

# THE SCOUTER

AUGUST 1954

9<sup>D</sup>



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**STRAIGHT**



**FROM THE PACKET!**



## THE OUTLOOK

By **TILE CHIEF SCOUT**

As I write these words I have just received the preliminary census figures for 1954, and what wonderful figures they are. For the first time in our history we have exceeded the half-million mark in total membership, and Group Scouters and Commissioners are above fifty thousand. But the most satisfactory point about them is that these increases appear in every single uniformed branch. As you know, the total membership has shown a steady increase since the early days of the war, but this has been due to the constantly increasing numbers of Cubs, while Scouts and Seniors during the past three or four years have been dropping, as well, of course, as Rover Scouts. It now looks as if we may have turned the corner. Boy Scouts are up by two thousand, fifteen to eighteens by one thousand, and Rovers by a couple of hundred. What has been the cause of it? We haven't got the analysis of the investigation we were making, and so we can form no conclusions. The impressive number of Queen's Scouts, and their impressive bearing, combined with the services they rendered at the Coronation festivities, has, however, called attention to the fact that, contrary to what some people imagine, the finest of our boys do find something of value in Scouting right up to the days of National Service. There can be no doubt too, that the increased keenness of Scouters and Commissioners to undergo training, both Preliminary and the full Wood Badge, is raising the standards of personal leadership which we have all recognised as the basis of real Scouting, and anything less than real Scouting cannot be regarded as good enough. While we can express satisfaction at what has been achieved, we cannot be complacent over the amount still to be done. Every upward step makes the maintenance of our position more difficult. We still have a long way to go if we are going to retain in Scouting the Cubs who will normally be coming up into the Troops at the rate of between sixty and seventy thousand a year. Even in the four years of the Scout age group, 11-15, in 1954 we had twenty three thousand boys less than in the three years age group, 8-11 of 1951. We must always, of course, be prepared for a certain leakage, but we still have got too much. There is no Coronation this year to help us, so if we are to keep the half million we'll have to do a lot of hard work and hard thinking.

Since I returned from the Mediterranean I have had a busy time with Rallies at Gorhambury, near St. Albans, and Amptill in Bedfordshire. The weather was arranged so that it kept fine while I was at these Rallies and poured the rest of the day! They were good Rallies, and I was delighted to find some first-class Groups from the new housing areas. It was by pure chance that some of these Scouters and some of these boys were found. I do hope we shall make better use of the transfer system, because in these shifts of population it is increasingly important to know where the Scouters are to be found and to keep in touch with Scouts and Cubs who come to the new area from outside.

Then I had two week-ends in Scotland, with three Rallies in each week-end, each one different from the others each first-rate of its kind. East Lothian, a scattered rural area, a small camp on a most lovely site which had everything - good camping ground, woodlands, a loch and an island, One Group in particular specialised in cooking, a first-rate Group.

A simple, happy example of good Scouting. Midlothian, a huge crowd of parents and others at Lauriston Castle, with an historic pageant on a great green lawn sweeping down to then Firth of Forth with the Fife hills beyond; a perfect day and a perfect setting, the pageant excellently conceived and carried out with a first-class commentary - a wonderful achievement. Then Fife, where I made my entry with Lord Elgin, the Lieutenant a descendant of Robert the Bruce, preceded by a Rover carrying the Bruce's sword. Again a happy, cheerful crowd, the Cubs putting on a grand show.

Even I thought they had gone a bit too far when two parties of about one hundred Cubs each dashed down opposing slopes armed with swords - of wood, thank goodness and battle-axes, in a terrific "Battle of Bannockburn." However, all the dead and wounded rose up from the ground and ran off when the battle was over!

The next week-end my ju-ju failed me. At Paisley there was a Rally in the Public Park where they made excellent use of the ground available, and the competitors in an International Model Yacht Race cleared the pond to allow the Sea Scouts full scope for their display.

There were crowds of the public in spite of the rain. In the evening at Greenock - where I had made my first official appearance as Chief Scout in beautiful weather - the rain did rain.

I was unable to see the first-rate camping display which they had gone to infinite trouble to prepare, but they made no bones about it. They had an alternative prepared, and I went up to a school building to have a word with representatives of the parents, and then into a big hail in the school where there was excellent piping and singing by the Scouts and Cubs. I gave Mr. Swan and his Scouters and Local Association members full marks for their decision and the way they carried it through.

Next up to Monzie, near Crieff, in Perthshire, where the Third International Rover Moot was held in 1939. There, by the banks of the Shaggie Burn, there was an excellent. There were twenty-two Queen's Scouts to receive their certificates, and the general standards were exceedingly high. It was very sad to see the Laird on crutches again. His interest during and since the Rover Moot has been of tremendous value to Scouting in Perthshire. He was badly wounded in North Africa.

He came out of hospital on crutches specially for the occasion, and returned there to have yet another operation which all of us hope will prove successful.

In spite of the pain he showed the true Scout spirit, and took a cheerful part in the inspection of the camp.



(Photo by T.L. smith)

### THE YOUNG CURLEW

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Then Gilwell Park, with thirteen Commissioners, including five Chief Scout's Commissioners (the largest number of these ever gathered together, so I was assured), who handed over on my behalf the Royal Certificates to over eleven hundred Queen's Scouts. Among those who took part in the presentation was Brigadier Clark, to whose indomitable energy Senior Scouting owes its official recognition, and Francis Cowie who was for so long Headquarters Commissioner for Senior Scouts.

It must have been a proud day for both of them. How lucky we were that, when Sir John Hunt could not come to give the talk, Colonel Spencer-Chapman was able to fill the breach. He gave a talk which none of us will ever forget. The singing at the campfire was superb, but I need not go on to praise Canon Laurie Brown's address at the Scouts' Own, and the other excellent items, for an account appeared in the July issue. I hope it was as memorable a weekend for all the Queen's Scouts as it was for me.

Lastly, the visit to The Leys School, Cambridge. The standard they have set for their Speech Day in the past few years is such that it is a signal honour to be asked to go there. It was a particularly happy coincidence that this year was also the 21st anniversary of the foundation of the Scouts. Since 1933 they have always played an important part in the activities of the school and they have been pioneers in many ways. It was in 1936 that they decided to confine Scouting to fifteen years and over in the Senior Troop, and skiing camps and climbing camps at home and abroad have been a regular part of their programme.

They are good, believe me. And surely there can be very few schools whose rugger, cricket and hockey teams have won all their school matches during the past year; have won also the Ashburton Shield at Bisley in 1953, and the Inter-Schools 22 Rifle Competition as well. It is one of those schools where every interest seems to be catered for, and their scholastic achievements have also reached a very high standard. It was a joy to speak to them and I was sorry I could not stay longer. But the Wimbledon finals, which I had not seen for years, were beckoning. I don't think I have ever attended a series of events like this where strict timing was kept, which shows not only excellent organisation and planning, but also that Scouts are beginning to appreciate that an important part of the fifth Scout Law is punctuality.

ROWALLAN

# HOW CAN WE RUN A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION?

Continued by MAURICE DYBECK

## VII. WRITING UP REPORTS

As I mentioned in an earlier article, it is practically impossible to produce an intelligent and reasoned analysis of the results of your scientific work without complete co-operation with your boffin. Some people would go as far as to say that the technical write-up should be left entirely to the boffin, but to do that would probably leave your team of explorers with the feeling that they had not completed their job.

To take an example. Last summer in Iceland I was acting as boffin to a group of boys surveying an almost unknown and certainly unmapped lake at the edge of a slowly retreating icecap. The initial survey involved taking down a long list of compass bearings and distances and making rough sketches of the detail of the very barren lakeside. On our return to Base Camp, one of the first jobs to be tackled by one of the surveyors - an engineering apprentice from Glasgow - was to draw out an accurate map of the lake. That map is to form the basis of an article on "Recent Glacial Recession in Central Iceland" shortly to be published.

I would suggest, therefore, that the participants, in any expedition go as far as they are able in analysing their own results, even though they can rarely go as far as producing the final report for publication. Some people may be rather surprised to see that I mention the possibility of publication of results. They may feel that provided everyone enjoyed themselves there is no need to bother about abstruse technical analysis. But a work not published is a work soon forgotten, and a work soon forgotten can hardly be called "of real scientific value." In fact if you don't publish, or get your work incorporated in someone else's research, you have not done a scientific expedition!

### Where to Get Help

The idea of inexperienced but intelligent groups of people offering their services for a scientific expedition is not yet well known, so you must not be surprised if from certain places your offers receive blunt and uncomprehending replies.

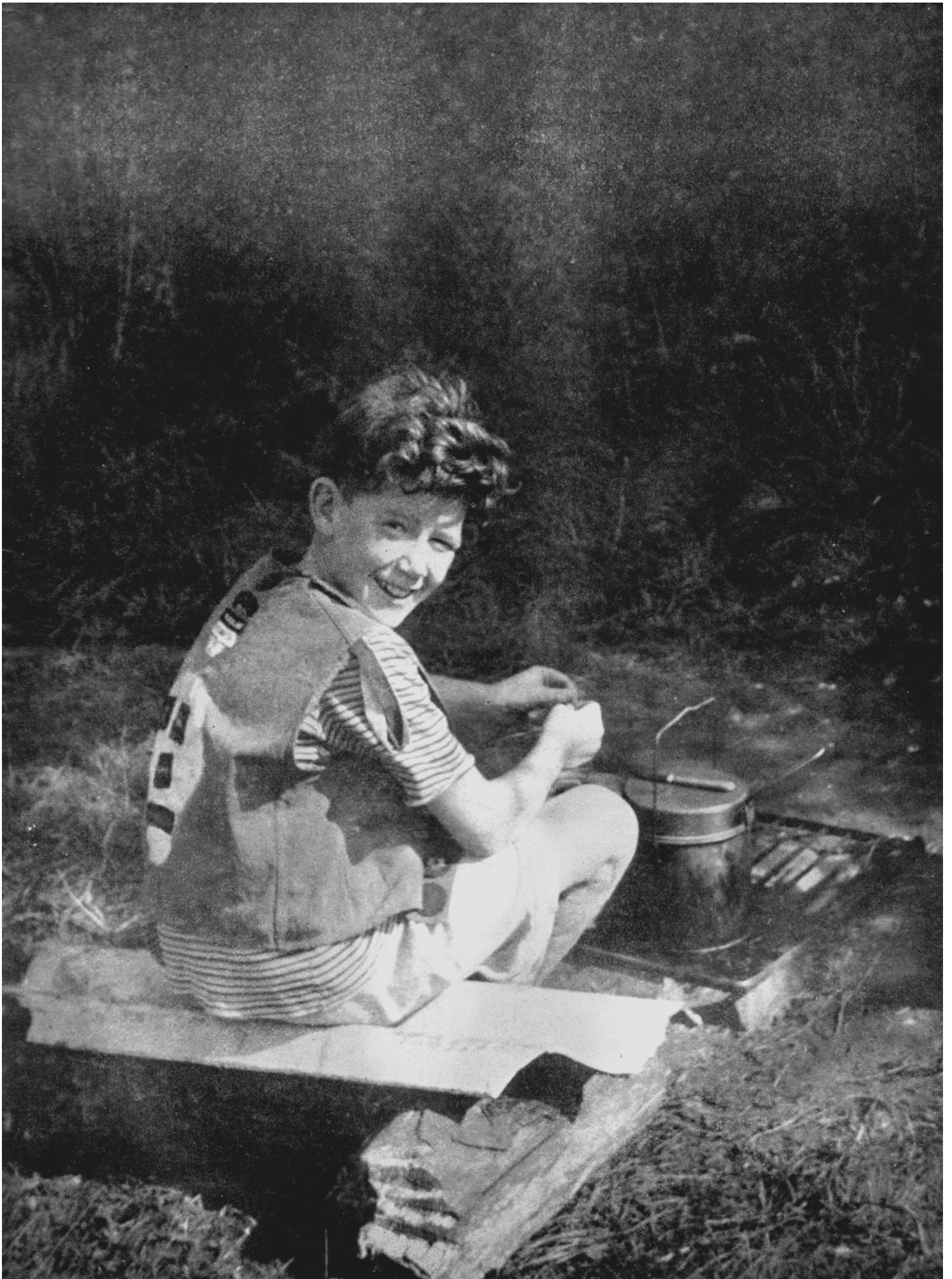
The best approach to any expert is always through personal contacts. It is quite understandable for a university department to reply coldly to the A.S.M. of the 99th Cubtown if they haven't the slightest idea how keen or how efficient the 99th Cubtown are. For a school group, the obvious approach is through graduate members of the staff, particularly the geography master, who can contact his old university on your behalf. Open Groups could also use this approach via those boys who come from the school with the keenest geography master. Besides the universities, there are a number of other organisations, some private, some semi-official, which, properly approached are glad to provide excellent exploratory tasks. Whether these people can offer the ideas and advisers that you need will depend largely upon a really early application nine months or so in advance.

For those who, as individuals, wish to join expeditions already being organised both here and abroad, none can do better than contact the Brathay Exploration Group, Brathay Hall, Amble-side. (Sea Scouter, January 1953.) They are the pioneers in this type of expedition, and in the last few years they have run small scientific expeditions to Iceland, Norway Yugoslavia, all for a cost of under £30 each

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## THE SCOUTER PICTURE GALLERY No. 3

Contentment



# THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION

The Annual Meeting of The Boy Scouts Association was held at Imperial Headquarters on Wednesday, July 28th, at 11 a.m. There were present:-

H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester, The Lord Rowallan, K.B.E., M.C., T.D., LL.D., Colonel C. F. Birney, D.S.O., Lt.-Colonel C. N. C. Boyle, M.C., H. L. Bullock, Major-General The Lord Burnham, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., T.D., D.L., Admiral A. V. Campbell, C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O., Sir Ronald Campbell, G.C.M.G., C.B., Brigadier W. E. Clark, C.M.G., D.S.O., D.L., J. F. Colquhoun, O.B.E., Jackson Dodds, C.B.E., D.C.L., Lieut.-General The Lord Freyberg, V.C., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., Air Vice-Marshal Sir Philip Game, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Sir Harold Gillett, M.C., The Lord Glentanar, D.L., The Lord Hampton, D.S.O., D.L., A. W. Hurlll, N. C. Jeffery, A.S.A.A., F.C.I.S., General Sir Rob Lockhart, K.C.B., C.I.E., M.C., D. Francis Morgan, O.B.E., M.A., LL.B., J. M. Napier, O.B.E., E. G. Neate, O.B.E., P. B. Nevill, O.B.E., F.C.A., P. A. Godfrey Phillips, C. N. Potter, P. D. Power, J.P. Reader, M.B.E., Finola Lady Somers, C.B.E., Major-General D. C. Spry, C.B.E., D.S.O., R. F. Thurman, J.P., Graham Wallis, J.P., and Sir Harold West.

The Chief Scout welcomed the President of The Boy Scouts Association, H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester, expressing great appreciation at the personal interest His Royal Highness always shows in our Movement: Our President said:-

*I am very glad to be presiding again at the Council Meeting and I much appreciate the Chief Scout's words of welcome.*

*The first thing I would like to do is to congratulate the Movement on a further increase in membership which, for the first time, brings the total to just over half a million, and what is more encouraging is that every single section is up.*

*I am also glad to know that the number of those who have qualified for the Queen's Scout Badge has again increased.*

*It is not for me to refer in any detail to the Annual Report, which the Chief Scout is dealing with later, but there are two points which I have noted with interest - one is that the Badge system is being carefully considered because, while fundamentals remain unaltered, the Movement should, I am sure, always have the courage to meet new needs and changed outlooks.*

*The second point, which I am glad to know of, is that the Committee has authorised investigation into loss of Cubs and Scouts, and I shall look forward to hearing in due course what remedies are proposed for this important question of "leakage," which affects other Youth Movements as well.*

*To go further a field, I hear that the World Rover Moot at Kandersteg (to which we sent a contingent of 850) was a great success, and I am glad to know that the next World Jamboree will take place in Canada in 1955 - the first to be held outside Europe.*

*I am sure there will be strong and first-class representation from this country and it will be a wonderful experience for those who are lucky enough to go.*

*On a personal note, I paid a visit since our last meeting to the 6th Epping Forest South Group whom I first knew as long ago as 1937 when I went to present the Charter to Woodford and Wanstead and the 6th furnished a guard of honour for me.*

*They have a fine unbroken record in the district, their Troop dating from 1909, and I was very glad to see them again.*

*At our last meeting I spoke of Scouts and the Coronation, and this time I am thinking of Scouts and the Queen's Tour, for wherever Her Majesty went, not only in Australia and New Zealand but in the smaller islands like Fiji and Tonga, Scouts were, I know, well to the fore and in many cases helped towards the smooth working of the official arrangements.*

*It has been a really successful year for Scouting and I sincerely hope this will continue.*

*As the Annual Report says "there is no doubt at all that the boys of today are as attracted to B.-P.'s Programme as ever."*

*It is the responsibility of every Leader in the Movement to ensure that this programme is carried out to the full, and if this is done more boys will be retained, and the greater will be the influence of the spirit of the Scout Promise and Law on our country and the world. We are very glad to have with us here today Mr. Jackson Dodds, Deputy Chief Scout of Canada, who is assured of a warm*

*welcome in this country, and it is my pleasure to invite him to make the presentation of the Silver Fox to the Chief Scout.*

On behalf of H.E. the Governor General of Canada, the Chief Scout of Canada, Mr. Jackson Dodds presented Lord Rowallan with the Silver Fox. The citation ended with the following words: "A man of many gifts and abundant energy: he has won for himself a place in the forefront of men. For his devotion to duty, steadfastness of purpose and example to the youth of the world."

The Minutes of the Annual Meeting held on July 29th, 1953, having been circulated, were taken as read and were approved and signed. The Secretary read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the Association's auditors. Apologies for absence were read from Vice-Presidents and Members of the Council.

The Chief Scout then moved the adoption of the Annual Report and Accounts. He referred to the further progress the Movement has made during the last year and said that in moderate degree we could be satisfied. "For the first time our membership exceeds half a million; the number of Groups exceeds 11,000 and the number of voluntary Scouters exceeds 50,006. But there is no room for complacency while we are still losing so many boys both from Pack and Troop. Are the boys getting the type of Scouting and the opportunity for leadership that B.-P. intended them to receive? In many cases the answer must still be no.

The Chief Scout referred briefly to the main events of the year.

