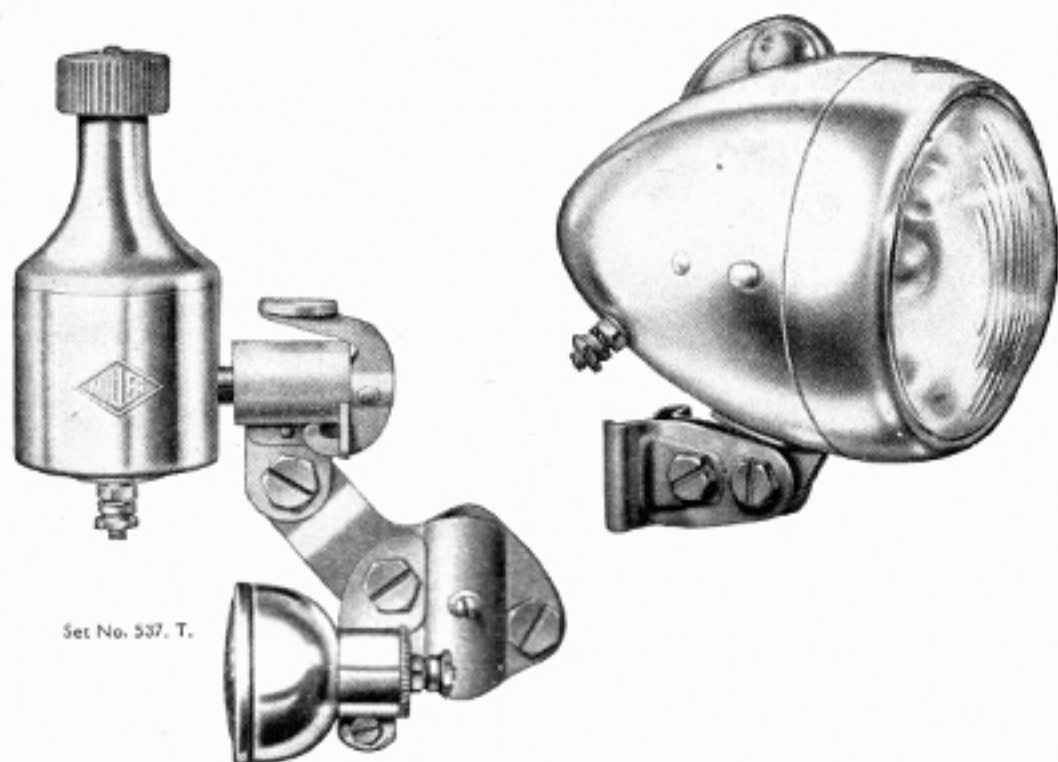




THE SCOUTER

9¢ DECEMBER 1954

THE SCOUTS' SYMBOLS OF EFFICIENCY



Set No. 537, T.

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



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

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Write “Scout Badge Series No. 20.”





THE OUTLOOK

By THE DEPUTY CHIEF SCOUT

This number of THE SCOUTER should be in your hands about December 2 1st, so let me first wish you all a merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year. The Chief Scout, would, I know, if he were writing this, remind us all that Christmas-time provides special opportunities to us for individual and corporate good turns: let us do him one by remembering and acting upon his wishes.

New Year used to be a time for good resolutions. I don't know whether it still is so, but may I suggest that it would be no bad thing if all of us in our Movement were to make this New Year a time for stock-taking and resolving to make our Scouting better than ever in 1955. Here are three points from the past year which you might include in your lists:

- (a) To achieve the conquest of ourselves. Do you remember what the Chief wrote about Wilfrid Noyce's remarks, in 1953, to the Queen's Scouts at Charterhouse: "It wasn't the conquest of Everest but the conquest of ourselves"? The Chief said, "How many of us have achieved that conquest? And yet it is a necessary step on the Road of Joyous Adventure if we are to live life to the full and journey without fear."
- (b) To practise constantly the fifth Scout Law - "A Scout is Courteous." What a field it covers, and how many of us can say we never fail to observe it?
- (c) To progress in Scouting, whatever position we may hold in the Movement; the Scouter to try to improve his efficiency by attending Courses, or by study; the Scout and Wolf Cub by striving to reach the next rung in the ladder of Scouting.

Here the words of Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery may help us.

Speaking at the unveiling on October 24th of the Memorial Cloister at Alamein he said: "First we were going forward. . . . Second, we went together. Many of us were isolated but we never felt alone. . . . The lesson is that friendly emulation to do our best in achievement, in service, in self-sacrifice will open any road."

To turn to more mundane matters. Most of you, I expect, know that a new National Savings Campaign was launched on October 26th and will continue until March 31st, 1955. The object of this campaign is to enlist "Two Million New Savers. Local Savings Committees will be holding rallies and parades.

Our own Committee of Council has approved a request from the National Savings Committee that we should encourage Local Associations and Scout Groups to take part in those local rallies, when invited to do so by local Savings Committees.

"A Scout is Thrifty." I ask you all to support this campaign to the full.

We hear very often of the need for ensuring that transfer forms should invariably be sent to the appropriate quarter whenever a Wolf Cub, Scout or Scouter moves. Recently, I received a letter on this subject from General Sir Richard Gale. General Gale is not only Commander-in-Chief, B.A.O.R., but is also Commissioner and President of the Council of the British Scouts in Western Europe. He wrote: "We have found that there is still a widespread ignorance about the existence and work of B.S.W.E. This leads to Cubs, Scouts and Rovers arriving out here without transfers, which in its turn makes for unnecessary leakages [my italics - R. M. M. Li and correspondence which could be avoided. . . . Rovers represent only 14 per cent of our strength, and it is equally important for Cubs and Scouts - and, indeed, Scouters - to be properly briefed and transferred in due form."

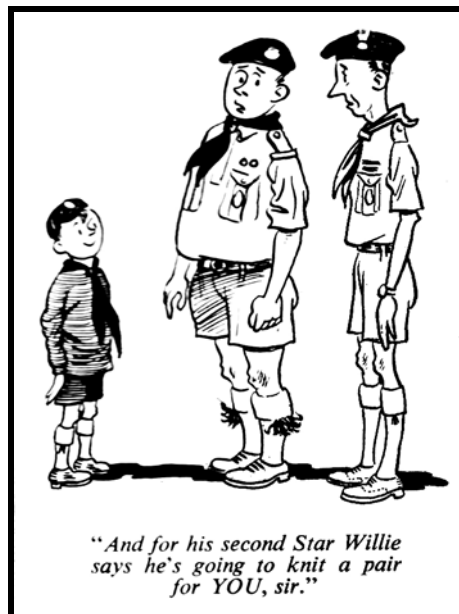
B.S.W.E. are doing a grand job under difficult circumstances. They need our help. Will all of you who are concerned with the problem General Gale has brought to notice, please ensure that the help he asks for is forthcoming? The Camp Chief recently reported that Scouts in camp are often staying awake so late at night that they suffer from lack of sleep, and go home at the end of camp anything but the better for their stay. This, surely is something we ought not to allow. Boys cannot be expected to be able to judge for themselves the right amount of sleep they require. Moreover, very few people who live an outdoor life, rising early and working hard, go to bed late.

In the interests of the boys themselves, of good camping and good camp discipline we should, surely, have "lights out," followed by silence, at a reasonable hour.

Nor ought we to overdo night activities. B.-P. himself told us "in camp remember the importance of rest and plenty of sound sleep."

I had the privilege on November 2nd of taking the chair at a session of the National Safety Congress of The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. This was held in the Central Hall, Westminster. The speaker at the session was Dr. Eric James, High Master of Manchester Grammar School.

He spoke brilliantly and most instructively on "Education and Road Sense - particularly relating to the teenage."



He had an audience of about eight hundred. Dr. James more than once mentioned the responsibility of Scouters as being amongst those concerned with the very important duty of teaching road sense to the young. This responsibility is not limited to road sense but extends to the prevention of accidents of all kinds, in the home, at work or elsewhere.

Mr. Evans, President of the National Union of Teachers, who was also on the platform, paid a warm tribute to Scouting and the Chief Scout. In my closing remarks, I reminded the audience of our Chief's view that "Road Courtesy" and "Courtesy First" were better watchwords than "Road Safety" and "Safety First."

Altogether I felt this meeting was well worth attending, both from a Scout and a personal point of view, and I am grateful to Rospa for their kind invitation.

Finally, what about that old problem of P.L. Training? Not every Scouter has the time, or the ability, to train his P.L.'s so that they in turn can train the other members of their Patrols. Some places, I know, have for many years run District Courses for P.L.'s. But shouldn't such Courses be universal? I can hear some of you say "Nonsense! It's the S.M.'s job." True enough, but if the S.M. or A.S.M.'s haven't time, or if they feel they're not really good at it, what then? The Leakage Investigation showed that under 50 per cent of our Groups used the Patrol System. And all of us, 'surely, can learn something by watching other people at work, even if it is only to confirm that our own methods are better than the other fellow's!

The H.Q. Commissioners for Senior Scouts and Boy Scouts are shortly going to hold two experimental Courses for P.L.'s. Thereafter, it is hoped to issue "Notes" to help D.C.s to run similar Courses in Districts. Will you all please think about this problem and in due course give District Courses a fair trial?

ROB LOCKHART,
Deputy Chief Scout.

OUR DISTRICT

By A.D.C.

Although I have known Old Hankin for many years and visited his Troop a hundred times, I never had occasion until last week to visit him in his own home. He had rung me up during the morning and asked me if I could find out the name and address of the red-haired boy who delivers groceries for Flitter and Moon's.

"I know you deal there," he said, "and you can probably obtain the information tactfully, without making too much of a point of it, which I couldn't do myself as I'm not a customer..."

It was an irritating sort of request, but luckily Flitter is a member of the club where I play snooker, and we met there that evening, and I found that Bill Robinson lived at 5, Grote Lane.

On my way home I thought I might as well drop in on Hankin and tell him. He lives in a shabby street of dim terrace-houses, alone again now, as his wife died of pneumonia in September, after they had been married only two months. Some of us thought the shock would break him, but Hankin is not the breaking sort, and he missed only two Troop Meetings before throwing himself wholeheartedly once again into his work with his Scouts.

"I've brought you the red-haired boy's address," I said when he opened the door.

"Thanks," he replied. "As a matter of fact I managed to get if off Hefty Smith, so you needn't have bothered. Come in and have a cup of tea ..."

The kitchen-sitting-room was thick with tobacco smoke, but I could see through the mist that all the walls were lined with group photographs of Scouts. Over the mantelshelf was a large coloured print of Jagger's portrait of B.-P., and under it three little pictures of boys of Hankin's Troop who were killed in World War II, with a framed verse of Laurence Binyon's poem: "They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old." I was startled to find the rugged Hankin with a taste of poetry.

On the table was a great stack of Christmas cards and envelopes, and when he had made two cups of tea he resumed work, addressing each envelope in large clear writing, and signing his name to each card.

"Nearly two hundred to go out this year," he said with a sort of gloomy satisfaction, "besides the ones I sent off earlier to chaps overseas. Every present member of the Group gets one, of course, except the Cubs, whom I leave to the Cubmaster. Then there are well over a hundred chaps who used to be in the Troop and who still keep more or less in touch, and this year I'm sending to the 'nearlys.' That's why I wanted Bill Robinson's address."

"Who are the 'nearlys'?" I asked.

"Chaps who came along for a few evenings, but left before they even passed their Tenderfoot. All Troops get a few like that every year. Most of them probably stop coming because Scouting isn't what they thought, and they have no taste for it, but it struck me that a few might have given up just because they didn't get enough encouragement. If they came for the first time on an evening when we had a special 'do' on, for instance, they might happen to be more-or-less ignored, and boys can be oddly sensitive. So this year I'm sending Scouty cards to every boy who came along, if only for one evening. Just a sort of hint that we appreciated their visit and would be glad to see them again."

A queer idea, I thought, as I walked home, like that other idea of long ago about the lost sheep that was worth quite a bit of trouble to get back into the fold with the other ninety-nine.

THE CROSSROADS

By HUBERT BLORE

*What is this thing that drives us to distraction,
And yet from which we cannot bear to part?
What can it hold in joy or satisfaction,
To coil itself so closely round the heart?
Why should our working hours and precious leisure,
Be thus invaded by a score of cares?
Why can we not relax and take our pleasure
In normal ways as other men take theirs?*

*Why should we share another parent's worry,
As if we had not burdens of our own?
Why should we care where youthful footsteps hurry,
When all must choose their path - and choose alone?
Others are paid and trained to teach and cherish,
Towards a future which we shall not see.
Theirs is the task to see youth does not perish.
What can it have to do with you and me?*

*Why should we build with tools now worn and bending?
Easier far to let the whole thing slide.
Why should we watch some unknown boy ascending,
From Tenderfoot to Queen's Scout with such pride?
What will he care for all the thought and giving,
Caught in the eddying rapids of life's stream,
Faced with the endless fight which we call living,
Leaving no time or pause for thought or dream?*

*Send in your warrant then and take your leisure,
And gain relief from what you feel is vain.
Find bitter loneliness when seeking pleasure,
And longing to come creeping back again,
To join the fun and brotherhood of striving,
For some better thing than this poor present shows.
To find that joy comes only by depriving
The craving self that causes all our woes.*

*Come back then to the ranks of splendid folly,
To great/warts toiling in the outer dark.
Come back and shed this selfish melancholy,
Come back and give; and giving, light a spark
Of joy and laughter in the hearts of youth,
Who wait to follow you in Scouting's thrills.
A tiny spark, but not unlike, in truth,
The star that blazed on Palestinian hills.*

I REMEMBER...

The Editor occasionally does me the honour of allowing me to sit at the same table with him at lunch; but I am well aware that he generally has some ulterior motive; and when a few days ago he pushed forward a chair with a gesture of invitation, I felt sure he had marked me down for trouble. I was right; eventually the ugly truth peeped out: would I write a few reminiscences for the December SCOUTER?

I protested. I argued that I had not reached the age of reminiscence; that all the best stories of this kind are quite unprintable; and that as a lawyer I knew too well the danger of this kind of thing. But of course it was no use; behind the moderately genial facade he presents to the world are all the most sinister features of the editorial character; and I might as well have saved my breath. So here goes; one of the speakers at Skegness quoted "fools rush in"; but I would add: "some have folly thrust upon them."

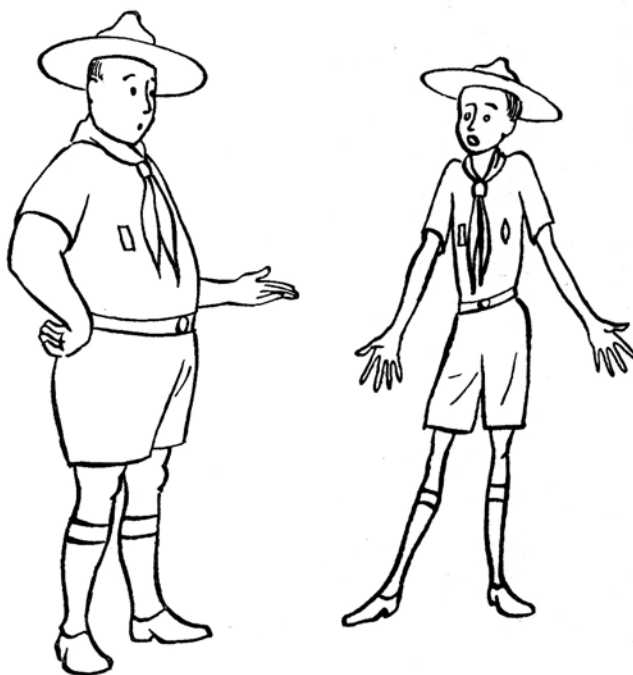
To start with, a memory of I.H.Q. When I first came there in earlier days, I found the place buzzing with the news of a recent Court of Honour of H.Q. Commissioners which had sat in solemn judgment on a senior member of the Staff who had been found kissing a typist in one of the corridors. I gathered he had been severely reprimanded; but the then H.Q. Commissioner for the new branch of Rovers (I don't know if there is some significance in that) said to me, "I don't blame him; she was a dashed pretty girl."

However, the Secretary of those days, concerned by these happenings in the office for which he was responsible, thereafter insisted on such a standard of beauty in every new female member of the Staff as could not by any chance cause the slightest fluttering of heart in the most susceptible young male. This policy, my observation leads me to think, was subsequently given up a good many years ago.

And now for the more personal stories. First, as is most proper, one about B.-P. himself, than whom no man had a keener sense of humour. He greeted me one morning with the remark, "I've had a merciful escape." He had arrived at I.H.Q. in a taxi, and a rather dilapidated gentleman had rushed forward and insisted on helping him out. Entering the building and thinking he might be late for an appointment, he felt in his pocket for his watch; but it was not there, and he realized why the man had been so anxious to help him. He rushed out, and seeing the man in the distance set off in hot pursuit; but he was held up by traffic and when he got across the road the man had disappeared. He returned very angry to I.H.Q. to ring up the police, but was met with a message that Lady B.-P. had just telephoned to say in case he was worried about it he had left his watch in his dressing-room that morning. And he added with a chuckle: "It's just as well I didn't catch him; there would have been quite a lot of trouble."

Sir Percy Everett, sometime Deputy Chief Scout, was one of the great figures of the Movement. Much might be written of him, but space permits only one short recollection. As County Commissioner for Hertfordshire he decided, to our great satisfaction, to come on one of our County Wood Badge courses instead of going to Gilwell; and I, having special views about the Owls, put him into that Patrol. I am not sure the Owls thought so well of it; they were never allowed to put a foot wrong. Ten minutes before anything was timed to happen a great clamour arose in that corner of the camp site: "P.W.E." chasing up the wretched Owls, whether or not he happened to be P.L. that day.

They elected him P.L. for the hike; they would not have dared to do anything else. But he had asked my leave to attend that day a meeting of the Committee of the Council at I.H.Q., promising to be back at six o'clock to join his Patrol. He went up to London in uniform as a Scout, carrying a Scout staff, and with his hat-badge and P.L.'s stripes in his pocket; and at three o'clock, when the hike was due to start, surprised the other members of the Committee, and delighted B.-P., by pinning on his P.L.'s stripes, proudly announcing he had just become P.L. of the Owls.



*"No subs. this week, Horace?"
"No, Skip, I'm saving up for 'The Scout'!!"*

As arranged, I met him at the local station at six o'clock, intending to run him up to the camp to collect his pack, but this he steadfastly refused: he had a mackintosh and a Scout staff, and what more could anyone want? He was then by no means a young man, and I could only give him a general idea of the direction in which his Patrol had gone; but that did not worry him, and he strode off just as he was into the wilds of Hertfordshire saying that he would find them before nightfall. He did so some three hours later - a fine piece of Scouting; and they told me afterwards that the first thing he did was to curse them roundly for having, as he said, pitched their bivvies on the wrong side of a haystack. They declared the wind had changed, but one just did not get away with that sort of thing with P.W.E.

Now coming to recent days - one about the Chief Scout. He was walking along a line of Scouts in a big camp and shaking hands with every boy, some 2,500 of them, lined up just as they were in their camp clothing, whilst those of us who were responsible for his timetable that day were tactfully trying to hurry him along. Suddenly I saw a gleam come into his eye, and darting forward, he bore down on a small imp wearing a camp hat, of indescribable dilapidation and antiquity, with some sort of tartan border. "Where did you get that hat?" demanded the Chief, obviously welcoming an opportunity of some delightful conversation about Scottish mysteries; but the small boy, not surprisingly somewhat startled and apparently almost resentful of such a question, muttered the reply, "Won it in a raffle." I have not often known the Chief at a loss for words.

Finally, Sir Alfred Pickford; for no Scouting reminiscences can be complete without something about the one and only "Pickie," great of heart and body. A number of us were sitting talking in the lounge at Gilwell on the eve of a Gilwell Reunion. One of the party was being unusually noisy, even for him; and presently Pickie boomed across the room at him, "Whelkie, - for that was, near enough, the nickname by which he was known - "Whelkie, if you don't stop that noise, I'll kick you." "Oh! no, my lad, you won't," replied Whelkie, "I've been learning ju-jitsu." Then came the voice of Pickie, huge, and rich and oily as it only could be when he knew he was about to blot out his adversary, "Whelkie, you can't do ju-jitsu with the part I'm going to kick."

D. F. M.

38. BEYOND THE END OF THE ROAD

By CEDRIC BURTON, S.M. 9th Epsom
(Epsom College)

Photos by Senior Scout D. J. Allan

We do not think that our Summer Camp this year was anything very extraordinary; in fact, after the brief glimpses we had of French Scouting, we are inclined to think that we have a very long way to go before we equal the toughness of some of these young gentlemen in their black berets and abbreviated shorts. It was a camp which could be done by any Troop of Seniors worth the name, but the editor seems to think that others might be interested in our doings.

Our previous foreign camps didn't seem to be getting us anywhere. They were very pleasant, of course. We met and talked with foreign Scouts and we enjoyed the different atmosphere and the colour of foreign villages and towns: but, despite the hikes and explorations, it was all too easy. We were never very far from shops; our camp sites were ready-made with water laid on, and an organisation of which the local Scouts were rightly proud; anywhere worth going was already known to streams of tourists and to those who profit from them. We had excellent holidays at these camps, but they didn't quite offer the wide horizons implied in the Senior motto. This year we decided to look a little wider and to plan a camp which would set us a problem of reasonable difficulty, the solution to which would bring us a real sense of achievement. After a good deal of talk we came to the conclusion that we could get what we wanted by setting up a base camp in difficult and, if possible, uninhabited country and, having cut ourselves off completely from civilisation and all the normal sources of supply, living there for a fortnight on what we took up with us. From this base camp we proposed to make Patrol expeditions to even more difficult country where Patrols could camp for one or two nights before coming back to the base to renew supplies and strike out in a different direction. Although only one or two of us had any experience of mountains, we felt the inspiration of *The Ascent of Everest* too strongly for anything but a mountain area to be considered - and if anyone is already thinking that this was foolish for such amateurs as we were, he can be told already that actual mountaineering in the sense of rock-climbing or escalade was taboo from the very start. In the event we reached heights approaching 11,000 feet by the simple process of putting one foot in front of the other. The question of cost had to be considered, for we were obviously not going to find what we wanted anywhere in the Home Counties. We felt that sixteen pounds per head, including fares, was as much as we could afford.

Pocket money would only be required for the journey, for we did not propose to pitch our camp within walking distance of a shop. Camp savings propaganda was started just before Christmas, and it is worth recording that some Scouts saved the entire sum and made no demand on the parental pocket.

The next question was "Where?" One of us remembered camping before the war in what seemed, from his descriptions, to be the ideal spot for our base - a deep, wide valley fed by a rushing stream of good water; an altitude of 5,900 feet; plenty of wood up to the tree line; access only by one or two mule tracks across the passes and by a rough and precipitous road which came to an end at the ruins of a village deserted forty years ago. The whole area, he said, was uninhabited, and we could reach quite serious altitudes, even getting into the snow, simply by walking uphill on grass or scree. Maps were obtained, and they seemed to confirm all this, so we decided to go there. I am not going to tell you exactly where; but the nearest railway station is about ten miles away and on the line between Gap and Briançon in the Hautes-Alpes department of France.

