, with the most lovely embroidery in traditional patterns, and drawn thread work, and the accompanying jewels, necklaces, bangles and brooches. Such a collection could not now be made. They are the sort of things that were little valued at the time except by those who created the beauty that they embrace and typify.

The evening before we left we visited the Acropolis. What a close to a wonderful tour! Dominating the city, it represents, perhaps the highest achievement of Greek Art, and even to-day, as a ruin, one can imagine St. Paul as he preached on Mars Hill, looking up at those noble columns.

The next evening we were in the Capitol at Rome. There I was received by the Mayor, another keen Scout whose sons are in the Movement, and after a delightful talk in the Red Room and a view of the Council Chamber, we went into the main hall where there were representatives of Scouts and Cubs from both the Associations, for I was to receive, at the hands of their Chief Scouts, their highest Scout awards, the Silver Eagle of the A.S.C.I. and the Gold Medal of Merit of G.E.I. Unfortunately, Sr. Rossi, the Chief Scout of G.E.I., had had an accident, and while Osvaldo Monass of A.S.C.I. gave me the Silver Eagle, Avv. Ercole Graziadei, Vice-President of G.E.I., gave me the Medal of Merit. I had no idea until I looked at the programme for Rome in the plane from Athens that I was to receive these awards, which were a tribute to British Scouting. It was a grand gathering and I told the Cubs surely the Wolf Cubs of Rome must be very special Wolf Cubs, with memories of Romulus and Remus. We were afterwards shown round the Museum in the Capitol, built on the ancient site with designs by Michelangelo. A dinner followed with leaders of the Guides and Scouts of both Federations.

Life had been pretty hectic so far, and I was days behind with my diary and letters, but when I came to pack next morning I must have left my diary behind and so I could at least do nothing more about that.

We went down to the Headquarters of the Federation to discuss various points on leakage and finance, with Dr. Catani and other Commissioners. There are very special problems in Italy, for, unfortunately, owing to the very heavy unemployment, any attempt to do Bob-a-Job would almost certainly cause hard feelings against the scouts. Otherwise their problems and ours are very similar.

Lunch, off the largest steak I have had since Canada in 1946, at an old fourteenth-century inn frequented by Dante, and we were off to Malta. His Excellency, Sir Gerald Creasy, whom I had met previously, is coming to the end of his term, and had moved out to Verdala, built by one of the Grand Masters of the Order of St. John. Standing on the top of a hill it is cool in summer.

So after shaking hands with Captain Price, the Chief Commissioner, and others and inspecting their smart Guard of Honour, I drove out there and had a quiet evening.

Cyprus had the Crusades, Greece and Rome marked two ages of empire and world leadership. At Malta the Knights of St. John dominate, or did dominate, its history until the miraculous resistance to the siege during the last war.



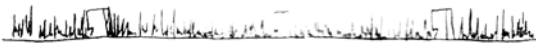
THE SCOUTERS PICTURE GALLERY No. 2
THE SHOE MENDER

After visits to officials, the Archbishop, who was at school with Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop Downie and Archbishop Godfrey, and Lord Mount-batten in his capacity as Supreme Allied Commander of the Mediterranean, and also, of course, as Commodore Sea Scouts, we had a luncheon given by Captain Price and his wife. After lunch I visited a handicapped Rover who has shown wonderful courage after years of paralysis.

In the evening we went to the Island Headquarters at Floriana, a wonderful place where there was some excellent handicraft in an exhibition, before dining with Lord and Lady Mount-batten. Our Commodore Sea Scouts is doing all he possibly can, and that is a great deal, to help Scouting in Malta. Other functions during the next few days were, a Rally of Guides and Brownies; a visit to the Sea Scout Guardship where Commander Gibbs, R.N., is doing a wonderful job with the Sea Scouts; a Camp Fire, excellently run by Col. Abela and a helicopter flight to Gozo, an island to the North of Malta. We were coming back from there by helicopter to attend a Rally on the huge Floriana Parade Ground, but the authorities thought it would be dangerous to land there with a crowd of boys. I wish they could have seen where we did land at Gozo! There is a playground attached to the Salesian Oratory, not a very big one, but it was gaily decorated with bunting stretched across from side to side and filled with boys. Through a mistake, our pilot thought that was where we had to go, and there we went. It was a great thrill for the boys, as it will probably be the last time a helicopter will ever land there; it was certainly the first! This is the only Group functioning in Gozo, but they were a grand little lot, and it is a lovely island where we were most hospitably entertained by Captain de Trafford, who, along with his wife, has done much for Scouting. We had a tour of the island, broke the starter cable of his car, and rejoined the helicopter for the big Rally.. This was a most impressive affair. Some of these Scouts are really very good indeed and while there are weaknesses in some Groups, Captain Price has done a magnificent job. He is one of those quiet, humble men to whom the world owes so much. He didn't want the Silver Wolf. He felt he hadn't earned it, and when I had offered it to him previously had asked that I should not press him. After meeting him, and seeing the tremendously high regard in which he was held by everybody I was determined to give it to him, and from the way it was received he should at least, for all his humility, have no doubt of the opinion of others.

Next day, thanks to the kindness of Lord Mountbatten, we embarked on H.M.S. *Cheviot* for Gibraltar; three perfect days with nothing to do but look at the sea and watch ships that passed from time to time. It was a really "happy ship," but, my goodness! how they do pack people into destroyers! One hundred and eighty officers and men, stores, ammunition, engines, every kind of electronic gear. It was a grand experience. After days of sunshine and cool winds, it was a sticky, misty day when we arrived at Gibraltar, still thrilled by the Queen's visit. The Rock is a wonderful place, but you need good engines and good brakes if you are going very far on it. St. Michael's Cave is a natural formation of limestone, and immensely impressive.

It was re-discovered in the middle of the last century and fresh exploration has opened up other caves. There is one natural passage which has been followed about 24 miles under the sea, where they came to an opening too narrow to get through. Legend has it that the apes used this passageway to reach Gibraltar from the African Coast.



"it's those darn Scouts again."

The view from the top of the Rock is superb, and the steep sides provide Gibraltar with most of its water, the rain being guided into huge reservoirs, also quarried out of the rock and containing about 144 million gallons. The apes didn't play, they were absent when we tried to visit them. I suppose they thought that after their time with the Queen and the Duke of Cornwall and the little Princess they couldn't be bothered with -people like us!

There are five Groups in Gibraltar, two Sea Scout, one Air Scout and two Boy Scout, and very smart they are. They all have Headquarters of their own, generally on Service property; and when you consider the number of boys available, it is no mean feat to have produced ten Queens Scouts to receive their Certificates at the Rally which was held for us. Camping is, of course, the great problem there. Normally they can camp in Spain - in plain clothes - but owing to present difficulties that is out; they hope to come to some arrangement which will enable them to go across to Tangier and camp there. Mr. Isola, who has fairly recently taken over the Commissionership, is doing a fine job, and Sir Gordon Macmillan, the Governor, is thoroughly involved, as his wife was a keen Guider in Renfrewshire before her marriage, and their eldest daughter is a Brown Owl. Luncheons and dinner parties followed in quick succession, and there could have been very few, if any, of the leading people on the Rock whom we didn't meet personally; and what delightful people they are and how tremendously helpful! On the last evening the Scouts put on a show which went with a swing, and everybody enjoyed themselves, including the performers. It was sad to say "farewell" but it had to be, and on the way home we had the most glorious views of the countryside, the tangled brown hills' of Spain, the little fields of France, the vast sweep, visible almost from end to end, of the Biscay Coast, and then suddenly as we approached the coast of home ten-tenths cloud. I like getting a good shot on the cine to finish the tour. This time it was the white, fleecy clouds with the sun shining, and then the mist and darkness enshrouded the plane as we met an English summer. Perhaps I had better say "British" because we haven't done too badly in the North.

It was a wonderful tour, intensely interesting and very inspiring, with B.-P.'s family of brothers and sisters working happily together in spite of religious and racial differences. Why can't we all work like this?

You will remember that in her Empire Day message to the youth of the Commonwealth and Empire, the Queen asked us all for our prayers for her as at her Coronation. Will you ask all your Scouts and Cubs to use the short prayer we used at that time, so that we may follow her wishes? We hope soon to have it printed on a card, but I expect you have it put away somewhere. In case, however, you have not, here it is:-

"Thank you, Father, for our Queen who shares with us our Promise and our Law.

"Give her health and strength to carry the load which is placed upon her, and as we pray for her at this time, let her feel the love of all her people sharing her joys and her labours.

"Help me to prove my loyalty by doing my duty more faithfully to You and to her. So may she be happy and glorious, long to reign over us, God save the Queen. Amen."

Will you not only tell your Cubs and Scouts about it, but also mention it to other Scouters, who perhaps don't take in THE SCOUTER" (although I wish they would), so that this time there may be no doubt about it reaching you all?

ROWALLAN

“GOING ABROAD . . . ?”

It happened last year that a party of Scouters was invited by the Austrian Scouts of the Vorarlberg to spend a day exploring that lovely province. There were about thirty of us and we must have belonged to twenty different nations. We were also of several different colours but all of us were in uniform.

As we reached the Austrian frontier from Liechtenstein a frontier guard looked into our motor coach and asked in German “Who are here?” “All nations” was the reply of the Austrian Scouter in charge, and without any examination of passports or custom formalities we were waved on into Austria.

Now I don’t believe that such a thing would have happened if instead of being Scouts we had been an ordinary party of tourists. But our uniform and the international good name of the Scout Movement served as our passport. Our bona fides was guaranteed.

We are now on the threshold of the 1954 camping season and many Scouters will be taking their Troops abroad. I want to wish you luck and good Scouting and to ask you to be mindful of our special international privileges and responsibilities as Scouts.

International Scouting brings thrills and adventures of a very special kind but it demands the best from us. By this I mean that we must all take care that the highest possible standards are set and maintained while we are Scouting abroad. A great fund of international goodwill towards Scouting already exists. Let no one do anything to diminish it.

Rather let each of us try to add to it through good turns and new friendships. Above all let nothing be done or said to the discredit of Scouting or to the detriment of its good name.

I would ask you particularly to bear in mind the following last-minute tips.

Be Prepared. - Know before you go abroad what you want to do and see. Encourage your Scouts to find out before leaving as much as they can about the country they are visiting. Pay your hosts the compliment of knowing a little of their country’s recent history and then, with them, seek to make it come alive to your boys.

Be Purposeful. - Let your visit have a good Scout purpose behind it, for we want no mere tourists in uniform. We all have much to learn from brother Scouts abroad and their ideas are often as good as ours. Find out how they do their Scouting and why their ways differ from ours.

Be Vocal. - By that I don’t mean merely noisy, but ready to talk and to express the feelings of friendliness that a Britisher often bottles up. Our “reserve” is proverbial and is often, mistaken abroad for a sense of superiority. So try to show that British Scouts are as warm hearted and friendly as any others. And if you and your Scouts have taken the trouble to learn a bit of the language of the country beforehand you will find an abundant response of friendliness. It is not sufficient merely to talk English more loudly when you find you are not understood. Why should it be? If a Scout in London from abroad were to ask you the way to I.H.Q. and when you didn’t understand merely shouted more loudly in double Dutch you would not find it very helpful either.

And do please sing. Learn some of the songs of the country and hold an international Camp Fire. Friendships are often made that way. Teach some of your Scouts to welcome your guests in their own language and then send them home singing a British Scout song.

Be Correct. - The British have a name for correct behaviour and certain Scout courtesies are essential abroad. Make sure that the National Headquarters of the country you are visiting knows when you are coming and where your Camp is to be. This part is done through the International Department of I.H.Q., and if you have not yet notified us of your plans please do so immediately. Never arrive unexpectedly and expect a lot of help.

You’ll probably get it but it’s not fair to ask for it on such terms.

WHY SCOUTMASTERS GROW OLD QUICKLY.....!



Don’t forget, too, that the leader (at least) of every party should have an International Letter of Introduction from I.H.Q. and should produce this to the nearest Headquarters or Commissioner of each country visited. And of course it goes without saying that camping standards and personal turn-out and behaviour must be of the very best at all times.

Be Modest. - When abroad it is *you* who will be the foreigners, so go to learn and not to criticise. Above all go with no preconceived ideas. Accept people as you find them and they will do the same with you. Throwing your weight about goes down as badly abroad as it does at home, and good sound British Scouting will do more to commend you to friendship than any amount of big talk.


Keep in Touch. - Don’t let Scout friendships begin abroad and end when you leave for home. Encourage Patrols and Scouts to keep in touch with the Scouts they meet and see that the Group is kept posted with news of their doings. And invite some of them to your camp next year. No Group worth its salt should, in my opinion, ever hold a summer camp in Britain without inviting a brother Scout from abroad to share in it.

So “Good International Scouting” to you all. Please send me news of your experiences abroad and may they all be happy ones.

ROBIN GOLD,

International Commissioner.

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R.R.S. DISCOVERY

The time has come when I can write to you about *Discovery*. The Admiralty has agreed to take over the ship, and she will presently return to her old moorings, as an additional training ship for use by the R.N.V.R. As a result of our suggestion when we offered the ship to the Admiralty last year, discussions are now taking place with the London Division of the R.N.V.R. as to facilities for Sea Scouts to use her during weekends for training purposes.

During the past eighteen months a great number of negotiations have taken place in an attempt to save the historic ship from destruction, and as these were highly confidential it has not been possible to make a statement until now.

I am exceedingly sorry that it has not been possible to retain *Discovery* for the sole use of Scouts, but we just had not got the money, and saw no prospect of being able to get enough to maintain her for any appreciable number of years. It is right that the Movement should know the facts. I wish that they could have been stated before.

Many of you will not know that many years ago we had another ship on the Thames. In 1919 T.S. *Northampton* was transferred to us by the Marquis of Northampton and was rented from the Admiralty, but had to be given up in 1921 for lack of funds to maintain her. It was natural, therefore, that when R.R.S. *Discovery* was offered to B.-P. in 1936, the Committee of the Council was reluctant to accept the offer, and only agreed to do so when Lady Houston offered the munificent gift of £30,000 as a maintenance fund. With other small grants the fund amounted to about £33,000, of which about £5,000 was spent in refitting the ship and bringing her to her moorings against the Thames Embankment. The balance of the fund at 30th September, 1937, was £28,707. With the prices prevailing at that time, there seemed no reason to doubt that the ship could be maintained indefinitely from the income from the fund, augmented by receipts from visitors.

Despite the steep rise in prices during the war, the fund still stood as high as £26,511 at 31st March, 1947, and even at 31st March, 1949, it was £24,631. But from that date the situation deteriorated rapidly. Many arrears of repairs had to be overtaken, and in the four years to 31st March, 1953, £5,513 was spent on refitting and £18,067 on running expenses. Moreover, as Lady Houston's donation consisted of 3½ per cent War Loan Stock, which like other Government securities had depreciated heavily, losses on periodical sales to meet the deficits amounted to £3,976. Despite receipts of £7,886 during that period (including £2,000 from the general funds of I.H.Q.), the fund had been reduced to £3,995 in War Stock (the market value of which was only £3,047) and £543 cash - not enough to keep the ship going for another year, and not enough to cover the cost of removing her if she had to be disposed of.

Since March 1949 the Committee of the Council had been carefully considering what steps could be taken to save the ship. They were faced with the prospect of constantly rising costs of repairs, as the ship grew older, and with the necessity of increasing the number and pay of the staff if she was to be maintained. The estimated gross cost for the future was £7,000 a year, towards which they could not rely upon an income of much more than £1,000. A fund which would produce at least £6,000 a year for a substantial number of years was needed. Anything from £60,000 to £100,000 would have been needed, and that would only have maintained the ship for ten to fifteen years.

Nevertheless, an appeal to the public was considered on several occasions, but expert advice was discouraging, and could point to the difficulties which were being experienced by other appeals at that time. Then came the appeal for the *Cutty Sark*. It was unthinkable that we should try to compete with it and, unfortunately, a joint appeal was not possible. A subsequent attempt by persons outside the Movement to raise the necessary funds resulted in failure.

Some Scouters have asked "Why did we not appeal to the Movement?" Frankly, we did not feel justified in doing so, on top of the Bob-a-Job 2s. a head. We must keep a sense of proportion in these things.