In conclusion he emphasised once again "We are making progress and determined to maintain that progress. We are aware of weaknesses and determined to overcome them."

In the absence of the Treasurer, Mr. Godfrey Phillips seconded the adoption of the Report and read a speech on Treasurers behalf. Here are two quotations:-

*"The Budget continues to remain in balance, the accounts showing a surplus of £3,451 as against £2,086. for 1952-53.*

*"In a Movement such as ours which teaches self-reliance as of primary importance, it is particularly appropriate that this surplus should have been achieved in the main by our own efforts. I refer in the first place to our earnings from Bob-a-Job, which at £44,762 hot only constitute a record but provide almost half our total income.*

*"The magnificent response of the Movement to the Chief Scout's appeal for Two Bobs for Two Jobs instead of only one for one deserves the highest praise and our thanks are due, both to the Scouts themselves and also to the public for the support which they continue to give it.*

*"Of equal importance is the contribution made to our General Funds by the Equipment Department, whose results depend on the use which the Movement makes of its shops and store at I.H.Q. The sum of £20,29 transferred to our income account is a tribute to their discrimination no less than to the skill and efficiency displayed! by Major-General Walsh and his staff in the running of this very important branch of our activities."*

Again: "And now may I say a word about the future.

*"A glance at our Income and Expenditure account will show thee although our earnings are higher, so also are our outgoings. Throughout the year every effort has been made to eliminate waste and to effect economies in every direction, except where to do so would restrict the real work of the Movement.*

*"In the past we have received and still do receive the generous support of many friends outside the Movement, and let us hope that we continue to do so.*

*"Yet, with taxation at its present level, it would be a bold man indeed who would venture to count on a maintenance of this support indefinitely*

*"Surely therefore our constant aim should be to make the Movement as self-supporting as it possibly can be and rely to an ever greater extent on our efforts from within rather than upon those from without."*

Finally the Council considered the proposals for Reconstitution of the Council and Committee of the Council. At the invitation of the Chief Scout, Mr. D. Francis Morgan introduced and explained the proposals. After some discussion the proposal was carried that the scheme be referred back to the Committee for further consideration.

**R.H.**

# PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS

By MICHAEL BLACKMORE

## VIII. THE KESTREL

I have always had a special liking for the kestrel because it is such a handsome and graceful bird. You are likely to see it almost anywhere in the British Isles because it is our commonest falcon and you should be able to recognise it immediately owing to its habit of hovering on rapidly beating wings while it watches the ground for prey. This characteristic habit is responsible for the kestrel's alternative name of windhover, a term that is often used by country folk.

If the sun is behind you and the kestrel is not too far away you should be able to see the lovely russet colour of its wings and back. Although there is little difference in the size of the sexes you can distinguish them fairly easily in a good light. Whereas the female's head and tail are reddish-brown those of the male are a delicate blue-grey and make an effective contrast to the rest of his rufous plumage.

Like other birds of prey the kestrel has amazingly sharp eyes. It always hovers with its head facing the wind and from its pitch two or three hundred feet above the ground it can detect the slightest movement of vole, lizard or beetle. As soon as it sees a suitable meal it drops lower and lower in easy stages in order to take a closer look at the intended victim; then at the opportune moment it makes a final plunge to earth and snatches at the prey with its yellow talons.

Although the kestrel looks extremely graceful when you see it hovering against the breeze it is rather slower on the wing than our other falcons and rarely succeeds in catching small birds during flight. If it is very hungry it may try to seize a passing meadow-pipit or skylark in midair, but unless the attacker happens to be in a particularly favourable position the quarry usually manages to escape without difficulty. The peregrine, merlin and hobby frequently overtake and kill their prey during flight but the kestrel, owing to its lack of speed, prefers to seek its food on the ground. Nevertheless it is a patient and persevering hunter and you will often see it quartering a meadow systematically from one end to the other, especially in the breeding season when it has to provide for the needs of its hungry youngsters.

I have heard some people remark that kestrels and other birds of prey must inflict much pain on the creatures they catch, but this is really quite untrue. They are clean, quick killers and if you have watched them hunting at close range you may have noticed that they generally try to grasp the quarry by its head and thus crush the life out of it instantaneously. Even when a kestrel happens to catch hold of a small mammal by the body it kills it at once by giving it a sharp blow at the base of the skull with its hooked beak.

The kestrel makes no nest of its own but lays its red-brown eggs in the disused nests of other birds or on a suitable ledge on a cliff or some old building. I have found them, for example, on the bare window-sill in a ruined tower, in the crevice of an ivy-covered wall, in hollow trees and, once, in a gutter running along the edge of a roof. But the most accessible "nest" I ever came across was in a shallow scoop in top of an old mud wall that had once formed part of a cowshed. Wind and weather had destroyed the roof long ago and the crumbling walls were only about seven feet high. On this exposed site there were four tiny kestrels huddled miserably together trying to keep themselves warm. They were mere balls of thistledown at the time and I was interested to see how well they managed to keep their hold on the narrow wall in spite of the strong gale that was blowing. But like the nestlings of all birds of prey they had well-developed talons and knew how to use them to good effect at that early age.

While I sat astride the wall one of the adults flew towards me carrying a mouse in its claws. It sheered away suddenly when it saw me and uttered its high-pitched alarm note *kee-kee-kee-kee* several times, so I slid down the wall and hid myself behind some thorn bushes a hundred yards away to allow the youngsters to be fed in peace.

As I watched them through my field-glasses I noticed that the parent bird fed them very gently, giving each of the four nestlings a tiny morsel of flesh at a time.

The careful and tender way in which falcons and hawks feed their young is very different from that used by many smaller species of birds. If, for instance, you watch a warbler or meadow-pipit feeding her brood you cannot help noticing the contrast. The parents just cram the food down each gaping throat as quickly as possible before flying off to gather a fresh beakful!

Kestrels are useful birds because they destroy large numbers of mice, voles and young rats. They also kill injurious insects such as cockchafers, but I ought to add that odd kestrels will occasionally help themselves to young chickens and game-birds. They do this so seldom that they cannot really be regarded as enemies of the farmer or gamekeeper, and in any case the good they do far outweighs their exceptional lapses. For this reason it is a pity that some farmers shoot kestrels at sight on the pretext that all birds of prey are "vermin."

Ignorance about the habits of different species of predatory birds causes much of this unnecessary slaughter and of course there are a few farmers who cannot distinguish the kestrel from the sparrow-hawk. As I wrote about the latter's habits in the June number of *THE SCOUTER* I will only add here that unfortunately the kestrel often seems to get blamed for the sparrow-hawk's misdeeds.



## 35. "ADVENTURE UNDERGROUND"

*The winning log by Denis Sanderson and Bruce Douglas of the Queen Elizabeth Troop (Kirkby Lonsdale) in the Coronation Year Adventure Competition*

### I

In the week following Easter 1953 Bruce Douglas and I were holding a caving camp in Barbondale. The weather was extremely bad and we were often forced to give up our outdoor and underground activities and retire to our tent. It was during one of these periodic spells of retirement that I read of the Coronation Year Adventure Competition and decided to have a go at it. I suggested to Bruce that we spend a night or two underground as our entry. He was in full agreement but pointed out a problem. Where were we going to do it? We knew plenty of caves near at hand but they were all too small. We needed something that would take at least two days to explore. After a little thought I suggested the Easegill Caverns about which I had read in *Underground Adventure* by Gemmell and Myers.

The Easegill Caverns are part of one of the largest systems in this country. They connect with the Casterton Fell Master Cave which runs under Lancaster Hole, the oldest known pot hole in the country. This sounded an ideal place for our adventure, but it had one snag. Our book said that the entrance at Oxford Pot was a pitch of 55 ft. and the only equipment we possessed was a 15 ft. ladder and two 40 ft. ropes. We decided that somehow we would have to make a longer ladder. There was a lot of other equipment we would also need which we did not have at the time.

We fixed the date of our adventure for the first week of the summer holidays, thus giving ourselves the entire summer term to prepare for it. We would need a surface camp from which to start, and several friends to look after the surface camp, and keep in contact with us each day we were underground. The nearest farm to Easegill was Bull Pot Farm and when we had returned to school I wrote a letter requesting permission to camp there, and it was granted us. Next we had to make a ladder. We decided to make it entirely of metal. We bought 100 ft. of steel wire from a local ironmonger, but we could not find anyone who sold aluminium with which we hoped to make the rungs of our ladder. We wrote to the Scout Shop for advice and were told of a firm in London. We consulted them and they advised us to use 1 in. diameter tubular aluminium for our ladder, and we bought eight 2 ft. lengths. We sawed each of these into four 6 in. lengths with a hacksaw. We then drilled holes through the ends of each rung, and threaded them onto two 50 ft. lengths of steel wire in which we had tied knots with the aid of pliers and a vice. We worked on the ladder every night and we completed it far sooner than we had hoped. We took it to a tall tree to test it and when we had fixed it from a branch we found that its only disadvantage was in the fact that the rungs were only supported by knots underneath, and that there was nothing to stop them sliding upwards if caught underneath by the climber's foot. We remedied this by binding wire around the rungs and below the knots.

The ladder was not the only article of equipment we had to make. I made a long narrow waterproof kit-bag of very strong material which could be dragged through small passages. We spent a long time planning food, lights and clothing for use underground.

We decided to invite the co-operation of four of our friends to look after our base camp. The four we finally chose were K. Wilson (Ken), B. Sanderson (Brian), A. Teague (Curly) and P. R. Heald (Paddy). Our Troop week camps always cost us 30s. each so we decided to limit ourselves to this amount. The nature of the adventure made it more expensive than an ordinary camp, but we managed to keep within our allowance of 30s.

#### List of Equipment used Underground

One 45 ft. ladder.	Folding spade.
One 15 ft. ladder.	Small crowbar.
Two 40 ft. ropes.	Two large cylindrical food containers.
Four 30 ft. light ropes.	Large groundsheet.
Two small billies.	Fish slice and wooden spoon.
Long kit-bag.	Primus stove and fuel.
Tin opener.	Petrol stove and fuel.

First-aid kit.	Candles and night lights.
Petrol stove and fuel.	Candles and night lights.
Storm lantern.	

#### Personal Equipment

Waterproof sleeping-bag.	Miner's boots (nailed hob and Tri-couni).
Waterproof trousers.	Miner's helmet.
Old overalls.	Headlamp, cycle lamp.
Shorts.	Pencil torch, spare bulbs, etc.
Thick fur-collared jacket.	Matches in watertight container.
Pullovers and sweaters.	Towel.
Boiler suit.	Mug, plate, etc.
Stockings and socks.	Compass, notebook, pencil, etc.
Old gym shoes.	Map of caves in plastic case.

#### Food - used Underground

Five tins of soup.	Potatoes (ready cooked).
One tin of meat.	Oxo cubes.
Two tins of beans.	Sugar. Cocoa.
Two loaves of bread.	Two tins milk powder.
Bacon. Eggs.	One tinned pudding.
Cooking fat.	Apples. Oranges.
Butter. Jam.	Salt. Chocolate.
Biscuits.	Porridge Oats.
Tinned carrots, peas.	Glucose tablets.

#### Initial Expedition to Bull Pot Farm and Easegill

On July 4, 1953, we were camping with our Troop at Barbon Manor in Barbondale little more than a mile from Bull Pot Farm. That afternoon Bruce and I walked over the Fell to Bull Pot. We saw Mr. Pearson, the farmer, and he told us we could camp on a green road near the farm: He would supply us with milk and water. There is no wood nearer to Bull Pot than a mile away, so we would have to use primus stoves. We thanked Mr. Pearson, said goodbye and set out across the fell for Easegill.

We arrived in Easegill, after passing Bull Pot of the Witches and Hidden Pot on the way. Easegill is nearly always dry as all the water except in a severe flood goes through the caves underneath to reappear at Leck Beck Head and flow down Leck Beck. We walked up Easegill Valley to the Cow Holes, a deep pool between high cliffs into which falls a waterfall. We climbed up the rocks past the low Holes and climbed over a wall. Above here the banks of the stream are steep and rocky and lined with small cave mouths. Many of the most obvious of these caves are unfortunately very small. Under a wall on the left of the stream we found Rosy Sink. This is a very small horizontal crack through which it is just possible to wriggle. We had been told by a pot-holing friend that this was a safer entrance than Oxford Pot. However, someone had scratched "Danger - Roof fall" above it, so we left it above and went to look for Oxford Pot which was supposed to be 100 ft. upstream.

We did not know then that the Oxford Pot entrance had fallen in and was completely obliterated, so when we found in the left bank of the stream a deep square hole, supported by a framework of steel and wood, we naturally thought it to be Oxford Pot. We found later that it was County Pot, a new entrance to the caves, and that the pile of boulders only five yards from it covered Oxford Pot. This mistake caused us a little confusion later but we were told of our mistake. We had no light so we left County Pot. We explored farther up Easegill and then returned to camp in Barbondale.

#### Establishment of Base Camp and First Descent of County Pot

On the evening of Tuesday, July 21st, Ken and I left Bruce at Kirkby Lonsdale and went by car with the kit to Bull Pot. When we arrived we saw Mr. Pearson and then set about pitching camp. We erected two ridges, a latrine, and dug a sump. We still had a large bell tent to erect but decided to leave it until Bruce arrived to help us.



We had supper and went to bed.

Next morning we were roused by Myers and Gemmell who were camping near us.

They had been there a week and had been flooded out once. Our site, an old road, was well drained but very bad for tent pegs which often split on a piece of the old surface when being knocked in.

After a good breakfast we took a rope and went to have a look at Hidden Pot which was not far away. We descended by means of our rope and found that the bottom was blocked by all manner of debris, including the remains of a sheep. This latter finally decided us in favour of getting out quickly and going somewhere else. We tried Bull Pot of the Witches next. This has a large entrance 75 ft. in circumference and the first pitch is one of 40 ft. down which we scaled with the aid of our rope which was belayed to a tree above. We explored several passages but all except one had dead ends. The exception had a pitch which barred our progress because we had no more rope. We therefore returned to the surface where we met Curly and Bruce who had just arrived. We returned to camp, erected the bell tent and had dinner.

After dinner Bruce and I set out for Easegill, taking with us all our ropes and ladders. We arrived at what we thought was Oxford Pot. We tied one rope to a steel bar which formed part of the supporting framework and climbed down the 12 ft. hole. Oxford Pot was supposed to have a 55 ft. pitch immediately upon entry and we were therefore surprised to find ourselves in a low passage. Ahead was a drop which we thought must be the pitch. It turned out, however, to be a vertical drop of a mere 8 ft. We climbed down and followed a passage which was very high and narrow. This passage twisted and turned in a series of hair-pin bends. At each bend was a drop of from 3 to 8 ft. The passage was descending rapidly and we felt certain this could not be Oxford Pot. Rounding a corner we came upon a pitch of about 25 ft. We belayed our longest ladder to a pillar of rock about 5 yards from the pitch and just round a corner. We descended into a chamber of a fair size, most of it being above the level at which we stood. From here we found a passage going left. However, after 6 yards there was another drop of 10 ft. We discussed the possibility of getting back up if we got down without a ladder. Bruce said he would try it and hung at arms' length from the edge and found a ledge about two-thirds of the way down. This made things easier, and I followed him down to the gravelled floor below. We were in a large chamber and it did not take long to realise exactly where we were. It was Oxford Circus in the Easegill Caverns. On our left was a broad passage which was obviously Broadway. We located the Shower-bath, and the entrance to Shower-bath Passage, and then in another corner we found the entrance to Mushroom Passage.

We decided to explore and set off along Broadway. Our attention was soon arrested by a group of helictites hanging from the roof. It was the first time either of us had seen any helictites and we were very much intrigued by these weird formations. Leaving the helictites we continued up Broadway until we reached a high aven going up into the roof. A cave mouth could be seen about half-way up with two huge stalagmites standing by it. We remembered from our book *Underground Adventure* what we had to do here. We went down on our knees and crawled into a low passage. Soon we found a narrow chimney going up to a gallery above. We climbed up and going back along the gallery we were able to look down the aven we had previously looked up. We followed the gallery away from the aven and were able to climb down into a boulder-filled chamber. We climbed a choke of boulders at the far end and squeezed through a narrow gap under falling water into a high rift. The water came from a crack high up in the rift. We debated the possibility of climbing up and entering the crack. As it would have meant climbing against the power of the falling water we decided not to try in our present fairly dry condition. After a last look round we left the rift and made our way back to Oxford Circus.

We decided to explore a little farther so we set off down Shower-bath Passage. To get into this passage we had to go under the Shower-bath, a waterfall which fell from a circular shaft above. Shower-bath Passage descended rapidly in a series of turns rather like a fun-fair chute. The water which followed it flowed very swiftly. We arrived after a time at a deep pool.



**CHRIS - ON STANAGE EDGE**

The passage went to the left, but we noticed another one going to the right round a sharp corner.

This was Confusion Corner. We straddled over the pool and managed to work our way round into the passage above.

We followed the passage upstream into a small chamber. From here onwards we were in the Snake. This is a high passage which twists and turns in countless hair-pin bends. Not only does it twist and turn but it is only just wide enough to allow an explorer to progress sideways. In some places we were forced down to our knees, and at one point had to go flat out under a boulder wedged in the passage. We were able to continue until we came to the bottom of a 10 ft. pitch. Hanging down by our heads was an old rope. It disappeared upwards into the darkness and we couldn't see where it was fastened. Bruce took hold of it and gave a sharp tug. There was a snap and the rope descended in coils on to his head. This demonstrated to us in a practical way a rule we had often seen in print - never use old ropes you find abandoned underground. We could not climb the pitch so we turned back through the Snake. When we arrived at Confusion Corner we turned left without any confusion, and Bruce said he did not see how anyone could go the wrong way. We were soon back in Oxford Circus again, and set out for the surface. It did not take us long to reach the daylight although some of the small climbs were not as easy to get up as they had been to get down. Our method of descending in a narrow passage was to wedge ourselves across it and go down by means of a "controlled" slide. The control is exercised by means of wedging arms and legs outwards to act as brakes or, in one very narrow place we descended, simply by taking a deep breath and jamming our chests in the passage. The means of getting back up was by a not so controlled wriggle.

We walked back to camp, and told our friends what we had seen and done. It was then that Paddy and Brian arrived, having cycled up to join us. We saw Gemmell and Myers who were packing up and going home. They told us that the way we had entered the system was from County Pot and that Oxford Pot was blocked. They also told us that the Rosy Sink way in was dangerous. They gave us the address of their club - The Northern Pennine Club.

