

*May 1955*  
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*The* **SCOUTER**



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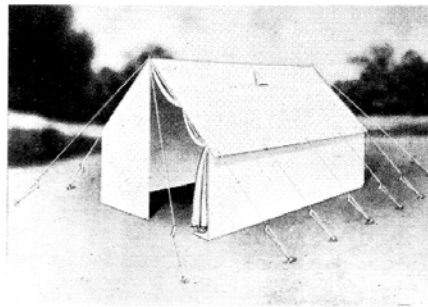
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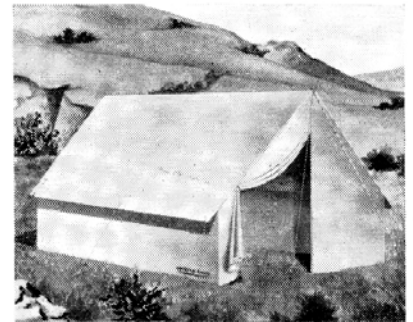
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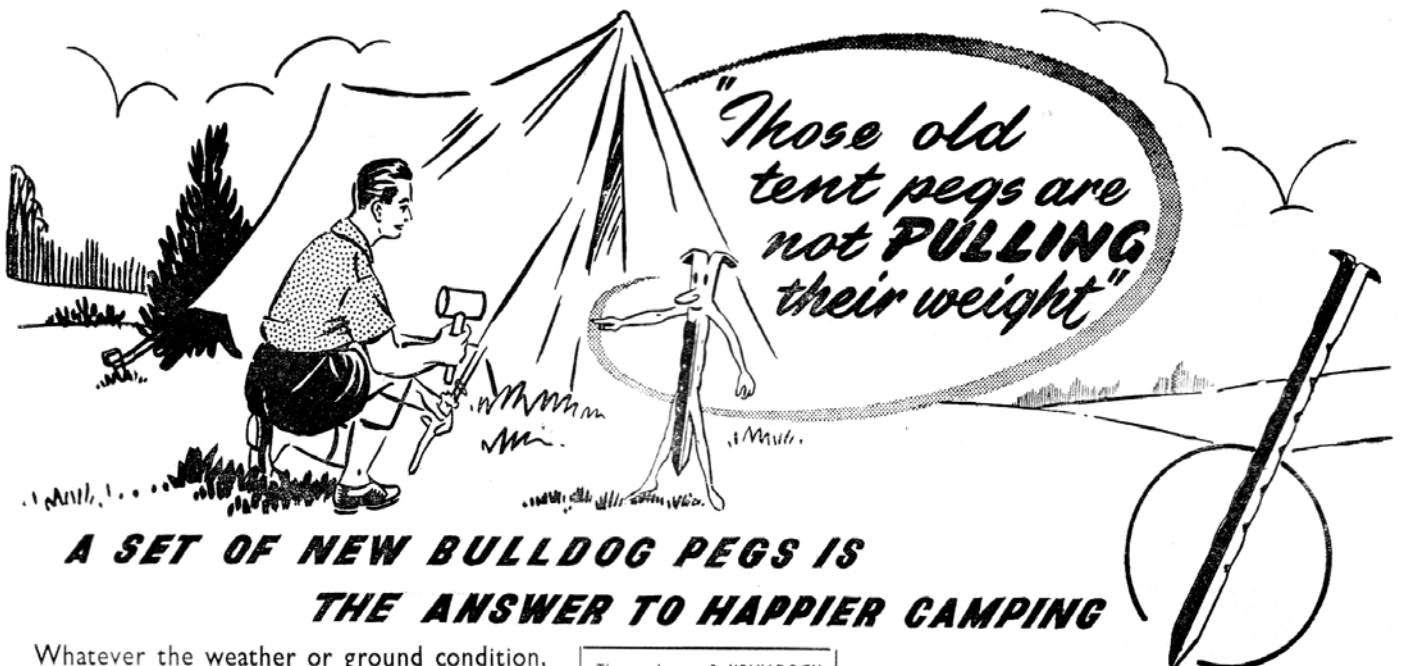


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## THE OUTLOOK

By **THE DEPUTY CHIEF SCOUT**

I had thought, as no doubt did many of you, that the Chief Scout would have been writing "The Outlook" this month, but forgot that contributions to the May SCOUTER had to be in the Editor's hands by mid-April. The Chief, of course, did not return to duty until the County Commissioners' and County Secretaries' Conference on April 22nd. However, you will be glad to know that he is much better and was back with us on that date.

Many of us I expect are under the impression that young people in "the satellite countries" are firmly under the control of their respective national authorities, and are being readily and cheerfully trained in Communist methods and doctrine. Recent articles in newspapers (of course Communist) published in several of the satellite countries show that this view is by no means correct. These articles complain of the lack of enthusiasm of young people for the official Youth Organisations, the disappointingly small membership of such bodies, and the failure of the organisations to attract or hold the young. There is, too, severe criticism of the leaders of the youth organisations, especially of their failure to pay proper attention to the welfare side of their work. Other interesting points are complaints of widespread hooliganism amongst young people and of the failure of parents to bring up their children to behave properly. A Hungarian newspaper in 1954 quoted a schoolmaster as stating "in almost all cases of dissolute children one can see that the parents were at fault. They set their children a bad example and lack love and warmth. This is a further proof that young people cannot be brought up without the education coming from their parents, and without their parents being properly educated." This quotation has a familiar ring about it - we hear much the same sort of thing in this country - but the criticism voiced in these foreign newspapers show that the satellite countries, although no doubt succeeding to some extent in indoctrinating their young people, are far from being wholly successful in their aims. The newspapers on which my remarks above are based came from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Roumania.

By the time this is in your hands there will be for us in this country only three months left before the World Jamboree in Canada and less than that period before summer camps I hope preparations for these adventures are well in hand.

And apropos of Jamborees and preparations, what about the 1957 Jamboree? Surely that provides a special incentive for Scouts of the appropriate ages to become at least First Class Scouts in time to be eligible to attend that special gathering of our Brotherhood? And what about a special emphasis on the Interpreter's Badge for the occasion? Ability to speak to our friends of other nations in their own languages is undoubtedly a great asset, especially when they are visitors to our country.

**RON LOCKHART.**

## MY LATEST TOUR - II

By **TILE CHIEF SCOUT**

The warmth of the welcome we received everywhere we went, and the keen practical support given by the Governors, were splendid.

Back in Kuching again, we took off for Singapore to start on the most strenuous part of our whole journey. When I was last at Singapore in 1948 and the beginning of 1949 it was just beginning to recover from the ravages of war, and Scouting which had been driven underground - although it was still carried on right through the Occupation - was once more getting underway. This time it was going full steam ahead, was highly developed in the Services among the Service families, and several multi-racial Groups were to be found, in contrast to the strictly racial school Groups which I had previously seen.

I opened a new camp site at Jurong, a bit over twenty acres, once rubber plantation, now bush; it has splendid possibilities. Development has gone so far that the old districts are now far too big for one man to handle, and they will have to subdivide them so as to make the work easier for supervision. Handicapped Scouting has got going too, and in a Leper Settlement and Orthopaedic Hospital we saw grand little Troops and Packs, very similar to our own at home.

Singapore has always been good, and the Rally at St. Andrew's School and the visits I paid, showed that the new developments were going to make it even a more potent force in the future.

Across the Straits of Johore into the Federation, to see their 40,000 Scouts who have done such magnificent work during the emergency and in the rehabilitation of the jungle dwellers who have been a prey to the bandits. When we were there the bandits were kept fairly quiet. They have been driven off the main roads into the jungle, and it is extraordinary how little the general life of the Federation is disturbed by their activities. But there is no need for complacency for they have shown over and over again that their intelligence system and headquarter organisation are outstandingly good so that one careless movement of troops or police patrolling in soft-skinned vehicles and they strike with deadly effect. One General whom I spoke to, said that it was the only case in history that he knew of where guerrillas had fought for so long without making a single mistake. This, of course, adds immensely to the difficulties of the Groups in the jungle villages, but how magnificent they are. To come, as we did, to a little Nissen hut with no roof, by the roadside, on the end walls a Scout Badge painted, and there see the boys, real boys and real Patrol Leaders smartly turned out with, their badges on their arms, and some young man doing a splendid job of work, that inevitably brings a lump to your throat.

Communications, of course, are difficult, and so it was decided to bring me to the boys rather than the boys to me, and I travelled 1,800 miles, attended fifty-four Rallies, opened three new Headquarters and three new camp sites, laid two Foundation Stones, planted seven trees, left seven footprints in concrete, attended two Annual Meetings, was received by four Sultans and had official luncheons and dinners almost every day. I travelled by air, and on one occasion by an elephant only a short distance to the camp site. It was a very large elephant, and I found it very difficult to maintain my dignity while being pushed into the saddle; the kilt isn't suitable wear for these occasions!



## F. HAYDN DIMMOCK

April 25, 1955

"Dim" has "gone home." When the news appeared there must have been an empty place in many thousands of hearts, perhaps many millions, all over the world. There was no better loved figure in post-war Scouting and apart from the Founder himself there must be few, if any, in the Movement who have had such a lasting effect by their words, spoken or written, on Scouts from Canada to New Zealand, from London to Hong Kong.

What was it that made his talks to P.L.'s such memorable experiences, which made him the orator par excellence at camp fires, P.L.'s Conferences and Scouts' Owns? He knew boys and loved them; like the Founder he could share their dreams and Visions; like B.-P. he had faith in them and they knew it and from his faith in them they drew faith in themselves.

From the stories that came to him as Editor for 36 years of The Scout he had a fund of yarns appropriate to every occasion and ready to illustrate every point he wished to make. In a humorous talk which caught their imagination and made them laugh, he would conceal an abiding truth which might not penetrate at once but which on reflection perhaps years later stood out crystal clear.

He could change from grave to gay and back again as the spirit moved him, and relieve a tragic story with that touch of fun which shone through the gloom without destroying the effect of what had gone before. He knew the innate chivalry which boys do often conceal beneath a veneer of toughness and inspired his listeners with the will to serve their God and their fellow men.

He was an artist, but his art was never allowed to submerge his sincerity. He was not afraid to speak the truth, however unpalatable it might be, and the truth never roused resentment, only the determination to do a better job in future.

He was a Pioneer in many ways, the Train cruises, the Canoe cruises, the Soap Box Derby were all his ideas. His greatest idea was the Bob-a-Job Day for Scouts abroad who had suffered during the war, so that when peace came we Scouts at home could do something to show our gratitude for the courage and fortitude displayed in the Occupied Countries. Over £30,000 were raised by that one day's work. His idea was used once more when the finances of the Movement were in a bad way and now brings £45,000 a year to our Funds.

We all have many memories of that slim figure, bent by his war wounds, frail in body but strong in spirit, triumphing over his disabilities, giving his talents without stint to God's service in helping the boys to the fullness of life.

He walked with God on this earth; now he has gone to his rest and who can doubt that he has heard the call "Enter those into the joy of their Lord." We, who loved him, will not grudge him that rest and that joy, but will thank God for that life, short by modern standards but so rich in achievement.

Goodbye, Dim, and thank you.

ROWALLAN, Chief Scout.

Training has been very highly developed in Malaya, and the Training Team is fully capable of doing the job it sets out to do. The leaders of Scouting not only know their job but realise the importance of that job for the future of their country. They represent all races working harmoniously for a common end - the building of a Malayan Nation.

There are some things that will always remain with me - a lovely little valley by the Residency at Seremban, where we had a Cub Rally. The Cubs had been there for some time and had, of course, brought their food with them in paper bags. They also had a lot of paper streamers and so on for their dressing up. It poured with rain towards the end and inevitably much of the paper got trodden into the ground. Before I left the Rally ground I asked the Cubs to see that when I passed that way next morning there should not be a single piece of paper in sight. And so it was; every scrap of paper had been picked up and taken away.

And then let us go to the last Rally I attended, right out in the Ulu or jungle. It was a little Rally on a little camp site at Kuala Kubu Baliru, just village boys, but a first-rate camp. One new Troop admitted that the rain of the night before had found out the weakness of their hut roof; the rest quite obviously had deservedly escaped unscathed. Spotlessly clean, well laid out, keen boys and keen Scouters. It was a grand note on which to end the trip. But perhaps one of the most impressive events was the presentation of Royal Certificates at Castle Camp, Kuala Lumpur. His Excellency, the High Commissioner, confiding to me that he had not been invested since his appointment as Chief Scout of the Federation, asked if he might take his Promise before he accompanied me to this ceremony. So we retired into the porch and there he made his Promise and became a member of the Brotherhood. We drove to the camp to see the boys at their various Patrol sites. There were not only those who were to receive their Certificates but also a number who were in camp for a final check.

They have a very strict rule that when a boy has passed his Tests he receives his Badge, but he does not receive the Royal Certificate until he has taken part in a special camp confined to those who have got their Badge, to make quite sure that no one slips through unworthily. In the Camp Fire Circle I spoke to those boys as I have spoken to so many hundreds in different parts of the world, and then their names were called out, names of all the races, and they received the same Certificates as our boys receive, with the Queen's message, before they renewed their Promise.

If I started to write of all that I saw during those fourteen days it would fill several copies of THE SCOUTER so I fear that many really splendid Rallies in the big centres or on the rubber estates, must go unrecorded, but I want them to know that it is not through lack of gratitude for all the care and trouble taken in the preparation for the events and the training of the boys. As I run through my film of the trip I am reminded of many occasions, humorous and splendid, of boys and men and women who are doing a fine job for their country, and whose influence will grow with the passage of time. Suffice it to say that I had heard much, and nothing that I had heard was in any way exaggerated, nor were my expectations disappointed.

After a pleasant trip from Singapore we arrived at Colombo Airport, with threatening clouds closing in. We were met by the Chief Commissioner, Senator E. W. Kannangara and others, and had a fine Guard of Honour of Scouts and Cubs, including contingents of the blind and the deaf. Our programme in Ceylon was not so strenuous as that in Malaya, for which we were more than grateful. We didn't waste much time in getting down to it, starting off that same evening with a Rally at Negombo, a fishing town to the North. Ceylon has a very ancient history, and, like so many other parts of the East, has mixed races and mixed languages, but the population is 90 per cent Buddhist in its religious beliefs, and some of the most ancient and sacred shrines of Buddhism are to be found in Ceylon.

Once again, we had, unfortunately, struck the rainy season, and while most of the mornings were fine, the afternoons and evenings were wet, if that is the appropriate word for it, one might almost say they were liquid, for we met with some of the heaviest rain that I have seen anywhere on my travels. I had looked forward to making full use of my colour films, but, alas! there were few opportunities, for the Rallies started late in the evenings and the rain it rained!

What a wonderful field there is, though, and it will not be easy to forget the grace and beauty of the dances - given in downpours of rain but completely obliterating all thought of discomfort - formal dances, such as were danced before the ancient Kings of Kandy. These have now become a part of the school curriculum. It is a dangerous experiment, but, as far as we could see, completely successful. No less beautiful were the free and thrilling dances of the gypsy peoples. The Sinhalese have a great pride in their history, and this was well illustrated by the panoramas which were a part of practically all the Rallies, where scenes of historic events and characters passed before us in the arena.

Far the most ambitious of these took place at Kandy, the ancient capital. It was a panorama of Scouting in Ceylon from the early days to the present time, similar in some ways to our Pageant play *Boy Scout*, but of course on a much smaller scale. I couldn't help thinking, as I watched it, what an excellent idea for a County Rally in the evening with spotlights to pick out the scenes. The theme was excellently developed, and the finale with a choir of boys' voices singing "I would be True," to the music of the Londonderry Air, was most moving and effective.

Scouting is strong in the island, and has always been up to a high standard. I have written before of the two boys in the Walikada Borstal Institute who went right through from Tenderfoot to Queen's Scout, received their Certificates at Government House and had the remainder of their sentences remitted. Both those boys are now making good in civil life and others are following in their footsteps. Wherever we went - Negombo, Colombo, Galle, Mirigama - a beautiful camp site in the forest - Kandy, Anuradhapura - with its great monuments guarding the relics of the Buddha, some of them so big, built out of solid brickwork, that there would be enough bricks in them to build a wall 10 ft. high and 1 ft. wide the whole way from London to Edinburgh - the ancient Bo Tree which was brought from India 2,500 years ago, a seedling from the Bo Tree under which the Buddha contemplated, the oldest tree whose pedigree is known in the whole world; Pedro Camp - their Gilwell - with its trout stream and the leopards which prowl by night - and Nuwara Eliya, the bill station among the tea plantations - we found the same enthusiasm, the same splendid spirit, the same consciousness that this young nation with its ancient history has been called to a position of great responsibility in a critical part of the world. The realisation of the part that Scouting can play in giving the generation that is growing up, the courage and the responsible outlook which are so necessary if she is to fulfil the role which is hers, is testified by the fact that on the last night in Colombo I attended a Dinner which was one of the most remarkable I have ever been at; over 140 people paid for their tickets, people at the head of affairs in almost every conceivable phase of the life of the island, and what a wonderful audience they were to whom to speak. At the end of this Dinner I was greatly honoured by being invested with the first Silver Lion of Ceylon ever to be awarded.

That Scouting is playing its part was shown by the Silver Cross for Gallantry which I gave at Galle to Senior Patrol Second Piyaratana. About sixteen years old, this village boy, who had gained his First Class, heard of a family cut off by the floods and in danger of drowning. He quietly collected materials and built a little raft, which he paddled across the flood water. When he reached the house there was a mother and four children in danger of drowning. There was only room for one at a time on the raft. Five times he paddled that frail little craft through the flood, five times he saved a life in danger. Here was the will to serve, the skill to serve, and the physical courage to serve. But that courage was not only physical, there was moral courage too, for the two families had been at feud for many years, and it took real moral courage to act as he did in breach of that feud. He was a Scout. A very simple, humble boy from a humble home, who, when the time came, remembered his Promise. There are many thousands of others in Ceylon today who, through Scouting, have learned the skill and developed the will and the courage to serve their people and their lovely island; who will grow up ready to take the place of the great men of their past history, to shoulder the responsibilities which are theirs, and give a lead among the free peoples of South-East Asia. It was a wonderful finish to a wonderful tour.

The warmth of our welcome, the kindness of all we met, and not least of His Excellency Sir Oliver Goonetilleke the Chief Scout, will not be forgotten, and how grand it was to hear that at the Annual General Meeting which took place after we left, he took his Promise, the same Promise as Piyaratana and you and I have taken, and became a Scout, not only *ex officio*, but because he believes in what we stand for; he believes that we can help his people; he wants to accept the Promise and the Law, and is not afraid to declare himself a Scout.

ROWALLAN.

## SCOUTING IN SELFRIDGES

Coming down Oxford Street it was pleasant on the Tuesday of Bob-a-Job week to see the Scout flag fluttering from Selfridge's tall roof. It was there because at 12 noon that day the World Chief Guide opened a compact and admirable Exhibition of Scouting, called "From Mafeking to Modern Times."

There were displays of Scout uniforms of other countries. There were all the Scout stamps and Jamboree first-day covers. Many exhibits familiar to us in B.-P.'s Room looked all the better for being more spaciouly displayed here. There were the originals of many Bob-a-Job cartoons and the originals, too, of four famous Scouting pictures - "If I were a Boy again," "The Pathfinder," "The Good Turn," and "The Stalkers" - all part of our history and all rather moving.

And there were handicrafts, and some especially excellent work exhibited by Handicapped Scouts. *Scouting for Boys* appeared in various languages and many editions. Here were B.-P.'s decorations and there some fine photographs of Brownsea Island days as well as of Scouting today, and in a central alcove the famous bronze bust of B.-P. himself.

It must be a long time since the skirling of pipes, one imagines, was heard in Selfridges but just before noon on Tuesday, April 12th, half a dozen Scout pipers led in the World Chief Guide, supported by the Chief Executive Commissioner, Mr. A. W. Hurl, the County Commissioner for London, Mr. Murray Napier, and the Imperial Headquarters Publicity Secretary, Mr. E. G. W. Wood, who was responsible for the exhibition. A guard of honour of Scouts and Guides had met the distinguished lady and accompanied the party.

The opening ceremony was pleasant and brief. Mr. C. T. Kenworthy, representing Messrs. Selfridges, said: "I know we all have a great regard for the fundamental principles underlying the Scout Movement." He introduced Fred Hurl, who himself introduced the World Chief Guide, Olave, Lady Baden-Powell: "There must be few people better known throughout the world." Lady B.-P. expressed her sincere thanks to Selfridges for the splendid space they had given us to demonstrate something of the history of the growth of Scouting which, of course, includes Guiding. "It is," she said, "unique in this way, that it is an exhibition of something quite intangible, an exhibition of an idea which came to birth in one man's mind and which became an astounding and living force for good in the lives of many men and women all over the face of the world and continues as such a force in the lives of boys and girls of to-day and will do in the lives of boys and girls of to-morrow, as they follow the magic trail my husband blazed for them so many years ago."

Lady B.-P. took us back in thought to Mafeking where the first seed was sown in the hearts and minds of a small group of boys put into a uniform to represent the idea of service. And then the Chief Guide turned to the two Chelsea Pensioners on the platform near her, heraldic and historic in their scarlet, and said "that little group of boys was formed under your eyes." For these two splendid old men had indeed been at Mafeking. "I envy you," said the Chief Guide. "You knew my husband before I did."

And so the Chief Guide went on to the Brownsea Island days (and on the platform there was Mr. Primmer, who had been one of those fortunate boys present at that first experimental camp). Then Lady B.-P. reminded us of how the message of Scouting had gone forth far and wide across the seven seas, a fact for which we today in this country can glory as we go on our way in service to the community, to our well-loved Queen and to God Himself.

