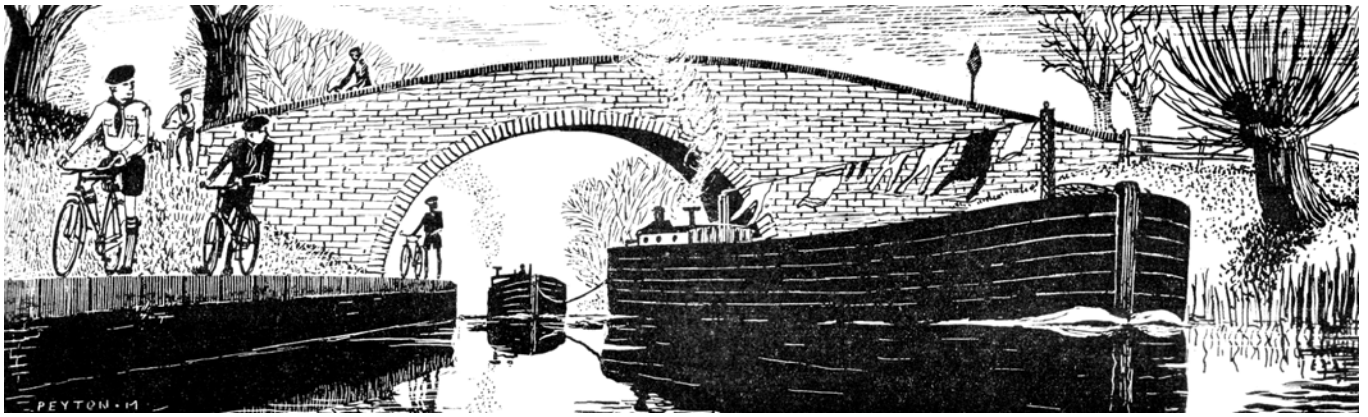


THE SCOUTER



October 1955

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THE OUTLOOK

By THE CHIEF SCOUT

Apart altogether from my tour in 1946 I have had a good many contacts with Canadian Scouting, meeting them overseas and at home and getting to know the personalities concerned, and therefore I expected a pretty high standard of achievement. I knew, too, that the hospitality would be overwhelming in its warmth and generosity. Even so, the reality far outstripped my expectations. The numbers seemed exactly right, a little more than 11,000; big enough to impress with its universality, but small enough to grasp, and make friends. The same applied to the site in one of the most historic parts of Canada on the banks of the Niagara River, with Fort George flying the old style Union Jack and over much of the site pleasant woodland. Believe me, during the first few days' heat and humidity the visitors seemed to drift towards the shade of the woodland. Our own U.K. Contingent was, I am convinced, the finest lot of young fellows we, or any other body, have ever sent as representatives of our country to any international gathering. Not only were they physically a fine-looking lot, but their bearing and their cheerfulness and courtesy were outstanding, and it was typical of them that after the March Past at the opening of the Canadian National Exhibition they were a bit apprehensive about what my criticism would be. They need have had no fears. Most of the time there was no band to help them, and there was a jam on ahead, but if we could always have Scouts marching like that there wouldn't be much cause for complaint. It wasn't that I was seeing things through rosy spectacles; there were lots of confirmations that my impressions were not exaggerated. There was the letter, received from the air line which provided one of the chartered aircraft, saying what a delight it had been to transport them, and speaking in admiration of their discipline and conduct: there were the hundreds of hosts and hostesses who welcomed them into their homes and for whom, after only a few hours, they were "our boys." Yes, they were a pretty good lot, and they will be remembered with real affection for many years to come, while they themselves will never forget the kind and warm-hearted folks who gave them such a welcome.

If I have written mainly about our own thousand from the U.K. it is merely as representative of the whole Commonwealth Contingent who shared in the praise and the kindness. And what a magnificent job Canada did! For most of us, perhaps the greatest admiration, on the sheer administrative level, will be given to the arrangements for getting 9,500 Scouts to Toronto and back again after a full day at the Exhibition without a single slip up. By any standards it was a magnificent achievement.

It was a great honour to be asked to follow in the footsteps of B.-P. in opening this huge Exhibition just forty-five years after he did, and more recently following Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, Lord Montgomery, the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey and Lord Alexander; but Scouting has reached a very high standard in public esteem and this honour was accorded me as Chief Scout of the Commonwealth.

It was a "Jamboree of New Horizons." It was equally a Jamboree of happiness and concord.

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Thomas J. Watson, the International Conference Hall was wired up for the simultaneous translation of the speeches, and thus by avoiding delays helped things to run smoothly. But there was more to it than that. More to it than the arrangements and hard work of the International Bureau and its Director. There was Jackson Dodds, the Deputy Chief Scout of Canada, always ready with a story or a remark to turn potential trouble to laughter. When I first met him in 1946 I was immensely impressed with his tremendous sense of humour, but it is his wisdom and ability to handle men that have been such a tremendous asset to Canadian Scouting; and as the foil to the tall slim figure of Jackson Dodds there was always the short, stocky but lively Eli Boyaner.

Canada with its immense resources, greater by far than those of any other country in the world, has to face the problem of the absorption of tens, indeed hundreds of thousands of people of very different races and languages. In the solution of this problem Scouting will inevitably play a big part, although it may never be acknowledged in the history books. Great material riches can corrupt a people, as they can corrupt individuals. They need a well-balanced spiritual development if they are to be used aright. No finer men could be found to give this balance to the youth of Canada than Jackson Dodds and Eli Boyaner, and those others who are helping them in their team.

Many of you will remember that in the early days of Senior Scouting there was a cult of toughness which meant in too many cases just plain rudeness. I have been sorry to notice in reports of visitors from I.H.Q. to Camp Fires and other gatherings that this sort of thing is appearing again. It is only a small minority, of course, but what a lot of harm these can do, not only by their example to younger Scouts, but to the general public as well. It is time they realised that "A Scout is courteous" and that the noisy element who bawl and yell and make silly interjections are not only discourteous to the Camp Fire Leader who has taken a lot of trouble to make the show a success, but also discourteous to the Scouts who have done their best to put on a stunt, even though it may not have been very successful. There is no reason whatsoever why this should be tolerated for a moment. I repeat, it is only a small minority, and thank goodness none of them got to Canada; but they can utterly ruin an evening for other people. It starts with the Scoutmaster who believes in "We are all boys together" and who likes his Scouts to come up and slap him on the back; in other words, the immature. But when the boys go to get a job they find things pretty hard, and when they have got one they soon find that that spirit of so-called bonhomie just doesn't go down; "A Scout is courteous" to his Scouter and other Scouts, as well as to the people outside the Movement. I do hope that any of you who come across this sort of conduct will not just let it go, but will make sure that it is stamped on and stamped on hard.

ROWALLAN



SCOUTS AT THE JAMBOREE ADMIRING THE "ALUMINUM" GATEWAY OF SUB-CAMP BONAVENTURE

“FORTY YEARS ON...

Writing in the Headquarters Gazette of July 1916 at the time of the official formation of the Wolf Cub Section, our Founder said, "I have a feeling that in a short time the Wolf Cubs will rival their elder brothers, the Scouts, in numbers and comparative efficiency." How true was his forecast and how encouraged he would be that forty years thereafter there are in the United Kingdom alone over a quarter of a million Wolf Cubs and nearly 20,000 Pack Scouters.

On being officially recognised that year as Wolf Cubs, after an experimental period of two years, we were given our own Law and Handbook, new Proficiency Tests and a scheme of training as well as a journal called *The Wolf Cub* which sold at the exorbitant sum of 1d. per month!

Those of us who are privileged to work in the Cub Section will always be grateful for the vision and understanding of our Founder in so truly assessing the needs of small boys and in providing such an appropriate outlet for their boundless energy and even more boundless imagination. Likewise we thank the many pioneers, known and unknown, who since 1916 have blazed the trail we are now following.

As you read in the Chief Scout's "Outlook" for last month, 1956 will provide a special opportunity for expressing our thanks in a practical way. How better could this be done than by ensuring that next year will be one of real achievement both for each one of us and for the boys in our Packs. Their progress depends so much on the standard of our own proficiency. Cannot a New Year resolution be to mount the next rung of the ladder - whether it be technical training, personal understanding, development of character or increased spirituality. For the top of the ladder, the summit of our achievement, the finest witness we can give to the inspiration of our Founder is leadership of the highest order. And wherever you are on this ladder, please give a helping hand to those folk on the rung below, particularly when they are about to make the ascent.

Your achievement will mean that your Cubs likewise will take a step forward. I should like 1956 to be notable for an abundant display of the "Cub Spirit," for further all-round progress and for a leap forward in the number of First and Second Stars.

This is one form of celebration; now to others which you can put down in your diary. The Chief Scout has designated the week of June 16th - 24th as a special week next year on which our celebrations can be focused. This would be a convenient week for a special Pack Good Turn. Let it be a real piece of Cubbing - like the Good Turns so many Packs do at Christmas. On Sunday, June 17th, there will be a Scouts' Own at Gilwell Park during the weekend gathering of Pack Scouters. How grand it would be if, on the same day all over the country, every Pack with its Old Wolves gave thanks to God for all that Cubbing has meant and means to them.

This brings me to the weekend camp on June 16th - 17th which is being held for Pack Scouters at Gilwell Park. We hope that this will be a very happy and memorable occasion. We shall be honoured in having the Chief Scout with us that weekend as well as, we hope, the Deputy Chief Scout and other notable personalities. For obvious reasons it will be necessary to limit the numbers, but each County is being allowed a quota and we are hoping that there will be some 2,000 present. Details are being circulated to Counties so you will soon know them. I look forward to seeing you there. No doubt your ingenuity can devise further ways of celebrating this anniversary, individual to your own Pack or District.

For the first time there will be a Wolf Cub Diary in 1956 (published by Letts and obtainable from the Scout Shop). So why not get one now and put a ring round the whole year!

E. DENNIS SMITH,
Headquarters Commissioner for Wolf Cubs.

FIFTEENTH INTERNATIONAL SCOUT CONFERENCE

Niagara Falls, Canada, August 28th - 31st, 1955

Like the immediately preceding Eighth World Jamboree, the Fifteenth Conference was the first to be held outside Europe. It provided a fresh experience to the 108 delegates from 43 countries and the 16 observers in method and setting, and this was an education in itself. Twenty-one members and officers of the International Committee and of the staff and attaches of and to the International Bureau brought the total of official participants up to 145. These and the wives of some were housed in the Sheraton-Brock Hotel overlooking the Falls, but no one had much time to look at them for the programme was full.

Another change in method was the system of simultaneous translation made available by "International Business Machines" through the agency and generosity of Mr. Thomas J. Watson, International Commissioner of the Boy Scouts of America. This enabled what would have otherwise been a five days' programme to be accomplished in three days. The Conference was also introduced to the North American practice of more formal luncheons and dinners with guest speakers and the introduction of those seated at the head table. It was particularly fortunate that the guest speaker at the Farewell Banquet was the Hon. Walter Harris, Q.C., M.P., Minister of Finance of the Government of Canada by which the banquet was given. As an Old Scout he knew what to say and how to say it.

The British delegation consisted of Lord Rowallan, Robin Gold, Fred Hurl, David Papillon, Jack Stewart and D. S. A. Fitz-Ritson, Island Commissioner of Jamaica, who added strength and weight to an already powerful body. Sir Rob Lockhart was present as a member of the International Committee, and J. F. Colquhoun as a member of the Bureau's Advisory Committee on "Retaining the Interest of the Boy." He introduced the Committee's report as lucidly as he did the report on the Losses of Scouts at the Filey Conference last autumn.