*[To be continued]*

## 36. PENNINE JOURNEY

### 1953

What are we going to do this summer?"  
"How about a crack at the Pennine Way?"

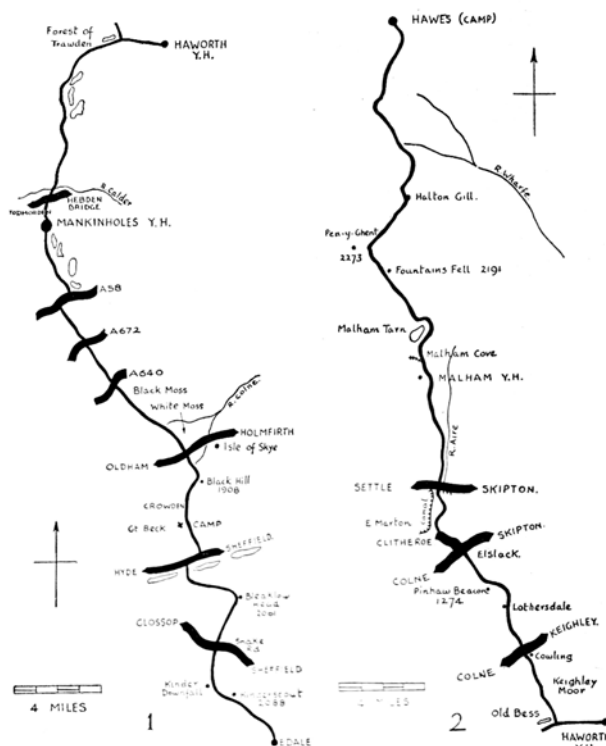
That remark was the start of the whole idea. Indeed, living in Sheffield within a few miles of the village of Edale, where else could we go for our first Senior Troop adventure?

We had many problems to decide before we could begin. Camping or hostelling? What sort of kit would we need? How were we to cook? How were we going to carry the necessary food and still have our kit light enough to carry over rough country? These problems were only a few we had to tackle. First of all, we worked out our route in detail. A pamphlet available from the Y.H.A. helped considerably here. We had a fortnight to cover approximately 230 miles. One day was needed for return, could we manage a rest day as well? We decided we should stay two days near Hadrian's Wall and so planned our days accordingly. We were to average around twenty miles a day over rough country and so decided to use Youth Hostels whenever possible. This would ensure a better night's rest, and would help with the food problem.

Other nights we would camp and use a pocket primus for cooking. This was not a lazy way out, but essential as we would be well above the timber line most of the time. These essentials settled, we turned to the problems of kit and food. Weight must be kept below 25 lb. a head and preferably below 20. We tackled the problem by dividing kit into three categories, Communal, Personal and Dual. Communal kit was food, primus, First-Aid kit and cameras. Dual kit was tent, Gilwell and groundsheet, to be shared with one's partner. Any other kit was the worry of the individual. The weight of communal kit was a little over 4lb. a head for the six of us. This included a cine camera weighing 4lb. 6oz. and a still camera weighing 1lb. 3oz. We had to keep the weight of food down. The answer was iron rations. We could get normal meals at hostels as a relief. The menu for a camping day per head was as follows: Breakfast, 1½oz. crisp bread, ¾ pint of chicken broth, two vitamin pills (Angiers, Supavite). Dinner, 1 oz. milk chocolate, ¾oz. glucose tablets and half a tin of type C emergency rations. (Compressed oatmeal bars, dried fruit bars, sweet whole meal biscuits, boiled sweets and chewing gum.) Supper was 2½oz. Pemman with ¾oz. of dehydrated vegetables made into a stew and served with 1oz. of Pom (dehydrated potatoes) and consumed with the aid of 1½oz. of crisp bread. This minimum diet proved adequate but monotonous, and was supplemented whenever possible. These problems were behind us at last and the great day dawned.

August 11th, a Tuesday, was fine and sunny as we climbed from Edale village up Grindsbrook on to the 2,000 ft. wilderness of peat and tussocks which is Kinderscout. This gritstone plateau has a great attraction for us, and as we hurried over its familiar slippery peat groughs in the glorious sunshine, we thought of it in its vicious winter moods when it is a hard day's walk with map and compass to cross some three miles of it. Bearing round the Downfall, which was now dry in contrast with the torrent pouring over last January, we met the Snake road at its highest point. In Holden Clough by the side of the road, we counted the wreckage of five cars 80 feet below the road, in the space of 100 yards. These, and the state of the wall, bear mute witness to the dangers of this road in winter. We pressed on over Doctor's Gate, an old Roman Way, and Bleaklow, where we found the wreckage of two transport planes. The twisted propeller blades and the tumbled pile of alloy struts and girders were as they had fallen, and would stay so until corroded away or swallowed by the peat for ever. Glad to leave these grim piles behind, we crossed by the Wainstones (2,061 ft.) and descended Wilboar grain, crossed between Rhodes wood and Torside reservoirs, ascended Crowden Great Brook for a few miles and pitched camp for the night.

Never have we had such a night. We soaked ourselves in "Dimp," wrapped ourselves in our sleeping bags and occasionally managed to doze. Midges - we felt as if we were being eaten alive. At 5.30 a.m. we could stand no more and after a struggle with a refractory primus were under way before eight.



A lovely pool in the stream called for a lightning swim about 9 a.m. and we continued across a desolate stretch of moorland to the main road. The mast of Holme Moss shows as a fine landmark.

The thought of television in this barren wilderness seemed ludicrous. The Isle of Skye Inn, a couple of miles to our right, is reputed to be one of the last places where the "Hand of Glory" was seen. We carried on across White and Black Moss to Mankinholes Youth Hostel. The way was marred by more aircraft wreckage on Close Moss and a tedious few miles by Rochdale water works reservoirs. These were nearly empty and incredibly ugly. They had none of the sweeping grace of many dams.

We arrived at the hostel over half an hour late for supper and the Warden does not know what we owe her for keeping our meal. The day had been long and difficult, the weather was very hot, and we were tired out.

Refreshed, we set off next day after deciding to cut the day short and visit Haworth the home of the Brontes. The way was over pleasant uplands and we reached Haworth early and still fresh. The bare barn of a parsonage where they lived, with its gaunt chill rooms, always seems to me to be reflected in their writings.

Next day, we crossed the brooding moor lands so well portrayed by Emily,

"What have these lonely mountains worth revealing? More glory  
and more grief than I can tell;

The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling,.

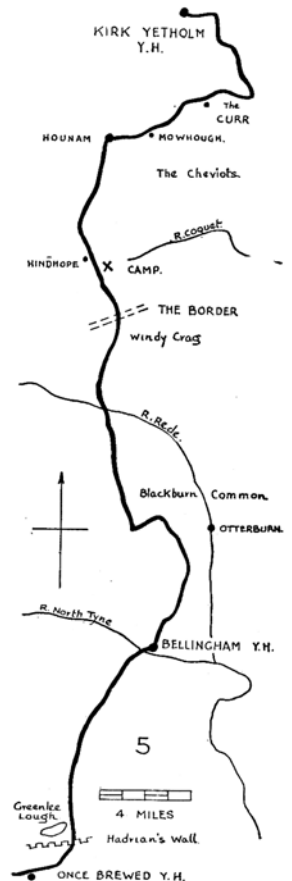
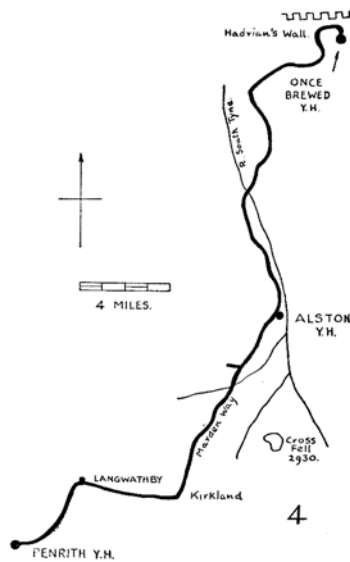
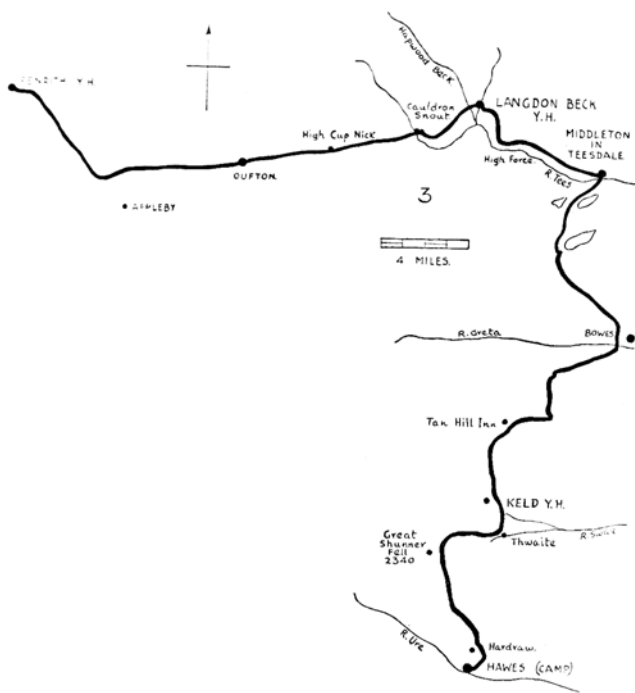
Can centre both the world of Heaven and Hell."

and dropped into the undulating farm land of the Aire gap. A pleasant walk along the banks of the canal at East Marton and up the banks of the Aire to Malham where the abrupt change to the limestone just before one enters the hostel leaves a pleasant feeling of anticipation.

The John Dower Memorial Hostel at Malham is a lovely place and here we picked up clean socks and more food to restock our kit.

We climbed up by Malham Cove, an incredible horseshoe' of limestone crags beneath which the stream wells up to flow along the valley. We climbed the eastern side of the Cove so that we could skirt across the top. Up here the eroded limestone underfoot is fantastic. Flat on top, it is eroded into innumerable cracks and fissures. It looks for all the world like petrified tripe.

We had to hurry on up to Malham Tarn, a beautiful little lake in an upland valley with a large house overlooking its placid waters. Here Kingsley began to write *The Water Babies*, inspired, it is said, by a visit to Malham Cove.



Darwin and Ruskin also visited here. To return to the present: the house is now used as a field centre for the study of geography, geology, biology and archaeology to name only a few subjects.

After climbing up Fountains Fell and regretfully curtailing our journey by omitting Pen-y-Ghent we went by way of Halton Gill and Horse Head Moor to Hawes. What a pity our time was so limited! The pot-holing country round Ingleborough deserves time and leisure to absorb.

On to Hardraw, the highest waterfall in England with a single drop of 100 ft. Alas it is guarded by a dragon - the Green Dragon, whose proprietor exacts 4d. to see the fall. There is nothing worse than making people pay to see what nature provided freely. There is so much to see on the Pennine Way which is free and uncommercialised that Hardraw may be missed without loss.

In spite of purporting to be an inn, the Green Dragon was so busy holding visitors to ransom for their 4d.'s that they would provide us with neither food nor drink of any description. It leaves one with a bitter feeling as it contrasts so sharply with the normal hospitable nature of these country people.

We climbed Great Shunner Fell and descended pleasantly to the little village of Thwaite. Swaledale begs one to rest and so we had tea at a little cottage labelled "Private Hotel"; an amazing amount can be put away when everything is home-made and one is really hungry. This village seems part of

the past, even the charge for tea - 1s. 6d. - bears out this feeling. We carried on to Keld where the youth hostel even ran to a hot bath.

On over Tan Hill, England's highest pub, and over moorland and valley to Middleton-in-Teesdale. Here owing to a wrenched knee, we had to catch a bus the last few miles to Langdon Beck where we stayed the night.

We continued our way again up the friendly valley of the Tees with its white farms past Falcon Clints to the seething foaming cascade of Cauldron Snout. A bathe in Maize Beck and over that queer valley, High Cup Nick and on to Dufton and tea. Alas! our plan to camp on the skirts of Cross Fell had to be abandoned so wet was one sleeping-bag. We had to make a detour by bus to Penrith for the night. We could not get back to Dufton in time to journey over Cross Fell and still reach Alston in time. We headed instead for the Maiden Way. The Roman road to the Wall. The way is marked clearly on the map and probably the Romans knew where it was. We crossed the Fells on its track and saw no trace until we passed close to a shooting-box near the Way. Here a tractor had been, presumably with fuel and had cut away the peat and mud for some two feet, revealing the white broken stones of the old road. This we followed and arrived at Alston. This quaint and pleasant town which is all hills and corners called to us to stay, but we had to press on next day to the Wall along the pleasant valley of the South Tyne.

The Wall. This seemed to us to be the climax of our walk. From the south it appears as just a wall, but as one reaches it, the vista of marsh and moorland stretches before one. At last we realised the superb defensive line it formed against attack from the North. East and West, the Wall rolls for 74 miles. Once it was 15 ft. high, now it varies from shoulder height to heaps of rubble. Miles have been lost, but the Way crosses the best section. We were glad as we entered the hostel at Once Brewed that we had a spare day there to examine it. Borcovicium is under the care of the National Trust. Excavation has uncovered much of the remains of this Roman Station. Its little museum is full of interesting fragments, but the fascinating thing to us was the ruts worn in the stone by chariot wheels, strangely enough 4 ft. 8 1/2 in. in track - British Railways have a long history!

The last miles through new State Forest (unmarked on the map) and over the lovely Cheviots to the Halterburn Valley flew behind us. All too soon we came to Kirk Yetholm where our journey ended. Sitting in the train we had time to reflect.

We had tramped some 230 miles of rough country. It is some of the finest country in our land and holds much of Britain's history within its length.

To walk the Way is a moving experience. The wind, the bend of the trees and the heather, the pipe of the curlew and the rolling vistas ever changing and always stretching before us gave a deep spiritual contentment. Combined with the air and exercise it gave us a grand feeling of well being.

The Pennine Way as a continuous track on which one can set one's feet without fear of deviation does not and is unlikely ever to exist. In parts it involves the most meticulous map reading to keep on the route. Large stretches are virgin country with neither paths nor marks of any kind. Over many stretches, notably from the Wall to Bellingham, the map is so in need of revision as to be virtually useless. Many tracks exist only on the map (and possibly in old men's memories). In many ways it is a pilgrimage rather than a walk.

I feel that a certain amount of signposting and simple marking by cairns is needed, although many will disagree with me. It will always leave much to the self-reliance of the traveller and is certainly not a walk for inexperienced people.

D. G. J.

# A SHERLOCK HOLMES QUIZ

By W. T. and LESLEY THURBON

This year, 1954, is generally reckoned to be the centenary of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. We thought, therefore, that you might like a Sherlock Holmes Quiz to amuse you during the summer holidays.

As you know B.-P. from the first was a great admirer of the Sherlock Holmes stories and they are mentioned in the very first edition of Scouting for Boys. It must be one of our recurring tasks to introduce these splendid stories to each generation of Scouts as they come along. The collected volume of short stories ought to be available in Troop libraries and many of the original volumes are now available in paper backs such as Pans and Penguins.

1. (a) What was the first Sherlock Holmes story? (b) When was it first published?  
(c) How much did Conan Doyle get paid for it?
2. What description did Professor Moriarty share with Macavity?
3. (a) "Violin land, where all is sweetness and delicacy." Who was the violinist?  
(b) How much did Holmes's Stradivarius cost?
4. (a) Who was Sherlock Holmes's grandmother?  
(b) Who was the elder, Sherlock or Mycroft?  
(c) And what was the difference in their ages?
5. "John H. Watson, M.D." What are the grounds for suggesting Dr. Watson's second name was Hamish?
6. What was Dr. Watson's income when he met Sherlock Holmes?
7. What tobacco did Dr. Watson smoke? And where did he get his cigarettes from?
8. In what respect did Sherlock Holmes fall short of Professor Moriarty's expectations?
9. What did "Big Bob Ferguson" do to Dr. Watson?
10. What case did Sherlock Holmes solve "by sitting upon five pillows and consuming an ounce of shag."
11. 221(a) Baker Street; how many steps from the hall to the sitting room?
12. Where did Sherlock Holmes keep:  
(a) his banking account?  
(b) his tobacco?  
(c) his cigars?  
(d) his unanswered correspondence?
13. What sports did Sherlock Holmes practice at the University?
14. (a) "I followed you. I saw no one —" complete quotation?  
(b) ...excelled at chess: one mark, Watson, of a - mind." What sort of a mind?  
(c) "That and a toothbrush are, I think, all that we need." What was that?
15. Whose members held a luxurious club in the lower vault of a furniture warehouse?
16. Where did Sherlock Holmes first live in London?
17. Who was "born in New Jersey in the year 1858"?
18. (a) What was the "magnum opus" of Sherlock Holmes's latter years?  
(b) What did he originally intend it to be?
19. Who murdered:  
(a) John Straker?  
(b) Julia Stoner?  
(c) Hon. Robert Adair?
20. (a) What did Silver Blaze win?  
(b) Who owned Silver Blaze?  
(c) What were his colours?
21. Who were (a) Toby and (b) Pompey from whom did Sherlock Holmes borrow them?
22. Who was the British Government ?
23. When did Dr. Watson:  
(a) accuse Sherlock Holmes of "charlatism?"  
(b) characterise his work as "ineffable twaddle"?
24. "A seven per cent solution," of what?
25. (a) What did Mrs. Douglas do?  
(b) What did the dog do and when did he do it?

# UNITED NATIONS CHILDREN'S FUND

FOR ALL THE WORLD'S CHILDREN

The United Nations Children's Fund is the world's largest international effort to improve the health and welfare of children and of the mothers who bear them. In its seven years of work it has now helped more than 70 million children from 92 countries, and each year it reaches some 20 million new children. The United Nations believe that children healthy enough to learn and do a good day's work when they grow up are the best foundation for a peaceful world, and therefore UNICEF aims to build permanent child welfare services. The need is great. It has been estimated that more than 500 million children in the poor countries of the world are desperately in need of help, and the Fund relies on voluntary contributions from Governments and individuals throughout the world. The United Nations Association has undertaken to organise in this country in September and October of this year a national campaign both to publicise the work of UNICEF and to raise funds on its behalf.

UNA has invited the Boy Scouts Association to co-operate in the campaign, and the Committee of the Council will be glad if Scout Groups can give their help. UNA realises that Scouts are prohibited from taking part in house-to-house collections, but hopes that Groups can undertake other work, such as the distribution of leaflets.