The County Commissioner for London, Mr. Murray Napier, thanked Lady B.-P. for so kindly coming to open the Exhibition. "We thank her, too, for the gracious and charming way in which she has performed her task - Because of her husband she bears a name which is honoured and revered wherever and whenever Scouts and Guides foregather but she, as herself and for herself, has a most secure place (in her own right) in our hearts and affections."

(Continued over)





Finally, our friend Ted Wood read two messages which reminded us of the exhibition's title "From Mafeking to Modern Times." First of all from "an Old Timer" who had once been one of the boy Cadets during the Siege of Mafeking

"When B-P. started the Boy Scout Movement in 1908 we were also proud of the Movement, feeling that it had sprung partly from our usefulness during the Siege.

"As an old man now I can only say: Boys, stick to your Scout Law and Promise, harm no one, and do your good turns as often as you can. If you can't do good, rather do nothing at all!"

And then again from the Scouts in Mafeking to-day:-

"Scouting here is not as strong as it once was, as most of our Scouts go away nowadays to finish their schooling in the larger towns. Nevertheless, we who are here are still keeping Mafeking on the map as far as Scouting is concerned. We have a strong Cub Pack and a keen African Troop too. With nearly 360 fine sunny days in every year, we are able to enjoy plenty of outdoor activity.

"Some of us hope to meet some of you in 1957."

And then it was time for the mass of interested people to look at the exhibition itself.

**REX HAZLEWOOD.**



# BE PREPARED

*The fifth of a series of extracts from the book*

By **RICE E. COCHRAN**

*An American Scoutmaster*

*It is sub-titled "The Life and Illusions of a Scoutmaster."*

The Scout Handbook and other scripture from 2 Park Avenue, the National Office of the Boy Scouts of America, make frequent mention of "good turns." Each boy who takes the Scout Oath swears that he will do a good turn daily - an unpaid, unrequested service to someone else. For a long time I assumed that this pledge was more honoured in the breach than the observance, because the Boy Scouts whom I knew were not superhumanly sweet, and appeared to be just as intent as other boys upon looking out for number one. Among the members of my own Troop, individual good turns seemed to be virtually unheard-of.

Usually, there is no one exhorting a Scout to his own daily, private, self-conceived good turns. And on most days there is no aura of adventure about any chance for a good turn which presents itself to him. Therefore it would be logical to assume that few individual good turns get done. Logical, as I say, but not necessarily correct. As I grew more intimately acquainted with my Scouts, I slowly became aware that their beneficences were more common than I thought.

In chatty moments parents sometimes told me of their own awed reaction when the hellion they had reared became, for a few minutes at an unpredictable time during each day, a rough-hewn cherub. He would suddenly take it upon himself to wash the dishes or make a bed, or would roam the household searching for some kind deed to perform. Having performed it he would then, like Dr. Jekyll swallowing the potion, revert to his former rowdy self.

I had been a Scoutmaster for almost a year before I first got an inkling that any of my boys ever did good turns on their own motion. At Troop meeting one night, during one of our hollow-square business meetings, I was taken aback when one Scout rose to report that a family in the neighbourhood had fallen upon hard times because of the father's illness. Christmas was approaching and there would be no Santa Claus for the children in that house, according to the Scout, since the father was off salary and savings were low.

This was all new to me - the family in question had no Scout among its several children - and I did not see that our Troop was the proper agency to deal with the matter. I was on the point of saying that I would refer it to the Community Chest, when the Troop took action without asking my opinion. The Scouts decided that they would build toys and some other presents for the children in the family, and would also bring money to be used in buying a Christmas basket with a turkey and other food, especially lots of candy bars. I felt embarrassed by what had been about to say.

When the collection was taken for the family the following week, one Scout contributed no money. I noticed that he dropped a folded slip of paper in the box instead. I was inquisitive enough to fish it out after the meeting, and read what he had written:

"Can't give any money on acct we need it ourself but I will give help. I will go over their afternoons and help with housework which takes a man, like clearing snow off the walks and burning rubbish and fixing they're storm windows etc."

He signed his name. Moreover, he made good on the offer, as I heard later from neighbours of the impoverished family. He turned up two afternoons every week, for several months until the father of the family was on his feet again. Several other Scouts eventually joined him, and this household became perhaps better-tended than their own homes.

The staying power of boys on mercy bent sometimes surprises me. I can understand how anyone would have a noble resolve to help someone in trouble, and would follow through temporarily. The average adult would forget it after a week or two, in my possibly jaundiced opinion. Knowing that boys are normally more fickle than adults, I find it hard to think that they will keep on rendering the same bothersome service to some unfortunate, week after week, for months at a stretch. Yet now and then I stumble on to clues that they are doing just this.

An elderly lady once telephoned to thank me for all I had done for her. I replied as gracefully as possible without revealing that I had no idea what she meant. By discreetly keeping the conversation going, I finally gathered that she was too feeble to leave her house, and that several of my Scouts who lived nearby had systematically been calling on her, us rotation, as volunteer shoppers and errand boys.

After a boy (non-Scout) died of cancer, I received a card from his parents "in appreciation of the long-continued kindness of the Scout in your Troop." This was another riddle to me. Only by asking the whole Troop for an explanation did I get one member to disclose that he had been visiting the invalid for the past year, to play checkers with him and to deliver homemade jigsaw puzzles.

The news of an afflicted boy seems to rouse other boys. Perhaps, with their vivid imaginations, they realise more fully than adults how a boy must feel when he is unable to run or jump or play. This first became apparent to me one summer at Scout camp, when I met a Scout named Alan Wylie, from another Troop.

I noticed him sweeping out his Troop's tent the first afternoon of our stay. He was doing a sloppy job of it, blithely ignoring some of the dustiest spots. A passing Eagle Scout, a member of the camp's junior staff, noticed this, too, and took him sternly to task. "What's the matter, Mac? You blind?" he barked at Alan. (Some of the most officious people on earth are seventeen year-olds in positions of authority.)

"Yes, I am," said Alan.

His face turned blankly in search of the Eagle, who stammered something like Oh-I-see and hurried away, crimson with shame.

Alan Wylie really was blind, and had been since birth. Yet he was determined to become an Eagle and the rest of his Troop was determined that he should. They took him everywhere. He was a nuisance on hikes, but the Troop slowed down to his pace, and detoured around the invitingly rugged areas which might have been troublesome for him. Alan slogged along as fast as he could, one hand resting lightly on the shoulder of a Scout in front of him. (Adults usually try to help a blind person by grasping him at the elbow and shoving him ahead of them. Boys, with more empathy, sense how uncomfortable this must be for him. They simply lead the way like a seeing-eye dog.)

There surely were many times when the boys in Alan's Troop wished they could drop their constant watchfulness around him. But they never did. They brought him back to camp four summers in a row - carefully salted and sugared his food at mess table, described to him what went on at campfire, patiently taught him (by touch) to row a boat and chop a log, devised Troop games that he could play without disadvantage.

To become an Eagle Scout seemed utterly impossible for this boy. The Eagle requirements included swimming, lifesaving, identifying some forty kinds of birds, and earning a total of twenty-one different merit badges for assorted skills. Yet Alan Wylie finally made Eagle. The rest of his Troop felt even more exultant about it than he did. They had slaved with him, literally for years. In the end those Scouts knew the peculiar satisfaction which comes only to devoted teachers who have moulded human clay into something magnificent.

Alan was not satisfied when he reached Eagle rank. There is a specialist rating known as Scout Life Guard, open to boys who become unusually expert at rowboat rescues, life-ring throwing, and swimming rescues. Alan returned to camp with the fixed purpose of becoming a Scout Life Guard.

Personally, I would be flummoxed by the mere thought of throwing myself off a dock without seeing what was beneath me, or of rowing a small boat at furious speed toward a struggling swimmer in total blackness, or of groping blindfold near a brawny young man who would do his best to lock himself around my neck and hold me under water. Yet Alan, who was under no necessity of meeting such ordeals, went out of his way to seek them.

He was a fine-featured boy, almost angelic-looking, so it sickened us all when we saw his nose broken by the thrashing elbow of another boy he was trying to rescue in practice. (Alan always insisted upon his partners struggling to their utmost.

If they didn't, he sensed it, and demanded a match.) Another time his long slender fingers were crushed between his rowboat and another boat he hadn't known was near him.



Yet he persisted and persisted. His hearing grew so keen that, when he heard a swimmer's splash or cry, he could heave a life ring accurately to that spot. His sense of direction became phenomenal. Rowing a boat on a true course is tricky enough for those of us who see where we go. This blind boy finally learned to do it, and to keep himself oriented through swerves and pivots and the vicissitudes of currents and breezes. The last time I saw Alan Wylie was the night a representative of the National Council presented him with the Scout Life Guard emblem. The boy's broken-nosed face was transfigured, and the rest of us felt somehow transfigured, too.

Ability to perform the supreme good turn of saving someone's life is, of course, the skill most prized by Scouts. Many of them practice doggedly for weeks to acquire it. And a surprising number have used it in life-or-death emergencies after they acquired it.

Up to 1933 a number of Scouts lost their lives in rescue attempts. Since then the loss has been almost nil, although the number of rescues by Scouts has been pyramiding annually. The abrupt cessation of deaths came when the National Office, in the course of counting its laurels, decided that posthumously awarded medals for heroism were dubious distinctions. It began searching for ways to make life saving a less hazardous good turn.

In keeping with the Biblical prediction that a little child shall lead them, a Dead End kid in the slums of New York unknowingly taught the Boy Scout organisation its sharpest lesson in waterproof rescue methods. The story was often related afterward by Fred C. Mills, a gruff, inquisitive man who for many years was national director of health and safety in the 2 Park Avenue galaxy. Mills watched an urchin of about eleven shuck off his clothes, jump into the East River, and swim through its vicious currents toward a man who had fallen from a river barge and was drowning. The boy carried his shirt in his teeth as he swam. He reached the struggling man just below Hell Gate, and flipped the tail of the shirt into his hands. The man clutched it, then tried insanely to advance along it hand-over-hand to reach his rescuer. He was discouraged from this by the boy's foot in his face. The youngster got him ashore at the end of his shirt, and melted into the crowd.

The episode gave Mills much to think about. In consequence he added un-dramatic safety-first precautions to Boy Scout lifesaving, which appeared likely to slow down a rescue but actually speeded it up: undressing before the rescue attempt, jumping into the water instead of diving, keeping the rescuee at a distance during the carry by giving him one end of a shirt, towel, rope or stick. These innovations became part of the requirements for the lifesaving merit badge and for Scout Life Guard. During the nearly twenty years since then, the only Scout I know of who died attempting a rescue was one who disregarded a tenet of the doctrine: he dived into the water instead of jumping. He struck his head on a submerged automobile wreck. The boys he sought to help were rescued by another Scout who did not go into the water at all, but simply threw them a rope.

Scouts are taught to elude the grasp of a drowning man by ducking, or by straight-arming. They also know that if they are caught, they can regain their freedom by simply submerging. (A bather in paroxysm is intent upon keeping his head above water, and therefore will not cling to anything or anyone which sinks.) Unfortunately the expedient of submersion never occurs to an untrained rescuer, whose impulse when caught is to throw his head back and fight to the death to prevent his assailant from climbing on to him.

There are still occasions, though, when a Boy Scout good turn is the saving factor in the midst of adult failure. The classic case of this kind in my own Troop was the chain of circumstances involving Woody Shreve.

I first heard of Woody through a phone call from Mrs. Ballard, the mother of one of my Scouts. "I want to tell you a story," she said. "You know my little daughter came down with polio last month, and John has been visiting her at Orthopaedic Hospital every night."

I knew. John Ballard was a boy in my Troop, a Scout of whom I was to feel proud, as will appear.

She went on, "Lately John has noticed another polio patient in a nearby ward - a boy of about thirteen, who just lies there, staring at the ceiling. John asked the nurses about him.



*I'm the kid brother you've heard about. It's smashing being "Boy Scout" and I hope you're coming along to enjoy yourself with me at the Royal Albert Hall next month.*

They said his name was Woody Shreve. His parents are government employees in Alaska, who had to stay there while March of Dimes funds sent him here where specialists could treat him. According to the nurses, he had been all alone, helpless and hopeless, with no desire to live. The doctors and nurses couldn't rouse him to a flicker of interest. Well, as soon as he heard all this about Woody, John wandered over and got acquainted." I began to feel rather privileged to know John.

"He found out that Woody was a Boy Scout in Alaska before he became ill," Mrs. Ballard continued. "So now the two of them talk Scouting every night, and Woody seems to have a little more zest for life."

"Fine. I'm glad," I said, wondering where I fitted into this.

"John was just asking if there was any way that Woody could be made a part of our Troop activities. Remember, this boy can't move even a finger. But I thought perhaps you might find something - some arrangement that would give Woody a purpose in life. John begged me to talk to you about it. He said I could explain it better."

"There's a way to help Woody," I said with assumed confidence. "I don't know what it is, but we'll find it."

A few days later I looked in at Orthopaedic Hospital, and asked for Woody. "He's a little better since John made friends with him," the nurse told me as she led the way. "Now he smiles and talks. He looks forward all day to those visits."

The first sight of a boy who has felt the full blight of infantile paralysis is a chilling one. My flesh crawled a little as I looked down at the death's-head face of Woody Shreve, and saw the sticklike arms and legs beneath his pyjamas. He lay as motionless as if laced in a strait jacket. But he grinned at me, and I forced myself to grin back.

"You're Mr. Cochran, I bet," he said, "John said you might come, but I thought he was bulling me."

"I wouldn't have missed it," I said. "I've been wanting to meet you, so I could ask a favour of you. Our Troop needs some help you can give us better than anyone else."

He tried to smile, as if I had told a rather poor joke.



"Remember the First Class requirement to send and receive messages in Morse code?" I went on. "Our guys are lousy on Morse. They need someone who knows the code and will practice with them. That's where you come in. You've got time on your hands. I want you to memorise Morse - really memorise it, till you can send and receive in your sleep."

He was interested. "I can do that. Only I'll have to find somebody to send to me, while I learn."

"John Ballard says he'll do that. It'll be a good way for him to learn. When you know Morse upside-down and backward, then you'll be our Troop expert on signalling. All our Scouts can come here to the hospital to learn it from you - when they know it, you can certify them."

"Okay. Let's see, I guess I can send by whistle at first. But maybe I can move my fingers soon, so then I can use a buzzer set, or a regular telegrapher's key."

"That'll be much better. Try to get the use of your fingers as soon as you can. Now, let's see - You're going to work with this Troop, so you ought to be an official member of it. We have a ceremony at our Troop Court of Honour for taking in new members. Better plan to be at our next Court."

We were both in a mood when nothing looked impossible to us. Woody nodded his head slightly - the first time I had seen him move - and said, "I can probably talk the nurse into letting me go."

"I'll talk to her, too. And I'll see about transportation for you. Now get busy on that Morse code."

John Ballard was a big gangling boy, not at all the intellectual type. His chief interest in life was basketball. His grades at school were mediocre, and the mental labour of studying Morse code with Woody must have been outright peonage. But John had been changing since polio attacked his small sister. He had voluntarily done all the cooking at home, and much of the housekeeping, while his parents were spending every free hour beside his sister's hospital bed. He had found time to visit the girl nightly. After his sister, who luckily made a quick and almost complete recovery, returned home, John kept going to Orthopaedic Hospital to see Woody. Even after Woody was a master of Morse signalling, John dropped in sociably every week or so.

The hospital authorities were delighted at the suggestion of taking Woody to our Court of Honour. "It'll be a ticklish job to move him from his bed into an ambulance, on to a stretcher, into the church and back again - but it's worth doing," the doctor in charge told me. "Any hospital seems like a penitentiary to kids. One evening away from it might work wonders."

The doctor explained the position to the owner of a commercial ambulance service, who readily made an ambulance and two attendants available without charge. Woody appeared at our Court of Honour, supine and corpse-like in his stretcher-bed, but as enraptured as if he found himself in Never-Never Land. The parents and most of the Scouts met him for the first time that night, and many of them sounded muffled and quavering when they tried to talk with him. A crew of Scouts lifted his bed on to the stage when the time came to present him with the insignia of our Troop. We laid the insignia on his blankets, since he could not lift his hand to take it.

But he could move his fingers now, and with them he inched his hand like a crippled spider across the blankets until he could grasp the patrol badge and Troop numeral which lay there. It probably cost him something, because he set his teeth as the hand travelled, but he was smiling.

In the following weeks there were numerous visitors at Woody's bedside in the hospital. Scouts came and went almost nightly, drilling with him on the dots and dashes which every boy must know to be a First Class Scout. Woody felt himself an important cog in the Troop machinery. From moving his fingers he progressed to moving his hands, and then his arms. "I'll get well," he told the other Scouts. "I'll start going to Troop meetings pretty soon."

He did. It was less than two months after the Court of Honour before Woody was sitting up in a wheel chair. One of the fathers in our Troop volunteered to drive to the hospital each meeting night, lift Woody out of bed and carry him downstairs, ease him into an automobile, drive him to the church, extricate him from the car, settle him into a collapsible wheel chair, then pilot him through the

Troop meeting - and reverse the whole process afterwards. Woody became a regular participant in our meetings.

At first his spine was so limp that he fell sideways or forward in the chair whenever he tried to move, and had to be set aright each time. But he kept trying, and the night came when he could bend to the side or front and then pull himself straight again. As the Scouts grew more used to his wheel chair, they began riding on it with him, propelling it across the floor like a coaster wagon, or spinning it down and around like the Link trainers in which airplane pilots are given the sensations of aerobatics while on the ground. Woody loved it, so I never interfered, although I prayed continuously that there would be no accident.

"This case is taking on the aspects of a miracle," the hospital doctor told me one day. "When Woody Shreve came here, there was no hope whatever that he would walk again. Now there's hope. He's already done more than we thought possible, merely by managing to sit up straight."

Two years later Woody walked. He required crutches, and heavy braces on his legs, but he walked. His parents in Alaska, who had been separated from him all that time, made arrangements by mail with the hospital to take him back to their home. In the end he left and we never saw him again - but before he left there was a climax to the career of Woody in our Troop.

Ever since he began attending Troop meetings, Woody had listened intently to all our first aid and lifesaving instruction. It seemed almost to obsess him. When he got on to crutches he began coming to our Troop swims, watching the rescue drills and even learning to swim a little himself. During his final summer in our town he began to hang around the beaches. Lifeguards got acquainted with him, and told him yams of their daily warfare with the waters.

Woody was propped on his crutches on the dock one windy autumn afternoon when a sailboat capsized and spilled its six passengers into the water about fifty yards from the shore. There happened to be no other boats nearby, and only one lifeguard on the beach. The guard hit the water instantly and swam fast, because the six struggling people were obviously poor swimmers, and some of them were unable to get within reach of the boat.

Saving the six was a feat worthy of Beowulf - but the guard managed it single-handed. He brought the two feeblest swimmers to the dock simultaneously, swam back and caught two more just before they lost their weakening hold on the overturned boat, then made two more trips to retrieve the stronger ones who had been able to hang on while waiting for succour.

A big crowd - a typically stupid one - had collected on the dock. When the guard had lifted his sixth and last passenger into the hands of the waiting onlookers, everyone turned to surround the half-drowned victims. No one except Woody noticed that the lifeguard was in the final stages of exhaustion, too tired to keep his face above the slapping waves or to climb out of the water. He was sinking helplessly within two feet of the dock.

Woody knew what to do. He had watched our Scouts (including the ones who couldn't swim) practice a simple technique called the "extension rescue."

He threw himself flat on the dock and extended his crutch to the guard. The guard grasped it feebly, and Woody pulled him in. It was easy and quick. But the guard said later that he owed his life to Woody Shreve. Perhaps an assist should also be credited to John Ballard.



# THE CONFERENCE OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS AND COUNTY SECRETARIES, 1955

The Biennial Conference of County Commissioners and County Secretaries was opened by the Deputy Chief Scout at Church House, Westminster, on Friday, April 22nd. He referred briefly to the events of the preceding two years, two years, as he said, of development and growth. He assured the Conference that, though they were not a representative body with no power to make decisions, nevertheless the views expressed by them carried great weight at Imperial Headquarters.

The Chair for the first two sessions was ably taken first by J. Murray Napier, County Commissioner for London, and then by Clive Bemrose, County Commissioner for Derbyshire. Each session had two speakers each and thus the four sections of the Group were to be covered by their respective Headquarters Commissioners.

And so to the Wolf Cubs. There is nothing new to say about Wolf Cubs but Dennis Smith said it as well as it could possibly be said, and it was a good thing to remind the Conference that the largest section of the Movement was an integral part and an important part of the Scout family; that the aim with Cubs is the same as with Scouts, the methods were merely different because they were chosen to satisfy the different age groups; and that the jungle story, "not chosen haphazardly by our Founder," must remain the background for Cub training while the foreground must be devoted to lively activities and progressive training.

There was some discussion but nothing particularly new emerged.

In the regretted absence of Colonel Maurice Adshead, owing to illness, the Assistant Headquarters Commissioner for Scouts, Charles Maynard, stepping in at the last moment, made a maiden speech. He made the at present fashionable point that the Boy Scout Troop has been neglected for some years (a view not held by your Editor, who holds the belief that there is nothing wrong with the Boy Scout Troop that the real working of the Patrol System and following of Scouting for Boys would not pretty soon put right). We had hoped that Charles would be provocative but if he was it didn't provoke his audience into much discussion. It is doubtful whether this session helped the Boy Scout section, if it needs help, to any great extent.