The Camp Chief, in the midst of his North American tour, appeared in the grey uniform of the Bureau and spoke with emphasis and enthusiasm of the Training of Scouters.

The Conference also marked the debut of Major-General D. C. Spry as Director of the Bureau. His Biennial report was received with enthusiasm and clearly showed that the fifth epoch in World Scouting had been well and truly launched. Dan kept his hand on the tiller and the Conference was steered on a straight and true course towards new horizons.

To detail the full programme of reports, discussions and events would occupy too much space. One can only mention what were reckoned to be the high spots - first in pride of place and achievement, the presence of the World Chief Guide and her inspiring message towards the close; Dan's report, the Hon. President's simple talk on the Fundamentals of Scouting given at the first banquet, and followed by the presentation of the "Bronze Wolf" to Jackson Dodds, Deputy Chief Scout of Canada, and Amory Houghton, Hon. Vice-President of the Boy Scouts of America, both retiring members of the International Committee, and the announcement of the award of the "Bronze Wolf" to Colonel Granville Walton. All these awards by the International Committee for exceptional services to World Scouting were warmly welcomed by the Conference.

The report of the Advisory Committee on "Scouting with the Handicapped" was presented by Mine. Levy Danon of France in a way which carried conviction and strengthened the desire of Scouting both to help and be helped by these Scouts malgre tout. The Chief Scout of "Sverges Scoutforbund" (Sweden), Bengt Junker, followed up with a stirring account of the combined Scouts' Good Turn in Sweden for the care of the deaf, and of the plans for future nationwide good turns for the blind and others. The symbols of the "Red knot" and, in future, of the "Bright-spot" (a phosphorescent button to be worn on Scout uniform) are an incentive to achievement.

The Conference dabbled overlong perhaps in financial waters with the ultimate results that it was agreed to recommend a future annual affiliation fee of £5 instead of £4 per 1,000 Scouts in each member country. This will not meet the requirements of the International Committee for the development of Scouting in those parts of the world where it is most needed, so that other means of raising funds by donations, stamp schemes, etc., are necessary.

The results of the policy of intensive development in selected parts of the world were most ably illustrated by the Bureau's Travelling Commissioner, Salvador Fernandez B., who described the progress made in Latin America in the past ten years. He and the Inter-American Advisory Committee were warmly congratulated on the success they had achieved.

Various amendments were made to the Constitution to bring its wording more into line with past and present practice. None affected aims or policy as such. For three hours on the first day the Conference divided itself into Special Interest discussion groups on the general themes of "The Role of the Layman" and "Scouting and Citizenship." As no one man could cover all the ten groups and no reports of the discussion groups were made to the Conference as a whole, their deliberations must remain wrapped in mystery.

Robin Gold reported on the separate meeting of International Commissioners held at the hospitable invitation of Earle Moore, International Commissioner for Canada, of the suggestion to hold possibly four regional gatherings next year and, subject to the Conference's approval, a more regular meeting during the 1957 celebrations. Fred Hurl then briefly provided information about the Centenary and Jubilee Jamboree, Rover Moot and Indaba in the Midlands, after the Netherlands had withdrawn their invitation to hold the Second World Indaba in Holland in 1956, and put in a claim to be hosts to the Third in 1960.

Proposals for the appointment of a Hon. Treasurer and of an executive President or Chairman were rejected as likely to hinder rather than help the work of the Committee and Bureau. Dick Lund's appointment as Deputy Director after thirty years' service as Secretary, was warmly approved.

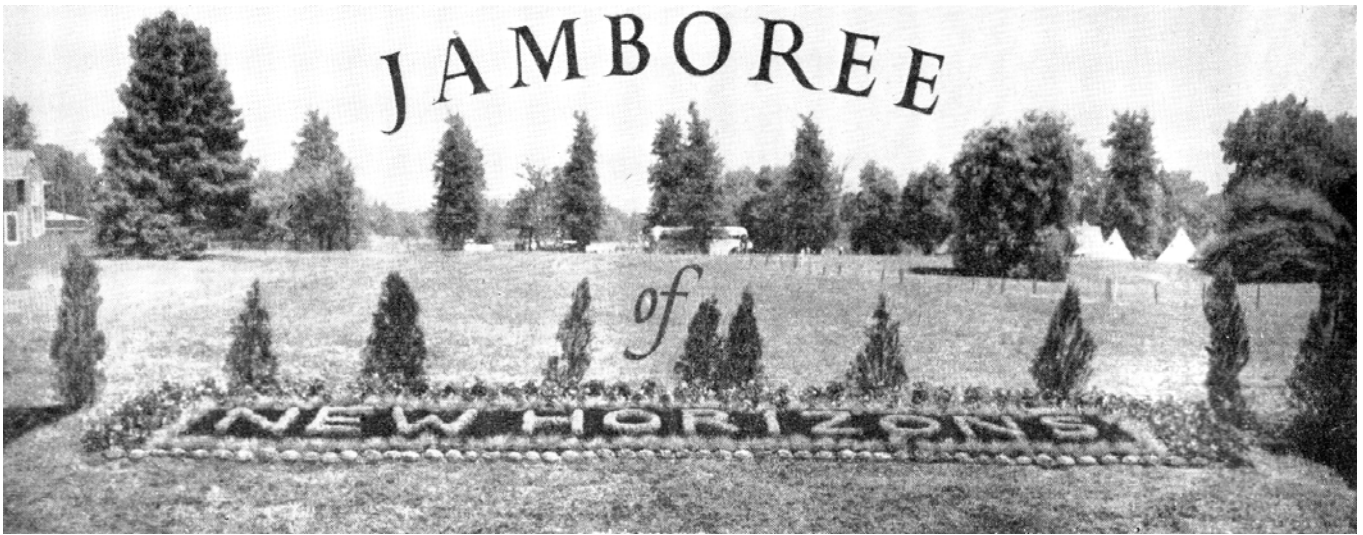
In place of the four members retiring by rotation and not eligible for election for another two years, Eli Boyaner (Canada), Bengt Junker (Sweden), Paul Koenig (Germany) and John Schiff (U.S.A.) were elected to serve on the International Committee for the full period of six years.

Towards the close of the meeting it was announced that the International Committee had - for the coming biennial period - re-appointed Colonel J. S. Wilson as their Hon. President and Olave, Lady Baden-Powell, as their Hon. Vice-President, and in addition had appointed Mr. Jackson Dodds as a second Hon. Vice-President. It was intimated to the Conference that Colonel Wilson had expressed a personal wish not to be re-appointed after 1957 so as to leave room for another.

As indicated, the Farewell Banquet was graced with the presence of the Minister of Finance. The Hon. President voiced the thanks of the Conference to the Boy Scouts of Canada for their admirable arrangements in connection with both the Jamboree and the Conference meeting. The Director of the Bureau, who had summed up the Conference, said the closing words and with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" the meeting was adjourned until August 1957 in Great Britain.

On September 1st, the delegates and observers left on visits or to return home, some to travel thousands of miles, East, South and West, to Europe and Asia, to Australia and New Zealand, to Central and South America, to Formosa, Korea and Japan. Some forty remained on for a day before journeying to Ann Arbor, Michigan, for the National Training Conference of the Boy Scouts of America. Many words had been spoken, much encouragement had been received, many plans had been discussed, forward action had been determined and new horizons had been brought nearer.

J.S.W.



I

Mad Scouts and Englishmen go out in the midday sun," or at least they did in the early afternoon of August 20th, 1955, when the Eighth World Jamboree, called the Jamboree of New Horizons, was officially opened by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, Mr. Vincent Massey. The temperature was said on the very best authority to be 95 degrees in the shade and it felt about 115 degrees in the sun!

However, the time had come for the opening. The 10,000 tiered seats surrounding the Arena (or "bleachers" as they are called in Canada) were comfortably full, while lined up in the Arena were the Scouts themselves, and what a lovely sight they were with their bright scarves as bright as youth itself, with their shirts and shorts and various hats - berets and skull caps, and floppy hats of straw, and small, neat forage caps and even what once we thought of as Scout hats - in a gathering which always stirs the heart and stays in the memory.

The sky was pale with heat. Among the Scouts the flags hardly stirred; only the trees sighed gently like Victorian young ladies deciding whether or not to swoon. Everyone waited under the glittering sunshine; the modern witch-doctory of television and broadcasting were ready. And now, preceded by police on motorcycles and accompanied by scarlet-coated Mounties His Excellency arrived. We stood for his arrival and continued to stand while the band played the National Anthem, or rather to the faint astonishment of the English only the first half of it. We sat down again and listened.

The opening itself was simple and formal with neither ceremony nor surprise. Mr. Massey in dark lounge suit, vivacious and smiling, was introduced by Mr. Jackson Dodds, the Deputy Chief Scout of Canada, who briefly welcomed us all to his lovely country. His Excellency first in English and then in French added his welcome. (But across the Arena it was not easy to catch all the words.) He was warmly greeted and warmly applauded. Mr. Jackson Dodds offered him a folder of stamps for Her Majesty the Queen, and presented His Excellency with a like folder for himself. The sun continued to glare down.

Our Colonel J. S. Wilson received the Silver Fox for his great contribution to World Scouting. A Scout optimistically mounted a pal's shoulders to take a photograph. A kilted Scouter moved about with a walkie-talkie set. Here and there hats fanned baked and glowing faces. A helicopter swizzled over. To the right the massed Canadian Scouts in the dark green shirts and daffodil yellow scarves looked like the springtime. There were three cheers for His Excellency: a salute of five guns left five tiny clouds solitary in the cloudless sky, while, surprisingly, a small wind decided to ruffle the flags.

Now the Governor-General declared the Jamboree open and behind the stands of the Arena, where a floral Scout badge graced a fine lawn, patient Scouts broke the flags of the nations on the tall timber masts. We turned round (or hurried down to the roadway) to see the March Past.

The bands played gay and lively tunes and the contingents marched past His Excellency, their colours borne ahead of them. Behind us as we watched, the Scouts waiting to move out of the Arena were singing in the heat with all the sudden excitement of youth. In front the lines went by, the flags dipped in salute.

The British boys marched well, notably well, and we felt very proud of them. As line on line they swung by in their homely, familiar uniforms, holding themselves proudly, it wasn't easy to keep the tears from one's eyes. As always the countries came in alphabetical order: even the host country this time took its alphabetical place instead of bringing up in the rear which is traditional. The three fine bands of the Royal Canadian Air Force, the Royal Canadian Regiment and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police played bravely in the heat, while one uniformed player was seen to go round with a welcome pail of water.

His Excellency took the salute and the boys with their colours went by. Some of the contingents had but a representative or two, but the crowds that lined the camp road applauded them warmly: the boys and men in national costumes like the Greeks in their flounced white skirts, or the Irish and the Scots and the Scottish Canadians in their kilts, or the boys from Jamaica or Venezuela in their straw hats or the Finns in their skull caps, or the Germans with their mandolins across their backs. All were happy on this summer's day. Almost last in the alphabet came the boys from the U.S.A. - and as they went past they began to sing "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, his soul is marching on." The old song of their land, of course, refers to John Brown, but that afternoon as they sang it was B.-P. we were all thinking of.

And so the Jamboree was opened. His Excellency toured the camp, obviously interested, amused and thrilled. The Scouts hurried off to the Coca Cola machines or the Seven-Up stalls or to the canteen where they hoped there was still plenty of Orange Crush and Canada Dry on ice, and there was!