(Photo by Alan B. Stone)

TOM FLARETY of LAXI ST. LOUIS SEA SCOUTS TAKES THE HELM OF THE WHALER DRAKE WHILE CRUISING UP THE OTTAWA

The numbers using *Discovery* form a very small percentage of the whole Movement, and indeed quite a small percentage of Sea Scouts.

To raise £6,000 a year from the Movement would have meant 44. a head from all ranks (equivalent to 12s. for every Sea Scout in the country). And that would have raised enough for one year only. We might have got it for the first year, but what prospect was there of maintaining it year after year?

It has also been suggested that we ought to have asked for grants from outside bodies. But we did. Many possible source of help were approached, but found themselves unable to help. For all these reasons the Committee felt - and I agreed with them - that there were only two alternatives. Either the ship must be disposed of for breaking up, or it must be handed over to a body which would undertake the responsibility of maintaining her. Obviously, the second alternative was preferable, and after long negotiations we have succeeded in carrying it through. The ship will be well maintained by the Admiralty; she will be moored where the public are accustomed to seeing her; and there is every hope that Sea Scouts will be able to get some training facilities on her. It has been said she is a national heritage; now the nation will look after her.

Now that the financial burden is off our shoulders the Committee will consider what they can do to provide alternative training and hostel facilities.

I realise and share the regret which is being felt by many in the Movement at the loss of Scott's old ship. It is a blow and no mistake. But now that the facts can be told I am sure that the Movement will realise that there was no alternative, and accept the fact that I.H.Q. did all they could, first to save the ship for Scouting and then to ensure that she would not be broken up.

ROWALLAN



7. ONE MAN'S MEAT

Some years ago, when Dr. Hugh Cott was carrying out his researches into the question of taste and colour, I acted as one of his "guinea-pigs" and, at his request, I ate some rather unusual things. The problem he was investigating need not concern us here - it was to do with bright colours in mammals and birds, "warning" colours and so forth, and whether or not there was any relation between such colours and a nasty taste when it came to eating the wearers - but the experience has remained with me as, in some cases, a vivid memory.

Actually, I did not come to Dr. Cott's investigations quite "green." I had, being of an enquiring turn of mind, eaten some odd things before. Indeed, this had started at a very early age. I used, to the horror and disgust of my nurse, to eat coal when I was a small boy. This did not mean that I was starved for any particular vitamin (which would be the modern scientific explanation); it merely meant that there was a lot of coal around (I was born in Wales) and that I liked the look of it. I forget now if I also liked the taste of it - I suppose that I must have done so* but it certainly did not do me any harm. And then I remember watching the cat eating a sparrow and wondering what sparrows tasted like, and if they were really as good as the cat made out. So - I really was a horrible little boy - after a good deal of effort I killed a sparrow and ate it. And I have been eating odd things ever since. My digestion, incidentally, remains excellent.

Of course, what is odd to one person in the way of food is not necessarily odd to another. A great deal depends on your nationality. For instance, the Chinese regard birds' nest soup as a great luxury: we think that is rather funny. On the other hand, we like pork and bacon: there are millions of people in the world who regard both as simply disgusting, and just cannot understand how we can eat them. Again, in France they eat frogs. They do not think it is at all odd to do so. We think it is very odd indeed. Frogs are not at all to our taste, though in fact they are jolly good to eat.

And then again, quite apart from nationality, a great deal depends on how you were brought up and where. In France, snails are eaten in the normal course of events by all sorts of people. Most "educated". English people would not dream of eating snails - except, perhaps, as a rather out-of-the-way dish on a very special occasion, and then they would only have the Edible Snails, which are imported from France in tins or jars and cost a lot of money. Actually, there are plenty of this particular sort of snail in England. You can collect them from the hedgerows for nothing, but the person who would eat them out of a tin, paying a high price, would not dream of collecting them from the local hedgerow free - which is really very odd indeed.

And it gets odder. Because, you see, there are a great many English country folk who eat snails regularly. They have not been brought up to think that it is odd to do so, and they have never heard of these tinned French snails.

** I left off writing at this point, went to the scuttle and got a bit of coal and ate it, just to see. Whatever may have been my tastes as a small boy I most definitely do not like the stuff now.*

Moreover, they do not just eat what is known as the "edible" snail: they eat the ordinary large garden snail as well. And then, there are lots and lots of townspeople who would not dream of eating a snail, who would be disgusted at the very idea, but who do eat "wallfish." And wallfish are just snails, the ordinary common garden snails. And there are lots of other people who would not dream of eating wallfish (not that they have any idea that they are snails) and who would shudder at the idea of eating a snail, but who just love winkles - and winkles are snails.

So, you see, a good deal depends on the name. A good deal also depends on "sentiment." Before the war, English people were horrified at the idea of eating horse, though horse has always been eaten on the Continent. This was not anything to do with the edible quality of horse: it was just that the horse occupied a special place in our affections. Actually, lots of people have eaten horse-meat without having any idea that it was horse-meat, and they have liked it very much. A good deal, you see, depends on what you know: if you do not know, you will eat quite happily. A name is as powerful as that.

Some years ago, I was having a meal with gypsies. I have had many meals with gypsies - I have lived with them and travelled with them - and I know that it is "not done" to ask what is in the pot. But this time there was a wonderful stew. It was so wonderful that I had two whacking helpings of it: it was so wonderful that I could not resist asking what it was. There was a dead silence for a moment or two (for it was really very rude of me) and then, because they knew me very well, they smiled and told me. "That was rat," they said.

Now, if anyone had told me that I was going to eat rat, I should probably have been sick. But I had had two great helpings of it, and I was not sick. I liked it very much. You see, if you do not know what you are eating you will eat it - and probably like it.

It is the knowing that matters. The thing about odd foods is to know what you are eating and still eat them. And there are a great many things, like snails, in the English countryside that can be eaten (and enjoyed) and are not eaten because of this power of a name.

I have eaten quite a lot of different small birds. Bullfinch and robin are uneatable - and bullfinch makes you sick - but many are very good eating indeed, and, of course, many are eaten on the Continent. But we will not waste time on the small birds, because you cannot eat them anyway. Most of them are protected now and you would get into trouble for killing them.

Some of the bigger birds, which have to be killed every now and then in order to protect crops and so forth, are, however, very good to eat. Jays have to be shot sometimes - to protect the garden peas, for instance - and jays are excellent eating. But, remember, you only eat the breast. There is not much on a jay, and you have the breast on toast as a savoury. Rook lie you will know all about, and pigeon pie. Magpies are not at all bad either, though the taste is rather bitter and they need a lot more cooking. Most of the water-birds are excellent eating, of course - but not heron. Herons used to be regarded as a luxury in England. But I have tried several, and I must say that I do not like them at all. Most of the sea-birds, the gulls and so on, are too strong to be palatable. Really, except for the jay and the rook, I should keep off birds if I were you.

The mammals are quite different. Grey squirrels are really excellent eating - and you can get recipes for cooking them from the Ministry of Food and from the Ministry of Agriculture - yet comparatively few people will eat them. I can never understand why. You have only got to think of the sort of life that a grey squirrel leads and the sort of food that it eats to realise that it ought to be just as good to eat as a wild rabbit - and, as a matter of fact it is.

Rats I have told you about. Country rats, anyway, are jolly good. It's the name that counts here, and not the animal. I have also tried moles (horrible beyond description: do not try them) and otter, which I did not like - it was too oily, like whale meat, but not nearly so nice: indeed, otter gave me indigestion. Badger is, of course, very good indeed and has always been regarded as a real luxury. Fox - and the idea of eating a fox makes most people shudder - is also quite all right, though a little stronger, than we are normally accustomed to.



(Photo by Mark Joseph)

SUCCESS!

And, again, if you think of the normal food of a fox, you will see that there is no reason why it should not be. But it is tough meat, and I do not recommend it (as I do grey squirrel most strongly); in any case, badger and fox are not easy to come by.

I have not yet said anything about the fruits of the countryside. We are very conservative about wild plants, and we do not eat many of them because we are afraid of being poisoned. Indeed, even mushroom picking is going out of fashion and people prefer to buy their mushrooms from shops, because they are afraid that what they think is a mushroom is not and that they may be poisoned. There are a great many fungi in the British countryside that are very good to eat, and there are not many common ones that are poisonous. You can get two excellent little King Penguins with coloured plates which will tell you which is which and how to distinguish them. And if you do, then you will find great delight and much that is quite wonderful to eat. It's just a question of finding out and experimenting. Of using initiative.

And, talking of initiative, I was telling that rat story to a London audience last year. It was an adult audience, but there are a few Scouts present. At question time it was evident that jolly few people intended to try rat for luncheon - though with onion and a little garlic and mixed vegetables they really do make a marvellous stew. But one of the Scouts, a small boy, stood up and asked what about mice? He did not think that he could get a rat, but he knew where he could get plenty of mice and what were mice like? And I had to admit that I had never tried mice - they have always seemed to be a bit small: you would have to have so many to make a decent helping. The Scout obviously took a poor view of this, and announced that he would eat some and let me know what they were like. I did not expect to hear any more - I thought that mother would be sure to intervene. But he ate his mice, and he let me know. That is the sort of spirit I like, that is the sort of mother I like - but, oh, how I dislike mice!

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.

8. A DOCTOR IN THE CAMP

(ii) *Certain Health Problems*

Doctors

On the whole, doctors are friendly, but busy, and during the summer their partners are all away on holiday, and so they have extra work to do. So if you are thinking of sending for the doctor, count 10, and decide precisely what you want him to do.

Make certain, then, that you use him to do things that only he can do. In short, you will only want him to diagnose and treat unknown complaints, or to give advice in moving serious accidents. He need not come to apply minor first aid. If you can, give him the opportunity to give advice over the telephone.

Hospitals

Hospitals sometimes take a very long time to digest the casualty, so try to go as early as possible in the day, and take something to eat. If they ask you to attend daily for dressings, point out that each attendance may involve half a day, and alternative arrangements can often be made. A note to take to the boy's own doctor on return home can be helpful.

Ambulances

Use 999 calls only if you are really in a hurry. The Telephone Book will give the County Ambulance Number. Always accompany the patient to hospital, and let the ambulance people know this in advance, as it may save an orderly.

Injuries

Stitching of cuts and big dressings are always best done at hospital, where sterile dressings are readily available, and once a wound is properly treated it may not need attention for three or four days.

Fractures are always treated at hospitals, and will need an X-ray - as will cases suspected of being fractures.

Do not call the doctor for these unless there is severe shock, or you want advice about moving the patient - otherwise he can do no more than apply the same first aid principles as you do. Get the patient to hospital.

Temperatures and Undiagnosed Complaints

It has to be decided 'whether or not to send a boy home, or -to hospital, and for this you need the advice of the doctor or district nurse. It is miserable to be ill in camp, but each case must be judged on its merits. Above all, take no risks - use your thermometer and common sense and all will be well.

Infantile Paralysis

Opinions differ on this disease, but, if polio is about, it is wise to avoid populous areas and to do no strenuous exercise. All boys with headaches or vague pains in the limbs should lie low for twenty-four hours until it is clear that nothing is developing. If in doubt, ask the doctor's advice.

Food Poisoning

This is usually the result of -1 hygiene; it means there is a chink in the defences. Examine closely all precautions, and make sure things are being done properly - there must be no loopholes, especially with the latrines, washing of hands, flies, pits, and food stores. For the disease itself, it is generally as well to leave things to nature unless it is a severe attack, in which case the doctor can help.

Burns

First aid - Sodli Bic dressings, and if very painful immerse the burn in the solution. Then it is always wise to get the bum properly dressed and cleaned in hospital - unless it is a little burn.

Never put anything on a burn that won't come off easily and painlessly. I shudder even now to remember a soldier who applied wet sand to his petrol burns as his first aid method.

Sometimes it is necessary to treat the bums with a skin graft, so it is doubly important to see the initial treatment is correct.

This is another reason for taking the patient to hospital in the first place.

Sunburn

Truly, prevention is better than cure - and a system of graded exposure is the method to adopt. The treatment, Sod. Bic. Calamine and cream. You are almost bound to have cases whatever the weather - there was even one at Kandersteg.

Sunstroke (Hyperpyrexia)

The temperature rises because the body's defences fail. Cool the patient by sponging.

Heat Exhaustion

Sometimes confused with sunstroke - common among stokers, and due to excess sweating, and thus a salt deficiency - causing cramps. Treat with salt drinks.

You are not likely to meet either of these last two.

Home Sickness

The most difficult disease of all, but perhaps the commonest, and the most diverse in appearances.

The boys are faced with two emotional stresses - the misery of being away from home and security, and the shame they feel for being miserable. They thus go to all sorts of lengths, conscious and subconscious, to produce symptoms of escape.

Stomach ache is particularly common, and the picture can be complicated by a real but minor stomach ache which is often present as well, due to change of diet and too many sweets, etc.

Whenever a Scout complains of symptoms that are not immediately explainable, then the Scouter must ask "Is this homesickness?"

There is a crisis in the course of this disease, after which recovery takes place, but the main duty of the Scouter lies in assessing which boys are likely to suffer and preventing this from happening. So watch out all the time for the boy on his own, give him no time to brood, but so fill his day and his mind with interest that he has no time to be miserable. Tire his body by day so that he sleeps by night - a personal "Good Night" to him by the Scouter just to show he understands is in many cases good treatment, as well as humane behaviour.

It is right to try to avoid taking the boy home because so often he becomes lost to camping - (hence Visitor's Day should be quite late in the week) - but equally it is wrong to prolong his agony for too long.

To judge the critical point is for the experienced Scouter, and no words here can help much further.

PETER JOHNSON

9. ROVERING

Music by Lady Trevelyan. Words translated by her grandson, Senior Scout M. S. T Dower, from a Luxemburg Scout Marching Song.

The image shows a handwritten musical score for the song 'Rovering'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written in cursive below the notes. The lyrics are: "We are on the Scout-ing track, With ruck-sack on our back, Day has just be-gun, We march to-wards the Sun, We are free from fear & care, And we sing a joy-ful air, For a Scout is nev-er glum. We in-her-... it Christ-ian spir-... it, With our head held high To an op-... en sky, Rocks re-... feat-... ing, Forests greet-... ing, Sons of Na-... ture, You and I."

10. A CAMP HORTICULTURAL SHOW

It all started when a few of us were sitting round the camp fire one evening discussing the show we had visited that day. How the idea of holding our own show was born, nobody knows, but the following plan was finally evolved. (Note: sheep dog trials had to be cut out after a heated argument on the characteristics of sheep, dogs and certain members of the Troop, and also as to whether the dogs should be permitted to bite.)

The Show

The Patrols were to be given the morning and afternoon to prepare for the big event. The farmer's wife was to be asked to judge, all decisions to be left to her entirely. Jam jars (empty ones) were to be distributed on a patrol basis; otherwise exhibitors could use mugs, plates or anything else suitable. There were to be three sections.

A. Floral Section

1. The best arranged selection of wild flowers.
2. The biggest variety of wild flowers.
3. Any group of selected prize specimens of wild flowers.
4. Bouquet of rarest wild flowers.
5. The best arrangement of mosses (set out on a plate).
6. The rarest moss.

B. Piscatorial Section

1. The best varied selection of fishes (live ones).
2. The biggest live one.
3. The rarest live one.

(These exhibits were to be returned to their natural haunts after the Show.)

C. Rustic Furniture and Arts and Crafts

In this section, any models could be produced as long as they were made completely out of natural materials. I give a few of the results. Rope made from plaited grasses; a table-mat from plaited grasses; a rustic seat, the pieces being tied together with long grass; a well-carved paper knife, etc.

I am not so sure that Rovers, if you are lucky enough to have any with you, should be encouraged to compete against the Scouts. They did in my day, with the following result:

Floral section: for items 1 - 4, one tired dandelion in a dirty jam jar. Their exhibit was whisked from table to table just in front of the judge.

Piscatorial section: We had unfortunately omitted the word "live" from the announcement. Where the Rovers found their one and only exhibit for all three items I do not know, but its presence was so obnoxious that it had to be removed.

Rustic furniture: Their rustic seat was recognised as having been brought in its native state from the camp-fire circle and was finally used to prop up one of the exhibition tables.

BRYAN SAVIGNY.



