

THE SCOUTER



September 1955

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THE OUTLOOK

By THE CHIEF SCOUT

It was in 1916 that the Cub Branch was officially started so that next year we are celebrating the fortieth anniversary of this tremendously important event in the history of Scouting, and it is only right that note should be taken of it. The Committee of the Council decided that during these celebrations there should be a week-end camp for warranted Cub Scouters, to be held, if possible, at Gilwell Park, and it is proposed that the weekend should be 16th/17th June. I hope to be present myself on that occasion. Then the Triennial Conference of A.C.C.(C)s is due in 1956 and could be combined with this camp. Thirdly, the good turn of the Cubs has been such an important part of their training that it would be grand to have a Cub Week that year and with a Pack Good Turn as the main feature of it. The inaugural Conference of Cubmasters was held at Headquarters, then 116 Victoria Street, on June 24, 1916, and I have decided that the week 16th to 24th June would be the most suitable time. Other suggestions to mark this notable year in Cubbing include a drive towards achieving more trained Cub Scouters and more Two Star Cubs; that the National Conference in 1956 should include a special Cub theme in one of the main sessions; and that a few Leaping Wolves should be present at, though not on, the Parade of Queen's Scouts at Windsor. How splendid it is to think that our present Headquarters Commissioner for Cubs was himself one of the early members of the Pack. Let's make it a really memorable year.

To turn to another theme. How often do we read in the papers of a robbery or an assault being carried out in the presence of big crowds and yet not a soul gives a hand. There have been many such reports lately, one only the other day of the entry of three young men into a house, after breaking the windows on the ground floor. The other people in the street came out of their houses to see what the row was about, but they allowed the man and his wife and son to be beaten up almost in front of their eyes. So long as this appalling cowardice prevails - the attitude "It's not my job" - these things will go on. Thank goodness, every now and then we do get the other side of the picture, such as the twelve-year-old Scout, Ian Taylor of Boscombe, who saw a man stealing from a car. Instead of saying "It's not my job" he followed him until he met a policeman, to whom he pointed out the thief and earned the congratulations of the magistrate and the police superintendent. And again, the case of Philip Clark of Weston-super-Mare, who, seeing a pepper attack on a woman assistant in a Post Office, followed the man when he made off and won the thanks of the Chairman of the Bench: "I would congratulate the Boy Scout on the way he followed this man. It was in the best tradition of the Scout Movement and I am sure he was of great assistance to the police."

There had been a lot of strange happenings in Leeds and Senior Scouts Michael Byrne and John Lister decided to take observations. They fixed up a hide-out inside the rafters of their hut to keep watch.

Sure enough, a man entered the hut and one Scout followed him as he left while the other telephoned the police. At the man's home other property was found, but thanks to these two Scouts he did not get away.

All these three stories were taken from the Press in less than a fortnight. Scouts do have the guts to act and not just look on. So long as that is the case we can feel that we are achieving a worthwhile job.

The meeting of the Council has been reported in last month's SCOUTER; suffice it to say that Lord Glentanar, who was Chief Commissioner for Scotland to all intents and purposes for thirty years, was elected a Vice-President of the Association in recognition of his great services to the Movement. All Scottish Scouts will welcome this honour, not least myself, for I learned so much of Scouting from him and as a County Commissioner for twenty years of that time under his leadership, I realised to the full the value of his wise guidance. Then Peter Baden-Powell and Sir Charles Maclean of Duart, the new Chief Commissioner for Scotland, were both elected members of the Council. The new Constitution, which was sent back for further consideration last year, came before the Council again with the full backing of the Committee, who were instructed to initiate the necessary steps for alterations in the Royal Charter, which would be required to put it into effect.

That same evening, 20th July. R.R.S. *Discovery* became H.M.S. *Discovery* and it was with mixed feelings that I formally handed over the ship to the Admiral Commanding Reserves; sorrow that she was to pass out of our hands, but a sense of gratitude that she would now be preserved as an inspiration to boys and men for, we hope, many years to come. Lieut.-Comdr. Peter Scott was there and I was relieved to hear from him that he felt satisfied that it was for the best. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. J. L. P. Thomas, an old Scout himself - opened the proceedings. I handed over the ship. The Admiral Commanding Reserves accepted her into his care, the Scout flag and the Red Ensign were hauled down and the White Ensign hoisted. A simple dedicatory service was then held. The old ship has been less altered than we feared might be necessary at one time. The ward room remains as it was with the names on the cabins, and Admiral Skelton, who sailed in her with Scott, told us about her. The Scott Museum will be on view and, as soon as possible, it is intended to allow the Scouts to make certain use of her at week-ends and to moor their boats alongside. In the meantime, however, the R.N.V.R. ships are undergoing overhaul in turns and, until these are complete, naturally the demand for training space will make it impossible to provide these facilities for us. And so a new epoch has begun for this great old ship, and we wish her many years of inspiring service to the country in which she was built and which provided the men who sailed her on great adventures.

ROWALLAN.

THE CENSUS, 1955

(The corresponding figures for 1954 will be found in *THE SCOUTER* for September 1954, page 00.)

The figures shown by the United Kingdom census at, March 31st, 1955, are shown below, with increases or decreases in comparison with the figures at March 31st, 1954, and notes on points of interest.

Groups

Open	4,931	+ 137
Sponsored	<u>6,204</u>	- 24
	<u>11,135</u>	+ 113

The net increase of 113 is made up of 650 new Groups, less 537 Groups which have ceased to exist.

Sponsored Groups represent 55.7% of the whole, as compared with 56.5% last year.

Sections of Groups

Packs	10,127	+ 197
Troops	10,097	+ 57
Senior Troops or Patrols	3,642	- 3
Rover Crews	2,093	+ 17

For the first time, the number of Packs exceeds 10,000, and also exceeds the number of Troops.

Senior Troops or Patrols show a decrease of 3, as compared with an increase of 93 last year. Only 32.7% of Groups have them, as compared with 33.1% last year.

Cubs

Under 10 years of age	139,155	(61.5%)
10 and over	<u>87,233</u>	(38.5%)
	<u>226,388</u>	+ 6,423

The increase in the total number of Cubs is 6,423, as compared with 6,140 last year.

Scouts

Total 11-18	216,286	+1,307
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The total number of Cubs exceed this figure by 10,102, as against an excess of 4,986 last year.

Boy Scouts (11-15)

11 years of age	43,910	+ 687
12 years of age	53,462	+ 3,949
13 years of age	44,385	+ 751
14 years of age	<u>30,474</u>	- 2,591
	<u>172,231</u>	+2,796

There is again a decrease in the number of 14-year-old Scouts, to the extent of 2,591, following a decrease of 5,156 last year. In 1949 there were 40,498 of this age, as compared with 30,474 now - a decrease of nearly 25%. This disturbing decrease cannot be accounted for by the decrease in male births 14 years ago. There were fewer male children born in 1940-41, but the decrease in that year was only 1.8%. The decrease in 14-year-old Scouts in 1954-55 was 7.8%.

Senior Scouts

In separate Troops or Patrols		
15 years of age	8,840	- 470
16 years of age	8,208	- 95
17 years of age	5,376	+ 66
18 years of age	<u>1,283</u>	+ 44
	<u>23,707</u>	- 455

There is an average of 6.5 Senior Scouts per Troop or Patrol, as compared with 6.6 last year.



WHITHERS?

In Boy Scout Troops

15 years of age	11,860	- 600
16 years of age	5,048	- 281
17 years of age	2,532	- 78
18 years of age	<u>908</u>	- 75
	<u>20,348</u>	- 1,034

There is an average of 3.15 Senior Scouts Troop, as compared with 3.3 last year.

The figures again show that Scouts are retained longer in the Movement if they become members of a separate Senior Section.

Total Senior Scouts

15 years of age	20,700	- 1,070
16 years of age	13,256	- 376
17 years of age	7,908	- 12
18 years of age	<u>2,191</u>	- 31
	<u>44,055</u>	- 1,489

The decrease of 15 year olds follows naturally from the decrease of 14 year olds in the previous year, but as the latter went down by 5,156 last year, the present decrease of 1,070 in 15 year olds is not as large as might have been expected.

Loss of Scouts

For the first time, the census provides a comparison of each age year, and material for calculating the loss of Scouts at certain ages. No proper deductions can be drawn in the case of Scouts of 12 and 13 this year, as compared with those who were 11 and 12 last year, in view of the large number of boys who join the Movement for the first time at 11 or 12, but the figures for the remaining ages are illuminating.

1954	1955	Loss
13 years of age 43,634	14 years of age 30,474	30.0%
14 years of age 33,065	15 years of age 20,700	37.4%
15 years of age 21,770	16 years of age 13,256	39.1%
16 years of age 13,632	17 years of age 7,908	42.0%

Rovers

Under 21	6,849	- 195
21-25	3,976	- 68
Over 25	<u>2,606</u>	- 79
	13,431	- 342
Rovers who are also warranted Scouters	<u>10,328</u>	
	<u>23,759</u>	

No figure was obtained last year for Rovers who are also Scouters, but the 1953 figure was 9,759, showing an increase of 569 over the two years.

There are 6.4 Rovers per Crew if Scouters are excluded, and 11.4 per Crew if Scouters are included.

Only 18.8% of Groups have Rover Crews.

Sea Scouts	9,876	- 273
Air Scouts	2,391	- 36
Handicapped Scouts	4,824	+ 246

Scouters

G.S.M.s	6,757	+ 68
Pack Scouters	18,829	+ 645
Troop Scouters	19,593	+ 250
Senior Troop Scouters	2,194	- 156
Crew Scouters	<u>1,549</u>	<u>+ 54</u>
	<u>48,922</u>	<u>+ 861</u>

The number of Scouters per Group is 4.39, a slight increase on last year's figure of 4.3.

60.7% of Groups have warranted G.S.M.s, compared with 60.6% last year. But as the Leakage Investigation showed, only about half of these had no other duties than those of G.S.M.

The increases in Pack Scouters during the last three years were 969, 514 and 645, a total of 2,128. Troop Scouters over the same period increased by 1,204. Scouters of Senior Troops show a decrease of 156 this year, compared with increases of 14 and 44 in the two previous years - a net decrease of 98.

Commissioners

Not holding Group warrants	2,317 (66.3%)	+ 27
Also holding Group warrants	<u>1,176 (33.7%)</u>	<u>+ 86</u>
	<u>3,493</u>	<u>+113</u>

There is one Commissioner for every 137 Scouters holding other warrants, as compared with one for every 142 last year.

Total Numbers

Cubs	226,388	+6,423
Scouts 11-15	172,231	+2,796
Senior Scouts 15-18	44,055	-1,489
Rovers	<u>13,431</u>	- 342
	456,105	+7,388
Scouters	<u>48,922</u>	<u>+ 861</u>
	<u>505,027</u>	<u>+8,249</u>
Commissioners not holding Group warrants	2,317	+ 27
Local Association officials	<u>3,666</u>	<u>+ 10</u>
	<u>511,010</u>	<u>+ 8,286</u>

Last year we exceeded 500,000 for the first time, including Commissioners and Local Association officials. This year we have exceeded 500,000 Scouters and Scouts of all ages.

Proficiency

Cubs		
Leaping Wolves	15,197	-303
(This follows an exceptional increase of 4,064 last year.)		
Second Stars	14,405	-5,036
First Stars	71,737	+5,012
(The Second and First Star figures are compared with those of two years ago.)		
Scouts. (Percentages are by reference to the total number of Scouts of 11-18.)		
Queen's Scouts	2,792 (1.3%)	-585
First Class	14,346 (6.6%)	-88
Second Class	62,378 (28.8%)	+1,402

Queen's Scouts are less by 585 (a decrease of 17.3%) after a series of steady increases since 1949.

Senior Scouts holding Queen's Scout badge	6.3%
Scouts of 11-15 with Second Class or above	20.6% (+1.0%).
Scouts of 11-15 at Tenderfoot or Recruit stage	79.4% (-1.0%).

RATES ON SCOUT HEAD QUARTERS

By I.H.Q. Legal Adviser

For some time there has been great anxiety about a possible increase of rates when new valuation lists come into force on 1st April next year; and the whole question has been the subject of consideration and discussion by us and other similar bodies.

In past years the former local assessment committees, appreciating the valuable work that was being done amongst the youth of the locality, were generally willing to place a low, or even nominal, assessment on buildings used for Scout purposes. It is true that in some places the local assessment committee did not feel able to do so: but such cases were very few, and generally a good deal of practical sympathy was shown in this way.

But when the new scheme was introduced by which all valuations were to be done by the District Valuers, it was realised that, however sympathetic they might feel, these Inland Revenue Valuers would have no power to value any premises below their real figure; and it seemed that most Scout units would have to face payment of rates many times greater than in previous years.

The Government, and indeed many local authorities, have realised how hardly this would hit our units and those of other similar bodies; and accordingly certain new provisions for relief of this unfortunate situation have been included in the Rating and Valuation (Miscellaneous Provisions) Act, 1955.

The effect of these provisions (contained in Section 8 of the Act) is as follows:

1. In the first year in which the new valuation list comes in to force (i.e. the year beginning 1st April 1956) the amount of rates payable shall not exceed the amount payable in the previous year.
2. If in that first year the amount payable has been thus reduced, the amount payable in subsequent years shall be reduced by the same proportion.
3. If the rating authority wishes to increase the amount of rates payable in respect of the building it must give at least 36 months' notice.
4. A rating authority may reduce or remit the rates for any year whether or not there has been any reduction as above.

Thus a Scout unit need not fear any sudden increase above the amount of rates it already pays; and if it feels that its present rates are too heavy a burden, it is open to it at any time to ask the local rating authority whether it will make some reduction on sympathetic grounds. The Legal Department at I.H.Q. may be able to give advice in a case in which an appeal is contemplated.



Selections from

NOTEBOOK FOR A YEAR 23.

This diary of mine is now thirty-five years old. It started life as a thick, well-bound exercise book and was divided into months and days by a young schoolboy.

Brief records showing the year of writing have been entered under the relevant day and month so that I now have a volume of memories; some gay, some sad; some of personal events, some extracts from a poem or other literary work; some historical dates and some—well, of general interest. So the personal chronicle has grown; the selections showing in general the change in one's outlook with the passage of the years, and the particular entries all are keys to unlock the memory on some past memorable day.

Now it is 11 p.m. on Hogmanay and as I wait to welcome the birth of another New Year, let us delve into this saga and note particularly recent entries with a Scouting flavour.

January

The memory of Robert Burns. The Boy Scout Charter. The death of our Founder.

The visit paid recently to the very new Troop with the very new Scoutmaster. Into the school gym and find the boys have made rope ladders with cricket stumps and clove hitches. The ladders are hooked to the top of the climbing ropes and a relay race is in progress. Then out with the Troop into the dark night where a slight fault in the hill-side becomes a mighty cliff in the black darkness and each boy ties a bowline round himself preparatory to being lowered into the void.

They will do. Skipper has the right idea.

"Only so much do I know as I have lived." - Emerson.

February

B.-P.'s birthday. My own "Scout" birthday.

Had a round of visiting Groups this month and first call one evening was to a real Scout Troop. What a pleasure it is to see B.-P.'s plan being worked with understanding and enthusiasm and what magnificent results accrue. Everyone was there for flag-break and then the Skipper suggested taking me round to see their Padre. He explained that his A.S.M. had some planning to do for the coming week-end activity but that he, the S.M., wouldn't be needed again until the Camp Fire. The programme was run by the P.L.s and had been discussed and agreed in his, the Skipper's, house a few nights before.

Why do we have to have so many units of nebulous form at the other end of the scale? Do I lack tolerance if I fail to see the value of keeping boys off the streets for a short time - only to drive them back again disillusioned with the sham brand of Scouting served up to them?

"These are the times we shall dream about." I can say that with all sincerity of my old Skipper's leadership but I am not convinced that all the Groups I have visited this month promise a like legacy.

March

Read *King Solomon's Ring* by Konrad Lorenz. What a wonderful book based on animal lore. I hope you will read it if you have not done so already.

This month saw the birthday of the P.L. who first attracted me into Scouting. He is still my picture of the ideal P.L., a cheery, active, lover of the out-door.

A grand leader who could be such a friend and yet could be so smart on a parade. I wish he were still with me. I think he would have been but he didn't come back from the war.

Surely it is this hero-worship for the upstanding P.L. of sixteen or seventeen years old which is the back-bone of our Scouting. The good Scouter knows this and guides his P.L.s.

There we find the good Troop. The sufficiency of good young Scouters. The good Group.

"A Kinsman is part of a man's body, but a foster-brother is a piece of his heart." - W. Scott.

April

The Declaration of Arbroath. St. George's Day. My first Scout Camp.

How often do we describe Scouting as an adventurous game and how often is that true? It has been my good fortune to climb the highest mountain in our island with Scouts from overseas, to introduce European Scouts to the delight (?) of swimming in sea water when they had known only fresh water before, to carry my hike tent across foreign mountain ranges, but the two greatest adventures were not of this nature.

There were the scruffy Cub Pack in the squalid overcrowded town whose Akela was ill. We got permission to play on Saturday afternoons in the grounds of the local mental hospital - the nearest grassy space. The experiment had a slow start in competition with the inevitable cinema but the plant took root and love of the out-door flourished. How do I know? Well, the Cubs told me so in their own direct if inarticulate manner.

Then there were the two town boys who had drifted into mischief, found themselves in an approved school and had discovered in themselves sufficient tenacity to work their way up through the school Troop to 1st Class Journey standard. They were rowed across a sea-loch and dumped on the far shore. A land of pathless woods, deep bracken and only wild life for company until they reached a farm which was to be their journey's end. To judge by their reports on returning to the school they conquered more than the adventurous 1st Class Journey on those two days.

"Me no muckle to fight for, sir? Isna there the burn sides that I gang daundering beside, and the hearths o' the gudewives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits of weans that come toddling to play wi me?" - From *The Antiquary*.

May

Union with England. Took my first *Scouts' Own*. Launched "Wolfing" - my sailing dinghy. V.E. Day.

A composite picture this month and yet there stands out in my memory a brief roadside halt during a military advance when we learned that it was indeed V.E. Day. How we gathered together, men of several nations, of many ranks and of more than one Faith and how, in the short time available to us, we joined in what was in all but name a "Scouts' Own."