II

For two years the Canadian Scouts had worked for this moment. For many weeks most of Canadian Scout Headquarters had been camping on the site. They had turned their dreams into plans and their plans into actions, and let it be said at once that the administration was superb and that all the heads of the various sections - the catering, the movement control, the quarter-mastering, the public relations - and all the rest, were the very embodiment of the 3rd, 5th and 8th Scout Laws!

The site, to get it down for the record, was at Niagara-on-the-Lake, ten miles or so from the famous Falls. It is normally an Army camp-site, which meant that many advantages came with it, but it was rather plain of face although some part of it being wooded and the avenues of trees made it pleasant enough. And transformed into the wonderful city of boyhood with tents (green and black and golden and white), with picturesque gateways to sub-camp and Troop camp, it looked fine.

The British boys, who had flown the Atlantic, had come across lake

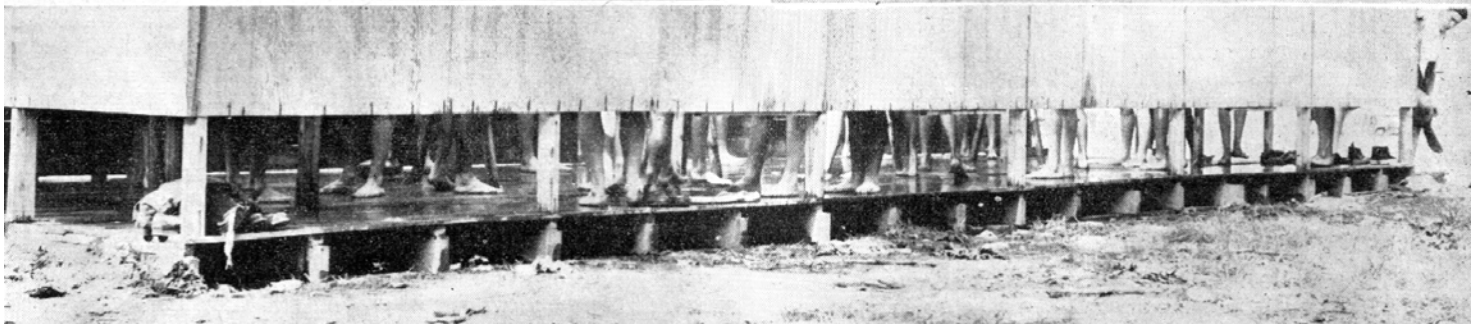
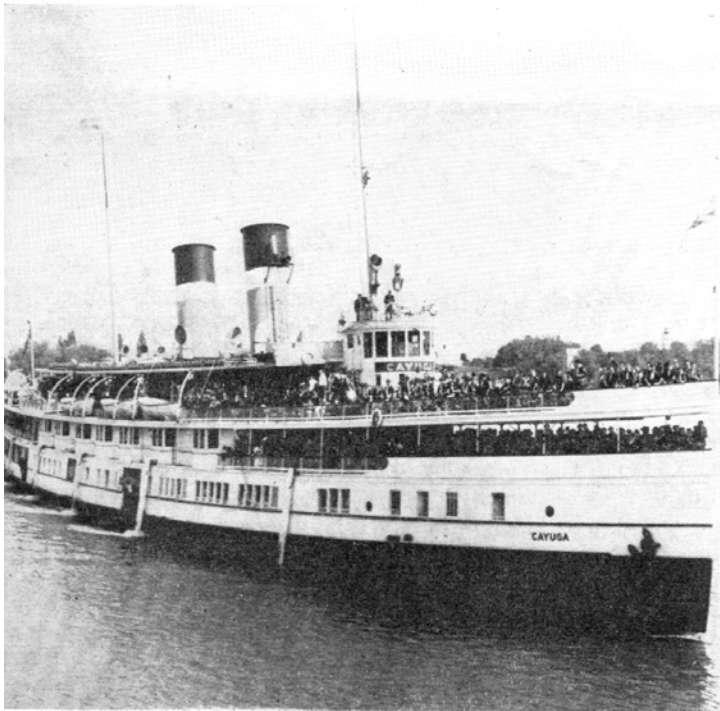
Ontario two days before the opening on the steamship *Cayuga*. They had settled in and now, on this Saturday evening, they could play their part in the exciting pattern of life in camp which B.-P. called a Jamboree.

“What else could you call it,” he said, and how right he was!

Have you ever thought (as I wrote in the *Jamboree Journal* one day) how crazy we all are and how proud we ought to be because we are? Can you think of any other Movement or Association of any kind which would be lunatic enough even to think of bringing thousands of boys from all over the world, away from homes and parents, by airplane, liner and train (and probably by submarine and rocket for all I know); boys white and yellow and brown and black

(and contented, I hope, and proud to be just as they are, for we are all as God made us); boys who are Anglicans and boys who are Baptists and boys who are Buddhists and Latter Day Saints and Presbyterians and Lutherans and Moslems and of a dozen other persuasions - to live together in the sunshine (or the wind and the rain if it so happens)?

So the British boys like all the others started out that Saturday evening, camping, cooking, eating and drinking, meeting and greeting, swopping and trading - that primary occupation of all Jamborees - inviting and being invited in their own tongue and in sign language, storing up memories which if they live a hundred years they will still hold precious.



The pictures show two gateways; the S.S. "Cayuga" the Indians at the march past and a scene in the showers almost any time any day!

III

Sunday was a day of worship and thanksgiving. There were many services that day. Many of the boys from the Free Churches attended the service in the Arena during the morning, and the Roman Catholics in the camp were present at Pontifical High Mass. But most of the British boys went to Divine Service at St. Mark's Church in Niagara-on-the-Lake. It is a pleasant little church belonging to its century (it is the second oldest church in Canada), and holds about 500, and how hot they were inside it. But the rest of the 3,000 or so of us sat bareheaded outside under the chestnuts and maples in the lovely sunshine. We saw the Colours brought slowly up the dappled path, followed by a procession of clergy, and we joined in the brief Service. The walls of the church did not divide us. We all prayed and listened as one, and for most of the time sang as one accompanied by the organ within and the tiny wind and the sunshine without. The magnolia and the rose of Sharon bushes flowering beside us added to the loveliness of the scene.

In the evening there was a Scouts' Own in the Arena at which our own Camp Chief, John Thurman, spoke, and spoke extremely well as we should expect.

For the rest of the day visitors thronged the camp. Towards the evening it was cooler and the stars came out, and there was a little moon to light the singing boys home to their camps.

IV

And the Jamboree went on. Those of you who have been to Jamborees, or those of you who have read accounts of other Jamborees, will have some appreciation of the colour and the bustle and the happiness of the boys and their laughter and excitement. Let me tell you briefly about the visits and the shows in the Arena which fill up so much of the pattern.

The 7th World Jamboree in Austria didn't have an Arena and some were glad and some were not, but certainly the Arena fitted very happily into the Jamboree of New Horizons. There in the afternoons, for those who cared to go, were bands playing and displays and variety shows of one sort or another mostly by public performers from outside. But it was in the evenings that from the Scouts' point of view the Arena came into its own. There was a good stage in front of a large blue back-cloth, which, incidentally, a sudden storm on Tuesday lunchtime had brought crashing down, and from the stage ramps ran down into the grass of the Arena itself. And here evening by evening each contingent entertained the other Scouts and vast numbers of the public who thronged in until they invaded the Arena grass and stood in all the entrances searching hopelessly for room.

Nearly all the displays were good. One remembers vividly the Aztec Fire Dance of Mexico and Peru, the gay, noisy firework studded fiesta of Cuba, the very moving miming of the Dutch Scouts, which was the story of their struggle through the years against the encroaching sea and recently of the disaster of the great floods: the whole Arena was quite silent for a moment when at the end from the vast perimeter Scouts advanced bearing the flags of all the nations who had helped the Dutch at the time of their great trouble. There was Plenty of folk dancing, of course, and there were plenty of folk songs.

The four great contingents had an evening each. The French began on Monday with some gay mockery of their own history with a cast of hundreds and inexpensive and gaily-coloured costumes, ending with an excellent display with large whitened flag poles (which did make us wonder if this was where all the missing gateway timber had got to!), but it was a delightful display of which the French can be definitely proud.

The American display was all Wild West and Square Dancing, but it was troubled by an overlong commentary given unfortunately only in English which roused the French, and not only the French because it became a bit of a jape in the end, to massed cries of "En François, en François" which rather spoilt the display as a display, though probably not the evening in the hearts of high spirited and mischievous youngsters. (After all, it is a rule of international Scouting that notices and commentaries should be given in the two languages.)

But it held a lesson for us all as indeed did the very ambitious Canadian display. This was no less than to show, in brief, the history of Canada, but it had many lovely moments and some stirring ones. Unfortunately it was so burdened with a wealth of scenery and such an intricate script that there were long periods of darkness when nothing seemed to be happening and, in any production, and especially in an Arena production, speed and continuity are essential. And I wonder whether the lesson to be learnt from this and some of the other entertainments is simply that national history is rather out of place at an International Scout Jamboree. Nations are proud of their history and we are sympathetic to their aspirations and hopes, but all these somehow are not quite the right material for Arena shows at a world Scout gathering of brothers.

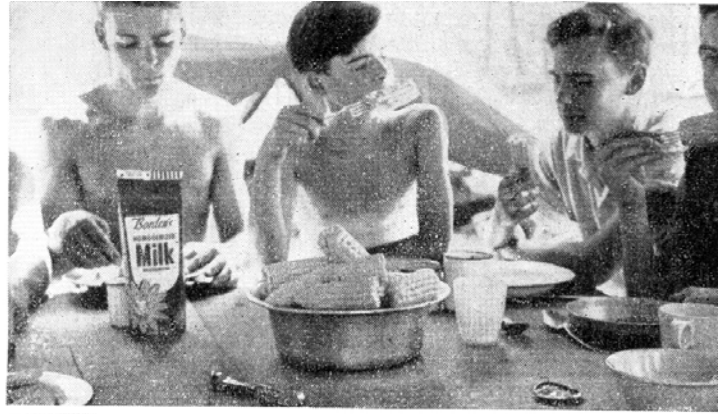
Perhaps this is why our own show on the Tuesday evening, with only two minutes of commentary and pure Scouting, was so happily acclaimed and why we received so many congratulations about it. A group of Seniors going off to a Patrol Camp - and they were warmly applauded (for it was almost a sensation to see some Scouts as Scouts in the Arena) - were followed by six or seven hundred Scouts running out from behind the scenes, down the ramps, across the Arena, boy after boy after boy, and how heart-stirring it was. They broke up into Patrols and played competitive games: there was some Scout tumbling and slapstick comedy; there was dancing by the Northern Irish boys in their saffron kilts and by the Scottish boys in their tartan kilts; there was a typical Gang Show number by the London Scouts (a number, incidentally, which won't be shown in London till the end of this year), and then all the British Scouts there joined in singing *Crest of a Wave* whether they were in the Arena or in the bleachers watching. The boys ran off, the lone Patrol stood a moment and they too went away. It was a grand display and our congratulations must be recorded not only to every boy who took part, but to Wing Commander Tom Browne who was in charge of all our displays and parades at the Jamboree. When you think he had only one rehearsal and that most of the boys had never met before they met on that occasion in the Arena, it is a source of gratification to us all that they so nobly upheld the prestige of the country where Scouting once upon a time began.

Then there were the visits. I don't know if swimming can properly be called a visit, but the swimming beaches were three miles away and coaches had to be organised to take the boys there. Immense precautions were taken for their safety (quite rightly so), including the use of the admirable Buddy System, and all the boys enjoyed at least one good swim in Canadian waters if they wished to.