However, Essex, in the shape of its County Commissioner, David Papillon, and Deputy County Commissioner, V. G. Hines, drove two nails firmly in by suggesting that we are not paying enough attention to Patrol Leaders and that we should do all we can to raise their prestige; and reminding us that character training arises out of standards and achievements, and is not something separate from them.

Then Laurence Stringer, for Senior Scouts, reported firmly and vigorously on the events and achievements of his first year of office. He particularly emphasised that Senior Scouts must consider the Law and Promise from the Senior Scout point of view and possibly some frank talking to them was necessary. Again the discussion did not provide anything that had not been heard before.

It was left to the most newly appointed of the Headquarters Commissioners, Group Captain David Lumgair, to set the Conference alight. He obtained a large measure of agreement from his audience and a most excellent discussion took place, every speaker adding something of value. Here is the speech of the new Headquarters Commissioner for Rover Scouts:-

*I am starting with a few figures - the latest available - to highlight the present position of the Rover Scout Section.*

*Only one Scout Group in five has a Crew. Many of these Crews are very small in numbers.*

*In England and Wales there is on an average only one R.S.L. to every two Crews. In Scotland and Northern Ireland the average is one Scouter to each Crew.*

*There are in England and Wales only four Rovers under the age of 21 to every 100 Boy Scouts under the age of 15. In Scotland and Northern Ireland there are six to every 100. The proportion of Rovers under the age of 21 in the Movement in Great Britain and Northern Ireland is 1.4 per cent.*

*A variety of reasons has been advanced to account for this state of affairs.*

*A large number of suggested remedies has been put forward. I shall not trouble you with them now, as they are none of them new, and have all been discussed ad nauseam on repeated occasions.*

*I suggest that a root cause of the problem may be found in the conception of the purpose of a Crew set out in the Basic Principles section of the Plan for Rover Scouts. Before one can achieve anything it is essential to have a clearly defined aim. Alternatives, conditional statements and qualification make for muddled thinking and lead to falling between two stools.*

*The objectives of a Crew, as set out in the Plan, are two in number, which tend to militate against each other. The first objective agrees with P.O.R. 254, and is derived from the intentions of the Founder. To him, Rovering was the culmination of the process of developing "happy, healthy and useful citizens" which starts at Cub age, continues in the Troop, and comes to fruition at manhood in the Crew. Rovering, he said "gives the older boy an aim for remaining under healthy influence at the difficult time in his life when he is just entering on manhood."*

*The Basic Principles qualify that primary objective. They add "at the same time it is right to provide a place for those who wish to continue their membership of the Movement and the Scout way of life, but whose activities of service may lie outside Scouting." And then the Plan goes on to make provision for such men within the structure of the Crew.*

*I am not suggesting that a suitable place should not be provided - but why should it be necessary to tack a social organisation with certain obligations of undefined service on to a training section of the Scout Group? Why should the Crew have to put up with the problems it creates? How often, in practice, is the Service Stage really apart from the Training Stage? In how many Crews do the old hands combine together and run the show, until the whole thing turns into a sort of Scouting club, which fails to attract and may even repel the youngster?*

*Just as between 17½ and 18 you get a complete change in outlook and maturity, so there is, in my experience (both in Scouting and in the Royal Air Force) another fundamental change - a sort of spurt forward - at about the age of 23, and certainly before the age of 25. You can mix the 18 to 23 age groups, and you can mix the 23s and over, but those over 23 just don't, as a general rule, get on with younger men. The older man tends to become a restricting influence on the younger fellows. I think I am right in saying that this was the experience of the Chief Scout at Glenfeshie during the war.*

*The Rover Plan is a compromise. We have made provision for two separate stages in Rovering. We have tried to ensure that the older Rovers don't interfere with or obstruct the activities of the younger chaps. Far too often we have failed.*

*Whenever Rovering is discussed this question of the older Rover crops up. Frequently the arguments boil down to a tacit admission that if only there were an upper age limit it would be a good thing, but that "they" wouldn't stand for it. By "they" we mean those older Rovers themselves. I think someone must bell-the cat.*

*I am not suggesting that Rovers over 23 should be chucked out of the Movement. I am, however, stating my considered opinion that their place is not in the Crew. Some are already Scouters; more, perhaps, should be. The B.-P. Guild may be the right place for many of them. It may even be advisable to provide some special niche for them.*

*In conclusion, may I just say this: I do not suggest that the introduction of an upper age limit is the solution of all our problems; It would, I believe, make it easier to deal with them. We can and must solve them: we must pool our ideas and put aside our prejudices. Rovering needs a dose of salts: it is up to us to administer it.*

Saturday's programme began with four brief reports. "Koko" acquainted County Commissioners with the present national position





**NATURE SCRAPBOOK: (8) VIXEN AND CUBS**

of County Chaplains; Mrs. Ursula Richardson, in a speech of persuasive sincerity, with Handicapped Scouting; Major-General Dan Spry was informative about the present position and purpose of the International Bureau; and Dennis Smith (batting for the second time, as the Chairman said) gave a brief interim report from the Committee which has been set up to look into the problem of leakage.

The Chairman for these four speakers was Major Sir Charles Maclean, who has succeeded Lord Glentanar as Chief Commissioner for Scotland, and our brothers over the border are obviously to be congratulated on having such a lively, intelligent and definite personality to lead them.

The rest of the morning was graced by a delightful talk by our Honorary Treasurer, Mr. S. J. L. Egerton. His talk will appear in full in next month's SCOUTER. (P. B. Nevill took the Chair for this session owing to the illness of P. A. Godfrey Phillips, Chairman of the Finance Committee.)

The afternoon was devoted to two separate sessions in which the County Commissioners and County Secretaries discussed their various problems by themselves. They fully occupied the hour and a half given up to them.

Finally, the Chief Scout summed up briefly but generously, thanking all concerned for a happy and fruitful Conference.

On the Friday evening 375 Commissioners attended the Commissioners' Dinner, 65, by the way, more than last year, and had a charming and exhilarating evening, and the Commissioner who said "Why don't we have this sort of Dinner every year?" would probably have been echoed by every one present.

It is an evening always of friendship and happiness, of pleasant food and good speaking.

Of course, one forgets the Dinners of long ago and even the more recent ones but I should doubt if we have ever had a more delightful and more successful Commissioners' Dinner.

When the Chief Scout gave Cyril Goodhind his Silver Wolf in B.-P.'s Room on the Friday morning of that same day he said "I can give you no higher praise than this, that we have come to expect that anything with which you are associated will run smoothly, efficiently and successfully." The organisation of both the Conference and the Dinner only showed the truth of our Chief's words.

We hope that our friend and brother Scout, The Rt. Hon. Derick Heathcoat-Amory, P.C., B.A., M.P., Her Majesty's Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, and a Chief Scout's Commissioner, will allow us to reprint his gay and satisfying speech in full next month. He prop6s&l the toast of the Boy Scout Movement. The Chief Scout replied in his own inimitable way.

Our Guests were proposed by David Papillon, M.B.E., T.D., D.L., Member of the Committee of the Council and County Commissioner for Essex, with some hilarious anecdotes, and Colonel Arthur E. Young, C.M.G., Commissioner, City of London Police, and Chairman of the National Committee of the B.-P. Guild of Old Scouts, ably, modestly and charmingly replied.

An evening long to be remembered by those present.

**R. H.**

# CAMPING DAYS AND NIGHTS 4. TROUBLE IN CAMP

My A.S.M. Ginger and I had a lot to put up with at our last year's Annual Camp. You'll remember the weather, that practically unceasing torrential rain, and the *mud* - Ginger said for quite a fortnight afterwards he was fairly wrenching his feet off the carpets at home under the impression that the mud was still sucking him down - but the real fly in the ointment was Mrs. Carruthers. She lived in a tall detached residence over the road from our otherwise delightfully rural site, and she took a keen interest in Scouts she told us. By the end of our stay Ginger and I could fully endorse that remark.

We had been settled in for several days and Mrs. Carruthers had strolled over for one or two friendly chats. She seemed a nice enough woman, grateful for any little cookery hint we could give her, and then, early on a rather unpleasant morning, Ginger looked up from the gently sizzling breakfast to see her coming across the field like a streak of lightning. We could see the wild glint in her eye yards away, and took a hasty glance around fearful that we might be doing something amiss, or that there had been some ghastly mishap, like a tent on fire.

No - in spite of the swirling mists, the scudding clouds and the vicious spatter of rain flung into our faces, it was a cosy scene. Both fires were going nicely, the as yet uncooked bacon was covered with a spotless tea towel to protect it from flying ash, and the boys not engaged in helping with breakfast were washing with grace and decorum in the shining bowls of the well-constructed wash-stands.

Reassured, we greeted her with a smile, and Ginger asked her if she'd like a mug of tea. But Mrs. Carruthers was in no mood for tea. When her breath came back she begged us in broken tones to tell her what the other Troop was doing.

I should mention that the previous evening a large Scout Troop had arrived and were camping in the same field, but between us was a slight hill, and unless we walked some distance away from the camp fire we could not see them. In her tall thin house Mrs. Carruthers could, and she now propelled us up the slight incline to survey the dreadful scene.

They certainly were an energetic lot! 7.30 a.m. after a soaking wet night, and they were having a thorough spring clean. Mrs. Carruthers stood wringing her hands, watching pyjamas and sleeping bags flying out of tents - blankets trailed along the grass in an endeavour to fling them over sagging lines, and tents ripped open at both ends so that the fresh, fresh air could howl right through.

"It's only Kit Inspection," we told her soothingly, but Mrs. Carruthers begged to differ. "Oh, no," she said, "Kit Inspection is what you have on a nice sunny day and the boys all sit round on their ground sheets sharing sweets. It's very pleasant - you had one that lovely fine afternoon."

We pointed out that these were probably a very tough efficient Troop used to this sort of weather, but she was almost demented and said that everything would undoubtedly soak up pints, if not quarts of moisture.

We led her back to our fire and forced her to drink a good strong mug of tea, but all she could moan was "Blankets out in all that mist. I wouldn't hang out so much as a duster today."

Now that one incident unbalanced Mrs. Carruthers altogether. She stopped being a normal friendly woman, and became a resolute soul with one mission in life - to save us from the perils of damp. Every morning she came charging down through the deluge to make absolutely sure we weren't having one of those "Nasty Kit Inspections." Having Mrs. Carruthers to cope with as well as the climate was just about the last straw. However, as the weather had now turned so utterly foul, Ginger and I had decided to concentrate on dishing up really stupendous, mouth-watering meals to keep up the boys' spirits, and beyond seeing to it that Georgie Smith did *not* take his bait tins into his tent, I expect we slipped up on one or two little refinements.

Our lot were experienced boys, always doing any amount of week-end camping, and the P.L.'s saw to it that the tents were pretty tidy, so I wasn't worried. When the sky did stop leaking for five minutes blankets were shaken smartly outside with no dropped corners, and just as smartly stowed away again, and with Mrs. C. bent on saving us that was just about all we dared attempt.

Over the way, however, Kit Inspection went on, wet or wetter, and she took it to heart very badly. Once Ginger ventured to ask her why she didn't go over to them and state her views.

"Oh, no," she said. "I'm not an interfering sort of person, as you know." Ginger said that he did know, and it just shows what a decent type Ginger is, that he managed to say it without a trace of sarcasm.

Towards the end of camp we got friendly with the other Troop, very keen lot, too. Ginger gave them a lift into Leamington hospital when one of them broke his leg falling out of a tree. All the same, they did have rotten coughs, most of them. We invited them to our Camp Fire on the last night, and of course Mrs. Carruthers detected the colds at once from where she sat cosily wrapped in her travelling rug on her natty camp stool.

We went home next morning, everybody in fine spirits, and not a sniffle among us. Oh, yes, and we took five of the other Troop as well, to drop them at the station. They didn't like going home a week early, but they all felt pretty rotten, streaming at the eyes and nose.

One had earache, and none of them had had a decent night's sleep they told us. Mrs. Carruthers watched them stagger on to the lorry with a nod of satisfaction, and as we drew away I saw her lips frame those nauseating words, "I told you so."

The awful part of it was, as Ginger said to me afterwards, it looked as though she may have been right.

**W. G. B.,**  
*Northampton.*





# PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS

By MICHAEL BLACKMORE

## XVII - THE EAGLE

In every naturalist's life certain incidents are so outstanding that he never forgets them. I always regard the first time I saw a wild eagle as a red-letter day and although twenty years have gone by since then every detail of that wonderful experience is still vivid in my memory. You probably know that eagles are seldom seen nowadays in the British Isles except in the highlands of Scotland and on some of the islands off the west coast of that wild and mountainous - region. So you can imagine my surprise when I discovered one in the West Country.

I was walking one afternoon along a cliff road overlooking the Bristol Channel when the raucous clamour of herring gulls far out to sea caught my attention. Normally I should not have taken very much notice of them but they were obviously so excited by something that I took a look at them through my field-glasses and saw that they were diving at an enormous brown bird which was flapping towards the cliffs in a straight line about two hundred feet above sea-level. As they came nearer I realised with a sudden thrill that they were mobbing an eagle; for there was no mistaking his broad wings, the huge primary feathers of which resembled the fingers of an outspread hand. They must have measured about, seven feet from tip to tip. His enormous head and beak were almost equally impressive as he turned from side to side keeping a watchful eye on his screaming assailants who were trying to drive him off his course.

Soon the eagle passed directly above me - a magnificent sight in the sunlight - and made his way slowly and majestically inland, gaining height rapidly as he met the upsurge of warm air rising from a wide valley. I must have watched him for about ten minutes (though one loses all sense of time when one's whole attention is absorbed) until he dwindled into a mere speck on the distant horizon and disappeared from view. From the purposeful manner of his flight I imagine that he must have been migrating to the mountains of Central or South-East Europe, for eagles are great wanderers in winter time when they often travel hundreds of miles from their nesting haunts.

While the memory of what I had seen was still fresh in my mind I made a rough pencil sketch in my notebook - a drill which I recommend every naturalist to practise automatically whenever he comes across an unfamiliar species. When I reached home I compared it with the descriptions given in my bird-books and was thrilled to find that I had been watching a white-tailed or sea-eagle.

Less than two hundred years ago the white-tailed eagle used to breed in England but persecution gradually drove it to the remoter parts of Ireland and Scotland. In 1908 there was only one pair left (on the Shetland Isles) and during that year the male was killed. His mate lingered on alone brooding her huge nest of sticks each season until 1918 when she disappeared. Since then the sea-eagle has been recorded only as a rare visitor to our shores.

This obituary notice makes dismal reading if you take an interest in our larger birds of prey but fortunately we still have the golden eagle as a breeding species. Today it is not uncommon in some of the Scottish deer forests and the Hebrides, and within recent years it has also bred in Northern Ireland. It is quite possible that it may even extend its range southwards again into some of its old haunts in England and Wales if it is given enough protection. Of course it is already protected by legislation but the difficulty is to ensure that the law is properly observed in places far away from the beaten track. In the wild glens and mountains where the eagles build their eyries public opinion and the co-operation of landowners are more likely to secure the preservation of rare birds than Acts of Parliament.

However much the naturalist may wish to encourage golden eagles the owner of a grouse moor is apt to dislike them for they certainly kill grouse when they get the chance.



It is almost equally annoying for a gamekeeper to find that when an eagle visits a moor most of the grouse leave it until their dreaded enemy moves elsewhere.

This being so the keeper may try to kill him. He is easily attracted by carrion and therefore some people habitually put down baits and steel gins. Another well-known trick is to leave a poisoned carcass on the eagle's hunting ground.

Fortunately owners of deer forests usually protect the golden eagle because they dislike grouse on their property. The reason is that a pack or covey of grouse may easily ruin the stalker's chance of a shot by flying up and alarming the deer at a crucial moment. Thus you will realise that the preservation of eagles depends to some extent on whether a man prefers to stalk deer or shoot game.

The golden eagle sometimes carries off newly born lambs in spring if they are left unguarded by the ewe. When she is near they are fairly safe as a rule because the eagle is rather a cowardly creature. Although he has been described in poetry and prose as the King of Birds he is easily driven off from his prey by ravens and crows which are comparatively small species. A sheep has even been known to save her offspring by butting the attacker with her head!

A fully grown golden eagle weighs about twelve pounds and can comfortably pick up a mountain hare weighing five or six pounds. But in order to tackle a lamb he needs a strong wind and a good slope to enable him to become airborne; therefore he attacks lambs most frequently when they are very small and if the ground happens to be favourable. It has been estimated on good authority that an eagle can manage to lift more than its own weight only when the prey happens to be standing on a steep incline. In such cases the bird is able to pounce, snatch the victim in his talons and continue his flight without landing.

The nest of the golden eagle is built either on a cliff ledge or in a tree and usually contains two eggs. Last summer I was shown an eyrie on a towering crag overlooking a desolate valley. It must have been occupied for a long time because the pile of sticks was at least four feet high owing to the additions made to it during successive years. It was impossible to see the eaglets from below and I had no wish to risk breaking my neck by climbing up to them, so I waited for the return of the old birds who were away hunting. Before they returned a cold mist suddenly came down and hid everything from view! Thus my vigil was in vain - but that is the kind of thing you must expect if you visit the wild peaks where the golden eagle breeds.

# HURRYING FEET

## 5. PATHFINDING BY NIGHT

By CHRIS DENT, G.S.M., 97th Salford

The object here is to provide exciting exercises by night, using ingenuity instead of instruments and at the same time presenting elementary geometry to the boys in a novel way which in my experience has never failed to arouse great interest even in the least arithmetically inclined Scout. The only stores required are several pieces of string, and with their aid only, a compass bearing may be taken and a distance travelled with accuracy, silence and speed.

With a piece of string, any length, we make a triangle and lay one side of this triangle on the North Star and move off along the side which has been designed to give us the desired bearing. Let us first of all take a look at the method of providing the means of taking the bearing: we can, with our piece of string, make an equilateral triangle very simply by folding it into three equal parts, knotting it at the folds (Dia. a1) and then holding the ends together and pulling tight on the knots (Dia. a2). A right angle can be similarly made by making three, four and five folds, knotting and drawing tight (Dias. B1 and b2).

Now take a look at Dia. c: this shows an angle of 600 and the method of bisection. Drive in a peg at A. Attach a looped piece of string and make an arc at B and C and drive in pegs at these points. Now move the looped string to B and after making an arc as shown move the string to C and cut the arc. This will give the point D and the line AD bisects the angle. From the 600 angle, the 900 angle, a combination of the two and the power to bisect we can cover a wide range of bearings exactly, and I shall later show the method to be used when we cannot lay a true course.

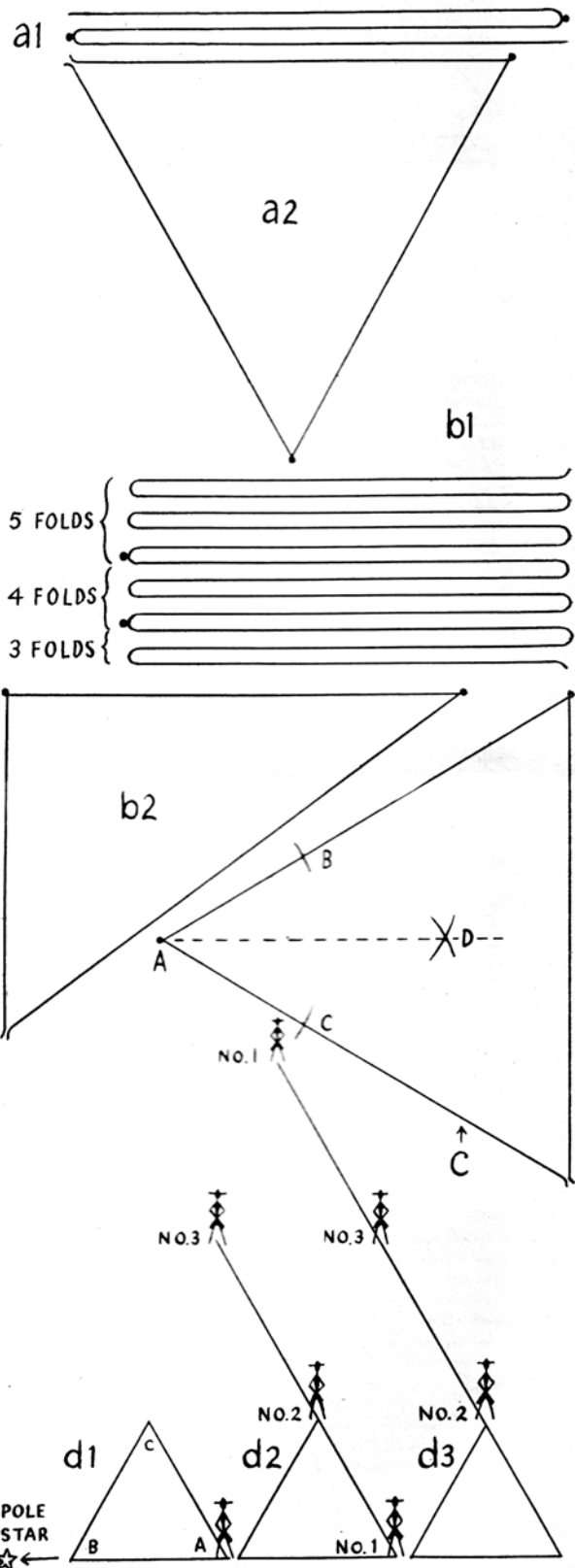
We are now ready to put the method into practice. A very simple illustration is one using the bearing of 600. An equilateral triangle made in the method described is laid on the ground with one side of the triangle pointing from the Scout in charge to the North Star (Dia. d1), and of course the line AC is the desired bearing. If 1200 were required the line BC would be followed. Incidentally I always give Scouts their bearings in degrees as being much more useful and accurate and more in accordance with present-day practice in the Services and elsewhere than the compass points.