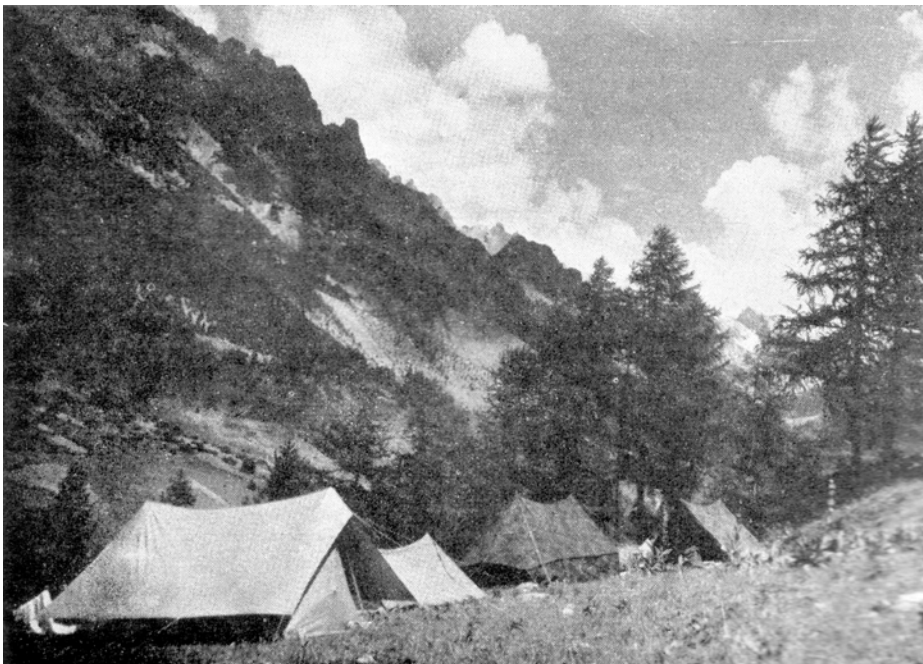
Having found our site, the next thing was to organise the supplies and to obtain the necessary authorisations. There was no difficulty about the second of these items; but the matter of supplies proved a bigger problem than we had at first anticipated. We were going to take everything with us for a fortnight, and this included equipment for base and hike camps under possibly severe weather conditions - and all the food. We did not think that we were likely to get scurvy, or any of the other diseases which come from a deficient diet, in the short space of a fortnight; but we did think that it was a good opportunity to see how this sort of food supply could be organised in view of the greater range it gives to exploration - and, in any case, we wanted to be decently fed. The first tentative menus, involving fresh potatoes, bread, vegetables and so on, made it clear that we should have to revise our ideas rather considerably - or else hire a team of Sherpas to get the stuff there. In the end the simplest thing seemed to be to study the menus planned for the Everest expedition and to try to adapt our own meals from these. Some of us also felt that the local colour which would be provided if we used the same type of food as that supplied to the actual Everest climbers would add much to the atmosphere of the camp.

We had to make adjustments, of course, but we found that the manufacturers of the various proprietary brands were extremely interested and helpful. They not only told us exactly what type of food the Everest party took with them, but also made available to us special brands and packings which are not yet available on the home market. Their laboratory staffs, too, were most cooperative in working out the dietetic content of the food for us. We were told that men doing fairly heavy work needed from three thousand to three thousand five hundred calories a day. Knowing what camp appetites are like, we aimed at a balanced diet and four thousand calories a day per boy.

We should certainly never have achieved this had it not been for the very willingly given assistance of these good friends, and I hope that the editor will allow me space in a later article to pass on to others the first-class advice from we profited.

Despite our renunciation of fresh potatoes and vegetables, and despite the fact that we were able to arrange for a lorry to deliver bread at a point four miles from the camp site twice during the fortnight, we still had a relatively large amount of equipment and supplies to get to the site itself. It is quite surprising to see the total amount of food which twenty-one healthy appetites can absorb in a fortnight, even when much of it is in concentrated form.

However, we had plenty: the packet of emergency rations which each member of the party carried on all expeditions in case of accident or "stranding" remained intact in all cases.



We had some rather difficult problems of transport to solve (the collapse of our trek cart when crossing Paris during the rush hour was only one of them), but we got it all there at the right time, and the feeling that we were completely independent of shops or farms - not that there were any in the vicinity - made it very worth while.

During the preliminary planning some of us thought that there might not be enough activity at the base camp to hold the interest of the Scouts who were not actually out on expeditions. Boys, they felt, soon get tired of the same scenery, however beautiful, and, since the friable nature of the rock made real climbing too dangerous to be considered, they suggested that it would be a good thing to set a definite objective as an activity for the camp - a "purpose" for the expedition. This idea was accepted and, because many of the boys had done some serious study of biology, it was decided to make a natural history survey of the region. A colleague of one or the Scouters has contacts with the British Museum, and the authorities at South Kensington not only welcomed the idea, but gave us some most encouraging help and advice. It appears that this area is not well represented in the Museum's records, and we were given lists of the various insects and animals which it was hoped we should find there. What started as a spare-time activity thus came to give a real purpose to the expedition and was a very definite contribution to the success of the camp. It is too early yet to assess the value of what we collected, but we hope that we have made a not too insignificant addition to the knowledge of the region.

Eventually everything was ready and, after a very early start in pouring rain, a tempestuous Channel crossing and a night journey across France, we awoke to see the morning sun brilliantly lighting the tops of the mountains through which the train was traveling - a good omen, for apart from one afternoon of light rain (it was snow a couple of thousand feet above us) and a hunderstorm one night, the sun never left us and we all came as brown as berries. A bus took us up a long road of home breath-taking beauty and, at last, we found ourselves alone at the beginning of the trail leading to our real adventure. As an introduction to what was to come this track could not have been bettered, it led us round a spur of the range behind which we were to set. up our base.

There was sheer rock rising up on the right, and sheer rock going down for about three hundred feet on the left; every bend brought new vistas of pine forest and mountain; down below us a cascading torrent sent up its echoes and gave good promise for the water supply of the camp, for it was the torrent which flowed through the valley to which we were going. Four miles of this, and the gorge began to open out into a great valley, apparently closed at the far end by a huge snow-capped peak. We stopped at a ruined bridge, smashed by the boulders brought down by the melting snows of previous years, and two Scouters went off to prospect for water. Yes, for water! The torrent of the gorge we had just come through had disappeared completely. In its place was a long, long, stony river-bed the stones of which were dry and hot in the sun.



The two Scouters trudged along it under a cloudless sky for about two miles, but there was not a sign or water anywhere; the tributary streams which came in from time to time were as dry as the main river.

Later on we found out that the river, which is in a limestone region, had simply gone underground because of the extremely hot weather of the past six weeks. Higher up both it and its tributaries were still flowing above ground, and it reappeared in the gorge; but this was no use to us, and the two Scouters, hot and rather worried, were on their way back to the Troop when they met the local forester. His chief, who had authorised the camp, had told him of our expected arrival and this excellent man had come across the hills to see that we were safely installed. "Water?" he said, "of course there's water." And he took us to a little spring which we should certainly not have found ourselves. It was a thin trickle amongst some pines, about three inches long and the thickness of a piece of sisal.



It came out of a patch of mud in a bank and disappeared into another patch about the size of a door-mat. He told us that this was a spring which never dried up: the Alpine herdsmen used it when they took their cattle through this valley; it had supplied the old village forty years ago; it was good water - the only good water in the region, for wherever the flyer was flowing we must consider it as contaminated by Malta Fever germs brought down underground from cattle on the high pastures in other valleys. The Scouters must have looked as doubtful as they felt, for he insisted that we only had to dig and arrange things a little and we should have all the good water we wanted.

Time was getting on and we decided to see how it worked. The Troop was brought up and, whilst the base camp was being set up, two or three stalwarts set to with entrenching tools and, by supper time, we had a flow of sweet, ice-cold water giving more than two gallons a minute.

Later developments produced a catchment basin, a refrigerating basin (our butter stayed hard throughout the fortnight, despite the intense heat) and a large wash-place. We felt very grateful to that forester, for even the local medical authorities had assured us that the river in the valley would provide us with ideal drinking water. Not long after this the sun dipped behind the crest of the mountains and our side of the valley was in shadow. This, for most of us, brought the second surprise.

We had been warned that the difference between sun and shade temperatures would be very marked, but some had thought that the S.M.'s insistence on two good pullovers and a wind-jacket and long trousers was a bit exaggerated for a summer camp.

But the sun was still warm on the other side of the valley when most of these garments appeared, and the heavy frost on grass and tents in the early morning soon helped to convince the doubters that the normal daytime wear of shorts and Scout scarf needed supplementing. At the higher altitudes which were reached it was really cold in the shade, even at midday, especially with the brisk wind which was blowing for nearly all the time we were there.

The Troop spent the first two days settling in and getting acclimatised to the conditions: the base camp was not at a very remarkable altitude, but it was two thousand five hundred feet higher than the top of Snowdon for all that, and the air was noticeably different from that of Surrey. During this time the Scouters and Patrol Leaders did some preliminary reconnaissance of routes. Our maps were good ones, but rather old, and it was soon obvious that a good deal had changed since their, last revision in the early nineteen-thirties.

Many of the areas had suffered extensive falls of rock, probably due to mortar fire during the Italian invasion of France in the early part of the war: the few mule tracks marked were nearly all obliterated in parts and the dry torrent beds looked so deceptively like the rough tracks that one could easily be led right off a route into a rather difficult situation.



This early reconnaissance was a valuable, even necessary, preliminary to the Patrol expeditions which were soon to start.

It would take too long to describe these in detail. All except one led us to over nine thousand feet, and one Patrol achieved ten thousand six hundred. The system we used was to go out and establish a Patrol camp for the first night and then, leaving the camp, to travel light to a further objective, returning to the advanced camp on the second night, and to base the next day. Water was a real problem on these advanced camps, and we were grateful for the purifying tablets with which each Patrol was supplied.

It was hard, rough going: often very steep, often trackless, often needing care and a careful use of map and compass. There were places where what looked like a carpet of snow (always an attraction) turned out to be nothing but a crust concealing deep between the rocks underneath. At other places a climber could hardly avoid sending down minor avalanches, sometimes of quite big rocks, and distances had to be carefully kept.

But it was always well worth it, and everyone agreed that the higher one went above the base camp, the more extraordinary the scenery became.



One says extraordinary rather than beautiful because, although it was nearly all of surpassing beauty, there were some areas of solitary, boulder-strewn desolation which were like nothing except what one imagines a valley of the moon must be. At all altitudes there were specimens to be collected, food to be cooked, the ordinary routine of camping to be carried out under conditions which were unusual, to say the least. One Patrol caught, skinned, cooked and ate a marmotte - and brought the cured skin back to England in case anyone didn't believe them.

Another will not forget the night spent in a howling wind on a high col, nor the breakfast cooked in a freezing gale the next morning - nor the splendid day which the arduous of the night had made possible.

The next morning we had the experience of seeing clouds forming below our own level. Much of it was commonplace, of course, to those who know mountain country; but it was new and very thrilling to nearly all of us, and it all came to an end far too soon.

There were no accidents and no illnesses. Only mild cases of sunburn and a slight tendency to nose-bleeding occupied the first-aid department. The fares came to just over eleven pounds, and we kept to our limit of sixteen for the whole expedition. A good deal of organisation was necessary, but it was all very worth while, and we do feel that we have done something "senior." At any rate, we did manage to be thoroughly happy for a fortnight (two extra days were allowed for travelling) without shops, newspapers, wireless or even an ice-cream van.

To express the purely "Scouter" point of view it would be necessary to write another entire article. There may be space, however, for a few personal reflections. Perhaps what struck one most was the willingness, the anxiety even, of the Scouts to do something which would test their personal endurance. Mallory discovered a high lake which was not shown on the map and named it after their leader. Wingate were just getting their breath back after an early morning dip in a mountain pool when the only French Scouts we saw appeared on the very near horizon on their way across the area. Their tallest member had gone straight from the water to tend the fire and when he rose, with only a little dust and ash to serve as dress, it was to see the French only a yard or so away. Hospitality and fraternal instinct were equal to the occasion, and his outstretched left hand, accompanied by a magnificent "Bonjour, mes amis!" will live in Troop history. Fortunately our visitors found the proposal to eat the stuff in the mess tins which we called porridge far more intriguing than any eccentricities of dress.

All of us will remember the Edelweiss growing in profusion on our path - itself an indication of our remoteness from the ordinary tourist tracks; the shrill alarm whistle of the marmottes as we crossed a cot and showed ourselves on a new stretch of mountainside; the ethereal beauty of the crests on the other side of a valley, lit by a moon which we could not see ourselves and seeming to hang suspended above the darkness.

A thunderstorm one night showed us a new aspect of the mountains and proved the quality of our tents. They really enjoyed the sense of achievement brought by the accomplishment of relatively difficult undertakings, and always came up for more.

Another thing was the value of the four-man Patrol for Senior Scouting. Much as they enjoyed the base-camp, there is no doubt that the expeditions, with all their ardours, were the real success of the camp and, for these, four was the ideal number. Thirdly one remembers the rapidity with which the boys grew in experience and responsibility.

Towards the end of the camp one felt that these fifteen to eighteen-year-olds could be trusted "on their own" in circumstances far less fool-proof than one normally assumes - after all, fool-proofing is for fools. Finally, it did seem clear that an activity such as our natural history survey gives a touch of purpose and reality to such a camp as this, the value of which cannot be over-estimated. There was no need to pretend, or to make up stories of pioneering or exploration. The boys had a real job to do for a real and well-known institution. At an age when "make-believe" is losing its charm, this can be a very valuable factor in Senior Scouting. We certainly found it so.

The Editor, perhaps, will let me tell you more about the actual organisation, for we had so much good advice that I should like to pass some of it on.



SCOUT TESTS

A Comparison between Countries

By F. F. REYNOLDS

When we speak of Tenderfoot, or Second Class, or First Class Scouts we naturally think of the tests and standards of our own countries, and perhaps we assume that other countries have the same tests. The main lines of the training are similar but there are variations, and the study of these is of interest. Some differences are due to local conditions; for instance, in Norway they include a ski test as an alternative, but that would be an absurd item to have in, say, West Africa. Apart from such necessary adjustments, there are other differences.

The comments that follow are not intended to be critical; they are remarks on variations on a common theme. We are all out for the same kind of objective and we move in the same general direction; occasional deviations from the main route are inevitable in a Movement that does not depend for its unity on a uniform system of tests. Nor is this an attempt to suggest that one set of tests is preferable to another. There is value as well as interest in comparing several ways of doing the same job; it will at least help us to understand each other better, and that in itself is worth doing.

I have taken those countries whose rules happen to be at hand; some selection of countries would in any case be necessary otherwise this article would never come to an end. So this chance choice is probably as good as any for our purpose. The four countries I shall consider are France (S.D.F.), Great Britain (which covers the Dominions and Colonies with slight variations), Norway, and the United States of America.

Tenderfoot

The tests here are more closely alike than for Second or First Class. The common items are: Law and Promise (Oath), salutes or greetings, elementary first aid and health, and knots (with variations). France has a knowledge of the national flag in the Second Class; Great Britain includes woodcraft signs. All but Great Britain require a knowledge of how to use a telephone, or how to call the ambulance or the police, etc. Norway calls its badge the Third Class Badge and it covers some subjects that others put into the Second Class, such as fire-lighting and Kim's Game; another interesting addition - for which there is much to be said - is the ability to darn socks, sew on buttons, etc. The U.S.A. has included "explain, in a general way, what you have to do to become Second Class and a First Class Scout." Certainly all Tenderfoot Scouts should know that even if it is not specifically made a test.

The French tests - and this applies to all their three badges - present a formidable series of requirements of thirty-five items (excluding the tests of religious knowledge which are not here discussed). It is, I think, a fair comment to question the wisdom of this policy. Such an array of tests must surely be a deterrent; the idea of B.-P.'s original Tenderfoot Tests was that they should be just sufficient to make sure the boy means to persevere, and not so severe that they frighten him. It would be interesting to have a French reply to this comment, and to be told if in fact they find that recruiting is slowed up by the prospect of having to pass so many tests as an "aspirant."

The French also introduce athletic tests; that is, the boys are expected to reach certain standards in physical achievements. This is not so apparent in the Tenderfoot Tests, but more is required at the later stages.

Some of these extra tests (and this applies to one or two of the Norwegian ones) are included in Wolf Cub tests Editor, Jamboree or in special Scout Proficiency (Merit) badges in Great Britain. It is an interesting point to discuss whether the French method (all-inclusive) is the better scheme or the British.

Second Class

The common items here are (with variations in details): first aid of a moderate standard, knotting and lashing, use of hand-axe and knife, use of compass and simple map-work, fire-lighting and cooking, and traffic sense.

There are seventy-five items in the French tests; these include a number of interesting tests where the Scout has a choice; some of these are covered in Great Britain by such badges as the Handyman and in U.S.A. by Home Repairs, or by technical badges. The French tests include tree-felling, putting up a flagstaff, tent-pitching, tests of pluck, and a knowledge of three constellations besides a few others. Kim's Game is found only in the British test; others prefer the alternative, trailing or tracking. Norway includes swimming, packing a rucksack and the use of the Primus stove (an interesting example of local needs affecting tests).

The U.S.A. tests end with a five-mile hike, the cooking of a meal and other simple requirements being included. This seems to me an appropriate test for a Second Class badge.

First Class

The common subjects in the First Class tests are: first aid and emergencies, swimming, knowledge of outdoor life, estimations of distances, etc., knots and lashings, mapping and compass work, cooking.

Three countries require actual camping: British, ten nights; French, one night; and Norwegian eight days. The U.S.A. test seems to be knowledge of how to camp rather than of camping. Signalling comes into all four sets of tests but in rather varied forms. Emphasis is put in the French and Norwegian tests on correct message passing. The U.S.A. now include a knowledge of morse for the first time; semaphore is not mentioned in their tests. The British tests are the only ones that include semaphore (as an alternative to morse). Both France and Norway require the ability to throw a rope or life-line.

The French tests are again wider in scope, including as they do a social survey of a given area and a knowledge of their country (with alternatives). One requirement (as one of several choices) is to have camped in another country for at least eight days.

Perhaps the most interesting requirement is to be found in the British and Norwegian final test, This is for a twenty-four-hour journey "alone or with another Scout": the requirements cover several of the separate tests set by France and the U.S.A., such as reporting, cooking, camp-making, and map-reading.

The justification for this method is that it is a grand summing-up of the training and makes sure that the Scout can apply, in actual practice in an adventurous way and on his own responsibility, the many things he has previously learned.

Both the French and U.S.A. tests include a Patrol camp (not a hike alone or with a companion) as one of the requirements, but this does not come as the final all-round test.

General Comments

The tests follow much the same lines for certain basic Scout subjects and skills. The details vary considerably. The British tests are, on the whole, the simplest and broadest; the Norwegian come next in this respect. France and the U.S.A. are more detailed in their requirements and particularize, where Great Britain and Norway are more general in statement.

The most striking variation, however, is the French approach to the matter. It has been pointed out above that the scope of the tests is considerably wider than in the other countries. Many subjects that others prefer to leave to Proficiency (Merit) Badges, the French put into their Scout tests. This is an interesting debating point. One may ask, for instance, whether this all-inclusive method is not in fact likely to discourage Scouts from trying to become First Class Scouts, or even Second Class Scouts, as the tests for that badge are (relatively to age) stiffer than the First Class tests. As an example one may take the athletic tests; should we expect *all* boys to qualify in these?

Scouting has always attracted boys who are not by nature inclined to concentrate on athletic achievements; should they be excluded from Scouting?

Most countries have revised their tests since 1945; it would be interesting to have some opinions from them as to how far their changes have proved effective in raising the standard of Scouting amongst large numbers of Scouts. I put in those last five words because our aim should not be to push up the standard for just a small proportion of our Scouts; it is the all-round level that matters.

Tests should not be so hard that they are beyond the hope of an ordinary boy. Have we in the past decade gone too far in demanding harder and higher standards? It is a difficult question to answer.

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TROOP NIGHT - X VII

Whether or not the Editor put it in so many words there was a feeling on being asked to write this article that brightness and originality were the qualities above all others that would be looked for. There will be a word to say about brightness later, but even originality presented difficulties for if it be true that you cannot teach an old dog new tricks, how can you expect him to devise new tricks for other people? However, there is a substitute for absolute originality and that is to recall from the past some well-tried favourite, which will be new to many and perhaps welcome to all for its proven worth. So instead of devising some flash-in-the-pan to lighten the tedium of just one more evening, we will be truly original and go back to first principles, the rules that govern the conduct of all Troop meetings.

To an old soldier principles recall the principles of war, and though it may seem unlikely that they can have anything to do with the generally far more peaceful pastime of Scouting, it serves as a starting point to look through them to see how much they have in common with the fundamental laws that should govern our activities. There are eight of these principles, of which three can be discarded out of hand, but the other five, maintenance of the object, concentration of force, security, surprise and cooperation are well worth examining.

For the Scouter maintenance of the object in the wider sense means the steadfast pursuit of the aims laid down for him in P.O.R., and he will travel neither fast nor far along his course unless each Troop night takes him one bold step forward. In other words the Troop must have a "target for tonight," which must be expressed in terms that leave none in any doubt as to what is afoot, and incidentally must be set at a level that the Troop has a reasonable chance of attaining. Such advice is unlikely to be very welcome to the grasshopper mind which is inclined to favour the pursuit of what is new, and at any rate superficially bright, and one makes here the point that brightness is no unfailing guide to real worth; after all the will-o'-the-wisp would go out of business if he were no brighter than the true light for which he hopes to be mistaken. Nor need the Scouter fear that such tenacity of purpose will scare his boys away. The thirteen-year-old in this day and age craves for something he can get his teeth into to prove to himself and others that he can tackle a man size job, and he looks for clear-cut results to crown his efforts; and it is worth bearing in mind that if Scouting does not offer him these things there are rival organisations which do.

Concentration of force means producing a decisive effort at the point where it matters, and since time is the most precious and the most easily squandered of a Troop's resources the Scouter's first care must be to allot to the main project of the evening all the time it needs, whatever else may suffer. The other point under this head which is not sufficiently understood is that he must not hesitate to concentrate his own energies to ensuring success even though it may entail leaving the less important items in the highly capable hands of his Patrol Leaders.

Security affects us only in the sense that it demands a well organised base from which to work. Scouting may not need elaborate equipment but the Scouter who hopes to devise tasks that will really challenge the modern boy must have realistic gear to work with, and it is no good pretending otherwise: the modern boy may not have grown out of make-believe, but he has little patience for makeshift.

The object of surprise in war is to throw the enemy off his balance; contrariwise, by accustoming the boy in his training to deal with the unexpected we reduce the chances of his losing his head when he meets some real emergency.