But the two great excursions were first to the Niagara Falls and then to the Toronto Exhibition. It was a rather curious sight to see the long line of seventy or more coaches head to tail along a road in the Jamboree and the Scouts all crowding into them in the early afternoon. They were given a thorough tour of the Niagara country, seeing historic sites, and had plenty of leisure to cross the whirlpool in the Spanish Aerocar or to go across the Rainbow Bridge to the States and see the American Falls tumbling vastly down (you could get so near that you could almost touch the water), or to stare with wondering surmise at the liquid jade of the great Horseshoe Falls. They didn't get back till very late at night, but it was a chance of a lifetime as they all knew.

The second excursion was indeed a *tour de force*. By special tram and by steamer, Canadian Scout Headquarters moved 9,500 boys (leaving in camp only the necessary staff and the Toronto Scouts as guards) 80 miles into Toronto to march past the Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth, Lord Rowallan, on the occasion of his opening the Canadian National Exhibition on Friday, August 26th. Forty-five years before B.-P. had opened that Exhibition, which is the greatest annual exhibition in the world. I think most of the boys had a wonderful time even though it meant, for many of them, getting up at three in the morning and not getting back till well past midnight; though it meant some tedium of waiting and though once again it was a very hot day. But it was a great occasion and they should have been proud to have been taking part in it.

It is not for me to write here of the Exhibition, but I cannot refrain from saying what we probably all know but, being British, are too shy usually to say, that we have in our Chief Scout a very remark-



SOME TYPICAL JAMBOREE SCENES



able man indeed, as the less-inhibited Canadians remarked again and again, and most especially after hearing the very fine and statesmanlike speech - studded with statistics and with never a note in his hand - that he gave that afternoon. We shared his delight when he was given, in a lovely little silver casket, a gold plaque bearing his portrait and inscription, and a silver rose bowl of simple grace and dignity, and we were all very happy at his great success, and very proud that 'he was *our* Chief.

V

Bad weather cannot destroy the spirit of a Jamboree as 1929 taught us. It merely makes things more difficult. But how fortunate we were in the sunshine at Niagara, even if at times the warmth was a little overpowering for the British, but for most of the boys the long golden hours were entirely satisfying. Only on three occasions did rain break through. Immediately after the opening the sky suddenly showed bruises of black and blue, there was some vivid lightning and about 117 drops of rain: that was all. On Tuesday noon we had a fierce, sudden storm of great winds, but that, too, didn't last long. Then all Friday night it rained and sound drenching rain at that. A few tents leaked, one or two tents were flooded out, but the hot sun that followed soon dried everything out to everyone's contentment.

No, weather cannot spoil a Jamboree, but indifferent food could! But our friend Jerry Perkis, who was in charge of the food administration, provided magnificent food with great generosity. An excellent pamphlet on the supplies and how to deal with them meal by meal was provided in two languages for each Patrol, and the boys were encouraged to eat the food of the land. The Canadian habit of drinking milk soon found favour with them all and there were times when the British couldn't look a melon or a peach in the face! All the perishable food was, by the co-operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway, kept in refrigerator cars until the very last moment and whatever crises there may have been behind the Headquarters scenes, the distribution of food and drink to the Troop Quartermasters went smoothly and happily day by day. May our food in '57 be as liberal and as exciting.

VI

There are always presentations at Jamborees, when we are able to enjoy either personally or vicariously that particularly sweet pleasure that giving affords. It was on August 23rd, which as it happened was a lovely melon-chill morning on which all the British contingent felt quite at home, that they went down to the Arena to say thank you to Canada. There in the delicate air, as fresh as a May morning when the dew is on the lilac, the Chief Scout asked Mr. Jackson Dodds to accept on behalf of Canada "as a token of our affectionate regard for you all, as a perpetual reminder of this Jamboree, and most of all as a personal link with our Founder," a painting by B.-P. of his home in Nyeri where he spent the last days of his earthly life.

Lord Rowallan then made personal gifts to Mr. Dodds and Mr. Eli Boyaner of crooks "made by Scottish shepherds as a labour of love to pass the dark evenings of the Scottish winters." Both Canadian gentlemen made witty and lighthearted speeches of thanks and a charming, brief, but memorable occasion had become a small paragraph in Canadian Scout history. Most of the Scouts present hurried forward to hold their cameras at improbable angles to take impossible photographs. And the nicely-chilled wind fluttered in and out of the trees, wondering what it was all about.

VII

And so the last day came with the sun still burning up the sky, and late in that glowing afternoon the Scouts began to move towards the Arena, not in Troops or sub-camps, not in nations or contingents, but in long lines with arms linked, laughing lines of a dozen boys representing perhaps as many countries, nearly as many shades of colour and as many tongues. I noticed the French blind Scouts coming in led by boys of other nations. It is this happy, natural, informality, as showing forth the spirit of the Jamboree and something of the brotherhood it is trying to achieve, which boys remember.

So they came into the Arena (and then for some reason were directed into sub-camps, which seemed rather purposeless to me).

The closing ceremony did not take long: some would call it simple, others merely dull. Apart from a happy accident, it was rather uninspiring, which seems a pity. I think myself that something more dramatic, something more memorable is needed on such an occasion. Anyway, that afternoon Mr. Jackson Dodds, for whom we had all conceived during the Jamboree a great affection and a great admiration (his unselfish tirelessness impressed us all as much as his ready humour and the whole Scout spirit that shines from him), presented plaques to the leaders of the contingents and sub-camp leaders, and soon after the Director of the International Bureau, Dan Spry, closed the Jamboree with a few quiet, homely words after the Scouts present had all stood and taken the Scout Promise. (In silence to my surprise:

I think it would have been a wonderful moment could we have heard all the boys in all the tongues saying their Scout Promise aloud as they stood with their hands at the half salute.)

But before we all finally dispersed there had been one great never-to-be-forgotten moment. Mr. Jackson Dodds was about to make a presentation to Olave, Lady Baden-Powell of a folder of stamps like that which, on the Opening Day, had been given to Her Majesty the Queen and to His Excellency the Governor-General, and Lady B.-P. moved forward to the microphone to receive it, and it was at this moment, undirected, spontaneously as though they were one, as though some great and mighty spirit moved them, that every Scout of the thousands of Scouts in the Arena, as sudden as sunshine pouring out from a rift in a storm cloud, leapt to his feet in an acclamation of greeting to the Chief Guide of the World and to the everlasting magic of the name she bears. Cheers and hats were hurled towards the steel-blue sky. It was moving and wonderful - and that we shall remember. Then Dan Spry having declared the Jamboree closed, an aerial salute banged away for a moment or two and we all sang "Auld Lang Syne" rather uncertainly. It was all over.

VIII

All over excepting for the memories: the memories of the maroons going every Flag Break and Flag Down morning and evening, the memory of the D.D.T.-spraying machine which did a wonderful job in keeping down the mosquitoes, but which rumbling round the camp each evening sounded like a low flying attack on London, the memory of the singing at the little Troop Camp Fires as one came across from the Arena in the late evenings, the memory of pleasant parties and happy meetings, the memory of the air glittering with sunshine and of happiness shared by all day after day.

What our British boys will remember, too, is the overwhelming kindness and the princely hospitality which we all received. We were treated with superb generosity and the thousand of us who went to Canada came back friends of Canada for ever. How we all wished that we could have seen more of this great, vigorous, lovely country of golden opportunity. And we shall remember what a triumph for the Canadian Scouts, taken all in all, the Jamboree was.

So we raise our glasses to them (and perhaps on this occasion we will drink something different from Coca Cola!). We thank them for all they did. We wish them well. We hope to see them before long. We toast them all, the known and the unknown Canadian Scouts, who made the Jamboree such a great and happy success, and from all knowns and unknowns we name those four fine Scouts - Jackson Dodds, Jamboree Camp-Chief, Eli Boyaner, Jamboree Deputy-Camp-Chief, Fred Finlay, Chief Executive Commissioner of Canada, and George Simmons, Organising Commissioner of the Jamboree. And as we raise our glasses to them and say, "God bless them, every one," let us think upon this: soon the Fall will be here with "a crimson touch on the hardwood trees" and the year will grow old and die. But the hopes of the world need never grow old and die so long as there are Scouts with the true Scout spirit in their hearts: such Scouts and such a spirit as we saw in the fiery sunshine on those wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten Canadian days.

R. H.



The pictures above show a Scout patient in the camp hospital; the floral clock at the power station; a Venezuelan Scout and the Cuban band.

Below the Canadian Scouts show how the "Mounties" do their famous musical ride!



DEAR EDITOR

Cub Uniform

DEAR EDITOR,

As far as I can remember, the lightweight cotton "T" Shirts for Cubs were introduced about four years ago, but it was only this summer that I got around to fitting all my Cubs up with them. Your correspondent, J. E. B. Straw, of Bextey, is evidently one of a large number of Scouters who have never heard of the "T" Shirts, as no one in our District had heard of them before, and also in the town where I was on holiday recently, Grimsby, they were unheard of.

As a regular subscriber to THE SCOUTER, I cannot recall any write-up giving publicity to these most excellent "T" Shirts, and I did obtain telephonic confirmation that these were official, and this is borne out by the fact that the shirts do bear the Scout Shop woven label on the bottom hem.

It would be interesting to have the comments of the General Manager on this matter, as there is no doubt that if we are now going to have summers such as recently enjoyed, the Cubs everywhere will be most grateful for something lighter than the long-sleeved woollen jersey.

I cannot comment on the question of socks, as I do not think Headquarters have introduced a short version of the long T.O.T. stockings, but no doubt this letter may get the General Manager thinking in time for next season.

Looking forward to seeing an amendment to P.O.R. regarding both the "T" Shirts and short socks.

K. BEER,

C.M., 19th Chiswick.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I thank A.C.M. J. E. B. Straw for putting into words what has been my thought with regard to a summer uniform for Wolf Cubs.

Recently, at a District Swimming Gala, I saw the Cubs of one Pack running around between events in white "T" shirts and shorts and sandals completed by Group scarf and cap. Both our S.M. and myself who saw it commented on what a perfect summer uniform such dress would make for Cubs - and how much more easily washed.

Perhaps I.H.Q. could give the matter their consideration.

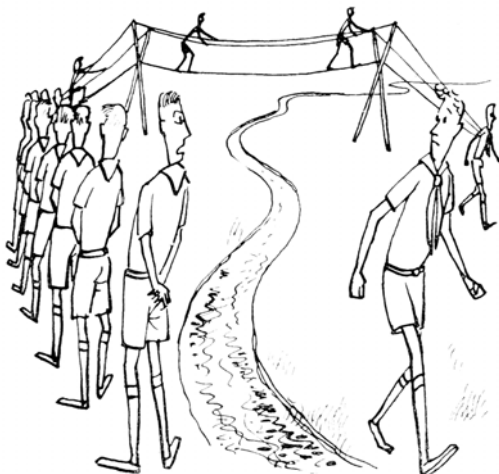
P. P. ROGERS (REV.),

G.S.M., 10th Hillingdon.

Knots (and Whatnots) in Scarves!

DEAR EDITOR,

On one occasion B.-P. suggested the tying of a knot in the scarf as a reminder to do the Daily Good Turn, but this apparently never became sufficiently official to appear in P.O.R. or Scouting for Boys, at least in the editions which I have read. Consequently, we see before us large double knots, reef knots, minute single knots or no knots at all - just as fancy seems to take us - or whether we even remember to tie the knot to remind us to do the Good Turn!



"Of course I could think of easier ways of crossing the stream"

In the Cubs, however, things are much different. They have official rulings on the matter. (Note the plural - rulings). Looking at the books recommended for Part 1 of the Cub Wood Badge Course we see The Wolf Cub's Handbook and How to Run a Pack. In The Wolf Cub's Handbook (my edition page 47) B.-P. says "There are two knots in it," and shows a picture for the benefit of film-goers and television viewers. Mr. "Gilcraft" in his book, however, shows a reef knot in his picture, so what is the poor Scouter to do?