EVENING CLOUDS OVER LOCH AVON, CAIRNGORMS

HOW CAN WE RUN A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION?

continued by MAURICE DYBECK

VI. THE SCIENTIFIC SIDE

However efficient you may become at camping in the mountains, carrying heavy loads and organising your daily routine these skills alone will not qualify you to run a scientific expedition. They may enable you to have a very successful and very enjoyable camp, but unless you call in outside technical advice you cannot hope to do any useful scientific fieldwork. I emphasise this because in the last few years many a group of enterprising people have decided to "go all scientific" when planning their summer camps, usually only in order to "justify" visiting some outlandish spot. If the thought of visiting some outlandish spot thrills you, then visit it for its own sake; there is surely no need to excuse yourself by pretending that you are investigating the ecology of the lesser bugwort.

If, on the other hand, one of your chief objects in planning your camp is to do something scientifically useful, then one of your very first acts will be to contact the "boffins." (Throughout the next three articles I shall use the word boffin in referring to those who have a more than average knowledge of the science we are going to study. Usually, this means university lecturers, research students and senior undergraduates, and schoolmasters.

I do not call them experts because few but the most learned of them would agree to such a title!) Without these boffins, you cannot know what jobs need to be done or how to do them.

Books can help you quite a lot but they can never take you the whole way. There was a good example of this some eighteen months ago.

The Perse School, Cambridge. Sailor Scouts were looking for a nice inaccessible mountain lake that had never been sounded. The shapes of such lakes are of great interest to the geographer as they provide valuable evidence about the movement of the glaciers which once occupied their basins. It was easy to find from books that a certain number *had* been sounded, but as for the rest, it was a matter of consulting the boffins. The consultation was by no means a waste of time since they found that the lake they originally had in mind had been charted but, as yet, not written up, by a university team six months beforehand.

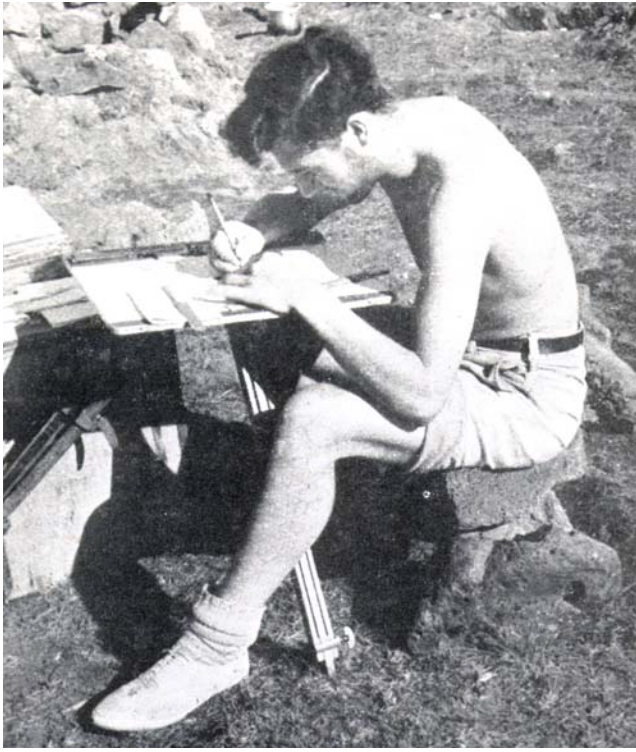
Eventually they found a lake in the heart of Snowdonia under the shadow of Tryfan which had never been explored, and there they had an exciting though chilly week in April 1953 during which they did a first rate job of work.

Apart from suggesting what needs to be done the boffins will probably also be needed to direct the details of the scientific work during the expedition. For example, in archaeology, any fool can dig, most people can soon learn what is and what is not pottery, but only the expert can say exactly where the trench should be dug. Then again, only the expert can make major changes in plan if the work is not very fruitful.

To have a boffin living in the camp may seem at first to be an intolerable intrusion, breaking up the "family" atmosphere of the Troop. In practice, however, I doubt if even the most studious of boffins would remain an outsider for more than twenty-four hours. A common interest in the work in hand will soon break down all barriers.

The problem of writing up the results of a scientific expedition is always a big one and I shall be referring to this in detail in a later article. But whatever is done, it will be obvious that the Research Report must be organised by the boffin - and this is the third reason why, throughout the expedition, from birth to publication of results, you must sink your pride and rely on outside advice.

I want to continue by telling the story of a typical piece of adventurous scientific field work which has been carried out entirely by amateurs, most of whom were Scouts I have tried to write it from the point of view of the "boffin" so as to show how this work fits into the pattern of our present knowledge of the weather.



DRAWING OUT THE FIRST MAPS AT BASE CAMP
(1953 Brathay Iceland Expedition)

For many decades, Britain has possessed an efficient and closely woven network of Weather Stations which have not only made possible accurate weather forecasting but also permit us to work out the climate at each station and to study how, and why, this climate varies from station to station. I said the network was closely woven. But there are gaps, and the biggest of these is in the Cairngorms: the largest mountain mass in Britain. As far as our daily lives are concerned this matters very little, but to the scientist (and the mountaineer for that matter) the gap is a disturbing one because within such mountain areas it is thought that the climate may vary over a few hundred yards as much as it does over the whole of the rest of Britain.

Now, in order to find out just how the weather did behave on the four-thousand-foot plateau, on the saddles, and in the hollows it was clearly impossible to adopt the normal practice of putting up nice staid Met. Stations and asking some local worthy to read the instruments after breakfast every morning. Here was a job in our own country that could only be tackled by using full scale expeditionary techniques.

So the Cairngorm Weather Survey was born. In June 1952, the Cambridge University Rover Scouts sent out a reconnaissance party to see if it was possible to camp under such tough conditions. They had a strenuous but enjoyable week and brought back with them the first British weather readings ever to be obtained from such a height (apart from those from the long defunct Ben Nevis observatory).

1952 had been a success; now all the boffins had to do was sit back and hope the idea would take root and bear fruit in the form of volunteers for a large scale survey in the summer of 1953.

Help first came from the Scouts of King's College, Taunton, who wanted to do something both adventurous and useful in the summer. They were willing, among other things, to man the five high altitude weather stations and to take readings every three hours, for three weeks in August. The Cambridge Rovers, for some reason, wanted to go again in June and so between these two times a succession of teams from Scout Groups and Universities was recruited to enable these stations on Britain's "Climatic Fringe" to be manned almost continuously for twelve weeks. Each team of observers had its boffin.

He would see that (i) everyone knew something of the general principles of meteorology before arrival, (ii) that on arrival everyone was given instruction in the use of instruments (loaned by the Met.

Office and the Universities) and the method of recording observations, and (iii) that readings were taken diligently at the prescribed hours. The meteorological work took only a few minutes each day and for the rest of the time everyone was free to explore the countryside, improve the camp site, or just brew tea (or do other scientific work!)

On this survey, in which over a hundred people were involved, we collected about 35,000 separate weather observations which have now been published under the auspices of the Nature Conservancy.

OUR DISTRICT *By A.D.C.*

Two of Hankin's Seniors had been with me most of the evening for a badge test. It is always a pleasure to examine Hankin's boys, because he never lets them come until they are really "ready;" and they always turn up punctually and in uniform, and are courteous and respectful and eager. So different from Scruftton's so-called Scouts, two of whom had also been due at the same time.

Only one of them turned up, and he was twenty minutes late, and not in uniform.

"I was playing cricket," he told me, "and I didn't notice how late it was getting."

"Where's the other fellow?" I asked.

"Gone to the pictures," was the reply, "I told him at school this morning that Mr. Scruftton had fixed up for him to come here tonight, but he said it was the first he'd heard of it, so he asked me to apologise for him as he'd made a date for the flicks."

Hankin's two boys clearly knew their stuff, but his boy was vague in the extreme, and after ten minutes I sent him home, though I am pretty sure that Scruftton will get his own back by making a long speech at the next LA. meeting about the shortage of good badge examiners in the District.

Hankin's boys had hardly gone when Hankin himself dropped round. Even after thirty years of Scouting the progress of every individual Scout is still as important to him as ever.

"How did they get on?" he asked eagerly.

"They were both well above standard," I told him, "and Blayton was particularly good. What a fine type of Scout Blayton is, so cheery and reliable and keen! The other one I didn't care for so much. He was obviously very brainy, but he had rather a sarcastic way of talking, and seemed a bit conceited.

Hankin nodded.

"Ruswell gives that impression to strangers," he said, "but there's nothing really wrong with him except that he is brilliant, and that isn't his fault. If I can hold him till he goes into the Forces I shall have achieved something. There's no credit in holding the Bob Blayton type, the ordinary normal boy who is neither very clever nor very dull. Boys like that fit naturally into a properly-run Troop, but with the backward boy and the brilliant boy a real effort has to be made, and I think the brilliant boy is the hardest of all to keep. The more ordinary boys are inclined to resent his mental superiority, without being aware that they resent it, and the boy himself is liable to look upon some aspects of Scouting as childish and beneath him.

Two years ago when Ruswell was Second of the Owls, the Court of Honour wanted me to take his stripe away because in some way his apparent conceit had got him into trouble with them. It took me three hours to persuade proud Ruswell to apologise and put things right.

Then last year he told me he wanted to leave because he was fed up with playing 'kids' games' at Troop meetings, so I had him round at my house almost every evening for a week while we worked out a lot of brand-new games. None of them were any good, but it saved Ruswell for Scouting. I shan't reckon I'm a *good* Scoutmaster until my Troop is strong enough to carry every type of boy, and make him into a Scout. I'm sure it can be done...

Yes, a man like Hankin can make almost any boy into a Scout; and a man like Scruftton can make almost any boy into a tout.

NEWS FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

Several Scouters who have been concerned in completing or forwarding the forms in connection with the recent investigation into the loss of *Scouts* have ventured the opinion that one of the main causes of the loss of *Scouts* is the removal of families to other parts of the country. It has even been suggested that one Cub out of every four lost to Groups leaves on account of removal. Most of those who have spoken to me about this feel that far too many of these Cubs and Scouts are not only lost to their original Groups but to the Movement because the system for effecting the transfer of a *Scout* from one Group to another is too frequently ignored. Either the Scouter at the departure end neglects to complete the appropriate form (T.1) which is available from I.H.Q. free of charge or, if it is completed, the Scouter at the receiving end takes no action.

Of course, this does not always happen and, in many cases, *Scouts* are linked up effectively with Groups in their new districts. An example of a very successful transfer was reported to I.H.Q. only a short time ago. Last October, South-East Lancashire received a Transfer Form from a D.C. in Durham on behalf of a Handicapped Scout who was going to a School for the Deaf in that County. The D.C. at the receiving end arranged for the Scout to join a Group and the matter was mentioned at a meeting of the Handicapped Scout sub-Committee, with the result that one of its members visited the boy. The Scout's Headmaster heard of these visits and intimated that he wanted to start a Group in the School. The Group was registered at the beginning of this year and the recent census showed a membership of twelve Cubs, thirty-three Scouts and four Scouters. Here is a case of a Group coming into being as the direct result of a Transfer Form being completed by a G.S.M.; not only was his Scout enabled to continue his Scouting but forty-four other boys were brought into the Movement as well.

While we do not expect such spectacular results every time Form T.1 is completed, it is our duty to ensure that, if we are at the departure end, the form is completed on behalf of every *Scout* who moves to another area and, if we are at the receiving end, we lose no time in taking action as soon as the form is received.

I.H.Q. is ready to help when there is any doubt as to the address of the receiving end Commissioner; if the transfer form is sent via 25 B.P. Road it will be forwarded to the D.C. concerned without delay.

The news that Councillor Howard R. Mallett was elected I Mayor of Cambridge on May 27th will, I know, have given great pleasure to his many friends in Scouting. Howard Mallett became a Scoutmaster in 1910 and, during the same year, was appointed L.A. Secretary, an office he held until he became District Commissioner in 1936. After sixteen years in that appointment he continues his Scouting as Assistant County Commissioner for Cambridgeshire. At the Mayor-making ceremony well-deserved tributes were paid to his great service to Scouting in Cambridge and the County.

We offer to our brother Scout congratulations and good wishes for a happy year of office.

Writing in his "Outlook" for May, the Chief Scout reminded us of the Adventure Journey Competition, the details of which have appeared in *The Scout* and *Tue SCOUTER*. I am certain many of you are already giving every encouragement to eligible boys in your Group to take part in this wonderful opportunity.

The scheme is open to all First Class Scouts between fifteen and eighteen years, and they may work singly or in pairs. The adventure, which must be planned by the Scouts themselves, can take any form and may be undertaken in the British Isles or abroad. No limit is put on the cost but a brief statement of accounts must be included in the report. The ninth Scout Law must not be ignored, but there is no objection to entrants receiving grant aid. The adventure may take place between April 1st, 1954, and Mardi 1st, 1955 - and no restrictions are imposed on the length of the adventure provided it is completed by March 1st, 1955.

This is just the sort of thing dint Senior Scouts and over 15's are looking for, and, if by chance you have not yet talked the competition over with them, I suggest you do so before it is too late. Full details will be found under "Headquarters Notices" in the March issue of *THE SCOUTER*.

A. W. HURLL,

Chief Executive Commissioner.

THE GILWELL LETTER

To Wood Badge Holders: Gilwell Reunion 1954

Most Gilwellians will already have booked the date of the Twenty-Eighth Gilwell Reunion to be held on the 4th and 5th September next.

It does help if those intending to come let us know in advance, and tea will be available on both Saturday and Sunday for those who have ordered it. All groceries are obtainable in the *Providore*: your custom is solicited!

This year's Reunion will be preceded by the International Training Team Conference at Gilwell, and most of the members of this distinguished gathering, many from overseas and foreign countries, will be staying on for the Reunion.

As always, I would like to encourage County, and District, and even Group Camp Fire items; please let me know if you are able to offer anything and what it is you offer.

The World Chief Guide has promised to be with us on the Saturday, her first visit to a post-war Reunion, and the Chief Scout, I know, hopes to be with us as usual.

The Reunion is open to all Members of the 1st Gilwell Park Group, that is, those who hold the Wood Badge wherever gained. Members of the Group unable to attend are reminded respectfully that their subs. are due on the date of the Reunion.

To those who do not hold the Wood Badge

This is just a brief note about Part I. Some Scouters, I know, are terrified of committing anything to paper whilst others, judging by my mail, go to the other extreme. Part I does entail either writing or typing answers to questions, but it is not in any sense an examination.

Nobody is going to bother about your spelling or grammar. even assuming that we were competent to do so!

All you are asked to do is read, to think about the questions, and to write down as briefly as you will your thoughts in the light of your reading and your experience.

I took my first Part I Course just twenty-five years ago, and I have been reading through it again recently and remembering just how helpful it was to me as a young A.S.M. to go through this particular piece of training. I believe the same holds good for the Scouter of today.

In a world which grows busier it is imperative to stop, and read, and think, and write, if only once in a lifetime, and Part I of the Wood Badge insists that we 'do just these things.

If you have not tried it yet then now is as good a time as any to start on Part I, which operated continuously throughout the year.

I want to suggest that Districts consider setting up Study Circles next winter where Scouters can get together and exchange ideas and experiences relative to Part I questions.

This course really is designed to help you. Very people fail the course and those who do are the ones who obviously make no effort at all or who have not done the prescribed reading; but it is no secret to tell you that 98 per cent of those who enter for Part I receive certificates. I say again, there is nothing to be afraid of; it is worth doing; it will help you and, through you, your Scouts or Cubs, and it is one step along the road to being eligible to attend the 1955 Gilwell Reunion.

JOHN THURMAN,

Camp Chief.

LUCK OF THE MONTH *By* THE EDITOR

July

The trees are fat and slow with summer, the days long; term is ended, and the hills call, and the sea. Within days now there be a huge packing of tents and labelling of boxes and checking of gear - and what is there still to be said about running a Scout Camp? Probably nothing: one can only remember and recall. So I have written down two lines of advice which all good Scouters in camp (or out of it) might bear constantly in hearts and minds:

1. Try always to see with the eyes of the boy.
2. If in doubt ask yourself "What would B.P. have done?"

Then here are five thoughts, all simple, but any one of which may help to make Summer Camp 1954 a loved and lasting memory for some youngster:

(i) Don't be ruled too much by the clock. For example: a walk (plimsolls and sweaters) through the fields or woods just before the dawn. How many of your Scouts have never heard the dawn chorus (that sweet, bewildering miracle) or seen the last nocturnal beasts sliding to their hideouts? The clock in camp should be your servant and not your master.