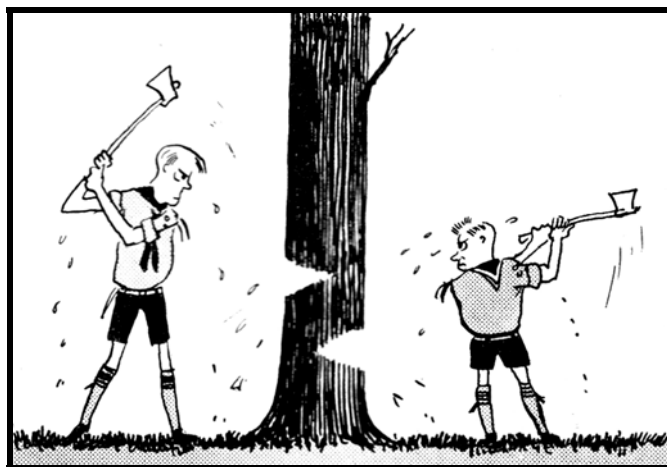
But surprise serves us also in another way: the boy has a marked taste for excitement and adventure, and the best and perhaps the only way to cater for that taste is by confronting him with the unexpected and the unusual.

And lastly, co-operation, which means far more than just pulling together and demands rather that each party to an enterprise should bring to it his own special gift. To Troop night the Scouter brings knowledge and experience, the boy must bring enthusiasm, one of the most powerful driving forces in the world. But he is likely to come cold and empty handed unless the Scouter can kindle in him the spark of interest, and to that end it is vital to give attention not only to the subject matter of the programme but to the way in which it is presented to the Troop.

The boy must arrive not only with a lively sense of expectancy but with the feeling that he has an individual contribution to make to the proceedings; for example, Patrols might be given some task to complete during the week that leads up to the main event of the evening. Further the wide variety of subjects to be taught must not be taken as an excuse for the individual Troop night becoming a meaningless patchwork; the interest in Scouting is there all right provided that it is allowed full rein, with the boy given a chance to see why he learns things, where they lead, and how they fit together. Not only must the object be clear but it must merge harmoniously into the pattern of the Troop's activities.

In conclusion, if as the evening draws to a close the boy can say to himself - "something attempted, something done" - he is all the more likely to be in a frame of mind receptive to the lesson on the law and promise without which no Troop night is complete.

J. G. ELLIOTT.



NOTEBOOK FOR A YEAR

20. By EDGAR RAWNSLEY (HAWKEYE),

Hon. County Secretary, West Yorkshire

August 7th

Extract from a camp report received today:- "To visit this camp was a pleasure. To go round it was like reading *Camping Standards*." Well done! Scouter and Scouts concerned. You are a credit to your District, County and Scouting generally.

September 3rd

A form "P.C." received today was initiated by the Scouter in charge on August 17th. Though the dates of the proposed camp had not been entered the D.C. signed the form on August 20th. After a fortnight's delay it arrives in the wrong county and has to be sent on to another County Secretary. Comment is unnecessary.

September 11th

Lovely surprise this morning. A District Commissioner noted for his inactivity has, for the first time, actually replied to a letter but, alas, only to tell me that Scouting is a voluntary job. As is the case nine times out of ten when anybody uses this well-worn expression it is just an excuse for slackness or non-compliance with Scout principles. Have pointed out to him that it applies only at both ends - coming in and getting out! In between one should do the job he is supposed to be doing and which he has undertaken to do. Better have nobody in a job than somebody who isn't doing it to the best of his ability.

September 30th

At my request the D.C. of a popular camping area has sent me some particulars about the number of camps in his area this summer. There were thirty-one of them. They involved ten days of camp visiting and approximately three hundred miles of travelling. I wonder if Commissioners in urban areas always realise the burden camping throws on their fellows in country districts. If they did, I think there would be far fewer late renditions of forms "P.C."

December 5th

The youngest Tenderfoot in Scouting to-night is H. L. Longland, Esq., M.A., of Everest and radio fame. Speaking as chief guest at the Annual Dinner of the Frank Smythe Scout Climbing Club he said he had never been a Scout. There were knowing looks amongst the more experienced Scouters present. Our County Commissioner wasn't likely to let such an omission continue! Nor did he. Obtaining a Scout buttonhole badge from the Club Chairman, Lex invited Mr. Longland to make the Scout Promise. He did so and was duly invested amidst loud acclaim. Compared with the road to Queen's Scout standard Mr. Longland is likely to think climbing Everest a somewhat simple matter!

December 20th

Whilst in a tobacconist's shop today I was impressed by the scoutiest of Scout smiles on the face of a boy who was behind the counter. 'You're a Scout? I said, "but where's your badge?" He replied, "I'm not a Scout now but I used to be." "Oh, why did you leave the Scouts?" He didn't answer, but disappeared into another part of the shop. His father, the tobacconist, said, "You see, his Scoutmaster used to call him, and the other boys, 'Love' and 'Darling.' He left because he didn't like it. Neither did we." That's why one box left the Scouts, though I don't suppose the case figures in the official I.H.Q. investigation!

January 8th

Extract from County Circular of to-day's date: "In view of the arrival of this year's amendments to that most valuable publication *The Commissioners' Handbook*, the following true story may be interesting. Two Commissioners recently resigned. In the one case it was the best thing the man had ever done for Scouting, and he had received broad hints that his resignation would be welcome!

In the other case the Commissioner's place will be very hard to fill. They both returned their Handbooks. One contained the amendments just as they had been received from I.H.Q. and the book had been used as a child's (presumably!) scribbling pad. The other Handbook was fully amended and annotated, and showed every sign of frequent use." I leave you to guess which was whose.

January 27th

A G.S.M. has written asking for particulars of a camp site in the Dales. It must be somewhere where the Patrols can camp well out of sight and earshot of each other. It must be well wooded and watered, and afford some facilities for scrambles. "Well what about that?" I think I hear you saying. For one thing, it is grand to find a Scouter making his preparations so long ahead (the camp being in the last week of July). Even that would not justify mentioning it here.

But the Scouter goes on: 'I should greatly appreciate it if you could recommend such a site and let me have full particulars, for it will not be possible for me to visit the site before the actual camp. I might add that owing to being blinded on war service I have to rely, on the help of others in these matters, but in camp I shall have the assistance of two Senior Scouts who are used to getting me over the roughest type of country.'

March 17th

Addressed a Scouters' Meeting on "Leadership." Got away safely.

April 3rd

First L.A. Census Returns received and sent to I.H.Q.

April 5th

The Local Association Annual General Meetings have begun. "There's a long, long trail a winding" ahead for the next six weeks or so. Many late nights, six or seven hundred miles of travelling the length and breadth of the county, correspondence piling up, but many happy evenings and reunions with Scouting friends. Some of these meetings will be boring - mere repetitions of the more frequent L.A. meetings throughout the year, with interminable Group Reports, etc. Others will be more like the I.H.Q. ideal of a Local Association A.G.M. - "The outstanding event of the Scout year" - held, when possible in the local Town Hall or the like, and with the formal business cut to a minimum so as to allow a guest speaker to give an address inspiring alike to Scouters, Rovers, Senior Scouts and Patrol Leaders who should be there, and, probably most important of all, to the lay members who should also be there. In short, the L.A. A.G.M. should be of such a nature as to put Scouting to the forefront of public interest. No one who does not attend these various A.G.M.s can have any idea of how different they can be, nor of how they reflect the standard of Scouting in a particular area.

April 23rd

Attended the Rover Scout Rededication Service - a most inspiring ceremony.

May 1st

A Scouter tells me that he was traveling a long distance by train, in uniform, last Saturday (the end of Bob-a-Job Week) and ordered a bottle of red wine with his dinner. The ticket collector, passing along the coach as the wine steward was pouring out the wine said in a very audible whisper, "Doing pretty well out of Bob-a-Job, isn't he?"!

May 8th

During the last eight days I have attended seven L.A. A.G.M.s. At no less than five of them the LA. Secretary resigned, and at one they couldn't even find a successor: At the sixth the Secretary gave notice that it would be his last year as such.



SCOUTS' OWN AT AUCHENGILLAN

Believe it or not, but one A.C.C. playing on his home ground) actually publicly suggested, on hearing of these resignations, that they were directly attributable to the tyranny of the County Secretary!

May 11th

Attended presentation by the C.C. of the Gilt Cross for Gallantry to an eleven-year-old Scout who had rescued two children from a frozen pond. Was reminded of an occasion when the Chief Scout made a similar presentation in this county.

A Scout who had watched the presentation was heard by the Chief to say, "By gum, it's a grand 'an. Ah think Ah'll go an' push mi sister inta t'cut an' pull 'er aht!" N.B. "t'cut" means "the canal."

May 17th

Heard another good Bob-a-Job story at the W - L.A. A.G. M. Two Cubs returning from a joint Bob-a-Job effort produced cards marked: "To clearing tip mess left by Scouts, 2/6." After laughing at that, as I did, you may begin to wonder whether it is funny or serious.

May 25th

The long, long trail has ended. Attended the last of the L.A. A.G.M.s this evening.

June 25th

The Deputy Chief Scout arrived for a week-end visit. After presenting Queen's Scouts' Certificates he attended the County Dinner and thrilled us all with a grand speech. We won't work him as hard as we did on a previous visit. He needed a two years' 'rest cure' in Malaya to get over it!

June 27th

County Church Parade. The Deputy Chief Scout and the Lord Mayor of Bradford took the Salute at the March Past. After seems that so-called "March" one could but regret the passine of the Scout uniform, especially the hat which the Founder said "as the first part of his uniform a new Scout should get.

Surely slacks, if worn, should *look* like uniform!

Flannel bags hardly do so! As a bystander remarked, "All sorts and conditions." Scout uniform is no more.

The sooner we get back to it, to more drill in Troop Meetings, and less slouching about with hands thrust deeply into trousers pockets, the better for the Movement!

July 28th

A Scouter writes asking for information as to a District Commissioner. He requires the information within five days. And he's written to the wrong county. Wonder what his Troop is like!

July 30th

Have received a Camp Report from one of our D.C.s about a camp in respect of a Troop from another county. It had not been sent, as it should have been, through me.

It is the worst form I have ever seen - and that's saying something! It was initiated only three days before the camp was due to start. It was signed "- Esq., D.C." in the same handwriting as the rest of the form; it was undated and the name of the District was not given.

July 31st

Form "P.C." received, initiated on 27th inst. for a camp which started yesterday! I hear from a District Commissioner that yesterday he was sympathising with a Scout's mother about the bad weather her son was having in camp.

She replied, "He says they are having a good time with plenty of grub, so what more could they want?" Adds the D.C., "That was music in my ears."

I cannot do better than end my Notebook with our new County Commissioner's opening gambit to his A.C.C.s and D.C.s: "Nobody ever did anything worthwhile unless he was prepared to go on with it long after it had become something of a bore."

“A MAGNUM FOR MY MOTHER”

By **ROBERT WESTERBY**

(A chapter from the book of that name First World telling of the author's boyhood. It is the time of the War.)

So my mother decided that the South of England in general, and the Home Counties in particular, were too worrying to stay in with four young children and a baby. There was no panic about her decision, I might add - my mother intended to stay there herself, and to go on with her work in London. But she could see no point in our staying too, and being on her mind all the time. So she arranged for us to go to Matlock, in Derbyshire, to stay in a furnished house she had taken there.

My father knowing very well that any journey which meant travelling for nine hours in a war-time train, with five children, a nurse, a governess, and a dog would be a horrible experience, to say the least, found that he would be too busy to accompany us. So my mother took sole charge.

It is true there were two other adults with her, but they were less than useless from a practical emergency point of view. The governess was a crusty, half-deaf woman named Miss Miller, and she survived only five months' service in our family. She had a red face thickly covered with fair down, hair which escaped all the restriction of hats and pins, and an eager expression. When she left us, at the end of that year, she still had the red face, the untidy hair, and the thick down on her skin, but the eager expression had changed. It had never been due so much to a lively interest in what was going on as to an earnest concentration against letting her stomach rumble. It rumbled pretty constantly, just the same, and we grew to be expert in forecasting just how much and what kind of noise certain foods would produce in her. Rice pudding was easily the worst, for instance. Even a small helping of this would produce in Miss Miller a sound like a sludge pump at work. She was usually quite happy in railway trains for this reason; the other noises made her insides inaudible. The Nanny, Mary Robinson, was a nice girl, but not much use outside the nursery. So it was my mother's job, and my mother's responsibility, to take care of the expedition as a whole.

The details of those nine hours came into the evidence little by little during the years following, and there are probably still some which have been forgotten. But it came to be one of my mother's best stories, and she loved to re-tell it whenever she felt depressed and wished to remind herself that things had once been very much worse.

We arrived at St. Pancras Station at eleven o'clock, to catch the train at eleven-thirty, and the station was packed. There were squads of soldiers, regiments of parcels and packages and crates which had been unloaded from goods trains but not yet shifted. And there seemed to be about one-fifth of London's total population there as well, for good measure.

Railway porters were almost non-existent, of course, so each one of us was given something to carry - not very much, since Betty the eldest, was only eight at the time. And we set off to find the right platform.

My mother's face cleared a little when we found it, and found also that the train was in and that my father had waiting by it. Father had evidently had a fit of conscience at the last minute and had gone to the station and bribed officials to the extent of holding seats for us. Incidentally, this was about the only lucky event of the day, as it turned out.

We were stowed in the compartment with the usual amount of noise and fuss, told not to run or play in the corridor, threatened about climbing on to the seats, told not to make a fuss because the dog had to be tied up in the guard's van, held up to the door-window to kiss father good-bye, and finally placed firmly in a seat. But just as we were settled we saw, with wild shouts, that Kitchener, the dog, had escaped from his bondage and was racing away along the platform towards the engine. No sooner had I seen him than I had the door open and, followed by Betty and Jim, was racing in his tracks. We went up the platform, jumping over and round baggage, pursued by Miss Miller and loud cries, and by the time we had caught Kitchener - a sailor at the very end of the platform caught him, really - the train was practically due to start.

When we had returned to our compartment and to its babel of recrimination and explanation, we discovered that we had two other travelling companions - an elderly couple. And while my father was being pompous about our having caused a great deal of anxiety and inconvenience to everybody, my brother Jim announced loudly and clearly, "Miss Miller, everybody's kissed father good-bye except you." And the wretched woman went fiery red, while my father blew his nose and the elderly couple in our compartment exchanged astonished glances.

"Look here, I won't hang about any longer," my father said to mother. "I'll meet your train when you come back. Er - have a good journey." And he raised his hat and backed away, smiling, and no doubt relieved that he was now free of us.

My mother then pulled up the window with such force that it nearly came clear from its frame.

The train was late in starting, of course, but my brother, paradoxically, was early. "Whisper whisper whisper mutter mutter," he said to Miss Miller, who glanced round sheepishly and then whispered back, "No, dear. Not until the train is in motion."

"Why?" demanded William.

"Well, because its a rule," said Miss Miller.

"Oh isn't it because -"

"Never mind," my mother interrupted firmly. "Just keep quiet and don't talk so much." And she must have felt that the Almighty was on her side for once because at this precise moment there was a whistle, a final banging of doors, and the train began to move.

"We're moving now," said William, "so may I be excused?" And he was dragged out of the compartment by the red-faced Miss Miller and hustled from view.

"I hope you others -" my mother began in a low, earnest voice, and I said, "Oh yes. Number One and Number -"

"Thank you, that's enough," my mother said hastily. She smiled at us without much expression, and also at the elderly couple who were taking stock of us and of their own position, and obviously regretting their choice of accommodation. I can feel for them now, but at the time we all considered them very stuck-up.

Read "our papers, and keep quiet:" my mother said, and she gave me a copy of Puck. Rainbow to Betty, Lot f Fun to Jim, leaving William stuck with the Children's Newspaper - which was much too old for him at five 'ears.

So we settled down to read, and were contented enough. But Rainbow, Puck, and the others are not much use as time-killers on a long journey, and by the time we had cleared the suburbs we had finished reading about Tiger Tim, Bonny Bluebell the Fairy Schoolgirl, Rob the Rover, and company. And we noticed that my mother seemed a trifle on edge about something.

Finally, mother turned to me and said, "Go along the corridor and see if you can find Miss Miller. She and William are being an a fully long time."

Naturally, an assignment of this kind was a wonderful thing, and I ran out into the corridor, fell over the feet of the old gentleman who had just closed his eyes in sleep, barged my way along to the next coach, rattling all the toilet doors as I went. It wasn't until I reached the third coach that I found Miss Miller, who was surrounded by a small crowd of people.

I didn't stay long at the scene of action, however, but went back to our compartment with the news. "William's locked himself in the W.C. and won't come out," I said. "Miss Miller's telling everybody about it."

My mother looked distressed, and stood up. "That will do," she said. "Stay here and behave yourself. Mary - keep them in order, for heaven's sake. I'm so sorry" - to the elderly couple, who looked horrified by the whole affair - and my mother went out.

While she was away we all debated what William could be doing in there all this time, until the old gentleman remarked, "Disgraceful!" and closed his eyes to escape the world through sleep again. But his disapproval in no way deterred us, and when William was brought back, crying with indignation, we cross-examined him

with shrill enthusiasm. But all we could get from him was the statement that he had been "thinking about something."

"A fine place to think!" Miss Miller said angrily.

"It is," Betty answered with spirit. "You can think beautifully in the -"

"Yes, yes," Miss Miller said quickly. "Get on with your book."

I don't remember what happened immediately after this. There is a gap of about an hour. And the next thing I remember is being in another compartment, watching two soldiers cut corns with safety-razor blades. The carriage was full of soldiers, Highlanders, and everyone was offering advice to the two amateur chiropodists. It seemed to me to be a wonderful way to pass the time. Then another soldier, who said his name was Jock, suggested going with me to the guard's van and releasing Kitchener. As soon as the soldiers heard that I had a dog named Kitchener they wanted to see him. They said they had a message to give him - there seemed to be some kind of a joke attached to it all. But whatever reason lay behind the request for Kitchener's company, I was only too anxious to oblige, and, with Jock, I set off towards the rear of the train.

There is something about a guard's van of an express. It seems to have nothing to do with the rest of the train - it even seems to be going at a different speed. It is sullen, it smells, its variously shaped packages defy your eyes and guess, the bicycles look neglected, relegated to the status of the sacks of bolts and screws, the bundles of rods, and chicken boxes which surround them. And the effect of this environment was showing plainly upon Kitchener. The moment I appeared he leapt up and performed his usual exhibition of crass stupidity. This was to race forward with all his strength to the limit of his leash. The leash easily took the strain, twanging like a wire, and hurled the dog backwards and upwards, dancing in the air as if he were at the end of a hangman's rope (which, to all intents and purposes, he was) before bringing him crashing to his back. Although this manoeuvre had occurred at least once in every twenty-four hours of Kitchener's four years of life, he never learned to anticipate, much less to avoid it. And the extraordinary thing was that although the jar and crash of landing would have dazed almost any other living creature it never had any effect on Kitchener at all. It certainly did not affect his energy.

As soon as I released the dog, he began racing all over the van like a mad thing. Then he played with the soldier, who rolled him over and over until the dog was in such a state of excitement that he relieved himself all over the silly fellow's boots - which made the soldier use several of those mysterious words I had read on the inside walls of empty houses.

At this point Kitchener escaped and took to the corridor. Pursued by myself and the soldier, he dashed along the train, barking and jumping in and out of the various compartments, and then vanished.

This seemed a terrible thing to me, and, as usual, when I was in a panic, I ran to get help from my family. After finding the right coach, I put my head inside our compartment and announced shrilly, "Kitch has got out and he's lost!"

The result of the appeal was right up to expectations. There was no silly grown-up waste of time with questions and trying to work out a plan of action. Kitchener was somewhere in the train, so he could be found by looking for him.

Betty and Jim and William jumped down from their seats and followed me into the corridor. And only William was recaptured, roaring with frustration, as we darted away.

We went into several compartments, on hands and knees in some cases, to search under the seats, and to the amazement and indignation of the passengers. Also we enlisted the aid of several more soldiers. "Kitchener's lost," one of these young chaps shouted as we ran into a fresh coach, and the words spread like a bush fire until several people were prematurely mourning the death of the great Field Marshal. But in another part of the train a quite contrary belief was starting up, where my sister Betty was announcing to each compartment, "Have you seen Kitchener? We're looking for him." And this complicated her search because it brought so many celebrity snobs out to gape and stare in the hope of seeing the great man. What happened when these rival schools of thought - Kitchener aboard, Kitchener defunct - met in the middle of the train, makes an interesting speculation.

But at the time the chase was all.

We found the dog in the end, eating a lunch package in a compartment filled with yelling children who were obviously too frightened to stop him. It was a special compartment, with labels plastered on its windows, and all the children wore labels in their button-holes. We assumed, in our innocence, that they were all on their way to prison.

No sooner had we captured Kitchener, however, than we became aware that we in our turn were being pursued by mother, Miss Miller, and the guard. We could hear them at the end of the coach, apologising, calling out, and making their way towards us. They enquired at each compartment if anyone had seen us, but they did not ask the labelled children. So we hid in a W.C. until the search had passed us, ran back to the guard's van with the dog, tied him up, left him howling like the damned, and went back to our own compartment and sat down.

When my mother returned she was furious. I can see her now, in the big hat of the period, her hair escaping from bondage, her face pink with effort and her beautiful hands smudged with rail grime, as she straightened herself, glaring at us.

"You little wretches," she said with such venom that the elderly couple looked startled. And when mother sat down they muttered something to each other, stood up, and went out into the corridor for "some fresh air."

"If any one of you leaves his seat again for anything at all," my mother said, looking at each one of us in turn, "or without Miss Miller to keep an eye on you - I'll box your ears. Everybody's ears!" "Mary's and Miss Miller's too?" William said, and Mary giggled nervously, waking the baby who immediately roared like a bugle.

While my mother escaped this to go and tidy herself, Miss Miller, who had returned in the meantime, was set to read to us from the papers we had already exhausted. Meanwhile, in the corner seat recently vacated by the elderly gentleman, Jim was busying himself mysteriously, glancing over his shoulder every few seconds to see if he was being observed. At the other end of the compartment I opened my new penknife and performed the first part of a practical joke which had long been a theory in my mind, just waiting for a chance to become a fact.

The next hour passed uneventfully. The old couple returned, seated themselves, and drowsed. We felt we had earned a rest, and the swaying motion of the train gradually quietened Vicky. In fact, this period of the history is remarkable only for my puzzlement at hearing my mother say to Miss Miller, "But why are one's own children so awful?"

But at Rugby, the first stop, all that quiet and repose was brought to its inevitable end. People got out, and people came in - pushing themselves through our compartment to take the standing room in the corridor beyond. And I carefully, lowered the door window.

After a few minutes looking out, and of questioning porters about possible delays, my mother heard one of those appalling questions which sometimes come to parents in nightmares about travelling.

Miss Miller said, "Where has Jim gone?"

We all looked round, and Jim had vanished. No one had seen him go - he must have walked into the corridor, into the next compartment, and from there out of the train. There was a near-panic in the air because my mother knew the train was due to leave in a few minutes.

But just as mother was getting desperate, Betty, who was leaning out of the window, shouted, "There he is! There's Jimmy! I can see him!"

"Where?" demanded my mother, buttoning her jacket.

"Down the platform there - he's gone into the buffet place," said Betty.

Immediately she was pushed aside, and my mother, displaying surprising speed and even better agility, threw her dignity to the grimy winds of Rugby station and ran for the buffet.

We all crowded the doorway to watch her dart through the crowd and vanish, and a few seconds later we gave tongue as we saw Jim appear, running, and make for the general waiting-room.