"Where is the Church in Scotland at this day? It is wherever a praying young man or woman is at a dykeside in Scotland. - There the Church is." - Alexander Peden. *circa* 1638.

Do we carry the first part of our Scout Promise to our boys in sufficient measure? I hope that we do because the "want" is there.

June

The Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan, visited the county. I repaired an eye-splice. Rab came to tea.

We had the honour of entertaining the Chief and what a source of inspiration and encouragement he was to everyone from the youngest Cub to the oldest Scouter and lay member. Here surely was leadership *in excelsis* because despite the worst of weathers and faced by an immediate "Family" of some 4,000 wet and somewhat discouraged folk, yet the Chief was able to make everyone of us feel proud of our Scouting to date and determined to do better still in the future.

So, to my second memory for this month - the eye-splice. By invitation I visited a Sea-Scout dinghy crew for a sail. The P.L. prepared to make sail. An eye-splice parted. It had to be repaired and the P.L. tackled it in nervous haste conscious of keeping his guest waiting.

He was all thumbs in consequence and the guest stepped forward and did it for him. The sail went up. We were away but, only then did I realise the tragedy of my thoughtless act. I had caused the P.L. to lose face before his crew and lose confidence in himself.

And Rab? He came to a Scout tea party and in a bit of thoughtless horse-play hurt a younger Scout.

I snapped out sarcastic criticism without thought and Rab retired into his shell. It was many weeks before I was forgiven for using that worst of all adult weapons - sarcasm.

July

Saw B.-P. for the first time. Off to my first Scout summer camp. Complaint about bad language from Scouts on a bus. Attended a "Blind folks" hike.

We all know that Scouting started because B.-P. was B.-P., because of what he had done during his life and because of what he stood for as a man. What a thrill it was even to see him. Many must have wondered how Scouting would fare when his personal leadership was removed.

His greatness was surely in training others to do without him, or paddle their own canoes. How well I remember my first summer camp when skipper encouraged us to get away on our own and set the standard for our activities by supplying a stock of dry clean sacks for us to wear while we cleaned and dried our uniforms after the day's adventures! Those sacks we took back to our Scout den and used them on many a week-end before we dare return home to our parents.

Yes, surely Scout uniform indicates a novice and not the perfected article. It never is perfect anyhow. So, when I received complaints of rudeness to a bus conductress by Boy Scouts I was happy to learn that the boys were new recruits from a children's home for "out-of-parental-control" bairns. We explained to the bus company, of course, in case it happened again (!) but had their full approval for our endeavours. No doubt the unenlightened public on the bus took a poor view of Scouting as they heard it, but it is a price we must pay.

And the blind folk? Oh yes! One of our weaker Troops called at a local blind institute and took all who cared for a Saturday afternoon ramble into the countryside. Perhaps they were not so weak after all.

August

Wallace Day. Prince Charles valued at £30,000.

I have been reading *I Believed* by Douglas Hyde. It is a very powerful disclosure of communist methods, particularly in the enslavement of the people's minds, where all personal freedoms are sacrificed to the party line. The author was a member of the communist hierarchy in Britain and it opens one's eyes to the forces at work in Britain today.

The aim of Scouting is, of course, the exact opposite. Our training, properly applied, provides the boy with opportunities to find himself, to try out his various abilities and learn to know and use with sagacity his own mind. A freedom-loving democracy cut down to boy's size.

"But in the thicket of the wilderness, and in the mist of the mountain, Kenneth, son of Eracht, keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright... - From *The Legend of Montrose*.

September

End of the Scout year.

Started to summarise my year's activities for the sake of the various annual meetings which are due shortly and came across a note reminding me to look up D....

D., as a young Scout, ran foul of the Law on more than one occasion. Then he changed his address and joined another Troop in consequence. He did well there and six months ago I had the pleasure of seeing him gain his First Class Badge. I heard he had left his Troop and gone back to his old mob. I called upon him because somehow it just didn't make sense.

Very briefly the explanation was: "I believe now that I would never have got into trouble as a young lad if my Scouting of those days had not been merely one evening's entertainment a week, leaving me free to get into mischief on the other six days.

In my new Troop I found real Scouting which provided me with something to do, something to think about and a standard of behaviour to aim at for every day of the week. Now I am going back as Troop Leader to my old crowd to try to show them what Scouting can mean."

I got on the phone to his D.C. Yes, he is sticking to his task and doing well. I must use this message in my annual report.



October

B.-P. married. Ran my first race for the local harriers. Hallowe'en.

A flood of annual reports; accounts; statements of Scout property; meetings, etc. These are all very important and I am glad to see the adults in our Movement becoming more businesslike and realising that a game for the boys can only be a success if it has a foundation of thorough organisation supplied by the adults. At the same time we must maintain our sense of proportion.

I like to take a dose of Alice in Wonderland or Alice Through the Looking Glass at such times. The profound thoughts which underlie the nonsense and which are easily found if sought but do not obtrude are a real tonic. I find Alice Through the Looking Glass one of the best books on Scouting methods next to Scouting for Boys.

November

St. Andrew's day.

Had an interesting chat at our Badminton club with a fellow member who has recently joined Scouting as a lay member. To sum up his first impressions: ~I think B.-P. intended Scouting to combat the restrictive influence of modern civilisation, but it seems to me that we are so organised within the Movement that we are assisting this restrictive influence in the life of the boy and are losing the Founder's vision of free adventure."

When I got home I phoned up a Group Scoutmaster with reference to an occurrence during the August summer holidays. I concluded: "but, of course, your Group Headquarters would be closed for the holidays." "Our Group has never closed for holidays or any other reason since it was formed," came back the reply.

Finally to a St. Andrew's Night dinner run by a Scout Troop. Instead of "black or white ties," Scout uniform with white shirts was worn. Guests present were former members of the Troop and local notables such as a newspaper editor and a member of 'the local council. Full honours were paid to the "Great chieftain o' the pudden race!" Toasts were proposed by the boys (with a prompter sitting alongside) and duly replied to by the guests. In all an excellent adventure and introduction to one facet of adult life.

December

Christmas. Lord Rowallan's birthday.

Attended a lecture, or rather a series of talks on the needs of youth to-day. One of the speakers was a Director of Education who declared that the sponsored youth clubs had got off on the wrong foot and that to be of real value to their members they must adopt and adapt the teachings of B.-P. The members must learn to do things for themselves and work for their pleasures.

I was reminded of a Scouter speaking on the same theme, of the individual's feeling of personal responsibility for the success of the unit. If every Scout in my Troop were just a Scout like me, Oh, what sort of a Scout Troop would my Troop be?

So we welcome midnight and the New Year.

"It isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly." - From *The Heart of Midlothian*.

COINNEACH.

WARRANTS COMMITTEES

A talk given to Notts. County Scouters Conference by

REV. CANON J. P. HALET

Let me begin with two personal statements which may help present me to you in my honest proportions, without unintentional false pretences.

First, the title of this talk is "Warrants Committees." I know nothing about Warrants Committees with an S. I happen to be the chairman of the S.W. Notts Warrants Committee, and my knowledge of Warrants Committees is strictly and solely limited to the one for S.W. Notts.

Secondly, I am not and never have been any kind of Scout. I was of Cub age when an originally-minded Colonel was making the Anglo-Saxon world ring with his defence of Mafeking; I have never joined at any level the Movement which has made the whole world ring with his name, Baden-Powell, ever since; and, to be perfectly honest, I have never wanted to. Anything I may know about tying a buffer-knot I owe to fishing, not to Scouting; nothing around Scouting could conceivably be more Lay than this Cleric.

Let me hasten to add, however, that I have always been glad to have Scouts in my several parishes, and that to have today sponsoring authority over and spiritual responsibility for the 2nd Beeston Sea Scouts is a pride as well as a pleasure.

History

Some five or so years ago there occurred in S.W. Notts and in fairly quick succession two of those lamentable cases in which serious sexual offence is committed by a Scouter; one of them went to gaol.

Both were, of course, immediately dismissed; but the powers that be felt that something positive must be done for the protection of the boys and for the general good name of Scouting; and they decided that the best means to this end, and in other aspects also to ensure that warrants were not granted to unsuitable applicants, would be the formation of a really effective Warrants Committee.

I knew nothing whatever about this until, to my complete surprise, I was asked if I would join such a Committee; indeed, if I would be its Chairman.

After some thought, I decided to accept. Clearly, the selection of fit and proper persons to be in charge of boys was a matter of great importance to the whole community, quite apart from Scouting; it required of me no technical knowledge of Scouting; and if responsible men felt I, perhaps, had certain qualifications they thought desirable, such as some ability to weigh people up and (I always suspect this was my strongest qualification in their eyes!) a tendency to form forthright opinions, right or wrong, and to express them forthrightly, I would have to show myself good cause for refusing to help them.

Moreover the duties, though extremely important, would not make undue demands on an already reasonably full timetable, and time spent on them would be time well spent.

So I accepted; but in so doing I felt bound to demand two things which I did not actually call conditions but which for me had the force of conditions.

A Warrants Committee is charged with an important job and must therefore be given the tools for the job. The first and essential tool is that it should be composed of the right kind of people; people with some ability to judge character, to read between the human lines, not to be influenced by their likes and dislikes, and so on.

I did not feel that such a selection could be safely left to the unguided democratic processes of the A.G.M. of a Local Association; so I indicated that these democratic processes would be quite all right provided the A.G.M. only elected such persons as were suggested to it: by the powers that be in the first instance, and thereafter by the Committee itself after consulting any advisers it might wish to consult.

This was, and is, put quite openly to the A.G.M., and the A.G.M. has so far responded willingly.

The Committee elects its own Chairman annually.

It has no statutory number of members, but for obvious reasons these are kept down to, or near, a single figure of roughly equal Scouters and laymen, and the Secretary. Our present lay members are a civil engineer, a builder, a headmaster, the Town Clerk and the Vicar of Beeston, but solely because judged suitable. There is no implication whatsoever that the successors to the present tenants of "hereditary" offices such as the last three, will thereby become members of the Committee. The D.C. of course also belongs to it, but by virtue of his office and in a kind of independent status.

The Committee has power to fill a casual vacancy by co-option. It also has one further member in the curious position of never being expected to turn up (or even notified of meetings) nor to do anything unless specifically asked to do so: a doctor.

You will appreciate that a case might arise in which a doctor's views would come in uncommonly handy, and the fact that we have so far not called upon ours does not alter the fact that it is very comfortable to feel that there he is in the background, qualified to act as a member if we want him; if we do want him, we'll want him badly.

The doctor should be chosen as carefully as are the other members. Ours is a young middle-aged man who twenty years ago was an athlete of some note, with two young boys of his own, a large practice in the area and a wide knowledge of its inhabitants. That he is also a close personal friend and personal medical adviser to both the President of our L.A. and the Chairman of our Warrants Committee could but be an advantage should his kind of troublesome case arise; and he will only function if such a case does arise.

I felt bound to ask another condition, without using the word. Technically, a Warrants Committee is just a sub-committee of the Executive; but if the Executive creates a rather carefully chosen sub-committee to do one particular and important job, it is right that the Executive should normally accept the findings of that committee. There might be exceptions, of course, but such cases must definitely be very exceptional indeed. So to put it, there must be a relationship of: "We know that officially we have no more than purely advisory powers; but if you consider we are doing our job, trust us; if you don't trust us, sack us; but don't keep us and override us."

So far all our various recommendations have been endorsed without query; and so far we have not been sacked.

Procedure

A very high percentage of attendance by members at meetings is obviously essential; and to help ensure this we always end one meeting by agreeing on a date for the next one. If, as happens occasionally, there is no business as that date approaches the meeting is cancelled and then, but not till then, members are free to devote it to some other purpose. With - once again - carefully chosen members this ensures that none will be absent except through sickness or emergency. In this same category it is worth stating that if there are several applicants each one is given a time at which to be present, as well as the date, so as to avoid keeping him or her hanging around needlessly.

Every *new* applicant for a Warrant must have a private and personal interview and talk with one or other member of the Committee before the day of the Committee meeting; such private interviews take place in either the member's home or in the applicant's. They are not at all inquisitorial, but just talks lasting maybe an hour or more and ranging where they may. However friendly and informal, such talks can, if rightly handled - yet once again, the importance of choosing the right people to handle them - be a most valuable opportunity of giving the applicant a real once-over and of forming some opinion of his capacities and, at least as important, of the possible future development of his capacities.

Girl applicants for Cub work go through precisely the same whole process as do the men - and the Committee gets equal pay therefore! At the actual meeting the member reports on this private interview. He does it with the utmost candour, between four strictly confidential walls; and then the applicant is invited in. We try to keep the atmosphere as friendly and informal as we can; any member asks the applicant any questions he pleases, technical or personal; what the applicant has to say is listened to with close and friendly attention.



“THE CUB IS MINE. GIVE HIM TO ME”

The occasion must, by its very nature, be something of an exam, yet we try to give it an air which fits the fact that our examination table happens to be a round one! For all that, the members constitute between them, and however quietly, a pretty searching board. Incidentally, I have noticed with pleasure that questions on the religious aspects of Scouting are started by some other member at least as often as they are by the clerical chairman. *1*

The applicant withdraws and the Committee considers its findings: acceptance, rejection or, not infrequently with new applicants, acceptance subject to a period of probation, to undergoing a specified course of training or supervision, and so on. *2*

I would emphasise that the Committee's findings are always unanimous, even if they occasionally take some time to reach. In a matter dealing not with things but with human beings in so important a context I should be most unhappy for a decision to be reached by a majority vote.

1. There is a case for considering whether this confidential report should be given after, not before, the other members have seen the applicant in committee.

2. Distinction must be made between advice, which we give to nearly all applicants, to take this or that course, etc., and the condition we make to some applicants that they must do so. Only when an A.D.C. has reported to us, after the appropriate period, that the condition has been fulfilled do we make our recommendation for acceptance. So far we have always found the condition has been fulfilled; I suspect it is not unwelcome. A serious applicant is not averse to being ~“forced” to receive help on what he well knows is a weak point. The value of the private interview/talk is obvious; and it also has unexpected good effects. Thus, we know for certain of three cases in which an applicant, having had this private interview, then pursued matters no further but simply dropped out. In each of these cases the member had formed a definitely unfavourable impression of the applicant. It seems legitimate to suspect these may have been undesirables who were choked off by the unexpected searchingness of the enquiry; and I further suspect (from parallels in other regions of my work) that our small percentage of out-and-out rejections may be due to the fact that undesirable applicants do not reach us. The cases mentioned occurred in our early days; now, we are known to exist, and this knowledge may well cause what would otherwise be potential starters to become non-starters.

So far, this has never happened, nor even threatened; but if ever it does I shall be faced with a crisis to which I do not know the answer. But I will leave jumping that hurdle till I reach it!

General

1. We have been extremely well treated by our Executive, both in the way our membership has been constituted and sustained and in the way in which we have been trusted. I would recommend that any new Warrants Committee be formed on the same basis as our own: that it be composed, by whatever method, of people responsibly and carefully chosen because apt for that particular job, and that when formed its relationship with the Executive should be one of “So long as you trust us, leave us alone; when you no longer trust us, sack us; we’ll go quietly.”

2. We have had no shadow of trouble amongst ourselves, and very little in our work. Just at first there was the odd applicant who didn’t see why he (it was always a *he!*) should appear before any committee and who took a line of whom did we think we were, anyway! The reply was as simple as it was practical: we were a body empowered to jamb any application unless and until the applicant appeared before it and satisfied it of his fitness, and who did in fact so jamb the application. But those episodes were rare and only occurred in the early days; we haven’t had one for years. Indeed, I get the impression that applicants welcome the fact that they are examined and that trouble is taken over their application: it shows that Scouting regards them and their work as important, which indeed it is.

3. and last. We are not as smugly complacent as this account might mislead you to think we are: we are well aware the thing could be done much better than we do it. But I have tried to give you a true and faithful account of ourselves. We do think our set-up is good; but I would not have you get the impression we also think our use of it is anything like all it should or could be. We do not; and I shall go back to my Committee grateful for any criticisms or suggestions which may be made.

TROOP NIGHT - XVIII

We are always being told that we must have the unexpected in our Troop programmes. One week our crowd were told that on the next Troop night they should appear in their old clothes, with heavy boots and food, Mum to be told that they would not be home till twelve midnight. At the appointed hour they turned up and were intrigued to find a large van at the hail. All entered, the doors were shut and we trundled off into the gloaming. Half an hour brought us to a well-known camp site, looking quite different on a Friday evening with the moon shining. Two wide games were followed by eats and a camp fire, and then home. We have now done this for four years. The first thrill of the unknown is gone, but the thrill of the "different" remains. As it takes place just after the Cubs have come up they think Scouting is wonderful. I hope we can live up to it.

We only have one going-up Ceremony in the year, this taking place at the beginning of the new season in September. The whole Group fall in, the Pack on the platform, the Troop on the side of the hall, the Rovers at the far end. The Scouts going-up come out, are given a charge to repay for their Scouting by service, about turn and march down the hall to join the Rovers. The new P.L.s are now appointed, and their duty to their Patrols emphasised. Then the Pack swarm down on to the floor, give the Grand Howl and send up their boys who are hoisted into Scouting by the A.S.M.s and received by their future P.L.s. It's funny to think that eleven-stone Dougie in the Rovers was hoisted the same way by the same A.S.M.s some moons ago.

Have you ever paused, in the year by year effort to keep the Troop up to scratch, to consider just how efficient your organisation is? I've pondered this often, but the difficulty is to get a suitable formula to work on. One suggestion is to work out the percentage of boys joining your gang who become Queen's Scouts, but this is crude and does not take account of those who leave for good reasons, or of those who are Queen's Scouts in badge but not in spirit. This, by the way, is a job for the Court of Honour. Another method is to work out the average age of the Scouts between eleven and eighteen at March 31st, which is the middle of the Scout year.

So our hypothetical Troop just fails to make the grade. When you have worked out your figures, perhaps you will be able to understand what the Leakage Report can tell your Troop. After every Troop meeting I wonder, "How did it go?" I used to worry a bout this till one evening I asked it of a good Scouter friend. He replied, "Don't ask me. Look at their eyes."