What we have done with the 600 triangle we can do in exactly the same way with any of the other triangles we produce, and I will now describe the method of practical application which I have found to work quite well. The party should consist of four Scouts, three of whom move on the objective while the fourth acts as recorder. We will call these Scouts Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4.

Dia. d1 shows No. 1 sighting along one side of the triangle to the North Star; d2 shows him sighting through No. 2, who is positioned on the angle which gives the 600, to No. 3 who is twenty yards out on the commencement of the journey. After getting No. 3 into position, No. 1 goes forward twenty yards in front of No. 3 and is guided into position by No. 2 (Dia. d3). And so it continues, the rear man positioning the front man before going forward himself. The boys are connected to each other by pieces of string twenty yards in length and the recorder keeps the score of these intervals until the distance has been covered. This method is very much more reliable than pacing, especially over rough ground, and cuts out the necessity for counting steps.

If it is desired to travel silently, the strings can be used to signal the front man into position. A long pull from the rear, carried on by the intermediate boy, indicating "Move to the left" and a jerky one "Move to the right" or something on those lines. On a very dark night white patches should be carried on the backs or torches carried and flashed back over the heads.

I said earlier that I would describe the method to be used where we cannot lay an exact course. We can by the means already described move out in any direction with not more than 2 or 30 of error, but if we wish to move any considerable distance on a bearing which is not exactly covered by our quite wide range we may proceed as follows:- assuming that we wish to move to a house two miles away at 31 degrees then we will make an equilateral triangle and bisect it.



We will then travel our two miles at 30 degrees, turn South and walk until we come to our objective. At the end of the two miles our deviation of error is less than sixty yards.

I hope at some later date to give some further examples of field geometry, including the making of an astrolabe with rough and ready latitude, and longitude many be taken, again without the use of an arithmetic not within the range of a normal eleven year-old.

For the present, good pathfinding.



# VISUAL YARNS

## 5. THE PARABLE OF THE MATCH

By Rev. E. J. WEBB

### Introduction

Many of our Lord's immortal stories were about everyday things. If He had been born in our times, I feel sure that He would have talked about a match, as He did speak of a candle, and a lamp. It has taken man hundreds of years to evolve the safety match. One firm may produce 100 million matches a year. It makes quite a good hobby collecting the many kinds of match-boxes. If we strike a match we will not forget the "safety part"! What shall we ask the Match now he is present?

### 1. Why do we Strike a Match?

We have to make it warm by rubbing it on something rough, causing friction and thus bringing it to a temperature where something will then happen of itself - a light! The warmth causes the light. So that, although the match may look dead, it can come alive. We need to make an effort. You can do lots of good deeds if you will only do them. If you are looking for something to turn up, start on your shirt-sleeves!

### 2. Why is the Flame Hot?

Heat is produced. The power has come from the carbon and from the oxygen in the air. The power is released when the two things combine to make a flame. A match is all right whilst it keeps a cool head! Matches used to be made of phosphorus. They did not then need to be struck, and indeed would often ignite by rubbing together in the pocket, if carried loosely. Modern matches are tipped with an igniting composition containing substances (potassium chlorate, paraffin and stearine), whose reaction with each other is accompanied by the evolution of heat.

We say of a person that "he is not so hot" and that is why "he is not very bright." We need to be warm-hearted and receptive to impressions, to new truth.

### 3. Why does a Match Go Out?

In order to bum, a match needs a certain amount of heat in addition to the heat it makes itself. It must also have something to burn and air to bum it with. When you blow a match out, you blow away its heat. Watch! If I blow gently, I give the match more air to bum with and it burns more brightly. If I blow too hard, I blow away its heat. Now, see the danger of holding the match upside down, when, as air rises, there is more draught, and the match burns more quickly. Remember this when lighting anything.

A match bums itself out. It is a living sacrifice. Jesus is the only One who conquers the world by the sacrifice of Himself, and not the sacrifice of others. Do not forget that a match can be put out, before its usefulness has expired. "Stir up the gift that is in thee" (2 Timothy I, 6).

Mr. Graham Greene, who writes thrillers (good ones), said over the radio that he became a writer because, as he read the books of Miss Bowen, he was fired to a similar zeal because she wrote with such zest. One could not read her without believing that to write was to live and to enjoy. We should live the Christian life with such gaiety and verve, that we attract others to become Christians. It was said of John the Baptist that he was a "burning and shining light."

Read Matthew v, 1-16.

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## OUR DISTRICT

By A.D.C.

Then I met fifteen-year-old Sandy in the High Street the other day I naturally asked him how he was getting on in Hankin's Troop, to which he was transferred when the 98th was disbanded last autumn.

"I've packed it up," he said briefly. "Old Hankin is too strict ..."  
He hurried away, evidently not wishing to go into details, and I just had to accept the fact that the Scout Movement had lost yet another bright boy. Sandy comes from a very poor home, with a hard-working decent mother and (a rarity in these better days) a drunken father.

He won a place in the local Grammar School although he often had to do his homework by candle-light because the electricity was cut off in the house owing to non-payment of the bill. A boy of character, if ever there were one, and when the 98th closed down I personally negotiated his transfer to old Hankin's Troop. It was a heavy blow to learn that he had not made the grade.

If Hankin has a fault, it is a tendency to resent advice (or interference, as he calls it) from his A.D.C. about the internal running of his Group, but I felt I had a sort of right to an explanation about Sandy, so I called round on him last Sunday afternoon, ostensibly to talk about the Sports, and when we had both let off steam about Scouters who never seem able to get their entries in by the due date, I asked him how Sandy was getting on.

"You know perfectly well that he has left," he said irritably. "I saw him talking to you in the High Street yesterday, and I knew you'd be round this afternoon on some excuse to pry into the matter."

"I like Sandy," I protested, "and admire him, and I was naturally sorry to hear he had left, but if it's something you'd rather not talk about..."

He puffed angrily at his pipe.

"I suppose you're entitled to an explanation," he said grudgingly, "as you brought the kid along in the first place.

I saw at once he had the makings of a good Scout, and he did so well at first that a couple of months ago I promoted him Second of the Owls, and had no cause to regret it. Then, two week-ends ago, the tragedy happened. The Owls were scheduled to have a Patrol camp on their own at Harvey's Farm, and at the last minute the P.L. sprained his ankle, and couldn't go, so Sandy was in charge. I make it a rule, as you know, to visit Patrol camps when I can for ten o'clock inspection..."

"And you found everything at sixes and sevens?" I suggested. "Far from it. The site was smart enough to win a camping competition, the chaps were neat and clean, pits and gadgets were all they should be... but during Inspection Sammy Tuke was suddenly violently sick. He was really horribly ill, and he lost his nerve and told me he had smoked three cigarettes. Sandy had won a box of fifty in a raffle, and taken them to camp and shared them round. What could I do? I had to take his stripe away, and a proud chap like Sandy just couldn't swallow the disgrace, and put his badges in an envelope and shoved them through my door."

I don't remember ever seeing old Hankin so upset.

"Sandy had to be taught that a chap in charge of others who leads them astray is the very worst sort of criminal" he said. "'Better a millstone were hanged about his neck' as it says in the Bible, but when I found that neat little packet of badges on my mat I'd have given half my savings not to have had to take that stripe away. I just hadn't any choice, though, because unless we keep our standards we might as well disband."

I passed the long queue outside the local cinema, and Sandy was there with the gang from Joop's Buildings. I thought he was going to ignore me, but when I had nearly passed he smiled and gave a sort of half-cock salute.

Life is a difficult business.

# FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

On Easter Monday I had the pleasure of seeing the first performance of this year's Glasgow *Gang Show*. It was excellently produced and mounted and the cast did a splendid job. The audience was most appreciative and there is no doubt about the popularity of this annual event in the Glasgow Scout calendar.

Before we went along to the theatre, the County Commissioner very kindly showed me some of the new Headquarters that have been or are being built in various parts of the city. It is clear that the County and District Scouters and lay members realise the desirability for a Group to have a home of its own and some first-class buildings are being erected. Particular attention is being paid to the needs of new housing estates. This is just one example of what is happening all over the United Kingdom and the total value of Scout property today must be very high indeed.

But in such ventures there can be the occasional snag and, sometimes, near disaster. The project that was to enable Scouting adequately to serve the boyhood of a community becomes a source of worry to a great many people. The sort of case I have in mind is where the Group Committee has a hundred or so pounds in the bank, hears of a bargain (!) such as a permanent building or a movable hut, decides to buy it at once, spending every penny the Group possesses on it and then is faced - in the case of a hut - with finding some ground to put it on, moving it, erecting it and putting it in order so that it can be used. All quite expensive items but no money available to meet them. Then someone has heard about Grants and for a week or two the outlook is not quite so bleak; until the reply comes that as the Group has entered into a commitment - or more simply, 'has bought the building - a grant cannot be made. More gloom and worry. Sometimes a Group is lucky and well-wishers may rally round with donations or interest-free loans but that does not always happen and one hears of unpaid accounts, huts remaining unerected and other tales of woe.

This unfortunate state of affairs can be avoided by planning and patience. From my own experience, I believe patience is the greatest requirement in this business of a projected Group Headquarters. Even when you have the money, a piece of ground may be difficult to acquire; and when you have found it other frustrations can occur - and usually do. But with patience the problems can be solved.

Some of the essentials in planning for a place of our own are (a) a strong and enthusiastic Group Committee and, if possible, Parents' Association, (b) a clear idea of the type of building you want, and (c) the cost. When your building account is within reasonable distance of the total sum you need, enquiries can be made about grants. The Grants Department at I.H.Q. will be only too pleased to advise and an early approach to them is recommended, but, I must repeat, it is no use writing to them if you have already bought a building or have commenced work on it in any way.

I would most strongly recommend that any Group contemplating the acquisition of its own Headquarters should obtain a copy of the I.H.Q. pamphlet *Our Own Place*, price 3d. post free, and the book *Running a Scout Group* by J. F. Colquhoun, price 8s. 6d. Both publications contain invaluable advice on every aspect of what can be an exciting and very worthwhile venture.

We have read with much sadness of the disastrous floods in New South Wales. You will like to know that a message of sympathy with our brother Scouts there was sent on behalf of all Scouts in Great Britain together with the offer of a gift of £1,000 to help Groups and Scouts who have been distressed. A most appreciative reply has been received and the offer has been accepted as there has been considerable damage to Group and individual Scout property.

This is the time of the year when many of us have to renew the insurances on our Group Headquarters and equipment. It is most important that the cover should be adequate for replacement should an accident befall any of that property and it is to be hoped that Group Treasurers or whoever deal with these matters will relate values to present day costs and not to those which existed when the property was acquired.

The Insurance Department at I.H.Q. has had several cases in recent years of a Group having lost its Headquarters and/or camping equipment by fire and while the claim was met in full the amount of the insurance was totally inadequate to replace what had been lost. The premium for these insurances is comparatively small and this is most certainly a case of the desirability of being wise before the event.

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

## THE GILWELL LETTER

The scene: a Troop Headquarters; the time: at the end of the weekly Troop Meeting.

Bill, Patrol Leader of the Owls, is called forward by his Scoutmaster and, after a few well-chosen words, is presented with the Scout Cord. Bill is obviously very pleased, so is the Scoutmaster, and so is the rest of the Troop. The Troop yell is given and, after flag down and prayers, the Troop is dismissed and it is the end of another Troop Meeting.

But it is not quite the end, for Bill (who is normally in a hurry to get away as he is engaged in a little pleasant co-operation with a Guide Patrol Leader) is seen to be hanging about. When all is quiet he goes up to the Scoutmaster and this - so my tame fly on the ceiling reports - is the conversation which takes place:-

Bill: "Skip, I've been thinking about these Scout Cords."

S.M.: "Well?"

Bill: "Isn't there any similar sort of thing for Scoutmasters?"

S.M.: "What do you mean by any sort of thing?"

Bell: "Well, I had to work pretty hard to get this. Isn't there anything you can get? Isn't there something called a Wood Badge or something like that?"

S.M.: "Yes, there is, but somehow I've never got around to it; you chaps have always kept me pretty busy."

Bill: "The Troop would be pretty proud if you did get it. Do you mind if we bring it up at the next Court of Honour meeting to see if there's any way we can organise things so that you have time to do it?"

S.M.: "That's all right, Bill; raise what you like, but I'm not making any promises."

That was the conversation: I can only tell you that as a result this particular Scouter will, by the time you read this, have been through a Part 2 Course and I hope will have qualified. Before very long the Troop will have yet another reason to be proud of a man who is a very good Scoutmaster.

I have just returned from France where I had the great pleasure and privilege of taking part in Cub and Scout Wood Badge Courses. Once again it was obvious that through Wood Badge Training we have one of the most significant and practical unifying influences in Scouting and, in fact, apart from the obvious necessity of running the course in the French language, there was no material difference at all between what is done at Gilwell and what is done in France.

The French have been experimenting with a technique which they invented called "Frossager." (A brief article on this theme appeared in the February SCOUTER.) Don't try to look it up in the dictionary as technique of making camp gadgets and particularly camp furniture it is a made-up word and you will not find it there. Briefly, it is a without using lashings; it has certainly caught on and is being enthusiastically put into use. The equipment required is a set of awls of various gauges, a saw, a knife, an axe, a rule, and some imagination.

It is in this latter regard that the French score so well. This is not an "Anti-lashing Movement"; it comes in alongside our normal method of making two pieces of wood stay adjacent to each other. It is perhaps not very appropriate for a short weekend camp, but for the summer camp I think it is absolutely ideal.

These two courses gave me my first experience of bottles of wine being issued to each Patrol for every meal.



It is rather astonishing to think that the bottles cost more than the wine. I don't think we shall ever be able to afford to copy the practice at Gilwell but I personally enjoyed the experience very much.

Now, if I may, a little advertising. During the winter months we have been carrying out all sorts of improvements to our Providore and we shall be carrying a bigger line of goods than ever before. In particular, for those who will be camping here, we shall have a very full range of groceries which can be ordered in advance and we will send you a list if you let us know that you want one.. For those who are collectors of souvenirs or who want to give presents to people associated with Gilwell we have a larger edition of the Gilwell mug at 5/-, very attractive horse brasses at 3/6, Gilwell Park pencils at 6d., newly designed pennants at 2/6 and 1/6, and, of course, all our well-tried lines including the now justly-celebrated Gilwell rock which I am delighted to tell you we now order by the hundredweight. When Gilwell rock was first put in the Providore I asked the supplier how to keep it and his truthful reply was "You don't: it sells!"

Lastly, we hold our first Cub Open Day on Sunday, July 17th, from 2p.m. onwards. We have already heard of hundreds of Cubs coming, and I will give you details next month.

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



## LUCK OF THE MONTH

By **THE EDITOR**

**March 28th.** - Received a nice leather bookmark from a Patrol in New Zealand "because you helped us to find pen pals in The Scout." This is kindness as well as courtesy and certainly in great contrast to the 75 per cent of British Scouts, prize winners in our competitions over the last year, who have neither acknowledged nor said thank you for their prizes. I am coming regretfully to the conclusion that whatever the effect of the other laws, the difference between Scouts and non-Scouts in the matter of courtesy is nil. Or if there is a difference it isn't in the Scouts' favour.

**March 30th.** - The brotherhood of the fourth Scout Law is both an attitude of mind and a two-way communication. This thought comes to me on hearing of the existence of a Scout Troop in the jungle of North-West British Guiana who couldn't grasp the fact that an outsider to the tribe could really join their Troop and be a brother. They accepted it with the reservation that he can provided he passes their initiation test of 48 hours in the jungle with only a bow and arrow!

**March 31st.** - Hear of a Group Committee who have decided to buy two Scouts weekly and two Scouters monthly out of Group funds, one of each for cutting up and pasting in a Group ideas book and one for filing. Other intelligent Groups please copy the others needn't bother.

**April 2nd** - As I stared in the April sunshine at a golden company of coltsfoot an elderly man with a stick new to the neighbourhood spoke to me. "What is it called?" he said. "Coltsfoot," I said. And he said, "That is it. Lovely things. You should see them under the glass. Miracles."

This small conversation and the fattening buds together brightened the day. Of course, every flower is a miracle. You and I are miracles. Whether we are worth-while miracles is another matter.

**April 7th.** - Down to Gilwell which, whatever the changes that take place in it, remains beautifully the same. Met at the station by John and Olive Thurman, who have been my friends for quarter of a century, and their two small daughters, the elder of whom, Ann, is my god-daughter. Being six she finds the relationship a little uncertain and on the way to the station had said to her mother "Of course, Uncle Rex is my great, great grandfather isn't he?" I felt my rapidly-disappearing hair more than ever!

John tells me that they have planted 10,000 bulbs given by the Cub Courses and 1,000 rose trees. Saw the Gum trees given by Australia; four of them have a sporting chance of survival and two of them seem to be doing splendidly.

**April 8th.** - People are very kind. The Chingford Aquarists' Society have given a most handsome aquarium to Gilwell. It stands against the wall in the small museum behind the Group Room. I stared at them again and again: soot-black Molys, Angel Fish, Red Sword-Tails, Platys, Gubbys, Siamese Fighters, denizens of a bewildering and fascinating world.

**April 9th.** - Another new gift to Gilwell is Salisbury's own reproduction of Boy Cornwell at Jutland, bearing not only the artist's signature but that of Beatty and Jellico as well.

Interested to notice three 14-year-olds (or thereabouts) having a portable radio in camp and a programme choice between a play, some variety and an orchestral concert on the Third, had chosen the concert.

**April 10th.** - Walking along Wilson Way I felt very happy that I had remembered to send my 5/- towards it to the Camp Chief. (Any other good Gilwellian who meant to do but forgot should do so now.) This lovely road, lined with young beech trees, backed with flowering trees, is going to grow into one of the loveliest sights in Gilwell, to commemorate for all times the great years of "Belge" Wilson.

**April 11th.** - While we were breakfasting in the Camp Chief's house the first two Scouts arrived from Chingford and presented themselves at the door with their Bob-a-Job cards! I suppose most Scouters have to do a bit of taking in their own washing, so to speak. Olive Thurman set them to work painting the garden seat, thus making them both happy and useful.

This is a day long-desired when one can sit in the sun and feel its warmth. About 660 boys camping over the week-end here; the standard very good, simple but knowledgeable. My own belief is that the good old days are now.

**April 12th.** - Interested to hear that two Scouts played a prominent part in the Maundy Money ceremonies which were held at Southwark Cathedral for the first time. The Bishop of St. Albans, Michael Gresford-Jones, is Lord High Almoner, and Laurie Brown, who is a Canon of Southwark Cathedral, took a prominent part in the service and is presenting his set of Maundy Money to Gilwell.

**April 13th.** - Latest Delta-ism:- There is no such thing as normal boys: all are more or less eccentric.

**April 15th.** - No national daily papers means rather less Bob-a-Job publicity this year, but John Bull gave us a pleasant cover in full colours: nice of them.

**April 16th.** - Listened to some real home truths about Scouting in general and their Troops in particular from the Harrow and Wealdstone Patrol Leaders' Parliament. Leakage from the Scout Troop (they thought) was due to want of activity and activities in the programme. Lively and intelligent.

**REX HAZLEWOOD.**

## 45. ADVENTURE AT NIGHT

For many years the Bournemouth Local Association has held Night Adventure Competitions for Senior Scouts. These have always been popular with the competitors and an outline of the arrangements and the type of stunts that have been included may be of help to others who already run similar events or are contemplating doing so.

We have had varied themes. Once, we started from Corfe Castle and then the teams - which were originally of 3 Seniors but now for numerical reasons are of 4 - represented parties of retainers in search of Edward, the King of England in 978; on other occasions we have had parties in search of a lost explorer, or rescuing international scientists from foreign gangs or visiting strange islands on a pseudo-Kon-Tiki expedition. In each case the teams have started on the course, which is usually over about six miles of rough and varied country, at 10- or 15-minute intervals and the theme has served to connect up the dozen or so stunts that the competitors encountered during their circuit. The complete journey takes between four and five hours and we limit the entries to 24 teams to ensure that all start and finish in darkness. At first we invited teams from neighbouring Districts but we can no longer do this as the vacancies are all taken up by our own Seniors.

The stunts are based mainly on the Venturer Badge, Part 2, tests. There are spare-time activities while teams are waiting to start - although waiting time is reduced by staggering the times at which the teams report. These have included mental activities such as codes, topical crosswords, composing verse and the like, as well as practical - backwoods cooking - and constructional - making a model raft. The episodes on the various courses have covered a vast field. Some have called for stamina and courage - rescuing wounded men from an underground smoke-filled dungeon (disused shelter) - eluding an ambush - the ambush type of stunt also gives Rovers a chance to enjoy themselves as attackers. Some have required tact and courtesy - persuading an aged and garrulous missionary to give factual information instead of personal reminiscences - convincing a cannibal chieftain that Scouts should not be eaten because of their value to the community. Others have tested technical ability - preparing a twist for starving explorers - surveying ancient archaeological remains (pegs set out to conform to one of the constellations) - treatment of accidents - signalling from a tower to a distant station and then marching to it although the configuration of the ground hid it from view. We have had stunts that need ingenuity - getting an egg from the top of a tree and then hard-boiling it with improvised equipment - sending a message by tom-tom - transferring a flame from a candle on ground level to a candle in the roof of a hut. There have been semi-comic stunts though even these have had training as a purpose - undressing in the dark, crawling through a pipe and then dressing again - singing an Irish song (this was on St. Patrick's Day). We always finish with an inspection though sometimes equipment is checked on the way. It is good for morale, and a good test of stickitability, for the personal inspection to be at the end as the boys can go round the course in clothing more suitable than parade uniform and smarten themselves up after their return to be inspected and questioned generally. Incidentally there is no need for the finishing point to be the same as the start. In many ways it is easier and better if it is different but then some means of moving the blankets and personal kit the competitors bring with them is needed.