(ii) This year, with meat rationing gone, most Scout Patrols will be able to cook a joint for the first time in their lives.

So it's worth spending a little extra on a nice joint for each Patrol and introducing them to the various forms of cooking it - particularly the biscuit-tin-oven or the roast-bowl method.

(iii) Don't be afraid of doing some badge-Scouting and badge-testing: camp is a wonderful opportunity and Scouts like to make progress. (Any grown up who thinks otherwise has simply forgotten what it is to be a boy.)

(iv) The greatest enjoyment can often be had from the simplest means: long hours (almost literally) of some furiously-energetic and favourite camp game like Hot Rice, or Nuts and Raisins, or Plate Golf.

The last of these games, Plate Golf, is looked at a little askance these days: I believe it's thought to be a little dangerous. I can only say that that to me seems a very good reason for Scouts to play it, and that anyway my old Troop played it at every camp for years and we never had any trouble.

[All of these can be found in Gilcraft's *Outdoor Games for Scouts* (Pearsons, 5s.), No. 145, No. 2 and No. 135 respectively. This is honestly one of the books which ought to accompany every Scouter to every Camp - along with *Scout Camps*, a book for Scouters B.S.A., 6s.) (even if the Camp Chief and I are responsible for it: we're responsible for it because long years had taught us that this was the book we wish we'd always had!) and some well-trusted first aid book such as *Watkin Williams First Aid and Ambulance Work* (B.S.A., 8s. 6d.) with its clear up-to-date exposition and its very relevant chapter on first aid in camp.]

(v) Physical, mental, spiritual - these three go to make up the days: too much of any one will spoil the camp. There must be time, too, for leisure and lazing as well as for the prepared programmes. And finally the Court of Honour should of course be running the Camp, either as a collective body in session now and again, or in their own individual Patrol Leader capacities - guided of course by your wise, all-seeing, knowledgeable, discreet, unobtrusive, tolerant, affectionate and amused guidance.

Photographic Competition

We have already had a few interesting entries for our Nature Photographic Competition but we hope for many more. So have your cameras ready as you go off to hills and seashore and the ripening countryside so that when the moment comes the insect, the animal, the flower can be suitably recorded, a happy memory captured for ever.

REX HAZLEWOOD.



DEAR EDITOR

the Crux of the Problem

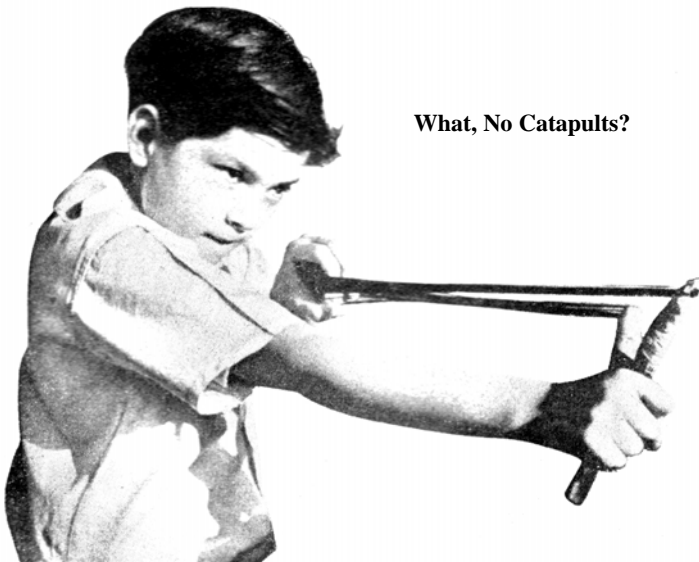
DEAR EDITOR,

There must be a large number of Scouters fired with a missionary zeal which, in my humble opinion, is quite misplaced in the game of Scouting. Here you have a Scouter, the anonymous G.S.M., who has decided that in future he is going to be satisfied with first-class material, if he cannot get anything better. He will have no truck with the Scout who drops off for months after the summer camp and does not appear until the following camp is discussed; he will have nothing to do with the parent whose only interest in his or her son is to say to the Scouter, "I suppose you want our Johnny to join your Troop," or "you want our Johnny to go to your camp," thereby putting off all responsibility from themselves and all the onus on the shoulders of an already overburdened Scouter. G.S.M. aims at having good Scouts - and he is decried for it.

For anyone with eyes to see, it is obvious that there is a certain amount of second or even third-class material in the Movement. There are the members who let us down, especially in public, by their deliberate disregard for smartness and cleanliness; boys who have no intention of trying to live any part of their Law and Promise; boys who promise to do things - and just forget; boys who are satisfied with nearly getting their Tenderfoot, despite twelve months' service - and so on. Those types are with us, whether we see them or not. As I see it, we spend our time in the Scout Movement helping those who will try to do their best at the fun and games of Scouting, no matter to what social class they may belong. If they are unwilling to do their best, if they are just hangers-on, then the Movement is better without them. The result might, of course, appal the worshippers of statistics - our numbers would drop. What of that? The higher standard achieved would soon attract fresh blood. And surely, it is only the hangers-on that G.S.M. has eliminated? I feel certain that the really keen trier, no matter what his background may be, will have a good chance with G.S.M.

Our aim undoubtedly is "to make the rising generation into good citizens" (as quoted by one of your correspondents). But, somehow, I cannot find that to mean "all the rising generation." Yet to judge by your correspondents, it would seem that our main aim should be to single out those who would be bad citizens and to make them into good ones. If we were running football clubs, we should not refuse this player because he can play already; nor should we say that another boy who doesn't want to play, who has no intention of playing and who will not turn up, is the type of boy we want in the football club. But when we find a youngster who cannot play, but is willing to put his heart and soul into trying, then we give him every chance. We are not a missionary society for the training of future citizens. We are the leaders of those who are keen to try. We are too short-handed to bring in the rest of the rising generation.

W. B. SAVIGNY,
D.C., Wigan



What, No Catapults?

DEAR EDITOR,

I am not a Scout! In supporting G.S.M., therefore, I am leaving myself open to being told by the various S.M.'s, A.D.C.'s, etc., who attacked G.S.M. so bitterly that I do not know anything about Scouting. Maybe, but I do know the meaning of the word "promise" - whether Scout or any other kind of promise! Is the Scout Promise important? If it is, carry it out, if it isn't - cut it out!

The Scout Promise, to my simple layman's mind, is the whole basis of Scouting and it is being ignored because the various officials have not the courage to tell Scouts they have got to do something because they promised to do so. How else can one learn Duty to God other than by going to Church to hear the Word of God?

The references to the twenty-two lads who were "thrown out" seem to me to avoid the issue. They were not thrown out: they left because they were not prepared to keep their promise. The picture painted by various contributors of these lads commencing a Rake's Progress is absurd. Scouting is, I agree, the finest organisation, but there are other excellent organisations. Because a boy is not a Scout it does not mean he becomes a criminal, neither is it true that a non-Scout is not a 'decent' citizen.

In this respect I detect a note of pomposity in contributors' replies; they appear to consider themselves the only people with the ability to produce "decent" citizens.

DEAR EDITOR,

Most of the replies to "G.S.M.'s" letter in THE SCOUTER of March have been unfair in my opinion.

"G.S.M." and his Council have taken a brave step to combat a serious problem. They compared the activities of their Troop with the obligations of the Scout Law and Promise and discovered a 'wide discrepancy. Since we are unable to examine their Troop we must assume in fairness that "G.S.M." and his Council are fully acquainted with the methods of the Boy Scouts Association and we must accept their verdict that lack of parental moral support was the cause of failure.

Their action was to disband a "Crowd" of thirty-five boys and reform a Troop of thirteen Scouts who were fully backed by their parents. Much has been written lamenting the loss of twenty-two boys to Scouting. If, as "G.S.M." asserts, there was no Scout Spirit, how could there have been any Scouting? Rather than regret a fictitious loss, let us acclaim that, where there was none, there are now thirteen Scouts growing up in the tradition of the Movement.

Furthermore, this is a nucleus from which a larger Troop may again grow, this time acquiring from the original members the true Scout Spirit. The action taken was harsh. Apparently to many minds it was 'disastrously severe. Time alone will decide, but let us at least acknowledge that it is a curious attempt to show 'that the Scout Law and Promise are indeed the foundation stones of our Movement.

MICHAEL BASSEY.

DEAR EDITOR,

During the C.O.H. held in my Troop last month, one of the P.L.'s brought up the question of allowing boys to bring catapults and air rifles to camp. The Court agreed that they should be allowed and asked me for permission. This I refused. I have seen so many accidents caused through these weapons (including bows and arrows) that I have little time for them.

The Court accepted my decision but they feel that they are being penalised. On two occasions recently whilst at camp they have seen other boys with catapults. Shouldn't the law be the same for all? That is probably the trend of thoughts in their minds.

I would like the views of other Scouters on this point. One is apt at times to be a bit too fussy. Perhaps I am on. this occasion.

J.M. BENIFEZ, S.M.
21st Hammersmith

DEAR EDITOR,

G.S.M. speaks of the crux of the problem. There is another side to the picture.

Just after last summer camping time I received a letter from a fourteen-year-old P.L. One paragraph read:- "I didn't go to camp this year as I got chucked out of the Troop. I had missed two meetings because of Confirmation Classes and Skip said if I didn't go next week I could leave. Four other fellows got the sack for the same ... our new Vicar is a smashing bloke."

L. A. D. LEES,

R.P.A.F. Public School, W. Punjab, Pakistan.

Heresies

DEAR EDITOR,

But *are* they heresies? Are not Anthony Masters'

"Talking Points," in the main, just those fundamental principles which B.-P. was, always rubbing in? The trouble is that they have become "Heresies" because our "elders and betters" have lost touch with the "very ordinary boy" who is the very ordinary Scout.

The trouble is that They have forgotten that rules, badges, uniform, are a means to an end - not an end in themselves. They are extremely useful tools but their use must be adapted to the needs of the particular piece of material - the particular boy - in whose interest we are using them.

If, as we are exhorted to do, we apply the "Badge Regulations" to the letter there is simply no time for the *fun* of Scouting. Furthermore the "very ordinary boy" never "gets out of the bit" - never makes progress. The route from Tenderfoot to First Class alone comprises some forty separate items. Not only are we expected to initiate our very ordinary boys into these forty mysteries but we are expected to ensure that, at each step, they remember all about the foregoing thirty-nine.

Cloud-cuckoo land. Do our "High-ups" realise that there are actually boys who have to pass their "Ten Scout Laws" on the "instalment system" ? - three a week - and be very careful not to inquire what the First is at the end of the month? The funny thing is that these boys often, in the long run, turn out to be the finest Scouts. My outlook on all the machinery of Scouting is that it is designed simply as a means of holding the boy's interest, and so holding him in the Troop, for a period of six or seven years during which he can absorb "the Spirit of Scouting" - become soaked in it and carry it on with him into manhood. It doesn't shake me in the least that, at the age of seventeen, Tommy has clean forgotten how to tie a bowline, provided he is showing himself to be loyal and keen and all the rest of it. Provided that has been achieved the bowline has done its job. If it is really needed he'll pick it up again quickly enough.

I don't think the Badge System needs re-revising. What does need revising is the lead we are given in administering it.

May I recall two illuminating episodes in the life of B.-P.? Visiting a Troop on one occasion he spotted a Scout with four year stars and no Second Class Badge. He asked the Scouter for an explanation. "Well, sir, he just can't light a fire with two matches and natural material." "Don't be a fool," said B.-P., "give him some paper." Get the point?

The second was on a higher plane. At a period between the wars there was a powerful movement in high places towards "the standardisation of Badge Tests." B.-P. came down on it like a ton of bricks. He said, among other things, that the originators of the scheme had completely missed the point of the whole Badge System. Now B.-P. has gone and his wisdom is being forgotten in grasping at mere technical efficiency.

I don't often write any more. Instead I have settled down to work B.-P.'s ideas (to the best of my ability) on two rural Troops which suffer me as S.M.

Here are a few facts based on records covering some thirty years. Leakage - less than 5 per cent. Average attendance at Troop meetings (after allowance for illness and overtime) over 90 per cent. Cubs failing to come up to the Troop - one. Scouters produced - over fifty. At this moment we know of ten Troops being run by our old Scouts as far flung as New Guinea, Central Africa and California.



OCCUPATIONAL RISK OF A D.C.

Perhaps these results are not particularly outstanding but they are not bad. Anyway, they are due to B.-P. - not me. Our Scouting is very simple but it seems to *work*.

May I end with a "case history." A few months ago I handed a First Class Badge to - well, we'll call him Tommy Brown. Tommy joined the Troop over six years ago. He was rather a Weedy little boy and very slow. He lived four miles from Troop H.Q. Two of those miles were over lonely farm roads bordered by dark pine woods. When the dark nights came on he dropped out. I went to see him - he was "feared." I didn't blame him. Next week he grit his teeth and outfaced the "bogie mannies." He has done it winter and summer ever since. Gradually he made progress. First Class appeared on the far horizon but swimming and signalling were terrific hurdles. Signalling was eventually mastered - largely because my watch happened to be going slow when I timed his "twenty letters a minute" - but Tommy wasn't to know that. Swimming - for three summers he biked eight miles to the nearest available bathing-place. He was scared stiff at the sight of so much cold water all in one place. Still he went at it week after week. He overcame his fear but he still isn't water-born. I couldn't put him through on floats without him knowing it so I exercised my powers as County Commissioner and let him through with his Handyman. He is still trying to swim.

Well - Tommy has got his First Class. He's going to get his Queen's Scout if I can work it. I doubt if he can still signal "twenty a minute" - even by my watch. I won't inquire too closely.

It's all hopelessly wrong, isn't it. Yet somehow I feel that that is the way B.-P. meant his Badges - his whole game of Scouting - to be used. Anyway it seems to work - which is more than can be said for a great deal of more up-to-date and orthodox Scouting as interpreted today.

JOCK NEISH

S.M., 22nd and 24th Angus, C.C., Angus

Bob-a-job

DEAR EDITOR,

The following is an extract from a letter recently received from my sister in Singapore.

"Yesterday, we had three Chinese Scouts round for Bob-a-Job, only it is a dollar-a-job (i.e. 2/4), and there really wasn't anything I could give them to do; the car was away and we do not use windows out here, so I offered them a couple of dollars for the cause. But no! they were not allowed to accept without doing a job. I compromised by letting them polish a neighbour's car. When I gave them a drink of something in addition they offered to wash the glasses! - So you see, a Scout is a Scout the world over."

I thought you might be interested.

ALAN T. DOEL,

Ex-A.S.M., 152nd N. London.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG ROVER - VII

DEAR DAVID,

Your letter from hospital arrived this morning, and I am sorry to hear that you have had a bout of sandfly fever. I had it twice myself when I was in the Middle East in World War II, and know how very unpleasant it is.

By the time you get this you will be convalescing, and feeling pretty miserable, I expect. The first time I had it myself I remember that on my discharge from hospital I was sent to a convalescent centre at El Ballah, but I was returned to my unit after a couple of days because it was just after the battle of El Alamein, and the beds were needed for much more important people. I had been feeling very sorry for myself until I saw those trainloads of wounded arriving, young chaps full of promise and of hope, suddenly laid low and battered and mutilated. Footballers who had no longer a leg with which to kick a ball, cricketers who would never hit a boundary again because their good right arm had gone.

It made me humble and grateful to see the courage with which they faced their fate, and my own imaginary worries receded into the background.

You yourself have always been so fit and healthy that I expect on the whole your bit of sandfly fever has done you good. Health is very much one of those things that we don't value until we lose it, and to be laid on our backs occasionally is a part of the discipline of life.

Sometimes I have thought there ought to have been another Scout Law "A Scout looks after his health," but on the whole I think the Founder (as usual) was right in leaving it out, because one of the surest ways of ruining your health is to worry too much about keeping it.

Do you remember the story in *Three Men in a Boat* about the man who felt a bit off-colour and went to the British Museum to consult a Medical Dictionary? He thought he might have a touch of hay-fever, and when he read the symptoms he was quite sure he had got it.