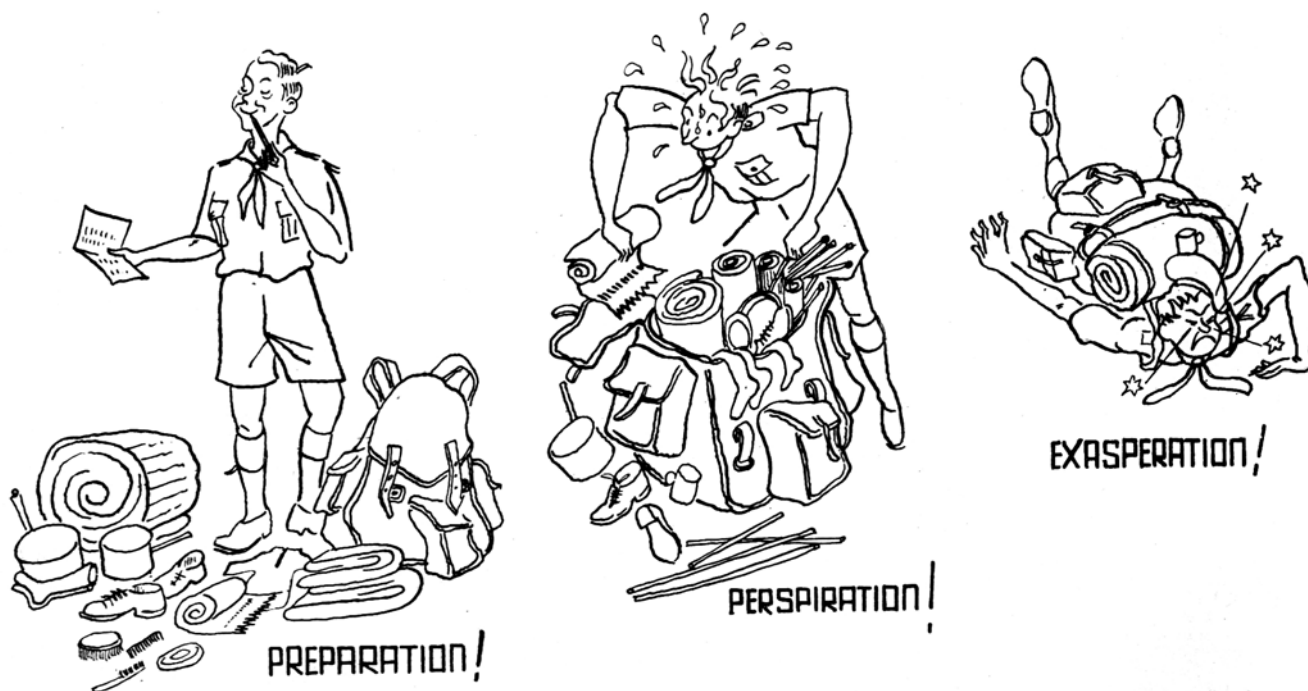
If this figure is fourteen years or over, you are doing well. Be sure to take each boy's age in years and months to get an accurate average. Thirdly, it has been said that a Troop which holds forty per cent of its Scouts for five years is successful. Perhaps you would like to work it out and see how you stand. Use the table shown which must cover at least five years. The boys who leave the district should be excluded from all your figures.

Year	Number recruited during year	Total to date	Number surviving at end of:				
			1st year	2nd year	3rd year	4th year	5th year
1948 - 49	7	7	6	6	5	4	2
1949 - 50	4	11	4	3	3	3	2
1950 - 51	5	16	4	4	4	2	-
1951 - 52	8	24	8	8	7	-	-
1952 - 53	11	35	10	10	-	-	-
1953 - 54	5	40	5	-	-	-	-
Total survivors			37	31	19	9	4
Corresponding recruits (Col. 3)			40	35	24	16	11
Percentage, survivors/recruits			93%	89%	79%	56%	36%

It's very true and since then I soon know when I am off colour.

At one meeting of the C.O.H., a P.L. remarked that we always seemed to be having the same games. Couldn't I think of some new ones? They were told it was their Troop and that it was time they gave it some new games. It ended in a challenge to each P.L. to produce a new game. Four succeeded, but the other four had to admit that it was not so easy. This led to suggestions as to how to get ideas, and soon after the Troop meeting started with each Patrol being handed some articles, such as, one candle and a box of matches, eight conkers, eight bricks, and so on. With these they were to devise a game. Again some did very well while others reproduced games used in the last few weeks. By the way, the original remark peeved me so much that I checked up in my records. We were not repeating in games, but the P.L.s had memories going back over a year.

You would have been shocked one night to find the lads playing cards, and during a Troop meeting, too, but the explanation is very virtuous. It's easy to say that the Scout Laws should be kept in front of the troop always, but not easy to do. We were trying out one idea for doing this. Ace, two, three, etc., were the ten laws; Jack, Queen, King, the parts of the Promise.



OUR DISTRICT

By A.D.C.

The cards were dealt out in the Patrol, backs up. The Scouts in turn then laid a card down, face up, and before the Patrol could count five, had to give the corresponding Law or part of the Promise. Interesting and exciting.

During another evening the gang were intrigued to see each part of the programme, from flagbreak on, being written on a large sheet of paper fixed on the wall and prefixed A, B, C, etc. They suspected their old friend Kim, but for once were wrong. When the dust finally settled for the evening they were given this task. Against each letter A, B, C, and so on, write the number of the Law, which if it had been deliberately broken, would have spoiled that part of the programme. After deep thought, they found to their surprise that quite unconsciously they had during the evening been living the ten Scout Laws.

I don't approve of blinding your Scouts with Science, but a little of it goes down well with modern lads. One year, four of ours slept in a tent pitched on ground which sloped gently from side to side of the tent. They laid their four groundsheet like the slates on a roof. The chap in the lower berth was annoyed to wake up in a pool of water in the morning. This was only solved with the help of science. The heat of the body on the top groundsheet drew moisture from the ground, which condensed on the rubber under-surface. It then gravitated on to the top of the second groundsheet, crossed it and met the stream from the underside of No. 2 groundsheet. The accumulation of the three sheets gave a puddle on No. 4 sheet. Laying the groundsheet "anti-tile-wise" cured the trouble.

For years I had believed the altar fire to be the best for Patrol cooking, but the P.L.s, scenting work, would have none of it, till the year of the flooded trench fires arrived. In desperation one Patrol built a solid altar of rock. It worked till the wind came, when the solid plinth forced the wind to leap over the top of the fire, leaving the top full of swirling smoke and very little draught. Science came to the rescue again. A few words on streamlining and aerofoils (I think that is the term) resulted in the building of an altar fire on four legs. Everything went well after that with lovely steady draughts. It was curious when dismantling the kitchen to find the best turf under the fireplace, a pleasant change from the usual "blasted heath".

Mention of fires reminds you of food. We have only once made spotted dog in a cloth. The wind caused the flames to roar up one side of the dixie, singed a hole in the cloth and left spotted soup. Since then we have used tins. Two one-pound cocoa tins do just nicely for a Patrol and fit into a Patrol dixie. Have you tried this one? For each Patrol mix a large tin of peas with one of carrots, leaving all the juice in. Heat up gently, add a little cornflour to thicken, and sweeten with sugar. A large spoonful on a slice of toast is tip-top. It is the S.M.'s job to train his P.L.s. Quite true, but generally they restrict this to training in Scoutcraft. If that training is to be of any use, they must also be trained in running their Patrol meetings. Here is the skeleton of a two-evening course for P.L.s and Seconds that we have just tried out.

First night. The S.M.'s job is to give his P.L.s the tools to do the job: (a) Knowledge of Scoutcraft, and how to pass Scouts in Second Class and First Class. (b) Games suitable for playing with the Patrols in restricted surroundings, and (c) Stunts, that is doing the usual or unusual things in the unexpected way. The opportunities are, (i) a period in the weekly Troop meeting, which with practice can become nearly the whole evening, (ii) their own Patrol meetings, entirely away from the Troop.

Second night. On this evening the Scouts were divided into two Patrols, a Scouter being P.L. of each. The Scouters then showed them their idea of a Patrol meeting. The first was entirely confined to a small room and depended for its success on careful arrangements beforehand. The second was outside, with activities to suit the weather. Halfway through the evening the Patrols swapped P.L.s.

I have been talking Patrol System for some years now. I was shocked to be told by a Scouter who had tried it that it was no good. His Scouts now enjoyed cooking so much that his carefully arranged programme was thrown out of gear. What remedy would I suggest? Scrap "your" programme, and build the "Scouts" programme round the Patrol System.

HENRY C. THOMPSON.

"The vicar of St. Peter's told me to expect you," I said to the tall young fellow in Rover uniform who had just rung my front-door bell. "He said he hoped to persuade you to start a Troop at the church.."

"That's right," he said, "though not much persuasion was necessary. I was in the best Group in Blackchester for fourteen years, and I owe an awful lot to Scouting and want to pay a bit of it back. I moved down here three weeks ago and went to church on the Sunday evening, and the vicar noticed my Scout badge and asked me home to supper, and when he said he wanted somebody to start a Troop from scratch I told him that I'd always dreamed of one day having a Troop of my own. He was so excited at the idea that he'd caught a possible Scouter at last, that he wrote off right away to Blackchester, to the parson who was G.S.M. of our Group there, to make sure that I was O.K., and he wants me to get going as soon as possible..."

We had a long natter about local conditions, and then he asked me if any Troops would be meeting that night.

"If you happen to be visiting this evening," he said, "I'd like to go along with you. We were such a happy family in my old Group that we did not mix quite as much as perhaps we ought to have done with the rest of the District, so I haven't seen many other Troops in action, and it seems to me that visiting other Troops is the way to get ideas. I devour all the Scouting books that come out, but a lot of things are difficult to put into books, aren't they?"

"They are," I said sadly, thinking how difficult this eager young fellow would be to put, adequately, into a book. He was so full of youth, and zest, and hope, and ideals. He had got a lot from Scouting, and he wanted to give a lot back. The Troop he was going to build was going to be the best Troop ever. You could see the idea in his eyes, though he was too modest to put his ambition into words.

We visited three Troops that happened to be meeting that night, and he joined in the games and chatted with the P.L.s, and obviously enjoyed himself immensely. As we walked from one H.Q. to another, we talked, and before we parted I asked him a question.

"Ever since I can remember," I said, "the biggest problem facing Scouting has been a shortage of the right sort of Scouters. In theory, you'd suppose that we'd breed more than enough within our own ranks, but it doesn't happen like that. Quite a lot of our best Scouters were not Scouts themselves as boys, but even with their help the shortage is still there. I honestly believe that if we could double the number of the right sort of Scouters we could double the size of the Movement overnight without lowering our standards by a fraction. If only more of our Rovers and Seniors could be infected with your idea that because they've had a lot from Scouting, they ought to put a lot back. Can you remember how that idea first got into your head?"

He pondered, then answered slowly.

"I think it's always been there," he said, "since I was promoted Sixer of the Brown Six. Our G.S.M., who was S.M. as well, always came along when a new Sixer was made, and I remember him taking me aside afterwards and shaking hands in a solemn sort of way. 'You're one of us, now, Bobby,' he said, 'one of the chaps who run things. The Commissioner with his purple plume, and me, and Akela, and you ... all the others depend on us, and we mustn't let them down. You've had a lot of good times as an ordinary Cub, Bobby, and now you've a chance to pay it back by seeing that your Six has a lot of even better times ... 'Our old Skipper had a way of speaking to kids that brought out the man in them ...'"

DEAR EDITOR

The 4th Scout Law

DEAR EDITOR,

I have to go home after a stay of six months in England. When I think about the facts that made my stay here so beautiful and most happy, I come to the conclusion that it was entirely due to the great hospitality and friendliness of British Scouts and Scouters. When I dropped into I.H.Q. early this year with my letter of recommendation I didn't know a single person in Great Britain. But through I.H.Q. I came into contact with British Scouting and after a short time I visited regularly one of the Groups in Hornsey, the district where I live; I had a close look into your activities and made a lot of good friends. Furthermore the International Department made a great fuss about my stay here and in consequence I received quite a few invitations for St. George's Day, week-end, and other camps which all added to the joy of living amongst friends in England.

As I am by no means an important personality, just only an ordinary Swiss Scouter, I am quite sure that everybody experiences exactly the same kindness and friendliness from British Scouts. And when I read in THE SCOUTER about problems in Scouting I think: Well, yes, problems are everywhere, and mostly the same problems, too. But the 4th Scout Law is not everywhere lived as it is by British Scouts. So, if you write your next article about faults or errors in the running of Patrols, Troops, Groups, please do not neglect the thought and take a little bit of comfort in the fact that, though there are undoubtedly many problems, there is a good deal of the best Scouting spirit in your British Scouts and very much has been achieved on the way of our Law which our founder Lord Baden-Powell has given to us.

And finally I would like to thank here in this letter everybody, above all the International Department of I.H.Q., for the big and marvellous job they do for their Brother Scouts from abroad. Thank you very much, I.H.Q., 222nd North London and British Scouts and Scouters and "Good Scouting!"

HANS P. KELLER, SM.
A Swiss Scouter.

Leakage

DEAR EDITOR

I have just read Eric Chisman's letter in the July SCOUTER; I could not agree with him more. As a Queen's Scout I met many others at Gilwell last year and have kept in touch with many of them and I find that the best and liveliest Troops are those with few Scouters.

Take as an example one of them. The G.S.M. is in his late forties, and very rarely appears at Troop meetings - he is the man who keeps an eye on things generally. The S.M. is only about 25 and the A.S.M. is just 19 and a university student.

Just three warranted Scouters, yet that same Troop have a new hut which has been paid for by their own efforts, two Scouts nearing the final stages of the Queen's Scout Badge and they REALLY MAKE THE PATROL SYSTEM WORK.

Another Troop has about eight Scouters. The Court of Honour is a thing "run" by the Scouters and the P.L.s are afraid to say much in case the G.S.M. disagrees with them and the matter is "quashed."

That Troop is not a patch on the first one because, as one Scout put it:

"There are too many bosses here!"

Yes, let's have that leakage of Scouters NOW.

NORMAN BURNS,
Edinburgh University.

A New System of Tests

DEAR EDITOR,

I cannot agree with G.S.M. Gee that grading the Second Class is going to help either the Movement or the boys. He says that boys still leave because they don't get on. Whose fault is that? Certainly not that of the badge tests. If anything, these need stiffening. This means that the fault for not progressing lies at one of two doors, the Troop or the boy.

The Troop can be at fault (*a*) by not running itself properly, having too many "sideshows" or too much specialised training, or (*b*) by being a one-man band run by the Scouter with insufficient delegated authority. The boy himself can be at fault - as far too many are - by looking upon Scouting as a uniformed boys' club in which badge work is undertaken to keep the "boss" happy.

Another solution to the problem is this: keep the Tenderfoot and Second Class as they are, set a time limit for passing each - say two months for the Tenderfoot and six months for Second Class - and make the boy's P.L. personally responsible for the boy passing in the stipulated time. Having got the boy through Second Class forget First Class and the rest, *and let him* forget them. Point out that having the Second Class he is free to gain proficiency badges, and encourage him in these. *But . . .* be guileful. The Signaller, First Aid, Camper, Backwoodsman and Swimmer badges cover more than half the requirements of the First Class and at a much higher standard, and, therefore, a boy who passes any of these badges must be logically through the First Class tests covered by any given badge, and thus can be credited. In this way the boy does progress towards the First Class by more-or-less painless degrees, and wears visible signs of that progress, so will be more willing to tackle the final tests not covered by a proficiency, such as the Hike.

But I feel that frequent suggestions for alteration of the tests and anxieties about leakage, together with concern about the low percentage of First Class and Queen's Scouts, arise by reason of the losing sight of one essential factor. Scouting is a purely voluntary Movement and nowhere in its Law or Rules is it laid down that a boy *must* pass any test other than the Tenderfoot as a condition of membership, so that continual nagging at a boy to "get your Second Class" or "get your First Class" does not help. We also need to remember that, read in one way, B.-P.'s famous dictum "you will not want to remain a second class Scout longer than is necessary" is a dogmatic statement falsified by time, but, read as I think he intended it to be read, it becomes a challenging ideal for the boy to strive after. We should build on the second reading rather than the first, and we shall build the better.

ARTHUR F. PERRY,
A.S.M., 30th Fulham (All Saints).

Tourniquet and Constrictive Bandage

DEAR EDITOR,

It is unfortunate that THE SCOUTER and The Scout speak with different voices on this subject. Quoting from the April SCOUTER - Exit the Tourniquet - "The constrictive bandage . . . may be used in very rare cases by an experienced first aider to control bleeding from other wounds when all other methods have failed."

The Scout for July 8th however, describes several forms of constrictive bandage under the loose heading of Tourniquets without this very clear near prohibition of their use. The First Aider Badge series of articles are otherwise the best I have come across.

I appreciate that both articles in THE SCOUTER and The Scout were written by independent authors who must obviously have complete freedom to write what they consider to be correct in their subject, and such articles cannot be censored.

However, in an important subject such as use or otherwise of the constrictive bandage there should, it seems, be a definite I.H.Q. ruling.

G. GARFORTH,
A.S.M., 2/31st Kensington.

DEAR EDITOR,

G.S.M. Gee's idea of making a system of grades so that boys get badges easier simply appals me. There is far too much these days of making things easier to pass.

I do not claim to be any more than an ordinary Scouter. I am far more at home with three or four boys than I am with a full Troop, but if the Patrol Leaders are doing their job, the Second Class Badge should be no difficulty. In my own Troop of twenty-one boys, seven are within striking distance of First Class, and only one boy who was in the Troop at the new year is not now Second Class. I would not say any of the boys are brilliant, but the vast majority of them are certainly very keen.

If a Patrol Leader allows his Patrol to lag behind, he is very quickly taken to task by the Court of Honour, and I in my turn do my best to provide what the Court of Honour wants for the Troop programme. The Patrols all have their regular Patrol meetings and my back garden usually has half a dozen boys in it on a Sunday afternoon passing tests; the only person who is not really happy about that is my wife.

The only conclusion I can draw from this is that if the Patrol Leaders feel they are running the Troop, the results will come in due course, and in my case, at any rate, they seem to be good ones.

A. GARDNER,
S.M., 1st Sawbridgeworth.

Lantern Slides

DEAR EDITOR,

We have just recently acquired an old type of magic lantern which we have converted to take an electric lamp. With this we hope to make our winter programmes more exciting by showing sketches of, say, knots, the Law, map reading, signs, first-aid, diagrams, etc. etc. Our problem is this. We want to blacken the plain glass slides, then scratch the wording or sketch on them. We feel that ordinary gloss paint would prove unsuitable for this purpose. Again, what would be the best tool to use to scratch the words on with?