The campaign is being organised by local branches of UNA, who may be getting into touch with District Commissioners to see what help can be given by Scout Groups.

J. F. C.

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## VISITATION

The S.M.'s stentorian bellow "Troop Alert!" stopped all activity. Podge of the Owls, who had fought for ten minutes with a crown knot and was just satisfied that he had got it right, dropped the essential end. Cheesy, long, lanky and languid, a notorious "Pecker" struggling to convey a short semaphore message across the immense (fifteen foot) vista of the room, forgot his context, and Slim, his receiving station, all grin and girth, dropped his pencil, broke the point and momentarily forgot the Eighth Law. Silence and disruption. The D.C. had ARRIVED!

The door groaned protestingly. A rather grimy notice advertising a function that had taken place a month or so ago fell from its solitary pin and added itself to the already considerable litter on the floor.

A small boy in Scout shirt and long trousers raised his eyes momentarily from what appeared to be the commencement of a small ship's fender and sniffed. A minor riot in the far corner rose to a crescendo and the S.M., sitting alone at a small table, continued intricate calculations using little heaps of copper as an abacus. The D.C. had arrived.

A neat notice on the door announced that the —th Scout Troop were in session. (The same room was used by the Cubs, Guides and Brownies on other nights.) As the visitor entered a pair of sturdy legs propelled a welcoming smile surmounted by a shock of red hair in his direction. His salute was smartly acknowledged. "Second of the Pigeons, Sir. Orderly this week. My job, looking after visitors. You want Skipper? He's in the Den. P.L.'s fixing week-end camp. Will you come this way, please?" The small Scout fussed smartly across the room, his larger counterpart closely in tow. He rapped out a complicated secret knock on the door with an aside to his charge "That tells 'em we got a visitor!" The SM. offered a friendly hand to his colleague. The D.C. was at home.

ZIZERA.

## OUR DISTRICT *By A.D.C.*

It was nearly midnight, and old Hankin and I had climbed the hill behind his camp so that we could have a final flatter out of earshot of the Scouts. Below us we could see the dim outlines of the white tents and the last glowing embers of the fire.

"So it's over for another year," I said, "and I think it was about the best you've ever run. It was a fine idea to have the Seniors join you for the last two days, at the end of their cycling camp. They are a fine lot, your Seniors, but your P.L.'s and Seconds of the present Troop seem just as good. I don't know how you do it."

Hankin puffed at his pipe.

"You see them at their best at summer camp," he said. "They are not angels, by any means, but I admit they are not too bad a lot, on the whole. What did you think of the Camp Fire tonight?"

I hesitated. It seemed a pity to spoil this good moment with criticism.

Hankin laughed.

"You didn't think it was quite up to our usual standard, I can see," he said.

"I must admit," I confessed, "that I thought some of the items were pretty hammy, and your fellows have such a wonderful repertoire that I think you could have made a better choice, for the last night. Ted Jevons of the Seniors was there with his harmonica sticking out of his pocket, and he's a marvellous performer, but you let that little red-haired chap give a harmonica solo instead of Ted, and he didn't strike me as particularly good. Then I thought that Gang Show Sketch fell rather flat. P.L. Jorkins would have made much more of the chief part than Piggy Evans."

"Anything else?" asked Hankin rather dourly.

I hated to do it, but Hankin is the sort of chap to whom it is difficult to tell anything but the truth.

"The fire didn't burn awfully well," I said. "I think it was a tactical error to have all the bigger chaps out on a wide game until it was nearly dark, and to leave the building of the fire to the youngsters. Then the cocoa wasn't quite as nice as usual. I shouldn't imagine those two chaps you put in charge of it had ever made cocoa for thirty-seven before

Hankin sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree and took his pipe out of his mouth.

"You complimented me just now," he said, "on the quality of my Seniors and my present Leaders, and you made the remark that 'it was all over for another year.' It isn't all over for another year. Scouting is never over, and the last day of summer camp is just the first day of the winter programme, just as the small boys in this camp are the Seniors and Leaders of tomorrow. When I was a younger Scoutmaster it used to worry me a lot that the quality of the Troop was uneven through the years. In 1931, for instance, I had a wonderful year, winning all the district trophies and running a superb summer camp. But by 1933 my Troop consisted almost entirely of Tenderfeet. By 1937 we were on the crest of the wave again, but then there was another decline. I thought things over, and discovered what I had been doing.

I'd got so pleased and proud about my older Scouts that the youngsters had seemed unimportant. At summer camp we aimed at perfection, so everything was done by the older chaps, who could be relied on to reach a high standard. The youngsters became mere washer-uppers and voices in the chorus. They weren't given the chance to learn in the only way anybody ever does learn, by doing things themselves and making mistakes.."

I handed him my tobacco-pouch.

"You win," I said, "as usual."

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## THE GILWELL LETTER

You will have seen under "Headquarters' Notices" in July that a new Assistant Camp Chief has been appointed at Gilwell and I thought you would like to know a little about him.

W. R. Holman was a member of the celebrated Cambridge University Rover Crew in 1933 and thereabouts, the Crew which was led so ably by Michael Gresford Jones, now Bishop of St. Albans. This Crew, incidentally, produced the present International Commissioner and quite a number of notabilities in the Movement. So Ronnie Holman started his Scouting at a pretty good stable.

When he came down from the University he took a job as a Preparatory School Master in Cumberland and whilst there joined the Training Team as Akela Leader, ran a Pack here and a Troop there, and generally committed himself pretty deeply to Scouting. During most of the war he was away and he ended up as Deputy Assistant Provost Marshal which, as many of you will know, is not the sort of position that is given to dunderheads! After the war he accepted a teaching appointment in Dumfriesshire and joined the Scottish Training Team. I have not checked my records, but I think he was probably the first man from south of the border to be accorded that particular mark of confidence. For several years he has given up some of his leave to come down and help at Gilwell on Wood Badge Courses and he has proved himself a good companion, an able instructor, and a good Scout. I am delighted that he is joining the Gilwell staff and I am confident that he has a contribution to make. His coming will enable us to do a great many things which, without additional skilled help, have not been possible. Speaking of help, how can all of you help? I am assuming, of course, that you would like to do so, and a great many of you are helping week after week. It has been a wonderful encouragement to me to have such a steady flow of offers to help at Gilwell; a great many Cubmasters quietly, and I think with enjoyment to themselves, have given help in the hostel. I know that domestic work is not exactly glamorous, but Napoleon was right when he said that an army marches on its stomach and certainly, whatever the event at Gilwell, be it a Wood Badge Course, a Queen's Scout Reception, or a visit from a Branch of the B.-P. Guild of Old Scouts, at some stage in the proceedings food is not only inevitable but highly desirable. I hope these offers will continue.

This coming winter I would like to build up a few Patrols of Scouters, both men and women, who would be willing to come regularly to Gilwell for an occasional week-end. I was very impressed when I saw this system working admirably in Australia, and I believe in examining other people's ideas; this is one I am certainly going to attempt to use. Any of you who feel you would like to come will no doubt drop me a line and we can then begin to discuss the whole project.

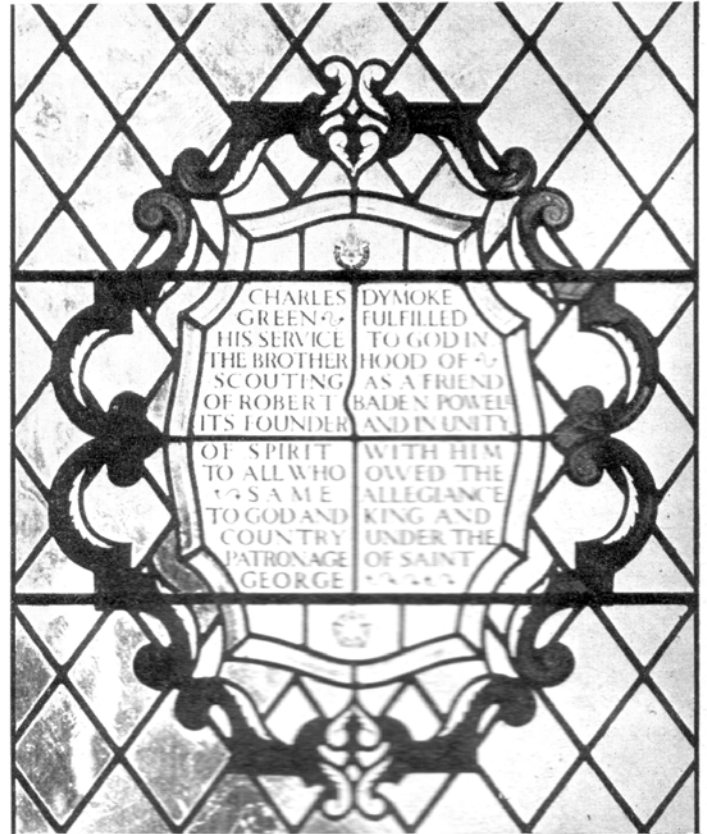
I put a reminder in last month's issue about the Gilwell Reunion, but I would repeat my remarks about the annual subscription because this helps, too. A great deal has been done at Gilwell through the generosity of the 1st Gilwell Park Group.

This year I am going to propose a sort of bonus sub, which I hope will make some appeal to all of you. If everybody who comes to the Reunion will bring just one bulb (no, I don't mean an electric light bulb), then Gilwell next Spring will have just about 2,000 more spots of colour than it has had before. Perhaps a little later in the year when the keen gardeners are breaking up their plants, chrysanthemums, dahlias, etc., they might like to send some to Gilwell; they would be very much appreciated and put to good use. All this I am suggesting is not because we are in dire need of bulbs and plants, nor is it that we are so hard-up that we cannot afford to buy them; I hope I am right in thinking that many of you would like to have the opportunity of sending something personal to Gilwell, to come later and see it making the place even more beautiful and to have, as it were, your small stake in Gilwell. For some I know it is impossible or difficult, but a great many can do something if the effort is made, and making an effort is the basis of most of the good things in Scouting.

Finally, we shall be having organised WORK DAYS as previously, and an announcement will appear in September.

**JOHN THURMAN,**  
*Camp Chief.*

# NEWS FROM 25 B.P. ROAD



You will see above photographs of a window in St. Albans Abbey to the memory of Charles Dymoke Green who was, for twenty-one years, from 1917 onwards, General Secretary of the Association. Several of us from 25 B.P. Road were privileged to be present on Trinity Sunday when the window was dedicated by the Lord Bishop of St. Albans, the Right Rev. Michael Gresford Jones, a Scouter of long standing and a member of the Religious Advisory Panel at I.H.Q.

Gathered in the Abbey Church were Scouts, Seniors, Rovers, Scouters and many Old Scouts and old friends who remembered with gratitude a man who had given great service to Scouting. Charles Dymoke Green was not only General Secretary but was a Group Scouter and Commissioner in St. Albans from 1912 and although towards the end of his life he relinquished some of his Scout appointments he continued to hold his warrant as G.S.M. of the 4th St. Albans until his death in 1949. It is most fitting, therefore, that he should be commemorated in the Abbey Church of the city where he influenced the lives of so many of its citizens of to-day.

There was no sadness. The occasion was one of thanksgiving for a life spent in the service of others. It was very much a family affair. The Bishop was assisted by two priests both of whom were Scouts in the 4th St. Albans Group; the Lesson was read by Charles Dymoke Green's son - another Charles - who is Assistant Chief Commissioner for Ceylon; and the inscription was read by Colonel J. S. Wilson, Honorary President of the International Committee.

The inscription records that Charles Dymoke Green was a friend of our founder. B.-P. never had a more devoted follower.

You will, I am sure, have read with interest the International Commissioner's notes in last month's SCOUTER

on "Going Abroad." It is splendid news that, once again, thousands of our Scouts, Seniors and Rovers are having their annual camps in other countries and are obtaining first-hand experience of the world-wide brotherhood of Scouts. There is no doubt about the value of these camps and the opportunities they give of getting to know Scouts in other parts of the world.

Of equal value is having a Troop or a guest Scout from abroad with us at our summer camp in this country. These camps - both at home and abroad - have to be planned well in advance and I expect when autumn comes many Courts of Honour and Group Councils will be talking about arrangements for 1955. Do not forget that the International Department at I.H.Q. is ready to help and advise.

It is, of course, not possible for all of us to meet Scouts from other lands every year but there are other ways in which we can give our *Scouts* a greater realisation of the world-wide Movement of which we are all members. One most valuable aid is the journal of world Scouting, *Jamboree*, which is published monthly by the Boy Scouts International Bureau. The journal contains news of what is happening throughout the Scout world, as well as information of coming events. Experiments and new ideas are recorded and there are discussions on problems old and new. To me, one of the most interesting facts about these problems is that they are very much the same whatever the country.

The photographs - well printed on art paper - are first-class and I know Scouters who already take *Jamboree* find them invaluable in making the idea of our World Brotherhood come to life for their *Scouts*. No doubt some of you have seen, as I have, these pictorial supplements mounted on Group notice boards and noted the interest of members of the Group from Cubs to Scouters in them. The accounts of adventurous Scouting, of outstanding public service in times of danger and distress and of international camps and other gatherings provide first-class material for yarns besides letting us know what is happening in other parts of the world. And, of course, the publication serves as a useful link between Scouters of the fifty-seven member countries of the International Conference.

I hope, therefore, Groups will consider subscribing for at least one copy of *Jamboree* each month. It costs 1s. a copy, postage lid., or 12s. 6d. annually, and can be obtained from all Scout Shops.

**A. W. HURLL,**  
*Chief Executive Commissioner*

# LUCK OF THE MONTH *By* THE EDITOR

## August

A golden, mellow, shimmering month, often so hot the trees loll upon the trackless air; the month of harvesting of corn and plums and mushrooms. Do you remember Miss Sackville West's lines:-

"And August comes, when fields are sere and brown,  
When stubble takes the place of ruffling corn;  
When the sweet grass is like a prisoner shorn;  
The air is full of drifting thistledown,  
Grey pointed sprites, that on the breezes ride.  
The cloyed trees droop, the ash-keys spinning fall;  
The brooks are pebbly; for the trickle's dried;  
Birds moult, and in the leafy copses hide,  
And summer makes a silence after spring."

It is the fullness of the year: but already a leaf here and there falls and the evenings are drawing in: to remind us that as the summer, with its opportunities used or misused, leaves us for ever, yet soon autumn will come and in its turn offer us opportunities again. The wise Scouter of whatever vintage or concerned with whatever task, will find time, as August drifts into September, to sit and think awhile; to ponder the immediate past and to consider the coming days, and plan to make them his servants to serve (with him) his few of that vast number of boys called Scouts.

### "Running a Scout Group"

On September 17th we shall publish at 8s. 6d. a book by Mr. J. F. Colquhoun with the above title. It will be on sale at the National Conference.

The Scout Group has been the unit of Scouting since 1928, but as Mr. A. W. Hurll writes in his Foreword to this book:

"It is curious that I.H.Q. has never published a handbook to help the Group Scoutmaster in his complex job" - until now. Here, in the fullness of time is a book - lucid, authoritative, complete and written by a man far-famed in Scouting, and one who has been a Commissioner at Imperial Headquarters in various capacities for as many years as the Group System itself has been in existence.

The Equipment Department is willing to accept orders for Koko's book now, and these should be sent to the General Manager at I.H.Q.

Early Days (18): from The Gazette, the journal of the "Glasgow Division," Saturday, February 27th, 1909.

Scoutmaster T. G. Orr reports that his Troop, the 4th Glasgow, has now reached the number of fifteen Patrols, and that recruiting has for the present ceased. The Troop has been Working away quietly for some time getting ready for outdoor work. They had an outing a Saturday or two ago to the "Wilderness," beyond Lambhill, where they encountered several other Troops, also on the prowl. The afternoon was so wet that it was almost impossible to get a fire lit, but they eventually managed it with the assistance of some burning shale from the blaze heap of the pits near at hand.

The 25th Glasgow Troop (Scoutmaster, A. D. Buchanan) had an outing a few Saturdays ago to Kenmure Woods, where they met the 1st Bishopbriggs Troop and had a combined camp. They discovered that another Troop intended to surprise them, and, noticing a small party a short distance away, they sent out Scouts, who reported this to be the enemy. Preparations were made, and the party easily captured, when it was seen there had been a mistake and that this was not the party. Back they hurried to camp just in time to repel the real attacking force. Afterwards the three Troops marched home together.

The Troop of Scouts in connection with the 93rd Boys' Brigade Company had a dispatch-running contest at Acre Wood. Two runners had to pass through a cordon of Scouts to Maryhill Post Office, get their dispatches stamped, and return. The contest caused great excitement in the vicinity. One of the runners got through by jumping on a car and hiding under the seat; although the car was boarded and searched by the others. The other runner had almost accomplished his mission when captured.

**REX HAZLEWOOD.**



**CANADIAN WOLF CUBS AT THE GOODYEAR MEMORIAL CAMP, CANADA**

# THE NATIONAL PARKS

By **D. FRANCIS MORGAN, O.B.E.**

I wonder if you really know what a National Park is. They must not be confused with public parks in London and other towns; and the people who are responsible for looking after them do not wear brown bowlers or any other quaint uniform and go about with spiked sticks collecting the litter which other people - not you, I hope - have left lying about.

National Parks are, to use the words of the Act of Parliament, "extensive tracts of country in England and Wales which, by reason of their natural beauty and the opportunities they afford for open air recreation, having regard both to their character and position in relation to centres of population," call for special planning arrangements to ensure the preservation of the natural beauty of the countryside and the promotion of its enjoyment by the public. National Parks are designated as such by orders made by the National Parks Commission, a body set up by the Minister of Town and Country Planning - now the Minister of Housing and Local Government - in accordance with the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act, 1949.

The Commission at the present time consists of a Chairman, Lord Strang, a Deputy Chairman, Lord Lawson (who is incidentally County President of the Durham Scouts), and some eleven members appointed by the Minister for their knowledge of such matters and their interest and experience in open air life and activities. I myself have the honour of serving as a member, and taking part in this most interesting work. The Secretary of the Commission is Mr. Harold M. Abrahams, whose own brilliant athletic record and constant work for athletics will be well known to many Scouters.

There are now six of these National Parks: the Lake District, the Peak District, the North York Moors, Snowdonia, the Pembrokeshire Coast, and Dartmoor. Two others, the Yorkshire Dales and Exmoor, are under consideration at the present time; and certain others will be considered in the future.