To try to keep uniform uniform and to improve our smartness in some small way, can someone give the correct ruling, please?

WOT-KNOTS.

Birds' Nesting

DEAR EDITOR,

May I quote an extract from the summer number of The Countryman which caught my attention, and will probably be of interest to other Scouters.

"The Law and Birds' Nesting. A correspondent recently met three boys out birds' nesting. One had an egg collection of his own and kept another for his friend, whose parents would not allow him to take the eggs home. The third did not collect because he was a Wolf Cub and the Scout Laws forbid it, but he went along to find nests for the others. The first had a crow's egg, which he said he had bought from another boy. Asked whether they knew which birds' eggs they were allowed to take, they hastily said 'crow,' but could name no other. So much for the Home Secretary's list of birds whose eggs may be taken with impunity. It is a great pity that he did not make all egg taking illegal and leave the administration of the law to the good sense of police and magistrates."

We get a glimpse here of how small boys accept and interpret the rules we lay down for them, and there is obviously room for improvement on both sides! As regards this list of protected birds - for whom is it intended? And if for the guidance of children, who is teaching them? If the Scout Law forbids boys to take birds' eggs - with the intention of making us friends of animals and protectors of weaker creatures - ought we not to go further and acquaint ourselves with the protection laws so that we can better help the boys to understand them? It is a fairly big undertaking, but contains so much of the essence of true Scouting, that I feel we should not neglect it.

I cannot agree with the writer, though, that egg taking should be made illegal, for would it not tend to spot-light this activity and make it the more attractive, and also bring more young offenders into the courts? But then, most of us do not know to how great an extent nests throughout the countryside are being spoilt.

How rare, I wonder, is the true bird-loving boy, who is capable of bird-watching in the highest Scouting sense; who has the patience to lie quietly and make observations, and the skill to move quietly and find and examine nests without causing damage or distress? And how rare, also, is the Scouter who is himself sufficiently informed about birds to be able to arouse the right kind of appreciation and love of birds in the hearts of his boys? I feel that many more boys could be led to a greater appreciation and knowledge of bird life, if more of us took the trouble to know the habits and identification of the common birds, at least, in this country. What do other Scouters think?

A. M. DOUGLAS,

Akela Leader, Glos.

Wearing the Uniform

DEAR EDITOR,

The suggestion that all Scouts in the country should wear their uniform on one special day each year made by F. A. Mogridge in the August SCOUTER 15 an excellent one, but may I suggest that to bring Scouters into it, a Sunday should be chosen for the day. The sight of Scouter Business Executives in shorts and brims, carrying furred umbrellas as they step in and out of London cabs would be most impressive, but I regret hardly likely. May I suggest the first Sunday after February 22nd each year.

"Find the Link"

W. D. WATERHOUSE, *London, W.9.*

Service for Seniors?

DEAR EDITOR,

Mr. A. J. Miller quotes me correctly as saying, "What will your gang be up to, I wonder, or is it a secret?" but he has nevertheless got his lines crossed. That innocent question did not appear in THE SCOUTER, as he avers, but in The Scout. It was, in fact, addressed to boys - which surely makes a difference.

Let me say that I am all for "Service for Seniors" just as I am for the "good turn to somebody every day" for the Wolf Cub and the third Scout Law for us all; but where boys are concerned I don't think we should strain it too far. Seniors are boys under training just as much as Cubs or Scouts, and the criterion must still be what's best for the boy, rather than what's best for the Troop, or best for the Scouter.

I am sure Mr. Miller's Seniors enjoyed organising and running the Troop Camp at Whitsuntide, and doubtless the Troop enjoyed it almost as much as they did, though they probably found the discipline a bit stricter than usual. But I am sure, too, that Seniors want to get off on their own as often as they can. I would not for one moment advocate sending them "up mountains in the middle of the night," as Mr. Miller suggests, but after all the whole idea of Senior Scouting is to give the older boy an opportunity to outstride his younger self. He can't very well do that if he is never allowed to step out.

JOHN SWEET.

Cubs' Open Day

DEAR EDITOR

The story of the Cubs' Open Day at Gilwell (September SCOUTER) made very interesting reading and the boy in the picture of the switch-hack was registering pure delight. But was it all really necessary on a Sunday? Sixty-two coach loads of Cubs (bless their little voices) must have created quite a disturbance even to the neopagans on Chingford Plain - and what those good people going to 11am. and 6.30p.m. services in the vicinity were saying about the Scout Movement must have been pretty grim. At least twice sixty-two Sunday Schools must have been put into competition with Scouting for the occasion and quite an amount of "duty to God" must have been left undone. Moreover, the selling of - and buying - those 10,000 bottles (et cetera) must have used up quite an amount of commercial toil and financial brain-sweat. I am not suggesting that it is any more sinful to play and run about, to drink "pop" and generally to be happy on Sunday than on a week-day, but I repeat, was this thing REALLY necessary - or desirable?

PHILIP A. MANN.

Letting down the Movement

DEAR EDITOR,

This year, although we have had a good summer camp, we have had the unpleasant experience of having it in a place where many of the local inhabitants made it very clear that Scouts were not welcome. One senior member of what I personally have always regarded as a public service expressed himself very forcibly, describing members of the Movement as "field lice," who made themselves a nuisance wherever they went. Allowing for the possibility of his temper being a little frayed, it remains true that his attitude was shared by most of the people living in the area, and when one considers the behaviour of most of the Scouts camping there, it is very difficult to blame them.

Except for our own Group, I never once saw any Scout or Scouter wearing correct uniform, even above the knees, when out of camp. The scattering of litter and rudeness to passers-by could be noticed everywhere. They seemed to think that their object ought to be to have a good time at everybody's expense, and that people ought to be glad to put up with the trouble which they gave.

When we have been to other places, we have always found that, on the whole, the local people are helpful and interested. We have found, too, that our own insistence on smartness and good behaviour was shared by other Troops. But when one sees, as I saw, this year, two Scouters out shopping, unshaven, and clad only in berets, scarves, and bathing trunks, what can one expect their boys to be like?

And what must the local inhabitants think? Perhaps "field lice" is not so far from the mark, after all.

One further point. Not so long ago, we used a campsite where Scouts go quite often, and where the standard of camping is not too bad. But when we took the permit to the owner for his signature at the end of the camp, he gazed at us in amazement and said. "Good gracious! You must be an efficient Troop, I haven't been asked to sign one of these for ages!"

J. A. CHALLIS,

S.M., 5th Rickmansworth and Chorleywood.

Rovering - the Future

DEAR EDITOR

Recently I heard the views of I.H.Q. Commissioner for Rovers with special regard to the difficulty of reconciling the two phases of Rovering - Training and Service. I have the impression that some people consider it better to concentrate on Training and transfer Service to some "other niche."

In my opinion this conflict is over-emphasised, but where it does exist, I would suggest that it is on SERVICE which should have preference - this was B.-P.'s idea and he was generally right.

By the time young men have had training in Cubs, Scouts, Seniors and National Service (which may include T.A. training after period of National Service), they must be getting fed up with training and should be approaching the Service stage. In any case for Rovers to have any real justification at all is if they are doing some job of service (as far as their individual circumstances will allow).

In practice I think this is what actually happens as approximately 50 per cent of all Rovers are warranted, so it is apparent that Rovers are the best recruiting place for Scouters.

Group-Captain D. Lumgair made a suggestion that the Rovers doing Service could transfer to a different Section with another name. This seems an attractive idea at first sight, but unfortunately it overlooks the very strong feeling that Rovers have to the name of "Rovers" and tradition counts a lot in Scouting, also this would mean yet another Section. The average Group cannot find sufficient Scouters for the existing four Sections (five if the Guild is counted), and the suggestion of yet another, I think, is not practical.

Let us Rover on to Success and Service.

DON S. SKEATES,

Rover Mate, 7th Ipswich "Qates" Rover Crew.

Badges

DEAR EDITOR,

Today, the June SCOUTER arrived - quite an event, I can tell you. One such problem is hinted upon in the results of the Christmas competition, namely - Badges.

I quite agree that the period between the boy passing the Badge and having it issued to him, has an effect on his keenness. Invariably, it has been my experience that Badges manage to be issued anything up to five weeks afterwards. This is not always the fault of the Scouter or Badge Secretary. This waiting, on the part of the boy, tends to lesson his confidence in the Scouter.

Why not eliminate a certain amount of this waiting, by letting the G.S.M. hold a stock of Proficiency Badges, as well as those he already holds. When a Badge has been gained and awarded, the certificate counterfoil could then be posted to the Badge Secretary, with a note to the effect that the Badge has been awarded.

No doubt some will see loopholes in this idea - I can see one or two possible ones - but the boy is not interested in this, it's his Badge he wants, he's entitled to it, and he should get it, immediately. If he doesn't, most likely yet another boy has been added to that old headache - leakage.

May I offer you overdue congratulations on your magazine. Believe me, it's appreciated even more out here - namely Akaba, in Jordan.

MAURICE FEARN,

A.S.M., 1st Hockerill (Bishop's Stortford).

FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

On other pages you will read of the most successful 8th World Jamboree and 15th International Conference which were held during the second half of August, and I do not propose to say any more about the events themselves. I do want, however, to add my tribute to that fine contingent of nearly one thousand strong that represented the United Kingdom. For nearly two years much hard work and a great deal of time has gone into the selection of our representatives and in raising the money to enable them to go and Counties, Districts and Groups are to be heartily congratulated on presenting such splendid representatives of Scouting in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Nor must we forget the Scouters of the Pack, the Troop and the Senior Troop and the G.S.M.s who have had a hand in the training of these Scouts; theirs has been a magnificent job. My one regret is that every Scouter could not see the Contingent; if any had doubts about the worthwhileness of his or her job they would have been quickly dispelled.

These Scouts have had a wonderful experience and I hope arrangements are being made for them to tell others about it. Not only will their brother Scouts in the District want to hear about Canada, the Jamboree and trans-Atlantic air travel, but those good friends who helped towards the cost will like to hear of their experiences, too. I have no doubt that, already, many L.A.s have decided that the speaker at their next Annual Meeting will be their 1955 Jamboree representative.

This year the Royal Show was held at Wollaton Park, near Nottingham, and again Scouting and Guiding were well to the fore. The part played by the two Movements included a combined publicity exhibit, displays in an arena several times each day, and a messenger service. Every day, teams of Scouts and Guides gave demonstrations of camp cooking in a camp kitchen, making such things as twists, pancakes, dropped scones, jam-tarts and cakes which they distributed to their audiences. The messenger service was made up of over three hundred Scouts and Guides who assisted the show judges and in the various pavilions.

Many complimentary tributes have been received on the smartness of those taking part, and the Scouts and Guides of Nottinghamshire are to be congratulated on the able manner in which they carried out their duties and represented the Movement.

Recently, details have been received of St. Peter's College, North Stoke, which has been opened for the purpose of teaching the Christian Faith, as taught by the Church of England, to young men and boys. The College will take a maximum of forty students, half of whom will be boys of fifteen years of age and over. The majority of them will be from Secondary-Modern Schools and they will be given an opportunity of taking the General Certificate of Education and, at the same time, of receiving instruction in Church faith and practice. It is hoped that some of these boys may offer themselves for ordination, while others will be able to undertake positions of responsibility in Church life. The other half of the College will be devoted to men over the age of eighteen who wish to learn more of the Christian Faith; they can stay for either short or long periods, as they wish.