Back at base there is time for a few hours' sleep before the parade on the Sunday morning when the judges give their comments and the final results are announced. A duplicated report is at the same time issued to each boy. This helps parents to learn what we do and to appreciate that the activity is a valuable one and why adverse weather conditions do not deter boys from competing. We always have a dry shelter for the teams when they return and give hot drinks before they turn in - and often on the course itself.

This year's competition was held in March in the New Forest to the north of Ringwood, so that for most boys there was a 15-mile cycle ride before and after. The teams had been told in advance that they could expect to meet the ghosts of the twelve Senior Scout Patrol heroes and that the stunts with which they would have to deal would be devised by these ghosts and would have some connection with their individual lives and adventures.

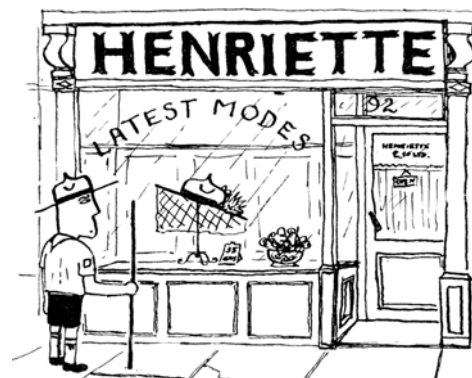
The episodes were by no means elaborate or original but the choice of suitable surroundings and the use of initiative and imagination by judges resulted in the contest being one of the best we have had.

The STAs were devised by the ghost of Raleigh - who besides his better known activities was a patron of the arts; they were an allusive crossword, the lights of which including many of the Patrol symbols or references to the heroes' lives, and the composing of a verse about the night's activities or some Scouting topic. On the course itself, the first ghost met was Darwin who required a Natural History survey to be made of a small area including a river bank. Next Mallory re-enacted an episode in which while climbing Everest his companion met with an accident - first-aid needed. At a water-hole Livingstone expected teams to identify the casts of animals. Then the teams split into two pairs, one of which was asked by Stephenson to use inventive ingenuity to dredge gold-dust from the bed of the stream. A few hundred yards away at another ford, the other two Seniors attempted to humour a ghost with a funny story or comic song, but found that ghosts are not easily amused. Each team had been given a Morse letter as a call-sign and the separate pairs had to cross the fords, link up and reach a plantation about half a mile away, eluding like Drake the Spanish Armada (fifteen hefty Rovers). In the coppice, Wingate had conjured up rough jungle bridges to be negotiated and Scott tested teams at their ability to follow a trail (of string) in a blinding snowstorm (i.e. blindfold). Following a compass direction competitors came to an R.A.F. marker station where appropriately was the ghost of Mitchell asking for the construction of a wind-sock tower (test of lashing). He passed teams to Cook who in his explorations had found an ancient underground tomb and thought it should be investigated without the use of lights, its dimensions estimated and its contents reported on. Watkins, who could not be present in body or spirit, had left for teams a series of navigational landmarks - large tent pegs - with notes on each peg of the bearing and range of the next. This was a popular stunt with all teams and as the pegs were 100 to 150 yards apart it enabled us to get the competitors across a stretch of open moor where they might otherwise have lost the track. Marking was on the basis of time taken. Finally the ghost of Grenfell was encountered and he expressed concern that Patrols of Scouts were taking the names of him and his co-heroes and asked for proof that the true meaning of the Scout Law and Promise were realised by the team.

The parties then found their way back to our temporary H.Q.s by simple map-reading and there was the usual inspection. Morale was high, particularly when it was found that the expected hot soup and tea were being prepared and served by the local Ranger Crew.

Our annual night adventure competition was over for one more year. The date of the next has been fixed in the Association programme and helpers have already volunteered. We know that our neighbours at Southampton and Portsmouth hold similar events and no doubt there are many others - but even so, perhaps these notes will encourage more to follow suit. Certainly both Scouts and Scouters thoroughly enjoy this form of activity and the results we achieve when enthusiasm and enjoyment are linked with training and adventure make it all the easier to "Look Wide" in other ways.

NORMAN READ,  
A.D.C.(S.), Bournemouth.





# 46. "READY FOR ANYTHING"

(Fifth Senior Scout mid-winter Expedition at Downe)

It's a pretty safe bet that very few readers of THE SCOUTER would have relished the idea of having to break the ice before they could wash on New Year's morning.

However, it was all part of the game to the Senior Scouts who took part on the fifth mid-winter expedition at Downe Camp, and although they may not have enjoyed the experience exactly, they bore it with a fortitude that would have astonished the more stay-at-home, slippers-by-the-fire kind of Scout.

Honours for toughness go to one Scout who decided to experiment by making it, for himself, a lightweight expedition, and astonished everyone by keeping warm at night with only a light sleeping bag and a pair of football shorts. If you think back, you may remember what sort of weather we were having in the south of England at that time.

Of course, to be of any use to you, toughness must have a purpose, and the purpose of midwinter expeditions of this kind is to meet new friends, to encounter new experiences and perhaps discover new interests and hobbies. In short, to adventure.

At Downe, adventure was well catered for with a day of rock climbing and abseiling, and half a day exploring some dene-holes, apart from the activities leading up to the Pioneer and Venturer Badges, and when a bunch of fellows get together on activities like that, you can't help making new friends.

It surprises many people to learn that quite difficult rock climbs can be practised within forty miles of London, but at High Rocks, near Tunbridge Wells, most members of the expedition had their first taste of climbing on pitches of up to II B standard (hard difficult) and learned how to abseil.

Until you have done it, it requires quite a lot of nerve to lower yourself over a cliff edge, supported only by quite a thin rope, but under the guidance of Mr. Anthony Medlycott, the climbing instructor, and members of the expedition staff, everyone survived, and no-one landed upside down.

The climbing took place before the weather turned cold, but as if to prepare us for things to come, that evening there was a yarn about camping in the Antarctic by Lieutenant Commander Kevin Walton, D.S.C., who is, incidentally, publishing a book on the subject shortly. If you should be in any doubt about the kind of rations to take on a long hike under difficult conditions, or about the best kind of tent for your winter camping, or about the best way of carrying gear, Commander Walton is the chap to ask. One couldn't help feeling that, like so many men who have successfully encountered real adventure, he "played down" the hardships, but everyone enjoyed hearing him, seeing his equipment and, not least, meeting Lady, his husky dog.

The biggest surprise of the expedition was to wake on Tuesday morning in a warm and cosy bivouac at a farm near Swanley, to find thick snow outside. More ice-breaking, then breakfast, and a slippery and somewhat hazardous car ride along icy roads to the dene-holes at Bexley.

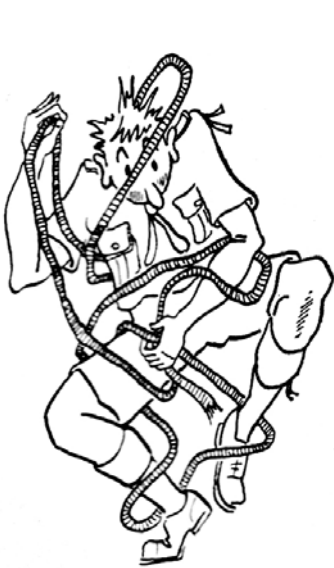
These dene-holes, and those across the river in Essex, are artificially made holes in the chalk, and although their purpose will probably remain a matter for argument for ever, it is known that they are extremely old. The depth varies from a few feet, to over one hundred feet, and some good sport was had despite the unfavourable conditions at ground level. Ready for anything, these Senior Scouts.

We thought of fitting improvised skis to the cars to get away from Bexley, but somehow the customary four wheels carried them and their wet and cold cargoes into Chislehurst where the 7th (Invicta) Troop was ready to entertain the expedition with facilities for drying clothes and, after a quick visit to Chislehurst Caves, tea and a sing-song.

If you ever meet one of the Senior Scouts who went back to Downe that night, you might get him to tell you how the cars had to be manhandled over the snowy fields because of the condition of the roads.

J.R. (BUNNY) WARREN.

## THE PERFECT KNOT



EASILY TIED



DOESN'T SLIP.



EASILY UNTIED.

# BOOKS

## TECHNICAL

*Artificial Respiration*, by T.O. Garland, M.A., M.D., D.P.H. (Faber & Faber, 6s. 6d.).

Here is a most interesting book on the history and practice of artificial respiration, with special emphasis on the Holger-Nielsen method and an assessment of the relative values of that and various other well-known and lesser-known methods. The photographs are particularly clear and interesting, and these in themselves would make the book valuable to anyone making a special study of the subject. It is perhaps to be regretted that there is no illustration of the very effective combination of the Holger-Nielsen and Schafer methods by two operators.

Dr. Garland, whose book was originally issued by the Department of Health, New Zealand, where the Holger-Nielsen method has already become the established national "first-line" method of artificial respiration, clearly shows many advantages that that method has over other methods including the Schfirer method. His evidence strongly indicates the importance of making the Holger-Nielsen method as widely known in this country as possible: but the one fact that emerges from his book more clearly than any other is the importance of knowing how to apply as many different methods as possible, to suit varying conditions; and it would be nothing short of folly if we were utterly to discard, or to exaggerate the limitations of, the Schfirer method which for upwards of half a century has been our national "first line" method and as such has saved many thousands of lives.

To Sea Scouts, the method described by Dr. Garland for performing artificial respiration on a patient sitting in an open rowing-boat should prove of very special practical interest; and from every point of view his book - though it does not profess to be an instructional textbook on any of the methods to which he refers - is well worth a place in the library of any Senior Scout Troop or Rover Crew.

**WATKIN W. WILLIAMS.**

*Photography Today*, by Spencer (O.U.P., 12s. 6d.).

This is a third edition of a book first published in 1936, and written by a past President of the Royal Photographic Society. For, those to whom the mechanics of photography are shrouded in obscurity, and those who wonder why it is necessary for a serious student of the craft to undergo a minimum full-time course of two years, this volume will go a long way towards supplying the answers they require.

*Photography Today* very properly starts its story with the beginnings of the camera in 1568, and continues through Daguerre and Fox Talbot in the 1830s to the precision instruments of the present time. It tells us also - and in a very readable manner - something of the theory of image formation in the camera, the nature of light-sensitive emulsion, exposure and processing, cinematography, colour, radiography and infra-red photography amongst other things.

The writer also touches upon many of the scientific and industrial uses to which the medium is now put, and it may well be an eye-opener to many to realise that there is hardly a facet of science or technology which does not in this age seek the aid of the photographic process in one way or another.

This is not - as the author is at pains to point out - a textbook. Neither is it, it would seem to me, a book for him whose interest is, understandably, confined to the production of a few tolerable "snaps," or even for the more advanced amateur who wants to go no further - equally understandably - than what has come to be known as "Pictorialism." The enquiring mind, however, which seeks a broader knowledge of the background and scope of the craft will find much rewarding reading herein.

At the same time, it is perhaps a pity that a book with such a title which has managed to trace so carefully the more practical nature of photography has not brought itself up to date with its practice or potentialities as an art form.

A visitor to an exhibition of Victorian Photography during the Festival of Britain was heard to remark that it seemed to him that the photographic art had progressed very little between the days of Fox Talbot - and not at all since then. Whilst one might well come away from a visit to one of our more dreary national exhibitions feeling every sympathy with this view, a moment's reflection will reassure one that such despondency is not altogether warranted.

There are groups of workers - especially in Scandinavia, France, Italy and even this country - whose fresh approach and self-projection through the limitations of this medium are readily distinguishable from the more humdrum mannerisms of the great majority of their fellows. It does seem to me that some examples of this work - however disagreeable one might personally find them - might with profit have been shown and commented upon in a book on modern photography.

**PETER PRIDHAM.**

*How to Use the Microscope*, by Charles A. Hall, fourth edition revised by E. F. Linssen (A. and C. Black, 6s. 6d.).

The first chapter deals with simple lenses, the second describes the compound microscope, giving the reader advice on what to buy and telling him where he may buy it. The authors have in mind people who have to consider the financial side carefully. Chapter 3 gives instruction about how to use a microscope and Chapter 4 gives an account of some accessories. There are then eighteen pages on common objects with which the novice may start his career as a microscopist, followed by twelve on making permanent preparations. This chapter is a little thin and the lack of any mention of modern mounting media is an omission. Finally there are four pages on taking photographs down a microscope, a short list of books for further reading, names and addresses of suppliers of accessories and specimens, and an index.

The stereoscopic microscope is not mentioned in this book, which is 80 pages long, and illustrated with fifteen plates in black and white most showing first-rate photographs of microscopic objects as well as thirteen drawings in the text. Anyone who is contemplating buying a microscope and who knows nothing about the subject will find the book an indispensable accessory; even if he has already bought one, it is still good value. The fact that, first published in 1912, this book now appears in its fourth edition is the best testimony of its merit.

**T. T. MACAN.**

*The Book of Arts and Crafts*, by Marquerite Ickis and Reba Selden Esh (Arco Publishers, Ltd., 10s. 6d.).

More than a thousand ideas are very clearly explained and illustrated and some novel and original suggestions for all who like making things from scraps of wood, metal, clay, leather, plastics, paper, cloth, cord and other materials. No Scouter will ever be "stumped" for an idea in handicrafts for Cubs or Scouts with this book available. From Indian drums and headdress to Fire-by-friction and Camp furniture - it is all there. Although we might disagree with the instruction given for lashing, every effort should be made to have a copy of this excellent book in every Cub and Troop library.

**M. L.**

*Games of Many Nations*, by E. O. Harbin (Arco Publishers, Ltd., 9s. 6d.).

This is a splendid collection of 150 games, active and quiet, and each one fully described and giving such useful information as, number of players, formation and equipment required. For Special Pack Meetings which might include a visit to another country, this book is invaluable. Many of the games will be recognisable in this country as old favourites, but how much more exciting it is to play a game from Japan called Takara-Sagashi, when all these years it has been known here as "Up Jenkins"!

**M.L.**



*Bird Recognition* (3), by James Fisher (Pelican, 3s. 6d.).

Those of you who (rightly) treasure Mr. Fisher's former volumes on *Bird Recognition* will hasten to buy the third. These are admirable volumes for the Troop: packed with facts, with beautifully drawn illustrations and diagrams, cheap and handy and replaceable. The third volume deals with rails, game-birds and larger perching and singing birds.

R.H.

*Teach Yourself to Live*, by C. G. L. Du Cann (English Universities Press Ltd., 6s.).

This is a disappointing book. B.-P. said it all so much better in *Rovering to Success* without falling into the error of trying to separate religion from the fundamental art of living.

E. A. S.

### LEISURE READING

*The World Before us*, by Lennox Cook (Collins, 15s.). (Book Society Alternative Non-fiction Choice.)

This is the story of an adventurous journey round the world by motorcycle. It should appeal especially to younger Scouters, Rover Scouts and 'Seniors,' although it will undoubtedly interest many other classes of reader.

The author, Mr. Lennox Cook (an Oxford "Rugger" Blue amongst other things), whilst an assistant master at a Preparatory School, decided one day in, apparently, a moment of pique to give up his job and go round the world on a motor-bike. And this despite his having never previously ridden one!

Advertising for a companion on his venture he joined forces with one Tiny Fletcher (who did know about motor-cycles) and twelve weeks later the two men set out on a journey which was to last for seven months and cover 35,000 miles, 19,000 of them by land.

Their travels brought them many adventures and many trials. All these Mr. Cook describes vividly and entertainingly. He makes it plain that he did not enjoy them all. In fact he ends his book with these words: "Endurance, distance, strangeness, illness, apprehension - these are great curatives of boredom. I may be bored again. But I shall never need quite such a drastic purgative."

Apart from its interest the book should prove a useful guide (and warning!) to anyone who may be contemplating a similar adventure.

R. M. M. L.

*Down in the Drink*, by Rolph Barker (Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d.).

Members of the Goldfish Club are men who having crashed (or been shot down) into the sea, survived. It is a good thing for the younger generation especially to read such stories as these - eight accounts of such experience - and perhaps for us older ones to remind us of those who crashed into the drink and weren't picked up: I remember Peter. . . Mr. Barker has used his material skilfully and the publishers with some photographs and an attractive binding and jacket have done him well. Here are stories of courage and endurance such as our young friends once endured and may endure again.

R.H.

*When Iron Gates Yield*, by Geoffrey T. Bull (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.).

Outlined in some Rover Den, and then used as the basis of discussion, here is a book that might well keep young men away from home all night - and cause them to be late for work next morning!

It is both readable and provoking! Satisfying to the lover of adventurous travels, it will commend itself, too, to the student of modern politics; and in both it will raise some urgent personal questions.

Geoffrey Bull is a young man, still in the early thirties. His book is autobiographical: describing his experiences from his entry into Tibet to the time of his polite arrest, and then through three appalling years of interrogation in Chinese Communist prisons. His accounts of Tibetan life are fascinating, written by a man with a considerable flair for descriptive reporting. At the same time there is power, but no bitterness, in his record of the cruelty and insanity in a political prison.

It says much for Mr. Bull's character that after experiences so horrible he still thinks of his jailers in human terms.

But Geoffrey Bull is not only a young man; he is a Christian missionary. Further, he is a Christian missionary as they really are, not the "cissy" nor the "neurotic" modern playwrights imagine. Here is a young man at once pious and grim, mystical but athletic, devotional but tough.

It is here that the problems become personal for your reviewer. For Mr. Bull is a Plymouth Brother, whose use of the Bible seems literal to a degree! Trapped in Tibet at the time of the Chinese Communist invasion, his response seems astonishingly naive and passive to one with a different understanding of the Christian faith. He is given contentment to await the coming of the Red Army as he reads "Let Asher be blessed with children, let him be acceptable to his brethren"; having little surgical knowledge, he knows he must operate upon a wounded man because he has opened his Bible at the Book of Proverbs and read: "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death and those that are ready to be slain, if thou sayest behold we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the hearts consider it?" He reconciles himself to the thought that his imprisonment will last three years (and, therefore, that escape must not be thought of!) simply by reading the second chapter of Judges!

Your reviewer finds this fatalism hard to adjust with the Gospels. Yet he is bound to recognise that Geoffrey Bull is of the stuff that makes Christian martyrs. He believes a good many besides himself will ask themselves, as they put the book down, "If I regard this as incomplete Christianity, have I something more adequate to put in its place?"

WILFRED WADE.

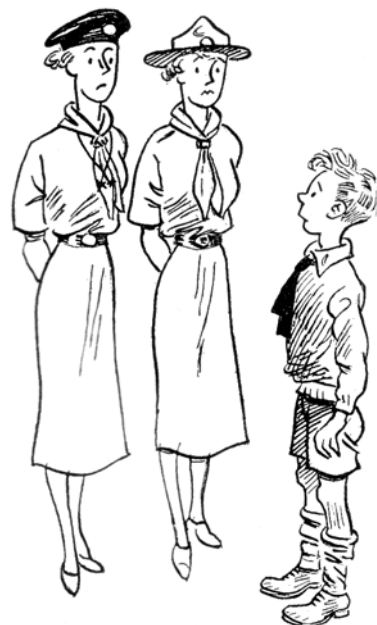
*K.2 The Savage Mountain*, by Charles Houston and Robert Bates. (Collins, 25s.).

In the week that John Hunt and his companions ascended Everest, disaster came upon an American expedition attempting K.2 (climbed last year you will remember by the Italians). Disaster always lies in chilly ambush on any adventurous expedition: this time one of the American party Gilkey (to whom this book is dedicated) "was found to be suffering from a mortal disease. There was no question about what was to be done." They were only 3,000 ft. from the summit but all was abandoned to get the sick man down to safety. There was an appalling blizzard. Then came tragedy: "George Bell slipped and fell some 300 ft. down the mountain, dragging most of his comrades after him."

The rest you should read for yourself.

The two authors - Dr. Houston led the expedition - share the chapters. Their account, simple, clear, practical, is helped by some interesting photographs. Everyone who loves mountains, or admires courage and endurance, should read this book.

R. H.



# POUR PRENDRE CONGE

I have now handed over to Group Captain Lumgair the job of H.Q. Commissioner for Rover Scouts which it has been my privilege to hold in an acting capacity for the past eight months. With his consent I am writing a final word to you Rovers at the conclusion of what, for me, has been an enjoyable and inspiring term of office as your acting H.Q. Commissioner.

I would like, first of all, to express my thanks to all those who, both personally and by letter, have helped me with ideas, encouragement and friendship. The many good suggestions for improving Rover Scouting which have reached me from all over the country, and from the Commonwealth as well, have shown (as I always believed) that the Rover Section, if well led and trained, has enormous possibilities in it. The ideas, the enthusiasm and the will to serve are all there. Above all there are plenty of good men and true all over the place (and it has been my pleasure to meet quite a number of them during my short term of office) who each in his own way is working along sound lines to make Rover Scouting a force to be reckoned with.