Then he began idly to turn the leaves of the book. "I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into - some fearful, devastating scourge, I know - and, before I had glanced halfway down the list of premonitory symptoms, it was borne in upon me that. I had fairly got it. I sat for a while frozen with horror, and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever and discovered that I must have had it for months without knowing it: turned up St. Vitus's dance, and found, as I expected, that I had got that too

Very exaggerated, of course, but with the germ of truth in it that is always found in the best sort of humour. Millions of pounds go into the pockets of the patent-medicine producers every year because their advertisements are so cleverly written that on reading them weak-minded people fancy they are ill.

There is no more miserable creature on earth than a hypochondriac, which is the official name for a person whose disease is that he thinks himself diseased, but quite a lot of young people go to the other extreme, and ruin the health that God has given them by not taking elementary precautions to preserve it.

Consider our digestive system, for instance, one of the most wonderful of Nature's miracles. We take it for granted that if we swallow all sorts of food our digestive system will deal with it and use it to give us strength for our daily work and enjoyment. When we are young we shovel stuff down our throats without bothering to think whether it is the right stuff, being sure that our faithful inside will successfully tackle all that comes its way, and in youth it generally does.

Here let me point a sad moral, not for the first time, from my own bitter experience. When I was twenty I was terrifically energetic. I lived at Harrow-on-the-Hill and worked in a bank at Aylesbury, thirty miles away, and my morning train went at 7.15. I rose at 6.30, washed and dressed, and gobbled a breakfast of bacon and eggs at 7, and ran to the station still chewing it.

I worked in the bank till 5 or 6 and then gobbled some tea and rushed, with three changes of train, to Bethnal Green, forty miles away, where I ran a Scout Troop.



WHERE IS THIS? (6) (*Answer next month*)

The June photo in this series was The Totem, York's Wood, Birmingham.

I gobbled a meal of fish-and-chips while I changed into uniform and another meal of fish-and-chips (in those days the staple food of the then-fragrant East) and rushed home to Harrow, getting there at midnight, and having a light supper of tinned salmon and cheese and pickles. I then did two hours' study for my Institute of Bankers' Examinations and then an hour's work at a novel I was trying to write, going to bed eventually at 3 a.m.

I did this four or more nights a week for several years, putting far too great a strain on what must have originally been a superfine digestive system. I used to laugh at people who talked of having indigestion, and boast of my ability to eat absurd meals at impossible hours. Ten years later, however, I reaped what I had sown, as we always do, and had a miserable period of gastric trouble, when for a short time I became a slave to pills of various sorts. Whatever you do, David, do not ever become a slave to pills or patent medicines! I used to feel a slight pain, and take pill A to cure it; pill A drove away the pain, but upset my inside in another way, so I had to take pill B, which upset my inside in another way, driving me to pill C, which brought the original pain back..

In the end I went to a doctor (only a fool boasts that he never goes to a doctor), and he just advised me to knock off certain items of food for a bit, take a short rest after meals, and get more sleep. My health came back, and I have taken better care of it since then.

Young fellows are inclined to boast, too, that they can get "wet through" time and again without taking harm. They will get soaked in a storm and then dry themselves in their clothes standing in front of a blazing fire, exposed meanwhile to a direct draught, and when they don't take any harm they think they are marvellous. Actually they are laying the foundation of future rheumatism, and are fools. Personally I don't think it does us much harm to get thoroughly soaked, so long as we keep our circulation going until we are able to get dried and changed, but don't ask for rheumatism or rheumatic fever. They are very unpleasant.

We are all made differently, and only experience can teach us the best rules of diet and health for ourselves, but the best general rule is to "be moderate in all things." To eat too much is worse than eating too little, and to take too-much exercise is certainly as bad as taking too little. Many people in office jobs, however, are never really healthy because they do not take regular exercise. Even at the busiest times of your life, make sure that you give your whole body a good "shaking-up" regularly each week. I have found on those happily rare occasions when I was working a seventy or eighty-hour week glued to an office stool that I could still keep perfectly fit if I had just two hours of hard games of tennis on Saturday afternoons. Better still, perhaps, for it refreshes mind as well as body, is a regular weekly twenty-mile walk in the country. What about smoking and drinking? Whatever I say on this subject will lay me open to a storm of abuse from one school of thought or another, so I want to emphasise that this is only my own opinion, based on experience and observation.

Very moderate smoking I think does no harm to health, but you should always regard it as a luxury for occasional enjoyment. As soon as you begin to get to the stage when you can't settle to a job without a cigarette it means that nicotine has mastered you, and you must cut it out, for the chain-smoker or the near chain-smoker is a miserable creature, who only leads a dim, drugged life. Probably the man who gets most enjoyment out of tobacco is the man who only smokes a pipe and never lights it till the day's work is done. I have a feeling that if I had trained myself properly when I was younger I might have achieved this myself.

Moderate drinking, too, does not seem to harm health, but the trouble with drink is that the young man who drinks moderately far too often becomes the middle-aged man who drinks immoderately. The Total Abstinence Societies (and don't ever scoff at them!) usually call attention to the evils of drink by talking of drunkards and broken homes.

It is a great tragedy that drink very occasionally leads to such excess, but from a national point of view I should say that the real tragedy of drink is that literally millions of decent citizens, while not becoming drunkards, come to regard drink not as a luxury but as a regular necessity.

What do you want to be like at forty-five? Fat-paunched and just a little bloated of face, and unable to go into a bar for one drink without having two or three? If you don't want to be like that, then watch yourself very carefully, and if drink begins to master you, cut it out!

The body is the temple in which the soul God gave us dwells during our earthly pilgrimage. It is bad for the soul to let the temple get into disrepair by greed, or lust, or carelessness.

Yours ever,
A. D.C.

ROVER SCOUTING IN VICTORIA – III

On first entry to the Crew the Squire elect attends a set of four preliminary probationary activities, say one outdoor and three indoor to enable him to hear from the R.S.L. of the aims and objects of Rovering and to enable him to decide whether to continue with Rovering. He is informed of three main obligations in Rovering:-

- (a) Completion fully of Squire training.
- (b) Completion of minimum Rover training.
 - (i) Outdoor: not less than .six week-ends per annum.
 - (ii) Indoor: attendance at not less than 33+ per cent of the indoor meetings of the Crew if his night school is very frequent, but more often if he does not have a heavy programme of night school - as decided by the R.S.L.
- (c) Preparation for some form of community service to be carried out consistently of which the daily good turn is a personal minimum. On acceptance a Going-Up Ceremony is held. He is presented with the green and yellow Squire shoulder knot and welcomed and then he joins the Squire training group.

Squire Training for Investiture

The need for a definite scheme of Squire training to qualify for Investiture was obvious and on January 1, 1937, a system based on P.O.R. was instituted and is still operating.

Every Squire receives the pamphlet on entry to his Crew, so that he has his own copy.

It is divided into two parts, viz.:

Part I: Study and discussion of the Scout Law and Promise, Scouting for Boys, Rovering to Success, the religious policy of the Movement.

Part II: Scoutcraft and Service. This part details the practical Scoutcraft, Scout journeys and service required.

Part I being ethical training is the definite job of the R.S.L. only, and is undertaken in conjunction with the advice of the Rover 'training Course which sets apart eighteen nights for the purpose. Very little success has been obtained from the use of sponsors in ethical training.

Part II can be handled by the Rover Mate, supervised by the R.S.L. to see that all sections are completed, or by sponsors.

The minimum period required is not less than six months, and the maximum not greater than twelve months, and records of progress are kept by the R.S.L.

At the back of the pamphlet are notes on the Vigil, the questions of the self-examination, and those asked at the Investiture Ceremony. These are taken from the I.H.Q. pamphlet *Rover Scouts*.

Through the Group Council arrangements are made to bring a group of Squires into the Crew at one time so that a study circle for Part I can be formed. The Squires meet separately from invested Rovers for Squire training but with Rovers for other training. The system used in the study circle is that one Squire each night in turn prepares a short talk on the Law or Promise or subject concerned and opens the discussion, and every other Squire gives his views, and the Rover Leader finally -sums up. That method is followed until the whole field of ethical training has been covered. The Scoutcraft and Service under Part II is completed by each Squire as possible.

On completion of Squire training, Investiture Ceremonies are usually held in the out-of-doors on the summits of mountains to give a wide view and aid inspiration and thought. The vessels and gear used are kept solely for that purpose and. the name of each Squire invested is carved on the plaque used.

W. F. WATERS,
Headquarters Commissioner for Rover Scouts, Victoria.



ROVER HUT AT YARRA BRAE, WONGA PARK



ROVER CHALET, BOGONG HIGH PLAINS, AUSTRALIA

SPECIAL PACK MEETINGS

V. A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

This Special Pack Meeting could be taken just before a holiday period as the last Pack Meeting before the break or during the winter months as a reminder of holiday times that lie ahead. Quite a lot of equipment is needed for this, but it is worth the trouble as they are only once in a while. It is important that all your equipment is ready before you start.

Firstly, divide the Pack into equal teams. They will stay in these teams all through the Pack Meeting and will gain points for each part which will be added together to see which is the winning team.

1ST PART: PACKING

Equipment needed: A large paper bag for each team.

The teams are in relay formation at one end of the room with a large paper bag in front of each. On the signal the first in each team runs to the paper bag, takes off his neckerchief, folds it neatly, puts it and his woggle in his cap, folds that up and puts it in the bag. When he has done this he returns to his team and then the second Cub carries on and so on until all the team have been. Points are awarded not only for the first team to pack but also for the neat packing.

Now that all is packed we hear that the train times have been altered and so we go to the station to find out the correct time.

2ND PART: TRAIN TIMES

Equipment needed: A piece of chalk for each team. A list of times.

This is another relay race and the idea is that on the word "go" the first Cub runs up to the other end of the room where the chalk has been placed and asks what time the train is due to leave. He is told the time and must draw a clock face on the floor and mark in the correct time, when he has done this he runs back and the second Cub runs up, tells the person at the front what time the last one put and then he chalks in the second time that he is told. This game continues in the same way until all the team has been and points are awarded to first, second, third, etc.

The train times discovered we all go down to the station and get on the train by forming a long line and placing our hands on the shoulders of the boy in front. The last boy has a whistle and when all are aboard he blows the whistle and we are on our way. When they have run round the room a couple of times they arrive at the seaside resort of Cockle-on-Sea and we are staying in a caravan for our holidays.

Now that we have settled in, time can be spared to go down to the beach. Whilst we are there, however, we see that a gentleman has fallen from the back of a donkey and he seems to have hurt his arm and cut his hand and his head also. Being Cubs we must help him and so we dress his wounds and send for help at the same time.

4TH PART: FIRST AID GOOD TURN

Equipment needed: Each team will need one bandage. They can use their neckerchiefs for the head and arm. One Cub from each team will be given a verbal message to take to a certain person living nearby who will send a slip of paper back with him to say how many points they award for the way in which the message was delivered to them and the correct delivery of it.

Suggested message: Could you please come to the beach straight away as there has been an accident. (15 words.) have rendered first-aid to one of their members and the message has been delivered, points can be added to their score.

Now that all is well again and we have done our good turn as well as we. Can there is time for us to have a game on the beach. For this you can take any game that you think they may like, but it is good to keep a bearing on the beach and so here is an idea for such a game.

5TH PART: BEACH BALL BOUNCE

Equipment needed: Rather obviously a beach ball. (It is not essential to have such a ball but a large soft one is better for this game than a tennis ball or one of that type.)

The whole Pack stand in a large circle and the idea of the game is that the ball is thrown to anyone in the circle and if he should drop it he kneels down and next time the ball is thrown to him he must catch it kneeling down.

If he should miss it again he must sit down and try to catch it that way when it comes to him again. If he should drop it a third time then he is out. The ball should not be thrown round the circle but to anyone that the Cubs wish to send it to. Points can be awarded to the last few in and these, as before, will be added to their team points.

The afternoon is here and we all decide to go out to sea in small boats that can be hired nearby. The leader of each team decides that he would rather stay on the beach. (Not a very sporty thing to do but he will find himself busy soon.) But the rest of the Cubs have not gone out very far when a thick fog comes down and they are in difficulty.

6TH PART: STEERING A SAFE COURSE HOME

Equipment needed: A few chairs.

The teams take it in turn to do this game and they will get quite a lot of fun out of watching. They must, however, be as quiet as possible during the game to be fair to the other teams. The team are all blindfolded and stand at one end of the room with their hands on the shoulders of the one in front.

The leader stands at the other end of the room and the chairs are spread out haphazardly. After the signal he must call to his team directions to get them round the rocks and on to the shore safe and sound. The directions should be compass directions and they should be called as though the boat is heading due North to the shore. If any member of the team touches a rock it is marked against them. When all the teams have had a go the highest points go to the team with the least contacts with the rocks.

Having reached the shore we look round and see another boat that is having a very hard job to reach the shore, especially as a strong wind has blown up. We realise that if something is not done very quickly the boat will be washed out to sea. Seeing some rope nearby we decide to use that and this is what we do....

7TH PART: RESCUE WORK

Equipment needed: A piece of rope for each boy. (If you have not a great deal of rope, string could be used for this game, although it should, of course, be used only for games and never for knotting practice.) One brick or heavy weight for each team.

The boys are once again in relay formation at the end of the room, each one with a piece of string. The bricks or weights should be in front of each team at the other end of the room. On the signal the first Cubs run up to the brick and tie their string to it using a bowline. When they have returned to their teams and the knots are certified correct by one of the Old Wolves, the next Cub runs up and ties his string or rope to the other piece by a reef knot. Then each one in turn until all the pieces are joined together. When this is done they hold each other round the waist and the first one holds the end of the rope. We imagine that the weight is the boat and we start to pull it in to the shore. The first to get their "boat" over the line at their end has won. Don't forget to award points again to first, second and third.

Well, the rest of the holiday goes quickly by and soon we find that it is Saturday and we collect our kit and go down to the station to make our way home.

8TH PART: STATION HALT

Equipment needed: A whistle.

This is a very simple *game* to play but great fun for the boys. The Cubs all form up into a long train as they did before but this time Akela has the whistle. They all start to chug round the room making what they believe to be the noise of an engine and Akela turns away with eyes closed. When Akela blows the whistle a station has been reached and all the Cubs must halt immediately. Akela turns round quickly after blowing the whistle and any boy moving is out. And so on until there are only three left. More points to be awarded.

When the points have been added together and the winners proclaimed the Special Pack Meeting is over.



CUBS OF MALAYA

SPECIAL NOTES

1. *The Packing Game.* You may be thinking that the caps, etc., will soon be mixed up but this is a good time to get the caps clearly marked with their names. Tell all the Cubs the week before that you want their names in their caps by next week.

One or two might forget but the trouble is cut down.

Having tried this game I don't think that you will have much trouble.

2. *Weekly Subs.* In case you wish to collect subs. during the evening or afternoon, whichever it may be, you could charge each Cub his subs, to go on the station for the 3rd Part.

3. *First-Aid Good Turn.* If you have not got any or enough bandages for this game you could say that two people have had an accident and both need head bandages and arm slings and possibly a knee bandage. You should, of course have a few bandages which are only used for work periods and if you have not got them well now is the time to do so! For the message you could ask a friend with a phone if they would take the messages and bring you the points awarded later in the Pack Meeting. (Don't forget to give each team 3d. for the phone call if you do this, and the phone number also.)

4. *Awarding of points.* - If you have six teams it would be a good idea to make sure that you can give points to all of them, say six to the first, five to the second and so on. Then you are sure that they will all have some marks at the end, even if it is only a few.

B.R.E.

To Keep You Thinking.

A teacher can begin only by sowing his seeds broadcast, and watching which ones sprout in each little patch. Let him watch with a tolerant and sympathetic eye, knowing that though a parsnip is different from a dandelion, it is not intrinsically a nobler plant.

A. DE SELINCOURT (*The Schoolmaster*).



THE GLORIOUS

During the week-end of 26th-27th June, 1,100 Queen's Scouts from all over the British Isles came with their lightweight tents and their expertly-packed rucsacs to Gilwell Park. It was the first large Queen's Scout Reception to be held in that lovely and beloved place:

*"While in memory, I see B.-P.
Who never will be far from there."*

The Queen's Scout Reception had come home. The smaller ones that have taken place over the last years in historic halls and places have led us to this Gilwell week-end, surely the ideal place where these young men should meet their Chief and receive their certificates from his own representatives in his presence.