Further details may be obtained from The Warden, St. Peter's College, North Stoke, near Oxford.

During the Jamboree, the London contingent very kindly asked some of us to lunch with them. After an excellent meal, I was approached by a Scout who asked if I remembered him. I had to confess that I did not and he reminded me that in 1947, when he was nine years old, our families met on holiday. I had just returned from the Jamboree at Moisson and told him about it. He was not a Cub and I suggested he should remedy that without delay, and added that if he got on with his tests he might qualify for the Jamboree in 1955. He concluded his reminiscence with: "So you see, I did and here I am!"

A very pleasant Re-union.

A. W. HURLL,
Chief Executive Commissioner.

THE GILWELL LETTER

Early in my very happy and, I think, valuable tour of Scouting in America I began to compile a glossary of Scouting terms which mean something quite different in that country from the meaning which Scouting in Great Britain gives to the same phrases. I thought it would interest readers of THE SCOUTER and enable them to understand the literature of the Boy Scouts of America and to talk more intelligently to any Scouters from that country they may meet. This glossary, I can assure you, is by no means complete but it is accurate.

Boy Scouts of America

B.S.A. - Boy Scouts of America
Senior P.L.
Court of Honour
Green Bar Council
Round Table
Explorer Post
Explorer Adviser
Den Mother
Reservation
Camp Director
Training School
Silver Buffalo
Scout Oath
Scarf slide
Assistant P.L.
Convocation
Eagle Scout
Institutional Representative

Boy Scouts Association

B.S.A. - Boy Scouts Association
Troop Leader
Badge Presentation
Court of Honour
Scouters' Council
Senior Scout Troop
S.M.(S)
Nothing comparable - more the pity
Camp Site
Camp Warden or Bailiff
Training Course
Silver Wolf
Scout Promise
Woggle
Second
Scouts' Own
Queen's Scout
Sponsoring Authority

Etc.

An American told me that it was very necessary to remember that America and Great Britain were two countries divided by the same language!

Perhaps an illustration from the list will show you how confusing the situation can be. I was asked if I would like to attend a Court of Honour meeting and I went along expecting a meeting of the Patrol Leaders with the Scouters as I would find in this country. I was ushered into a large hall, beautifully decorated with flags and flowers, with soft lights, background music, candle-lit Scout Badges and microphones, and I wondered what all this was about and why all this paraphernalia for Patrol Leaders to discuss their affairs. But that was not the intention. Here was a District Presentation of Badges and Awards, and very impressive it all turned out to be. In particular I liked the part of the presentation where the boy who received the Eagle Scout Badge presented his own mother With a replica; a nice thought and obviously very effective.

There is no room to tell you all about Scouting in America, but I would like you to know that it is strong, virile, and magnificently organised. The enthusiasm of their 3,000 professional leaders who serve with 1,000,000 volunteer leaders nearly 3,000,000 boys is something I was proud to be associated with. They have in the last few years become very conscious of their responsibilities through Scouting to the rest of the world; they have tremendous ambition and an ability to raise money in support of Scouting which I find almost bewildering. When I tell you that the annual budget for the City of Chicago is greater than the I.H.Q. budget it will give you some sort of yard-stick. In 1955 they will be spending on the organisation of Scouting, quite apart from the Pack and Troop level, something in excess of £10,000,000, all of which they seem to get from the public, I will not say without effort, but I will say without any real difficulty.

The Organisation of the Boy Scouts of America is totally different from anything we experience and yet the results at the working face, particularly in the Scout Troops, are not all that different; they have the same sort of problems and the same kind of opportunities. I think I sensed a little more ambition than some of us have and, enormous as the Movement is, they have every intention of increasing the size and strength quite dramatically in the next four years.

Finally, I would like you to know that they have adopted Wood Badge training and are pursuing it with tremendous enthusiasm. It is achieving, in their own words, "quite magnificent results and giving us that spiritual urge and security that we know we need."

As I attend conferences and so on I hope I shall be able to tell a lot of you more about the Boy Scouts of America, but I would like to end now by saying what I said at the Gilwell Reunion. We are sometimes apt to look at them and think they are odd, but it is as well to remember that they can look at us and think exactly the same! I found it very easy to laugh with them, but I cannot see any reason at all for laughing at a Movement that is rendering sterling service to nearly three million boys.

LUCK OF THE MONTH

By **THE EDITOR**
In Canada

August 7th - As lovely a summer's day as the heart could wish for. I went to church this morning, to a happy, friendly church set graciously among trees - and with all the modern conveniences of a lined-out car park for two hundred cars, bright, modern well-equipped rooms for a Sunday School of 500, and electric kitchens with electric stoves and refrigerators. (Which is what a church, in my opinion, should be: equipped with the best advantages of the age it lives in to do its work. Churches need all today's advantages to deal with the problems of today.) It was interesting, too, to see beside the Union Flag and the flag of St. George in the church, the flag of the United Nations.

And how moving it was to sing all this way across the world "We love Thy place, O God" and to join in the familiar prayers.

Having, only half in earnest, murmured of a liking for tea, am provided at every meal by my kind hostess with my own pot of delicious Orange Pekoe.

August 8th. - If occasionally you find me writing "And you know what else?" you must blame my host Frank Worth's five-year-old grandson, David, a dark-eyed iffip with a voice like chocolate cream and enough charm to keep an average film star. going for about ten years,

August 9th. - Last evening was taken to a "Drive-in Theatre" of which Toronto has four. Frank and Susy Worth drove me there. You drive in (as though in England you might be driving into a rather well-appointed car park): you lean from your car to buy tickets, at this point turning out your car lights. You drive on and find yourself in a large horseshoe-shaped driveway, divided (if that is the word) into "rows" into one of which you drive your car. We drove into the fourth "row." The ground of each row is banked slightly so that each car slopes gently upward. Ahead of us against the glowing dahlia colours of the western sky reared a great screen. Next, from a post (there was one between each pair of cars), Frank took a coil to the end of which was attached a "speaker" and suspended it inside the car window. By means of a button-switch the "sound" is now switched on inside your car and can be modulated at will. And there comfortable in our car we sat and watched on the screen against the now-darkened sky two all-colour films while with us in row upon row folks in five hundred or so other cars shared r pleasure. There was an interval for buying candies, hot dogs and cokes if you wanted to. It was twenty minutes after midnight when we drove out, one of many sleek, long, beautiful cars, their headlights gleaming, purring home swiftly and on the right hand side of the road, through the neon-lit night.

August 10th. - I have so far discovered that "pavement" is Canadian for road, "sidewalk" Canadian for pavement. A "wiener roast" is "hot dogs" cooked on an outdoor brick-built grill - a sort of miniature barbecue. I have eaten lima beans, corn on the cob, blueberries, toasted brown bread-bacon and tomato sandwiches (delicious!), canteloupe melon and ice cream, and fruit salad as the main course for lunch.

I am impressed by the vivid original road-signs and by the vast help-yourself stores with their packaged vegetables and fruit, their excellent organisation including trolleys to wheel round while you buy a vast variety of foods, and their electric-eye doors; interested in the tall elaborate television aerials; satisfied that the Toronto Globe and Mail prints the English cricket results; and surprised by every Canadian's instant realisation that I am an Englishman!

All eyes are on Connie. (No! No! No! - Connie is a Hurricane which is roaring up the east coast along much the same path taken last October by Hazel which Toronto will long remember.) Taken to dinner at the Town and Country Club, a beautifully appointed buffet, where for a fixed price of 2 dollars 25 cents you can help yourself to turkey, chicken, ham, tongue, many vegetables and sauces and salads, various fish (or hot roast beef, or duck, or chicken) as many times as you like. (Delicious sweets and coffee are extra but in no way obligatory.) What an evening out it would be for the Senior Scouts I know!

August 11th. - Taken by Johnny Snow to see Jamboree site, some 90 miles away by road. (I'm getting use to 80 m.p.h., too, while 50 m.p.h. seems almost standing still.) Had joy of meeting old friends, some of whom had until now been visible only as well-known signatures at the ends of welcome letters. Saw my first poison ivy and Niagara Falls, and impressed by both.

Interested to know that throughout this week the Rovers of Ontario have been holding a Rover Moot on the site, the theme being "Work for the Jamboree." Their programme has consisted of days of working like young slaves, but has left evenings free for discussions, visits and Camp Fires, though these have been ruthlessly and willingly abandoned if the need arose (as it did). I think Rovers everywhere might make a note of their Canadian brothers' example. Can it be that we should have no Rover problem if we considered Rover Scouting as a Training-through-Service section only?

August 12th. - Must note the Coca Cola machines at the Jamboree which, when you insert any coin, give you a bottle of ice-cold coke, your change, and will take off the cap of the bottle for you and drop it somewhere into its complicated intestines.

August 13th. - Travelled yesterday with Frank and his wife to Ottawa (294 miles in 5½ hours, which is reasonable going). Particularly interested in the fields of corn (i.e. maize), buckwheat and tobacco and the masses of wild golden rod, and in the sturdy rectangular tables with seats attached set back here and there along the highway for wayside meals. Stayed at my first Motel. Saw the loveliest sunset I can ever remember drown itself in the Ottawa River.

Today toured Ottawa and then came on by the road along the St. Lawrence River, through 1,000 Islands National Park, and write this in my second Motel in Gananoque on a day when Connie died in a fury, tearing down (we were soon to hear) tents and marquees at the Jamboree site, destroying furiously. Our Canadian colleagues saw the work of days stamped into the ground while they fought successfully to save and salvage.

Enjoyed a perfect meal at "The Golden Apple"; waited on by demure (and bewitching) High School girls on vacation.

August 16th. - Joined Geoff Birch and the half-dozen Rovers who will be the British H.Q. Service Crew. Crossed to Jamboree by steamer. Temperature and humidity so high that our theme song has become "dem bones, dem bones, dem dry bones." Fortunately the Coca Cola supplies are inexhaustible. We set to work moving and sorting and delivering to sub-camp sites the 320 bulky, heavy, awkward packages (total weight 14 tons) belonging to the British contingent.

August 17th. - Saw my first praying mantis.

August 18th. - The British Scouts have arrived on the S.S. Cayuga (flying a Scout flag, too): and all round the tents are going up, the flags beginning to flutter a little in the hot afternoon. Our Canadian brothers are about to reap, in the happiness of 10,000 Scouts, the long hours of planning, of patient answering of a million questions, of their sound organisation and their imaginative planning.

August 19th. - Spoke at Niagara-on-the-Lake's Kiwani Luncheon. We drank first the toast to Her Majesty the Queen and then to the President of the United States, singing both National Anthems in turn. Most kind and generous reception.

(Now for the rest of the Jamboree you must turn to another page. But I must allow myself one postscript. Outside the large tent which houses "Movement Control," and says so on a large card, some wag has placed an equally large advertisement. It reads "Castor Oil...")

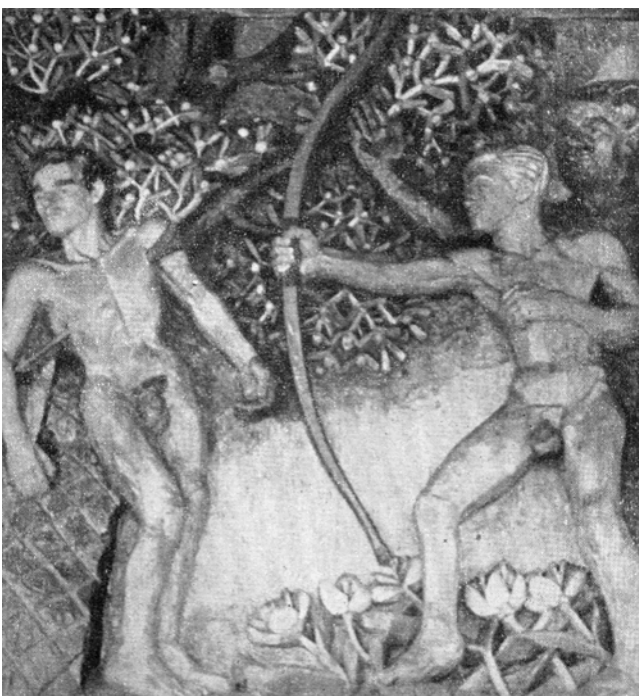
REX HAZLEWOOD.