When mother appeared again she was looking this way and that, hopelessly, and we shrieked at her, "The waiting-room! Mother! The waiting-room!"

A whistle blew from the front end of the train, and we redoubled our cries while Miss Miller protested to an annoyed guard.

Mother had darted into the waiting-room, and now reappeared half-dragging Jim behind her. He was roaring like the devil as she rushed him through the staring crowd to where we were waving and shouting. What it must have seemed like to mother I cannot imagine, for a second whistle sounded and it appeared certain that she would be left behind. Probably she would have been left if the guard had not been standing at the door of our compartment to bustle her inside. But the fact remains that she had not even regained her seat, and Jim was still on hands and knees, on the floor where he had been pushed, when the train began to move out of the station.

My mother was a wonderful woman. She was breathing hard, she was hot again, her hair was untidy, her nerves had been assaulted, but she made no violent scene about it. Instead she leaned forward to Jim, who had been quieted by now, and told him: "Never get out at stations unless you're told to. Never. Never. Never. Do you see, you silly boy? Because you'll be left there and lost, and do you know what'd happen then?"

"No," Jim whimpered, shifting uncomfortably as Miss Miller tried to tidy him up a little.

"You'd be arrested for having no ticket, and made to work in the - er - the mines until you'd paid up in full."

"What mine?" I said curiously; we had all seen mining country when we had been staying in Yorkshire, and Rugby didn't look the same at all.

"Well," my mother said, and added with inspiration, "the Rugby football mine."

I must say this was entirely to our taste. It left us to decide whether Rugby footballs were in fact hewn from the bowels of the earth, or whether the mine was a pit used as a training ground for Rugby footballers (a terrifying race of homicidal maniacs - from the impression we had gained by watching part of a game in Scotland).

At this point the old gentleman in the far corner said abruptly, "Would you pull that window up!"

My mother gave him her cold look, which was usually rebuke enough in itself, and answered, "Perhaps you would be good enough to raise it yourself. I'm afraid I'm not very good at windows."

The old gentleman had the grace to blush at this and, muttering, he leaned across and grasped the window strap and yanked furiously at it - while I held my breath.

His irritation probably made him pull much harder than he would otherwise have pulled, but when he gave his enormous tug the strap flew clear from its moorings and slashed against the partition behind the old gentleman's head with a crack like a stock-whip, while the gentleman himself, braced for weight which v. as not there, rocked on to his heels and staggered backwards into the corridor. I had previously severed the strap, all but half-inch from its attachment to the window.

But, like a music-hall sketch which builds its effects to a pyramid the moment did not end here. I had done my turn, and now it was someone else's. The old gentleman, furiously angry, and the more so for feeling that the damage done was his own responsibility, hurled the strap away from him as if it were a venomous snake he had just killed, and slumped down into his seat.

He scowled at the slanting, late afternoon sunshine which shone in through his window as the train went into a curve, grunted, and reached up to pull down the spring-roller blind beside him.

Instantly, as though by magic, the entire compartment was filled with a snowstorm of paper scraps which Jim had torn from my mother's copy of The Times, and rolled up inside the spring blind during Miss Miller's reading session.

Naturally, we all shrieked with laughter, shrilling over the fury of the elderly couple, Miss Miller's bleats, my mother's apologies, and all the commands for silence.

We reached Matlock at dusk, and the car which was supposed to be there to meet us had not appeared. My mother, who must have felt that the day could hold no more heartbreaks, went away to telephone and learned that we were not expected until the following day. We could not get to the house even, because the bedding had not arrived; there was no fuel, and the boiler was being mended. There was nothing to do, in fact, but go for the night to an hotel.

Which one of Matlock's hotels was the one chosen for that night's shelter I cannot remember, but I have no doubt that the event is written in the manager's log-book in red ink. Two of us were sodden wet when we arrived, to begin with. Matlock had, in those days, and, for all I know, has still a large pool of magnificent goldfish in one of its principal streets. And as we walked to the hotel, a porter or two dealing with our baggage (there were no taxis), Betty and I had tried to balance walking round the edge of this pond. And the attempt ended with knee-deep immersions for both of us. I can remember the look on the manager's face as we walked in across his hall carpet, water bubbling and squelching from the sides, soles and lace-holes of our shoes.

By nine O'clock, however, we were all in the rooms allotted to us. Miss Miller and Mary were settled and fed, Vicky was asleep, and my mother had had a hot bath. She says that she felt decently alive for the first time for twelve hours, with the nightmare journey behind her and its grime removed. She had slipped into a dressing-gown and was lying on the bed, pleased as Punch because she had persuaded a waiter in the restaurant downstairs to send to her room some sandwiches and coffee - a miraculous feat in war-time - when the telephone rang, and the manager was talking to her like a lunatic.

"Madam," he said, "five minutes ago I was informed that in Room 135 some boys had set fire to the curtains -"

"Oh, my God!" my mother said. "Wait, and I'll -"

"No. We have dealt with it, madam. The boys were in the bathroom at the time. But the curtains are ruined, and they will be added to your bill. I must ask you to - and he rattled on furiously, demanding that my mother grant him an immediate interview. She didn't though. Instead, she showed her independence and her humour - her whole character, in fact.

Ringling down to the restaurant again, she spoke to the friendly waiter. "Don't bother about my sandwiches and coffee," she said. "Send me up a magnum of champagne. And at once."

She drank it all herself, she said, singing quietly, ignoring the discreet but repeated taps on the door from the manager. My mother had had a terrible day, but she had a beautiful night.

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THE 1954 GANG SHOW

This is a vintage year. With a cast as youthful as the cast was when all the world was young in 1932, Ralph has been inspired to produce a lovely, happy show. For there is no doubt that it is the gay young people - whether they are the twelve and thirteen year-olds or the nineteen and twenty-year olds who now dance and sing with such humour and charm under Ralph's tuition - who steal most of this year's show.

What must we mention particularly from 1954? Well, undoubtedly Scout audiences in Group Headquarters and church halls for many years to come will be applauding a little sketch called "Overdoing It" (it will probably be as popular as "The Colonel Takes a Bath" which is saying something), a nice little satire on the over-enthusiastic Scouter at home. And if the situation and humour of another sketch "Hold Up" are rather obvious, it will be easily put on at Group level and will delight the less sophisticated audiences. Then there is a monologue - beautifully played by Sid Palmer (who is one of the original Four Little Fellows whom many of you will remember with affection, and who now has two little fellows of his own!) - called "Soccer Season" which, given the right performer, would be the success it has been with us in London.

But what we love most in the Gang Shows are the "production numbers" with the stage full of light and colour and gaiety. Ralph may have equalled those of 1954: he has never excelled them. My own favourite is "Picnic" - simple, as vivacious as youth itself and with a happy humour all of its own. But "Keep looking for a Bluebird" will come first in the memories of many: certainly it is a piece perfectly in tune with Scouting and someone ought to be complimented on its engaging and lovely setting.

The opening of the Second Act has become of late years one of the highlights of the show: Ralph has always been inspired to something with an unusual charm of its own just here. This year we have some robust singing against sea and cloud with the lamp glowing on a jetty: it is almost a still stage, relying on the beauty of the setting and the manly voices. I thought it very fine indeed.

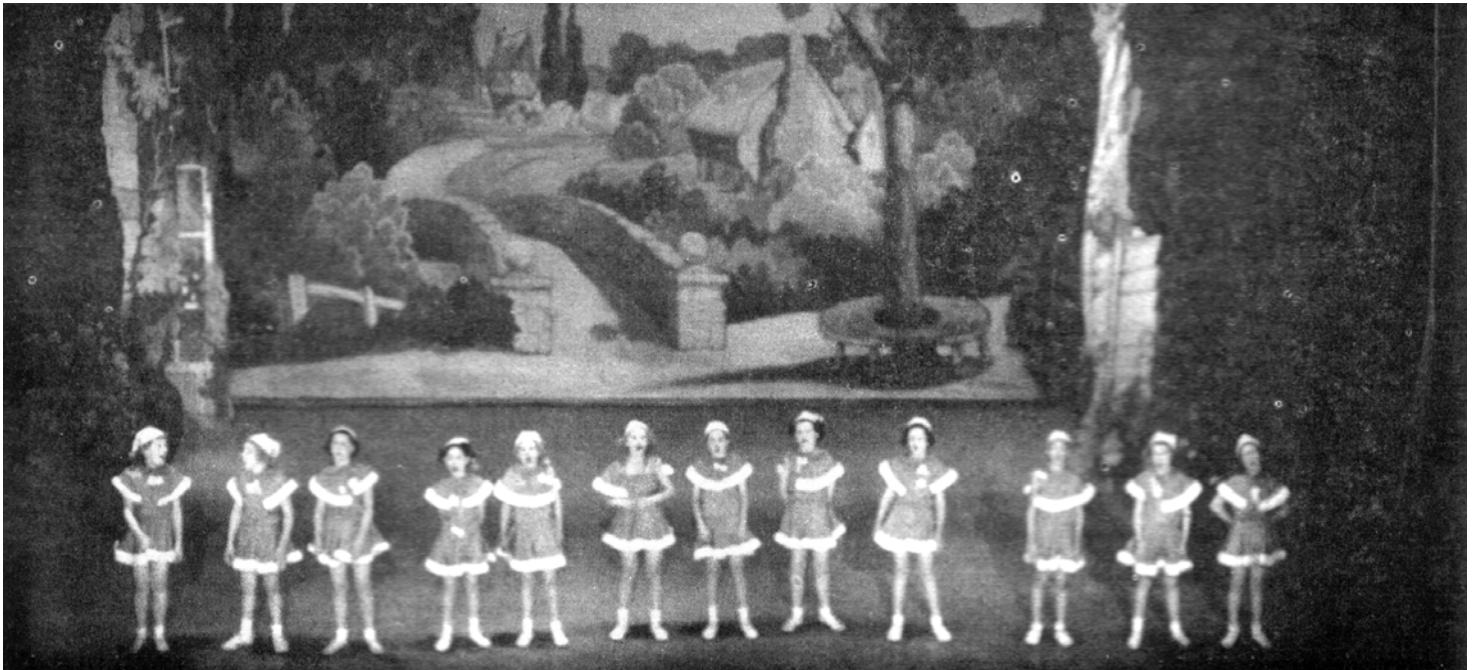
And yet I see I haven't mentioned two of the best things in the show - after all, this is a vintage year. These two are "British Pantomime" and "Books."

The first is in a familiar tradition of mockery but is raised to the heights by the chorus of twelve year-olds as pantomime juveniles: these deservedly bring the house down. "Books" is a simple parable of the kind Ralph tells so well, with a most arresting presentation. A boy is about to burn the books of his boyhood and as he turns them over the characters in them are reflected from his mind to the stage. He takes a match: great flames seem to leap and against their crimson glare are silhouetted those heroes of the books he has loved. It is a fine moment. But serenity returns as he passes on his books to a younger lad, who begins, as the characters from the books watch him with contented smiles, the great adventure of reading.

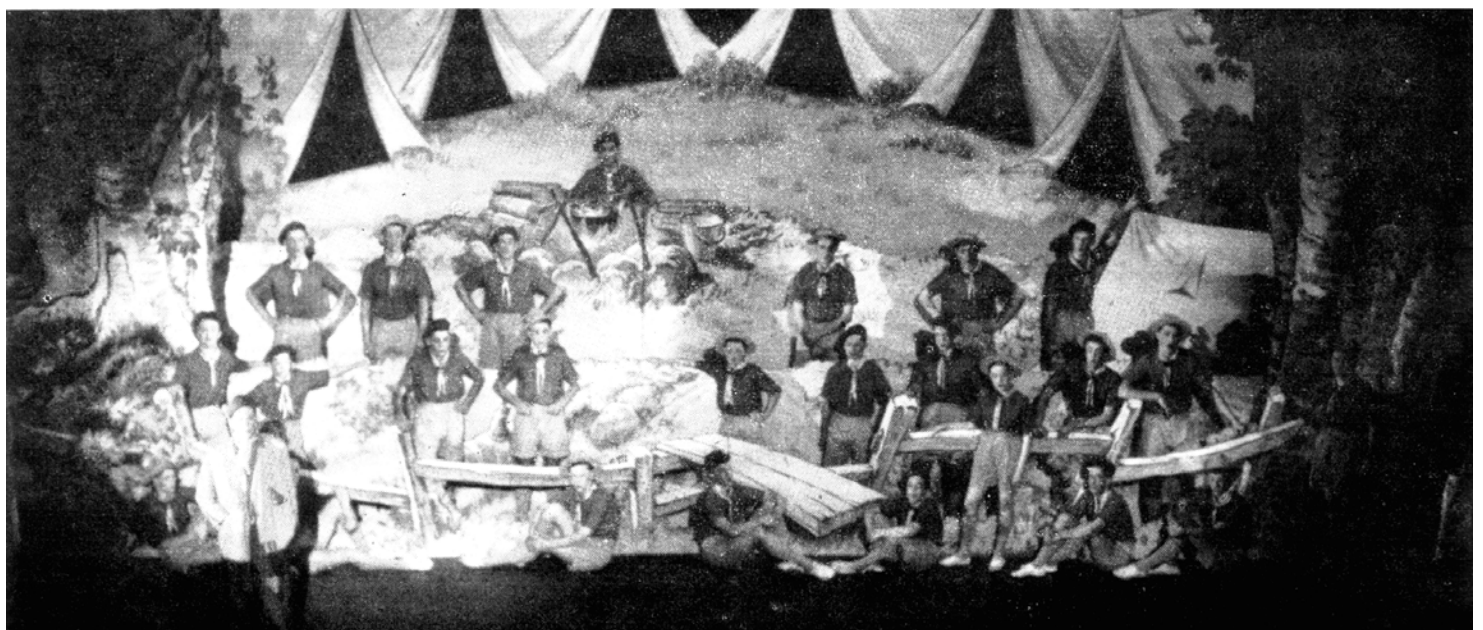
The songs are as good as ever; the costumes and settings are better than ever; the clowning is as familiar as ever; the traditional beginning and ending are as welcome as ever; the first act finale with the whole cast in jockeys' silks is more colourful than ever. With all this it is noticeable that Ralph is not content merely to repeat the past, and with a new generation of youngsters coming on how wise he is. He has experimented this year with the singing: he has taught two of the Scouts we have watched grow up to become delightful and clever dancers.

It is twenty-two years now since Gang Show began and we owe Ralph more than we can ever repay: that becomes all too obvious as one sees the intense happiness of the boys on the stage reflected in the great audiences. Yet I believe that Ralph's greatest triumphs in the Scout Gang Shows may well lie ahead. For this year is a vintage year because the accent on the Gang Show is once again on youth, and it reflects all the qualities of youth - its gaiety, vivacity, high spirits, and impudent charm. All Ralph's best work has been when he has taken his inspiration from the young, for where young people are concerned he is infinitely understanding. And he had a young and talented cast again to inspire him. We thank him for the past: applaud him for the present and wish him for the future vintage year after vintage year, and so to continue to bring joy to many, and to himself that noblest of all satisfactions which comes from serenity.

REXHAZLEWOOD.



THE JUVENILES WHO BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN



NEWS FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

By the time these notes appear, Counties will have submitted details of their Scouts and Scouters who want to go to the World Jamboree in Canada next year.

During the past couple of months we have received several letters from individuals and Districts who seem to be under the impression that Scouts can get to this Jamboree by working their passage. All I can say is that I hope none of these *Scouts* has been included in the entries sent in by Counties, as the suggestion is quite impracticable. In this country, there is a Seaman's Pool which registers all those who earn their living in ships, other than in the Royal Navy, and they have to be in possession of seamen's documents. Without being registered as a seaman it is quite impossible to get a job in a ship in any capacity. The Seamen's Pool was formed to protect seamen against activities such as working one's passage, and this applies to ships of all nationalities sailing from the United Kingdom.

There is a further complication in this matter of getting to Canada cheaply as, even if it was possible to get aboard ship, the immigration laws of the country require every person landing in Canada either to have guarantors domiciled there or, alternatively to deposit a substantial sum of money to cover the passage home. Those travelling with the British Contingent will have special arrangements made whereby it will not be necessary to have guarantors or to make a deposit but anyone travelling independent of the Contingent will have to abide by the immigration laws.

We are now in the midst of the conference season and I feel quite sure that those gatherings of Scouters are finding plenty to discuss - the leakage report gives us plenty to talk and think about. I hope the speakers who give the opening talks allow plenty of time for discussion, as there is no doubt we gain much more from these meetings if there is ample opportunity for an exchange of views instead of having to listen to a succession of long speeches.

During recent weeks I have heard of two complaints about bad time-keeping at Scout Conferences. In one case, the speaker was called on three-quarters of an hour after the scheduled time, owing to the talkativeness of a previous speaker and, in the other a speaker exceeded the time allowed him by forty minutes. This is very discourteous to following speakers, and I cannot recommend too strongly to organisers of Conferences that they brief their speakers very clearly about the time allowed and to select chairman who are prepared to stop speakers if they exceed their time by an amount that will interfere with the remainder of the programme.

Although we have had some criticism and naturally some letters of regret about the new price of *The Scout*, most thinking people realise that without the really large circulation, which we had perhaps unwisely hoped for, it is impossible to produce a weekly for 4d. any longer. Even *The Eagle* with its circulation of 750,000 costs 4½ d. and nearly all the three penny comics have circulations ranging from 1½ to 2 million.

The Movement has never shown a great deal of enthusiasm for a weekly and it may be that we may have to move to a monthly. Time will show. Meanwhile the more support the Editor gets, the better he will be able to make it. I know he is proposing to get it on to very strictly Scouting and training lines. B.-P.'s book, *Paddle Your Own Canoe*, has already started as a serial and on January 7th a grand training series "How to get your Second Class Badge in Twenty Weeks" also starts - and is of interest to every Troop Scouter and the great majority of our Scouts! I do hope you will do all you can to get your Cubs and Scouts reading it, even if two or three of them have to share in buying *The Scout* week by week.

Finally, in this last column of 1954, may I on behalf of all their friends at 25 B.P. Road wish Scouters and *Scouts* everywhere a very Happy Christmas and much Good Scouting in 1955.

A.W. HURLL,
Chief Executive Commissioner.

THE GILWELL LETTER

I trust that this scheme will make a special appeal at this time of rejoicing and goodwill:

WILSON WAY - GILWELL PARK

Colonel J. S. Wilson's contribution to Scouting as Camp Chief of Gilwell from 1923 to 1943 will always be remembered by any who were associated with him.

Many suggestions have been made over the years for some permanent memorial at Gilwell to his work. Now, with his full agreement and that of the Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth and the Committee of the Council, it has been decided to designate the roadway leading north from the Turpin Gate to Gilwellbury - WILSON WAY. The roadway will be made up and an avenue of trees planted.

It is felt that many of his countless friends will wish to be associated with the project.

Donations limited to five shillings from any individual will be welcomed by The Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, London, E.4.

Some of my colleagues at I.H.Q. were clearly unbelievers when at a recent meeting I pointed out that no standards were laid down for Patrol Leaders either of the Boy Scout Troop or the Senior Scout Troop and, whilst I have no means of forecasting whether or not I.H.Q. will consider introducing regulations, it does seem to me appropriate to raise the matter for discussion in Groups and Districts.

I believe that the absolute minimum standard in the Boy Scout Troop is Second Class and, for the Patrol Leader in the Senior Troop, First Class. If you have no Scout with the appropriate qualification then surely the right course to adopt is to appoint a boy Acting P.L., without benefit of insignia, until he proves his worth.

If we have no standards at all it must inevitably cheapen the whole position of the Patrol Leader in the eyes of the boy who is P.L. and in the eyes of the Scouts in the Patrols.

I do think some Groups make Scouting far too easy for the boy. I am by no means a hard taskmaster but, you know, you cannot read the Founder's writings for long without realising what a high value he placed on effort. The effort to reach a reasonable standard enhances the value of the appointment of Patrol Leader and Sixer in a very real way.

Now please don't dash away and remove all the stripes from your existing P.L.'s who do not hold the Second Class Badge:

retrospective legislation, whether in Scouting or in other spheres, is usually objectionable. When the Court of Honour next meets to discuss who is to be P.L. of the Owls and you don't happen to have a candidate with the necessary qualifications, then do realise that a Troop can exist perfectly well without "an Owl with two white stripes." If you establish the tradition of having a standard before a P.L. is appointed then the standard will quickly come to be readily accepted.

Well, there it is; if you are thinking of New Year Resolutions I cannot suggest a better one for a Scoutmaster than doing all he can to raise the status, and thereby the standard, of Patrol Leadership in his Troop, and he might even like to add the further resolution that the Court of Honour is going to meet on at least ten occasions in the coming year. Whether the meetings are good, bad, or indifferent, he will remain undaunted and will continue to have the meetings but by degrees will take more and more of a back seat and really use this fundamental ingredient of the Patrol System.

I look forward to meeting many of you at Gilwell this coming year. I make my annual appeal to Scouters in this country to apply early for Wood Badge Courses: we shall be ready for you to come and I hope you are ready to come to us.

JOHN THURMAN,
Camp Chief

LUCK OF THE MONTH

By THE EDITOR

December

You may have a day with fog staggering into the streets, or another bleak and stark, with a wind cutting through the trees and the hedges, or a day lined thickly with unceasing rain, or a day freshly cold but with sunshine glittering at noontide and at twilight a hint of gold in the air as tea-time ushers in the starlight. But whatever the weather, nothing can prevent December being a month of happiness and hope. For happiness and hope are implicit in that night long ago when all the stars turned in a twinkling into angels, and the air into song, and the shepherds walked down the hillside leaving their sheep guarded as never sheep had been guarded before....

Two Great Movements

By kind permission of our notable contemporary the Manchester Guardian, I quote the following - an extract from a brief review of a book *Pioneer of Boyhood*, by Mr. Roger S. Peacock (which is not by the way for sale to the general public but only to members of the Boys' Brigade). The review signed W. F. C. contains these admirable words:

"I left the B.B. to become a Boy Scout, in which organisation, apart from learning to make a noise vaguely like a cuckoo, bear, peewit, or panther, one did pretty much as one liked. Here, of course, was the great distinction between the two great leaders of youth - between William Smith with his 'Religion and Discipline,' his firm but by no means despotic emphasis on the virtues of the soldier's life, and Baden-Powell who did not like drill. Mr. Peacock usefully illustrates the difference in a story of how Smith once asked B.-P. what he thought of a B.B. display of physical exercises. 'Very smart and well done,' replied the Chief Scout, but I'd much sooner see every boy doing as he jolly well pleased.'

"The advent of the Boy Scouts a generation after Smith had founded his first B.B. company in Glasgow caused a good deal of anxiety, and even panic among the 'pillboxes,' but the Founder was unmoved. And when Baden-Powell suggested some sort of fusion of both organisations—he appeared at one time to have visions of one great organisation for boys,' says Mr. Peacock, presumably of a Scouting complexion' - Smith courteously declined. In a letter written on Christmas Day 1909, the Chief Scout expressed his distress at Smith's refusal, and Mr. Peacock points out that his terms 'made it clear that a single movement was the end he desired.'

"Five years later, on Smith's death, Baden-Powell paid generous tribute to the founder of the B.B. as 'the first to recognise and seize the eager spirit of the boy and handle him in the right way for leading the lad through his own inclination to a better sense of things.