The unseasonable skies of the Friday evening gave way on Saturday morning to wind and sunshine. Queen's Scouts had been arriving from very early hours and it was a great tribute to Scout discipline and to the excellent organisation that whereas at two o'clock there were just a few scattered coloured tents, by three o'clock the tents of green and tan and blue and white were fluttering, deserted in the wind, and on Gilwell's famous training ground the 1,100 boys were lined up as you can see them in Stanley Newton's admirable pictures.

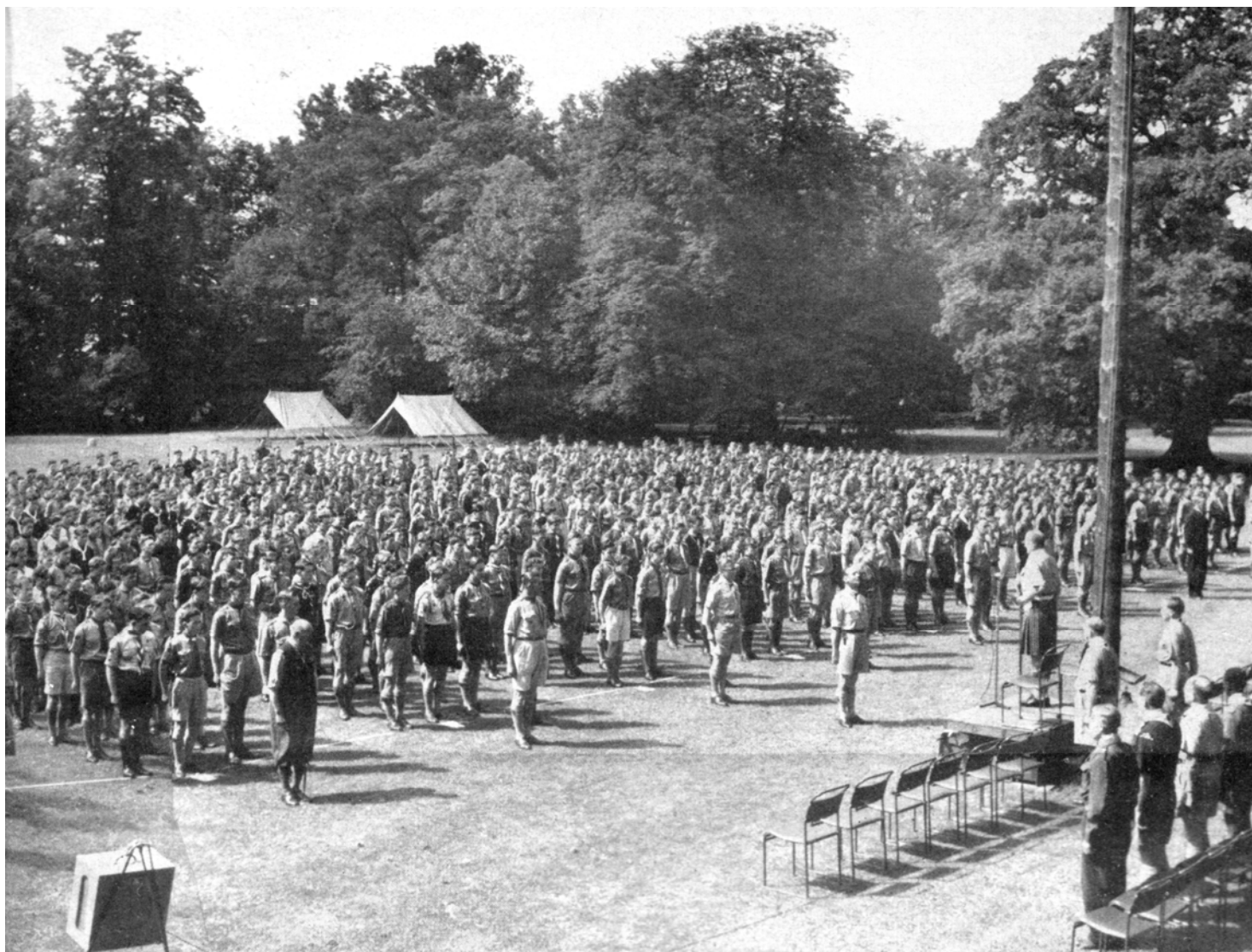
In the Chief Scout's presence, representatives chosen by him handed their certificates to the Scouts, and it was a deeply-moving occasion.

Then the Chief himself spoke, briefly but simply and memorably on the theme "How much wider your opportunities for service have become by the course of preparation you have undergone." The wind played in the lime trees; the sun shone; you could smell newly-mown grass.

I should like to write at length about all the programme but there isn't the space. The Presentation was followed by tea, which was provided by the Gilwell staff, a wonderful effort when you think of it. Then after tea all of us had the inestimable Privilege of listening to a brother Scout, Colonel F. Spencer Chapman, one of the greatest Englishmen of his day. For an hour he spoke with almost unbelievable modesty (his theme was "it's the attitude of mind that counts") of the great days that lay behind him - of Courtald's magnificent living alone back in the days of Gino Watkins' Greenland Expedition; of his own climbing Chomohari; of his escape from the Japanese in the jungle; that "neutral jungle" of which he tells in one of his famous books. I think I can say that not a man or boy present would have missed a word of it.

Later there was a gay Camp Fire with good singing and happy laughter. For many I think there was talk far into the night!

Next morning there were early Services, followed soon by a Scouts' Own conducted with freshness and sympathy by The Rev. W. Peter D. Morley, Warden of the Bermondsey Settlement, and addressed with that admirable directness which is always his by Canon Laurie Brown, Precentor of Southwark Cathedral. Both, of course, are Scouts.



26th JUNE

This, indeed, was really the end of the formal and ceremonial part of the week-end, and it would have been better to have the final parade then instead of at the end of the afternoon, for many boys, because of the distance they must travel and because of work and examinations awaiting them on the Monday, had by lunch time to begin their way home. As it was, the final parade only concerned less than half of the boys, but no doubt the organisers have taken note of this for another occasion. (For another occasion, too, they might remember that many of these lads are strangers to Gilwell and that nowadays Gilwell is quite a large place. On one occasion some of the boys were discourteous enough to be late and were rightly rebuked by the Chief Scout, but I am sure they didn't mean to be discourteous. It was just that they had got quite a distance to come from their tents to the place of meeting and hadn't realised it and probably didn't know the short cuts. The programme, in fact, was a little too packed and tight-fitting, and a little more time should have been provided for the Scouts to mix and mingle among their peers at their leisure, but these are small points.)

After Scouts' Own there were some delightful absurd and uproarious mock athletics, and in the afternoon quite excellent displays arranged by the Central Council of Physical Recreation of archery, judo, canoeing (in the swimming bath!), and football technique by members of the Chelsea club.

And in such small moments as were free to them the Queen's Scouts thronged the providore and did their cooking and met one another and talked and laughed as young men should.

This was a lovely, gay and triumphant week-end, and I don't think I am alone in hoping that it will be the first of many of its kind.

REX HAZLEWOOD

PHOTO

In front of the Queen's Scouts, divided into Troops, stand the Chief Scout's representatives: Mr. A. W. Hurl, Colonel Maurice Adshead, Mr. E. Dennis Smith, Mr. J. F. Colquhoun, General Sir John Shea, General Sir Edmund Shreiber, Mr. Francis Cowie, Brigadier W. E. Clark, Colonel Robin Gold Mr. D. Francis Morgan, Captain H. W. S. Browning and Colonel J. S. Wilson. (Troop No. 1's Admiral Sir Richard Bevan is just out of the picture.) Between these gentlemen and the Chief Scout at the dais is Mr. Laurence Stringer, the new Headquarters Commissioner for Senior Scouts', who was in charge of the parade. After the presentation of the certificates (from the Chief Scout to his representatives and so to the Scouts) the Commissioners occupied the vacant chairs, the Scouts sat down and the Chief addressed them.

PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS VII. THE OTTER

By MICHAEL BLACKMORE

A few years ago I stayed with a friend who lives by the edge of a well-known river. From his front garden we could see it stretching below us like a broad silver ribbon between the flat water-meadows until it dwindled into a mere thread in the distant haze of the valley nearly a mile away.

It looked just the sort of place where you might expect to find otters, so at sunset I went down to do some exploring. I had not been there for more than half an hour when I heard a clear flute-like whistle - the unmistakable and thrilling sound of an otter calling to his mate.

Instinctively I crouched low in some reeds and after a minute or two I caught sight of a fine dog otter drifting silently downstream towards me, scarcely making a ripple in the water. Only his brown bullet-shaped head and the tip of his tail showed above the surface; indeed he looked more like a dead log than a live animal as he floated quite motionless, letting the current carry him down.

By a stroke of luck the smaller female or bitch otter suddenly slipped out from a hole under an old tree-stump on the bank and joined her mate. And then the two of them started to play, rolling on their backs and turning somersaults in the water, then diving under each other several times. You might have expected it to be a rather noisy business with plenty of water being splashed about, but they made surprisingly little sound in spite of the speed with which they moved.

If you have ever watched otters at play you are not likely to forget it, for it is one of the most delightful sights in all wild life.

I think it is true to say that they play more than any other animal, even when fully grown. If there happens to be a nice muddy slope at the edge of a river you may be lucky enough to watch otters tobogganing down it just like children do on a playground slide.

Certainly no animal is more graceful in the water; its slender streamlined body, slightly webbed feet and powerful tapering tail are marvellously adapted for swimming. Speed, agility and perfect control of movement: the otter has them all. It can easily overtake and kill a fast-moving fish. By the way, it usually catches hold of a fish from behind and beneath so that the victim cannot see it.

Although we think of the otter mainly as a water creature it is really a land mammal belonging to the same family as the badger and the weasel. In the process of evolution it has gradually managed to adapt itself to a semi-aquatic existence, but the instinctive fear that every land animal has of water still survives after all this time. You can see it in the young otter, for when it enters the water for the first time it has to be coaxed by its mother and taught how to swim.

It learns pretty quickly, but the fact remains that it does not take to the water enthusiastically until it has gained confidence, which is not inborn but has to be acquired.

Although the otter is not uncommon on several of our lakes and rivers it is a very shy animal and many people who live near its haunts never see it at all unless they watch patiently and quietly at dusk when it comes out to hunt. During most of the day otters lie up in a convenient hole under a hollow tree or in an old drain. Their sleeping-place is called a "holt," and because they are great wanderers, seldom keeping to one spot for long except when their young are born, they make use of several holts in turn which may be more than a mile apart.

This wandering habit often leads the otter well away from water altogether and sometimes you may find him living for a while entirely on land and feeding on rabbits and other small animals. Otters will also follow a river, down to the coast and spend a few weeks in the estuary where they hunt for sea-fish, crabs, mussels and the like. I have seen them at times in the open sea close to the shore, and in parts of west and north-west Scotland there are otters that probably never go near fresh water at all.

Owing to the otter's shyness and his love of travel he is rather a difficult animal to watch. Consequently much of his life history is obscure. We do not know for certain exactly what he eats or how much his feeding habits may vary in different parts of the country and between one season and another. Some people think that he does little harm to fishing interests but others take the opposite view. So until we have found out whether otters as a whole live mainly on eels and frogs in preference to salmon and trout we cannot really say how beneficial or harmless they are on preserved waters.

Then there is another interesting problem that needs to be investigated.

We already know that many otters have their young in springtime, but young ones have been seen in practically every month of the year. What exactly are their breeding habits? Does the female have one or more litters a year?

If any group of Scouts who take an interest in otters are able to fit in the missing parts of the jig-saw puzzle so as to make the picture of the otter's life history complete the knowledge will be of great value to naturalists. A study of this kind may take several years to complete if carried out systematically; but the otter is such a fascinating and lovely creature that, if you devote some of your spare time to seeking him out and watching him in his watery haunts, you will find a source of real adventure.

(Photo by Eric Hosking)



IV. KEEPING TROPICAL FISH

By L. HUGH NEWMAN

In my last article in this series I told you how to look after a tank of cold water fish. The same general principles apply also to tropical fish, but as they are nearly all much smaller than the cold water species you can keep a greater number of them in one tank. The real difference in their care is that the tropical fish usually need to have their water artificially heated, except in very hot summer weather.

The most suitable temperature is 75 degrees F. and the simplest and most satisfactory way of heating is by using a small electric immersion heater fitted with a thermostatic control so that it will switch itself on and off as required. You can buy tanks and heaters at all aquarium shops and your local electrician will find it a simple matter to connect the heater to the main wiring of the house. In houses with no electric current the tank can be heated by an oil lamp burning below it, and this type of heater too can be bought from dealers.

The weeds for a tropical tank are rather different from those you would choose for cold water fish. Some of the best are the following kinds; Vallisneria and Sagittaria which both have narrow strap-shaped leaves, Cacomba and Myriophyllum which are very pretty and feathery, the Indian Fern with finely cut foliage and the Amazon Sword, which is a stately plant with leaves like long green feathers. Plant up your tank and fill it with water at least a week before you introduce any fish. This will give the water time to mature and the plants will settle down and begin to grow.

Most people who keep tropical fish like to set up what is known as a community tank, with fish of several different kinds. Many of the tropical fish will mix very well with each other and a tank containing individuals of different shapes and colours and sizes makes an interesting and attractive feature in a room.

But before you buy any fish be sure and ask the advice of the expert at the shop because there are some fish which will fight and injure others or bully them so much that they cannot thrive, and they of course need a tank to themselves.

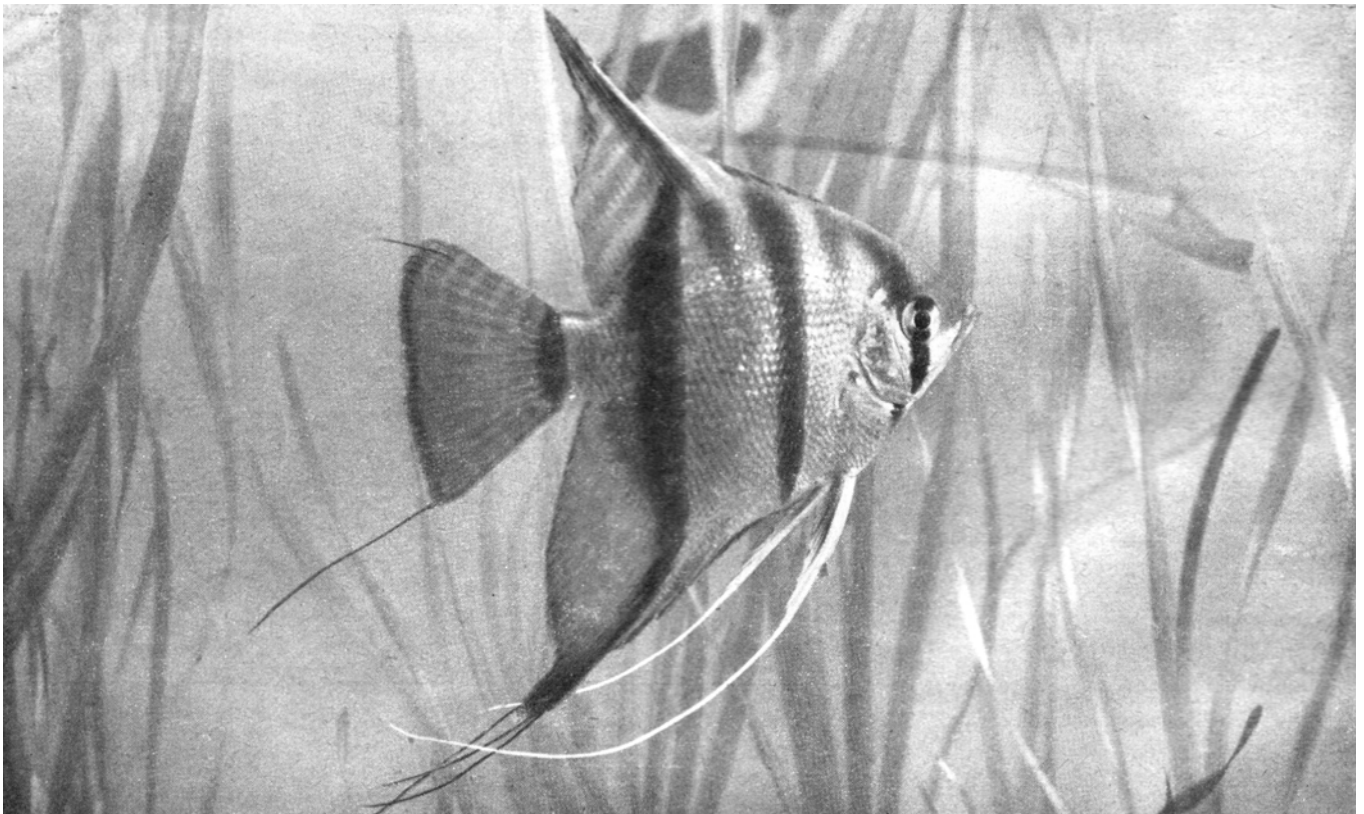
Tropical fish should be fed on a mixture of dry foods and live foods. Dry foods should be given very sparingly, but live food will not contaminate the water even if it is not eaten at once, so this can be fed more liberally. Aquarium shops always stock such foods as water fleas, tubifex worms, white worms and blood worms which are excellent fish foods. A small piece of cooked shrimp suspended on a thread in the tank for about half an hour will also provide flesh food for the carnivorous fish. Green water, which is water full of minute algae, is an excellent tonic food and the best way to produce it is by standing a glass jar of water in a sunny window. When it turns green pour a little into the main tank at intervals.