When an area has been designated as a National Park, the Park Planning Authority - the local body responsible - then has the duty of paying special regard to the purposes of the Park as mentioned above, that is to say, to keep watch over its beauty and to try as far as possible to preserve and improve it, whilst at the same time promoting the enjoyment of the area by the public.

The Commission, for their part, advise and make recommendations to Park Planning Authorities, to the Minister of Housing and to other Government departments, in regard to proposed developments, and anything which might affect the beauty of the Parks.

They also advise on the provision of facilities for the public.

It is not always an easy job that the Park Planning Authorities and the Commissioners have to do; for there are bound to be conflicting interests. Whilst any development of the area which could spoil its beauty or alter its particular character must if possible be avoided, either by modification of the original proposals, or even in certain cases by actual prohibition, at the same time the life of the countryside must go on, and those who live in it must not be deprived of those amenities of life, as for instance electricity, that are enjoyed by those living in other places. So, to continue the example of electricity, every effort has to be made to get the more expensive method adopted of laying the cables underground where to carry them overhead would spoil some particularly beautiful bit of country.

In a land like ours, small and densely populated, we cannot, as they do in America and Africa, set aside vast areas in which people will not live, but which can become "reserves" or national playgrounds. In our National Parks men must continue to live, earn their living, and carry on their ordinary activities.

The principal activity in a Park area will, of course, always be agriculture. The interests of agriculture and forestry have to be regarded in all that a Park Planning Authority does; and, indeed, a great deal of the beauty of the less wild and rugged parts of our National Parks is due to the handiwork of farmers and foresters. But there are many other things that men want to do which would spoil the scenery or make its enjoyment by the public difficult or even impossible.

Herein lies much of the difficulty in the administration of National Parks in so small a country as ours. Timber must be grown, minerals must be won from the earth, reservoirs must be constructed to supply water for great towns, and the Services must have wide areas where they can practise their firing and flying and bombing; and the trouble is that it is some of the grandest and wildest parts of this country where these things can best be done. In facing these demands, Park Planning Authorities have to give special weight to the claims of amenity and open-air recreation.

Then again it is no use trying to make a National Park an inaccessible area which people generally cannot visit and enjoy; that would be to defeat the whole object. So there must be transport facilities, coaches and so on, and places where cars and coaches can stop and park; people who want to stay in the area must be able to get meals and accommodation; campers and caravaners, so long as they behave properly, must be allowed to have reasonable facilities.



**THE LAKE DISTRICT**



**THE PEAK DISTRICT**





## SNOWDONIA

Park Planning Authorities have special powers to provide for some of these needs with the assistance of Government grants, but at the same time they have to see to it that these services do not ruin the beauty that, in a sense, called them into being.

Scout camps, if properly run, have a specially privileged position throughout England and Wales under Section 269 of the Public Health Act, 1936, as well as under the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947, and every local Act passed by Parliament in recent years; and Scouts are just as much entitled to camp, with the owner's permission, on private land in a National Park as anywhere else. Their small camps of some half-dozen or so tents, well sited and properly looked after for the ten days or fortnight of their stay, can, indeed, add a picturesque touch to the landscape.

In so far as they camp well, they will be welcomed in a National Park as an example to others; for this reason, and because of both the special confidence Parliament has shown in them and the particular care that ought to be taken in a National Park, Scouters must do everything possible to ensure that their camps, and the conduct of their Scouts generally, may not be open to the slightest criticism. In this connection it may be remembered that Great Tower camp site is in the Lake District National Park.

Scouts who are fortunate enough to live in a National Park will be able to observe some of the results of the work that is done by the Park Planning Authority and its officers; and by their own conduct and behaviour can themselves make a very real contribution to the preservation of the countryside.

Every Scout should read the "Country Code," a small booklet which explains how one should behave in the country so as not to cause loss or annoyance to farmers and others living there, and how to avoid anything that would spoil the countryside in any way. Copies can be obtained (price 4d.) on order from booksellers, or from any branch of H.M. Stationery Office.

One misunderstanding in particular must be avoided. The establishment of a National Park does not mean that the land in it has been nationalised. The farmer's fields remain his own and are just as private inside a Park as they are outside; and walkers, climbers, and campers must still keep to the paths, close gates, and observe the Country Code, as much as they should anywhere else.

Nevertheless, much is being done in National Parks and elsewhere, in accordance with the Act, to give people free access to what is called "open country," that is to say, "mountain, moor, heath, down, cliff, and foreshore." In two of the Parks, the Lake District and Snowdonia, there is already so much country open to the public that nothing remains to be done; in others, agreements are being made with landowners; but where that does not prove possible, the object can, if necessary, be achieved by compulsory order.

Finally, another matter to which the Commission are giving a great deal of attention is the opening up of Long Distance Routes, continuous paths along which the public may make extensive journeys on foot or horseback without having to go on roads used by vehicles. Progress in completing these rights of way is necessarily slow, but in time there will be a continuous right of way of this kind, known as the Pennine Way, running northwards from Derbyshire, largely along the ridge of the Pennines, for some 250 miles to beyond the Scottish Border.

Another will be the Cornwall North Coast Path, some 135 miles in length; and others will run along the South Coast of Cornwall right up to Devonshire, from Beachy Head to Winchester, and from the Chilterns to the Devon Coast. Many long stretches of all these are already open; but it takes time, involving long negotiations with landowners, and sometimes even a good deal of trouble in finding out who is the owner of a particular piece of land.

What an activity it would be for Rovers or Senior Scouts to follow one of these routes. The Girl Guides have already given us a lead in this; some Rangers and Senior Scouts I know have followed a good deal of the Pennine Way.

One cannot conclude an article of this kind without referring to the subject of litter. We seem to be a dreadfully careless and untidy race in this respect. When the Queen came home from her Commonwealth and Empire tour, the welcoming crowds in the Mall, the great roadway leading to the front of Buckingham Palace, left litter which had to be carted away next day to the extent, it has been said, of 16 tons. Just think of that; 16 tons of rubbish dropped on the ground where people stood.

What a way to welcome our Queen home! Let us hope she did not look out of a front window of the Palace too early next morning. All this may be to some extent a matter of thoughtlessness; but too often it is the result of sheer laziness and a selfish disregard for the enjoyment of others. The people who bring the stuff could so easily take it away.

There is just the same trouble in National Parks. Although they are vast areas of country, they can be spoilt by paper, ice cream cartons, tins, and empty bottles, left perhaps in some of the wildest and most beautiful spots. And orange peel; have you ever considered that most conspicuous and apparently quite imperishable form of litter?

We of the Scout Movement can do much to help in this respect by never leaving any litter ourselves, by thus setting an example to others, and whenever possible by burying or otherwise disposing of rubbish left by others.

Although compulsory National Service has some distressing aspects, all of which are regularly spotlighted in the Press, it has several beneficial effects that the critics are loath to admit. Unpopular as it would be, there is some justification for the view that National Service would benefit the community, if it were continued, in a modified form, after our defence commitment has ended.

National Service is doing a service to the nation - militarily *and* socially.

As Scouters, with the training of the 11- to 18-year-old as our primary responsibility and the further development of the 18-plus as a secondary task, we are concerned with the effects of National Service before and after call-up. The impending tragedy darkens many a horizon and has a greater influence than is generally realised. Here we can do a lot to help. The spirit in which a person starts his National Service is important if there are to be any benefits from the two years away from home.

National Service is also acting as a useful and telling gauge to the successes and failures of our community. By eighteen, indeed long before, a person's make up, habits and ways of thought have sorted themselves into a firm pattern. Conscriptio gives us an opportunity to assess the influence of our homes, schools and Youth Movements to an extent never before possible. Some of the revelations are shattering - and not complimentary.

The average National Serviceman is as fictitious as the average boy, but he is a useful concept. He leaves school at fifteen - remember that eight out of every ten of our children go to Modern Schools - then begins to look for a trade. His formal education has ended and, unless his chosen job has an apprenticeship involving night school or a day release scheme, he never puts pen to paper or adds up a set of figures again - except for his football pools! The choice of job rests on many factors - some of them purely accidental. Unless he undertakes an apprenticeship his call-up will take place within three years and so he often decides on a "quick money" job to tide him over. To him National Service is an insurmountable hazard, and he cannot see beyond it. He takes a dead end job and hopes to decide on a trade during his National Service. If he becomes an apprentice he can carry on his trade and training until he is 21 or over. That means a maturer approach to National Service, a better chance for a parallel trade in the Forces and, of course, a trade or profession to which to return. The proportion who fall into the first "short-sighted" category is high.

The three years between school and barrack square are spent earning a man's money in a man's world - long before he is suited to it. Outwardly he appears confident, but inwardly he is in a turmoil. He is lost to his Youth Movement shortly after going to work, but that is another story - and a sad one. Remember we keep only one in every three after fifteen. The reason he leaves could be one of many, but usually it is because as a "man" he wishes to put the things he associates with his boyhood behind him. Unless the Movement grows up with him and presents manly adventures and attractions, it will lose him.

The period of adolescence is long and often upsetting; the boy does not fully understand what is happening to him. Differences of opinion with parents, who cannot see the growing-up process in perspective, throw him off balance. The factory, the office and the workshop are much more complex and hectic than the classroom, and the first years of working life are not always happy. He may change his job once, twice or even three times before eighteen. The threat of National Service adds to these unsettling factors; he approaches his call-up with a feeling akin to terror.

The word terror is used deliberately. It is difficult to believe that an eighteen-year-old can be reduced to a state of fear and trembling by the prospect of two years away from familiar surroundings.

To a few it is an adventure, but to the majority it is a catastrophe. It is natural to be bewildered by the change and a little apprehensive of the future, but that is not the same thing as a fear of the unknown.

# TALKING POINTS

(Second Series)

## 5. THE YEARS BEFORE NATIONAL SERVICE

I have just finished reading two hundred essays by servicemen on "my first day in the R.A.F." In every essay this fear came out. The parting from the family, the long journey, the strange R.A.F. Station - these are all horrors following on one another - an eighteen-year-old, an adult in his own mind, *frightened!*

It is upsetting to leave home, especially if it is for the first time, as it so often is.

It speaks highly for the home life of the average family that it is such a pull.

In that way it is a good omen; but a boy unable to stand on his own feet at eighteen is surely a sign of failure. If, in the Scout Movement, we find a boy of eighteen still wanting to behave and act as a *Boy Scout* something has gone wrong. The aim of Scouting is to produce *men* and if the eighteen-year-old still wants boyish Scouting, then we have failed. Similarly if the boy is still so firmly embedded in his home that leaving it knocks him off balance then his parents have failed.

General Sir Brian Horrocks is wrong when he says that the average conscript is spoilt; but he certainly lacks confidence. Scouting obviously helps *here* - good Scouting that is. It develops a spirit of independence and adventure that makes for confidence when faced with the unknown. Out of a group of National Servicemen it is remarkable how the confidence of the ex-Scout stands out. This is not always so, but it is sufficiently marked to be noticed by those who know nothing about Scouting.

Physically the National Serviceman is healthy enough, but he is not as *fit* as he could be. The average civilian job is sedentary and very rarely does the average youth indulge in any extra physical exercise - games, cycling, swimming - or even dancing! Since leaving school he has failed to exercise his body. Similarly, his mind; in those last months at school his only aim was to pass into the man's world as soon as possible. After leaving school he no longer exercised his mind unless he found it necessary to advance his trade. This category is small. Even smaller is the category of those who carry on their education entirely voluntarily. By the time he is called-up, he is very "rusty," but has learnt the bitter lesson of not paying attention at school. He has learnt that educational qualifications mean money and when he joins the Services he is willing to develop himself educationally, if the facilities are provided.

There then is the average National Serviceman - lacking confidence, physically out of trim and educationally rusty - fighting shy of an unknown, non-existent terror.

How can a Scouter help? In one way. National Service is a distasteful thing from many aspects, but most thinking people accept it as a necessity. Although we can all criticise certain aspects of the National Serviceman's training we must face the fact that it is here to stay for an unlimited period and we must accept it as normal. Any hint to the boy that it is something abnormal, an unreasonable demand, is bound to lead to resentment. We must see that he plans his early years with National Service fitting into the pattern. The conscript's attitude to National Service depends upon those around him before he is called up. We can do much to prepare him with a little calm advice and a sane approach.

In several districts the Youth Movements have collaborated in arranging for representatives of the three Services to meet the seventeen-year-olds and answer their queries. Not recruiting - just plain talking on both sides. Some districts have gone one further and invited parents along.

In other ways we can prepare him. Our training should develop a confident, capable adult, tolerant, well informed and with a healthy moral code. National Service can enrich him with further experiences that otherwise would be outside his ken. Scouting's aim is not to prepare people for National Service, but we can do much to help him through it and prepare him so that he will benefit from it. National Service is necessary; let us make it beneficial.

DON GRISRROOK.

# THE GAMES CHEST: CUBS

## COWBOYS

### 1. RUSTLERS

*Gear:* Knotting ropes.

*Purpose:* Outdoor game for knotting, stalking and observation. Ranch of Lazy-Six are having trouble over cattle-rustling.

One Six (the rustlers) go off with ropes. Remainder of Pack are cattle grazing over field. Two or three Cubs are Lazy-Six cowboys on patrol. (Cattle are not allowed to give any warning!) Rustlers must approach cautiously. If they can tie a bowline round leg of cattle without being observed, they are deemed to have stolen it successfully and it can be led away.

**MARY SMITH.**

### 2. THROUGH THE ROCKIES

*Gear:* Three chairs, one rope and one balloon for each Six.

*Purpose:* Blind instinct. Overcoming fear of darkness... and fun.

Sixes in Indian file. At "go" No. 2 in file will jump on the back of No. 1. (No. 1 is already blindfolded.) The mounted rider will steer his horse, by commands, round the ranch (a chair placed two or three yards away), over a rope stretched across the room, through a narrow gorge (two chairs placed back to back with about 18 in. between), along to the other end of the room where there is a balloon on the floor, which the horse must stand on and burst. This is the signal that they have reached the Old Homestead and next rider and horse must immediately set out.

**DAISY HYDE.**

### 3. THE GREAT ROUND UP

*Gear:* One rope per Six.

*Purpose:* Team work.

Each Six bunch together. A rope is passed round their middles - at waist level - and tied. At "go" they race to end of room, touch the wall, turn and race back. (Secret is to all face the same way.)

**DAISY HYDE.**

### 4. THE REBEL

*Gear:* Soft rope, braid or similar material per Six.

*Purpose:* Knotting under difficulties.

Six in circle. One volunteers to be Rebel, he stands in centre. At "go" the circle close in on the Rebel and do their best to tie a clove-hitch round each wrist of the Rebel. For a variation, they can endeavour to tie the ankles - or perhaps both wrists and ankles. At any time during the game, an agreed signal may be given, which means that cowboys must resume circle. Rebel shows progress made.

**DAISY HYDE.**

### 5. OVER THE BORDER

*Gear:* Nil.

*Purpose:* Toughness, prowess.

Pack is divided into two lines, facing each other with about two yards between. About a yard behind each line is a chalked line on floor. Each member of gang must face an opponent. Cowboys must be matched as equally as possible in size, strength, etc. At signal each advances and endeavours to force opponent across his border. No cowboy must help or hinder another. If he is successful in getting his "man" across, he takes no more part in the game beyond cheering and encouraging his team. (Remove goggles, neckers and shoes.)

**DAISY HYDE.**

### 6. WINDING THE LASSO

*Gear:* One smooth stick, quantity of string, twine or wool-per Six.

*Purpose:* For nimble, flexible fingers.

Two Sixes face each other with about a yard between. Black Sixer is holding a stick with the string or wool wound on to it. He passes the end to White Sixer opposite who immediately begins to wind it on to his stick. When he has finished he passes the end to Black Second - who has received the empty stick from his Sixer - he then winds the string or wool on to his stick. On completion, the end is passed back to White Second who proceeds to do the same thing, and so on down to the end of the line.

**DAISY HYDE.**

### 7. STAMPEDE

*Gear:* None

*Purpose:* Alertness and fun.

Game similar to "Shipwreck." All boys one end of ranch when there comes a yell "stampede" and they all tear noisily toward the other end of the Den. Suddenly the cry goes up "Indians" and they all drop to the floor and begin to crawl stealthily toward the ranch house. On the order "Redskins coming" they form into a circle facing outwards all lying down in an imaginary stockade.

The order then comes "mount horse" and the Cubs split into pairs, the smaller ones on the larger boys' backs. Other orders can no doubt be thought up.

**A. K. MUSGROVE.**



### 8. THROW THE STEER

*Gear:* One knotting rope per Cub and an object suitable for "steer."

*Purpose:* Knotting concentration; physical exercise.

Each Cub is a cowboy. Pack in Sizes, each cowboy with a knotting rope. About four feet in front of each -Six is a "steer" (milk bottle, pop bottle or something suitable). Each cowboy knots his rope to form a loop (bowline) which then becomes a lariat. The first cowboy endeavours to throw his lariat and runs to rear of Six. If he "throws the steer," i.e. his lariat falls over the "steer," it counts one point for Six. Each cowboy then continues as before. Six throwing most "steers" wins.

**W. N. PAUL.**

### 9. COWBOYS OR BUFFALO HUNT

*Gear:* Feathers, wool.

*Purpose:* A Saturday afternoon game, outdoors.

The Pack is divided into three groups, as follows: A herd of buffaloes - caps worn back to front, and woollen armbands; Red Indians - a feather in each cap.

The buffaloes go off into the woods, laying a trail of wool on trees and bushes, until they reach a suitable spot where they hide.

After a suitable interval the cowboys trail them.

The Red Indians trail the cowboys, but must not be seen by them. If a cowboy sees an Indian and can call out his name he scores a point. If the cowboys find the buffaloes first, they will keep guard over them. If the Indians find the herd first they will lie in ambush until the cowboys arrive. They will then spring out and there will be a battle for armbands and feathers. The battle ends when Akela blows a whistle, and the two parties rush off to capture the buffaloes who, wanting to have some fun too, have stampeded.

Three blasts on the whistle ends the game, and everyone comes into a circle to smoke the pipe of peace, and add up scores.

The buffaloes score	5 points for each one uncaught.
The cowboys score	1 point for each Indian seen;
	1 point for each feather captured;
	1 point for each buffalo caught.

The Indians score	1 point for each who remains unseen along the trail;
	1 point for each armband captured,
	1 point for each buffalo caught.