"My pleasant but brief experience of both organisations could hardly justify an opinion on their relative merits. Looking back on a nearer milestone - the great International Scout Jamboree at Arrows Park, Birkenhead, in 1929 - I can still feel the impact of that new and exhilarating world of youth. It was a tremendous experience - a wonderful pageant of adolescent energy and enthusiasm and curiosity. It did not precisely bear out Baden-Powell's longing that every boy should do as he liked (how could it?), but it was a gay and shining episode in a free world which was very soon to forge new chains for itself. Sir William Smith believed in another sort of chain - the curb of discipline, applied with sympathy and understanding and patient firmness. There are still those who think he was right."

Little Brothers

We had recently, by the way, in *The Scout*, a competition for Cubs who had to say why they liked being Cubs and there was quite a nice response. The winning entries appear in *The Scout* of December 24th, and I'm sure Akelas will be interested. But the purpose of this paragraph is to quote these gems:

"I like the Grand Owl we do every week..."

"Cubbing is adventuress..."

"In the Den we play grown-up games. Martin the Sixer is in hospital..."

Bless their little hearts!



**TO REMIND YOU - THAT IT'S SCOUTING FOR
THE BOY**

Photographic Competition: Glimpses of Nature

The results of the competition are as follows: 1st Prize:

H. Allison, 11 Dirleton Gate, Westerton, Dumbartonshire; 2nd Prize: J. L. Jones, 1 Radnor Road, Newport, Mon. For the 3rd Prize, as the judges could not decide between three excellent photographs we have decided to combine the third and fourth prizes and share it among the following: T. Leslie Smith, Ashwood, Broughty Ferry, Angus; A. M. Carlsson, 150 Vaughan Road, Harrow; W. L. Gaskin, 16 Victoria Road, Burton-on-Trent.

Consolation prizes have been given as follows: E. Gater, 15 Colindene Grove, Penkhull, Stoke-on-Trent; G. Mowat, 7 Forrester Road, Edinburgh 12; M. Hayman, 27 Broomfield Road, Chelmsford, Essex; L. G. Appleby, 16 Woodland Way, Tolworth, Surrey; J. Bradley, 6 Highfield Road, Malton, Yorks.; K. R. C. Neal, Foxcombe, Greenway Road, Taunton; C. S. Francis, "Sunningdale," Hughenden Valley, High Wycombe; A. Daniel, 122 Beith Street, Partick, Glasgow; F. D. Reid, "Enfield," The Spa, Melksham, Wilts.; J. B. Macauley, c/o The National Bank of New Zealand Ltd., 8 Moorgate, London, E.C.2; H. A. Whiteley, 67 James Road, Kidderminster; A. W. Bull, 133 Musters Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham; E. E. Steele, Fiskerton, Lincoln; P. MacGilp, 42 Cornhill Street, Balornock, Glasgow, N.

From the many hundreds of entries, three hundred were selected for the final decision of the judges, who had an entertaining but difficult task.

Greetings

And so, my brothers, another year draws to an end. I wish you a Happy Christmas, I wish you a momentous and worthwhile New Year. I wish that all of us may bring to our self-dedicated tasks in Scouting, enthusiasm, clarity and faithfulness to B.-P.'s ideas which will make the year a glory in the hearts of the boys we serve.

REX HAZLEWOOD.

1954 - DISASTER THE YEAR IN HIMALAYAS

By JOHN BROWN

Those climbers who did not go to the Himalayas this year, for one reason and another, can think themselves lucky. It has been a year of unprecedented disaster because of the early monsoon, which made for bad snow conditions and unexpected blizzards just at the time when teams were high.

Of the three Alpinists who reached the top of Api, in Nepal (24,000ft.) none is alive today. On the return journey a blinding snowstorm sprang up and the men died from exposure. Only a Sherpa porter stayed alive to tell the story of what had happened to the leader and to Captain Pun, an old friend of mine.

Of the Italian team on K2, second highest mountain in the world, in the Karakoram, it can be said that no expense was spared and no training method omitted, to get the team fit and ready, and not in vain. I met the leader, Professor Ardito Desio, of Milan, just before he went to the Italian Alps for hard training last January. Small, wiry, a first-rate ice man, he was not optimistic, for he knew how great a part luck can play. He was reported missing soon after the climb started, but this was due to a sudden blizzard. Actually the party was held up in an ice cave for five days by bad weather, at 21,000 ft. One man died of pneumonia, but the team struggled on to success.

On Dhaulagiri eleven Argentine climbers struggled to within 750 ft. of the summit, but were driven back by an icy cross wind and a sleet storm. Dr. Francisco Ibanez, the leader, died after having his feet amputated, after his return to base camp.

The Sherpas have always been superstitious about the great mountains, so the illnesses of Tenzing, Sir Edmund Hillary and Sir John Hunt this year came as no surprise to them. They believe the mountain gods and goddesses demand sacrifices. I saw Hillary just before he set off, and he was in great form. His personal efforts were nullified by a severe attack of malaria on the Baruntse glacier, but not before he had rescued Jim Macfarlane, another New Zealander, from death, as he lay injured down a deep crevasse. This expedition snatched victory from the jaws of defeat by the less well-known members climbing Barungtse, 23,500 ft., on May 30th, a brilliant effort under such arduous conditions.

The Japanese team on Manaslu returned to base to admit defeat for the second year running, but were able to report large military movements and road construction going on in Tibet, now occupied by Chinese forces.

The German team in the Karakoram was held up, but hopes to make another attempt later.

Two Britishers, Robert V. Charley and M. Healey, both lecturers at an Agra college, tried to climb BaihaiUot, a difficult 20,000 ft. peak sacred, according to the Indians, to the goddess Devi. The porters refused to go on when it came to the final stages of the climb, as they said the goddess would punish the invasion. The Britishers pushed forward, but fell over an ice cliff and were lucky enough to escape with severe bruising. Back at Agra's St. John's College, they plan further climbs next year.

Six Britishers went to the Yalung glacier in Nepal, to spend eight weeks studying a way up Kanchenjunga (28,168 ft.) which is a far more difficult mountain than Everest, as far as climbing goes. Kanchenjunga is very much like a great white umbrella mounted on a pyramid 10,000 ft. high. Avalanches sweep down every hour, some of them scattering ice blocks weighing twenty and thirty tons over a wide area. This year's party consisted of John Kempe, leader, who knew the area, J. W. Tucker, Everest reserve in 1953, D. S. Matthews, a New Zealand doctor, and three climbers with a great deal of experience, good "high men." On the second day out from Darjeeling the coolies made trouble.

A dozen said they could not go on. Two members of the party were struck by lightning on the Singalla ridge. At the foot of the Yalung glacier, twenty-five coolies said they had had enough. Colossal ice blocks crashed round the reconnaissance party. The secretary of the Himalayan Club was hit on the head and had to be stitched up by Dr. Matthews.

Kempe and company returned hopeful about a possible route, and Sir John Hunt will lead a party in 1956, according to present plans,

with Hillary leading a New Zealand party to Makalu (27,900 ft.) the same year.

The Californian team made a desperate bid to climb Makalu this year, but failed, and we must remember that the doctor with this team made great efforts to succour the New Zealanders nearby, reported in difficulties, by forgetting his own plans and rushing penicillin and oxygen in answer to radio messages from official sources about Hillary and Macfarlane. These reports turned out later on to have been exaggerated, but no one knew that at the time. All in all, there was plenty of unselfish courage and resource displayed by all the teams.

The Abominable Snowman expedition, of naturalists, photographers and zoologists, had to return to Europe empty handed, no yeti specimen having been found in six months of endeavour, although a great deal of scientific material was collected.

The season ended with another disaster, this time to the Austrian expedition on Saipal in the Nepal Himalayas. Karl Reiss died of pneumonia on the mountain. The leader, Dr. Rudolf Jonas, of Vienna, was also struck down with lung trouble, but survived after his team got him down to base camp, with great difficulty and danger, and then back to civilisation on a litter.

Himalayan prizes are not easily won. The approach route to many mountains is marked with rough monuments - cairns of stones that tell their own story.

The mountaineers are undaunted. Oxford University Exploration club team, led by Hilary Harrington, Sir Edmund Hillary's brother-in-law and a descendant of the Everest after whom the great mountain is named, were to attempt Saipal after the monsoon. Mine. Claude Kogan, thirty-four year old Frenchwoman, heroine of Nun Kun last year, wrote to my wife last week that she and Raymond Lambert, who got to 28,000 ft. on Everest in 1952, are off to the Himalayas soon. Mine. Kogan, five feet one, weighing ninety pounds, amazes her fellow climbers in the Himalayas. On Nun Kun she left five men gasping for breath when she struggled on to the summit (23,410 ft.) a world's record for women. We will hear more of her.

THE ROAD OF LIFE

*He ventured forth, complete with stave and pack,
And grim determination on his face,
Armed with a map and compass, nothing more,
Given one short day in which to reach a place
Appointed by the powers that be; my heart
Was heavy as I watched him go; each hour
In thought I walked the route with him, and prayed
That God would give him steadfastness and power
To stand the test and prove himself a man!
Only a lad, but well-equipped with grit,
The light of purpose shining in his eye,
A heart of gold beneath that irksome kit!
How glad my heart when, late the following day,
I heard his cheery voice and saw his face -
Badly fatigued his body may have been,
But in his bearing was a new-found grace!
Shyly, but happily, with halting voice,
The tale was told, right to the journey's end.
That night, on bended knee, I humbly prayed
A special blessing might on him descend,
That God would keep him thro' the years to come
Endowed with that same strength of mind and heart
With courage and endurance to pursue
The road of life, faithful to map and chart,
And that he might achieve his journey's end,
Even tho' weary, still serene and strong, Cheerful,
Courageous, and with head held high,
And ever in his heart a joyful song.*

A Scout's Mother

WHY SCOUTMASTERS' WIVES GROW OLD QUICKLY

You might just type a letter to the local Parson in asking him if he knows of a suitable camp site," says my husband.

"Where do I get his address from?"

"Oh, just 'phone up old Silverbird (our own Minister). He'll be able to find that out for you. And while you are on it, would you please send a letter off to some of the local transport firms asking them to quote a price for transport. You'd better look and see what we paid last year. Oh, and would you draft out a note about the Jumble Sale."

And so this is the beginning. Summer Camp. Needless to say the postage and 'phone calls come out of the family exchequer. The transport is eventually "By Train."

We proceed. Three weeks pass.

"As we don't seem to have got far with that chappie up at Ben and I are going up this week-end to mooch round ourselves. We'll take Eric (the Troop Leader) with us."

"Er - how are you going?"

"Oh, Ben is borrowing his uncle's car. It's about 300 miles there and back, but Ben and I will share the cost of the petrol. We can't ask Eric to help with that. We're going off early, about 5 a.m. Saturday morning, and we'll be back late Sunday evening."

"We - ell - I have got that 'do' on myself and weren't we going to (I do happen to be a Guide and Ranger Captain myself).

"If we don't go this week-end there won't be another chance. ... I'll need some rations..., and you might just. . .

The mooching party duly returns. "Marvellous camp site!

By the way we've fixed up a bungalow on the farmer's land for you and the children." (We happen to have two children of our own of course.) "By the way, Ben had a spot of trouble with the old car - I gave him half towards the cost of the job - after all it was for the Troop he borrowed it."

Total cost for the week-end - at least 50s . . . not a very good week for the family budget.

Proceedings proceed. My lounge (or "The Front Room") is now becoming the centre for all camping activities. The fireplace seems to be perpetually filled with odd bits of rope and string. (I never do know what that's all about.) Chairs are draped with odd bits of hessian (?Lat. Screening). One hardly remembers what the colour of the carpet really is.

One evening two tall Scouts and two very short Scouts appear on the door step with a huge packing case.

"Skip says we've got to take this through to the garden and he's going to saw it into two."

What Skip overlooks is that the door is not wide enough by about 18 inches for the case to go through!

"Well, I don't know what you are going to do with it. You can't leave it in the front garden. You'd best take it round to the back of the house, and see if you can get it over the fence" (we have no side entrance, but we back on to a park).

Eventually after the most hair-raising experience, the fence being about 10 feet high, including one boy getting quite a nice size tear in his shorts - the rockery at the bottom of the garden getting, well, just a little flattening, the case is at last on the lawn.

At last the great day arrives. The Scoutmaster's wife and children arrive at the main line station just in time to prevent the Troop entraining for the Continent. Passengers look at me. Interestingly? Pityingly?

We arrive at the camp site. The bungalow? Well, it certainly has walls, so we are not entirely unprotected. The earwigs that adorn the house and the mice that live in the roof take a little getting used to. (Why do mice spend the whole night just running from one side of the roof to the other?)

The week proceeds. The S.M.'s wife feels she has missed her vocation. She should have been a cookery demonstrator or a cutter-up of sausages. She wonders if it's true that the suet dumplings the Swifts make really do push the lid off the dixie.


The week proceeds - the S.M.'s wife sees the S.M. just once or twice during the week, although he does seem to need her moral support when the Troop goes off to bathing parade.

We together suffer twenty minutes' agony while twenty other mothers' sons are in the sea, even though all the correct rules are being observed.

The week goes very quickly - the weather is wonderful for camping and the morning comes when the railway wagon is here to collect the equipment. The Troop also can go to the station on it. So the S.M.'s wife and small son climb up and perch themselves next to the driver. Young daughter can be seen sitting on a kit-bag in the middle of a sea of boys. And so another camp ends. The best ever? Of course!

Is it worth it? Twenty boys gloriously sun-burnt, thoroughly fit. Learning the right way to live, by working together as a team. Sharing the joys of camping, listening to the Voice of their Maker speaking to them in the stillness of His Beauty. My goodness, of course it's worth it.

J. S. HULL.




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*Note the special design of doors adds 3 ft. to length of each tent.

B.-P. IN THE NORTH: THE HUMSHAUGH CAMP

By THE REV. AIBAN PICKERING

(For the benefit of those who may wish to explore the district, or to identify the places mentioned, Grid references have been given throughout. The map used was Sheet 77 (Hexham) of the New Popular Edition One-Inch Ordnance Survey.)

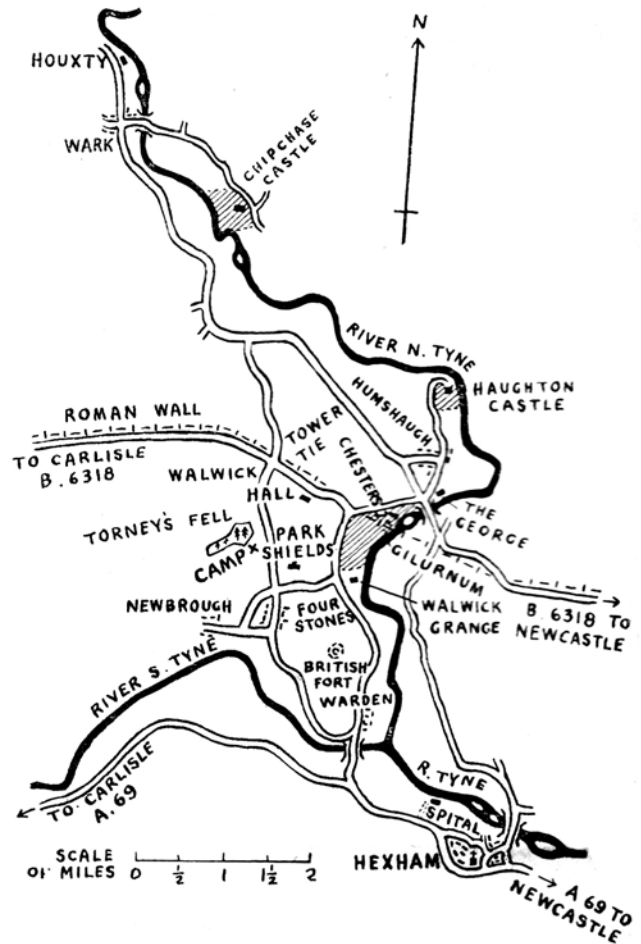
In his excellent life of B.-P., E. E. Reynolds writes: "The Scout ran competitions in 1909 to select Scouts for B.-P.'s second this was held at Humshaugh in Northumberland in the August of that year." Northerners cannot remain satisfied with that description.

First, B.-P. admitted that the Brownsea Island Camp was merely experimental, and therefore we of the north claim that Humshaugh camp is the first Scout Camp; second, the camp was held in 1908, not in 1909; and lastly, we feel that the description tends to err on the side of brevity. Readers would perhaps care to know more of the history of the camp.

Having shown beyond all doubt that his principles of Scouting were sound by the experimental camp in Poole harbour in 1907, B.-P. planned a camp for the summer of 1908. His method of choosing the boys for this camp shows his organising genius. In the second issue of *The Scout*, April 18, 1908, boys were invited to join a competition which would make them eligible for the camp. The competition did more than this, for it served as a recruiting campaign for the Scout Movement, and moreover helped materially in boosting the sales of *The Scout* (thus killing three birds with one stone!). In each issue appeared a form for nomination for the camp, and a form of application for enrolment as a Scout, both to be sent in to Headquarters. There was also a voting coupon in every number. The aim was for a boy to get as many as possible of these coupons filled up in his name by friends. A "3-months" subscription to the paper (only 1/1!) counted as 50 votes; a "6-months" subscription as 100; "9-months" as 200, and a year's subscription as 300. Week by week the first 50 in the running were published, and occasional incentive prizes were awarded to maintain interest. Unfortunately we have not a list of the 30 winners, but on July 31st (the competition closed on August 11th) the leading boy had no less than 29,018 valid coupons to his credit, and the fiftieth boy had 5,350.

On August 1st it was announced that the dates of the Camp would be from August 22nd - September 4th, and the next week that "the place in which the camp will be pitched is situated in the neighbourhood of the lovely Cheviot hills." That he chose Humshaugh (near Hexham, in south-west Northumberland) is due partly to the fact that the annual Yeomanry camp (known as Territorials from 1908 and under B.-P.'s command) was held regularly at Walwick Grange (906693); partly to the fact that he was a friend of Nathaniel Clayton of the Chesters (909703) (son of the famous John Clayton, who excavated the Roman camp of Cilurnum on his estate - 913702), and partly because of the intrinsic worth and associations of the camp site. He wrote to *The Scout* I sit writing this letter in the camp on the top of a great hill-side (Torney's fell - 880700) overlooking the Northumbrian moors and dales: an ancient British fortress (904679) is in view on one side, the mighty Roman Wall on the other, a grey old castle below (Tower Tie - 892709) where the Moss Troopers used to fight, and the snaky continuous high road (General Wade's road, built along the wall, now the main Newcastle-Carlisle road, B 6318) for moving the English troops against the Scots in the Jacobite times all are there to suggest what a country of fighting and romance we are in. Every rock and dingle where we are Scouting to-day has had its Scouts there before - scouting for their lives, in deadly earnest, many times in the last two thousand years. I wish every Boy Scout of Britain could be here with us to-day. We would have a time."

Somehow one feels that the choice of the exact site was almost a last minute decision, for from his diary we know he was staying with the Claytons on June 14th, presumably reconnoitring and exploring, among other things, "the Roman camp, barracks, and hot-aired houses in the Park"; and again in August he was staying with a friend at the local hotel "The George" (919706) known to most people who have "done" the Roman Wall.



However late his decision, the actual choice of the site could not have been better.

Yet we might notice here that the name "the Humshaugh (pronounced Hums-haff) camp" could scarcely be more misleading. B.-P. himself is responsible for he had special notepaper printed, to give tone to the camp, with the address as "Boy Scout Camp, Humshaugh"; but in point of fact never at any time has the site been in the postal delivery cry area of Humshaugh, Fourstones, or Newbrough. should have had the honour.

The site (890697) is on the Park Shields Farm, then tenanted by A. B. Henderson, and still farmed by his son, who remembers the camp as a boy. The five army bell tents were pitched in a pasture with a gentle slope to the east, and protected from the north by a hill, Torney's (Attorney's) Fell, and from west winds by a wood, which also supplied fuel, and there was a spring in the centre of the field.

The wood was the focus of all the activities in camp. At the time of the camp the felling of timber, mostly birch, had just commenced. And two clogging machines were engaged in rough hewing the wood into clog soles. The scrap timber would provide a paradise for boys. To-day part of the wood has been replanted with conifers (some of it for the second time; the rest is self-colonised with conifers, oak, beech and birch). The undergrowth is of bracken lmg, and bilberry, and devoid of brambles. Probably then as now it was ideal for stalking. Pigeons and rabbits abound, and there are said to be seven foxes' earths in the wood. There is also a badger's sett, the very hallmark of exclusiveness.

In camp, B.-P. tells us that the thirty boys were divided into two troops. The diagram gives the arrangement of the camp, so far as can be made out from the photographs preserved at I.H.Q. Their campfire was held in an ideal gully, protected on three sides by the walls and wood. Among the activities were a surprising number of expeditions.

B.-P. mentions one of these at length in his letter to *The Scout* of September 12th.

"Tomorrow we go exploring for some miles along the Wall to find King Arthur. . .

A long time ago a shepherd was sitting near 'the Wall' knitting his stockings, when his ball of worsted rolled down a crevice in the rocks. In clearing away brambles and rubbish to get at it, he came on a small cave, into which he crept. He went on and on, and the cave became bigger and bigger, till at last he saw a light, and pushing on he came to a great hall in the cavern, where a flame-fire glowed, but never flickered, and there was King Arthur, surrounded by his Knights, in armour, sitting asleep. On the table lay a sword, a garter, and a bugle. The shepherd took up the sword and cut the garter with it, and a mysterious whisper then told him to blow the horn. He was about to do so when he saw King Arthur move, as if to wake; this so startled him that he dropped the horn and fled terrified back along the dark passages of the cave until he found himself once more in the open, and finally safe at home. But he was never able again to find the spot where he entered the cave. I don't know if the Scouts will be able to find it - especially as there is almost exactly the same story about a similar cave in Yorkshire, at Richmond, where I live and I daresay, in many other places, too. But even if we fail to find King Arthur and to awaken him to revive chivalry we may still awaken his memory, and revive chivalry among ourselves." One wonders whether B.-P. had some cave near the Wall suitably prepared!

Other expeditions are mentioned in his diary (made accessible to me through the kindness of Lady Baden-Powell), from which the appropriate entries are quoted. After each date is given the weather summary provided by the Air Ministry, and taken from the records of Cockle Park, Morpeth, about twenty miles distant from the camp.

August 22nd (fine dry day: rain - : sunhours 4.5). - "Boy Scouts camp commences." Then follows a note that his little Welsh terrier Taffy fell out of his motorcar, and was hanged by his chain and killed. He never tied a dog in a car again.

August 23rd (fine day, odd showers: rain 0.02 inches: sun-hours 9.0). - "Motored to Hexham and saw Canon Savage re Service on Sunday for Scouts. Afternoon: Scouts marched to the Wall, and to Haughton Castle (Mr. Cruddas) and had tea in the stable in the rain." How far along the Wall they went we do not know; possibly this was the search for King Arthur, but certainly the walk to Haughton Castle alone (920728) meant a walk of four miles each way.

August 24th (fine dry day; lightning seen: rain 0.27 inches: Sunhours 2.6).