If any Groups have some old lantern slides which are of no further use to them, I would be very grateful if they would send them to me at Flat Over Post Office, Great Tarpots, South Benfleet, Essex. I will gladly refund postage.

H. F. WRIGHT,
A.S.M., 5th Thundersley (St. George's).

Rovers

DEAR EDITOR,

I feel that Group-Captain Lumgair's reply to Mr. Skeates's letter in the July SCOUTER calls for some comment.

Having read the Group-Captain's speech to the County Commissioners Conference (as reported in the May SCOUTER) and listened to his speech to the London Scout Council in June, followed by the reply referred to above, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he has taken over his new office with a very definite brief (whether prompted from above or of his own making I know not), viz.: that of aiming at the elimination of all Rovers over 23 years of age. I am quite at a loss to understand just where this idea arises and on what authority it is based. It does not appear anywhere in the Founder's writings (so far as I can ascertain) nor does it appear anywhere in P.O.R. or the Rover Plan. On the contrary, in Lord Rowellan's foreword to both the 1946 and 1953 editions of the Plan he clearly states "Though the Crew is to be divided" (i.e. in Training and Senior portions) "this does not mean that the Senior Rover is to be kicked out." We can hardly have anything more definite than that!

Why does our new Commissioner consider a Crew has "liquidated itself" when it has no young Rovers to train? This condition inevitably arises from time to time when an age gap in the Troop causes a temporary cessation in the flow of recruits to the Senior Troop and so to the Crew. Most Scouters have experienced this condition, for these cycles do occur, even in the best run Groups. Why on earth a Crew "can't be said to exist, if all its members are in the Service stage" I fail to understand and I can only describe such a statement as pure nonsense.

The aim of Roving is to bring the young man to offer himself for "service." I can think of no better way of keeping him in that frame of mind than by enabling him to retain his membership of a Rover Crew as long as he is able so to do. Our Founder placed Brotherhood as the first thing in Roving and it is not for us to suggest that he was wrong. When a young man has accepted the Christian faith do we then push him out of the Church? No! Surely we encourage him to remain inside for, from the Church, he obtains the inspiration and encouragement to maintain his faith. The same applies to other organisations such as lay brotherhoods and the like. Why should this not be the case in Roving? Again, why is it so fashionable in certain circles to pour scorn on the Rover Den?

Why Scoutmasters' Wives Grow Weary



"Hello dear! I've brought some of the chaps back for supper!"

This is the centre of Roving, where a Rover meets his brother Rovers, and even if he does smoke his pipe and occasionally indulge in a lot of talking, what is wrong with that provided that that is not the sum-total of his Roving?

I sincerely hope the Commissioner will think over the implications of his thrice-repeated dictum, for if it is pursued to its logical conclusion it can only result in the total elimination of the Rover Section and if that is his aim the sooner he states it openly the better for all concerned. One hesitates to say it, but it does seem as though a calculated attack is about to be launched on our section of the Movement which, if successful, will kill it and there is little doubt that the whole Movement will thereby suffer a severe set-back.

R. A. FORD,
A.D.C. Rovers, Camberwell.

DEAR EDITOR,

The letter from your correspondent D. Skeates with its reply from the I.H.Q. Commissioner for Rover Scouts, and "The Running of a Senior Scout Troop (48)" are as a brilliant light in the dark and secret threat to the Rover "Section" of the Movement. In truth, the reply was as uncompromising as all that has gone before, and that may be regrettable for I am sure there must be two admissible sides to the problem. Like a number of other Crews, the correspondent's Crew would seem to have prospered in its industry too well for its own good - in the eyes of our leaders; and the time is overdue when there should be a proper recognition of adult responsibilities within the uniformed and corporate sections of the Movement.

It is usual for a medico to invite his patient into his consulting room for a full examination before treatment. It would be improper and impractical for him to propose surgery and/or isolation and/or the elementary dose of salts before proceeding, perhaps, to an autopsy.

One can always present a gloomy picture if one only concentrates on the gloom, and I would ask our leaders to first explain their ideas of the constituents of a "good Rover Crew."

If, after a keen and scrupulous diagnosis, one or other drastic action was proposed and upheld, I for one would discard my uniform and retire with as good a grace and as little bitterness as my Scouting has helped to breed in me. I feel certain there are many others who would be prepared to submit to such conditions.

F. S. NIVEN,
D.R.S.L., Streatham.

FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

With the annual summer camp behind us and the Sections settling down to the year ahead, no doubt Group Councils are meeting this month to take stock. We are at the beginning of the training year and it is a good time to review the progress of each member of the Group and to set targets for the next twelve months.

Some Groups seem to get along with few, if any, records but I believe, and I know many G.S.M.'s will agree, a meeting of this sort is greatly helped if it has available the personal record of every member of the Group. Without this information, a lot of time is wasted in trying to remember when Scout Bill last passed a bit of his Second Class or if Cub John had started on his Second Star tests.

But apart from this meeting of the Group Council, I have no doubt that in the long run a G.S.M. is saved a great deal of work and worry if proper records are kept. We all know, for example, that at the end of March in each year the Group Census form has to be completed. If we have a full record of our Scouts it is a simple task; it is only when records do not exist that the completion of the form becomes a burden. While on the subject of the census, I hope every Group keeps a copy of its return. It will be interesting to compare your figures with the national totals which you will find in this issue of THE SCOUTER. Obviously, the form in which we keep our records, whether they be the personal records of individual members of the Group, Patrol and individual progress charts, the Scouts' subscriptions, the Group Accounts or the Group Log, must be a matter for personal choice but the Scout Shop stocks a variety of record cards and books which should suit most tastes; they have been compiled from experience and, if you are looking for a system, they are worth a trial. But whether you use Scout Shop publications or something of your own invention, I am sure you will agree that some record of the Group's members and their activities is a necessary and desirable thing.

Lastly, do not forget that a great deal of the Group record-keeping can be done by a layman. Naturally, P.L.s keep an account of Patrol subs. and that sort of thing and Scouters must keep certain records but much of the rest can be a job for a member of the Group Committee.

Those of us who see the International Scout journal, *World Scouting*, will have read of the Development Fund which has been launched by the International Committee.

The aim of the fund, which is supplementary to the annual registration fee paid by member Associations, is to help the International Bureau to expand and improve the services offered to the Movement throughout the world. The primary purpose is to provide additional money for current needs but it is hoped that eventually it will develop into a capital fund, the income from which will be available for development projects.

Already, the fund has received valuable support from different parts of the world - from Groups, Districts, Counties and countries. It is very much hoped this support will continue and that, when occasion arises, the Fund will be brought to the attention of Scouts and Scouters. The sort of occasion may be at the end of a successful camp in another country, during an international evening or the Scouts' Own on our Founder's Birthday, when the collection could be for the fund. These are only suggestions. I have no doubt you will be able to think of many other occasions when we can assist in some small way in furthering Scouting throughout the world. Contributions to the development fund should be sent to the International Commissioner at I.H.Q. who will be delighted to forward them to the International Bureau.

A. W. HURLL,
Chief Executive Commissioner.

THE GILWELL LETTER

As most of you will know, at the time of my writing this the Camp Chief is in the United States of America and, having heard from him as to his activities, I am quite certain that he is being kept busy at all possible moments of the day and night. I was not surprised, therefore, when he asked me to write the September letter to you.

By the time you read this the summer camp period will be over and we shall all be thinking seriously about our plans for the winter, but I think it is worth while to stop and recall some of our experiences during the summer months, assessing the value of the activities we have undertaken and possibly making notes to improve our future plans.

I have been thinking along these lines during the past few days. The Second London International Patrol Camp is now a thing of the past but it left many vivid memories of another successful international event.

With the advent of this Camp came three more Open Days which, including the Cub Day which is referred to elsewhere in this issue, makes our total for this year five of these special days. We were struck by the number of parents and friends of Scouts visiting Gilwell who had tea with the boys in camp. Over the years we have always had to provide a substantial number of teas for the visitors, but this year very few ordered tea and, apart from a few having a cup of tea in the Storm Hut, most took their tea on the camp site with their boys.

I believe we often fail to allow the parents of our Scouts and Cubs sufficient experience of what Scouting really is, and whilst tea served sitting round a fire with smoke getting in one's eyes cannot be so comfortable as having it served in a marquee, it surely is very much more worth while from the parents' point of view and is something we should encourage.

I also liked another feature of the Open Day which I saw in one camp when, at the end of the day before the Troop and the parents went home together, the Scouter ran a very short Thanksgiving Scouts' Own. Whilst we are inclined to think of the Scouts' Own as being a corporate act of worship for Scouts there is no reason why sometimes we should not invite parents to join in.

I suppose that as a result of the various Open Days, nearly 20,000 people have come to Gilwell to see the place. A great many other people come casually to the place and either join in with the weekly tours or show themselves round with the aid of a map. I am quite certain that a number of what I call "casual visitors" are disappointed when they find that we do not keep a member of the staff to act as a regular guide. It would, of course, be quite impossible to do so for we never know when these people are coming. I suggest, therefore, that in order to make sure that everyone who comes to Gilwell as a visitor enjoys himself to the utmost we might all, whenever we hear anyone discussing a visit, remind them that Gilwell now carries out a very much fuller programme than ever it did previously.

The sort of information which might be useful to intending parties of visitors and individuals is that Saturdays and Sundays are the most hectic days of Gilwell's weekly programme. Unless we have prior notice of visits we usually find it difficult to spend much time with the visitors except during the tour, which takes place at 3.00 p.m. each Sunday.

Please do not think that we are trying to persuade people not to visit Gilwell; that is the last thing we would want. The more people who come here, to look round, to stay in the hostel, and to gain some impression of Scouting through Gilwell, the more we like it, but in welcoming them all it is our job to make sure that the impression they gain is the best that it can be and sometimes the impression is marred by the fact that, owing to the work Gilwell has to do, close attention to individual visitors cannot always be given.

As you know, by the time you read this I shall have ceased to take part in Gilwell's activities until after the Jubilee Jamboree in 1957. Having completed nine Training Seasons here I shall certainly miss the fun and companionship of the Courses but I hope to see all of you at the Annual Reunions before I return in 1958.

KEN STEVENS,
Camp Chief's Deputy.

LUCK OF THE MONTH *By* THE EDITOR

July 11th - From the B.B.C.'s Sunday in Summer, 3rd July, 1955 (produced by the way by a Brother Scout, Jack Singleton). Mrs. F. L. Attenborough talks about her three sons: Richard the actor, David of T.V. fame and John: "One of the great similarities is the affection that all three of them have for the Boy Scout Movement. They were all three very keen Boy Scouts.

Richard was a King's Scout, David got his green cords (I think you say), and John - I think they were all Troop Leaders if I remember rightly, and I feel that the holidays they got with the Scouts, all of them, helped a great deal towards forming their characters, and towards teaching them all sorts of things that they perhaps wouldn't have learned at home.

"It's one of the most difficult things to do, to give responsibility to your boys. You naturally want to take it for them as long as you can, but I'm sure it's the wrong thing - I think you should let them be responsible and go off on their own as much as ever you dare."

One of the many gracious Scout mothers who understood.

July 13th - From last week's Spectator, "Strix," discussing the difficulties of crying for help in an emergency, wrote:

"I seem to remember, from my brief tour of duty as a Boy Scout years ago, that members of the Rattlesnake Patrol were enjoined to keep in touch with each other in a crisis by rattling a pebble in a potted-meat tin (to those serving with the Curlews or the Peewits this seemed a contrived and unnatural expedient); but no comparable guidance on intercommunication in emergencies has ever been issued to the public at large."

July 15th - Certain qualities which the individual must cultivate to be a success in life were mentioned by Sir Basil Henriques recently. The most important of the qualities he suggested were: hard work, punctuality, cleanliness, truthfulness and courtesy. A list of five which take some beating.

July 17th - Pleasant to see some smart Scouts on duty at the A.A.A. Championships - for the first time I thought, and our Accountant, Alec White, himself a great three-As man (and incidentally one of this year's announcers) confirms this.

July 18th - In his beautifully written evocative re-creation of his lower middle-class Battersea boyhood at the turn of the century (which he called Over the Bridge and which has recently been published by Heinemann and is certainly one of the memorable

books of the year), Richard Church, talking of his mother's courtship writes: "As often as possible she met father when he came off duty at a branch of the South-West District [Post] Office, which was at that time in the Buckingham Palace Road opposite the Royal Stables." Or where I.H.Q. is now? But there must be Londoners who would know what once went on where I.H.Q. now stands.

July 19th - Today's nice moment: the look on the faces of two young Norwegian Scouts as out of the I.H.Q. lift came two uniformed Sudanese Scouters, tall, fine-looking, vastly-beturbanned.

July 20th - I'm looking for two books (both for my own shelves): one is Jack Hood's story of early Scouting days called *Hurrying Feet* and the other is R. St. C. Talbot's *A Victorian School*. Can any reader help me?

July 22nd - I know of an L.A. which always gives a year's subscription, a first year's subscription only, to all newly warranted Scouters. This seems to be an admirable way of spending some of the Bob-a-Job money that goes to Districts and I hope other Districts may care to copy such a statesmanlike example.

July 25th - Deltaism for Scoutmasters: think on rigid lines and like a tram you'll be back where you started.

July 26th - Another: never take disciplinary action until you have realised where you're going to be after you've taken it.

August 5th - Arrived at London Airport and seen off accompanied by the goodwill of thousands. Thrill for some Scouts lucky enough to meet Peter Baden-Powell, straight off a plane from Denmark (and from a World Old Scout Conference).

August 6th - We, the first 82 of the Atlantic Thousand, arrived at Toronto Airport at 7.35 a.m. and were welcomed by civic dignitaries, Headquarters, Regional and District Scouters, a grand Scout Band and a welcome as warm as the temperature which at the time was just over 800 in the shade, if there'd been any shade.

Customs formalities were slight and friendly and within no time at all of us had been claimed and greeted by our kind Canadian hosts, who (if mine, the Regional Commissioner, Frank Worth, and his wife, a delightful and gracious pair, are anything to go by) will do their best to give us the moon or anything else we may happen to think of wanting during the days we're lucky enough to be their honoured guests.

REX HAZLEWOOD.



NATURE SCRAPBOOK: (10) MUSHROOMS

THE WOLF CUB OPEN DAY AT GILWELL PARK

One Sunday afternoon some considerable time ago several Cub Packs came to Gilwell to have a look at the Training Ground and the Camping Fields. During their stay they played a number of Cub games and enjoyed themselves so much that we came to the conclusion that it might be more enjoyable if Packs were to meet a very large number of Cubs from other Packs. We talked this over at some length and decided that we would hold an Open Day at Gilwell just for Cubs, and Sunday, July 17th, was the day chosen for this adventure.

It was a glorious day and by 10.30 in the morning the coaches were beginning to arrive. All told, sixty-one coaches drew into the lane and disgorged their loads, most of the drivers being convinced that at least fifty Cubs were in each coach despite the regulations which state that only thirty-six can be carried. We checked as far as possible the number of Cubs in each Pack, together with their Old Wolves, and just over four thousand visited Gilwell during the day.

Thanks to the magnificent co-operation of a great number of Essex Old Wolves and other friends of Gilwell we were able to provide side-shows, including a switch-back railway, and to run a knock-out cricket championship. Twenty-five Packs entered and we arranged three cricket grounds. The rules were not recognisable by Test Match standards but were the more enjoyable because of this! Each Pack had five minutes' batting time and scored as many runs as they could irrespective of "overs" or which end was bowling. The final was hotly contested by the 2nd Collier Row Pack and the 3rd Ilford North Pack, the latter emerging the winners.

Quite apart from the organised activities, most of the Cubs seemed to spend the day running from one spot to another and this was the more remarkable since the temperature must have been in the 80s. They obviously had need to refresh themselves occasionally and they consumed no fewer than 10,000 bottles of "pop."

I imagine I was not alone in thinking that after 6p.m., when the Cubs began to return home, we should find Gilwell bestrewn with sweet papers, half-eaten sandwiches, and such-like litter, but it is to the great credit of the Old Wolves that very little litter was found after the last Cub had gone and, in fact, they upheld the best traditions of the Movement in this respect and set a very high example.

Many had travelled considerable distances to come to Gilwell, the furthest recorded distance being Bournemouth, but it was not unusual to find Packs from towns in many parts of England nearly as far away. When you realise that not only had the Old Wolves to collect their Cubs very early in the morning, to keep them happy throughout the journey to Gilwell, to look after them during their stay, which lasted anything up to seven hours, but also had to amuse them during the journey home, you will understand that for the Old Wolves Open Day was no picnic. A word of praise is certainly due to all of them, as they must have been exceedingly weary when they reached home.

Besides the Old Wolves in charge of Packs there were many others whose jobs at Gilwell were no less arduous. They were the hard-working band of Essex Old Wolves who helped us to run the show; they were the people who helped to sell the 10,000 bottles of "pop," who looked after the side shows, who supplied tea to drink to the Pack Scouters, and who umpired the cricket. They toiled non-stop during the hottest part of the day and all the time kept wide Cub grins on their faces. Not only Gilwell says "Thank you" to these good people but, I am sure, the Cubs would wish to do so as well.

In anticipation of the worst we had set up a small enclosure marked "Lost Wolf Cubs," but surprisingly few needed to use it. There was, however, one whole Pack who decided it was of use to them and they duly took up their position in a mob, sitting quietly reading the comics and magazines we had provided. It was such a strange sight to see a whole Pack in this place that we enquired as to whether they were lost, to which a bright Sixer replied, "No, we're not lost but Akela is."

The amount of lost property was really quite small but it was noticeable that the vast majority of Cub caps handed in had no indication as to who the owner might be.

To complete a remarkable day we had the spectacle of the Cubs going home and, once again, this was a tribute to the organisation of the Old Wolves. No sooner had we rung the bell to indicate closing time when the Packs were making their way in an orderly fashion to the coach park, and within an hour Gilwell was quiet once more.

KEN STEVENS,
Camp Chief's Deputy.