The secret of making this game work out to everybody's satisfaction, is to have an Old Wolf or Cub Instructor acting as a referee with each party.

**W. M. PEIRCE.**

# DEAR EDITOR

## Appointment of Troop Leaders

DEAR EDITOR,

As S.M. Tilly and myself have been listed as potential criminals may I, through your columns, attempt to defend our points of view. Firstly, I doubt if either Skipper Tilly or myself, as Scoutmasters, would allow a boy to be "deprived of the fun and carefree hours of boyhood" (woe unto the A.S.M. that does!). I suggest that we would use that boy outlook to the good of a Troop rather than a Patrol. I should like to remind your correspondent from Wembley that I made the point in my original letter that the T.L. "must do his job and not become an A.S.M. at 1411"

I readily agree that Patrol Leadership calls for "outstanding capabilities"; Troop Leading calls for these capabilities but the field to which they may be applied is far greater. The key to the situation is responsibility and doesn't a T.L. have that? After all he has a Patrol - the Court of Honour - and by his example, enthusiasm and leadership he will be experiencing the responsibility that B.-P. asked that each Patrol Leader should have. As Chairman of the Court of Honour and leader of his Troop he is still very much concerned in leading "a gang of youngsters." Neither S.M. Tilly nor myself implied that "a boy was too big for a Patrol." If that was the case then he would be most unsuitable as a T.L. as he would not have learnt the meaning of selflessness. Rather we wanted, through an amendment to *P.O.R.*, to have created in the Boy Scout Troop a situation where the right boy could have the field of opportunity, for proving his abilities and "showing his mettle," increased. Is it not an important consideration of the Scouter's work that he should inculcate in the boy a sense of responsibility? Surely to do this we must provide, and use, whatever opportunities we are able. But many boys, through varied circumstances, leave the Boy Scout Troop after sixteen years of age and it is for *his* good that we should have afforded him an opportunity to develop.

Mr. Maclean questions the standards of the boys whom we would have as Troop Leaders. Surely we are concerned with citizenship qualities and not that a boy has the qualities that enable him to accomplish the advanced technicalities of Scoutcraft. I do not dispute the fact that Scoutcraft is important; indeed it is the essence of our Scouting. But we must look further than to perfect a little system within our own Troop which "trains" really first-class Scouts. Very few boys get an opportunity of an international camp; his outlook can also be broadened through the medium of responsibility.

At the present time far too many Scouters lack faith in the boy (or is it in themselves?) to allow him the chance or to give him the opportunity to feel his feet. He may make mistakes (we all learn by them! and if we are awake it's doubtful if he'll wreck his Troop), but the experience will be a good teacher.

Many readers will be acquainted with the phrase: "It's not the boy that's the problem; it's his Scouter." Isn't that very true? Aren't many of our failures due to the fact that we haven't given responsibility; or we've given it without further thought or guidance?

The Troops with "the pale substance of what B.-P. gave us" are not those with Troop Leaders! By having and wanting them (assuming that at least we try and choose the right boy) shows that we are prepared to do our best in providing an opportunity for a boy to prove himself. That's what B.-P. wanted of us; who can tell the ultimate result to that boy?

**ANTHONY V. KEMP,**

*Former S.M., 8th Canterbury (Methodist) Troop.*

## Camp Visiting

DEAR EDITOR,

Depth of latrine trenches should vary according to the type of soil. As a general principle it can be taken that the more permeable the soil the deeper the trench can safely be.

Clay, as the least permeable soil, should always mean a trench not more than 18 inches deep. Chalk can go to 2 feet, and gravel and sand to as much as 3 feet.

The reason for this is that without some oxygen there will be no decomposition, and further, it requires dryness of faecal matter before decomposition can begin. In the early stages of the 1914-18 war, large army camps were established all over the country to accommodate the recruits to Kitchener's army. Many of these were inevitably on clay soil. In those days it was the army practice to dig latrines with trenches 6 feet deep, and to fill these when nearly topped up with a light layer of top soil and turf. Were you accidentally to dig up one of these 1914 trenches today, you would find that though there had been some decomposition at the surface, from 18 inches down the deposit would be almost as left in 1914.

**G. H. BICKMORE,**  
*D.C., Chepstow.*

## Knots

DEAR EDITOR,

Another heresy?

Is the reef-knot really the best knot for tying a parcel?

I (and experienced packers) always use a slip knot and finish off with a couple of half hitches.

By using this method the need for an opposite number to put his finger on the first cross is obviated.

**FRANK BOWDEN,**

*1st Cheadle Hulm B.-P. Guild.*

## Pressure Cookers

DEAR EDITOR,

I was rather intrigued to read in the May SCOUTER the excellent article on pressure cooking by Mr. Martin-Tomson (and more so to note that the Scout Shop is "hitting the iron while it is hot." Or should it be cooker?).

The article set me thinking, which will amaze anyone, but I received a jolt a page or two further on where "Straight Edge" finished his article with the words "A boy becomes a Scout for Romance and Adventure - and he expects it from the staff." More thoughts.

You will appreciate that such brainwork is a bit much for an LA. Secretary, so, reverting to type, I picked the brain of a superior in Scouting, a Second Class fourteen-year-old Scout. Having pushed aside space guns and ray resisting cosmic armour, I asked which would be preferred, to have a Patrol using open fire and billies, or using fire and pressure cookers, pointing out that food from the cooker would be more attractive and tasty.

His reply was that the billy system was preferred because the cooker was not Scouting and would herald radio and the "frig." in camp, and that there was a time and place for everything. Likewise if Mum started cooking on an open fire using billies there would be a row (sounds like Dad's influence here).

It does seem that training in their use will be necessary and as far as I can see the only encouragement for the "out" in "Scouting" will be by route of a 11-12 year old through the kitchen window or ceiling.

Seriously I cannot see that pressure cooking ties up very practically with the Patrol System as far as cooking is concerned.

Might I ask for any other points of view?

**FRANK TULLY,**

*Hon. Sec.*

## The Crux of the Problem

DEAR SIR,

I read with great interest the spate of correspondence that "G.S.M.'s" letter has aroused. All of your correspondents seem to overlook one important point. P.O.R. seems to encourage and endorse the attitude of G.S.M. by its requirement that in a sponsored Group, membership is normally to be confined to members of the particular church in question, and exceptions are only to be allowed with the express permission of the D.C. Furthermore the recent new rule that in future Groups which incorporate a Church name must be sponsored by that Church, definitely encourages Church Groups to seek sponsored status if they are not already so.

The question then arises, what is a "member," of a particular Church? It could be anyone who declares himself to be so, or anyone who is sufficiently interested to attend that church's Scout Troop. Most sponsoring authorities and the S.M.'s feel, however, that this is not being quite honest with the rule in question, and that in fairness to other churches they must draw a line somewhere. Perhaps G.S.M. has drawn his line in the wrong place, but is his *principle* wrong? If so, then the relevant rules in P.O.R. regarding sponsored Groups need revising. The conscientious S.M. in a sponsored Group is often placed in an impossible position. John, a bona fide church boy, brings along his friend Peter who is either a member of another Church, or perhaps nothing at all. Is the S.M. to tell Peter he cannot come, and so possibly lose John himself? Or is he to require of Peter a premature profession of membership that he is not in conscience ready to make yet?

I feel that the true solution is either to allow sponsored Groups wider latitude in whom they are to accept (many D.C.'s do unofficially do this, I believe) or to allow a Church to have a Group, open, but definitely associated with it, perhaps with its own constitution, approved by I.H.Q. (I haven't a copy of the English P.O.R. handy, but I believe no provision is made for this). A further alternative would be a thorough revision of the whole matter of sponsored and open Groups.

I have had a fairly wide experience of both sponsored and open Groups both here and in England, and I believe that some kind of church sponsorship is very valuable, but it is only rarely and in favourable circumstances that the strictly "closed" Group is a success.

**C. O'C. DAVIES,**

*G.S.M., 1st Pretoria (West End), South Africa.*

DEAR EDITOR,

"That's all from me!" and quite enough too! He has the right idea with the wrong ideas of how to accomplish it. It is clear that he does not understand Boy Mentality. "G.S.M." says it is the parents' job to take their boys to church, not ask them. I watched two boys, aged 16 and 12, during last Easter holidays. They had been brought by their mother - while she sang and said everything, neither boy opened his mouth during the whole service. I suppose she did not ask them, but dragged them there. What earthly good did she do them? A few Sundays after that about forty boys of all ages from some school came to church. Again, they never opened their mouths. The master who sat in front, I suppose, ordered them to come to church. What good did that do them? The only thing to be said in the favour of both sets of boys was that their behaviour was excellent.

"G.S.M." says earlier on in his letter: "These are serious things and boys must take them seriously." Yes, but not too seriously, please. This is where he goes wrong - the only way to help boys in these matters is to lead them; help them to enjoy everything they do. Help them to enjoy worship - this cannot be done by ordering. It can only be done by getting the boys' sympathy. I wonder if "G.S.M." was ever a schoolmaster. If he was, or is, has his class ever begged him at the end of, say, the last period of school, to go on? "Don't stop, sir," not from a few, but from the whole form. That is the attitude one wants in every boy, if the subject, no matter what it may be, is made so interesting that they do not want to stop. It can be done. It has been done, and if the teacher (Scouter or otherwise) will only treat his subject with humour and sympathy, it can always be done.

Let's take Sunday. What is Sunday? It is a holyday. Change one letter, and we get "holiday." A holyday or holiday is a day set apart for doing things which are not done on ordinary days. Thus Sunday should be a day of joy: a day on which we go to church or chapel to praise and worship God. What did the Psalmist write? "God is gone up with a merry noise." Then let's join God in the merry noise. It means with happy laughter. If "G.S.M." would approach this subject in this way, his boys would enjoy going to church, just as they would obey the Promise and the Scout Law. He would not have to disband a Troop of the very type of boys who need Scouting to help them become good citizens.

**YOURS OFFICIAL CRITIC.**

## WHY SCOUTMASTERS GROW OLD QUICKLY...!



### Pathfinding

DEAR EDITOR,

A remark of the Chief Scout's in his closing address at Skegness has strengthened my belief that in the past fourteen years or so Scouting has neglected an important part of its early training, that in guiding people about our towns and country. Scouting in America owes its start to a Scout who had, probably, been working for his Pathfinder Badge, and the Chief reminded us that similar good turns are still being done; But how many of our Queen's Scouts have even passed the under-fifteen Guide Badge?

In a great many years of Scouting I have never had occasion to use First Aid knowledge beyond that covered in the First Class, nor any of the subjects covered in the Rescuer or Fireman Badges, yet at intervals of about once a week I am able to help a motorist or pedestrian, because I have acquired the knowledge covered by the old Pathfinder Badge. I am not decrying the teaching of knowledge which may enable even one boy in a dozen or twenty to do a really big good turn, perhaps saving a life. But let us also teach the boys knowledge which helps them to do innumerable smaller good-turns of the kind which the public expects of us.

Up to 1939, the Pathfinder Badge was compulsory for King's Scout, until the Civil Defence Badge was made an alternative. I feel it ought still to be, but not in its present form; we could easily institute a badge worth-while working for that would involve a lot of local knowledge, on the lines of the Guide Badge but more advanced.

I might even go farther and suggest that some of this knowledge might well be put into our First Class tests. Suggestions have often been made that alternatives might be found for one or other of the First Class tests, such as Swimming or Signalling, but it has not been easy to suggest a suitable alternative; let it be Pathfinding.

Realising the difficulty of framing a test suitable for city, village and country alike, I would suggest some numerical criterion. For example, let us require for a First Class test that the boy should know and be able to give directions to, say, thirty streets, lanes or farms and houses in an area round his home. For the Guide and Pathfinder Badges, the numbers could be increased suitably. In addition there could be a suitable number of towns, villages, suburbs or districts, and for the Badges, knowledge of doctors, etc., and of communications.

**J. A. CHARLMERS, G.S.M., 5th Durham City.**

# LETTERS TO A YOUNG ROVER - VIII

DEAR DAVID,

Thanks for your letter about the cricket match. Sorry you made a "duck" but glad you didn't hesitate immediately to accept the umpire's decision, though you were absolutely certain you never touched the ball. Even in cases where everybody on the field knows that the umpire is wrong, a batsman who shows annoyance just isn't a cricketer. I hope, too, that you walked back with a smile. That's part of the courtesy of the game. I think that the peculiar place that cricket holds in English life is due to the fact that it is the most "courteous" of all popular games, being governed not only by written laws, but by all sorts of unwritten ones which everybody observes. Just occasionally we get a rumpus, but on the whole the standard of cricket sportsmanship is very high, and when you hear the phrase "it isn't cricket" you know exactly what it means.

There are unwritten laws in the game of life, too, and the courteous man is the man who obeys them as carefully as he obeys the written ones. Once again you must turn to the New Testament for the best advice: "if a man compels you to go with him one mile," said our Lord, "go with him two miles."

I have heard a lot of Scouters give talks to their boys about the Fifth Law, and I have noticed that they usually start with the same phrase: "Courtesy isn't just a matter of living up your seat to a lady in a bus or train.

Of course that is true enough. Courtesy goes much deeper than that, and yet I am not at all sure that the "giving up your seat" illustration is such a bad one after all, because in that simple action are all the elements of true courtesy.

You must pay your fare, and you mustn't spit, or pull the communication cord except in cases of emergency, but giving up your seat is an entirely voluntary act, and the basis of courtesy is that it is doing something "extra."

Next, the act is unselfish, because it is much more comfortable sitting down than standing up, and your action means that somebody else's comfort is more important to you than your own.

Thirdly, it requires moral courage, and the best sort of courtesy always requires moral courage. Of course, David, you have often given up your seat to a lady, and so have I, but do you always do it? Or do you (like me) occasionally glue your eyes to your newspaper, and pretend not to notice that there are ladies standing? Do you (like me) make various excuses to yourself, such as that you have had a very tiring day, or that you'll be getting out soon, anyway, or that there are a lot of other young fellows occupying seats, and you don't see why it should always be *your* job to give up your seat, or that women ought not to travel in the rush-hour, or that now that women claim equality with men in so many spheres, they ought to be treated equally as regards seats in trains and buses? I expect those are the excuses you make, but none of them is quite good enough.

At various times in my life, as I have confessed, I have fallen from grace in this respect, but I have tried to pull myself up by a very simple expedient. I have resumed wearing a Scout badge. The fact that the public knows a Scout is supposed to be courteous, and the feeling that I should be letting the Movement down if I *didn't* give up my seat, has just swung the balance. I hope you'll always wear a Scout badge, even if it has to be an Old Scout badge. You'll find it will help you in other things besides courtesy.

Have you ever read Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell? It is a queer old-fashioned book written in the middle of the last century, and though it is no "thriller" I don't think you would be bored by it, because the people in it are so real. One character, Captain Brown, is probably the most courteous man in all literature. He is a poor half-pay officer living in a village inhabited mostly by elderly and very genteel widows and spinsters, and at first they resent his loud voice and his lack of pride.

On the way home from church on Sunday he sees a shabby old woman carrying her dinner home from the bakehouse, and the tray is too heavy for her, so he raises his hat to her as if she were a queen and takes the tray from her, and marches home by her side, chatting affably, while the "fashionable" people in their Sunday silks look on with horror.

I hope you'll get to know Captain Brown, because his life is an education in true courtesy.

Courtesy is not a noticeable quality, but discourtesy is very noticeable indeed, and adds much to the discomfort and ungraciousness of modern life. We all know those people who drift into a cinema in the middle of a picture and chat for four or five minutes before they get interested, or who argue in a loud voice with the attendant about which seat they want, destroying the pleasure of forty people because they are thinking only of themselves. Are you sure *you* don't sometimes behave like that?

Then there are the litter-fiends, who drop pieces of paper and cigarette-packets and make our streets and our lanes the untidiest in the world. The courteous man carries his own rubbish home with him, or puts it in a litter-basket. Then there are the people who have their radio blaring all day and half the night, disturbing their neighbours, and the people with cars who go to collect a friend and are too lazy to get out and ring his front-door bell, so they hoot on their horn until he comes out.

These are all manifestations of discourtesy, and the reason for them is the same in all cases. The offender is interested in his own enjoyment and does not bother whether other people enjoy themselves or not. The courteous man wants to enjoy life to the full himself, but he has taught himself never to enjoy it at the expense of others.

I think you know me well enough to be sure that I don't crack up "the good old days" for the sake of doing it, but I don't think there is any doubt that there is less personal courtesy between man and man than there used to be, and that the value of politeness is today much underrated. People are very slack about answering letters, for instance. There is only one safe rule about correspondence, and that is to answer every letter on the day it is received. Once you put a letter aside it will hang about unanswered for weeks.

People are careless about keeping appointments, too, and when they don't turn up never seem to think it necessary even to apologise. They were more particular in Victorian times, and one man wrote to a friend who had failed to keep an appointment:

"I hope you are dead, as that is the only excuse I can accept."

Courtesy makes life more graceful and pleasant, and in 1942 when I was in the army I had a striking example of the difference between the manners of past and present which I have never forgotten. I was stationed at Kidderminster, and one morning two letters arrived for me, one from a Scout of Our District who happened to be lodging in the neighbourhood, and the other from Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, who had been three times Prime Minister of England.

Both letters were invitations to tea. The Scout wanted to talk about old times, and Earl Baldwin wanted to chat about a pamphlet I had written and which happened to have come into his hands.

On the Saturday I went to tea with the Scout. He seemed quite surprised to see me.

"I'd clean forgotten it was to-day you were coming!" he said, "how silly of me!" He rustled up some tea and chatted in desultory fashion for half an hour, but he kept looking at the clock, and presently confessed that he was "expecting another fellow on business, and he had some figures to get ready before he came." I took the hint, and he did not even show me to the door. "I expect you can find your way out," he said.

That was an extreme case, but I remembered it next day when I called on Lord Baldwin. For nearly twenty years he had been the most important man in England and I was a second lieutenant and a stranger, but for two hours we chatted, and he somehow managed to make me feel that I was the most interesting person he had ever met. There was no servant present when Lady Baldwin joined us for tea, and the old statesman waited on us himself, bringing the tea and cakes from a side-table and refusing my offer to help because I was his guest. When I left he saw me to the gate and twenty yards down the lane, to make sure I did not miss my road.

Lord Baldwin became unpopular politically before he died, but I shall always think of him as a courteous gentleman. Yes, we in 1954, if we can learn nothing else from the Victorians, can well learn the value of good manners, which are the outward sign of a courteous spirit.