August 25th (showery day: rain 0.22 inches: Sunhours 4.5).

August 26th (fine day; thunder heard: rain 0.16 inches: sunhours 7.2).

August 27th (showery day: rain 0.24 inches: sunhours 10.0).

- "Marched after dinner via the Wall to Houxy, where Abel Chapman put us up. Ground very wet and rain falling, so we put up in loft and harness-room." Houxy (857784) was a walk of seven miles from the camp.

August 28th (cold cloudy day: rain 0.10 inches: sunhours 6.5).

- "Houxy. Raining all day. Indoors work in stables, life saving &c. Chapman showed the boys his collection of heads &c." (Notice that the camp must have had a great deal more rain than the 0.10 recorded at Morpeth:) Abel Chapman was both an explorer and an author. He published books giving his adventures and observations in Spain, Norway, and British East Africa. But he was just as keen an observer of nature at home, and a great lover of Northumberland, as is shown in his *The Borders and Beyond* and his *Bird Life of the Borders*.

August 29th (cold cloudy day: rain 0.12 inches: sunhours 7.5). - "We visited Chipchase Castle. Chipchase Castle back to camp, with tea in Wark Town Hall - nine miles." The castle was then, as now, in the ownership of the Taylor family, and Miss Taylor tells me that she remembers B.-P. well, and says "What impressed me most - apart from his delightful breezy personality - was the complete control he had over the boys." And one story she narrates concerns B.-P.'s nephew, who had been missing one evening. "As a search through the camp failed to find him, B.-P. felt that he must next search the tract of moorland in which they had been having some sort of field-day, and organised a return to it.

No sign there of the boy, but on returning to the camp, someone made a second search of his tent, and there he was, placidly asleep, lying under his 'mattress' for the sake of greater warmth, and completely oblivious of the hullabaloo caused by his disappearance.

Naturally B.-P. came in for a lot of chaff from our party over his failure to 'track' his own nephew, but he remained his imperturbable self and said that the 'night exercise' had been a useful experiment for the Scouts..."

August 30th, Sunday (cold day: rain 0.30 inches: sunhours 11.3). - "Service in camp. After dinner Scouts marched to Hexham. Service in the Abbey and lecture by Canon Savage. Tea at Col. Bates'. Marched home via the British camp." The route taken on this expedition is clear from the map, Fourstones (893680), Warden Bridge (910659), and so on to the main Haydon Bridge - Hexham road (A 69). Evidently a crowd had collected to see B.-P. for a business man in Hexham has told me of the thrill he felt as a boy, when B.-P. stopped to talk to him on his way into the Abbey. They returned by the same road, but branched off to the Spital (926651), the home of the then Colonel, and later General Sir Loftus Bates. The house is now being converted for use by the Hexham Golf Club. At Warden crossing they went up to explore the British camp (904679).

August 31st (fair day with wet evening; rain 0.40 inches: sunhours 6-5). - "Scout camp."

September 1st (Bright, cloudy at times: rain 0.57 inches: sun-hours 5.3). "Scout camp."

September 2nd (bright, cloudy at times: rain 0.30 inches: sunhours 8.5). - "Scout camp."

September 3rd (bright, cloudy at times: rain - : sunhours 3.0). - "Scout camp."

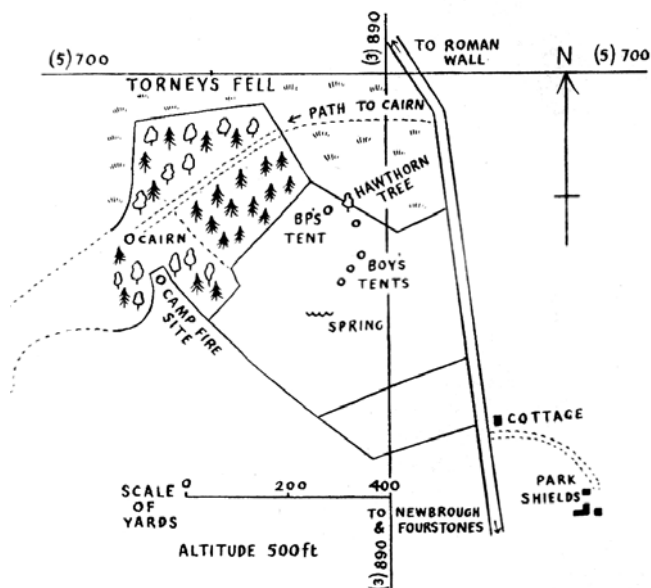
September 4th (fine: rain - : sunhours 3.8). - "Scout camp." We might notice the recurring "marched" - evidently one of several military customs which B.-P. adopted, parallel to his Corporals and Sergeants.

Also it is obvious that he had more than his share of bad weather for the camp; in fact, the ten days give a total at Morpeth of 2.7 inches, the average for any normal month, and the rainfall at Humshaugh was probably even heavier than this. May this give you consolation at your next camp!

Lastly, Southerners may be struck by the number of castles. Northumberland has been called the county of a hundred castles, and this is not far short of the truth, since every house had to be able to defend itself against the attacks of raiders from over the border.

Before he left the site, B.-P., with characteristic thoughtfulness, presented Mr. Henderson, the farmer, with an autographed photograph of himself. This is still preserved by the family at Park Shields.

It was fitting that the site should be marked. This was done in 1929 by the erection of a stone cairn (885697) built by a local mason helped by the 3rd Hexham Presbyterian Troop, who held a special camp for that purpose.



The cairn was financed and unveiled by Sir Christopher Furness, Bart., of Eyemouth. Under the south edge of the rock on which it is built were engraved the words "B.-P. 'Look Wide' 1908." More recently (1950) a plaque has been set into the cairn bearing the inscription "This cairn marks the site of the First Boy Scout Camp held in 1908, by B.-P., later Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, Chief Scout of the world."

Unfortunately the cairn is quite invisible from the road, and indeed I myself spent some time searching for it in the wood, even when I knew what I was looking for! If any suggestions might be allowed, it would seem that something more might be done to guide people to the camp, which is actually quite accessible. For example, a pointer at the Tower Tie crossroads (892709) would be useful. Here the camp is one mile off the main Newcastle - Carlisle road (B 6318) and within easy reach of anyone touring the Roman Wall or staying at "The George," Chollerford, or the Twice-Brewed Youth Hostel.

More especially, another plaque, on the side of the road (892697) could easily point out the site, immediately over the wall.

Twice the Scout Train has run to Humshaugh, in May of 1935 and of 1938; we hope it may return.

As a postscript, may I say that the Editor of THE SCOUTER, in the November 1953 number kindly did his best to put me in contact with someone who was himself at the Camp. So far I have only heard of one, though in fact there must be many more. He is the British Ambassador to Greece, Sir C. B. P. Peake, K.C.M.G., M.C. Yet by a most tantalising coincidence, there is living, on the estate immediately adjoining the Humshaugh Camp, at Walwick Hall (897706), Sir Humphrey Noble, who is one of the very few remaining survivors of the Brownsea Island camp! He was at the time a boy at Eton.

ROVER ROUNDABOUT

So Filey had come and gone and this time without my presence as I was nursing a badly sprained ankle that even my Rover doctor wouldn't let me chance aggravating. I have heard many and various reports: an older age-group Rover who was more than disappointed with the lack of concrete proposals at the Rover session; an under-25 who had a grand time on his first visit and who was also sorry to hear only a few moans regarding the long sought-after Handbook and oft reiterated confirmation of problems which we all know exist but to which few have adequate answers and he tells me they don't seem to go to Filey.

Now how true this is of much of our everyday Rovering. We sit around and moan and groan but precious few do anything about altering our own outlook or trying out new, and perhaps too many, revolutionary programmes not to be found in any books, because only the make-up of your Crew and the circumstances prevailing at the time can produce them. Of course, the pooling of ideas in your District Rover Committees or Councils or through this page or "The Rover Rag" can be helpful, but they may not work for your queer crowd. But for heaven's sake try them sometimes and stop "beefing."

My visit to Central Yorkshire for the Rover-Ranger Conference was a very enjoyable affair with lots of fun. I wondered how many halls filled with 700-odd young people were so well conducted that Saturday evening, dancing to a collection of records with no forceful M.C. It gave me a feeling that the Movement has done something when a crowd like this can be so jolly and so well behaved. The whole of the arrangements reflected the sound work put in by the Committee and the balance of the items was good. After Church on the Sunday every one of the fellows and girls was taken to a Pudsey home for a real Yorkshire Sunday dinner, all done by a notice in the local paper. There's hospitality for you.

It was my privilege to go to a dear old couple of some seventy summers. The old man had cycled and rambled all over the northern counties: the home was full of books and although their house was one of the original weaver's houses used before the industrial revolution, it was lit in the large living room by strip lighting which the old folk found it better to read by. I learnt much of the local history from what was, I am sure, a true son of Yorkshire: he even came out in the rain to see me off on the right bus. Yes - seventy-two and still interested in all that is going on in his town and willing to put himself out for somebody he had never seen or heard of. What a lesson for us all.

One thing struck me with these Rover-Ranger programmes.

I feel they are in the main desirable, but I also want to put it to those organising such functions that we could, I am sure, get good advice from some of our co-ed experts before making up programmes. There is a vast difference in the Rovers and the Rangers outlooks, both from the point of age-grouping and in the mental sense. It seems to me that occasions when they are mixed together can produce some very difficult situations.

Our sister Movement takes a much more serious view of the everyday life to the happy go lucky "ain't life fun" attitude which seems to prevail in our section of the Movement and relations could become strained unless care is taken.. One more thing (maybe it's my more mellow outlook brought about by age), but I reckon by and large that the Ranger and her Officers of the present day are a great improvement from those I remember in the days of my youth: I might add in all respects. Time to change the subject!

With first of all an apology, it was Compton Bassett R.A.F. Crew and not Yatesbury that had such a good time at Frylands and apart from yarns from George Kelshaw ("Rover Rag's" editor) and Flt.-Lt. Dunstan on Rovering in the R.A.F., they tell me they did some felling work on the site. It is a good idea for Rovers to earn their keep by these camp site jobs. Are your Crew putting in a week-end or even a Sunday on your local site this winter? Put it in the programme. The Hertfordshire Rovers are still making headway and "roving comments" tells of their work at the Senior Scout camp and a letter of thanks from the A.C.C. Seniors. This is a sure way of getting to know the Seniors. We cannot do too much together: they are our future members Last month my own Crew judged a Senior Scout competition, a good turn to them, but almost a better one to us for the time spent planning it and the week-end working as a Crew does something to the spirit of your own fellows. Incidentally, this took place at Downe camp site and on the Sunday we were joined by the Orpington District Crew whose local knowledge helped us and thus another link was forged in the chain of brotherhood that binds all Rovers, and even if we never see them again we have many pleasant memories of our brief period of working together.

My old friend Stanley Brown the A.C.C. Rovers, Kent, has sent me his Rover Plan Competition for 1954-55. I liked the paragraph which said, "The competition's main intention is to give you a line of thought that can be developed in your Crew work as such it can be of help for your future programmes!" With the five headings and two subjects in each it will certainly provide much food for thought and activity. In my own District we have just produced our first District Competition on much the same lines and are very heartened by the response which is much greater than we had hoped for. Why not one for our District? It will find work for the winter months and a Crew banded together on such a project will be greatly strengthened in comradeship.

JACK SKILLEN

LETTERS TO A YOUNG ROVER - XII

DEAR DAVID,

This will be the last long letter I shall write to you, as you tell me you have been posted home. Your two years in the army must be nearly up, and you will soon be a "free man" again. I am glad that you are able to say that on the whole you don't regret your time in the army. I can tell from the tone of your letters that the adventure has done you much more good than harm, and that you are going to be a better citizen because of the experience you have gained.

All the same, I know that it will be a very happy day for you when you are once again "Mr. David" instead of "Corporal David." To the professional soldier I suppose the restrictions of army life are accepted as just part of his job, but to the civilian-in-uniform I know from experience how irksome they can be. All the more credit to you and your generation that you have accepted peace-time conscription so cheerfully, giving two years of your young lives, with remarkably few grumbles, to protect that very freedom that you surrender when you don Her Majesty's uniform.

The day when I myself returned to England for demobilisation, just before the Christmas of 1945, was one of the very happiest of my life. I had been nearly four years in the Middle East without any home leave, and I loved England with a great love as I saw her cliffs again from the deck of the cross-channel steamer that had brought us from Dieppe.

We went by train to Aldershot, and we had a wildish sort of party that night, a hectic, rather over-excited party, so that we woke next morning, the morning of the great day, with headaches. Silly of us, wasn't it?

Then came the formalities of demobilisation, and the parting from old friends whose full value was at last realised with the final handshake. Then I was free! No need any longer to wonder whether I was "properly dressed." No need any longer to look for Out of Bounds signs or to salute or return salutes in the streets. No need to get a late pass if I wanted to be out after ten o'clock..

It was a delightful feeling.

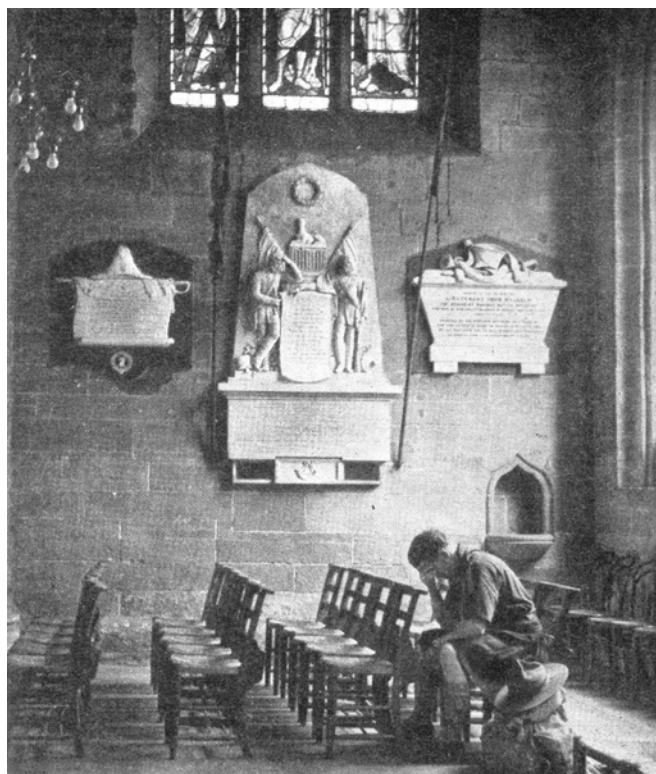
The day was pretty far spent when the formalities were concluded, and there was no hope of getting home the same evening, so I took a bus to Winchester and booked a room at a hotel there for the night, and then strolled round the ancient city, which was England's capital when London was only a town. After all those years of Alexandria and Cairo and Jerusalem and Beyrout and Aleppo it was a joy to see the familiar names over the English shops, to hear English voices and even to feel the drizzling English rain against my face.

The sky cleared as dusk fell and I took another bus out into the country, and walked between the bare winter hedgerows of an English lane. The smell of it was sweet to my nostrils, clean and fresh, and in a cottage garden was a smouldering bonfire of dead leaves, whose incense brought back memories of camp-fires in summer meadows. Winter would soon be past, and my heart was jubilant at the thought that next spring I could walk in these lanes once more, and look for the first primrose and violet and bluebell and ladysmock, and listen for the first cuckoo.

It was quite dark when I came to a tiny village, and from the square-towered Norman church came the sound of organ music. The organist was practising, and I pushed open the battered old oak door and sat down in a back pew of the dim-lit church.

I am a great believer, as I have told you before, in corporate worship, and it is good that two or three, or two or three hundred, should be gathered together to praise the Lord, but I sometimes think that a man gets nearest to God when he prays alone, and though I am myself a Free Churchman who worships with others in chapels of red brick, it is in the ancient village churches of the land that I best love to pray. God is surely there, and I always find comfort in the thought that for a thousand years men and women have come to pray for strength beneath that same old roof.

Past, present, and future seemed to mingle in the shadows of the tall grey pillars, and on that evening I thought of my country's long and noble history.



THE VIGIL

Of battles like Crecy and Agincourt and Blenheim and Trafalgar and Waterloo and Verdun and Dunkirk and El Alamein.

I thought, too, of her civil struggles, of old tyrannies overthrown, and a gradual victory through the long centuries over privilege and poverty and man's inhumanity to man; of Hampden who challenged a king, of Wilberforce who freed the black slaves and of Shaftesbury who freed the white ones. Of Florence Nightingale and Dr. Barnardo and our own Chief, of a thousand heroes, known and unknown, who gave their strength and their lives to make England a better place to live in.

I thought of the war newly won. My own part in it had been such a back-stage affair that I could allow myself to admire its heroes, the men of the Battle of Britain, the men of Anzio and Alamein and Arnhem, and the men who went down to the sea in ships.

I knew how tired the nation was, and foresaw heavy going for the next few years. I remembered how low national morale had been after the 1914-18 war, when England was like a weary giant, groping in the dark.

And in that little village church I prayed that I at least might play a worthy part in the years to be.

The road back to sanity for England has been even longer and harder than I expected. You were only a small boy when the war ended, so you won't realise quite how bad things were in those first few years after 1945. We seemed to have lost the habit of working hard, the "black market" was an open scandal, and crime increased by leaps and bounds. Shopkeepers were rude to their customers, and the customers were about as bad. Internationally our prestige sank to a new low level. It was not the fault of any particular political party, or of any particular section of the community. I think we were just all very tired after our six years of total war.

Just a few of our leaders in various walks of life kept their heads. Sir Winston Churchill was one, and Mr. Attlee another. With very different political points of view they still stood by the old standards, and kept their faith in Britain and her people, and this same spirit was shown by enough of the "ordinary folk" to gradually bring things round.

I always think Len Hutton typified the spirit of those who fought back. You will remember that in 1938 he made the biggest Test score in history, 354 against Australia at the Oval.

He was young and right at the top of his own particular tree. Then came the war, and on service he was involved in an accident to his right arm. It seemed that he would never bat again, for an operation resulted in his right arm being shorter than his left, thus completely destroying the balance of his stance.

Only Hutton himself can know the patient effort and courage that was needed to regain his old mastery, but he did it, and became a greater batsman than ever and captain of England.

A nation cannot fight two great wars and come out unscarred, and if you look round at your country and the world, and think that we older people have made rather a mess of things, don't be too hard on us. After all, we have passed on to the rising generation two great things that we did not have ourselves. First there is the United Nations Organisation, which, though still far from perfect, is the nearest this troubled world has yet come to a successful International Organisation for practical peace. Secondly, in this country, we have after many centuries of struggle evolved a social system which gives every child a fair chance of living a happy and useful life.

When I was your age I was fond of a poem by Sir Henry Newbolt, about a sermon he had heard in Clifton chapel.

"O Youth," the preacher was crying, "deem not thou
Thy life is thine alone;
Thou bearest the will of the ages, seeing how
They built thee bone by bone,
And within thy blood the Great Age sleeps sepulchred
Till thou and thine shall roll away the stone."

Your generation has the best chance that any generation ever had to build the Great Age. So have your merry party when you start life again as a free citizen, but then, at this great turning-point in your life, find a moment to go alone into some building that contains a Cross, and go down on your knees and pray that whatever life may do to you, God will give you strength all your days to be the best Scout that it is in you to be.

Yours ever,

A.D.C.

[End of series]

ROVER ADVISORY PANEL

At the meeting of the Committee of the Council on October 27th, the Rover Scout Advisory Panel was reconstituted to consider the whole question of Rover training and activities in detail and to recommend a practical scheme.

The Panel will consist of nine members with Power to co-opt additional members.

Those invited to serve on the Panel are:—

H. L. Mitchell, A.C.C.(R), W. Yorks
C. G. Oliver, A.C.C.(R), Birmingham
C. N. Potter, C.C., Middlesex.
I. B. Rodger, A.C.C.(T), Glasgow.
L. E. Stringer, H.Q. Commissioner for Senior Scouts.
W. H. Taylor, Field Commissioner.
R. F. Thurman, Camp Chief.
G. F. Witchell, Training Secretary.
and myself.

I hope that the first co-opted member will be an active and experienced Rover Scout Leader.

The Panel will welcome constructive suggestions and I hope that those who have good ideas on Rover Scouting will not hesitate to write to me.

ROBIN GOLD,

Acting Headquarters Commissioner for Rovers.

FURTHER CONFESSIONS OF A D.C.

THINGS I HAVE LEARNED - MOSTLY THE HARD WAY

That while there are obviously no monetary advantages or direct gains to be secured by being a Scouter, there are various indirect perquisites of a social and psychological nature.

That not every Scouter is in the Movement for the sake of a boy and his future.

That there is a case for all of us periodically to examine our motives for doing this thing.

That we can safely be perfectly honest with ourselves, because if we do not like what we see, we can put it right without anyone knowing.

That our motives are terribly important because people outside the Movement are examining them also before they decide to join us.

That many good Groups are run - not for the Glory of God - but for the glory of a Scouter.

That many Groups poor in external signs of success are rich in spirit.

That when all the talk is done and all the forms are filled and all the rules are kept - or broken, only one thing really matters at all - a handful of boys and a man they want to follow.

That while we may admire a man's strength it is his weaknesses which make him human and for which we are really grateful, because their existence excuses our own.

That none of us is too old or too wise to make complete fools of ourselves on occasion.

That, though this can be very painful, no great harm is done providing we have learned to laugh at ourselves.

That to laugh at ourselves, though difficult at times, is far less distressing than to hear others laughing at us, which is the only alternative.

That before interviewing any layman on a Scout matter we should spend ten minutes looking at the Movement with his eyes and from his background.

That what seems important to us may seem very trivial to the man next door.

That we are all largely untrained amateurs where boys are concerned, and, therefore, naturally objects of deep suspicion to the professionals.

That if tact is carried too far it can become a euphemism for moral cowardice.

That good leadership of a District does not consist of a ceaseless search for new stunts, however brilliant, but in quietly making the old things interesting to new men and new boys.

That the ceaseless search should be, not for stunts, but for MEN. That we shall be criticised whatever we do, so that we may as well do what we know to be right and damn the consequences.

MINOS.

TO KEEP YOU THINKING

The best things are nearest:

Breath in your nostrils.

Light in your eyes,

Flowers at your feet,

Duties at your hand.

The path of God lust before you.

Then do not grasp at the stars.

But do life's plain, common work as it comes,

Certain that daily duties and daily bread

Are the sweetest things of life.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS

XII - THE STAG

For size and magnificence the stag or male red deer has no rival among British land-dwelling animals. His splendid branching antlers and stately bearing give him a majestic appearance especially when he is in his prime at about twelve years of age. As a favourite beast of the chase he was jealously preserved for many centuries in the royal forests so that the king and his nobles could enjoy hunting him. Some of the Saxon monarchs imposed heavy fines on those who poached deer but things became much worse under the Norman dynasty when William the Conqueror increased the penalty to maiming and even death. It is not surprising that the ordinary commoners in bygone times had little love for the stag because the harsh forest laws forbade them to cut timber for building purposes or to take away brushwood for their fires. Almost any act that might interfere with the sporting rights of the Crown was illegal. At some time or other you may have seen stags in parks and enclosures grazing peacefully with the females, or hinds as they are called.