JUNGLE DAYS - V

The Old Wolves were worried "Here we are," they said, "right on top of the forest, and yet, when we go out with our Cubs, it always seems to be the same few games. Surely we ought to be making a more intelligent use of the woods. Can you help us please?" Well, one or two of us started to think and put our ideas on paper. Then, just to be on the safe side we asked the Old Wolves to join us to try out our ideas. Fancy getting the Pack in the forest and then finding the games wouldn't work - it would be asking for trouble with a capital "T." As a matter of fact it worked out quite well, so in case any of you are in the same predicament here's a few of the things we did.

Firstly, a few ideas borrowed from nature herself.

Rookery Nook. We divided the Old Wolves into Sixes, told them they were rooks and each Six then chose a bush as their rookery. Then came the call "rooks" and they all strutted round their bush in a circle, cawing for all they were worth. Suddenly, came the cry "spring" and every rook went off to collect a small stick. Then, only fetching one twig at a time, each six started to build a rook's nest in their bush. Twig by twig, the nests grew, and for mere mortals they did quite a good job. Then came the call 'evening' and each rookery settled down to rest. Now in even well-conducted rookeries there is usually a "rogue-rook" who steals twigs from other nests as an easy way of home building. So... one active Old Wolf from each Six crept up and stole a twig from another nest, disappearing into the forest while we all counted one hundred. Then, what a clamour, for each rookery flew off among the trees and, acting individually, searched for any one of the "rogues" to recapture the lost twig. Honesty was at last rewarded, the villains were brought back to hear the sentence for all who steal. "A Cub does not give in to himself," and peace reigned. It had been fun building the nest and whew - what a chase.

Then we all became shrikes, known as the butcher bird, just like this... Each Six was a family of shrikes and chose for their home a bush with thorns, say a hawthorn, holly or blackthorn. Now over a large area had been scattered small pieces of blue card, representing flies, and pink cards for bees. You've all heard of how the shrike catches these flying creatures and stores them in his "larder," by impaling them on a thorn. Well, off went the shrikes, using their eyes like real Cubs. Each time a shrike had collected five victims, flies or bees, he returned to his larder and impaled them on a thorn of his tree, then off he went again. We gave them fifteen minutes, then all were called in. Each family counted up their "bag" and the best stocked larder was given a bar of chocolate, just as a change of diet. Once again, we had learnt something of nature and used our eyes in the bargain.

It was time to leave the birds, although with a little imagination heaps more games could have been evolved. For instance...how about the drake mallard, just because he had lost his flight feathers in the summer moult, going off or hiding. Then off go the ducks, at a given "quack" seeing who can find him first and bring him back to the quiet waters. Or perhaps stalking through the undergrowth while the sentinel of the woods, the jay (an Akela perched in a tree), watches for those who show themselves before reaching a certain marked place.

This time we took to the sea. Did you know that each year thousands of eels travel through ponds, ditches and dewy grass in Britain just to reach the sea and swim to the waters around the coast of America to spawn? They do, and so we played a game of migration. Firstly, we chose a small clearing as the spawning ground of the eels. Around this in a very large circle were stationed half the Old Wolves, who were the hungry monsters of the deep. Then in a much bigger outer circle were the "eels." At a given signal they made for home, trying to reach the clearing safely, without being stopped and "eaten" by the monsters. Grand chance for stalking.

Of course, we had to stop sometimes for breath, so out they went in Sixes, just to be quiet and *listen*. They wrote down everything they heard and in ten minutes one Six had a list of twenty-three sounds. Restful and most enjoyable.

Ever played "whack em" round a tree?

Two fairly long ropes were loosely tied around the bole of a tree standing clear of surrounding obstacles.

Two Old Wolves blindfolded and having in their hands a cudgel of newspapers each grasped the loose end of the equal length ropes and, keeping the ropes pulled *taut*, began to stalk around the tree in the *same* direction, of course starting from opposite sides of the tree. The taut ropes kept them moving in a safe area and sooner or later they caught up with each other and a lovely "sloshing" session followed.

Do you know we almost forgot to mention a very important activity? Out there in the woods, free from all artificial atmosphere, the jungle came to life and we learned the law with Baloo and hunted with Bagheera, Mighty Hunter. Don't your Cubs like the jungle? Try with them in the forest, give them a real chance to enjoy it.

There was just time for a story, the Red Indian Legend of the Lombardy Poplar, and off we went to tea, and how welcome this was.

Are you near the woods or a scrub-covered heath? If so, why not have a try at some of these games. They are true to nature and good fun.

BALOO,
A.C.C. (Cubs), Essex.

FOR AKELA'S NOTEBOOK

37. WIDE JUNGLE DANCE

"Kaa's hunting" was chosen for this, our first "Wide Dance." Reds and Whites supplied Mowgli and the Bandar log while Browns and Greys provided Bagheera, Baloo, Chil and Kaa.

After the squatting Pack had been given a short version of the story, Chil and the Bandarlog left the H.Q. The two largest monkeys ran back and grabbed Mowgli and brought him out. Chil was then shown how Mowgli would lay a trail and was given a sample of the orange-coloured split peas that would be used. He then returned to H.Q. to tell Mowgli's friends. Mowgli and the Bandarlog moved off and while Mowgli laid the trail the monkeys scattered to find twigs, flowers, coloured stones, animal-shaped stones and bright tinfoil. The trail led to a spinney where the spoils were then set out and judged, and then Mowgli (helped by a Scouter) showed the monkeys how to weave a windbreak, which they all set about copying.

When a start had been given, Mowgli's friends followed the trail until the Bandarlog were heard, after which they crept on silently. First Bagheera crept up and then the fight began. Bagheera fought his way to the tank, and then Baloo came. By now Kaa, the rest of the Browns and Greys, had come round the back way and the dance finished in the usual form of the jungle dance of Kaa.

It was the success of this effort with a Pack not very used to jungle dances that has prompted us to pass on this description.

"BALOO," 1st HATFIELD PEVEREL.

38. SHOP MAP

Gear: Coloured flags, one for each type of shop.

Purpose: To develop powers of observation.

This game takes some time to prepare but the material can be used for many other games. A large map of your home town or part of it should be drawn up on a large sheet, i.e. American cloth (Akela need not do this - a Rover might be willing as it can be done sitting down!). This map should be placed on the floor at the end of the room. The Cubs in Six lines at the opposite ends. Each Cub should have a flag named with the shop it represents. Akela calls "go" and each Cub runs up in turn and places his flag in the right place for that shop. Six placing all flags correctly wins. This is not an easy game but if the Cubs have the map explained to them the previous week they will have time to try and memorise the shops and their positions. Only one flag can be placed on the site. The map can be used for bus route games, street name games and highway code competition.

MOLLY BOLTON.

11. JOURNEY IN AN EIGHT POUND CAR - I

By IAN BLAKE

To begin with I suppose I ought to introduce our Crew, the 39th Haymarket (St. John's), Edinburgh. There were really seven of us at the time, but Skip could not take a holiday, and so it was only six of us that made the trip. Derek, John and Keith are all apprentice chartered accountants, Garry is an assistant laundry manager, Robert is a furnishing business manager. That leaves me, and as I am a schoolmaster, it falls to me to write about the trip during holiday times.

It really began in 1953. We had taken our Troop camping in Norway and were discussing ways and means of going again. We then found our means of transport and bought it for - yes *eight pounds*. It was an old hearse that had been converted later to a station-waggon. It had been built by Austin's in 1924 and was still in working order. Its low bottom gear and large amount of space was, we reckoned, about right on a camping expedition. It looked very handsome and after Garry and Robert had completely overhauled the engine, which, incidentally, is exactly as it was in 1924, we felt that things were making out well. The colour scheme, incidentally, was green, yellow and red!

One of our main problems was the amount of kit to carry and it took many hours of argument and discussion as to what we would need. Uniform of course, and as we used the kilt that meant we had a semi-formal dress. As, however, we were to be away for three weeks, we decided to take blazers and flannels, also. We decided upon the tents we had, and oil cooking. Experienced campers, we reckoned we had the bare essentials and no more. The idea of primus cooking I know makes some of you blush, but time was going to be a very important factor, and as it happened we very often found that there was no wood at hand.

The days immediately before we left were pandemonium, perhaps the biggest nightmare was the final evening, because although we were down to essentials there still seemed too much to pack. It was a scientific operation and took a long time. On D day - August 28th - we all went to Communion - this procedure is now part of our summer camp, and then as a Crew we had breakfast at Mackies in Edinburgh and set off to the Mound. There we said goodbye to all and sundry, from relatives to curious lookers-on, and our ride began with the journey to Newcastle. The trip we had planned was to cover over 1,500 miles in Scandinavia.

Starting from Stavanger at the end of our North Sea voyage, we were to make south to Oslo, thence across to Stockholm, from there up north to Trondhjem and finally back across the mountains to Bergen. On the back of the car was a notice "BERGEN OR BUST!" It seemed a very good start, as we drew away up the Mound, the air was clear and the sun shone: it was about the only fine day last summer!

Apart from curious stares we arrived and embarked safely, and both the car and the motor-cycle were hauled aboard.

We took a motor-cycle because it seemed foolish to have no other means of transport in an emergency, and apart from that it was *very* cramped with six people inside the car.

We were all to take turns to drive the car and to ride the motor-cycle. There was a slight accident at Newcastle: the crane slipped and "Coughin' Guts" was dropped about four feet. This, combined with the heavy load, severely damaged the springs, and it was to mean that the car just would not take the weight of us and the gear on the hideously rough road surfaces.

This fact became apparent as soon as we set out to find Torgeir's house; we had met him the year before and his parents had offered to let us camp near their house on our first day there. Not only did we camp there but they insisted upon entertaining us, and it seemed a continuous party from the time we arrived there until the time we left! They were very fine people, most hospitable and the perfect hosts. They had built their own house, a very large affair by our standards, and had lived, five of them, in a hut about ten feet square, whilst they were doing it! This had taken about six months and each day the children went to school and did home-work as usual.

It was whilst staying there that we knew we would have to dump some of our kit if we were to finish the journey at all and so we left two-thirds of it at a warehouse in Stavanger. We decided on the list below as our maximum personal gear, apart from what we were wearing, which was Rover uniform:-

- Canvas shoes.
- 1 shirt, khaki.
- 1 shirt, white (to use with the kilt and a tie).
- 1 tie (green type).
- 2 pairs socks.
- 1 extra scarf (Group colours).
- Toilet odds and ends.
- 1 pullover (later increased to two as we all bought one).
- 1 pair shorts.
- 1 jacket.
- 1 pair bathing trunks.

In this way we managed to get everything into three suitcases, and to leave enough room for things like food, tools, bedding, etc. We had also protective clothing for the motor-cyclist, cameras and the many odds and ends of things that you need when you are travelling. It is interesting to note here that at *no* time on our journey could we have ever used the stuff we had left behind. We had, of course, over-estimated. No! we are not new to camping or to travelling, but this sort of journey *does* need entirely new camping technique. It's the same sort of thing as the old advice to a Tenderfoot, "Get everything you need for your journey, put the necessities in, then throw at least half of it away."



Eventually we left our friends and began the trip to Oslo. It was a memorable day, the clouds were low and the rain poured down from a leaden sky. That day's journey will always live in my memory because it was my first experience, as a driver, of Norwegian roads. It was raining and blowing so hard at one stage that the windscreen wiper could hardly move.

I must explain here that the roads in Norway are of the completely unmetalled type, with a loose surface which turns to slippery mud. Not only that, but they are very narrow and have steep hills, sometimes tunnelling through the mountains, and very sharp hairpin bends. One has to drive on the crown of the road unless you wish to bump along in the gutter. This is all right until you meet another car doing the same thing in the opposite direction!

We spent the night in a hayloft, for when we asked permission to camp, the farmer had told us we could use the hayloft if we wished, an ideal suggestion for old and worn out Rovers!

As a matter of fact we were invited out that night to the house of another family - a tax collector we learned later. I must admit that it was not as merry as it might have been as he was very anti-Royal Family and we had a difficult time trying to be polite. As far as we could gather he had not hated the German occupation as had most of the other Norwegians we met. It was, however, interesting to meet someone like that, and I think we certainly benefited from having to produce reasons for our pro-monarchy statements. It's good to think sometimes!

(To be continued)

ROVER ROUNDABOUT

A week spent at Gilwell is always an event in anybody's life, but to spend it with my brother Rovers as general factotum to a working party is an even greater experience. London's International Patrol Camp has been the reason for all this hectic activity. You may remember that I wrote about fellows joining me in a spot of work a month or two ago. One fellow came from Cheshire to try his luck and he tells me that so far he hasn't regretted it. Of course, there is the usual very mixed bag. Some have sacrificed - yes sacrificed is the word - either part or all of their holiday to put back into Scouting some of the benefits that it has bestowed upon them. For the first few days they lugged marquees from one place to another, erected them, and furnished them for the centre market place. One District undertook to erect the gateway to the market, which one of their number had used his artistic talent to produce, and their week-end was helped out with songs led by a Belgian Rover who played a guitar.

The Crew had meals prepared and cooked by two volunteers - one a "chippie" and one a male nurse - and all who sampled their food agreed that it was of an extremely high standard.

I was forcibly brought to the conclusion that the working weekend is the ideal Rover programme when on Friday night the fellows began to arrive to spend the whole of Bank Holiday week-end as car park attendants, policing patrols, programme sellers and form and chair shifters; the cooks by the Sunday evening were feeding about 100 hungry Rovers. Lay on whatever active programme you like and they aren't very keen, but give them a job and they are all ready. One came down from Scotland, landing in Chingford early morning after travelling all night and got working straight away; another finished his police job at 6 o'clock one evening and was down to help us by eight; another has come out after work each day to help get up stores during the period when a little help is worth a deal of pity.

The number of wives talked into going for a holiday with friends or mother has, I gather, been on the up-grade this year!

On open days I was amazed at the number of Scouters proudly displaying the fact that they were members of a Crew and how many of them told me of their pride in the work their younger brothers were doing. Indeed the knowledge gained by a leader at such a function is invaluable; you realise how many types are attracted to Rovering and how the older men, still ready and willing to work, are admired by the younger man. They really put themselves out to come to work, coming right across London by bike, carrying loaded packs with tents, all itching to get at it. Equipment is in most cases first-class and their tentage is a costly thing these days. Then, again, there were the two fellows who arrived with a trek cart, loaded with a cottage tent, complete with an electric light installation, their bikes loaded on top. I was intrigued and learned that it had all travelled by train to Chingford Station and the trek had not been so far as I had thought.

There is, of course, that marvellous skylarking, when water and other accessories are brought into play. What a pity so many of us elevated to the "purple" forget that they themselves at the Rover age revelled in such things.

I have, however, noticed with pleasure that even the exalted are still ready to do a little leg-pulling and practical joking, so be not depressed, they have only grown older in shape and wisdom and the more mature outlook produces its own type of humour.

It has been grand to work with three Sinhalese Rovers and a Pakistani. Two of the former endeavoured to come by motor-bike but the Customs and passport problems made too many difficulties, so they went back on their tracks and came by boat to Marseilles and then overland. I have just seen them making decorations so that one of their dances may be demonstrated tonight at the Camp Fire. Our Pakistani is to return to his country to the Training Team and we hope his living with the "Crazy Gang" will help him in this understanding of the terrific energy that these chaps can show us all. There is always in a large crowd an expert willing and able to do any job that may turn up. Their powers of improvisation speaks well both from the point of view of themselves and their former Scouters (and how many times have I heard this week of the esteem they have for their old Skipper). Yes, it's worth it: the time and sacrifice are by no means in vain.

Tonight at dinner one of our company, a coloured man, who is leaving us, asked to be allowed to speak before he went. He told us of his experiences with another Movement and how the time spent with us, a brother Rover in charge of a Patrol, had proved to him the fact that in Scouting there was no colour bar. We who have worked with him will value his friendship and admire his intelligence, his ability to work at the most menial tasks, and his grand smile and sense of humour.

This afternoon whilst walking round the camp a familiar figure hove in sight, a fellow sufferer during my Wood Badge Course, just passing through and stopping at the site for a night before, leaving for home. Of course he is camping in our field and, of course, he is tonight looking after the stoking of the Camp Fire. He wears a purple plume but he is and acts as one of the lads, as at home with us as with his Derbyshire Crew. This is the real Rover spirit of which we boast and which will always prevail in Rovering.

Lastly, as I sit here in a deserted mess with the sounds of the Camp Fire coming across the site, I also hear in a marquee just a few yards away the muffled tones of the two storemen, one from a solicitor's office and one from a clerk's desk, talking to a Rover who has been home from work, changed and travelled for half an hour on a motor bike to help us out during the time when the stores for tomorrow are being broken down for distribution to the sub-camps. This is indeed service for our younger brothers, and as these lads return to their homes with a greater knowledge of our own boys and the British way of life I cannot help but remember the words of the hymn:

"These things shall be: a loftier race than ere the world hath known shall rise." This, Scouting can bring; it is an ideal. When the young Squire is being trained, show him how he, too, can share in it; see he has the opportunity to work on such a show as this. It is a great experience. Then will he know, as our Chief has so often said, that Scouting is a very wonderful thing.

JACK SKILLEN.

SCOUTING AND THE MAU MAU

By DON DIMENT

There is war in Kenya to-day. Grim, bitter and a somehow lonely war. This very minute, as you're reading this, there are armed terrorists ranging up and down the length and breadth of the lovely Kenya forests. Their two aims - survive and kill.

City thugs are still at large in the towns with destruction as their creed, and settlers and their families on lonely up-country farms dine with a pistol lying next to the sugar bowl.

This is a country which for the last two-and-a-half years has lived with terror as a companion.

Everyone by now has heard of Mau Mau. Two words which have crept into the world's newspapers and the meaning of which no one really knows.

The only definite and tangible things are these. Since the Emergency was declared, more than 1,200 loyal Kikuyu have been killed by Mau Mau, another 600 seriously wounded and to the end of last year 27 Europeans killed, another 30 wounded, farms and whole villages destroyed, schools burnt down, school-children kidnapped and taken into the forests. And that 7,000 terrorists have died and another 80,000 Kikuyu tribesmen are behind wire, some convicted and in prisons, some in detention and works camps awaiting investigation. Some waiting for almost certain imprisonment, others waiting, and hoping, for another chance.

But before I tell of the part Scouting plays in combating this evil let me just tell of one incident which has stood out even amidst the rest of the horror which has been Kenya's lot these last two years. Just one example of the lust which has gripped sections of the Kikuyu tribe and which will show just how far back to animal-like savagery they have gone.