Yours ever,

A.D.C.

# ROVER ROUNDABOUT

I've been travelling again this past month and as with all new experiences one learns from the contacts made, and if your earlier Scout training has been of benefit to you, without any talking the "sign" tells you much. But quite frankly I am disturbed somewhat at what I see and hear from my brother Rovers. I have faith in the future of our section (which is more than many of our critics have), but really the sooner somebody shouts "Big 'ead" at some of us the better we shall be, for being made aware of ourselves as we are. Now as this has come into my thoughts along comes a copy of the H.Q. Gazette produced by our Canadian brethren, *The Scout Leader*, with an article headed "Rover Quests - What's wrong with Rovers?" Our friend maintains that it is Rovers themselves who are wrong; the plan is good - no blame attached there. Figures prove that only between 5 per cent and 6 per cent of our Scouts become Rovers. He says that this is much too low a number and that the mention of Rovers in Scouting circles brings an immediate and adverse reaction and can all these members of the "family" be wrong?

He feels that "In the early days there were many mistakes which Rovers were slow to profit by and that there was a period of bad Roving when they, the Rovers, thought that they knew everything and poor camping and behaviour in public has left its mark. We perhaps are labouring under an inferiority complex (expressed by inverted superiority). So now, how can we overcome the handicaps of the past, outgrow the selfish ego of the present and help the section to fulfil its part in the scheme of Scouting in the future?" He suggests that firstly we keep the aims clearly in mind, i.e. "to complete the training of the Boy Scout and to provide a bridge between the realm of boyhood and the adult community to which the young man is growing and will so soon find himself. For so long it has been said that the Rover's first duty is to himself; this is only a comparative truth. He must give full attention to his education, work, family life, so that he may be able to fulfil his proper function in the community. However, this same young man must make some sacrifice of his free time in service, in whatever form it is needed, and must be prepared to perform it willingly and humbly to the best of his ability. All this is nothing new and it is the skill of the R.L. to maintain this delicate balance in encouraging a young man to an understanding of a well-rounded balanced life, helping him to find himself, whilst keeping down his ego by showing the real pleasure of self denial. This means the leader must have unquestionable faith in his material, his medium and his God. Scouting experience need not be great but a lead into a service which means a sacrifice and is not always of the Rover's choice (we are so prone to choosing what we like doing and labelling it "service"). So let's cut out this hedging and shilly-shallying when the next real job comes round.

Look at your Crew: is it taking the majority of the Troop as they reach Rover age? Is it helping them to fulfil their Scout training and guiding them into the adult world? Is it showing them the real meaning of service so that they may know their place in the community? Is it helping them to keep their Scout Promise in a manner compatible to their age and are they setting a fair example of young MANHOOD to their younger brothers in the Troop and Pack? "What are you doing with your life?" Remember? It comes during the Vigil and Investiture, but it should be continually reviewed; the old saying that "human nature never changes" was never true; it has always been adaptable and sometimes in its adaptability we lose our ideals through the circumstances in which we find ourselves. Rover Scouting is a safeguard against just that.

But, as I said before, I've been out and about just lately and my travels took me in the first place to Pembroke Dock to a Rover/Ranger week-end; not a great many but a keen crowd, young, jolly, with a nice serious streak for the right occasion, a very interesting yarn from a Guider who had experienced the American way of doing things in youth work, and a fine job of organisation by a "service" Rover (my old friend Skip Haycock), who proudly showed us his new "den" for the Crew comprised of some locals and the Service boys.

There is no doubt about it: any "Service" lad in Pembroke Dock is assured of a "home from home" in Scouting circles.

## THE SCOUT LAW VII. A SCOUT OBEYS...

*The starry systems hurled upon their courses  
Still swirl obedient through the realms of space;  
All Nature bows before eternal forces,  
Tides ebb and flow, the mountains keep their place;  
The brainless beasts still bend to instinct blindly,  
Till forcing hands check them and break the spell;  
And only Man is free to follow kindly  
The laws of life, or rashly to rebel.*

*Alone Man writes his own uneven story,  
Alone he guides the chariot of his days,  
And Man alone is given this greatest glory -  
To render free obedience and praise;  
You, boy, and I can stand and say we choose  
This high surrender that we might refuse.*

**JAMES FITZSIMONNS, S.J.**

Incidentally what a beautiful part of our island for camping; a long journey but well worthwhile. You young energetic ex-Senior Scouts could do a lot worse than take your bikes to the southern end of the principality.

Next I visited the Midlands Counties Rover Moot: lots of Scout weather with a very nice experience on my way up. My old four-wheeler decided to have mag. trouble in the main road of Warwick and as I put my head under the bonnet there arrived a Coventry handicapped-school Scouter with the offer of assistance and he and his friend stayed with me from 5.30 till 8 o'clock, by which time they had got me to the camp site and seen to it that I was fixed up enough to travel home. And travelling with the Scouter was one of the boys that my Crew and I met when they returned from the Belgium handicapped camp last year. As for the Moot itself, over 2,000 Rovers with Ralph Reader to put the cat amongst the pigeons once again, a very long but very good Camp Fire, with some good items. Then early Sunday morning saw the padres picking their way through the muddy straw at the entrance to the camp at about 7.45 a.m. I do admire these men who put themselves out to minister to the spiritual needs of the Rovers at these weekends. At 9.45 we started on the sessions and after lunch Sir John Hunt held the fellows spellbound with his story of Everest, and the "Bird Life" yarn was a most entertaining session. Rough Close is a very lovely site well worth a visit for anybody wanting to explore that area.

Camp sites and Roving can be such a grand combination. My own Crew has had for many years close contact with Frylands Wood site at Addington in Surrey, and I went along to their 25th anniversary week-end at Whitsun; a nice wooded site but a little muddy during that rainy period. What joy E. M. Preston, the London business man, has brought to numberless boys through his gift to S.E. London. In 1938 I.H.Q. took over the site. All the work has been done by the Staff, Service Patrols and voluntary working parties and the records show 137,000 camper nights, mostly London lads, but brothers from Scotland, France, Germany, S. Africa, Australia and, New Zealand all know the joys of Frylands.

One of my "musts" in life are books, and my job is situated in the home of books. London's Charing Cross Road is a joy (and menace) to be enjoyed during the lunch hour. Last week I found, whilst browsing, an early copy of the founder's Aids to Scoutmastership, and what a book for Rovers to read. See your fellows know it so that they may through its wisdom know the responsibility of a trained Rover to his younger brethren. Don't be the fellow who moans about the awful situation the world is in. Get cracking now to change it - and start with yourself.

**JACK SKILLEN.**

# BOOKS

## THE GREAT OUTDOORS

*This Fascinating Animal World*, by Alan Devoe (Arthur Barker, 12s. 6d.).

The author poses and answers a thousand or so of the questions that anyone who notices living things is likely to ask, but to which he would find it difficult to discover the answers even if he possessed a library of textbooks and the time to search through them. The conception is excellent. The execution, on the other hand, cannot be praised unreservedly. In the first place, though published in London, the book is American and therefore the common animals mentioned - woodchucks, chipmunks, phoebes, and many others - will not be familiar to British readers. Moreover, familiar names are not always applied to the animals we know, and the reader will, to take an instance, be surprised to find the robin quoted as an example of a migrant. Another small point is the spelling, which will not commend itself to his schoolmaster if copied by any avid young reader. The main criticism is that it is difficult to make out for whom the book is written. The enquiring mind is not peculiar to any age, but is commonest in the young, and therefore it might be expected that the book would be written in the simplest terms. It is not and here is one example from many that I jotted down: "... there are two kinds (of snake poisons): neurotoxins and hemorrhagins. As the names make plain.. (p. 234). Do they? Who to? To Greek scholars and trained biologists, yes, but to how many in your Troop?

It would be captious to carp at small errors, but no British naturalist will let pass the remark (p. 146): "Dr. Johnson (or was it Oliver Goldsmith?) made a wonderfully absurd reference to the way swallows were supposed to retire in winter into swamp mud and river bottoms and 'conglobulate together., ' Perhaps they did; I cannot claim sufficient familiarity with the works of either to say they did not, but surely Gilbert White's is the name generally associated with that theory.

There is a good index, but the glossary is quite inadequate and contains, for example, neither of the two words mentioned above.

**T. T. MACAN.**

*The Pebbles on the Beach*, by Clarence Ellis (Faber, 12s. 6d.).

The Pebbles on the Beach might well be a title of one of those novels treating of modem man, lost, bewildered, fatalistic: actually it is about - pebbles on the beach. I was surprised to find myself reading it: even more surprised to find myself enjoying it (and myself) thoroughly.

Mr. Ellis writes a prose that's light and easy to read, and I'm quite sure I shall enjoy a shingled, pebbled beach more than I have in the past. Having told you how the shingle beach was formed and is changed, he recounts the life and death of a pebble, distinguishes this pebble from that ("The pebble that had no toes" I found myself misquoting), and after a fascinating chapter on some precious stones leads you round the coastline of our island.

Honestly this is a *very* entertaining book. There are eight (to me) lovely plates. The book is produced with all Messrs. Faber's distinguished care.

**R. H.**

*The Outdoor Book*, by Jack Cox (Lutterworth Press, 12s. 6d.).

In little over 200 pages of text Jack Cox has produced in The Outdoor Book a handbook that has long been awaited by a great many Scouters. It is essentially a book of ideas for adventures, and although it is written with a view to helping Youth Leaders of all kinds, Mr. Cox advises "Scout" methods of approach to the problems of organising and leading young people on outdoor expeditions, and consequently the work is of more than usual value to the Scouter.

The author takes care to point out that his suggestions are more suitable for older people than for youngsters, and anyone without reasonable experience of camping with young people will not find the book much comfort. Lightweight camping methods are advocated and camping as such is assumed, rightly I think, to be incidental to the main purpose of the particular activity of one's choice.

There is much excellent material dealing with the planning of cycle tours, boating adventures and mountaineering expeditions to mention only a few of the comprehensive list, and some valuable information is included on the use of hostels; but I feel that many leaders would have appreciated a little more detail in this section of the book, even at the expense of some of the later chapters.

On the other hand there are 138 pages devoted entirely to suggestions for activities, and these are grouped according to their type for easy reference. In covering subjects such as animal and bird watching, moth hunting, plaster casting, painting and sketching, archaeological work and field sports, Mr. Cox has made a commendable effort to provide the leader with a comprehensive handbook on the running of the summer adventures. Some of the chapters are more complete than others, presumably where the author has had more experience, but where there are deficiencies a bibliographical list is provided for additional reading which in itself provides a helpful service to the busy voluntary leader. *The Outdoor Book* is worth a place on the bookshelf of any S.M. (S) and R.S.L.

**K. H. STEVENS.**

*Hostellers' Guide*, by I. Ingleton, Dentdale and Stainforth (Y.H.A., ls. 6d., is. 8d. post free).

This is the first in a series planned by the Y.H.A., a series which should be warmly welcomed by Scouts. Its 42 pages end with a book list on the district, begin with a general survey and in between has brief but good chapters illustrated with pleasant little black and white drawings on Farming the Fells and Dales, Dintdale, Caves and Pot-holes, Nature Notes and two walks and routes for walkers and cyclists. Just the sort of little guide one can read to be enlightened before going to the area. Senior and Rover Scouts will find it well within their pockets.

**R. H.**

*Wild Flowers*, by John Gilmour and Max Walters (Collins, New Naturalist No. 5, 25s.).

I cannot do better than to quote from the authors' preface: "Our aim in writing this book has been to provide an introduction to the British flora for those who are keen on wild flowers, but who feel that they want some help and guidance in their keenness. It is designed, not as a reference book for the field or the study, but as a volume for leisurely and intermittent reading in an armchair, a bed or a train."

Their purpose they have carried out admirably. This is a book for the accomplished reader who has a love of wild flowers, who can identify some and depends on some such book as Skene's *Flower Book for the Pocket* (O.U.P.) or Gaston Bonnier's *Name this Flower* (Dent) for further help. Such readers will find this a friendly informative book and will welcome it as a permanent resident on their shelves. There are thirty-two plates in colour and twenty-four in black and white, the latter the more attractive; there is a useful bibliography.

**R. H.**

*The Traveller's Pocket Book*, edited by Canton Wallace (Evans Brothers Ltd., 5s.), is one of those books which publishers and book-sellers call a "must." It is indeed very intriguing and interesting, giving all sorts of suggestions for holidays and tours in this country and abroad. There is a lot of helpful advice regarding the types of maps to take with you (to my mind this, for Scouters, is the most useful feature of the book), a section devoted to the more necessary foreign words in ten European languages, and literally hundreds of items of information. Although it appears to have been designed primarily for holiday-makers who are not limited to the purse of a Scout or Scouter, most of the book can be read with profit and advantage. The sections dealing with holiday centres in Britain and Europe are particularly comprehensive and are well worth studying before planning a summer camp or hike.

**MICHEAL ANDREW.**



## MODEL MAKING

*How To Make Model Aircraft*, by P. G. F. Chinn (Percival Marshall, 3s.). *Model Jets and Rockets for Boys*, by Raymond Yates (Werner Laurie, 8s. 6d.).

Mr. Chinn needs no introduction to aero modelling enthusiasts, having written previous books on model aircraft, and is a regular contributor to the journals devoted to this subject. The book is a reprint and revision of a series of articles by the author in *Model Aircraft*, bound in one volume. Paper covers have been retained, and the appearance is magazine-like. Despite its flimsy cover and binding, it is a mine of information. The book is intended as a guide to the whole field of aero modelling for the beginner, and it really does succeed in this object.

Choice of tools and models are treated at length, and the tyro is shown every stage in the construction of his first model, not only by the clearly written text, but by the copious "step-by-step" photographs. The author is an accepted authority on two-stroke model aero-engines, and the operation and maintenance of these motors is dealt with fully. All types of power model, free-flight, control-line, and Jetex are described.

This is an excellent book for anyone embarking on the hobby. It is hard to make any adverse criticism.

The second book fills a large gap in the available model literature, and Mr. Yates has dealt with the subject of model jet and rocket propulsion concisely yet exhaustively, desiderata which previous writers on this topic have failed to fulfil.

The book commences with an absorbing history of jets and rockets, and then goes on to tell with combined simplicity and accuracy of the scientific principles upon which these devices depend. Instructions are given for the construction of various models powered by steam and by carbon dioxide cartridges, used as rockets. Full instructions and drawings are given to build a tailless model aircraft, powered by the popular Jetex "50", motor.

The section on pulsejets must be one of the finest accounts of this subject ever written. Every aspect of the operation of these powerful (and dangerous) units is adequately covered. Equally good, and of more use to most readers, is the section devoted to the British "Jetex" units. The illustrations are clear, but the quality of some of the diagrams in the text leaves something to be desired.

Although the title of this book suggests that it is addressed primarily to younger readers, enthusiasts of all ages will profit from a study of its pages. It contains more solid facts in its hundred-odd pages than many larger works, and is well worth the price.

**P. W. Prrr.**

## AN IDEAS BOOK

*The Youth Club Book of Recreation* (Brown, Son and Ferguson, 8s. 6d.).

This is one of those miscellaneous collections comprising ideas for games and competitions of considerable variety and all sorts of odds and ends, many of which could give us useful ideas for Pack, Troop, and Rover Crew Meetings. It is not a book one reads but is the kind one dips into, hoping to get an idea out of it, and then puts on one side until next required.

The arrangement of the book strikes me as odd; it is divided into two main sections which, according to the compiler, are (1) Games, and (2) Competitions, all of which seems logical and tidy. But why some of the games are called "games" when they are really competitions and likewise some of the "competitions" which could equally be called "games" are in the second section of the book I am not able to follow, but perhaps part of the "Recreation" is in working this out for yourself.

I have one serious complaint about the book. All the answers to the various games and/or competitions are huddled together at the end of the book. This seems to me quite pointless and a much tidier arrangement would have been to have the answers adjacent to the questions because presumably and, indeed, ostensibly the book is intended for Leaders and would not normally find its way into the hands of the led.

I find it difficult to recommend this book as being worth 8s. 6d. I have at my elbow a pre-war "Fun Book," which is really very similar, and it cost me 6d.

I know prices have risen, but have they really gone up seventeen times? However, the contents of the book are undoubtedly useful although the standard of the production is by no means high; the print and the paper is poor and the binding is of the paper variety, but the book may well appeal to some Scouters who are short of ideas.

**J. T.**

## NATIONAL SERVICE

*All Young Men Born Between. . .*, by C. B. Coles (S.P.C.K., is.).

All Scouters (S) will know that the young man of today scarcely looks forward to his time of National Service, but approaches it with a certain amount of trepidation and with the question at the back of his mind "shall I be able to keep my end up?" It is for these younger brothers that Mr. Coles (an ex-service man and experienced Scouter) has written his little book. Here is a perfectly frank statement of the difficulties a young man meets when away from his home and friends, and sound wise advice on how to meet them and overcome them.

It is written from a Church of England standpoint, and concludes with a most helpful collection of prayers. Skipper would be doing a real good turn if he gave each of his seniors a copy of this booklet on his departure into Her Majesty's Service.

**A.C. H.**

## HANDICRAFTS

*Your Book of Modelling*, by Roger Lewis (Faber, 5s. 6d.).

*The Fascination of Marquetry*, by Clifford Penny (E.U.P., 6s.).

Mr. Lewis' excellent book is written for young people, the clear print and splendid illustrations making it so easy to follow. Clay and plasticine are the materials mainly used, but there are chapters on the use of plaster, the carving of soap figures, chalk and candle sculpture and the making of figures with pipe cleaners. A book that should be available in every Cub Pack.

Those of us who have dabbled in Marquetry since its revival will welcome this book, for little has been written to help the beginner in this fascinating craft. The book contains a history of the craft and how the veneers are produced, together with a descriptive list of over a hundred different veneers. The book is interesting to read and gives precise instructions on cutting, building, and gluing the picture, and how the finished picture can be polished.

It is a pity an address of the Marquetry Society headquarters is published in the Appendix, for letters sent to this address are returned by the Post Office "Not known."