Unlike cold water fish which seldom breed in a small tank, many of the tropical species breed very easily if they get enough sunlight and plenty of live food. Very often, however, the parent fish eat their own young so if you really wish to breed fish you ought to have a special nursery tank for the young fry. Put the parent fish in here and as soon as the eggs are laid or the young fish are born, remove the parents and leave the fry by themselves.

The feeding of tropical fish fry is not always easy and the only food which is suitable in the early days is infusoria culture. Infusoria are very minute forms of animal life, barely visible to the naked eye. The way to make a culture is to put some lettuce leaves or dry grass in a glass jar, cover it with water and stand it in a sunny place. When the water turns brown or milky this means that infusoria are breeding in the jar and a few spoonfuls added to the tank each day will provide the young fish with nourishment. A fresh culture must be started every three or four days.

Several kinds of tropical fish give birth to living young and are therefore known as live bearers. Among these the Guppies are the easiest to manage.

The females are quite large and plain in colour and outline, but the males vary tremendously in the shape of their tails and are so bright that they are sometimes known as Rainbow fish.



The Sword-tail is another live bearer and again the female is quite plain while the males have a long sword-like extension to their tails. The Platy also belongs to this group and so does the velvety black Molly which will reach a size of nearly four inches when full grown.

One of the most curious and beautiful of the tropical, fish is the Angel fish, illustrated on the previous page. It is very shy and likes plenty of weed to hide in, but although some people find it hard to rear others say that in a district with suitable water it is quite easy to look after and will even breed.

The Barbs are all small lively fish which do well in a community tank. The Zebra fish are very tiny and slim. They like to swim around in shoals and their bodies are striped in dark blue and silver. A related fish is the Pearl Danio, coloured in mother-of-pearl tints with a red and purple line running down the body.

The Neon Tetra is almost unbelievable bright with a scarlet patch on the hind part of the body and a brilliant streak, just like greenish neon light, along each side. The Beacon fish has a luminous spot on the tail and another near the head.

The Bubble nesters are interesting to watch during the breeding season when the males make nests of bubbles for the eggs. The Paradise fish is the easiest kind to keep and has the honour of being the first tropical fish introduced to Europe, just over ninety years ago. The different Gouramis all make bubble nests and so do the Siamese fighting fish. They are really wonderfully beautiful creatures, and although the males will fight furiously with others of their own kind they live quite peacefully with different species of fish. You can get them now in several lovely colours, green, blue, lavender, purple and red and a fine specimen is a pet to be proud of.

BOOKS

FAR LANDS

Tibetan Journey, by George N. Patterson (Faber, 1 5s.); *Crazy White Man*, by Richard Morenus (Hammond, 12s. 6d.).

For those who like travel and adventure books there are new ones being published every week. I cannot remember a time when there has been such a spate of books of this nature. Possibly the success of *Kontici* showed that they can be money spinners. Since then, a few good ones have been published and many second-rate ones. Mr. Patterson's adventure is a book that, should be published and I hope it will be widely read. It is a journal of a journey from the eastern border of Tibet to India by this young missionary - but what a journey and what a man! In order to get supplies of medicine and food he went with a few Tibetan companions on a terrific journey which he vividly describes. In places it is terrifying, humorous, inspiring and always interesting, and shining through all the hardships and bitter experiences is the man of infinite faith and great resolution, a humble man with great and burning ideals. I recommend this book to every Scouter and Group library.

Mr. Morenus has written an account of his experiences in the frozen north of Canada. After a nervous breakdown, his doctor advised a complete change of environment and this American radio scriptwriter bought an island in a lake in Northern Ontario. Without knowing anything at all of the life and the rigours of the frozen north, he

proceeds to make every mistake, except a fatal one, but in learning through sheer necessity, eventually stays there for six years. His book is full of extraordinary trappers and Indians that he meets and tales that he hears. Some of the American expressions were completely lost on me, but no doubt will be more familiar to the younger generation. The Indians called him Sha-Ga-Na-Sag Wa-Du-Kee, which in the Ojibway language means Crazy White Man. Having learnt the hard way, he eventually proved a real bushman. With great tenacity he lived on his island with the winter temperature sometimes at 630 below zero, miles from the nearest trading post. There is something peculiarly American in his determination to win through even when everything that can go wrong happens to him. If you like stories of hardship in the frozen north, Red Indians and all that sort of thing, this book is your "cup of tea."

G. F. W.

CHINA

China Trader, by A. H. Rasmussen (Constable, 18s.).

This is the personal narrative of a young Norwegian who went out to China in the year 1905 "for the excitement and fun of it," as he puts it, and who stayed there for thirty-two years.

On becoming a customs -officer, he was sent to a lonely outpost on the Yangtze river, Chinkiang. There many adventures came his way.

He writes vividly of these, and later of his life in N. China, in Tientsin and Peking. Politics do not come into this story (apart from the author's share in the revolt of 1911) but, of the many books written on China, it gives perhaps one of the most enlightening insights into the character and this reason alone it is worth reading, apart from the fact that customs, both good and bad, of the people of this centuries-old land.

For this reason alone it is worth reading, apart from the fact that the episodes dealing with bandits, boar hunting (how B.-P. would have enjoy these!) and almost unbelievably dangerous journeys are true. The price of this book may seem high, but to those who want to try to understand these enigmatic but, to those who know them, fascinating people, it is money well spent, for it is a book to read and re-read and to lend to those friends who one knows are certain to return it!

BETTY MELVILLE SMITH.

CAVING

The Darkness Under the Earth, by Norbert Casteret (Dent, 15s.).

Although in his introduction M. Casteret says that this book is the seventh of a series which by describing his own activities endeavours to make spelaeology more widely known and practised, this is surely only the fourth title to appear in this country. Certainly the literature of modern caving is rather sparse and for this reason alone Casteret's book would be welcome. But actually he writes illuminatingly and sensitively and is the perfect substitute for those of us who prefer to do our caving vicariously. Those who are themselves cavern will wish to add this volume to their shelves without delay.

It is divided into two parts - The Joys and The Dangers. It is exciting and wise and sensible. I hope that many of you, especially Senior and Rover Scouts who have had no experience of caving, will try and read this book: its interest and its attitude towards life give it a value far beyond its immediate purpose. There are some typical illustrations.

R.H.

CRICKET

Cricket Musketeer, by Freddie Brown (Nicholas Kaye-Ltd., 15s.).

Having read most of the books by contemporary cricket writers I have no hesitation in stating that Freddie Brown's *Cricket Musketeer* provided me with as much pleasure as any cricket book has given for a long time.

The author tells us that he has retired from active participation in first-class cricket and therefore feels at liberty to commit his thoughts and opinions to print. We shall miss this big-hearted cricketer from "the middle" but his advent into the realms of authorship promises us many more pleasant leisure hours. In *Cricket Musketeer* the ex-captain of England and Northants tells us the true story about many incidents and expresses his opinions in a forthright manner about subjects which have interested cricketers for a long time - body-line, Lindwall's bowling, Test wickets and finance, the Press are just a few of them. To this add the very fine accounts of Test Matches and other games in which he has played, his opinions on players from all over the world and ideas about the next English team for "down under." Through it all runs the unmistakable truth that this man has a great knowledge of his subject and an even greater love of the game. There is room for only one quotation from this delightful book; it illustrates the author's outspoken comments.

After certain discussions with members of the Northants County Committee a Committeeman asked Mr. F. R. Brown: "Who do you put first, Northants or England?"

The author's prompt and rather brusque reply to this was "England of course - and if you did, too, we might get on a lot better."

So much more could be said but, well, read it yourself. There are a few good photographs and a foreword by R. W. V. Robins.

LAURENCE. STRINGER.

The Fight for the Ashes 1953, by Peter West, with statistics by Roy Webber (Harrap, 15s.).

For the cricket historian this book is a must. Apart from accounts and score sheets of all matches played in the United Kingdom by the Australian touring team of 1953, it meets the demand of the most exacting statistician by supplying every conceivable figure down to comparative rates of scoring for batsmen and run rates in the Test Matches. Probably the most written on the 1953 series.

F.S.B.

WILD LIFE

My Wild Friends, by James Walton (Faber, 15s.).

This is an extraordinary account of the author's hobby of making pets of some of the fiercest and, one would have thought, most untameable animals. Friendly wrestling bouts with forest bred lions seems to be his everyday amusement; and the leopard on the hearthrug is apparently not an unusual sight in his home. Instead of the ordinary man's dog, he takes his unusual pets for country walks, and even uses them as retrievers when shooting. The photographs by which the book is illustrated are truly startling and give one a creepy feeling down the spine.

D. F. M.

Coorinna, by Eric Wilson (Andre Deutsch, 8s. 6d.).

A life story of a now nearly extinct animal the marsupial wolf, which at one time roamed the uplands of the Australian continent. We read of the birth of Coorinna as a cub, of his early life and efforts to feed himself, his mating and of his unavailing fight against man and dogs which finally results in his death and that of his mate and cub.

A story which is more suitable to Scouts than Scouters.

F. S. B.

THE BIBLE

The Bible in Brief, chosen and arranged by James Reeves (Allan Wingate, 8s. 6d.).

My Bible, which was given to me on my seventh birthday and is falling to pieces, consists of 1,240 pages of small print in two columns, with marginal notes involving lots of cross-references in the text, and some words mysteriously printed in italics. What a formidable proposition even for an adult, let alone a small boy!

Here, in *The Bible in Brief*, James Reeves has not altered a word of the incomparable language of the Authorized Version, but by dint of much omission and some re-arrangement of order has given us an easily readable book of 284 pages and 75 chapters.

No marginal references, nothing to distract the eye from the story.

It is a pleasure to read, and one is carried on by the interest of the story, as if one were reading a novel.

The Bishop of London in his Foreword points out that the unity of the theme running through the many books of the Bible is preserved. He continues: "I believe that one of the reasons why people are beginning to return to the practice of Bible-reading is that, after a prolonged period during which they had not been able to see the wood for the trees, they are now receiving clearer guidance on this most important point.

I hope that this selection will assist the process, and will bring readers back to the study of the Bible with a clearer vision and with a well-defined aim."

In my opinion, the selection has been admirably done, although everybody may differ on minor points. I recommend it most confidently, and especially to those who have not been brought up in a habit of regular Bible reading.

J. F. C.

Back to the Bible, by H. G. C. Herklots (Ernest Bean Ltd., 12s. 6d.).

It is easy to dismiss such a book as this as "just another book on the Bible," but to do so would be to commit a grave error. Not everyone realises the extent to which new knowledge has come to light in recent years about the ancient manuscripts which have been the source of all Biblical criticism and understanding from the earliest times. A book published twenty years ago on this subject is just as out of date as a contemporary work would be on popular science, and Canon Herklots has provided just such a book which puts before us the most up-to-date discoveries concerning the Bible. Only too often such works are left in the hands of those whose expert knowledge on these matters has been gained at the expense of being out of touch with the questions which the ordinary person asks about the Bible. Canon Herklots has the distinct advantage here in being able to combine sound Biblical knowledge with the personal experience of a parish priest. This makes the book wholly worthy of commendation.

The Coronation was made the occasion for a recall of our people to the regular reading of the Bible, which has always had a central place in our Troop and Rover Crew meetings, and this book should be of great value to the Scouter who takes this part of his job seriously, and it should certainly find a place in the Rover Crew Library.

C. B. COLES.

The Bible: Authorized Version with drawings by Horace Knowles (British and Foreign Bible Society, 7s. 6d. and 15s.).

The chief feature of this excellent edition of the Authorized Version is its many small delightful informative black and white illustrations by Mr. Knowles - they are visual aids in the best sense of the words. The chapter and verse indications are in the margins (so that another hindrance to Bible reading is removed) and there are intelligent subheadings. Another change from other editions is in printing some of the text in a smaller type "these official historic documents preserved in these ancient manuscripts" (as the Editor, Mr. John Stirling writes in his "To the Reader" introduction), and such things as genealogies, itineraries, building specifications and such other material which the general reader could well afford to leave "until he has become acquainted with the main stream of the Book's great story". This is easily the most attractive and readable edition of the Authorized Version I have seen.

R. H.

TROPICAL FISH

Tropical Fish in the Home, by Douglas Gohm, F.Z.S. (Pearson, 15s.).

The craze for keeping a tank of tropical fish in the home has swept through the land within recent years; even our Prime Minister has fallen for their fascination we are told. And it is quite understandable, for there is something very restful in watching these vividly coloured creatures from the tropic seas while sitting at ease in a chair!

But to achieve some sort of success in establishing an aquarium you must have proper guidance, and Douglas Gohm has certainly provided this in his book under review. To save the first initial expense he tells in great detail how actually to construct a tank, with many useful diagrams. This will appeal to the boy who likes to make things with his own hands. Then he tells you how to plan the aquarium so as to get the best possible effect, and lists all the suitable water weeds. Next comes the management, that is to say how to keep the water pure, what to feed the fish on, and all relevant details. Diseases are then comprehensively dealt with, and lastly, the rest of the book deals with the very many types of fish than can be kept, and even bred in a home aquarium.

This last section is made especially attractive by the author's exquisite paintings of the species in question; on a dead white background, uniform throughout the plates, the fish show up in all their most brilliant colouring. No wonder people cannot resist keeping them as pets!

L HUGE NEWMAN

NOTES AND NEWS

JULY PHOTOGRAPHS

This month's cover is by Peter Pridham and shows Scouts of the 1st Oxshott on Hemmick Beach, near Dodman Point, Cornwall.

WARINGTON BADEN-POWELL TROPHY RACES

The fourth annual races for the two Silver Bowls presented in memory of her husband by Mrs. Warington Baden-Powell will take place on the Thames at Teddington on Saturday, September 25, 1954.

Entrants for Junior Trophy must be over 15 or Senior Scouts but not 18 on the day of the race; single-seater PBK. 15 canoes will be used. Competitors should if possible supply their own canoes but a small pool of craft may be available locally.

The race for the Senior Trophy will be open to Rover Sea Scouts over 18 but not yet 24 on the day of the race, using Middlesex/Surrey 12 ft. sailing dinghies single-handed. Competitors may use their own craft or arrange to borrow from a pool of dinghies which will be provided. Camping facilities will be available.

Entry forms are obtainable from the Training Secretary, Imperial Headquarters, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Eric L. Ebbage, 82 Eden Street, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, will provide advice and further information, and will be glad to receive offers of help as stewards, etc., and the loan of suitable craft for the pool.

WOOD BADGE COURSES

Gilwell Park

Cub Courses

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

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

Scout Courses

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

No. 233 Saturday, August 14th—Saturday, August 28th (Senior Scout). To be held in the Lake District.

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

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

Rover Course

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

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. Aug. 7th—15th

Apply: The Secretary, Scottish Headquarters, 44 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

London (Gilwell Park)

Scout, 5 W.E. Sept. 11th

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

South Staffordshire (Beaudesert)

Scout, 5 W.E. Aug. 28th (omitting Sept. 18th—19th)

Apply: I. K. Davies, 57 Collins Road, Wednesbury, Staffs.

Yorkshire, West and Central (Bradley Wood)

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

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

HERTFORDSHIRE SENIOR SCOUT GATHERING

October 2nd/3rd, 1954, at Thundridge, near Ware. Senior Scouts from other countries will be especially welcome. They should write to Mr. M. N. Balsillie, 14 Kings Road, Barnet, Herts, before September 15th and enclose 2s. per camper to cover, bread, milk, etc.