The night of March 25, 1953, was to the men, women and children of Lan, a typical native village in the Kenya Highlands, just like any other. The *shambas*, the maize shining yellow in the moonlight, were deserted. Work was over. Now was the time for quiet chatter about the crops (there's always something about crops to talk about), about the next village, about the coming wedding which was due to be celebrated at the next full moon. Perhaps they even talked about that bad thing called Mau Mau, something they had been told their brother Kikuyus had started. It is certain they never talked of death, those who that night would suffer it.

And when at last the final gossiping pair had broken up, the last camp fire left to lonely flicker, a signal was given somewhere in the forest nearby. A horde of fanatical men rushed the village, each one with a fire-brand in his hand. Within seconds flames were crackling and roaring through the dry thatched roofs.

Screams and shouts echoed through the hot night as the terrified villagers attempted to escape from their burning huts. For some, with their hut doors battened by the attackers, their home became their funeral pyre. For others, forcing their way out of the blaze, it was death by butchery, chopped and mutilated by the *pangas* and knives of the Mau Mau force. Their own tribesmen.

With the dawn came the full horror of the scene. Sprawling and charred corpses, chopped remnants of human beings mingled with the still smouldering ashes of all that was left of Lari. Ninety-seven men, women and children were known to have died that night. Many more were maimed and left wrecks of living creatures.

That is Mau Mau.

And where, I can hear you saying, does Scouting come into all this. What part could it play against a subversive and filthy secret society with all its disgusting oath ceremonies, its senseless killings.

Well, we all hope the tide has turned. More and more terrorists are captured or surrender every week. Reports filter in from the forest hideouts that morale amongst the rank and file gangster is low. And getting lower every day. And detention and works camps are being filled with rounded-up Kikuyu awaiting interrogation, or, having been found loyal, final release.

It is in such camps all over the colony that rehabilitation is playing its part. Government is carrying out a policy, a long-term one, of community development and rehabilitation among the Kikuyu who have proved sincere in their desire to start anew.

In each camp a European rehabilitation officer is posted, together with a classification team of proved loyal Kikuyu, an African assistant and a team of church elders. The last unit mentioned are an essential and popular part of the whole scheme, and do great work among the detainees, most of whom are intensely religious and need something to replace the vacuum caused by the rejection of the Mau Mau doctrine.

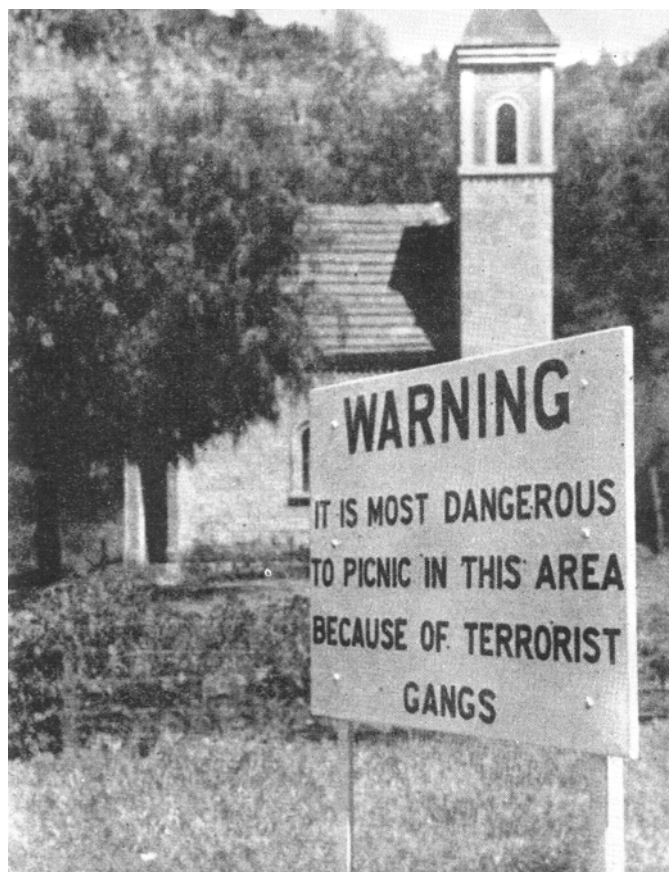
And here at these camps Scouting plays its part. Scouting principles are encouraged in the rehabilitation policy. All the familiar things, the patrol spirit, the teamwork, the sense of service to the world at large, fostering that "there are others besides myself" sort of feeling, all the aims of our Law in fact, and there couldn't be ten better summing-up points: they are all there. And being worked.

And work is the right word. There is a lot of it to be done before anyone in this country can sit back with a sigh of relief and think of the good old "spare time activities." But I'm sure it can be done.

Scouting is thriving in Kenya. Ideal conditions make for keenness in its Scouters - though like most places there is a shortage of them - and enthusiasm in the boys themselves, and this promises well for the country's future.

For it's in the strength of its youth that the real strength of a country lies. And once this evil sore that has temporarily festered parts of this country has been cut away, the future of Kenya must indeed be bright and full of promise.

And I think that the spirit of B.-P., who dearly loved these parts, and who lies not so very far away from where I am writing this, will spare a moment to nod and wholeheartedly agree.



This article was written by a Rover Scout from Aldershot, Hampshire, who is making a world tour and at the moment working in Kenya as a rehabilitation officer.

PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS

XXI - THE PEE WIT

By MICHAEL BLACKMORE

Unlike some of the wild creatures I have described in previous articles the peewit - or lapwing as it is often called - occurs in almost every suitable locality throughout the British Isles. It probably breeds in all our counties and can therefore claim to be regarded as our most common nesting wader. Incidentally the wading birds form a large sub-order containing several allied families. Among them are the plovers, to which group the peewit belongs.

Generally speaking you would expect to find the typical waders only in places where there is plenty of water. Many of them do not wander far away from it but in the choice of its habitat the peewit shows rather wide tastes. Although fond of mud-flats, lakes and marshy ground it spends much of its time on pastures, heaths and commons. It also likes arable land and during winter you will sometimes come across huge flocks feeding on ground that has been recently ploughed. The ability to adapt itself to various types of open country has undoubtedly been of great advantage to the lapwing in helping it to maintain its numbers.

Even if you consider yourself to be a novice at bird recognition you cannot possibly confuse the peewit with any other species because its conspicuous piebald plumage and long crest are together quite distinctive. Its voice alone is enough to reveal its identity and its incessant mournful cry "pee-wit, *pee-wit*" (with the accent on the first syllable) always evokes for me the spirit of the lonely places which this bird loves to haunt.

Owing to its broad rounded wings the peewit's flight appears rather slow and heavy when you compare it with that of most other waders. But the bird can move at fifty miles an hour when it has a fair wind behind it, and during the breeding season its display flight is a masterpiece of aerial skill and precision. I shall refer to this again later.

When you see the peewit on the ground at close range it is a strikingly handsome creature. Its upper parts, which look almost black at a distance, are really dark green with patches of purplish bronze - hence its other name: green plover. Its slender black crest, which is often rather difficult to see clearly while the bird is on the wing, looks obvious enough when it stands at rest or runs along the ground, probing the earth with its short beak in search of food. Normally the crest is depressed but when the lapwing gets excited or alarmed it raises the feathers so that they stand up in a vertical position.

Although I have watched peewits almost everywhere except in woodlands and built-up areas, the sight of one always brings back vivid memories of a particular stretch of remote countryside which I loved to explore as a boy. For a distance of three miles there was a succession of low sand-dunes covered with patches of marram grass and stunted vegetation, and behind this natural barrier against the sea lay a great expanse of marsh intersected by long narrow dykes. There were several interesting birds to be seen there but the lapwing was always the dominant species. Throughout the winter it gathered on the marsh in vast numbers filling the air with a chorus of plaintive melancholy cries, and when something alarmed the birds it was an impressive sight to watch them rise together in a single mass that seemed almost to darken the sky. In early spring many pairs sought nesting territories elsewhere, but countless numbers stayed behind to breed among the open dunes or on the marsh itself.

It was interesting to visit this place in March when the males began to perform their erratic courtship display. From dawn to dusk they mounted steeply in the air and then plunged rapidly towards the ground in the ecstasy of their nuptial excitement. This dashing and abandoned flight, during which the birds twisted and turned at high speed, made a strange contrast when compared with their rather sluggish movements at other times of the year.



It often seemed as if a plunging peewit must inevitably break his neck as he hurred within a few inches of the ground, but at the last moment he always turned and banked sharply upwards again or checked his headlong dive abruptly and landed gracefully on his feet.

The peewit's display on the ground is also interesting. While the male shows off to his mate, he raises and spreads his crest in such a way that the feathers often become parted down the centre, giving the impression of two crests. At the same time he bows his head, sinks down on his breast, and scrapes the ground with his feet until there is a shallow depression in the soil. One of these "scrapes," lined with dead grass-stems, will serve later to contain the brown pear-shaped eggs which are heavily camouflaged with dark blotches. They are so inconspicuous in their natural surroundings that you are likely to overlook them unless you have extremely sharp sight.

The eggs of the peewit are considered by some people to be a great delicacy and at one time there was a large demand for them. Under the new Protection of Birds Act which came into force in December 1954 it was made an offence to take or sell them on or after April 15th, but is this provision really adequate?

When the Act was debated in Parliament it was argued that eggs laid before April 15th would almost certainly be destroyed by cold weather and therefore there was no point in giving them legal protection. It seems to have escaped the notice of our legislators that most of the eggs are in fact laid during the first fortnight of April; so if the argument about the weather were valid nearly every female peewit would have to produce a second clutch to ensure the survival of the species. It is well known to naturalists that birds seldom breed unless conditions suit them. In any case surely the lapwing is a better judge than Parliament of the right time for egg-laying!

It is at least consoling to know that the new Act protects the peewit itself everywhere at all times. This is a common-sense measure because the species feeds to a large extent on injurious insects and does no damage of any kind. All sensible farmers like to see it on their land, but modern methods of agriculture perhaps discourage the peewit. I am thinking particularly of farms where powerful insecticides are regularly employed. As the use of these chemicals becomes more wide-spread the bird may have an increasingly difficult task to satisfy its appetite on arable land. Time and research will provide the answer.

50. OPERATION "Q-DO"

Southampton Senior Scout Night Competition

The theme behind this year's night competition, Operation was to reenact the historical events which actually took place within the old walls of the town of Southampton nearly 550 years ago.

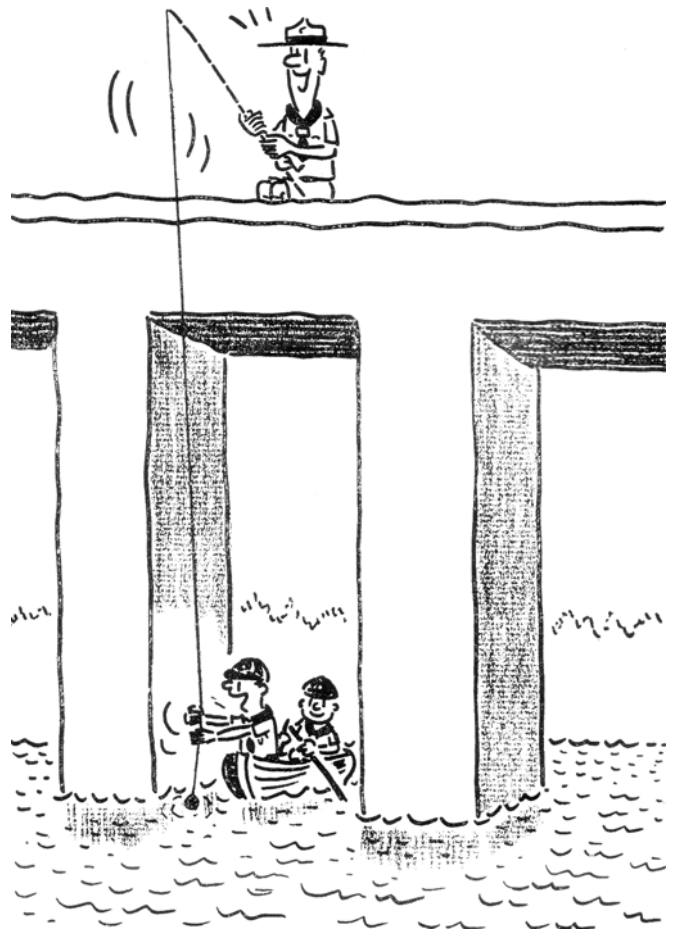
The Scouts were told in their launching instructions, which contained a plan of Southampton as at 1415 (or Hampton as the town was then known), that in 1415, after King Henry the Fifth's claim to the French Crown was rejected, he prepared for an invasion of France. When all was ready and the army was on the point of setting sail, three noblemen (which each team of three Scouts represented), the Earl of Cambridge, Henry Lord Scrope of Masham, and Sir Thomas Grey of Northumberland, did plot to assassinate the King. On being discovered the three noblemen were instantly hanged, drawn and quartered.

Having assembled at a point outside the town, they proceeded to the North Gate of the town (the Bargate), which they had to enter without being noticed by the guard, and upon entering the inner chamber they found a prisoner badly burned and scalded by torture (produced by the Casualties Union). After they had rendered first-aid to the prisoner, he gave them information as to the whereabouts of the King's treasure. Having located the chest containing gold and jewels in Arundel Tower, they proceeded to evade the guard and attempt to steal a bag of gems from the locked treasure chest; this meant great skill in gaining entrance to chambers high up in the Tower. On being disturbed, they crept silently under the rampart until they came to the dungeon in the Round Tower (Cathold Tower) where they were greeted by the custodian and a fellow Yorkist to whom they had to give verbal information as to the whereabouts of the jewels, without arousing suspicion.

Their next move was to the old Castle vault by way of the old sea wall, where they gained audition of the King and his courtiers (who were in period dress; the walls were decorated with shields and banners). Here they attempted to poison the King's wine. Upon the King suspecting treason, he aroused the guard, but not before the assassins had escaped.

They hurried to the Norman House, the guards hot on their heels. Here they were welcomed by a friend who furnished them with disguise, and whilst the guards were demanding admittance, they were making good their escape up a dark passage between the walls, to the top of the house, where they had their first test of physical endurance, having to descend a rope 20 feet to the water's edge. Still being closely pursued, they made their entrance into the town again by the West Gate: here they entered the Guard House on the walls to contact their retainers, but unfortunately the guards were suspicious and searched them for their identity, but luckily enough they did not find the stolen jewels. The guards having satisfied themselves that these men were not traitors (owing to their good disguise), they were allowed to proceed along the Guard Walk. Looking out to sea they managed to contact (by semaphore) one of their ships, and received information to go to a fisherman's house and endeavour to persuade him to row them across the river to the Lord of the Manor at Hythe. This way of escape was hampered by the approach of the King's guards, and they fled through the narrow streets to the House of Qumneys where in the cellar they found an unconscious man from whom they wanted information and help to find their troops, who had gathered together and were awaiting their arrival. To revive the unconscious man it was necessary for them to bring him into the open air through a narrow doorway. Upon reviving him, he gave them information that their troops were assembled and waiting in the South Castle, but alas, upon entering the South Castle they found that the King's guards had already taken possession. The door was barred behind them. They could not escape.

They were shackled and thrown into the dungeons, where a woman was screaming hysterically as a branding-iron was pressed "into" her flesh. The Earl of Cambridge was put in stocks and the others whipped.



Lying on the floor of the torture chamber was a "dead" Yorkist with his throat cut and on the sopping-block was a blood-stained axe. (Fortunately those portraying the ruthless Lancastrians did not get too ambitious with their somewhat grim task.) There they waited until they were dragged up the stone stairs (still shackled with their heavy chains), where they were met by the Duke of York (who had turned traitor) and his companions, who by the dim light of flickering candles casting hideous shadows on the wall, interrogated them until they had confessed their guilt; he then solemnly announced the sentence of death.

They were then taken back to the dungeons where they were released and taken to the Parish Church Hall, where they were allowed to sleep in blankets after hot drinks and refreshments. Thus ended the night competition.

At 7.45am, the next morning the teams assembled in the Banqueting Hall of the Tudor House in the most historical part of Southampton, where the Mayor and Mayoress, Alderman and Mrs. R. R. H. Hammond (the Mayor being the Chairman of the Southampton Boy Scouts Association), presented the certificates of the awards, and the winning team with the cup and parchment. After prayers by the Rector of Southampton, the teams dismissed.

Fourteen teams of three Senior Scouts entered (from Southampton West, Central and Itchen Divisions) and 45 Scouters (including members of the "B.-P. Guild" Southampton Branch) took part in what was yet another most successful "Q-Do."

The Operation "Q-Do" is only open to teams of Senior Scouts from Southampton West, Central and Itchen Divisions.

V. J. QUEREE,
Hon. Sec., "Q-Do" Committee.

VISUAL YARNS

By THE REV. E. J. WEBB
9. THE THREE FRAUDS

Introduction

Amongst the many good things you have brought along for this Harvest Service, I am sorry to say that you have included some frauds! They are among the most common and important things you have brought. "Things are not what they seem!" Do you know the old Isle of Wight riddle, about Cows you cannot milk, Ryde where you walk, Lake where you cannot swim, Newport and Freshwater you cannot drink, and Needles with which you cannot sew? They are frauds!

If you call yourself a Christian and do not live up to it, people will see that you are a fraud, too.

1. The Potato: it has eyes and it cannot see

It is a fraud! Yet they are good eyes. We get new potatoes from them. "There are none so blind as those who won't see." Do we use our eyes or are we frauds? "Open the young man's eyes that he may see" (2 Kings vi. 17) - that he may see the invisible spiritual reinforcements and resources. The blind man in the New Testament, given his sight by Jesus, eventually "saw" Jesus, and worshipped Him (John ix. 38). Your physical eyes are far more wonderful than those of the potato.

The eyes of the mind are more wonderful still - the daffodils, Wordsworth reminds us, "flash upon that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude," when no longer present to physical sight. Most wonderful of all, is spiritual sight. "Blessed are the eyes which see the things you see" (Luke x. 23) and "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" (Matt. v. 8).

2. The Corn: it has ears and it cannot hear

It is a fraud too! Yet they are wonderful ears, nevertheless. They feed the world. There is a famous Canadian wheat, called "The Marquis," producing millions and millions of bushels of wheat every year, which once consisted of a few grains in an envelope. But ears of corn are not wonderful enough to possess the power of hearing. Do you know how many ears you have? Six! Don't feel to see! What a good thing we haven't six pairs like a donkey's! Each of our ears is composed of an outer, middle and inner ear.