The suggestions you have sent me have been or will be considered by the Rover Advisory Panel, all the members of which are (with one exception) men of experience in Rover Scouting. The Panel has already met three times and is making good progress. A booklet entitled "100 Ideas for Rover Crews" is with the printers. A start has been made on the *Rover Leader's Handbook*. So you see that something is being done and I am confident that with the enthusiasm and energy of Group Captain Lunigair much more will be done in the future.

May I leave one or two ideas with you before finally laying down my Rover pen?

First of all I have been hearing far too much about Rover Scouting being the "Cinderella" or even the "Ugly Sister" of the Movement. Those of you who are in or are running a good Crew will know how wrong a point of view this is. But any who feel there is some truth in it should have a look at a Crew which is really a live thing, with a definite training programme and a tradition of good service, and I'll be surprised if you don't change your views. Rover Scouting is what you make it. A Crew can be either a set of dogsbodies slaving in obscurity, a social club round the teapot or a thing with its own status and dignity, of value alike to its members and to the community. So it's up to you to decide which your Crew is to be.

Next a word as to leadership. A good leader is essential to any Crew that really intends to do a worth-while job. He must have the time, the faith and the enthusiasm to weld a crowd of young men into a sort of miniature Commando with all the spirit of adventure which that word implies put with a sense of Christian dedication in addition. They should be eager to attempt the difficult, delighting to train for the service they are best qualified to give and willing to give it freely when called on. The leader must believe in Rover Scouting and above all in his Rovers and they, seeing the faith he has in them will - for young men are made that way - set out to justify it. So I ask that D.C.'s and A.C.C.'s(R) will do their utmost to spot good potential Rover leaders and encourage them to take on what is, I believe, one of the best jobs in Scouting.

I have spoken of a Rover Crew as a Commando in miniature. Whatever else it may be it should not merely be a trio or a quartet. I would like to set a challenge to all Crews to bring their numbers up from the twos and threes that are all too common, to a figure (say a minimum of eight) where companionship and the team spirit of adventure and of service can really become a reality. There is not only safety but strength in numbers - and who is out for safety anyway?

Now a word as to training. We need many more *trained* R.S.L.'s and A.R.S.L.'s and you get the best training going at Gilwell. In my opinion it is a disgrace to the Rover Section that the Camp Chief has only found it necessary to plan for one Rover Wood Badge Course during the whole of 1955.

I would like Rovers all over the country to show him that he simply can't go on like that in the future, and the best way of doing so - and a way which will please him as much as anyone - is to over-subscribe for this year's Course.



Richard Todd as Guy Gibson, V.C., in the film *The Dam Busters*. Guy, a Scout, was invested as a member of the Tovil (Kent) Group, of which Glad Bincham, then International Commissioner, was G.S.M., and at whose house some of his autobiography *Enemy Coast Ahead* was written.

Much of this book was dictated to Miss Joyce Meads, who is the Chief Scout's and Chief Executive Commissioner's Secretary at I.H.Q., on the I.H.Q. roof in the summer sunshine.

Then next year and in subsequent years he will probably put on more, and may they also be over-subscribed! In this way we shall, by degrees, get the trained Rover Leaders and, I hope, the new Crews that we need. This year's Course is from July 9th to 16th, so how about enrolling now? I did the Rover Wood Badge Course myself last year and can vouch for its value and enjoy ability.

Mention of Gilwell brings me to my last point. It seems to me that Rovers need a place of their own at Gilwell and there, above all places, should be found an example of what a really good Rover Den should be. This might well be set in the midst of a Rover camping ground and might also comprise a Rover chapel of beauty and dignity for use at Investitures and for other special Rover occasions. I have consulted the Camp Chief as to this and he is warmly in favour of the idea. If, as I hope, such a scheme can be launched in the future, I would like to see the Rovers of Britain behind it to a man.

With that, and with my thanks and best wishes to all those in Rover Scouting who are working to bring it to a fuller fruition I say "au revoir" and "God speed" to the Rover Section. As International Commissioner I believe I can still do something for Rover Scouting for there is a World Brotherhood of Rover Scouts which needs your work and faith and example as British Rovers and which I have the honour to represent at I.H.Q. Anything that we of the International Department can do to forward international activities by British Rover Crews will, of course, be done with all our hearts.

**ROBIN GOLD,**  
*International Commissioner.*



# ROVER ROUNDABOUT

This evening I have been along to see the Leader of the Senior Scouts in my District. He had arranged a night hike and had hard work in getting any great enthusiasm for the venture. Came the evening on which they were due to start, and it was raining, good hard solid stuff, and so it was decided by himself and his Assistant that if it did not ease up within an hour and a half - no do. It didn't, so along went the Leader just in case somebody turned up. A round dozen came and "call it off, no blooming fear," whereupon the rain ceased and a lovely hike was enjoyed by all. These are the types that Crews are going to get in as Squires and Major Erskine-Murray, the Scottish Rover Commissioner, certainly struck the right note at Durham. When speaking at their Moot, he stressed the importance in the Movement for a spirit of adventure, not the "fearfully synthetic type" looking for it in somebody else, in the cinema, something which the Welfare State seems to have brought us, with young people expecting everything to be laid on and just being carried along with the crowd. Get out of your Den and get back to the spirit that generated an earlier generation. Yes, even if it means walking.

Just to rub it in, Gloucestershire's Moot programme has arrived, and I see that instead of a static camp, the Moot starts at Cheltenham and moves on foot to an old world village containing the oldest working flour mill in the country, then on to Hayles Abbey. After exploring that on to Stanway for the night's camp, then a barn dance with refreshments and partners. Next morning on to stroll through the Cotswold country, just one speaker session, then on to a Rovers' Own, back in the old world village, to the Methodist church and the closing of the Moot. Now here's a chance of adventure: look up the last weekend in June - is it free?

A stalwart of London Rovering sent me a note emphasising the keeping in touch so often stressed by those of us in touch with real Rovering as against the theoretical kind. Skip Bennett of Deptford tells of one of his fellows in Cyprus, who during his Canal Zone stay took his Wood Badge, Part I; he was teamed up with a G.H.Q. Crew, which has an Army and R.A.F. membership and they get in camping, hiking, visits to local towns and the opera. One Patrol are taking the St. John Ambulance examination and aim to do their Rambler's Badge. Whilst he himself is working for Part II, as his service job he plays the organ at the Garrison church; he further plans an A.S.M.'s job when he comes out. Skip finishes up with "You see, Jack, without much noise or show we can keep our fellows alive and get them to continue the good and jolly old game of Scouting, which keeps me young and lively" - he ought to know, he's over 25 - and how.

Yes, how many times I hear going around: "Thank heavens I teamed up with a Service Crew: they taught me to appreciate Rovering." And so I make bold to tell the Suez Canal Zone fellows that their Reunion is at Roland House, 29 Stepney Green, E.I., on June 4th/Sth, and as they can only cope with fifty, it's a case of first come, first served. Ted Garrana is the Reunion Secretary.

I write this on the eve of Good Friday and after hearing the preparations during the last week through the B.B.C. (we have no papers in London: this is almost a blessing), I felt that I would like to read something our Founder Chief wrote on religion. So out came *B.-P.'s Outlook*. He writes of the two great commandments and the Scout way of living up to them and closes with "When we have a leaven of citizens of that mark m. our nation bringing the Christian practice into their daily occupation, there will be less of the narrow class and sectional differences, and more of the wide hearted kindly brotherhood, so that even national patriotism will not be the highest point of man's aim, but active goodwill for, and co-operation with, his fellow men about the world as being all children of the one Father." May this be our Rover aim as we go round this summer, members of a Brotherhood of the Open Air and Service.

**JACK SKILLEN.**

# DEAR EDITOR

## Backroom girls - and boys!

DEAR EDITOR,

I feel that the *husband* of a Lady Cubmaster should get some credit in your letter columns.

For eight years now I have been dashing off to Cubs at least once a week just before he arrived home from work. I have three sons, for whom he has been responsible during those evenings - he makes a wonderful "sitter-in."

I can only be thankful that he is a model railway enthusiast and has consequently been very happy to be at home to lay track, play trains, or make scenery.

There are mild grumbles of course when I arrive home between 11 and 12 from Group Councils, but as he *is* an old Scout these are tempered with interest.

**EDITH E. MILLS,**  
*Cubmaster, 166th N. London.*

DEAR EDITOR,

I have read with interest the letters of the Scoutmaster's wife and the Cubmaster's wife but I wonder if anyone spares a thought for the poor Cubmaster's father. A wife does at least take her husband "for better or for worse," and should therefore reconcile herself to these things, but it is another matter altogether for the poor father of a Cub master.

When THE SCOUTER arrived at my home this week it took its place amongst the other Scouting articles that were to be seen everywhere. Behind me was a dragon's head; its body and tail were elsewhere. There were also to be seen, seven boaters for seven "Candy Coloured Coons," three grass skirts for the "South Sea Shufflers," six black cane walking-sticks for the "Toppers," eighteen bow ties, green, blue and spotted in design and colour, an optimistic "House Full - All Seats Sold" notice, suits of armour, battle axes, swords, pike staffs, programmes, tickets, seating plans, a contrivance to make Miss Monroe more shapely, bottles of leg make-up and a host of other things.

Although it is show time for the Group, all will not be over when it is done. There will be the usual group of green caps calling to see if Akela is coming out to play! What happens next you may wonder? I can tell you before they tell me - Cub Camp, and the less said about the preparations for that the better. They gave me a Thanks Badge. I often wonder if it was for the small jobs I do to help or for the things I put up with!

May I close with a word of warning? It is bad enough for the poor wife or father of a Cub master but if, by some strange trick of fate, he should become a Commissioner, pack up and get out as quick as you can; emigrate, but make sure that you go somewhere where there's no Cub Pack or Scout Troop, for only there can perfect peace and *everlasting monotony* be found.

**ROBERT ELSDON,**  
*A Cubmaster's father.*

## Handicapped Scouts

DEAR EDITOR,

The Island Commissioner for the Isle of Man would be grateful if you would let it be known that we could gladly accommodate a few Handicapped Scouts and Guides (on separate occasions) at Cunningham House, 34 Circular Road, Douglas, during the period June to September provided they are accompanied by their own Scouters or Guiders.

At our newly acquired house we have a garden, secluded and quiet, and the place is a good centre as a starting place for viewing the Island. For this purpose we would do our best to provide transport, and some of our local Scouters and Guiders will help in any way they can. There is Troop room accommodation and the resident caretaker arranges meals at moderate prices.

I have camped with the helpers at Woodlarks on several occasions, and although we could never compete with any but small numbers, Colonel Stover did suggest that possibly we might take some of the northern Handicaps who are unable to go to the bigger camps down south. At any rate we are anxious to Do Our Best.

### Gilwell Reunion

DEAR EDITOR,

Should you know of anyone who could sell me a few snaps of the 1953 or 1954 Gilwell Reunions I would esteem it a favour if you gave them my address.

I am returning to Australia soon and would like to have them.

**F. G. THOMAS,**  
S.M.

### Self-Reliance?! (and I mean both of them!)

DEAR EDITOR,

My family and I spent Easter in the Lake District incognito (i.e. not in uniform!).

On the Sunday evening near Helvellyn two Senior Scouts "thumbed" us for a lift. We stopped willingly to help them but with the intention of telling them, as nicely as we could, that the best Scouts do not beg lifts except in emergencies.

However, in conversation with the two Senior Scouts we were told that they had been set an initial test, which was to climb a 3,000ft. mountain with an expenditure not exceeding 10s. They had already travelled 150 miles from their home and had climbed their mountain on an expenditure of 1s. 8d., and they were setting off home again.

This seemed to us no small achievement, so we did not tell them off as we had intended. We could also wish that there were more Scouters as alive as the one who set this test but as it was Easter we wonder if the Scouts were able to attend a church service in addition to their travels and climbing.

However, the Scouter who set this test had apparently overlooked the fact that the only means by which these Senior Scouts could pass the test he set, was to scrounge (repeat SCROUNGE) transport from members of the general public who had had the self-reliance and initiative to provide their own.

Surely there is a duty on us as Scouters to use our initiative to set tests which do not entail doubtful means to attain a worthwhile end.

We are not developing initiative if it entails training in scrounging.

**GEOFFREY H. PEACE,**  
A.D.C., Hallam Division, Sheffield.

P.S. - Bad luck that they thumbed a lift from a car which contained a First-Class Scout, a Second-Class Commissioner and an ex-Ranger!

### Courtesy and smartness

DEAR EDITOR,

I had occasion to officiate at a funeral during Easter week. On the way to the cemetery, it was admirable to see two boys, not as uniform, standing at attention and giving the Scout salute, as the hearse passed. Farther along two younger boys did the same, giving the Cub salute. But then we passed two Scouts in "uniform," wearing school caps, who merely removed the said caps. Then I saw two Cubs, smartly dressed in full uniform leaning against a garden gate. As we passed they continued to lean, but politely removed their caps.

It is a pity they have not seen some of our policemen on point duty giving a magnificent salute as the dead go by. It seems that some Scoutmasters have told their Scouts what to do on such occasions, others may have forgotten. During Bob-a-Job week, Scouts and Cubs are out in strength so their behaviour is more noticeable.

**RAY. A. WELSH,**  
A.S.M., 2/32nd Manchester.

### Friend to Animals Badge

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very pleased to read the letter from R. K. Evans in your issue for March.

I could never understand why the old "Friend to Animals" badge was scrapped, and I hope that I.H.Q. will consider reintroducing it in some form.

**L. L. TRIVETT,**  
Hon. Sec., West Bridgford Assn.

### Visual Yarns

DEAR EDITOR,

I was much impressed with the article by the Rev. E. J. Webb on the Badge of the League of Good Samaritans. There may be some of your readers who may like to know more about the league and its work and so I invite them to write to me, at 66 Shepherd's Lane, Guildford.

**FREDERICK R. LAY,**  
National Executive Secretary,  
The League of Good Samaritans.

### Wasp Sting

DEAR EDITOR,

I notice that, in common with the other Scout handbooks, the wasp sting is described as alkaline.

I know I ought to have taken some action about this earlier as, in the course of my professional duties, my attention was called to this statement several years ago (shortly after I had taken up Scouting).

I must inform you that the sting fluid injected by a wasp is acid. If you find a wasp stuck in jam, etc., a piece of blue litmus paper, slightly moistened, if placed against the wasp's sting, will be turned red at that spot. I have tested this myself several times. An alkaline treatment is also most rapid in giving relief, cotton wool, wet with sal volatile is very effective due to the ammonia it contains and the penetrating effect of the spirit.

**DAVID A. HUNTER,**  
G.S.M., 2nd Greenford  
(Our Lady of the Visitation) Group.

Mr. Walkin Williams writes:

*The correct treatment of wasp stings has been a controversial subject. It would appear that very little is known scientifically about the nature of the venom injected by insects, but that the venom of the wasp family differs from that of other insects in being far more frequently alkaline than acidic, though not invariably so.*

*The official adult manuals of the British Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association make no distinction between the treatment of wasp stings and that of the stings of other insects; but the following facts are worth noting:-*

(1) The B.R.C.S. Junior First Aid Manual recommends an alkaline solution "for all stings except wasps (use Vinegar for Wasp)."

(2) In answer to a correspondent who suggested that wasp stings, being alkaline, should be treated with an acid antidote, Dr. N. Corbet Fletcher (who was at that time and had for many years been Surgeon-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade and Principal Medical Officer of the St. John Ambulance Association) wrote in the St. John Gazette for November 1949:

*"Theoretically, your conclusions are sound; and perhaps you know that the farmer is reputed always to apply slices of onion (which is acid) for the treatment of wasp stings. In practice I have several times used the blue bag (failing other remedies) in such cases and afforded relief to the victim.*

*"The truth is that only in the case of the ant is the constituent of the insect venom known and that this is formic acid. On this analogy, alkaline remedies (which will often relieve itching and irritation of the skin from other causes), were recommended and proved satisfactory. Later experiments conducted with litmus paper showed that wasp venom is usually alkaline"*

*In my own experience, the juice of a raw onion gives more rapid relief, and reduction of swelling, to persons stung by wasps than any other remedy that I have ever tried or seen tried by others. This includes stings in the region of the mouth and what I believe to be the particularly venomous sting of a queen wasp disturbed during hibernation.*

### Bless their hearts!

DEAR EDITOR,

Last June eight members of the Pack went to Gilwell for the Open Day. On their return they were much the envy of the stay-at-homes as they listened to the wonderful tales they had to tell and "examined the bargains they had bought at the Providore."



A fortnight later the whole Pack was waiting at the bus stop outside the Pack Den on the first stage of their journey to the County Rally at Kettering. Suddenly above the general babble of conversation a shrill voice piped up "Akela, will there be any BRANDY at the Rally?". Ears of other would-be passengers pricked up and eyes opened wide.

"What do you mean?" asked Akela, quite at sea.  
 "You know, Akela, BRANDY - like they had at Gilwell."

Other passengers were not missing a word of this conversation. The penny dropped. The Cubs who had been to Gilwell had had their belts branded and bought woggles with the Gilwell brand on them!

I couldn't help laughing this morning at Church Parade. The New Chum who had joined the Pack last Wednesday on his eighth birthday was at his very first Church Service. He struggled valiantly with the Venite for a bit, then casting an indignant look at the organist up in the organ loft muttered in a loud stage whisper, "That man's going much too fast for me!"

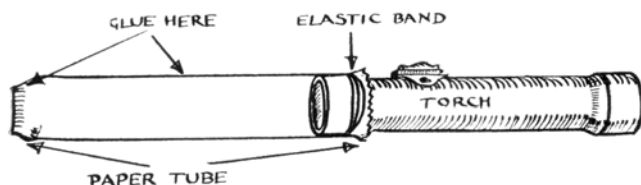
**MARGARET E. FURNISS,**  
*C.M., 4th Northampton Pack.*

### Night Semaphore Signalling

DEAR EDITOR,

In your article "Dits and Dabs - I" in the January SCOUTER, you show, quite correctly, the Uses of Semaphore as in daylight only. For the past two years I have been using a system of sending semaphore at night and found, to my surprise, that many boys could read this much faster than if it had been sent by flags (or arms) in daylight.

In case you would care to pass on this idea to other Scouters, through the medium of Tim SCOUTER, I append details which I hope will be easy to follow and which may give Troops an added incentive to bring in signalling to their night stunts.



Gear required:- 2 torches (6 ins, long x 1 in. diameter - best size); 2 strips of thin white typing paper; glue; 2 elastic bands.

The typing paper is rolled into a tube shape just large enough to slide over the head of the torch where it is held firm by means of the elastic band. With each torch so prepared semaphore can be sent as if by "Neon" lighting up to 4 mile distant.

By gluing the end of the paper the light inside the tube gains a certain amount of reflection.

**JOHN GRAHAM,**  
*N. Ireland Field Commissioner.*

## DITS AND DAHS - III

Due to pressure of space it was found necessary to omit certain notes and appendices from the two previous articles and the Editor has asked me to incorporate them in a third article. It gives me the opportunity of including some suggestions of equipment sent in by readers of the first article and commenting upon them.

First of all, a design for a circuit incorporating two buzzers has been sent in with a switch to change from send to receive in each set. If the two buzzing sets are in different rooms it will be appreciated that there is always a danger of the switches both being at the "send" position at the same time and possible, if not probable, confusion. The writer has also suggested having a small electric bulb on the set with another switch so that the buzzer can be cut out and lamp work can be practised. This is a useful idea though I would personally prefer to see the lamp on a wall and, if possible, having a picture of a battleship mounted on a piece of hardboard or ply with a small hole at the signalling platform and a small bulb mounted on behind it to give some realism.

Another suggestion for a wiring circuit was for connecting the two wires from room to room to the two buzzers. This ensures that the two buzzers will sound whenever either key is depressed. The snag about it is that should the receiver accidentally or intentionally (when giving the general answer, for instance) depress his key both signals become merged and confused and much awkward sorting out is needed before the two stations can resume normal sending. It was to obviate this that we use two buzzers on each sending set, one buzzer giving the sound of the tapper at one station, the other buzzer receiving from the other set. And as the two buzzers will nearly always be set differently, a different note will be made to clarify who is sending. It will, however, need three or four wires to connect the two sets together. When three wires are used, one of them is used as a common wire and is connected to both buzzers.

One final suggestion which comes from my own Group is the use of old earphones in lieu of the second buzzer on each set. In fact, we use a buzzer and two earphones on each set to amplify the noise of the buzzer so that the entire Troop can hear the buzzer during the peacefulness of a Troop programme.

In the last article I gave numerous ideas for games and would make the following additional suggestions for your consideration.

(1) All the games given before were combinations of existing games or Scout tests and others can easily be thought up to cover many tests in Second and First Class, thus first aid can be done by making a buzzer position in one room a small tramp steamer who has somebody injured on board. They send out a call for help and on contacting a "ship" with a doctor (the other buzzer) describe the symptoms of the patient. The other ship then tells them what treatment should be carried out.

(2) A treasure hunt. Why not start off by putting the lights out and then sending with a signalling lamp against the window of the clubroom.

(3) Try making and using a heliograph.

(4) Pulling a rope in the dark.

(5) For those proficient at morse, listen in on the short-wave radio to Ham Operators and others. A warning, however, that it is illegal to divulge any information obtained by listening in.

(6) Try playing "battleships" by morse, a bore, though, unless you are really proficient at morse.