11. JOURNEY IN AN EIGHT POUND CAR - II

By IAN BLAKE

The next two days saw us amid the beautiful countryside of south Norway, and a town like Brevik is worth a journey on its own. It lies near the coast and the town is divided in two because it is situated on a small fjord. We saw it one evening at sunset. The water had in it every shade of gold and red, and the pine trees on the surrounding hills provided a sombre and fitting framework. The light faded quickly as we watched, leaving only the half-light of a summer dusk. It was then, as we rounded a corner, we saw the town for the first time. There were no definite shapes, just vague shadows, ill defined and multi-toned. Interspersed with these shadows were yellow lamps. Hundreds more of these lights spotted the dark hill-sides and those near the water's edge threw long wavering reflections, like fingers, across the uneasy surface of the fjord. We crossed by a small ferry and had a meal on the far side, then leaving this fairyland, we pressed on, for we wanted to be within easy reach of Oslo the following day. We did not actually make camp until about four in the morning, when we were within a dozen miles of Oslo. Some people might say that travelling after dark has fallen means missing the scenery, but we found very often that we lost nothing by seeing some of the country in moonlight.

Oslo we found was a beautiful city, full of the most unusual sights. Children bathing in a large fountain at the town centre, the Vigeland Park, full of statues depicting human life and the "Seven Ages of Man," the Kon Tiki raft and the Fram ships tied up at the waterfront only a stone's throw from the civic buildings. As there was a railway centenary going on we even saw a very ancient engine going through the streets, with the guard and drivers wearing old fashioned costumes, including beard and whiskers! We were shown all round the town by Scouts and eventually we arrived at a youth hostel in the grounds of which we were to camp. Two amusing things happened here: one was when Garry and John took the motor-cycle to see Oslo at night. They got into the town centre all right, but could not remember where they had to go to return; this was due mainly to the fact that there seemed to be a large number of one-way streets. You will not believe this, but they did not even know the name of the youth hostel! The police directed them to a youth hostel, but the wrong one! There are evidently *three* in Oslo. They arrived back about five o'clock in the morning very tired and rather bad tempered; everyone else was highly amused. The other incident affected everyone, for we woke up and found that our "camp site" - due to the fact that it had been allocated in the dark - was about fifty yards from a footpath!



This path was a short cut for all the residents in that suburb I should think, because dozens of them went past. Unfortunately the door faced that way so dressing was done under difficulties; those who have tried it in a hike-tent know just what I mean. When we left Oslo we went on towards the border and we dispensed with tents altogether on several nights and slept under the stars. Often it was very late when we stopped, but as there was little private land and very few farms we drew into the wooded roadside and found adequate sites very near the road which was rarely very full of traffic. Admittedly they were not *all* ideal but they were sufficient and we had not the time to spend hours searching. The motor-cycle came in very handy for site finding even though it was occasionally rather dramatic. One night for instance, John was on the bike. He turned up a woodland path, but on a slippery part the bike went into a ditch. It looked extremely funny from behind; he managed to right it, however, and as he got on it once more, he touched the clutch, it shot off the road and both bike and rider disappeared completely from view into the ditch and were lost to sight. All we could see was a bush waving furiously in the light of our head-lamps and a red tail light occasionally visible!

We crossed the border from Norway to Sweden about eleven o'clock one morning. It was a very odd feeling. I don't think anything can be quite so singular as the thought, "I'm now in another country, one I've never before visited!" At the first big town we cashed some travellers' cheques and found that we only received about half as many kronen as we had done in Norway. This meant that bacon cost 10s. by our reckoning.

A small flag cost about 7s. 6d. when we filled up the car with petrol this cost the equivalent of £8 for 15 gallons! As our information had said nothing about this, we went to the bank to see if we had left some behind, and we eventually discovered they had thought our cheques were dollars and had cashed accordingly! This put right, much to our relief, we quickly realised that prices were very reasonable.

None of us had ever visited Sweden before and we were particularly impressed by the south. It is a low-lying country, thickly wooded with a great number of lakes. It is less rugged than Norway but very lovely scenery, and although I have never been to Canada it reminded me of pictures I have seen of timberlands in the north.

Truth to tell, we didn't like Stockholm when we reached it. It is a huge city very like any other European city, much as London or Liverpool. The shops are tall with American style window dressing and neon signs. The traffic goes extremely fast, and it is a perfect maze of traffic lights and coloured advertisements. We were, however, very well received by the Scout Headquarters there, they were very pleased to see us and helped us to find a campsite. This turned out to be the Troop H.Q. of the Gustav Haasa Troop. We could not camp for it is all indoors, but we had the run of the place for the weekend. It had a kitchen - apart from anything else - which made cooking a very much easier operation. It was in Stockholm that we bought some flour. Although none of us could speak Norwegian or Swedish we found many people could speak English. On this occasion, however, we had pointed to a bag marked "FLOR." It was only as we were using it for soup and gravy thickening that we realised it was really icing sugar!

Several of the Gustav Haasa Troop came to visit us and show as around. It was a marvellous Headquarters with everything a Troop could desire. There was a sort of "Holy of holies" magnificently decorated with trophies and pictures. If anywhere could be said to have the atmosphere of Scouting that room had it. Scouting was very much alive: each Patrol had its own den hidden somewhere in the walls and they could visit it at any time. It was in every way ideal. It gave us something at which to aim.

As we had been abroad previously as Scouters - and how useful that experience was to us - we knew we had to be ready to do "camp fire" turns or to entertain in general. We came prepared even to the extent of carrying a Haggis!

We had also a gramophone with some records for Scottish country dancing. As it happened we were asked to give a demonstration at "Scansen" - a great amusement park in the centre of Stockholm. This amazing place is thronged with people each Saturday night. One can dance, dine, listen to concerts or simply walk around. There are open many stalls selling fruit, toys, sweets, drinks, etc., and the girls who serve are wearing the different traditional national costumes. We did not feel at all out of place. Apart from the fact that we had locked all the doors of the car and were a long time without means of opening them and so were unable to get the gram-

ophone, everything went off fairly well (I say fairly well because we had to dance on a platform which had a shiny surface!).

Anyone who has done any Scottish dancing will realise what this means. At one stage "Hamilton House" became a flying ballet, when Robert lost his balance, and as we were holding hands and circling at the time he flew out rather like a governor on an engine. Everything ended well, however, and we were even applauded. We were told later that the people of Stockholm do *not* applaud 'lust to be polite.' We were glad we hadn't been told before.

(To be continued)

ROVER ROUNDABOUT

A thing which so often puzzles me is the apparent lack of interest shown by people in the Movement in the world of Scouting outside their own particular Crew, Group or District. In many cases it doesn't extend outside their own Crew or Group. A very outstanding example was brought home to me with great force only this last month. In case any of you didn't know, we have had a Jamboree in Canada and & broadcast was arranged by the B.B.C. with a link up to the camp. How few of our folk could have listened. Those I have mentioned it to seemed amazed and in my own District they missed hearing our representative. "But, if only I'd known." Yes, if only you had.

Many of the Rovers I meet don't know of this page - something that deals with their own section; many others look blank when I speak of *The Rover Rag*; some have other looks, ranging from deep black to intense white. But enough, we won't go into their feelings. I met an A.D.C. who hadn't read of our new I.H.Q. Commissioner. It really beats the band. What real interest have these folk in the Movement as a world-wide Brotherhood? I feel that the time has arrived when those of us who have the chance of going round should make it our business to point out the disadvantages of these parochially-bound members, otherwise they would be better off in a club atmosphere. Even Ralph's Scout Club would be outside their ken, and who knows they may even hear of the Rover Service jobs that will be crying out to be done in 1957, not only on the actual camp site but wherever the visiting Scouts, Rovers and Scouters are likely to be. Yes, even in your "Godforsaken Dump." Makes you think - I hope.

But cheering news this month. Devon A.C.C. Rovers writes: "I have been doing a bit of County visiting this summer and I have been most pleased by the Youth of many of our Crews! Is it the reflection of flames I see in the Devon sky - somebody 'shot down'? And they don't sit round their own hearth. Some of the lads helped at a camp run for probationers by three Probation Officers (what a privilege to help on such a venture), and now there is the chance of developing a camp site provided by the National Trust at Hembury, wood for a cabin and many facilities for a real and lasting memorial to active Rovering."

I am heartened and inspired each time I visit Downe site in Kent to remember the working parties of London Rovers who did such grand work there when it was first taken over, and who still work there now; indeed some of my own District are there once a month.

We can't all be Scouters, but we can be of use to our younger brothers in this way. Encourage your Crews to do this work. Short of a programme? Not when there are camp sites waiting for helpers; and I'll let you into a secret - they I do a lot of work during the I winter months. How about your Crew spending a weekend or even a good long day in the open air. You D.R.S.L.s and A.D.C.s.; go on, take 'em; it's the best way of getting to know the fellows.

"Crew's News" from Hove (Sussex, for you ignoramuses) is a colossal job telling of, I should imagine, every Crew member. They ask "Is it true that our Rover Crew is the only one in England which is attached to a Scout Group sponsored by a school?" Go on tell 'em - Pete Eustace, Brighton Grammar School, Dyke Road, Hove, 4. A very inspiring "write up" of one of the members' Gilwell Course should help folk make up their minds to venture even from the delights of Hove.

Derby sent a note on what they feel is a first-class Rover job - 30 tons of timber collected from Chatsworth Park during the winter ready for the County Scout Rally, when, in four days, 3,000 Scouts used it up. Fellows travelled at great expense and no small inconvenience from all parts of the country from November to Whitsun, and quite a few had adventures which will be told over Den fires and cups of tea: how old Fred stood up to the keepers and dogs who mistook him for a Christmas tree thief; what Alf said when his Crew got locked in the Park and the Crew that arrived one week-end wet and bedraggled to learn that they had not been told of the cancellation of their working party.

A letter, too, from a young man whose career is the R.A.F. in the West Country, who has a Senior Scout cum Rover Crew of apprentices. They come, they go, and many leave having had a taste of the spirit of Rovering. I met some of these chaps at a Moot - a happy, carefree, wise-cracking crowd. He tells me that many write and tell him that Scouting is still with them, that they have teamed up at their new posting, and that the aim of the Crew is being fulfilled. How encouraging to hear their highlights this year - to be the hosts for the Somerset County Rover Moot. A very good programme covering libraries, ropes and spars complete with ditch, film show, singsong, talk on "The Order of St. John" with an ambulance to be inspected (I can almost hear some of these cracks), an 0.22 shooting competition (some targets I understand will make good doilies, if you don't mind the centre being solid), an R.A.F. padre took the Rovers' Own, and to bring the Moot to a lively finish there was an open Forum where "steam was let off." Yes, I bet it was!