We ought to be able to hear with this marvellous and delicate mechanism. The responsibility of hearing is very great. "Take heed what ye hear" (Mark iv. 24). A great man once said, of a defamer, "He slandered me with his ears" - by lending an ear to gossip that was untrue. The fraud, also, is one who hears and understands, and then does nothing about it. We are not to be hearers only, of God's Word, but doers (James i. 22) otherwise we deceive, defraud ourselves, says James.

3. The Cabbage: it has a heart and it cannot feel

The cabbage is a fraud too! It is English, and when it grew wild, had no heart at all. Its heart has been given to it. It is still the best part of a cabbage, especially if it is a white heart. Sometimes the heart is destroyed by the cabbage moth.

God says, "My son, give me thine heart" (Prov. xxiii. 26). Then He will give us a new heart, in place of that wild, selfish, useless heart we possess at first.

Conclusion

It is often noted that the word "sincere" means "without wax." This originally meant the pure honey without the wax, or a vase without cracks or flaws, since wax was sometimes used to cover a defect in a vase.

The need to be sincere in our Christian profession is a strong one, for sincerity makes an obvious and striking appeal of its own.

Read Psalm 65.

BOOKS

JUVENILE WELFARE

The Home-Menders by Sir Basil Henriques (Harrap, 10s. 6d.).

When Sir Basil Henriques writes a book about the prevention of unhappiness in children (the sub-title which he uses), we should read and ponder his words, for he writes with unique authority and experience. We shall find many heartrending stories, even in these days of the Welfare State.

He deals first with the importance of the family, and says: - "Quite simply it seems to me that by far the most far-reaching change in modern society is that the family is not considered so important as it used to be, and it is because of this that we have in our midst so many suffering, unhappy and delinquent children." He discusses unsatisfactory mothers and fathers, and is particularly worried about mothers who go out to work when they have young children to look after. In his view, "Today women are at work not so much for patriotic or for economic reasons as because they enjoy the comradeship at the factory instead of the monotony at home."

Most of the troubles which cause such disturbance to children and bring them before the courts arise from broken homes. Here Sir Basil comes to the main theme of his book - that much suffering could be prevented if trained social workers could tackle cases from the outset before they deteriorated and became court cases. At present, a diversity of authorities is responsible, and there is a serious lack of co-ordination. He wants their various functions to be combined in a new Ministry, as is the case in New South Wales, so that the trouble could be brought to notice where it first arises, in the home, at school or in the doctor's surgery. "The new Ministry of Child or Juvenile Welfare which I envisage would be responsible for the work now undertaken by the Ministry of Education, by the Children's Department of the Home Office, by the National Youth Employment Council of the Ministry of Labour, and by that department of the Ministry of Health which deals with children of school age and under." There may be a good official answer to this, but it sounds pretty good sense.

In the second part of the book, Sir Basil turns to the occupation of the children's leisure hours, and becomes a good deal more controversial. He emphasises the importance of the voluntary organisations in the education of young people, but criticises them all for failing to hold on to those who need them most. "None of them," he says, "has been successful in holding the type of boy who finds his way into court. These sub-standard boys certainly present a very difficult problem, which somehow must be solved, or at any rate dealt with, in a different way from what is now being done." This brings us up against the figures in the Leakage Report, and must make us all feel uncomfortable - uncomfortable enough, I hope, to stir us into action.

But it is legitimate to doubt whether Sir Basil has been more successful than other writers in finding possible solutions. But there is every reason why we should think over what he says.

His first point is that our age-grouping is wrong. "I am convinced that the failure of both the Scouts and the clubs is due to the wrong age-grouping. Boys can be divided into the pre-puberty and the post-puberty groups, and each requires quite different treatment from the other. . . . The greatest leakage from the Scouts is of boys between thirteen and fifteen. This is because the movement has failed to take cognisance of the changed attitude to life which occurs in most boys when they enter the difficult phase of puberty and cease to be interested in make-believe and 'kids' games," and consider themselves to be men." As he told us in his memorable address at the Filey Conference in 1950, he thinks we ought to make a division at 13-15.

His next attack is on uniform, and here I am sure that he fails to grasp the importance of uniform in levelling up boys in different circumstances, and in promoting self-respect and discipline. He finds from the demands upon his court poor-box that many boys cannot afford to buy uniform. That may be, and it should be possible to help them, but the point is not a good one for the average family in these days.

He accepts, I think, that we are unlikely to abandon uniform, and therefore suggests the possibility of "Under-Thirteen Clubs." It is worth quoting him at length - "If, as I hold, the Scout and Cub method is the best for the pre-puberty boy, can it be applied without uniforms, can Scouting be undertaken with one's trousers on? Those within the movement say that it cannot. I from the outside maintain that it can, but it will have to be done by men or women who are especially trained in its technique, and not by those who have been trained to run clubs for adolescent boys.

"The Under-Thirteen Club should be about the same size as a Scout or Cub unit, and should be divided up into 'patrols.' This would ensure the understanding and knowing of each individual boy which is so essential. The system of winning badges or certificates might well be introduced, the older boys teaching the younger, as is done in the Scouts. The activities should not consist of billiards and table-tennis, as so often happens now, but of indoor games and adventurous, outdoor activities in which Scouting excels, and useful indoor hobbies with which Scouting abounds. There is no reason why there should nor be something similar to the Scout promise. At least the boys would then know what they are expected to strive for. There might even be a secret sign of recognition.

Boys between eight and thirteen will seize the opportunities to practise unselfishness and service so long as they are presented to them. If the activities of the Under-Thirteen Boys' Clubs had this end in view the members would unconsciously have got into the habit of rendering services similar to those of the Scout's daily good deed."

But what about those who are called "unclubbable," the boys who will not be induced to join an organisation of their own free will? Can anything short of compulsion work? And does anyone want compulsion?

Sir Basil has two suggestions to make. He would like to see clubs with full-time leaders engage a second full-time man, who would go out into the highways and by-ways and get hold of these boys - not to join the parent club, but another rougher type of club, from which it might be hoped that at least some of the boys would graduate to the parent club.

The second suggestion relates to boys who have been before the Juvenile Court and are on probation. Here Sir Basil honestly faces compulsion, and comes down in favour of it. He would compel such boys to attend a special type of club, with non-attendance being a breach of the probation order.

In conclusion, Sir Basil laments the shortage of volunteers for work with the voluntary organisations. The real point surely is that there is a grave shortage of leaders of the right type. Leaders of genius are needed to deal with the difficult boy, and there is reason to believe that there are not enough of them to go round. If the clarion call which Sir Basil wants sounded only attracts a crowd of volunteers of low quality, we are no better off.

I fear that I have been led into writing a long piece about this most interesting book. It contains a great deal for all of us to think over. I can only hope that many Scourers will get hold of a copy and do some hard thinking.

J. F. C.

LEISURE READING

High Adventure by Edmund Hillary (Hodder & Stoughton, 15s.).

Sir Edmund Hillary emphasises that his book is simply a personal record: we, however, can add that it is a record of a personality, frank, friendly, attractive, enthusiastic, intrepid, modest yet confident. He spends seven pages sketching in his pre-Everest climbing days: the rest of the book is about Everest (under Shipton) 1951, Cho Oyu (also under Shipton) 1952 and Everest (under Hunt) in 1953. And it is very good indeed. It should be read by every Scout in the Movement from fifteen onwards and every Scouter of any age. For Hillary not only climbs, he can write: it is also clear that here is a leader and explorer in the great tradition. He accepts danger casually and difficulty as the daily companion of such expeditions as he writes about; but he is sensible about them; he doesn't dismiss them - he takes them as they are.

He admires Shipton only just this side of hero worship: "Nothing seemed able to obstruct Shipton.

Sitting in his sleeping bag, with his umbrella over his head to divert the drips, he puffed at his pipe and read a novel in the flickering light of a candle." (It should be added that, wet through, they were bivouacking for the night in a dilapidated cattle shed.)

And life those brave days was seldom dull: "I had almost persuaded myself that my fears were groundless when, with a sudden crack, the whole slope broke up into large blocks and started sliding with horrifying rapidity towards the gaping maw of the crevasse. The snow under my feet quivered, slid an inch, and stopped. I threw all my weight on my ice-axe and watched the other three being swept downwards. They were fighting for their lives." But you must read this exhilarating book for yourself: such men as Hillary make one proud of the human race:

"I could remember so clearly Charles Evans and Tom Bourdillon, weary to death, dragging themselves down to the South Col; and John Hunt's lined and indomitable face as he handed me his tiny cross while the wind battered our tent; and the feeling of terrible loneliness as George Lowe and Gregory left us high on our little ledge; and then, at the last, Tensing's smile of triumph on the summit."

R.H.

Livingstone and Africa, by Jack Simmons (English Universities Press, Teach Yourself History Series, 7s. 6d.).

This book is one of a series of books which is called "Teach Yourself History" and has been planned to meet the needs and demands of a very wide public and of education and its key idea is the intention by way of a biography of a great man to open up a significant historical theme. Jack Simmons, the author of *Livingstone and Africa*, succeeds in doing just this. It is vivid and well written and we are not only given the life history of a very great man but we are shown the impact that his life had upon Africa, Britain, Europe and, indeed, the world.

In this book we see Livingstone as the explorer more than as the missionary although, as far as the latter point is concerned, we are left in no doubt that throughout all his travels he was always the sincere and zealous servant of God.

There is no doubt of the educational value of the book, for most writings on Livingstone have tended to overstress the missionary side of his work, to the exclusion of the equally important service that he rendered to science as an explorer and to humanity as the fiery denouncer of the slave trade. He understood the African so much better than any of his contemporaries and, although he made mistakes in the handling of his British companions during some of his journeyings, his contribution to the world understanding and emancipation of the coloured peoples of Africa was great and far reaching.

Having read the book and followed Livingstone through his three great journeys in Central Africa I now feel that I am in a far better position to appreciate the worth of Livingstone than I was prior to reading it. This must be its recommendation and I am sure that such a book will add class and value to any book lover's library. For the seeker after knowledge in all its varieties this book is just the type that he will appreciate and enjoy.

Recommended for Scouters, Rovers and Seniors.

LAURENCE F. STRINGER

Jump for it, by Gerald Bowman (Evans 12s. 6d.).

Membership of the Caterpillar Club is confined to those whose lives have been saved by the parachute: it was ~founded by Leslie Irwin, the designer (and original demonstrator) of the world's first successful free-type parachute." (Why caterpillar? because the original parachute canopies were woven of silk.)

Mr. Bowman has selected a number of experiences of members of the Club and re-told them with considerable skill. His book will particularly delight the air-minded, and all those who have not lost their affection for a dangerous hour, and those (many of us) who remember friends who used parachutes once, it now seems a long time ago.

R. H.

SCOUTING

Mid Moor and Mountain, by Melville Balsillie and Jim Westwood. (Published by the Hertfordshire Scout Council, 6s.).

In his Foreword the Chief's last paragraph runs like this:- "I hope this book will have a wide distribution. It is certain that if it is put into practice we shall find that we retain more of our boys and achieve more fully, among an ever-widening circle, that preparation for responsible citizenship on which the future of our democracy depends."

It hardly needs anything I can say, therefore, to recommend this book to Senior Scouts and Rover Scouts. It is the sort of book that every Senior Scout and Rover Scout should have on his shelf because it is full of the most interesting information and practical detail. I think I can best help by describing its contents.

After the Introduction there is a chapter on Hiking near Home, which gives examples of an Elaborate Wide-game Week-end, Commando Week-end, a section on Backwoods Cooking (most of which, however, is fairly well known to Senior Scouts, I imagine) and various other examples of camps and get-togethers. Then comes a chapter giving brief notes on various parts of England which ought to attract an outdoor brotherhood such as ours. Wales and Scotland are dealt with similarly before the author of this section goes on to suggest European possibilities.

This half of the book is concluded by some very practical advice on all sorts of camping problems.

The second half of the book is Jim Westwood's and is packed with a fantastic amount of practical knowledge. Any older Scout who wants to make a rucksack or tents of various kinds is here given full instructions with diagrams.

Section C is meant for the Scouter rather than for the boy and seems a little out of place. Nevertheless understandably the authors have tried to provide something which will appeal to all connected with Senior Scouting and Rover Scouting, and have certainly done this.

As I have said I think every Senior Scout and Rover Scout ought to have a copy, especially as all the profits on the book are to be devoted to the upkeep and extension of the Hertfordshire Training Camp at Well End, a camping ground of which I personally have nothing but the happiest of memories, although it is a long while since Tiny Chamberlain and I held there the first week-end Training Camp for Senior Scouts ever to be held, and even longer since that hot, lovely Whitsuntide of 1940, when I camped there with some of my Patrol Leaders.

REX HAZLEWOOD.

NOTES AND NEWS

SEPTEMBER PHOTOGRAPHS

This month's cover is by Peter Halket of New Milton, and shows Patrol Leader Alex Aiken and his Second, Peter Mitchell, of the 118th Birmingham (1st Nansen) Group, beside the River Monnow whilst camping near Monmouth.

THE LUCAS-TOOTH BOYS' TRAINING FUND

The 1955-56 Training Season starts at the Lucas-Tooth Gymnasium, 26 Magdalen Street, Tooley Street, London, S.E.1 on 26th September. The following classes are held from 7.30 to 9.30p.m.:

Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays: First Year Classes;

Tuesdays: Second Year Class;

Wednesdays: Third Year Class.

Rugby Footballers' Classes are also held on Wednesdays from 6 to 7p.m. and Business Men's Classes on Thursdays from 6 to 6.45p.m.

The normal classes include Physical Training, Vaulting, Self-Defence, Boxing, Agility Exercises, Games and the new method called Circuit Training. All aim at giving anyone over 15 years a thorough grounding in physical training which he can pass on, as a Patrol Leader, Rover Scout or Scouter, to others. The Instructors are well-qualified and know their job and the course is well worth while to anyone who has a bent that way. The entrance and only fee for the normal course is 12/6 and that for the special courses £1. Further information can be obtained from the Gymnasium.

FRYLANDS WOOD - DAY WORKING PARTIES

There is a considerable amount of small tree felling, coppice cutting and undergrowth clearing to be done at Frylands Wood Camp Site, Featherbed Lane, Addington, Croydon. Day working parties of Scouts, Senior Scouts and Rovers will be welcome to assist with this work any day between October 1st, 1955, and February 29th, 1956. Please bring your own axes and advise the Bailiff of your intended arrival, giving as much notice as possible.

WOOD BADGE PART I

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

WOOD BADGE COURSES 1955

Devonshire (Gaimpton, Brixham)

Cub, 3 W.E. 1st/2nd, 15th/16th, 29th/30th Oct. (indoors at Maypole Y.H.) Apply: Mrs. P. Roberts, Wyoming, Barton Hill Road, Torquay.

(Holcombe Burnell)

Scout, Cont. October 8th-15th.

Apply: C. Chapma; "Farndale," St. Martin's Avenue, Peverell, Plymouth.

SCOUT AND SENIOR SCOUT TRAINING COURSES, GILWELL PARK

Applicants for Scout Training Courses should hold the Second Class Badge and those applying for Senior Courses must be fifteen years of age and over.

Tracker Badge (Senior) Friday, 7th Oct - Sunday, 9th Oct., 1955

Pioneer Badge (Senior) Friday, 21st Oct. - Sunday, 23rd Oct., 1955

Hiker and Mapmaker Badges (Senior)

Friday, 4th Nov. - Sunday, 6th Nov., 1955

Forester Badge (Senior)

Friday, 18th Nov. - Sunday, 20th Nov., 1955

Observer and Stalker Badges (Scout)

Friday, 3rd Feb. - Sunday, 5th Feb., 1956

Jobman and Handyman Badges (Scout and Senior)

Friday, 17th Feb - Sunday, 19th Feb., 1956

Rider and Horseman Badges (Scout and Senior)

Friday, 9th Mar - Sunday, 11th Mar., 1956

Camper Badge (Scout) Friday, 27th Apr. - Sunday, 29th Apr. 1956

Camp Warden Badge (Senior) Friday, 25th May - Sunday, 27th May, 1956

Applications to: The Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, Chingford, London, E.4.

COMMISSIONERS' COURSES 1955-56

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

No. 96	15th/16th October, 1955	Bristol
No. 97	12th/13th November, 1955	Warwickshire
No. 98	3rd/4th December, 1955	Gilwell
No. 99	28th/29th January, 1956	Sussex
No. 100	18th/19th February, 1956	Glasgow
No. 101	17th/18th March, 1956	Imperial Headquarters

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

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

BADGE COURSES

The following courses have been arranged at Chalfont Heights Scout Camp during 1955:-

Forester October 8th/9th, November 19th/20th, December 3rd/4th and January 28th/29th, 1956 (four W.E.). Food included. Fee 30/-.

Venturer December 10th/11th (Parts 2 and 4 only). Fee 1/6.

All applications should be addressed to the Bailiff, Chalfonts Heights Scout Camp, Denham Lane, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

A Course of instruction for the Backwoodsman Badge for Scouts under 15 will be held at Frylands Wood Scout Camp from October 7th to October 9th, 1955.

A Course of instruction for the Pioneer Badge for Scouts over 15 will be held at Frylands Wood Scout Camp from October 21st to October 23rd, 1955.

Both courses will commence at 8 p.m. on the Friday night and finish after tea on the Sunday, Cost, including all food, is 10s. Application forms can be obtained from The Bailiff, Frylands Wood Scout Camp, Featherbed Lane, Addington, Croydon, Surrey.