### Phonetic Alphabet.

A	Able	N	Nan
B	Baker	O	Oboe
C	Charlie	P	Peter
D	Dog	Q	Queenie
E	Easy	R	Roger
F	Fox	S	Sugar
G	George	T	Tare
H	How	U	Uncle
I	Item	V	Victor
J	Jig	W	William
K	King	X	X-ray
L	Love	Y	Yorker
M	Monkey	Z	Zebra

0	Zero and is written e	5	Fife
1	Oner and is written ±	6	Six
2	Too	7	Seven
3	Thu-ree	8	Ate
4	Fower	9	Niner

### To Keep You Thinking

The devil never tempts us with more success, than when he tempts us with a sight of our own good actions.

**THOMAS WILSON,**

Bishop of Sodor and Man

*(Maxims of Piety and of Christianity).*

# JUNGLE DAYS – IV

The Little Angels

One stormy evening I was putting the car away and looking forward to tea and a warm fire. I thought a faint voice called "Akela." But the wind was blowing, and traffic was noisy too. I stepped out of the garage and stared into the gloom. "Akela!" This time it was unmistakable. "Who are you?" I called, as I noticed a small figure through the thin part of the hedge. The figure vanished and reappeared in the front garden. It was Robin. He hadn't been a Cub long. He wore no overcoat, and was shivering.

"We've got a new baby brother," he said mournfully. "He's only that long and only two days old, and he's ill already."

I murmured something sympathetic, sensing poor Robin's disillusionment. I felt touched that he should have come to me about it.

"They've sent me out for olive oil," he went on, "and I've been everywhere, and no one will let me have any."

It was just after the war, when olive oil could only be had with a doctor's prescription. The poor child had nothing but a torn envelope with a few words scribbled upon it by the district nurse, and as the paper became more and more grubby, and Robin less and less coherent, no wonder that the local chemists had failed to realise the real need.

We had a tea party in full swing that afternoon, and they were all waiting for me. But a few words of explanation were enough, and Robin and I went in search of the oil together. Funny things we Akelas are called upon to do! When "Mum" is laid low, very often it is to Akela that a boy turns. Have you just joined our ranks? Well I expect there are some surprises in store for you. I hope you feel braced!

The chemist knew me very well, and at last Robin was on his way home with the much needed oil. It was just after the war, and they called that baby Alexander.

Robin was still a Cub when the next baby was on the way. "It's sure to be a sister this time!" he said with a sigh. There were three boys already. A week later he called to fetch me for the Pack Meeting. "Another brother," he moaned, "we've had to raffle the doll we bought!" I gave him a pear. It must have been a most consoling fruit, for about a couple of years later, when he was no longer in the Cubs I found him on my doorstep again. When he sadly announced the arrival of yet another boy, I had to laugh.

"You'll be running out of names for them," I exclaimed. He looked at me almost reproachfully and then brightened.

"Have you any pears this year Akela?" he asked. I felt that he had earned one!

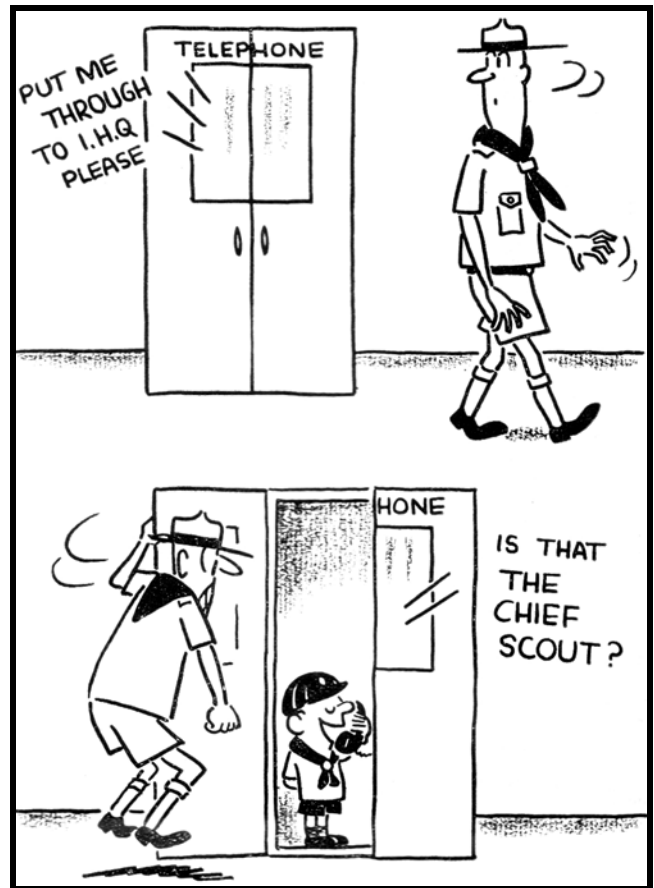
Then there was David. I have told you before about David. He was once an incredibly tattered and dirty small boy, but he always had charming manners. He was not awfully bright at Cub activities, but the good turn came naturally.

One day I was told that he must undergo an operation. His chief concern was at having to miss his Pack Meetings. I promised to visit him in hospital, and eventually found my way to him through the labyrinths of South London streets, never well-known by me. He looked very small and so clean in his large hospital bed, and showed me with pride that he possessed a toothbrush. We had been having a quiet tussle over this matter for some time past, as his father didn't use one, so he didn't see why...

The sister told me that David had been very brave, and was a most helpful young patient. He rolled bandages, and when allowed up, helped with teas. He babbled ceaselessly about Cubs, and if that ward had never seen a Wolf Cub in action before it certainly had now!

As soon as David was home again he paid me a respectful visit. Tidily dressed, with close cropped hair and a very clean face, I think he did not feel quite sure of himself, and I hardly recognised him! It was a cold day so I lit the little oil stove which I used in our spare sitting-room, and said I would be back directly, for there was something which needed my immediate attention.

Five minutes later I heard a shy voice in the passage saying, "I think there's something the matter with the stove Akela!"



Indeed there was! It had gone smoky, the way they do sometimes, and the whole air was black. And so, of course, was David! I must say I felt mighty ashamed as he took a clean handkerchief out of his pocket and mopped his black face - in my house.

I remember when I first started Cubbing how I used to see Akela with different Cubs in animated conversation, and wondered what they found to say. I was rather shy of them at that time, my chief concern being to run my games with as little commotion as possible. Then one day one of the Seconds - I can see him now - a thin boy with large round glasses - helped me pack up our kit, and told me a story he had just read. It was about the famous Italian artist Michelangelo. He was painting a small angel on the ceiling in a dark corner of a church. Someone watching him said: "Why do you take so much trouble - no one will see it there." "God will," was the reply.

It is many years now since that Cub told me that story. Why does it remain so vividly in my mind? I suppose because it was a sort of stepping stone. He was the first of all those thirty boisterous youngsters to show any confidence in that new A.C.M. who turned up so relentlessly in spite of all their capers. His story too, showed me that small boys have another side besides the laughing facade which mocks and even fools us sometimes, and I went home reassured.

If you look back, maybe you will find a stepping stone - something that encouraged you in the early days when there was much to learn?

When we take up Cubbing - or it takes us up - there usually seems to be a bright and consoling notion that it is for only one evening a week. We come prepared with a few games, and either there is time to play them or there isn't. If there is, the new helper will be much more likely to turn up next time with some other ideas. If there is no place in the programme for the new helper to play some part, no one must be surprised should that helper gradually lose interest.

Old Wolves ought to share the work in the Pack, and that inevitably leads to meetings at someone's house, discussions of future programmes, and analysis of one's triumphs and failures.



Then things begin to take shape; star work and progress charts lead on to coaching backward Cubs at home; or helping Sixers keep a little bit ahead of the rest, by having them separately, if only once a month. And as you come to know your Cubs individually, you will be forced to enlarge your outlook more and more, for their problems become yours! You may even find yourself lying awake at night where formerly you used to "drop off" as soon as your head touched the pillow.

After Pack Meetings my head is always ma whirl - there seem to be so many urgent matters for my attention. I could kick myself for having forgotten Bill's swimmer's badge, which I put out on the hail table, too, before starting from home! And another week has gone by without passing Jim's flag knowledge. He's not such a pusher as the others, and gets overlooked, but it must not happen again. Again - was I really justified in passing George's onions, when the family had eaten the lot before I ever saw them? Well, I felt he needed a bit of encouragement, and I do want him to know I trust him. Baloo's game went down very well tonight. That is one feather in our cap. The boys are be-ginning to like her very much, and she does seem to know how to handle them.

One last laugh before "tired eyelids close on tired eyes." Never again will I take the Totem Pole home to be mended while there is still snow about. What with that in one hand, and my case of oddments in the other, I was - and deserved to be - an absolute "Target for Tonight."

A. M. DOUGLAS.

## SCOUTS GOING TO WORK

Since 1948, four conferences have been held under the Oxford University Department of Education to consider the education of the young worker, and a series of reports has been published. The latest of these, entitled "The Young Worker - Education for Human Relations" and published by Heinemann at 3s. 6d., has recently been issued.

It should be of great interest to all who are concerned with the welfare of Senior Scouts who are employed in industry. It seems that the training of apprentices is well cared for by industrial concerns, but more attention is needed for the two-thirds of young workers who are neither apprentices nor trainees.

It is pointed out that the problems are largely matters of human relationships, and that the attitude of the young worker depends largely upon his upbringing in the years before he goes to work, his home, Church, school and voluntary organisation.

There is nothing new in this, but it is valuable to have it stated again and again. With regard to youth organisations, the Report says:- "Another agency with great opportunities and responsibilities for improving human relations is the youth club or the youth organisation. These are large-scale exercises in human relations: in which young people can find their own solution to the problems."

We may wonder whether Scouters generally pay sufficient attention to these problems - not only as regards Scouts who are already at work, but also those who are in their last year at school. It is really of vital importance that the Scoutmaster of the Boy Scout Troop should devote special attention to the boy of 14 who will be entering work on leaving school at 15, so that the boy may have the opportunity of thinking about the problems involved, and of getting advice about them. In particular, he should be brought to see how Scouting can help him after he has gone to work, and how valuable it is for him to remain a member of the Scout Movement.

The Standing Conference of Voluntary Youth Organisations has set up a group to consider these matters, and Mr. Charles Wood, the Relationships Secretary at I.H.Q., is a member of it. We are short of information as to what Scouters do in these matters, and Mr. Wood will be grateful if Scouters with practical experience of helping boys, both at work and before they go to work, will let him have the benefit of their experience.

J. F. C.

## THE B. -P. STORY

I am sure that every reader of the "Scouter" and "Scout" will be as pleased as I am with this story, written for them by Geoffrey Bond, of the life of their great Founder.

I am all the more pleased with it because the writer approached me before completing his story and I was thus able to help him in verifying some facts and details, so that we might be quite sure that what we were reading is accurate and correct in all respects.

The more that people can read about my husband as a boy, as a young man, and as an older man, the more they will understand his point of view and his one great desire for all that is best and finest in the training of our boys - the future citizens of the world.

I do indeed warmly welcome this story, and feel confident that it will be widely read and appreciated, and that its readers will be inspired anew to put their best into their Scouting - as he did.


*Olave Baden-Powell*  
chief guide.

BEGINNING IN THE SCOUT ON JULY 1st

### WAS THIS YOURS? (see page 12).

This is how Scout campers left a site at Forest Camp, Cheshire. As the Commissioner in charge, Mr. G. A. J. Begg, says: "One of my biggest problems at Forest Camp is persuading campers to *burn* their litter before burying it because if they do not do so it is invariably unearthed again by rabbits, foxes, dogs, etc. The photograph demonstrates this so well that I thought it might be given a wider circulation and it occurred to me that you might like to make use of it in THE SCOUTER during the present camping season. Incidentally, the photograph shows yet another crime - that of cutting down live timber!"

**BUILD YOUR OWN CANOE**



Printed Illustrated  
Instructions, 1/6

**TYNE FOLDING BOATS LTD.**  
204 Anyand Park Road, St. Margaret's Twickenham, Middx.

# HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

## LH.Q. APPOINTMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

### Appointments

Travelling Commissioner (Church Army) - Captain Donald Woodhouse, C.A.  
Field Commissioner, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire - R. B. Hewitt, vice J. W. Sanderson who is transferred to Central, South and West Yorkshire.

## HIGHWAY CODE - AMENDMENTS TO RULES

The following amendments to rules have been found necessary owing to changes in the new Highway Code:-

- 1st Star* For "Paras. 2, 4, 5 and 6 (to all road users)"  
Substitute "Paras. 1 - 15 inclusive."
- 2nd Star* For "Paras. 62 to 75 of Highway Code"  
Substitute "Paras. 16 to 52 inclusive of Highway Code."
- Cub Cyclist Badge For* "(4) Para. 62 - 75 and special notes for cyclists, pages 30 - 31"  
Substitute "and rules for the road user on wheels - Highway Code paras. 16 - 52 inclusive."
- 2nd Class* For "Paras. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7 (to all road users) Paras. 9 - 21 (to all pedestrians) Paras. 62 - 75 (to cyclists)"  
Substitute "Paras. 1 - 15 inclusive (the road user on foot) Paras. 16 - 52 inclusive (the road user on wheels)."

## MILK IN SCHOOLS SCHEME - SCOUT CAMPS

The Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food has decided to end, with immediate effect, the extension of the above Scheme whereby *Scouts* under eighteen years of age attending Scout Camps obtained one third of a pint of milk per day free of charge.

## WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS

I.H.Q., including the Restaurant, will be closed from 5.30 p.m., on Friday, 27th May, to 9.30 a.m. on Wednesday, 1st June.  
The Scout Shops will be closed from 1 p.m. on Saturday, 28th May, to 9 a.m. on Tuesday, 31st May.

**C. C. GOODHIND,**  
*Administrative Secretary.*

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## NOTES AND NEWS

### MAY COVER

This month's cover is of Senior Scout Jeffrey Paly of the 43rd Huddersfield Group, taken in a contemplative mood by Senior Scout David Mellor.

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

- |           |  |
|-----------|--|
| 5th       | Youlbury Training Re-union                       |
| 5th       | Salvation Army Scouters' Conference, King's Lynn |
| 11th/12th | North-East Lancashire County Conference          |
| 18th      | East and West Cheshire Rally                     |
| 18th      | Somerset A.G.M.                                  |
| 18th/19th | Wiltshire Scouters' Camp                         |

### FILMS

The Petroleum Films Bureau, 29 New Bond Street, London, W.1, have just issued a new catalogue of 35 mm. and 16 mm. documentary and instructional films which they are prepared to loan free of charge to Scout Troops and other organisations.  
The subjects covered are - Petroleum, Aviation, Motoring, Power and Engineering, Agriculture, Safety First, etc. Copies of the catalogue can be obtained on request to the above address.

## FILM LEUEURE SERVICE

Messrs. A. Wander Ltd. offer a free Film Lecture Service to Scout Troops, which consists of a one hour sound film programme, comprising films to suit all age groups, plus free "Ovaltine," milk to make it paid for, and biscuits after the films. Any Troops interested for next autumn and winter should get in touch with the Film Lecture Representative, A Wander Ltd., 27 Audley Court, South Woodford, E.18, as soon as possible as early booking is essential.  
They also offer the free "Ovaltine" service for Sports Meetings, Swimming Galas, Fetes, etc., during the coming summer if any Troops, Associations or Districts are interested.

## PALESTINE VISIT

Mr. D. M. Fowler, Scoutmaster of the 88th Reading Troop, is desirous of visiting Palestine to see some of the places recorded in the Scriptures and is looking for a companion with similar objects in view. He is 25 years of age and a Baptist. Anyone interested should write to Mr. Fowler do The Editor.

## WALL CHARTS

Scouters may like to know that Educational Productions Ltd. have produced two small Wall Charts 20" x 30" dealing respectively with the summer and winter identification of some well-known British trees. They cost 10/- but would make excellent charts for the Troop room. The Cyclists' Touring Club, 3 Craven Hill, London, W.2, have just published a wall-chart called "Your Bicycle will take you adventuring," one copy of which they are prepared to send free to any Scout Troop who could display it to good advantage in their Troop room. They have also recently revised their Code of Conduct for cyclists in view of the changes in the law. These leaflets too they are prepared to distribute free, in any reasonable quantity.

## FIELD STUDY AND EXPLORATION

Holiday training courses will be held at The Garden Arms, Gardens-town, near Baniff, from June 11th to the 18th and from July 2nd to the 9th, 1955. Courses will include: Bird Watching, General Field Studies (plants, trees, geology, animals, ringing of birds) and other activities such as sailing, sea fishing and shooting. The cost is £8 18s. 6d. per week inclusive or bunk-house accommodation at 216d. per night. Full details are available from N. S. Tennant, Esq., The Garden Arms, Gardenstown, nr. Banff.

## HELP AT H.Q. CAMP SITES

Additional help for minimum periods of a week will be welcomed between July 15th and August 31st by the Wardens and Bailiffs of Youlbury and Kingsdown. Sea Scouters holding Charge Certificates could be of the utmost help at Kingsdown.

Offers are invited from Senior Scouts, Rover Scouts and Scouters, who should send details of the period available and preference for any site to the Camp Sites Administration, I.H.Q. Only those wishing to do a job of work should apply. For Senior Scouts and Rover Scouts, a note of recommendation from a Scouter is necessary, and for Scouters a recommendation from a Commissioner. Free rations and accommodation will be available.

## AWARDS FROM 27th JANUARY TO 23rd MARCH, 1955 CERTIFICATE FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT

- P. G. H. Davies, Patrol Leader, 1st Pembroke.  
"In recognition of his action in saving a child from drowning in the Mill Pond, Pembroke, July 17th, 1952. Following upon this incident he has spent some time in hospital with rheumatic fever."
- M. Lake, Patrol Leader, 1st Tadworth (Church of the Good Shepherd).  
"In recognition of his action in assisting to rescue a man overcome by fumes in a sewer, and applying artificial respiration, Northfleet, Kent, August 30th, 1954."
- I. J. Logic, Patrol Leader, 2nd Lingfield.  
"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind when, with complete disregard for his own safety, he climbed onto the roof of a building and gave aid to a boy who was in the throes of a major epileptic fit, November 16th, 1954."



**LETTER OF COMMENDATION  
(MERITORIOUS CONDUCT)**

D. Bennett, Scout, 14th Soke of Peterborough (All Souls). *"In recognition of his courage and fortitude during a painful illness."*  
D. Cockeram, Wolf Cub, Aden Boy Scouts Association.  
*"In recognition of his courage, fortitude and cheerfulness under great suffering."*

**SILVER CROSS**

C. Busuttill, Rover Scout, 1st Sliema (Bernard's Own), Malta, G.C.  
*"In recognition of his gallantry in rescuing three women from drowning in the sea. Despite a dangerous undertow he swam out and brought all three safely to shore, Bengazi, July 10th, 1954."*

**GILT CROSS**

I. H. Austin, Rover Scout, 3rd Stevenage (Holy Trinity).  
*"In recognition of his gallantry in rescuing a woman and two children from drowning in the sea, Lands End, August 18th, 1954."*  
J. Campbell, Scout, 12th Middlesbrough (St. Philomena's).  
*"In recognition of his gallantry in pursuing, on his cycle, a runaway horse and coal-cart after the driver had been thrown. After a long chase he succeeded in overtaking and stopping the horse, being dragged for some distance clinging to the reins, Middlesbrough, December 24th, 1954."*  
G. Carr, Patrol Second, 6th Tynemouth (Holy Saviour's).  
*"In recognition of his gallantry in rescuing a child from drowning in the sea, Tynemouth, August 17th, 1954."*  
C. Jobbins, Scout, 1st Ilford North.  
*"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a child from drowning in a lake, Valentines Park, Ilford, August 26th, 1954."*  
Maawiah bin Haji Abdullah, Scout; Peyadass s/o Podisinghe, Rover Squire, 2nd Batu Gajah, Perak.  
*"In recognition of their gallantry in attempting to rescue a man who drowned in the Mining Pool, Batu Gajah, August 5th, 1954."*

**LETTER OF COMMENDATION  
(GALLANTRY)**

T. Farrell, Scout, 1st Marple  
*"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in rescuing a child from drowning in a canal, Marple, April 3rd, 1954."*

**BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT**

**Berkshire.** - E. R. Bailey, D.C., North Berkshire; R. E. Huggins, A.C.C. (Sea Scouts); Mrs. 3. C. Soons, A.C.M., 2nd Windsor.  
**Mounmouthshire.** - E. T. Lewis, G.S.M., 1st Aberbeeg, D.C., Abertillery.  
**Nortlumberlaud.** - G. S. Pilgrim, G.S.M., 3rd Tynemouth (Rilson's Own), A.D.C., Borough of Tynemouth.  
**Shropshire.** - F. Bowdler, S.M., Hardwicke Estate; G. R. Lucas, G.S.M., 1st Highley.  
**Yorkshire Central.** - W. Harris, A.D.C., South West Leeds; H. S. Taylor, J.P., A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Hemsworth District.  
**Wales.**  
**Flintshire.** - J. D. Tomkinson, G.S.M., 3rd Prestatyn (Parish Church).  
**Scotland.**  
**City of Aberdeen.** - W. W. Porter, A.C.C. (Wolf Cubs).  
**City of Dussde.** - A. H. Rouse, S.M., 25th Dundee (St. Mary's, 3rd Broughty Ferry), D.C., Broughty Ferry.  
**Peebleshire.** - Miss J. Ferguson, C.M., 1st Peebleshire.  
*"In recognition of their further outstanding services."*

**MEDAL OF MERIT**

**Berkshire.** - W. C. Barnes, A.D.C., North Berkshire; Rev. R. C. Ezechiel, G.S.M., 16th Windsor, A.D.C., Windsor and District; E. C. Iisley, G.S.M., 7th Windsor (Old Windsor); E. L. King, G.S.M., King Alfred's School; C. Laker, A.D.C., Maidenhead and District; Rev. E. S. C. Lowman, G.S.M., Bray and Holyport, A.D.C., Maidenhead and District; Miss H. M. Lawman, C.M., Earleywood School; J. M. Rankin, A.S.M., Lambrook; R. N. Wheeler, G.S.M., Boyne Hill.