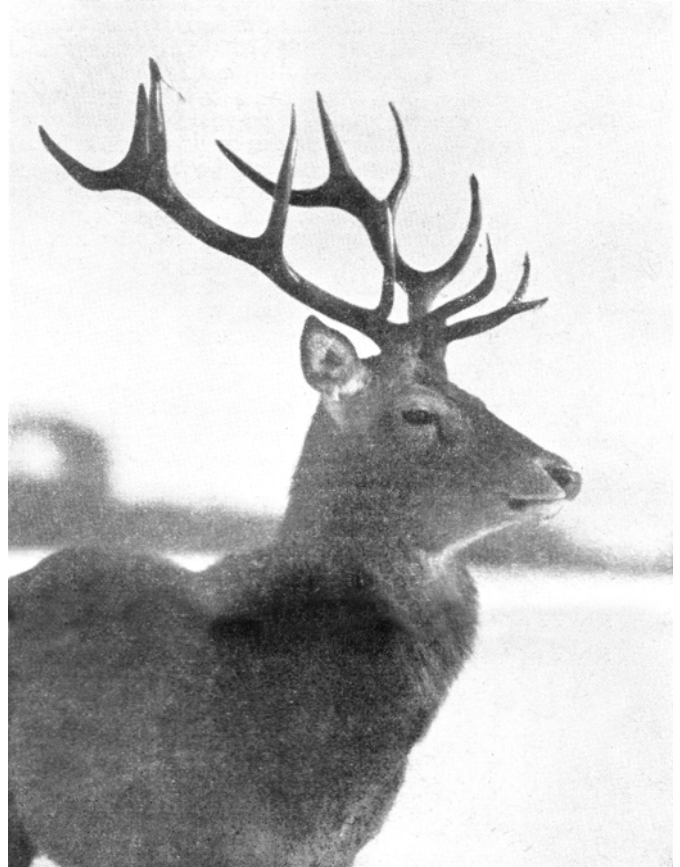
However impressive they may look these well-fed semi-tame specimens never give me the same thrill as the sight of a genuinely wild herd in natural surroundings such as the heather-clad combs of Exmoor, the fells of the Lake District or the remote glens of the Scottish highlands. One really needs to watch deer at full liberty to appreciate them properly because then you have to use all the skill of a practised stalker if you want to get close to the animals. They are shy creatures and unless you move slowly and cautiously upwind there is always the risk that they will catch a whiff of your scent and move off before you are able to study them. But it is much more rewarding to achieve your object after a long and perhaps tedious stalk instead of merely gazing at a herd behind a fence.

In these days there are not many places apart from those I have just mentioned where you can expect to find red deer in a wild state. There are some in Wiltshire and the northern parts of the New Forest and others in East Anglia and Ireland, but it is doubtful whether they are pure descendants of ancient native stock. From time to time fresh blood has been introduced and in some areas park-bred specimens have escaped and joined the wild herds. In Scotland and Exmoor the inhabitants will tell you proudly that their deer are untainted with alien blood but it really makes no difference one way or the other because all European red deer belong to the same species.

This may seem somewhat surprising at first sight if you compare some of the large-bodied park stags, which often have huge antlers, with wild Scottish specimens whose bodies and antlers are usually inferior in size. These differences are probably the results of climate and feeding. A plentiful diet in captivity makes stags very large and their antlers then develop more points or "tines," whereas a wild stag that has to depend on what food he can find for himself seldom attains the same body weight or grows the magnificent antlers of an artificially fed animal. A wild twelve-pointer or "royal" is a fine beast, but in captivity a stag may have as many as twenty points and there is one record of a British forty-eight pointer. Incidentally the stags that inhabited Britain in prehistoric times all had enormous antlers, which rather suggests that they enjoyed better living conditions than their wild descendants do today.

Stags shed their antlers every year in spring but it is not an easy job to find them in thick heather or undergrowth. I once saw an Exmoor stag cast an antler in a sheep-track and, knowing that he was likely to lose the other one soon afterwards, I spent several hours following the direction he had taken. Luck was against me that day but next morning, while I was going over the ground again, I met a shepherd carrying the second antler which he told me he had found lying in a thorn bush. Needless to add he was looking for the one I had already picked up! I badly wanted to make up my pair and we soon settled the matter by purchase, but the old shepherd was shrewd enough to realise that his trophy had an inflated value for me!

The stag's new antlers grow during the summer months and are covered with a soft substance called "velvet" which consists of hair, skin and blood vessels.



It seems to cause much irritation especially in hot weather when blood-sucking flies swarm over it, and the stag continually rubs his antlers against his back after the velvet has hardened in order to relieve the unpleasant itch. The covering gradually wears off and disappears during August after which the stag is said to be "clean."

Apart from the rutting season the sexes live mainly in separate herds and the hind gives birth to her calf (usually only one) in some sheltered place during late May or June. Its coat is dark brown and has a covering of white spots on back and flanks. These markings camouflage the calf extremely well and make it almost invisible as it lies in the heather or bracken. I once spent twenty minutes searching a small area of ground after hearing a feeble bleat and I only managed to find the calf in the end because it happened to move its head slightly.

Stags are polygamous animals and at the end of September, when the rut begins, you can hear them roar their challenge to each other. During this period there is considerable excitement and the stags spend much of their time fighting for supremacy and chivvying the hinds into harems. The largest and strongest stags always collect the biggest following but while two rivals are having a sparring match a young male will often slip in among the hinds and round a few of them off for himself. They seem to take the whole thing very meekly and will accept any suitor who manages to reach them. The main rutting season lasts for about six to eight weeks; at the end of it the master stags, now thoroughly exhausted, leave the hinds but mixed herds continue to be found until early in the following year.

MICHAEL BLACKMORE

FIRST ATTEMPT

Are you tired of life? Feel that no one wants you? Don't know what to do with a spare Saturday?

If you are, and if you also wish to lose a little weight, don't take a Turkish bath, take a Pack of Wolf Cubs out for the day instead.

It all began when, as we were journeying home from the local Cub sports, one of the Pack informed me that some more Cubs were getting on the bus. There were in fact forty-eight of them. I spotted the Akela who came up the bus and informed me that they were from Leicester and that they were hunting the Abominable Snowman in Nottingham. We were only together for a further five minutes, but before we said good-bye, I had promised that our Pack would visit the Leicester group in their home town - the programme to be arranged by them.

It wasn't until I reached home that the full significance of my rash promise smote me. Akela worked on Saturdays and I should have to take them alone - a thing I had never attempted before.

Thus it was that the second Saturday in September found me rising at a most unearthly hour in preparation for a trip to Leicester. I must admit to very mixed feelings at the prospect and the number one article to be packed in my haversack was a first-aid outfit.

Family chores having to be completed first, it was with very little time to spare that I tore into my uniform and bolted down the road.

Mercifully I caught a passing bus, the short rest thus provided giving me time to regain my breath if not my composure.

Gathered in an excited group at our arranged meeting-place were fourteen Cubs. As I stepped off the bus I was greeted with such a yell of welcome as caused every head in the bus to swivel in my direction.

Some kind soul had presented each of the Cubs with a bag of potato crisps. so our journey began with a great munching and crackling. Of course the inevitable happened. Arriving at the station we simply had to have one Cub too many or one ticket too few, a friendly Rover Scout collected another ticket and offered his services on the journey.

The train when it arrived was full. We crowded into the corridor, strategically placing those Cubs with a pre-warned tendency to travel sickness near the windows. Meanwhile I dished out barley sugar squares and crossed my fingers tightly.

Reaching Leicester we fell in with the Pack who were our hosts and proceeded along Holy Bones Road which skirted a cemetery. The significance was wholly lost on the Pack who were busy keeping both eyes open for an ice-cream cart.

We spent the morning in a wonderful museum. A nerve-wracking experience for me though, as the Cubs seemed extremely keen on climbing the legs of an enormous stuffed giraffe which stood at the head of the staircase. The curator must have been as relieved as I was when we made our departure.

A thunderstorm interrupted our picnic dinner which we were enjoying in the middle of a large field. By the time we reached shelter some of the Cubs were extremely wet but they managed to raise a cheer on our arrival at the fire station which was our next port of call. Here, to say that a good time was had by all, would be an understatement. From trying on the firemen's hats to a demonstration of the squad sliding down the large brass pole in the corner; the only thing barred was the ringing of the bell. I trembled inwardly for its safety.

My feet ached long before any of the Cubs had even begun to think of tea, but when they did they certainly moved.

Tea was to be had in a local park where I saw to my secret horror, a pond.

However, being an optimist by nature, a swimmer by choice, and a nurse by profession I was prepared to ignore its proximity.

I was just raising a longed-for cup of tea to my lips when the cry went up "Jimmie's fallen in!" It would be Jimmie. I thought. Jimmie being that sort of a child. As it turned out Jimmie had only put one leg in. to see if the water was wet I suppose.

We caught the train home with only two minutes to spare and I began to feel light-hearted for the first time that day. The barley sugar cubes went the rounds once more and although one or two of the Cubs looked rather white, there were no casualties.

For some unknown reason, one of the Seconds decided that when we reached our own station he was going to spend his bus fare home and walk the two miles instead.

The rest of the Pack took up the idea with glee, but I had had enough.

Digging in my heels, I refused to allow them to carry out this plan and pandemonium reigned. We rode home.

The success of the outing may be judged by the fact that the following week saw the arrival of nine would-be recruits to the Pack meeting.

J. HAYWARD.



SPECIAL PACK MEETING: VII “SANTA’S WORKSHOP”

Poor old Santa Claus has gone sick just before Christmas! This means that lots of children will have empty stockings unless something can be done about it. A Cub Good Turn is obvious. Therefore the Pack is asked to give up this Pack Meeting to doing what they can for Santa Claus!

First there are stockings to fill. Each Six is provided with the same number of small parcels, which are placed in a chalk circle beside each team. A stocking is hung on a chair - one for each team - and the Cubs have to race up in turn, bringing one parcel at a time (like a potato race) and stuffing it into the stocking until all are used up. First Sixer to bring stocking to Akela wins points for his Six.

Now the stockings must be delivered down various chimneys. Each Six makes itself up into a reindeer team. Large piece of cardboard for sledge - paper reins (paper chains, if liked). Give them time to fix themselves up. The Sixer should lead the team, which consists of the rest of the Six in twos, with the front two holding the reins. To the back pair is attached the “sledge” by means of tapes or string, and this must be guided by the Second, who brings up the rear. When ready, the stockings are placed on the sledges, and the teams have to jog-trot once round the Pack Den (not breaking their reins!) and then drop off, each at its own Six Corner (the “Chimney”). The smallest Cub in each Six will now descend the Chimney with the stocking - the rest can follow - through legs astride, as in the game “Skinning the Snake.”

After distributing the stockings it is discovered that Santa Claus is still short of toys. So the Six Corners now become workshops, and the Cubs are allowed to undo the stockings and see what the parcels contain. If Akela has been sufficiently painstaking and ingenious, these parcels will be found to contain sets of material for toy making, wrapped up bit by bit, i.e. matchboxes, odd cotton reels, paints or crayons, pair of scissors, some tubes of seccotine, small box of pins, bits of cardboard and paper, tinsel, odd feathers, corks, or what have you! Do not forget to provide material for wheels.

Sixes are now given time to see what little model or models they can make between them, and then the Old Wolves decide which are the best.

As an alternative to this, the Old Wolves could produce a small Christmas tree, and provide the Cubs with suitable materials for making simple decorations. Cardboard shapes covered with silver paper look very effective, and these have to be pierced through with a thread, so that they can be hung on the tree - this giving the Cubs some needle-threading practice.

After the best toys have been sufficiently admired, or the tree decorated, there will be no time to make anything more for Santa Claus, but each Cub is given a slip of paper on which to write the name of a toy or gift that sounds nice for a Christmas present. These are all put in a “sack” and the Pack sits in a circle while one paper at a time is pulled - going round all the Cubs. Whatever the Cub reads on his paper he must act in dumb show for the rest to guess!

After this, while they are still seated, there might be time for a short pow-wow between the Pack and the Old Wolves, as to the final destination of the toys or the Christmas tree. The Cubs should be encouraged to have ideas on this. You are sure to find that someone knows a sick friend, or there may be a member of the Pack away ill, or a children’s home, or local hospital where the offerings (if well enough up to standard) would be welcome.

Here again, let the Cubs judge, and see which model or set of decorations is voted the best, and give the makers a good cheer. Another thing to decide will be - who shall take the gifts? (Santa Claus being laid up!) It is good to talk such matters over with one’s Cubs, and all helps to foster that happy family feeling which is the foundation of a good Pack.

A. M. DOUGLAS.

AKELA BY ACCIDENT



My first Friday evening in the slumbering village of H - ,where it can be so quiet one expects the grass to grow on the streets, was not without considerable event. The windows suddenly rattled madly, doors dithered, yells and whoops shattered the stilly night. Rushing to view the cause of such extraordinary happenings in my new abode, I saw hordes of green horrors bounding up the street. One of my sons shouted “Cubs, Mum, I’m off,” and left me weakly crying “Come back, come back, you’ll be hurt!”

At 9.30 p.m. a weary soul, black from head to foot, tottered over the tattered doormat. I was told a super time was had by all, exploring the cellars by candlelight under the wooden floor of the den.

This interesting feature was practised assiduously each following Friday, much to my despair of clothing ruined, and ever-mounting bills for tins of Vim applied in no uncertain manner to knees and hands.

Deciding upon investigation, I learned the Scouter of this Pack was in the throes of newly wedded bliss, and wife, disapproving of hubby’s Scouting absences, had tightened the screws. So much so, poor chap had to take the poodle for a little walkie to enable him to converse on the street comer with his Sixers - hence the Cubs were running themselves, completely amuck.

Well, well, what must he do? Wondered if I could help, as had heard rumours of a Guider who was also a mother of four, and about to take a hand. I tentatively offered occasional help, having varied visions of sitting cosily on a Committee or something, supping tea and keeping a wary eye on offspring. The following Friday, I tiptoed secretly to the den. The paralytic phase then intervened at the sight of so many young ‘uns all with the devil of a glint in their eye!

I frantically bethought myself of youth in the Girl Guides, and could only envisage the red warmth of campfire and the roasting indigestible objects of food. By this time, my knees were none too steady, and frantically I grabbed The Wolf Cub’s Handbook off the table, and retired amongst the rumpus to take a bite or two.

I gathered I was now regarded as an Old Wolf; decided to keep that one dark from the husband, who no doubt would echo feelingly “Hear, hear.” This was not all. A couple of days later an imposing character arrived on the doorstep. He called himself a D.C.; of course, knowing what I know now of D.C.s I should never have let him in! Oh, the blarney of the man; for by the time he had left I was hooked for good and all.

Uniform followed swiftly, badges in wrong places, to the accompaniment of cutting remarks from sons to the effect: “You aren’t going out in it, are you?” Proceeding then to do their good turn by ministering unto Pa who was by this time prostrate on the hearthrug with shock.

Three months later I found myself literally down in the Grand Howl, laddered nylons and all, on a prelim. course.

Following that, with much trepidation, Gilwell bound, after discreet enquiries whether to pack a swimsuit, and a cocktail dress for evenings. I survived Gilwell after a week’s solid sleep to aid recovery and digestion.

“Ah! but,” say my least understanding friends, “whatever do you get out of it all? Why, you are not even paid.”

I can but answer and truthfully, a worthwhile interest outside the home, new friends, lots of fun, and at least one night a week guaranteed to cure insomnia.

E. M. S.

DEAR EDITOR

Scouting Today

DEAR EDITOR,

That's the question all thinking Scouters are asking to-day.

Conferences are being held, Scouters are talking, everybody has an answer, but what is being done?

I have been back in active Scouting four years, and all I have heard is, "We must do something, we are losing the boys." I have heard that "they" are doing something. Well, "they" are a long while working things out. Still we are losing the boys.

What's lacking? - the "do"?

Let's consider things:

Firstly, we are told that boys of today are older than they were; we are also told they have more enquiring minds, and want more technical interests. As it is discussed it is said that the present-day boys have no initiative, have no interest in making their own enjoyment, and are far different from the chaps who were the 1935-45 vintage.

What are the facts? I'm a policeman, one whose job it is to patrol and work a new housing area, where there are thousands of boys. What do they do?

As far as I can see they

1. Have to pretend;
2. Try to light fires;
3. Go out to the open, the open golf course and forget the straight, new clean streets;
4. Climb trees, make dens, love being in gangs and scrumping apples;
5. Collecting decorations of all sorts, play footer, look for a leader.

What are their interests? They know more about aeroplanes than I shall ever know; they have motorcars, films, and space ships. They also have adventures, insects, field life, ponds and pools. (Look what we've found, mister!)

They have no thought of fear, damage to other people's property; they desire to help as much as they can. They have to show off!

What does all this lead to? Surely this: boys are no different now than when I was a boy. Those who have greater service in the Movement can add it up: were we any different from the 1925-35 vintage?

Do you remember the gold cords, the red and white, the green and yellow, the Bushman's Thong, the good Troops and the bad Troops? Why is it always said, "When we were in the Troop it was good"? Why do so many Scouters say, "When we had the old gang, you should have seen us!"? Well, why?

May I suggest the reason.

B.-P.'s Scouting was a boy's game - boys ran it, boys planned it, boys played it. *Scouters* were a second thought, a confidant, a leader, a bailer out of troubles.

Present-day Scouting is a man's game - Scouters run it, Scouters plan it. Boys are second thoughts, and now the Scouter is a thinker for all and afraid of trouble. So what is the result? The loss of *fun* for the boy; the loss of initiative for the boy; the loss of Scouting for Boys and boys for Scouting.

Can we go back? Let the boy run the game, let the badges fit the boy (*not some fanciful idea of a boy*), let them get out, let them light fires, let them cook, let them become self-sufficient, let them become local gangs. Let's get back to B.-P. Let it be Scouting for Boys.

LIONEL S. POPE,
A.C.M. 9th Gosport.

DEAR EDITOR,

Some long time ago, you suggested to ~The Luck of the Month~ some of the reasons why boys join or leave the Movement. I feel that you hit most of the right nails on the head. A 'ears experience here, in what is admittedly a rather restricted boarding-school group, has taught me that it is vital to keep the goal of First Class in the minds of the boys from the moment they are invested. And so, First Class is our target and Second Class only a stepping-stone. When I took over this Group (from a Scouter who had not been able to give as much time to the Movement as he might have wished), it was by no means exceptional to have an almost 100 per cent turnover of boys each school year.

I found that they had had next to no opportunities for making progress (of the three boys who had Second Class, two had gained it in a previous Troop), and all I had to do was to provide guidance and the opportunities for progress which they had lacked. Result? We hardly lose a boy: we have doubled our numbers and have had to institute a waiting list; and we have a good proportion of First Class Scouts. Moreover we are in the peculiar position of having more boys over 15 than under Senior age despite the fact that all boys, whether Scouts or not, belong to the Cadet Corps. All this is the result of setting an ideal (and not an impossible one at that) on which each boy has set his heart and which many have achieved already.

I hope that someone will take up John Thurman's suggestion of some months back that Scouters be allowed to keep a stock of the commoner badges, as I must agree with you that nothing is more discouraging for a boy than to be kept waiting for a badge which he has earned. This may be more depressing to him, in fact, than to be kept waiting for an examiner.

There have been many suggestions recently for revising the First and Second Class tests: but what about the present badge system? There are a few odd things to be found here. Isn't it a pity that a boy who earns a hobbies badge as a printer should find no Senior equivalent to encourage him to pursue this excellent activity? And where does a prospective horseman find a draught horse? Knowing how to harness a draught horse in single and double harness might be more in place in the Farmer's Badge: one can certainly be a proficient rider without knowing that!

PETER LOW, S.J.

S. M., Stonyhurst College.

DEAR EDITOR,

If it is any help to any Cub or Scout to enjoy his Scouting as much as I did, good luck to them - for I was one of the very fortunate ones who came by a very early edition of Scouting for Boys when barely Cub age and formed a Patrol of Boy and Girl Scouts - the Stags - and tried Scouting (as far as our youth permitted!) under the guidance of B.-P.'s world-famous book. It trained us to look out for adventure - the solemn making of the Promise to each other, to the Patrol under a weeping ash tree!

For naturally we were unofficial and had no SM. or badges, but a purple Patrol scarf sufficed! And in due course, when we had amassed the vast sum of 1s. 4d. out of a 1d. a week (there always seemed to be family birthdays which delayed the reaching of the desired sum, but it was an unwritten rule that we were not allowed to ask for anything towards it - a Scout did not beg!), a Scout belt, and by later saving (or if one had a birthday), a large heavy clasp knife which cost 7d. but was more precious than gold. (How I wish one rule could be deleted from P.O.R. that Cubs don't carry knives - or that "sheath" knives be forbidden, or better still, to be positive - a Cub carries a clasp knife! I'm always wanting them in the Pack to carve potatoes, make boats and rafts, bows and arrows . . .)

And what real Scouts we imagined ourselves when hearing a cat mewling December, 1954 urgently we saw a terrified kitten on the guttering of a fiat roof. We summoned the Patrol and making a chain from a second-floor window across the roof, hung on to each other's ankles and the two youngest (either seven and six or six and five!) in the room manfully held an ankle each and rescued the kitten - we felt we'd really been Scouts! Added adventure was creeping past the nursery door, for we did not think nurse would approve of taking all the Patrol upstairs, and think the expedition much too dangerous. Those days often make me wonder whether what we offer Cubs today is not too wishy-washy.

I remember a genuine shock I got when a C.M. - a good one too, full of fun - alluded to the Observer's Badge as the Nature Study Badge. In our Pack we look upon it as the Explorer's Badge. Every other year we use it as the basis of our summer six months' training and between whiles much of the other training hinges on it. Home Craft we look at from the point of view of pioneering. When we are Scouts and go to camp or a World Jamboree we shall not want' to take our mother or sister with us to mend our stockings and sew on our buttons; we must be able to be a credit to our Group by keeping our scarf O.K. and wash and iron it if we have had to use it as a sling, etc.

More Heresies

DEAR EDITOR,

I was rather astonished to read Jock Neish's article on uniform in your October issue of THE SCOUTER. Being one of his so-called types of Commissioner who likes to be seen at the head of a smart body of boys, I feel I am qualified to reply. Fortunately the article is only his opinion.

I have always taught and always will teach that a person who is sloppy outside is sloppy inside and very much so. Pride in oneself is one of the first ways of teaching a boy self-restraint, self-discipline, and all the rest of the fundamentals which we try to get into him.

What a lot of twaddle about "ceremonial dress." It isn't ceremonial dress to be neat, clean and smart, that is all we ask. The "Christmas Tree" uniform is one of the things we are against. To me his article is just a pile of petty excuses put up on behalf of the scruffy types.

For one point, he has seized on that odd and fairly infrequent type I'm sure who carries the thing too far. Here I refer to his reference about the chaps who cannot cross the road for a swim when in camp without putting on full uniform. Every sensible Scouter, and I am sure I refer to the majority, uses his "common."

I think we should follow the lead of our Chief. Let's be smart inwardly and outwardly, lack of good strong honest-to-goodness discipline is the root of half of the troubles of our present-day world. Away with sloppiness!