COUNTY EVENT

28th—29th August Northants Rover Moot, Northampton.

ERRATA

A W dropped from Essex last month (how no one seems to know) gave misleading information. It is the Wessex Rover Moot which regrettably had to be cancelled.

The caption under the charming Cob photograph on p. 167 should have been "We'll DOB, DOB, DOB, DOB" and not, of course, we can only plead quite tumultuous pressure of work by way of apology to all concerned.

"LOOKING WIDE" COMPETITION

Pulls of the details of this Competition for Senior and Rover Scouts which appeared in the May SCOUTER are available on application to The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

THE CAMPBELL BLAIR ORPHAN ENDOWMENT

If anyone knows of a boy (preferably but not necessarily the son of a clergyman or professional man) who has lost one or both parents, the expense of whose education presents a problem, application should be made for details of a scheme whereby the boy may be considered under an Endowment Scheme for financial assistance to enable him to be educated as a boarder at Lady Manners School, Bakewell, Derbyshire (a Grammar School) with clothing, holiday and other allowances if need be.

A preference is given to boys who desire to qualify for life in the Dominions, and in such cases assistance is available for further education after leaving the School. A candidate must be capable of passing the Derbyshire Education Committee's eleven plus entrance examination to the school, but a similar test of other Education Committees will normally be acceptable.

For further particulars apply to Mr. C. S. Lewis, Secretary, The Campbell Blair Orphan Endowment, 55 Brown Street, Manchester.

I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS FOR AUGUST

5th/6th Devon Rally

Chief Scout

28th/29th South Staffs Rover Moot, Beaudesert C. E. Maynard

COMMISSIONERS' COURSES, 1954-55,

The following courses have been arranged and are open to all Commissioners, including Cub Commissioners, District Scouters and County and Local Association officials:

No. 90 October 16th/17th, 1954 Yorkshire (Harrogate)

No. 91 November 6th/7th, 1954 Durham

No. 92 December 4th/5th, 1954 Gilwell

No. 93 January 29th/30th, 1955 Somerset (Taunton)

No. 94 February 19th/20th, 1955 Cheshire (Chester)

No. 95 March 19th/20th, 1955 I.H.Q.

Courses commence at 3.30 p.m. on the Saturday and end at 4.15 p.m. on the Sunday.

Application form and full information can be obtained from: The Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, Chingford, London, E.4.

WOOD BADGE PART I

Papers relative to Part I of the Wood Badge are obtainable from Gilwell Park. The fee for the Course is 4s. Applicants should state whether they wish to enter for the Cub, Scout or Rover Course. S.M.(S) and A.S.M.(S) should normally take the Scout Course.

AWARDS FROM 6th MAY TO 26th MAY, 1954

CERTIFICATE FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT.

M. Earley, Scout, 1st Dunmow.

"In recognition of his action in attempting to rescue a boy who had fallen through the ice on a frozen pond, and his courage in remaining on the ice with complete disregard for his own safety until further assistance arrived, Dunmow, 29th January, 1954"

J. Maskell, Patrol Leader (Seniors), 3rd Hampton.

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

K. Smith, Senior Scout, 1st Whitley Bay, and J. Whitley, Senior Scout, 5th Whitley Bay (St. George's).

"In recognition of their action in locating and rendering first aid to a climber injured on a mountain. In driving snow and pitch darkness they were forced to cut steps in a wall of ice to reach the injured man. They then injected morphia and administered first aid until the arrival of a rescue team when they assisted as stretcher bearers, Cairn Toul, Cairngorms, 12th—13th April, 1954."

GILT CROSS.

P. Perkins, Scout, 1st Chewton Mendip.

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving his father from being further gored by an enraged bull, Chewton Mendip, 14th February, 1954."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT.

Cornwall. - B. Maddern, G.S.M., 1st Newlyn, D.C.M., Penzance and District.

Durham. - D. Hughes, G.S.M., 1st Leadgate, A.D.C., Consett and District.

West Yorkshire. - E. J. Edwards, Badge Secretary, Skipton-in-Craven.

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

MEDAL OF MERIT.

Bedfordshire. - J. W. F. Dew, D.C., Mid Bedfordshire, D.C.C.

Bristol. - F. A. Home, G.S.M., 15th Bristol (St. Martin's Knowle).

Buckinghamshire. - S. Kerr, S.M.(S), 1st Princes Risborough.

Lancashire North West. - J. Hodgson, G.S.M., 16th Lancaster (St. Paul's).

Surrey. - A. Trussler, G.S.M., 7th Farnham (Elstead); Rev. B. W. J. Harvey, G.S.M., Rydes Hill, County Chaplain (Roman Catholic).

Northern Ireland.

Co. Dawn. - C. J. Law, S.M., 1st Newcastle.

Scotland.

Ayrshire. - J. H. P. Cousar, G.S.M., 28th Ayrshire (Troon), A.D.C.,

West Midland.

Perthshire. - Miss D. M. Davidson, C.M., 74th Perthshire (St. John's Parish Church), A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Perth City District; Miss N. Rodger, C.M., 28th Perthshire (Almond Valley), A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Perth Landward (North).

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

THE SCOUT LAW

VI. A SCOUT IS A FRIEND TO ANIMALS

In what strange worlds those speechless creatures wander,

Moving like men who walk in wide-eyed sleep,

The patient cows that stand and seem to ponder,

The snuggling horse, the foolish timid sheep;

All the dumb beasts and birds and darting fishes

That only have this moment to enjoy,

No glow of memories or warmth of wishes,

No destiny but to be Nature's toy.

Those lovely limbs were never formed for beating,

Those fragile wings, so strong, are not to crush;

But beauty all in order is repeating

In different shades the message of one brush;

One artist speaks to us in every frame

If we but read and don't forget His Name.

JAMES FITZSIMONS, S.J..

HEAD QUARTERS NOTICES

I.H.Q. Appointments and Resignations

Appointment

Assistant Camp Chief (Training), GiIwell Park - W. R. Holman.

Resignation

Headquarters Commissioner for Rover Scouts - Brigadier J. J. Sloan, O.B.E., M.C.

Owing to increasing pressure on his time, Brigadier Sloan reluctantly has resigned his appointment as Headquarters Commissioner for Rover Scouts. The Committee places on record its appreciation of the contribution which Brigadier Sloan has made to the Rover Scout Section.

August Holidays, 1954

Imperial Headquarters and the Scout Restaurant will be closed from 5.30 p.m. Friday, July 30th, until 9.30 a.m. Tuesday, August 3rd.

The Scout Shops will be closed from 1 p.m. Saturday, July 31st, until 9 a.m. Tuesday, August 3rd.

Staff Vacancies

Applications are invited for the following vacancies for full-time staff at I.H.Q.:-

Shorthand Typist	International, Legal and Publicity Departments
Clerk - Typist	Accounts Department
Accounts Clerk	Accounts Department
Filing Clerk	Accounts Department
Invoice Clerks	Equipment Department
Office Juniors	General Office and General Editor's Department

Applications should be addressed to: The Administrative Secretary, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1.

C. C. GOODHIND,
Administrative Secretary

TO ALL OLD WOLVES

Cubs and "The Scout"

Do your Cubs yet take *The Scout* (i.e. do they order it regularly from a newsagent, which is the only way they can get it)? Cubs now have at least four pages to themselves and many of the other pages are good Cub training and will help us to retain them as Scouts. A new serial for Cubs, "The Meeting Pool," begins on July. 30th - which is a good time for Cubs to start. Please do all you can to encourage your Cubs to become regular readers of their own weekly paper. Every Friday, 4d.

ALL INDIA SERVICE ROVER CREW

On June 5th, 1954, a circular letter was sent out to all past members of the A.I.S.R. at home and overseas to see whether there was a desire to form a branch of the B.-P. Guild. In response to this I have had over 50 replies and all are desirous of one being formed.

On Wednesday, June 30th, a meeting took place in London of those able to be present to form a steering committee. This will function until a reunion later this year, from which it is hoped to form a committee for one year.

All told, Mr. Gordon Vaughan, 1 Harcourt House, Regency Street, London, S.W.1, who is organising this branch of the Guild, had over 900 names and hopes to see the membership figures over the 200 mark. It is hoped that those who read this, and were serving in India, Burma or Ceylon, but who were unable to become members of the A.I.S.R. owing to Service commitments, or were in areas where no Rover Crew existed, will write to Mr. Vaughan, if interested, giving details of Service in their units out in India, Burma or Ceylon..

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

The Snowdon Group will hold an open Camp at Llanberis throughout the summer holiday period. There will be facilities for mountaineering (with tuition) and scoutcraft (with tuition and tests). Scouts of fourteen and over may attend for any periods of their choice. The registration fee is 3s.; and the charge for food is 25s. per week, or 4s. per day for lesser periods. Registration forms obtainable by sending s.a.e. to: The G.S.M., The Rectory, Llanberis, Caerns, N. Wales.

Northants Rover Moot, 1954, August 28th/29th, at the Northampton L.A. camping-ground, Overstone. Details from W. C. Draper, 42 Union Street, Kettering.

Hampshire Rover Moot 1954, Southampton. Sept. 18th and 19th. "The Gateway to the Empire." President, Admiral Morgan, C.C. Hants. Guests include Gen. Sir I. Swayne, the Mayor of Southampton, Jack Beet, Norman Davey, Pincher Martin and others. Cost 12s. 6d. Book now with P. E. Goss, Hant Rover Sec., 8 Sheffield Road, Portsmouth.

Four Counties Moot, 1954, at Aylesbury, Bucks. Sept. 25th—26th. Details from F. Davies, Lynton, Waterside, Chesham, Bucks.

Isle of Wight Rover Moot. Sept. 25th and 26th. Warner's Camp, Puckpool, Ryde. Full details from S. Daish, 116 Pyle Street, Newport, I.W.

Sussex County Rover Moot, Sept. 25—26th, at Hillside (Henfield). Moot fee 2s. 6d. Principal speaker, Cecil Potter (C.C., Middlesex). Applications to Moot Office, 28 George Street, Hove, by August 3 1st.

L.O.B. Rover Moot, 1954. October 2—3rd, at "Greenwoods," Stock, near Billericay, Essex. Programme includes General Sir John Shea, Cecil Potter and Ralph Rea. Active demonstrations of Judo, Weight-lifting, Archery, etc. Information from Ron Leyh, 11 Budoch Court, Breamore Road, Ilford, Essex.

"Cobwebs" - this is the theme of the next Yorks. W.R.N.E./Central Yorkshire Ranger/Rover Conference to be held in Pudsey, nr. Leeds, October 30—31st. Come and sweep yours away! Senior Guides and Senior Scouts particularly invited. Full details from Miss M. O. Smith, Prospect Cottage, Farsley, Leeds, after July 1st.

EMPLOYMENT

The Church Army offers a Free Two-Year Course of Training, with small allowance, to suitable keen Christians, between the ages 18—30; Church of England Communicants. After training, a salaried post is found as an officer in the Church Army (Mission Vans, Parish Workers, in Youth Centres and Men's Hostels, etc.). Apply to Captain 3. Benson, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

Abbey National Building Society invites applications for young men aged 16—21, educated to G.C.E. standard, to be trained for responsible positions on its clerical staff. Vacancies are limited and early application should be made to Establishment Officer, Abbey House, Baker Street, London, N.W. 1.

The Revd.' George Moore, having fulfilled his contract of seven years hard labour as chaplain of the School of St. Helen, Abingdon, is now once more in circulation, and at liberty to consider any not too excessively-demanding or inadequately-remunerated job among the *shorted* rather than skirted young of the humankind. There may well be among readers of the Scouter those who remember him as Training and District Commissioner, Priest, and Organ Recitalist.

Openings exist for men between 21 and 30 to train as General Secretaries. First essentials: sense of Christian vocation, good education, organising ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write giving particulars of experience and qualifications to: Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

The Headmaster of Scorton Grammar School (Independent), Nr. Richmond, Yorks., fully recognised by the Ministry of Education, is looking for a resident Scouter to join his staff in September. The candidate should be able to teach some subject in the Lower School (11 to 14), assist with soccer and P.T. Burnham Scale will be paid to graduate or certificated teacher; others would be considered at a minimum of £400. Government pensions and free married quarters.

PERSONAL

Wigs, Perruquists, Any Production, lowest rates. Make-up materials. S.A.E. with inquiries. "Bert," 46 Portnall Road, W.9. LAD: 1717.

Happy Scouting to all in 1954. And make your Scouting happier with a well-fitting pair of Dover shorts in best English cords. Write to Ogste Dover (The Cycling Tailor), 160 Kensington, Liverpool, 8. Phone Anfield 1683. S.A.E. for patterns and prices.

Theatrical costumes and accessories. Costumiers to the London Gang Show Special rates of hire to Troops for all productions. West End Costume (Peter Dunlop), Ltd., 18 Tower St., W.C.2. Temple Bar 6806.

Rover has been able to arrange with Lloyd's Underwriters specially reduced premiums for private and commercial motor insurance for warranted Scouters. Apply Rover Scout Mills, 59—60 Cornhill, E.C.3.

KS. Vaissiere Bugle and Trumpet Makers. "What," never heard of us? Well, now is the time to get in touch with us in regard to your instruments that need repairs. You will never regret the day. Note our address: 16b, Georges Road, Liverpool, 6. Phone: Anfield-3343.

Pennants - details from P. & R. Publicity, The Broadway, Pitsea, Basildon Essex. (Late of Radion (Rayleigh) Ltd.) Suppliers for Eastern Counties Rover Moot.

"Scout-Ink" Catalogue No. 35. 32 pages illustrated. Group Progress Records: District Records: Certificates: Camp Bank Cards and Forms: Envelopes and Postcards: Posters: Programme Blatiks: Letter Headings: Duplicated Magazines: Receipt Books: Compliment Slips: Birthday Cards: Rubber Stamps: Badges: Arrols: Rosettes: Nametapes. Send postcard to Stacy Ltd., 99 Kingsland High Street, London, E.8.

Xmas cards. Write now for complete details of raising funds by selling Xmas cards to Dept. "S," The Harris Distributing Co., Britannic House, 99/1 19, Rosehesy Avenue, E.C.1.

Photography. Contacts 3d., Postcards 7d., Half-plate 1/3. Doubtful? A trial will convince! Hayden Carr, 7 Blenheim Place, Brighton.

FOR SALE

Reconditioned ex-Army huts, and manufactured buildings. Timber, Asbestos, Nissen Type, Hall Type, etc. All sizes and prices~ Write, call or telephone, Universal Supplies (Belvedere) Ltd., Dept, 93, Crabtree Manorway, Belvedere, Kent. Tel. ERITH 2948.

Trek Carts!!! Tubular steel, unused, rubber-wheeled, Paratroop hand trucks. Particulars free. Only £5 15s. 0d. Greens, 623 Albert Street, Lytham.

200 tents for sale, various sizes, i.e. hell tents, ridge tents, marquees. All ready to erect. List on application. Yeo Bros. Paull Ltd., Martock, Somerset.

As new, green Senior Itisa tent complete with fly sheet and bag; also groundsheet - £18. Apply Box 191, THE SCOUTER.



for the whole patrol -
for the odd cup -
the quickest way
to good coffee

No grounds, no waste, no bother! Allow 1 teaspoonful of Nescafé for each cupful of good full-flavoured coffee. Put the lot in a billyful of piping-hot water, stir and serve. Or put a teaspoonful of Nescafé in each cup and add hot water. Milk and sugar to taste. Perfect coffee in a moment!

there's always time for **NESCAFÉ**
grand coffee quickly

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

Camping's fun...



...and so is breakfast, this easy way!

No need to waste time cooking. Quaker Oats is ready to eat right away! Just pour it straight from the packet, add milk and sugar—then grab a spoon! You'll like the real nutty flavour. And mighty important for busy campers, Quaker Oats gives you all the energy you need. You see, oats contain more calories per ounce (calories give you energy) than any other breakfast cereal, and they are rich in protein (protein builds up your body, helps make you strong). So for a breakfast that's easy and fun and good for you too—try One-Minute Quaker Oats straight from the packet. Only 1/5 or 9 1/2 d.



STRAIGHT



FROM THE PACKET!