**Birmingham.** - G. I. Cross, G.S.M., Bishop Vesey's Grammar School (132nd Birmingham, Sutton Coldfield); H. J. J. Green, D.C., Edgbaston.

**Cambridgeshire.** - Miss R. M. Curzons, C.M., 13th Cambridge (The Notts' Own, St. Philip's); F. A. J. McKenzie, S.M., 11th Cambridge; E. Tilley, Asst. Hon. Secretary, Cambridge District.

**Cornwall.** - I. Allen, formerly D.C.M., Truro and District; R. E. West, G.S.M., 4th Fahnouth, A.D.C. (Scouts), Falmouth.

**Durham.** - J. Maddison, G.S.M., 13th Darlington; G. E. Metcalfe, Hon. Treasurer, Darlington; W. F. Proudfoot, S.M., 31st Gateshead, D.S.M., Gateshead and District.

**Essex.** - Mrs. O. C. Buck, Hon. C.M., 27th Chingford; Mrs. D. Carr, C.M., 13th Romford (Trinity Methodist); Mrs. E. M. Dugate, C.M., 10th Clacton-on-Sea (Ogilvie), A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Clacton-on-Sea and District; F. W. Dugate, A.C.M., 10th Clacton-on-Sea (Ogilvie); 3. F. Eynon, S.M., 1st Theydon Bois; C. A. Godwin, G.S.M., 11th Southend-on-Sea, A.D.C., County Borough of Southend-on-Sea and District; B. H. Holden, G.S.M., 5th Southchurch, D.S.M., County Borough of Southend-on-Sea and District; Miss F. Kirk, C.M., 8th Epping Forest South (Hermon Hill Methodist); E. E. Patrick, A.D.C., Romford and District; A. Pavia, Chairman, Blilericay and District; N. Rose, A.S.M., 3rd/4th Westcliff-on-Sea; F. W. Rowswell, G.S.M., 3rd Gidea Park (St. Michael's) and Brentwood School; Miss O. M. Smith, C.M., 3rd Billericay (Christ Church); R. S. Tilbury, formerly Badge Secretary, Chelmsford and District; O. 3. White, G.S.M., 8th Leigh-on-Sea (St. James).

**Hampshire.** - T. W. G. Brooks, G.S.M., 24th Portsmouth (Children's Home); T. W. Redman, Hon. Secretary, Andover District.

**Hertfordshire.** - L. A. Boarder, Hon. Secretary, Hemel Hempstead and District; G. F. Burrell, G.S.M., 3rd St. Albans; R. A. Freeman, R.S.L., 6th East Barnet (All Saints, Friern Barnet), A.C.C. (Rover Scouts) and Asst. D.C.C.; Dr. H. Jonas, Chairman, Hemel Hempstead and District; L. P. Thompson-McCausland, President, Ware and District; I. D. Pank, D. C., Barnet and Potters Bar District; H. 3. Vincent, J.P., Hon. County Secretary.

**Kent.** - W. S. Day, G.S.M. and C.M., 4th Gravesend (All Saints, Perry Street), D.C.M., Gravesend and District; W. M. Morton, C.M., 9th Sidcup (Old Farm), D.C.M., Sidcup, Chislehurst and The Crays; F. I. Peters, G.S.M., 2nd Medway West (Mathematical School, Rochester), D.C.C.; Mrs. F. H. Rodgers, C.M., 1st Sidcup; D. G. Turner, A.D.C., Bromley, A.D.C.C.; W. A. Williams, (I.S.M., 4th Broadstairs (Holy Trinity)).

**Lancashire South East.** - H. Barrett, R.S.L., 18th Leigh (Leigh Parish), D.R.S.L., Leigh and District; A. W. Crompton, A.D.C., Salford; C. Wilkes, B.Sc., G.S.M., 87th Salford (John Street Boys' School), A.D.C. (Seniors), Salford.

**Lancashire South West.** - Mrs. E. Brackley, C.M., 16th St. Helens (St. Thomas).

**Leicestershire.** - Mrs. F. K. Cliisman, C.M., 39th Leicester (St. Gabriel's), D.C.M., Eastnor Division, Leicester.

**Liverpool.** - J. Dawson, Vice-Chairman, Allerton; L. Sutton, A.D.C., Allerton.

**London.** - W. 3. Baulf, F.S.A.A., Hon. Treasurer, Deptford; C. A. 3. Beauchamp, A.D.C. (Scouts), Battersea; 3. Benites, S.M., 21st Hammer-smith; I. D. Blackwood, formerly D.S.M., Finchury; 3. A. Davison, G.S.M., 3rd Finsbury (Owen's School); A. A. Harford, G.S.M., 22nd Hampstead; A. 3. Jackson, G.S.M., 16th Finchley (Methodist); A. W. Porter, A.C.M., 6th St. Pancras (Mary Ward Physically Handicapped School), Hon. Secretary, St. Pancras; C. W. Sharwood, G.S.M., 35th Paddington; C. R. F. Simmonds, D.S.M., Hampstead; H. F. Solly, G.S.M., 11th Battersea; Miss C. M. Turland, C.M., 20th Lewisham South.

**Manchester.** - Mrs. O. L. Richards, C.M., 347th Manchester (Moss Side Baptist).

**Monmouthshire.** - E. C. C. Sones, D.C., Eastern Valley.

**Northunsherland.** - N. Lowery, G.S.M., 3rd Newbiggin.

**Nottinghamshire.** - R. A. Freeman, A.D.C., Central Notts; D. R., Hustwayse, A.D.C., Central Notts; R. Parker, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), South West Notts; S. W. Pulford, S.M.(S), 1st Southwell.

**Soke of Peterborough.** - L. P. Chandler, formerly G.S.M., 14th Soke of Peterborough (All Souls).

**Somerset.** - W. M. Isaacs, Hon. Treasurer, Minehead.  
**Staffordshire North.** - F. W. Bosson, D.C., Burslem Division, City of Stoke-on-Trent and District.  
**Surrey.** - W. J. L. Cox, D.R.S.L., Guildford and District; R. W. Hogg, S.M., Branksome-Hilders; 3. Goodman, G.S.M., 4th Honey.  
**Sussex.** - Group Captain O. T. Harvey Pack., Dep. C.C., D.C., East Grinstead District.  
**Warwickshire.** - Miss C. F. D. Harper, C.M., 8th Rugby (Holy Trinity); W. E. Smithers, A.D.C.C.  
**Worcestershire.** - W. W. Howell, G.S.M., 1st Crown East (St. Thomas);  
 W. J. C. Kendall, D.C., The Malverns; 3. W. Rowe, G.S.M., St. John's "A" Worcester, D.S.M., Worcester District; F. Wilson, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Witley.  
**Yorkshire Central.** - G. A. Chapman, G.S.M. and. A.R.S.L., 31st N.W. Leeds (Meanwood Park Colony for Mental Defectives); N. Craig, Badge Examiner, Dewsbury; R. R. Marshall, G.S.M., 10th N.W. Leeds (St. Mary); R. Thistleton, G.S.M., 14th Morley (Tingley).  
**Wales.**  
**Flintshire.** - J. F. Heady, G.S.M., Saitney Ferry, A.C.C. (Scouts).  
**Scotland.**  
**Ayrshire.** - J. R. Davidson, G.S.M., 5th Ayrshire (Ayr); J. Ednions, G.S.M., 11th Ayrshire (Stevenston), A.D.C., North West and Cumbracs District; I. Edwards, C.M., 46th Ayrshire (New Cumnock), A.D.C. (Wolf Cobs), East Midland; R. R. Shedden, G.S.M., 15th Ayrshire (Ardrossan), D.S.M., North West and Cumbracs.  
**Edinburgh and Leith.** - W. 3. Innes, formerly D.C., Holyrood; Mrs. M. R. MacGregor, C.M., 14th Portobello (Craigentinny), A.D.C. (Wolf Cobs), Portobello.  
**Glasgow.** - Mrs. A. B. Beith, D.C.M., Southern; D. Robertson, Hon. Secretary, Southern.  
**Lanarkshire.** - J. A. Homer, A.C.C. and A.D.C.C.; A.D. King, D.C., Lanark; T. W. Sorley, G.S.M., 5th Lanarkshire (5th Aindrie, Wellwynd), D.C., Airdrie District; H. K. Walker, Hon. County Secretary.  
**Overseas**  
**Barbados.** - L. A. Harrison, A.D.C., St. Michael - East; C. R. C. Springer, A.D.C.C.  
**Malta G.C.** - Mrs. I. M. Dye, D.C., Malta, G.C., Rev. R. S. Dye, D.C., Malta, G.C.  
**Uganda.** - Rev. Fr. R. Cornelius, A.D.C., East Mengo; O. Onyac, D.S.M., Acholi.  
**Zanzibar.** - Lalji Dhanji Pala, S.M.(S), 5th Zanzibar.  
*"In recognition of their outstanding services."*

#### LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GOOD SERVICES)

**Lancashire South East.** - H. Durham, formerly G.S.M., 43rd Salford (Hope).  
**Scotland.**  
**Ayrshire.** - W. Munro, Hon. County Badge Secretary; T. L. Robb, Hon. Secretary, West Midland District.  
**Morayshire.** - G. R. MacKenzie, Instructor and Examiner, Forres.  
*"In recognition of their good services."*

## WOOD BADGE COURSES 1955

*In all Courses, age limits for the appropriate Warrant holders are as follows:*

*Pack Scouters, Eighteen years and over.  
 Troop Scouters, Twenty years and over.  
 Rover Scouters, Twenty-One years and over.*

*In each section, probationary Scouters of the appropriate age may be accepted.*

### Gilwell Park

#### Cub Courses

No. 136 Monday, June 13th—Saturday, June 18th  
 No. 137 Monday, July 4th—Saturday, July 9th  
 No. 138 Monday, July 18th—Saturday, July 23rd  
 No. 139 Monday, August 8th—Saturday, August 13th  
 No. 140 Monday, August 22nd—Saturday, August 27th

#### Scout Courses

No. 238 Saturday, June 4th—Sunday, June 12th  
 No. 239 Saturday, June 25th—Sunday, July 3rd  
 No. 240 Saturday, July 23rd—Sunday, July 31st  
 No. 241 Saturday, August 13th—Sunday, August 21st.  
 No. 242 Saturday, August 27th—Sunday, September 4th  
 No. 243 Saturday, September 17th—Sunday, September 25th

#### Rover Course

No. 13 Saturday, July 9th—Saturday, July 16th  
 Applications to: Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, Chingford, E.4.

#### London (Gilwell Park)

Cub, 3 W.E. July 2nd  
 Cub, Cont. August 8th—13th  
 Scout, Cont. August 13th—20th  
 Scout, 5 W.E. Sept. 17th  
*Apply:* The Secretary, London Office, 3 Cromwell Place, S.W.7.

#### Scotland

Cub, 4 W.E. June 4th (Fordell) (omitting June 11th/12th)  
 Cub, Cont. July 25th—30th (Fordell)  
 Cub, Cont. August 29th—September 30th  
 Scout, Cont. August 6th—14th (Fordell)  
*Apply:* The Secretary, Boy Scouts Association, Scottish Headquarters, 44 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

#### Birmingham (Yorks Wood)

Cub, 3 W.E. June 11th  
*Apply:* (Cub) J. W. Hawtin, 31 Gillott Road, Birmingham, 16.  
 (Scout) C. Raeburn, 36 Innage Road, Birmingham, 31.

#### Bristol (Woodhouse Park, Almondsbury)

Cub, 3 W.E. June 4th  
*Apply:* A. C. Hone, 6 Greenacre Road, Knowles, Bristol.  
 Scout To be arranged.  
*Apply:* W. G. Webber, 2 Ableton Walk, Sea Mills, Bristol.

#### Cumberland North and East (Grange-in-Borrowdale, Keawick)

Scout, Cont. June 25th—July 3rd  
*Apply:* J. S. Dawson, 13 Cumwhinton Road, Carlisle.

#### Durham (Brancepeth)

Scout, 5 WE. June 4th  
 Scout, Cont. August 6th—14th  
*Apply:* C. Rogers, Wooderoft, Seaview Park, Whitburn, Co.

#### Durham.

Cub, 3 W.E. July 9th  
*Apply:* A. Knox, Laureldene Park Road, West Hartlepool.

#### Herts (Well End)

Cub, 3 W.E. June 11th  
*Apply:* Harold Warren, 27th High Street, Ware.

#### Kent

Cub, 3 WE. June 4th (Tovil)  
*Apply:* O. C. Simmons, 127 Upton Road, Hexicy Heath.

#### Lancashire S.W. and Liverpool (Bispham Hail)

Scout, 5 W.E. June 4th  
*Apply:* C. E. Booth, 21 Fullwood Park, Liverpool. 17.

#### Manchester (Ryecroft)

Cub, 3 W.E. August 6th  
*Apply:* W. H. Banning, Gaddum House, Queen Street, Manchester, 2.

#### Middlesex

Sea Scout, 3 W.E. June 3rd (Osterley)  
 Cub, 3 W.E. June 4th (S.A. Youth Centre, Sunbury)  
 Scout, 3 WE. Sept. 16th (Elstree, assemble Friday evenings)  
 Rover, 3 W.E. June 4th (Elstree)  
*Apply:* J. A. Walter, Seiwood, Cornwall Road, Hatch End.

#### Northumberland (Gosforth Park)

Cub, 4W.E. June 11th  
*Apply:* Miss G. Peel, "Ullathorne," 9 Eaglecliffe Drive, Newcastle upon Tyne, 7



**Northumberland (Gosforth Park) cont.**

Scout, 5 W.E. Sept. 3rd

*Apply:* D. M. Paulin, Boy Scout Camp, Gosforth Park, Newcastle upon Tyne, 3.**Nottingham (Walesby)**

Scout, Cont. June 11th—19th

*Apply:* J. N. Davey, B.S.A. Headquarters, Shakespeare St., Nottingham.**Shropshire (The Wrekin)**

Scout, Cont. July 30th

*Apply:* F. Tippett, Ellesmere College, Ellesmere, Salop.**South Staffordshire**

Cub, 3 W.E. Sept. 10th—11h (indoors at "The Mount," Penn Road, Wolverhampton).

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

Scout, 5 W.E. August 27th—28th (omitting Sept. 10th—11th), at "Gay Hills," Lower Penn, Wolverhampton.

*Apply:* J. K. Davies, Chequers, 29 Patricia Avenue, Goldform Park, Wolverhampton.**Surrey (Bentley Copse)**

Scout, 3 W.E. June 10th (assemble Friday evening)

*Apply:* J. L. Moore, 28 Campden Hill Court, W.8.

Scout, Cont. July 9th—16th

*Apply:* Rev. L. E. Whitlock, The Vicarage, St. James Road, Purley**Warwickshire (Rough Close)**

Rover, 3 W.E. June 11th

*Apply:* P. W. Blandford, Newbold-on-Stour, Stratford-on-Avon.**Worcestershire (Kinver)**

Scout, 5 W.E. June 11th (omitting July 2nd)

*Apply:* David Fleming, 24 St. Peter's Road, Pedmore, Stourbridge.**Yorkshire Central (Bradley Wood)**

Scout, 5 W.E. August 27th (omitting Sept. 17th)

*Apply:* John E. Wilson, Grinkle Dene, Linton, us. Wetherby.**Yorkshire South (Hesley Wood)**

Scout, 4 W.E. June 11th (assemble 10 a.m. Sat.)

*Apply:* J. Dorgan, 1 White Lane, Chapeltown, Sheffield..**Wales S.W.**Scout, 5 W.E. June 4th (Silver Cross Camp, Penllergaer) *Apply:* Frank Thomas, 57 Glanmor Road, Swansea.**Northern Ireland**

Scout, 3 W.E. June 3rd—5th (assemble Friday)

Cub. 3 W.E. August 13th-14th

*Apply:* Ernest Moore, Northern Ireland Scout Council, 50 Dublin Road, Belfast.

## CLASSIFIED

### COMING EVENTS

**1st Braziers Park Group Reunion**, June 4th/5th at Youlbury, Berks. All Wood Badge holders in Berks, Bucks, Oxon and Wilts are entitled to attend, also any who took Part I at Youlbury. Particulars from Miss H. R. Shelab, 165 St. Peter's Rd., Reading, before May 20th.**Catterick Camp Rover Crew Rover Moot**, Bushey Ghyll, June 18th! 19th. *Apply* Rover Mate, CCRC, do Scout Hut, Hipswell Lane, Catterick Camp, Yorks.**3rd South Staffs. Rover Moot**, Beaudesert, August 27th/28th. Particulars from E. W. Pitt, Hon. Sec., 46 Arundel Street, Walsall. Further announcement later.**Rover/Ranger/Senior Scout Conference**, Birkenhead, October 29/30th. Applications and details after July 15th from Miss P. Bartley, 31 Canterbury Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

### 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.

**Lady C.M. and sister** require unfurnished accommodation with kitchen, South West London or Surrey. Box 204, THE SCOUTER.

### EMPLOYMENT

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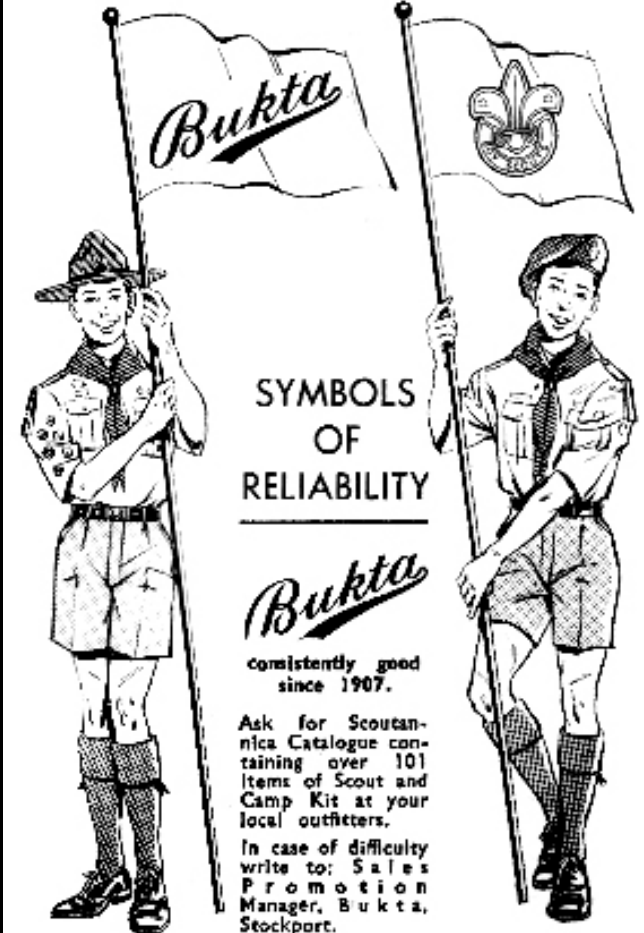


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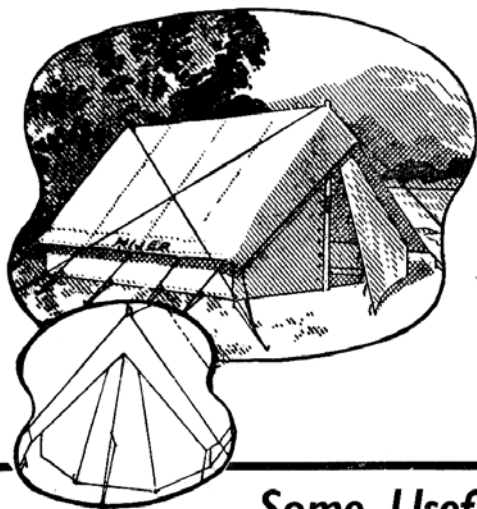


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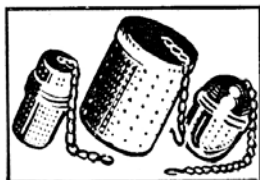
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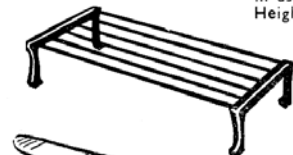


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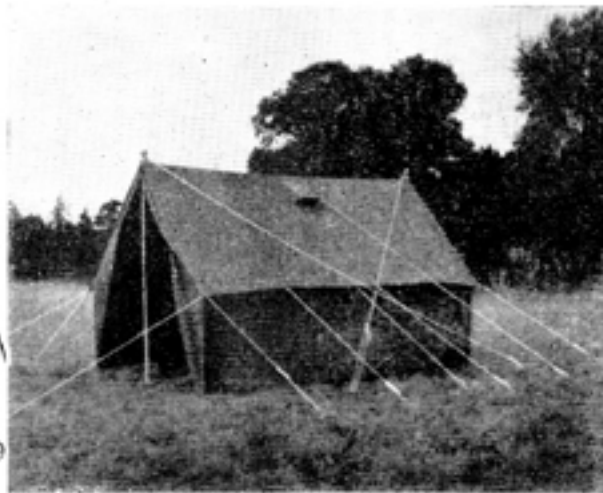
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