I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS IN OCTOBER

1st-3rd	Northern Ireland Commissioners' Conference
1st-2nd	London-over-the-Border Rover Moot
3rd	The Grammar School, Maidstone
6th-8th	Visit to Germany, including A.G.M. of the British Scouts in Western Europe
8th-11th	Lampeter College and Welsh Counties
8th-9th	Soke of Peterborough Scouters' Conference Lincolnshire County Conference
9th	Middlesex County Scouters' Conference
12th	London Guide Commissioners' Social Evening
15th-16th	Gloucestershire County Scouters' Conference Kent County Old Wolves' Gathering Shropshire County Scouters' Conference Warwickshire County Conference Worcestershire County Scouters' Conference
19th	Swansea Scouters' Dinner
22nd-23rd	East Glamorgan County Conference
25th	Leeds University Scout and Guide Club
26th-27th	Conference of Youth Chaplains of the Diocese of Bath and Wells
29th	London Wolf Cub Palaver
29th-30th	Cambridgeshire County Conference Loughborough Conference Manchester County Rover Conference Monmouthshire County Conference

GATHERING OF METHODIST SCOUTERS

The Eighth National Gathering of the Association of Methodist Scouters has been arranged at Gilwell on Saturday/Sunday 22nd/23rd October, 1955. In addition to the annual Council meeting and the usual worship and get-together facilities there will be a series of sessions with the general theme "The Boy and his Duty to God." The following, in addition to Association officers, have agreed to take part: Rev. L. P. Barnett (M.Y.D.), Rev. R. G. Martin ("Putting it over to the Boy"), Mr. Albert H. Weir ("Religious Training through Games"), and the Camp Chief, Mr. John Thurman.

The full cost, including bed and four meals, will be 22/6, with reduction for part-time attendance.

Further particulars from your Synod Scouting Secretary to whom applications should be sent without delay. If the local address is unknown, letters may be sent to 27 Hazelmere Gardens, Hornchurch, Essex. Hearty invitation to all Methodist Scouters - past, present and prospective.

SCOUTING AT THE UNIVERSITIES

If you know of any Scouters, Rovers or Senior Scouts going to the University this year, they may be interested to know that a welcome awaits them in the Scout and Guide Cubs or Rover Crews that exist in practically every University in Great Britain. If you will send their names (and the name of their faculty or college) to the Relationships Secretary at I.H.Q. he will be pleased to pass them on to the proper quarter.

LOST

A light green Black's Nijer tent 10 ft x 6 ft. (canvas only) and a green flysheet 12 ft x 6 ft. was collected in error by members of an unknown Group (possibly lay members) from the veranda of the Providore at Chalfont Heights Scout Camp during the period 30th May - 11th July. Would Scouters who have had equipment collected from Chalfont during that period please check it. Information about the missing tent and flysheet should be sent to R. L. Fuller, 27 Stirling Road, Hayes, Middx.

FOUND

A camera in a canvas case has been found which it is believed belongs to a Scout who camped near Hastings recently. Would the owner, giving a description of the camera, please communicate with the Editor.

A Scout belt was found near a Guide Camp at St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, Kent, on August 1st. It bears the Gilwell brand. Will owner please write to The Editor.

AWARDS FROM 26th MAY TO 6th JULY, 1955

"CORNWELL SCOUT" BADGE

K. Harris, Patrol Second, 4th Bournemouth (Winton and Moordown School).

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

CERTIFICATE FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT

B. A. Bird, Scout, 1st Old Woking.

"In recognition of his courage, fortitude and cheerfulness despite a great handicap involving many painful operations."

P. V. Blake, Senior Scout, 19th Ipswich (St. Mary Stoke)

"In recognition of his action in assisting a companion who was entangled in ropes under a capsized sailing dinghy during a severe thunderstorm on the River Stour, Shotley Spit, 14th May, 1955."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (MERITORIOUS CONDUCT)

J. Eveleigh, Wolf Cub, 16th Cardiff.

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in saving his young sister from more serious injuries than she actually sustained when her nightdress caught fire, Fairwater, Cardiff, 13th March, 1955."

W. G. Godfrey, Rover Scout, The Boulton (230th Birmingham, Central)

"In recognition of his courage, cheerfulness and devotion to duty despite a great handicap."

SILVER ACORN

Rev. F. W. Selwyn, formerly D.C., Alresford

"In recognition of his specially distinguished services."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT

Lancashire South East. - A. B. Seddon, D.C., Swinton and Pendlebury.

Lincolnshire. - J. Ellis, G.S.M., 3rd Grimsby.

"In recognition of their farther outstanding services."

MEDAL OF MERIT

Bristol. - W. Dewdney, Hon. County Treasurer; S. Evans, Chairman, County Scout Council; G. R. Moon, Asst. D.C.C.; formerly Asst. D.C.C., SW. Wales; CS. Smailes, SM., 114th Bristol (Brentry Colony School).

Cornwall. - M. E. Holman, D.C., Camborne-Redruth. Cumberland West. - W. E. Moore, CM., 2nd Cleator Moor, D.C.M., Egremont and District.

Devon. - F. A. Little, formerly G.S.M., 1st Kingiwear.

Hampshire. - E. H. Taplin, D.C., City of Portsmouth, Southsea Division

Isle of Wight. - J. C. M. Eldridge, D.C., North East Wight.

Lincolnshire. - T. C. Webb, G.S.M., 4th Boston (Kirton).

Liverpool. - L. Hannah, G.S.M., 2nd Allerton (29th Liverpool, Arthur Noble Memorial).

London. - B. E. V. Gibbs, SM., 74th North London (The Blues); Miss C. W. Richardson, A.C.M., 2nd Goodmayes (All Saints), D.C.M., Ilford East.

Middlesex. - J. Neal, D.C., Greenford and District; R. H. M. Peach, G.S.M., 7th Hounslow; C. F. Silsby, Vice-Chairman, Ruislip and District.

Norfolk. - Rev. D. E. Brown, M.A., J.P., G.S.M., 1st Wells, D.C., Fakenham and District.

Nottinghamshire. - A. W. Haines, G.S.M., 4th Worksop (St. John's); G. Hind, R.S.L., 14th Worksop (St. Anne's); T. Machin, Chairman, Workiop and District.

Soke of Peterborough. - Mrs. B. Torbell, C.M., 3rd Soke of Peterborough (St. Paul's).

Somerset. - S. W. Foster, Vice-President, North-East Somerset; W. Smith, SM., 3rd Midsomer Norton, A.D.C., North-East Somerset.

Sussex. - Rev. Fr. R. McKivergan, S.M., Iden, G.S.M., 1st Rye.

Wales.

Cardiff. - A. E. Briggs, G.S.M., 13th Cardiff (St. Paul's), A.D.C., Cardiff South.

Glamorgan West. - W. J. Exell, G.S.M., 3rd Swansea Valley; W. G. H. Rogers, G.S.M., 8th Neath (Crynant).

"In recognition of their outstanding services."

AWARDS FROM 7th JULY TO 20th JULY, 1955 MEDAL FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT

J. Nguere, D.S.M., Embo, Kenya.

"In recognition of his great courage and devotion to duty. He has carried an as Assistant Supervisor for Schools despite the frequent attacks by Mau terrorists resulting in the destruction of sixty-two schools in his area.

"He has on many occasions accompanied Kikuyu Guard patrols and has organised and served with local Guard Units, setting an example of which the Scout Movement may well be proud."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (MERITORIOUS CONDUCT)

A. H. Coulam, Wolf Cub Sixer, 9th Ryde (1st Bembridge).

"In recognition of his courage and devotion to duty under great difficulties."

BRONZE CROSS

F. Kinyua, ASM., Githongo, Kenya.

"In recognition of his great gallantry in capturing single-handed an armed gangster. After a chase of three-quarters of a mile he overtook, fought and subdued the man, capturing also a modern rifle and ammunition, Mera, 31st March, 1953."

GILT CROSS

D. L. Wyatt, Scout, 12th Nairobi, Kenya

"In recognition of his gallantry and prompt action in raising the alarm when Mau Man terrorists attacked a neighbour, Nairobi, 22nd April, 1954."

SILVER WOLF

J. S. Smith, Area Commissioner, Nairobi (Rural), Kenya.

"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Kenya over a period of twenty-eight years."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT

London. - Miss G. R. Berry, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Woolwich.

Middlesex and Wiltshire. - G. S. Harrison, A.D.C., Harrow and Wealdstone, A.D.C., South Wilts.

Malta, G.C. - R. M. Iles, D.C., Cottonera; E. Tortell, G.S.M., 1st Sliema (Bernards Own).

"in recognition of their further outstanding services."

MEDAL OF MERIT

Dorset. - W. B. Brewer, formerly A.D.C., Borough of Poole (Parkstone Area); A. J. Miller, G.S.M., 1st Oakdale (St. George's).

Isle of Wight. - E. C. Vine, G.S.M., 4th Ventoor (St. Catherine's Homes).

Kent. - Rev. C. P. Scarborough, G.S.M., 3rd Petts Wood (St. James the Great).

London. - Miss W. L. Hester, CM., 34th Woolwich (Herbert Road Methodist).

Staffordshire South. - R. I. Buckingham, G.S.M., 10th Wolverhampton, D.C., Wolverhampton (West Division).

Wales.

Glamorgan East. - B. Perkins, S.M., 4th Merthyr Tydfil (Treharris, St. Maithias Church); D. T. Pugh, SM. and R.S.L., 1st Merthyr Tydfil (Lord and Lady Merthyr's Own).

Glamorgan West. - F. J. Tuck, Badge Secretary, Swansea (sub-county).

Scotland.

Fife. - D. J. Ritchie, formerly D.C., Dunfermline.

Ross-shire. - D. MacMaster, SM., 6th Ross-shire (1st Evanton).

British Scouts in Western Europe - W. H. C. P. Carter, Assistant Commissioner for Training.

Overseas

British Guiana. - R. C. Butler, SM., 27th Demerara (Queen's College); S. V. da Costa, D.C., Demerara; C. S. Gomes, G.S.M., 1st Georgetown Sea Scouts; I. H. Smith Green, Asst. DCC.; L. B. Thompson, A.C.C., Demerara.

Kenya. - J. A. Fuller, Area Commissioner, Embu; Mrs. M. F. Lloyd, Asst. Ak.L., Kitale.

Malta, G.C. - A. C. Azzopardi, Instructor and Rover Scout, 1st Sliema (Bernards Own); G. Camilleri, S.M., 1st Marsa; G. H. Ferro, M.V.O., G.S.M., Lascaris; P. Galea Souchet, D.C., Aard-Wolf; J. Stagno, G.S.M., Senglea Sea Scouts.

Tanganyika. - Rev. W. H. J. Birch, Asst. Area Commissioner and DCC.

Uganda. - K. K. Nganwa, D.S.M., Ankole; A. H. Fish, M.B.E., F.I.C.S., formerly Hon. Treasurer, Uganda.

"In recognition of their outstanding services."

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

Beckenham Rover Moot at Shortlands, book the date. Oct. 1st/2nd. Further details from F. Street, D.R.S.L., 102 Kingsway, W. Wickham, Kent.

Soke of Peterborough Scouters' Conference, Oct. 8th and 9th at Peterborough. All Scouters welcome. Hospitality available. For details apply Miss G. E. Percival, 182 Thorpe Road, Peterborough.

Scouters' Weekend, Avon Tyrrell, Hampshire, 29th/30th October. For all Scouters (with wives, husbands or intendeds), Lay Officers, Members of Group Committees, etc. Theme - "The Group Show." Charge 17/6, which includes meals from tea on Saturday to tea on Sunday. Applications to R. Hoar, L.A. Secretary, 37 Hillcrest Road, Moordown, Bournemouth. (Tel. Winton 3451).

The chance you have been waiting for! Come and meet David Lumgair at the Manchester and SE. Lancashire Rover Conference. The Conference that is different. Held at the Manchester Grammar School, Oct. 29th/30th. You lose nothing by writing without delay for programme and meal reservation form to:

A. P. Flood, 741a Wilmslow Road, Didsbury, Manchester, 20.

The Baptist Scout Guild has arranged a Conference at Cranham, Glos., October 29/30th. Details from Mrs. G. Robinson, 86 Orchard Grove, Edgware.

Bristol Council Fire Conference, Bishop Road Secondary School, Bristol, 7, week-end November 19th/20th. Scouters from other Counties welcomed; hospitality arranged, meals catered for. The Deputy Chief Scout will be present throughout the Conference. Full details from the County Secretary, 27 Portland Square, Bristol, 2. Closing date October 3 1st.

London Rovers note - Woolwich Second Rover Moot, 25th, 26th February, 1956. Full details November issue.

Welsh Scout Council New Year Expedition. - The tenth New Year Expedition to Snowdonia, based on the Youth Hostel at Capel Curig, will take place Dec. 28th - Jan. 4th. It is open to all Senior Scouts having the First Class Badge. The fee will not be more than 60/-. The programme will include practical mountaineering, illustrated lectures, and will culminate in a planned assault on a selected summit. All instruction will be in the hands of experienced mountaineers. Further information from Major Seymour Thomas, Oerley Hall, Oswestry, Shropshire.

EMPLOYMENT

The Church Army offers a Free Two-Year Course of Training, with small allowance, to suitable keen Christians, between the ages 18-33; Church of England Communicants. After training, a salaried post is found as an officer in the Church Army (Mission Vans, Parish Workers, in Youth Centres and Men's Hostels, etc.). Apply to Captain J. Benson, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

Merchant Navy Radio Officer Cadet Training School, World Travel and Adventure Overseas, Brooks' Bar, Manchester.

Instructors in (a) Sailing and (b) Mountaineering required for Man O' War Bay Training Centre, Nigeria, for one tour of 12 - 24 months in the first instance. Salary scale (including expatriation pay) £807 rising to £1,453 a year plus gratuity at rate of £100/£150 a year. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Outfit allowance £60. Free passages for officer and wife. Assistance towards cost of children's passages or grant up to £150 annually for their maintenance in U.K. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates, not over 35, must be of good education and possess outstanding qualities of leadership and command. They will be required to take charge of (a) swimming instruction and sea-trips in whalers and other small craft, or (b) land expeditions through forested, broken, and difficult country, culminating in an ascent of the Cameroons Mountain (13,350 feet) and must be physically able to perform the arduous duties of the posts. For (b) a sound knowledge of the principles of mountain travel, route-finding, and mountain rescue techniques is essential. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/42723/SBE.

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12 Hans Road, London, S.W.3 (KENSington 5951). Ten minutes from Victoria, and ideally situated for sightseeing and shopping. Rooms (some with private baths) and breakfast, nightly from 17/6. Special weekly terms. Further particulars from Miss Adeline Willis. Unfurnished flat NW. London offered to experience Scouter, young, married, Church of England Sponsored Group. Write Box 214, *The Scouter*.

HEADQUARTERS NOTICE THE COUNCIL

The Lord Horder, a member of the Council from 1938, was Called to Higher Service on 15th August, 1955.

C. C. GOODHIND,
Administrative Secretary.

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Talking Film Shows. May I please remind you to book without delay for Xmas and New Year parties. I have an all-Cartoon film programme which is just ideal to make the party a huge success. Why also not have once a month an entertainment film shown for the Scouts and Parents? Or for the Annual General Meeting to finish with a film show is almost the correct way to round off the proceedings. Apply Frank Burton, 8 Overton Court, Overton Drive, Wanstead, E. 11. Tel.: WANstead 6202.

Shorts for summer in lightweight cords, blue and fawn, 37/6 to measure for normal sizes. Outsizes 5/- extra. From Ossie Dover, The Cycling Tailor, 160 Kensington, Liverpool, 7. S.A.E. for patterns and self-measure form.

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

Rover has been able to arrange with Lloyd's Underwriters specially reduced premiums for private and commercial motor insurance for warranted Scouters. Rover Scout Mills, 123 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. Theatrical and fancy-dress costumes. Artistic, fresh, colourful. Moderate charges. Black Lion Costumes, 25 Sommerville Road, Bristol, 7. Phone 41345.

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

"Scout-inK" Catalogue. Group Record Systems, Certificates, camping cards and forms. Programme blanks and posters, all Group stationery. Stacy Ltd., 99 Kingsland High Street, London, E.8.

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For your next Group Show why not do "The Story of Mike," by Ralph Reader. Full set of scripts, music, etc., £4 4s. Od. Write to: S. A. Adams, 50 Adderley Road, Harrow Weald, Middx., for full details.

The Scout's Friendly Society offers excellent terms for endowment, whole life sickness and annuity insurance and has recently declared substantial bonuses. Descriptive leaflet will be forwarded on application. S.F.S., Roland House, 29 Stepney Green, E.1.

Raise Funds Easily. Sell hand-painted plastic Brooches. "Sale or Return" show 50% profit. For samples write Dept. S6, 312 Hamilton Street, Atherton, Manchester.

Scouters. Encourage your boys to learn Esperanto, an easy international language, so that they can correspond with brother Scouts in all parts of the world. Full details about correspondence courses, textbooks, etc., from Chas. Bardsley, Sec., Scouts' Esperanto League (British Section), 42 Westbourne St., Oldham, Lancs., or from the British Esperanto Association (Inc.), 140 Holland Park Avenue, London, W. 11. Send sixpence in stamps now.

FOR SALE

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

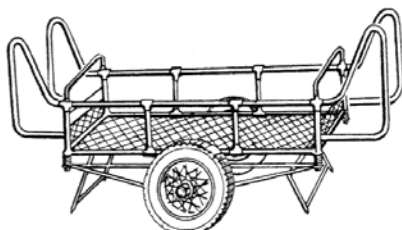
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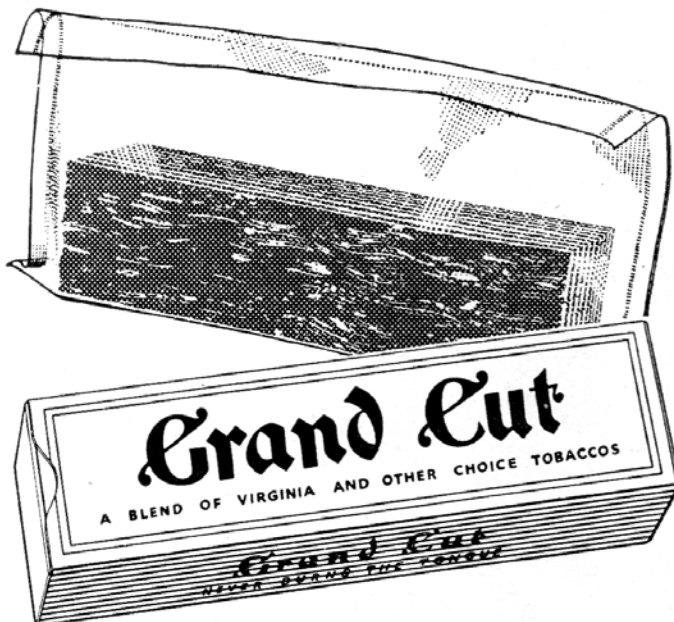
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