**M. H. L.**

## A SENSE OF HUMOUR?

Those of you who are of a literary turn of mind, will, I think, enjoy Mr. Potter's "Collection of pages of English writing," which he has enjoyed "because they were highly funny or deeply humorous or 'something between the two' - in, of course, Mr. Potter's opinion. I can only say that although I often had a feeling of quite positive contentment at meeting a number of old friends, I didn't laugh at these pages and seldom smiled. Which proves only of course that Mr. Potter's sense of humour is not mine (nor presumably mine his). Certainly the selection from some of my favourite authors (e.g., Philip Guedella, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, J. B. Morton - who is ignored in the index) seems to me woefully inadequate and I should have quoted many who are only mentioned in passing (e.g., Carroll, Jerome and Milne) or ignored altogether (e.g., quite incredibly to me Praed, Prior and Sir Alan Herbert to name but three). Nevertheless, let me refer you to my first sentence. . . .

**R. H.**

# HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

## St. George's Day, 1955

The Chief Scout has decided that Scouts shall celebrate St. George between Saturday, 16th April, and Sunday, 24th April, 1955, both days inclusive.

## National Bob-a-Job Week, 1955

The Committee of the Council has decided that the National Bob-a-Job Week, 1955, will take place during the week 11th - 16th April, which is Easter Week. In special cases where a Group or members of a Group are unable to do their jobs during the actual Bob-a-Job Week, they may do them immediately before or after, but in no circumstances later than 22nd April, 1955.

## Conference of County Commissioners and County Secretaries

A Conference of County Commissioners and County Secretaries will be held in London on Friday and Saturday, 22nd and 23rd April, 1955.

## Commissioners' Dinner

In connection with the Conference of County Commissioners and County Secretaries, it is proposed to hold a Commissioners' Dinner, in London, which will be open to *all* Commissioners, on Friday, 22nd April, 1955.

## C.C.GOODHIND,

*Administrative Secretary.*

## Annual Meeting of the Council

The Forty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Council of the Boy Scouts Association was held at Imperial Headquarters on Wednesday, 28th July, 1954.

H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester presided.

## The Council

The following were elected members of the Council: R. A. Banks, Esq., Sir George Beresford-Stooke, K.C.M.G., General Wilfred Kitching.

The resignations of the following members of the Council were received with great regret: The Very Rev. John Lowe, M.A., D.D., General Albert Orshorne, C.B.E., Norman Whatley, Esq., M.A.

## The Committee of the Council

Sir George Beresford-Stooke, K.C.M.G., was elected to the Committee of the Council.

The following members of the Committee of the Council who had retired by rotation were re-elected: Sir Harold Gillett, Kt., M.C., A. W. Hurl, Esq., Harold Legat, Esq., C.M.G., D. Francis Morgan, Esq., O.B.E., M.A., LL.B., E. G. Neate, Esq., O.B.E., Sir Harold West, Kt.

## I.H.Q. Appointments.

Acting H.Q. Commissioner for Rover Scouts - Lt.-Col. R. M. Gold, who will continue as International Commissioner.

The ceremony will be performed by the Reverend George Moore, himself a former District Commissioner for the City of London, on Sunday, 12th September, 1954, at 3 p.m. All who wish to pay tribute to the late Reverend F. W. Baggallay are invited to be present; prior intimation to the Warden, Perry Cottage, Newchapel Road, Lingfield, Surrey, would be appreciated.

## ORGANISING COMMISSIONER BRITISH GUIANA

Applications are invited for the above post from trained Scouters (preferably unmarried). Three years contract; passages paid to and from British Guiana; salary £800 per annum; travelling allowance. Duties will include Scouter training, visits to Groups, organising all district activities, etc. Application forms from Overseas Secretary, Imperial Headquarters.

## WARINGTON BADEN-POWELL TROPHY RACES

In our July issue it was announced that the above races would take place on Saturday, September 25th next.

Due to unforeseen circumstances it is not possible to hold the races on this date and they will now take place on the Thames at Teddington, on Saturday, September 11th.

## BOOKS BY B.-P.

The International Bureau is anxious to get a complete set of the books written by the Founder. The Director will be glad to hear from anyone who has any of the following books for disposal: *Pigsticking or Hoghunting* (1889 or 1924); *Downfall of Prempeh*; *Matabele Campaign*; *Sport in War*; *Sketches from Mafeking*; *Yarns for Boy Scouts*; *Scouting Games*; *Handbook for Girl Guides* (1912); *Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas*; *Boy Scouts and What They Do*; *Marksmanship for Boys*; *My Adventures as a Spy* (1915); *Indian Memories*; *Young Knights of the Empire*; *Aids to Scoutmastership* (edition earlier than 1939); *An Old Wolf's Favourites*; *Rovering to Success* (edition earlier than 1939); *Lessons from the 'Varsity of Life*; *Adventures and Accidents*; *Scouting Round the World*; *Adventuring to Manhood*; *African Adventures*; *Birds and Beasts in Africa*; *Paddle Your Own Canoe*; *More Sketches of Kenya*; B.-P.'s *Outlook*.

## I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS FOR SEPTEMBER

11th Boys' Brigade Centenary Chief Scout

## B.-P. Guild Visits

25th Central Yorkshire County Meeting, Leeds Brigadier E. E. Mockler-Ferryman

## COUNTY EVENTS

18/19th Sept. Hampshire Rover Moot, Southampton.  
24/26th Sept. Four Counties Moot, Aylesbury.  
25/26th Sept. Isle of Wight Rover Moot, Ryde.  
25/26th Sept. Sussex County Rover Moot, Henfield.

## WOOD BADGE COURSES

### Gilwell Park

#### Scout Courses

No. 235 Saturday, September 11th - Sunday, September 19th.  
*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.

#### London (Gilwell Park)

Scout, 5 W.E. September 11th.

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

#### Staffordshire South (The Mount, Wolverhampton)

Cub, 4 W.E. October 2nd (indoors).

*Apply:* Miss D. Overton, 92 Lower Villiers Street, Wolverhampton.

#### South Yorkshire

Rover, 4 W.E. October 2nd.

*Apply:* J. Dorgan, 1 White Lane, Chapelton, Nr. Sheffield.

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## NOTES AND NEWS

### AUGUST PHOTOGRAPHS

This month's cover is by Peter Pridham and shows a party of Scouts crossing Brunel's suspension bridge over the Tamar between Devon and Cornwall.

The Cub head on page 217 is by John Annandale.

### THE LATE REV. F. W. BAGGALLAY

A Memorial Plaque to the late Reverend F. W. Baggallay, formerly District Commissioner for the City of London and G.S.M. of the 8th City of London Group, is being unveiled at his old house at Perry Wood, near Horley, Surrey, which he left for use as an Imperial Headquarters Camp Site.

## 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.

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# CLASSIFIED

## COMING EVENTS

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

**South Staffs Rover Moot**, Beaudesert, weekend August 28th/29th. Details from E. W. Pitt, 46 Arundel Street, Walsall, Staffs.

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

**October 2nd and 3rd, 1954** - don't forget the date - Sutton and Cheam Rover/Ranger Conference.

**The 5th Annual Rover/Ranger Conference** will be held at Grimsby on 23rd—24th October. Conference fee 12s. 6d. Enquiries to Miss A. Riley, 39 Lord Street, Grimsby, Lincs, before the 10th September, please.

## 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 J. Benson, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

**Chief Instructor required** for Man o' War Bay Training Centre, Nigeria, for one tour of 12 - 24 months in first instance. Salary scale (including expatriation pay) £1,307 rising to £1,453 a year plus gratuity at rate of £150 a year. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Outfit allowance £60. Free passages for officer and wife. Assistance towards cost of children's passages or grant up to £150 annually for their maintenance in U.K. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates, of good education, with considerable experience of youth training or community service work and outstanding in sport, athletics or exploration, will be required to plan and supervise, under the Principal, the training in citizenship and voluntary service of educated young Nigerians, and of devising training programmes which include sea and mountain activities, practical village development, discussions and project work. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. Stage age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/34487/SBE.

**Would you like a good home** in pleasant surroundings, with your own room, plenty of hard work, and an opportunity to meet some of the Scouters of the world? Can you cook? Gilwell Park is in need of a pennant resident cook for the hostel: Wages £4 l-s. 0d. per week, rising to £5, plus full board. A member of the Movement preferred, male or female. Applications to: The Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, Chingford, E.4.

**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.

## ACCOMMODATION

**12 Hans Road, London, S.W.3** (Kensington 5951), has been opened as a hotel by Adeline Willis, formerly Warden of the International Guide Hostel in London. Rooms (some with private baths) and breakfast from 17/6 to 25/-. Dinners by arrangement. Special weekly terms. Convenient for main line stations, I.H.Q., shopping and sightseeing. Scouters and their families specially welcome.

## PERSONAL

**Wigs, Perruquiers, 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 Ossie 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 Costumes (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.

**Lady C.M. uniforms**, made to measure, 65/-. Dress, shirt, battle-blouse and/or skirt. Send S.A.E. for patterns and self-measurement form to Miss Puttock, Upcotts, Everton, Lymington, Hants.

**Gang Show or Pantomime?** Why not try a pantomime as your next production as a change from Gang Shows? I supply full scripts complete with all comedy, and music score if required, for very moderate fees to Scout Troops. Twelve different pantomimes to choose from, all of which have been successfully staged by Scouts. Full details and advice willingly given. Jack F. Hilton, 90 Candlish Street, South Shields.

**Absolutely easiest way** of raising funds is by our packets of assorted Christmas cards. Generous discounts and credit terms available. Send 3s. 6d. for sample packet which is returnable if unsuitable. Webb (5), 34 West Road, Cradley, Staffs.

**Highly recommended make-up** artist offers special terms for Scout Shows. Jim Benson, 158 Long Elmes, Harrow Weald, Middlesex, Harrow, 1955.

**A. S. 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.

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

**The Scouts' Friendly Society** offers excellent terms for endowment, whole life, sickness and annuity insurances. Descriptive leaflet will be forwarded on application. S.F.S., Roland House, 29 Stepney Green, E.1.

**Pennants designed** and made to order. Send your rough sketch for an estimate. Speedy and prompt delivery. Details from: P. & R. Publicity, The Broadway, Pitsea, Basildon, Essex.

**Camp snaps enlarges** become pictures! Contact 3d. Postcards 7d Half-plates 1s. 3d. etc. Hayden Carr, S.M. (S), 7 Blenheim Place, Brighton.

## STAMP SCHEME

The International Committee has authorised the establishment of a Stamp Scheme from which it is hoped to obtain an income to provide for additional services to Member Associations. The International Committee is anxious to increase its activities in those countries where its assistance would be helpful to the development of the Scout Movement. At present, owing to shortage of funds, these desirable services cannot be afforded. The International Conference, 1949, requested the International Bureau to find ways and means of supplementing its income; this scheme is an attempt to do so.

The Scheme is based on the contribution of new or used stamps to the International Bureau, which will then arrange sale of the stamps to individuals and the trade. A part-time expert is available to assist in this work.

This Scheme has the merit that thousands of Scouts and Scouters will be able to participate in a co-operative plan to finance the development work of the International Scout Movement without any great expense of money, time or effort.

It is also a Scout-like way of helping ourselves to take the benefits of Scouting to more boys all over the world.

All Scouters can help the Scheme by:

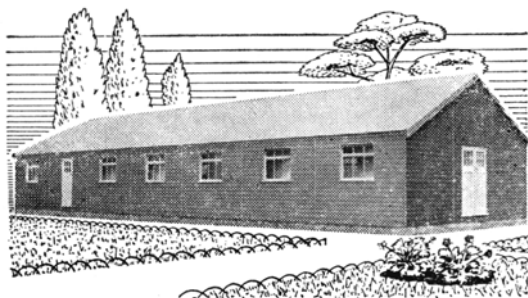
- (1) making it known as widely as possible amongst Scouters and Scouts and asking for their active co-operation;
- (2) asking friendly business houses to let them have their used stamps for sending on to the International Bureau.

In sending stamps to the Bureau care should be taken in the packing. Unused stamps should be placed between sheets of waxed paper to prevent sticking together. Used stamps should be detached by soaking from the envelopes, etc., put in an envelope and placed between pieces of thin cardboard before being placed in a strong envelope. If this cannot be done, the stamps will be equally acceptable if sent still attached to small portions of the envelopes or wrappers.

Your co-operation will ensure the success of this effort to solve the financial problems involved in the increase of International Bureau services to Member Associations.

Stamps should be addressed to: The Boy Scouts International Bureau, 132 Ebury Street, London, S.W.1.

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**your TROOP H.Q.**



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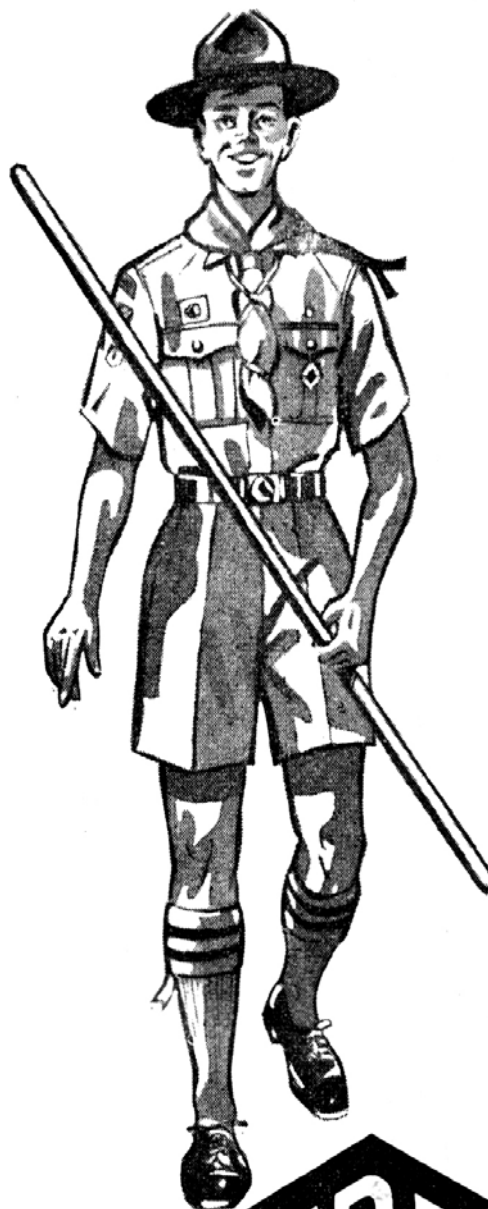
10th HAYES (BOTWELL HOUSE) SCOUT GROUP; 1st FITTLEWORTH SCOUT GROUP; 5th BEBINGTON SCOUT GROUP; 2nd DENHAM SCOUT GROUP; 2nd SOUTH RUISLIP SCOUT GROUP; 36th MITCHAM SCOUT GROUP; HOLMER CHURCH SCOUT GROUP; 1st SAWBRIDGEWORTH SCOUT GROUP; 2nd HIGHBRIDGE SCOUT GROUP; 36th EPPING FOREST SOUTH BOY SCOUTS; 1st REDLYNCH SCOUT GROUP

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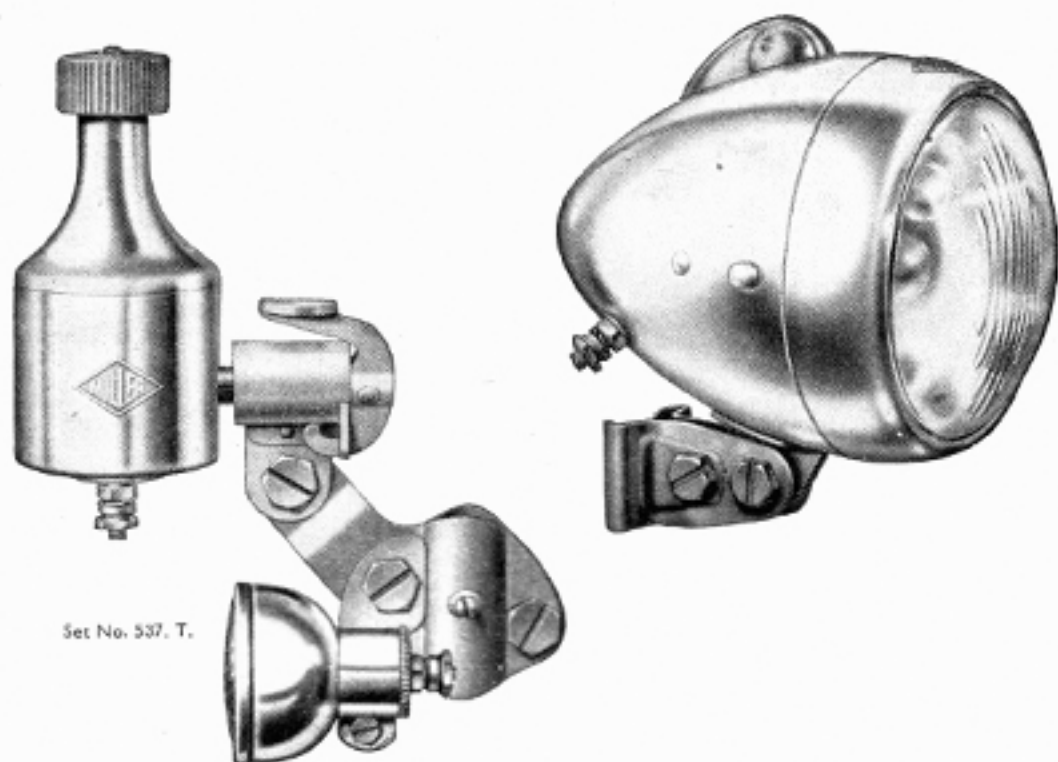
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Made from strong wool felt, complete with leather hat strap and lace. All sizes 6½ to 7½.

No 1 Quality 11 - Superior Quality 12 6 (Postage 1/-)

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Uniform pattern with shoulder straps, breast pockets and short sleeves. Stocked in Khaki, Green, Navy and Grey; each colour in Twill or Melton Cloth.

Khaki Twill 13" 13½" 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½"  
13/9 14/6 15/3 15/9 16/- 16/9 19/6 19/6

(Postage on one shirt 10d.)

## SHORTS

Well-tailored shorts, two side pockets and belt loops. Stocked in Khaki, Grey and Navy Melton or Serge; Khaki and Navy Drill; Khaki and Fawn Corduroy.

Khaki Twill 26" 28" 30" 32" 34" 36"  
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Hard wearing woollen stockings in Navy Blue, Navy with two Green bands, Khaki and Grey.

8½" 9" 9½" 10" 10½" 11" 11½"  
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Dark Green Melton cloth, gold corded seams and edge. Stocked in all sizes from 6½ to 7½. Each 5 - (Postage 4d.)

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