There is a time and a place for everything. Let us keep that as our maxim and all the arguments of Jock Neish fall to bits. We do not wear our best suits to go gardening, but we do to go to Chapel or Church. The same applies to Scout uniform. Working clothes for working in and best clothes for "parade." It is Jock Neish who is being illogical - the public do judge us on our appearance. Few know of the work being done and our appearance is the only way they can judge us.

The core of the Movement are very ordinary boys *but* we are teaching them to be better. Let us remember that always, and it is not old-fashioned to say that the boy does not always know what is best for him. He doesn't like his face being washed, etc., but that doesn't mean he should not.

I have a suspicion that Jock is one of those "all covered in glory boys" who likes to come staggering home covered in sweat, toil, and blood as the hero of the piece (with his band so attired to prove it).

GEORGE DUNKERLEY,
D.C., Farsley

What would you do C(hu)M?

DEAR EDITOR,

My wife and I are A.C.M. and C.M. respectively. In January 1955 our little boy comes of Cub age.

Should we, in fairness to him, have him in our own Pack? Would he enjoy his Cubbing under his own parents? Would he be susceptible to the tag of "favourite" from the other Cubs?

Perhaps one of your readers could help with advice.

E. F. SHARR,
28th Belfast Group.

Proficiency Badges

DEAR EDITOR,

One sentence in the report of the Fourth National Conference puzzled me. Martyn Lamb, speaking on Cubbing, is reported referring to badges, "have you got them ready for immediate presentation when the badge is passed?"

How is this to be achieved when the L.A. Badge Secretary requires the signed certificate before issuing the badge?

LEONARD HILLIER,
S.M., 1st Hatfield Peveler.

When our first House Orderly Badge was presented, I heard a muttered comment "how sissy" from someone. That was soon changed, by remembering how the then King George VI had kept his exhausted gun crew going during the Battle of Jutland by brewing them mugs of cocoa, which he had learned to do as a boy. The Scout gets better and better, it is more and more adventurous - even the serious bits! and that is what we need, to find adventure in the pursuit of the good things, the worthwhile things of life.

The competitions are good, making it more worth while for Cubs, and many more Cubs read it. It will do its bit towards inspiring them to go on to Scouts. I am sure no Cub who was a reader of The Scout could fail to wish to go on through Scouting. Even the Mums may get used to hearing "when I'm a Scout..." and realise long before the time comes that it is inevitable in spite of the "calls of school" and the later hours.

I do hope the unavoidable increase in price of The Scout will not mean less boys will take it. Christmas is coming and there are birthdays, and it would be grand to have a Christmas present that went on coming all the year round. It is obvious in some Groups that the Patrol System is merely an artificial splitting of the Troop, not the live thing B.-P. meant it to be and that The Scout will help the boys to create!

E. HARROWING,

A.D.C. and 1st Sandringham.

To Keep you Thinking

DEAR EDITOR

Not long ago I listened to a sermon on the text of the centurion who said, "I am a man under authority" and I heard the preacher quote these words, which he told me afterwards are taken from Professor John Baillie's Invitation to Pilgrimage.

"I cannot recall a time in my life when I was free to do as I pleased. Always there were external interferences, compulsions, vetoes, thus-fars and no-furtheres.

"I never supposed that it was merely a case of my father's or my mother's will being pitted against my will: still less of their power being pitted against my weakness. I knew they had a right to ask of me what they did, and that I had no right to refuse what they asked. That is, I knew that what they desired of me was right, and that my contrary desire was wrong. But I knew also that their desiring it did not make it right, that they desired it because it was already right independently of their desire. In other words I somehow sensed that my parents were under the same constraint that they were so diligent in transmitting to me....

"Actually, the way my father himself lived, and the kind of being he was, exercised over me a more powerful and lasting constraint than all his spoken words of command."

The relationship implied between the boy and his parents seems to me to be so very much what should exist between Scout and Scouter that I trust you may find room to print this extract in the hope that it may be of service to others.

JAMES ELLIOTT,
A/D.C.C. Kent.

DEAR EDITOR,

In addition to the World Jamboree in 1951 to celebrate the centenary of B.-P.'s birth, there will be undoubtedly other tributes to help perpetuate the memory of the Founder of our Movement.

In this connection, may I, Sir, suggest the composition of "The Boy Scouts' March Past" by one of our leading musicians, for use on really special occasions, e.g. St. George's Day Parade at Windsor Castle or a Rally with the Chief Scout taking the salute, etc.

At the National Parade of Queen's Scouts at Windsor, the contingents are led by one of the finest military bands in the world, and as the parade is played through the Quadrangle for the salute, how much more appropriate it would be if those proudly marching Queen's Scouts were accompanied by their own "March Past."

W. A. SAUL,
G.S.M., 10th Peterborough.

NOTES AND NEWS

DECEMBER PHOTOGRAPHS

This month's cover is by Han of Kandersteg and shows the Bliimlisalp, Kandersteg, Switzerland. It is reproduced by kind permission of the Service de Publicite du Chemin de Fer, Berne - Loetschberg - Simplon.

THE WARINGTON BADEN-POWELL TROPHY RACES

In the October issue the winners of these trophies were incorrectly named. The winner of the Senior Trophy was S. Penman and the winner of the Junior Trophy was P. Foster, both of the 1st Surbiton (St. Mark's) Group.

SCOUT CANOE CRUISE, 1955

The next National Scout Canoe Cruise will be on the River Wye, from Glasbury to Monmouth, during the week August 13th to 20th, 1955. The organiser and leader will again be Percy Blandford (A.C.C. (Training), Warwickshire). This part of the Wye is probably the finest canoeing water in the country, with clear water, fine scenery and a natural flow which offers occasional exciting, though not dangerous, rapids. This will be the fourth time that the cruise has been on the Wye, but it is worth any number of return visits.

The cruise is open to members of any section of the Movement providing they are over 14 on the date of the cruise, can swim at least 50 yards, and are able to provide their own canoe or hire one. The cruise works in Patrols, each under a Scouter, with a staff Patrol of experts. Scouters and Rovers are welcomed, but most of them will be expected to accept a job on the cruise. In the past most boys have come as individuals, but some Senior Patrols have come as complete units, and this is worth considering in place of the annual camp.

Further details and application form may be obtained from "Canoe Cruise," Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1. The leader will also be glad to receive offers of help from Scouters.

I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS FOR JANUARY 1955

4th	Student Scout and Guide Conference	Col. J. E. Wilson
15th/16th	Scouters' and Wives Conference, Bournemouth	R. S. Thomas
29th	East Glamorgan Annual Dinner	F. H. J. Dahl

AWARDS FROM 1st SEPTEMBER TO 6th OCTOBER, 1954 "CORNWELL SCOUT" CERTIFICATE.

W. E. Coles, Wolf Cub, 1st Towcester.

"In recognition of his high standard of character and devotion to duty."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (MERITORIOUS CONDUCT).

C. D. Corner, SM., 1st Porlock.

"In recognition of his courage and fortitude under great suffering."

SILVER CROSS.

D. Slowley, Rover Scout, 99th Bristol (Cabot).

"In recognition of his gallantry and perseverance in attempting to swim to shore and bring help to the other members of the crew of a boat which was swamped about one mile out in the Bristol Channel. Despite a strong current and tide race he completed three quarters of the distance before being picked up, 29th August, 1954."

GILT CROSS.

D. D. D'Arcy, Scout, St. Oswald's (109th Loyolas), Accrington.

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a child from drowning, Ewbank Lodge, Accrington, 14th August, 1954."

D. C. Giddings, Scout, 6th Barry (All Saints).

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving from drowning a girl who was being swept out to sea, Cold Knap, Barry, 31st August, 1954."

K. Powell, Patrol Leader, 7th Bolton.

"In recognition of his gallantry in rescuing his father from drowning in a quarry, Bolton, 8th August, 1954."

F. R. Pearse, Troop Leader, 1st Aldergrove.

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving from drowning a Scout who was overcome by cramp, Shone's Castle Estate, Co. Antrim, 4th July, 1954."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GALLANTRY).

P. Senior, Scout, 15th Ilford (St. Andrews).

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in saving a boy from drowning in the Swimming Baths, Ilford, 24th April, 1954."

SILVER ACORN.

D. W. Luke, Colony Commissioner, Hong Kong.

"In recognition of his specially distinguished services to the Scout Movement."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT.

London. - G. H. A. McNetly, G.S.M., 5th Balham and Tooting (Lady Downes Own); Mrs. K. Skillen, CM., 7th Balham and Tooting (Central Hall), D.C.M., Batham and Tooting.

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

MEDAL OF MERIT.

Cambridgeshire. - W. G. Hay, Chairman, March and District; D. Richmond, A.D.C., March and Dittit.

Devon. - R. W. Castle, S.M., 5th Torquay (Ellacombe), A.D.C. (Senior Scouts), No. 14 District.

Hampshire. - Miss F. F. Hardcastle, formerly C.M., 1st Burley and A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), New Forest (West); S. D. Quin, G.S.M., 22nd Southampton, A.D.C. (Scouts), Southampton (West); Mrs. M. White, C.M., 18th Southampton (Maybush).

Hertfordshire. - H. Moreton, G.S.M., 21st S.W. Herts (Watford), Hon. Warden, Well End Training Ground.

Kent. - J. W. Skinner, G.S.M., 1st Sutton.

Lancashire North West. - W. Thompson, G.S.M., 6th Barrow-in-Furness (St. Mark's).

Lancashire South East. - G. C. Hambleton, G.S.M., 5th Chadderton (St. Luke's).

London. - S. T. Comber, CM., 5th Balham and Tooting (Lady Downes Own); F. C. Greenaway, SM(S), 7th Balham and Tooting (Central Hall).

Middlesex. - F. V. Hawkey, D.C., Brentford and Chiswick; J. W. Shardlow, Hon. Treasurer, Brentford end Chiswick.

Nottinghamshire. - W. H. Cooper, A.C.C. (Senior Scouts); F. Cutting, A.C.C.

Surrey. - W. R. H. Sharman, G.S.M., 4th Surbiton (Ajax).

Warwickshire. - Rev. F. G. Clarke, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs, enilworth and Leamington District).

Wales.

Glamorgan West. - B. W. Bryant, S.M., 5th Neath (Bryncoch).

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

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GOOD SERVICES).

London. - H. B. Bravery, formerly Hon. Secretary, East Ham.

"In recognition of his good services to the Scout Movement."

SINGAPORE OVERSEAS BRANCH OF THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION

SILVER ACORN.

Canon R. K. S. Adams, formerly Chief Commissioner, Singapore; Dato Syed A. M. Alsagoff, Headquarters Commissioner for Malay Groups, Singapore; N. F. G. Scharenguivel, Assistant Chief Commissioner, Singapore.

"In recognition of their specially distinguished services to the Scout Movement."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT.

M. Chong, Assistant Hon. Secretary, Singapore.

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

MEDAL OF MERIT.

Dennis Goh Chin Chye, A.D.C., Singapore (South Western District); W. E. Meyer, D.C., Singapore (Northern District); Data C. I. Puglar, President, Singapore (Eastern District); S. G. Pillay, President, Singapore (Northern District); Boon Hak Tan, G.S.M., 6th Singapore (Northern District); Mansur bin Haji Fadzal, A.D.C., Singapore.

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

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GOOD SERVICES).

S. Kanapathy Mudaliar, S.M., 33rd Singapore (Eastern District).

"In recognition of his good services to the Scout Movement."

AWARDS FROM 7th OCTOBER TO 3rd NOVEMBER, 1954

"CORNWALL SCOUT" BADGE

H. A. Wiggins, Senior Scout, 10th Enfield (Baptist).

"In recognition of his high standard of character and devotion to duty under great suffering."

GILT CROSS

L. J. Booth, Scout, 35th Fulham (St. Thomas of Canterbury).

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a Scout from being swept away in the River Dart, Buckfast Abbey, Devon, 4th August, 1954."

J. M. Briggs, D. R. Cooper, G. Crowther, Rover Scouts, 12th Spen Valley.

"In recognition of their gallantry in rescuing a man from drowning in the sea and attempting to recover the body of another man. All were specially commended by the Coroner for their action in venturing into waters which they knew to be extremely dangerous, Filey, 26th August, 1954."

R. W. Dent, Patrol Leader, 13th Poplar.

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a woman and her baby from drowning after their boat had been in collision with a river steamer, Maiden-head, 7th June, 1954."

LESTER OF COMMENDATION (GALLANTRY)

W. Gleeson, R. Taylor, Wolf Cubs, Guardian Angels, Castle Bromwich (189th Birmingham, East).

"In recognition of their prompt action and presence of mind in rescuing a child who had fallen into an open Swimming Pool, Whitwick, Leicestershire, 18th August, 1954."

SILVER WOLF

G. P. Yendoll, County Commissioner, East Glamorgan.

"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character to the Scout Movement in East Glamorgan over a period of 25 years."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT

Suffolk. - H. B. Newman, A.D.C., Sudbury and District.

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

MEDAL OF MERIT

Cheshire East. - F. Higginson, CM., 1st Reddish.

Gloucestershire. - G. Crichton, A.D.C.(Scouts), Cheltenham, formerly G.S.M., 16th Balbam and Tooting.

Hampshire. - Capt. C. W. Bryan, T.D., D.C., New Forest (West); L. R. Durrant, B.A.(Lond.), Hon. Secretary, Christchurch and District.

Lancashire North West. - A. Greenwood, G.S.M., 24th Blackpool; D. R. Holmes, C.M., 3rd Blackpool, D.C.M., Blackpool and District; J. Meredith, G.S.M., 3rd Poulton (St. Chad's).

Lancashire South East. - R. V. Fletcher, R.S.L., 5th Eccles (1st Monton); A. B. F. Thomson, S.M., 1st Partington.

Lancashire South West. - G. Sumner, SM., Chorley, All Saints.

London. - Miss J. L. Crouchman, C.M., 2nd Stoke Newington (St. Mary's), A.D.C.(Wolf Cubs), Stoke Newington; W. G. Endell, G.S.M., 2nd Stoke Newington (St. Mary's), D.S.M., Stoke Newington; G. T. Mann, R.S.L., 1st Stoke Newington (11th North London).

Manchester. - Miss M. Ashworth, CM., 83rd Manchester (Albert Memorial); S. M. Haynes, President, North Central Manchester; E. Worrall, Chairman Wolf Cub Sub-Committee, North Central Manchester.

Middlesex. - J. R. Brook, Hon. County Secretary and Asst. D.C.C.

Northamptonshire. - E. C. Chapman, A.D.C., Northampton, Asst. D.C.C.

Northumberland. - E. W. Forster, G.S.M., 1st Whitley Bay.

Nottinghamshire. - G. C. Hurst, D.C., West Bridgford; J. H. Willmer, Hon. Secretary, Nottingham.

Somerset. - E. R. Cook, A.D.C., Taunton Deane; J. C. Moorman, A.D.C., West Somerset.

Staffordshire North. - H. F. Davenport, SM., 2nd Stone (St. Dominic's).

Staffordshire South. - B. Smith, C.M., 3rd Heathtown; A. J. Somerville, G.S.M., 6th Wolverhampton (Trinity), D.C.M., Wolverhampton.

Surrey. - P. L. Cage, A.D.C., Croydon (South and Upper Norwood); Miss C. Hay, Hon. Cubmaster, 26th Croydon (St. Andrew's, Thornton Heath); A. J. Hill, Hon. Treasurer, Croydon (Seisdon and Addington); A. G. Manktelow, SM., 24th Croydon (Shirley Methodist); C. Solesbury, G.S.M., 55th Croydon (St. George's, Waddon); M. H. Spurway, formerly G.S.M., 21st Croydon (1st Monks Hill).

Yorkshire Central. - H. Hemingway, ASM., 4th Dewsbury (St. John's, Dewsbury Moor).

Yorkshire East. - J. O. Brown, Chairman, Hull (East); J. MacMaster, R.S.L., St. Mary's, Lowgate; F. B. Matthews, R.S.L., 4th Hull.

Yorkshire West. - K. Clough, D.C., Spen Valley; H. Littlewood, Hon. Secretary, Elland.

Scotland.

Ayrshire. - W. B. Gibb, formerly Hon. Secretary, East Midland District.

Fife. - Miss C. M. Robertson, A.C.C. (Wolf Cubs), Asst. Ak.L.

Lanarkshire. - R. S. R. Buist, Hon. Secretary, Baillieston and District.

Midlothian. - J. R. Black, R.S.L., 11th Midlothian (Penicuik); J. T. Gunn, R.S.L., 1st Midlothian (Gorebridge); J. D. Smith, S.M. and G.S.M., 14th Midlothian (Bonnyrigg); J. Taylor, G.S.M. and R.S.L., 21st Midlothian (Newtongrange).

Ross-shire. - H. M. Ross, G.S.M., 5th Ross-shire (Invergordon), A.D.C., Easter Ross; G. K. Stewart, G.S.M., 23rd Ross-shire (Stornoway).

Overseas

Kenya. - F. K. Munn, Headquarters Commissioner for Badges and Equipment.

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

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GOOD SERVICES)

Malta, G.C. - J. A. Agius, R.S.L., 1st Sliema (Bernard's Own).

"In recognition of his good services to the Scout Movement."

HEAD QUARTERS NOTICES

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught's Challenge Shield Competition, 1954

The results for the current year were as follows:-

Senior Section

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. 14 Richmond, Surrey | 758 points |
| 2. Allhallows School, Devon, "A" team | 751 points |
| 3. 2nd Tolworth, Surrey, "A" team | 743 points |

Junior Section

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Allhallows School, Devon, "B" team | 712 points |
| 2. 2nd Tolworth, Surrey, "C" team | 687 points |
| 3. 2nd Mortlake, Surrey, "B" team | 676 points |

Thirteen entries were received in the Senior Section and five entries in the Junior Section.

Christmas Holidays

Imperial Headquarters will be closed from 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd December, until 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday, 28th December.

The Scout Shops will be open from 9 a.m. until 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, 23rd, and on Christmas Eve, 24th December.

Field Commissioner Appointment

A vacancy exists for a Field Commissioner, and applications are invited from those fulfilling the following general qualifications.

- Full appreciation and knowledge of the aims, principles and methods of Scouting.
- Experience as a Scouter of Group and District work.
- Ability to address meetings of all kinds.
- Ability to organise and conduct training courses for Scouters.
- Willingness to serve in any part of England or Wales.

The appointment is on a salary grade of £500-£800 per annum and is pensionable.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from the Administrative Secretary at I.H.Q. Those who applied in response to the September notice do not need to make further application.

C.C. GOODHIND,
Administrative Secretary.

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

33/52nd Epping Forest South Groups' 5th Annual Show, Woodford, E.18. February 10/11/12/15/18/19th. Order forms 142 Clayhall Ave., Ilford.

February 12/13th, 1955, Wharfedale (West Yorks.) Cubmasters' Conference, to which all Scouters are invited, at Burley-Woodhead Youth Hostel. Further information from Miss P. D. Warnes, "Bella Vista," Sunset Drive, Ilkley, Yorks.

Sowerby Bridge Rover/Ranger Conference, March 12/13th, 1955. Applications to Mrs. Smithies, 5 Poplar Avenue, Sowerby Bridge, from January 1st. Numbers limited: book early.

Bristol Rover Moot 1955, May 14th/15th. Tod Sloan, Cecil Potter, etc. Book now from D. Chandler, 452 Fishponds Road, Fishponds, Bristol.

Gloucester County' Rover Moot, 1955, June 25/26th. Is Roving too static? Not if you come to this "Moot on the move"! Details from W. B. Rhodes, 14 Cheltenham Road, Winchcombe, Glos.

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 17s. 6d. to 25s. Dinners by arrangement. Special weekly terms. Convenient for main line stations, I.H.Q., shopping and sightseeing. Scouters and their families specially welcome.

Camp site required for two weeks - August 1955, within 30 miles radius of Birmingham, for handicapped Scout Troop. Preferably near river and other amenities. Write full particulars, including site fee and other charges to Secretary, Coleshill Hall Hospital; Coleshill, Birmingham.

Scouters (or potential Scouters) who are in need of a home in London and are prepared to serve Scouting in East London and take a share in the life and work of Roland House, are invited to write for terms to the Honorary Warden, Roland House, 29 Stepney Green, London, E. 1.

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.

Merchant Navy Training School, Overseas House, Brooks Bar, Manchester.

Warden. Applications are invited for the position of Warden at "Scout House," 252/4 Jamaica Road, S.E.16, from 1/4/55. This is not a paid post but there is an excellent flat rent free. Anyone interested should write to the L.A. Honorary Secretary, C.E. Lankester, 182 Long Lane, S.E.1. HOP. 1440 and 4006.

Bristol Education Committee. Applications invited for the post of Male Supervisor at Kingston Manor Residential Special School, Somerton. Salary £410 by £15 to £470, less £108 for residential emoluments. Application forms and further particulars from Chief Education Officer, Council House, College Green, Bristol, 1.

PERSONAL

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

Cord Shorts by Dover have been reduced in price for the next 3 months to enable you to buy now ready for the season ahead. S.A.E. for patterns to Ossie Dover, "The Cycling Tailor," 160 Kensington, Liverpool, 7. Phone: Anfield 1683.

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. Theatrical and fancy-dress costumes. Artistic, fresh, colourful. Moderate charges. Black Lion Costumes, 25 Sommerville Road, Bristol, 7. Phone 41345.

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.

May we help to dress your show or your chorus? Large selection of shirts, scarves, etc. Please send stamped addressed envelope for complete price list of costumes available to 33/52nd Epping Forest South Groups, c/o 142 Clayhall Avenue, Ilford, Essex.

Wild Life. A 16 mm. sound or silent film depicting the wild life of the British countryside. Particulars of hire from Secretary, L.A.C.S., 58 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

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.

P. and R. Publicity, designers and makers of pennants, wish all their many customers, both old and new, the compliments of the season and welcome all enquiries to: The Broadway, Pitsea, Basildon, Essex.

Rover Scout Mills wishes to inform his clients that owing to an increase in business his office has moved to larger premises. Please note new address - 123 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

"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.

Talking Film Shows! Why not have a programme of cartoon films for your Christmas or New Year Party? All ages adore films and I have just the ideal ones to make you rock with laughter. Book now to secure the date. F. Burton, 27 Audley Court, South Woodford, London, E.18. Tel.: Wanstead 6202.

STAMPS

Requests invited from general collectors for approval selection of fine used and mint stamps. Albums, accessories and new stamp catalogues in stock. Approval selections can be sent overseas against a minimum deposit of £1. Prompt and courteous service. P. F. Gray, 4 Old Palace Road, Weybridge, Surrey.

FOR SALE

Ex-Army Nissen and other buildings available. Also, manufactured buildings. Universal Supplies, Crabtree Manorway, Belvedere, Kent. (Erith 2948).

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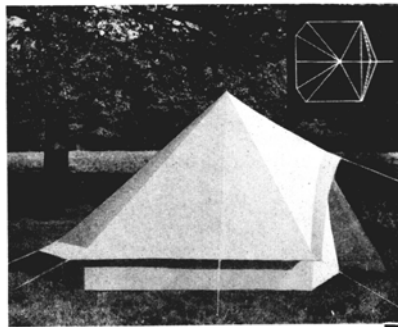
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