Now if you haven't taken your chaps to a Moot this year, I hear of sundry Rover-Ranger "do's" booked for this winter. How about taking the chance and getting some leave of absence from your own area? New ideas, fresh contacts, all will help in the development of your Crew. If it isn't possible now, make sure that you get to Gilwell next Easter. I have heard something of the planning of the Moot and I it should be quite a do. Well, don't bum the den down by getting the chimney red hot, and too much tannin from tea "don't do you no good neither."

JACK SKILLEN.

To Keep You Thinking

Almost every person, if you will believe himself, holds a quite different theory of life from the one on which he is patently acting.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(Virginibus Puerisque)

JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF SCOUTING

The Old Wolves of the District were worried It wasn't young Bill this time or the Parents' Evenings, it was the Census Return. "All those Cubs gone up and only these few still in the Troop. No good just slinging mud at the Scouts. Some of it will come back, and rightly so. Perhaps we haven't given our boys a proper picture of where the Jungle Trail leads a Cub. Let's use our imagination and take them on the true Journey. We'll use it as a theme for our District Competition." They did, and this is how it worked. The D.C.M. acted as the Leader of the Journey, and the various tests were competed for by a Six from each Pack. We held it in a meadow with a wood at one side.

Note. - The Leader tells the story of the Journey as it progresses between Tests.

"Listen to me," said the Leader, "and I will tell you of a journey we will make, a journey both long, difficult, dangerous," etc., etc. Once started, no one must fall out, or turn back - bravely we will go forward to the land which awaits us. Only Cubs who have cared for their bodies are fit to start.

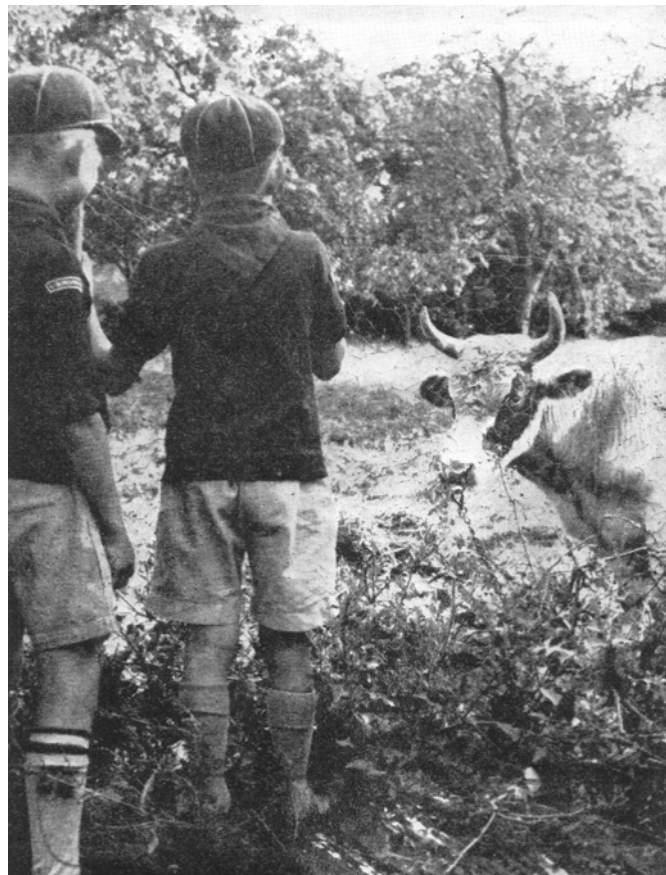
1. Inspection and Grand Howl

We have proved our fitness but still need something just as important - Courage. Whatever happens and however afraid we are, we must never flinch but do our best. Let us promise to follow our leaders and even when we face great odds show we will always TRY.

Fit and loyal we are, but our fitness can only be maintained by enough food and as some of the journey is over desolate hills we must provide stores.

2. Ball Catching Relay. (The passing of stores - hand to hand.)

We are ready and the journey starts. Our path so far is easy, which is fortunate, as some of our Cubs are young and will need help. The wise Old Wolves prepare them, as they go, for trials to come.



DOES IT BITE?

3. Tenderpads' Test Competition

Soon we shall approach dense woods, teeming with brigands. Travelling as one body will only lead to ambush and disaster. We will split into small bands, and each take our own paths. Now, if ever, is the time for instant obedience, the Cub must give in to the Old Wolf, by voice and sign.

4. Obedience Competition. (Quickness to obey signs and symbols, e.g., forming Sixes, freezing, forming Pack circle, squatting, etc.)

We are following separate paths, but our outposts must keep contact. From time to time, they will meet but in the gloom of the woods must learn to recognise friend from foe. The true Scouts will carry a symbol of friendship and trust - a Union Jack. Beware of false symbols.

5. Flags Competition

We are safely through the woods and push on. Gradually the path climbs upwards and in the distance can be seen the barren hills. Soon our path will be over rocky ledges and along dizzy paths. We must be agile and walk upright, have clear heads.

6. Agility Competition. (Book balancing, hopping, leap-frog)

Stores are running short and the hills barren. We must hunt now or perish on the heights.

7. Dance of Bagheera

The kill is made, the hunters return tired, and parties are sent out to bring in the meat.

8. Knot Competition

On we go, upwards and onwards. Now is the time when our fitness and courage are tested. If we do our best, however, we shall win and soon a land of adventure and comradeship will spread out before us as we breast the last hill. For years, those of this happy land have waited for Cubs who set out on this same journey, and won

There it is, the Land of Scouting. Let us signal a message to their outposts, we have won through. Now we can see all the hard work and keen play was worth it.

9. Signalling Competition

The Scout Outposts have seen us. They are sending a message for all of us to read.

10. Scouting Message

A Scout appears from the wood and slowly sends a message, e.g., "Well done Cubs," and points were given to the first Cub who dashed up with the correct message.

Then from out of the trees burst a Patrol yelling as they ran. We all yelled back "Hallo" - "Glad to see you" and they shook hands with the Leader and some of the Cubs.

Then for the last time, the Leader spoke: "Cubs, you have arrived safely at the end of your first journey. You will go on - in the Troop, but we, your Akelas, must return. For back along the trail are other young Cubs also wanting to make this journey. We must go back and fetch them - but you go on. Good Scouting in your Troop - from us all."

The competition was over, and we hope the lesson learnt for Cubs and Old Wolves.

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



TWO "LOUVETEAUX" PLAYING KIM'S GAME

FOR AKELA'S NOTEBOOK

39. CUB CAPERS - IDEAS FOR THE PARENTS' EVENING

The following six activities were carried out at the recent Suffolk Cub Palava, using Cubs for each caper with such enthusiasm that the ideas might be worth noting for a special occasion.

C. Circle game

Pack forms a circle about 15 or 20 ft. across. Make three chalk marks about 3 ft. apart in the form of a triangle in the centre of the circle, and on each of these marks place an empty "Vim" tin or carton. With one tennis ball between them it is the task of those in the circle to knock down all three cartons, whilst a Cub in the centre makes valiant endeavours to replace the cartons as they are knocked down. Cub knocking down third carton takes his place in the centre. A most exciting game for the onlookers to watch.

A. Accident!

A Post Office telephone is borrowed for each Six who are in relay formation at the other end of the Den. A list of four-figured telephone numbers showing Doctor, Ambulance, Police, etc., hangs near the telephones. Each Cub in turn runs to his telephone, lifts the receiver and dials the next number on the list. When completed he replaces the receiver, returns to his Six and touches off the next Cub. This is not intended to be a race but practice at dialing.

P. Progress

A progress chart is prepared showing at the top the simplest of Cub tests, e.g., Law, Salute, Reef Knot, Hopping, etc., and down the side the name of each Cub taking part. An examiner is required for each test (Parents or Scouts could do this) and each Cub "passes" as many tests as he can, in whatever order he chooses, in a given time.

Some speedy means of marking the Progress Chart is necessary and one who knows the Cubs' names has an advantage.

E. Expression

The Sixers are given three trick paper rings which have to be cut around the centre with a pair of scissors, and unless they know the trick, are quite surprised at the results much to everyone's amusement. The two youngest are asked to make a paper windmill, whilst the remainder are each shown how to fold and make a paper dart, with an endurance flight at the end.

R. Relay race

Cubs in two rows facing each other. The Sixer is given a fair sized potato and a table fork. At the start of the race the Sixer throws the potato into the air about six inches, and catches it on the end of the fork, then he runs around the Six and hands the potato and the fork, separately, to the next Cub, who repeats the process. (First attempts are disappointing, but they soon get the idea and there are shrieks of joy from the customers when the potato is impaled.)

S. Soccer

This really was the Cup Final, the match at Wembley the previous day was only a rehearsal!

Two teams of Cubs duly bedecked with the favours of Newcastle United and Manchester City, with a couple of chairs for goal posts and a tennis ball. Play is exactly like Association Football EXCEPT that each Cub must grasp his ankles whilst he is playing, which slows down the proceedings enormously! Two to three minutes each way is plenty - for the teams.

MARTYN LAMB.

Senior Scout Scrapbook
51. LOOK WIDE

To an imaginative boy in the middle of the twentieth century, the horizons must be far, far away. Science and human endeavour in the fields of knowledge and exploration have made this earth so small that the boy's thoughts and ambitions reach beyond this planet and even into outer space.

In the world of human relationships, a narrow outlook has always been condemned as dangerous, but world views on an all-embracing scale can conceivably be more dangerous. Just as the tendency to impose such grand ideas on local communities can militate against their individuality and freedom, so the adoption of a wide progressive outlook by our young men can be dangerous unless based on a sound unifying principle acceptable to all. We believe that with our common heritage of the "Promise and Law" the Senior Scouts can safely follow their motto towards a full life of wide horizons.

It is one of the central duties of all of us to be "real persons," unified entities with a sense of purpose in life. Our Founder emphasised the basic aim in Scouting as the development of character in efficient individuals. It is thus our duty to encourage our Senior Scouts to educate themselves along the paths that lead to a full and interesting life.

Many factors naturally affect this development. Perhaps the one that the individual can do least about is heredity, but today that factor need not deter anybody. Circumstances and environment have their effect, but they can be overcome - Glen Cunningham, condemned by his doctors never to walk again after injury in a school fire, persevered by leaning on a plough, and later ran a mile in 4 minutes 4.4 seconds; great works, including the Pilgrim's Progress, were written in gaol. The greatest factor, and the one that we can do most about, is undoubtedly personal response, and while we concede that our schools can do much to foster this desire to be real persons, their main function is to impart knowledge and not wisdom. This is where we believe Senior Scouting, with its progressive training adapted to the changing psychology of the growing boy, can guide him to a proper development of himself.

This makes the work of the Scoutmaster (5) very important and his responsibility very great. One must always remember that the mind of the boy that looks at the star during a night hike is infinitely more marvellous than the star itself. It is an honour to participate in the training of that mind.

What do the "over fifteen" boys expect in the Senior section? They expect seven things at least.

S miles
 E llo
 N o or Yes
 I deals
 O utdoors
 R ecognition
 S ervice

Smiles. It is of the utmost importance that we should remember that Scouts join the Movement in order to have a good time. One can say with reasonable certainty that boys of fifteen years of age appreciate our ideals as embodied in the "Promise and Law," but that is not why they join - but rather, to have fun in their *spare* time.

Since they can do what they like with their spare time, they only stay with us and take part in our programme if they have a good time while doing it.

We must have a good time at it too, and should lead them for the fun of it rather than from a sense of duty.

Ello. In order that young men may enjoy themselves, they must have fellowship. Boys of senior age work together because they get on well together, or, because of a similarity of interests, they want to be friends and stay together. Generally they follow their activities like fishing, hiking, camping, cycling, dates, in twos and threes; Senior Scout Patrols should consequently be small in numbers, four being a convenient maximum. In order to enable the boy to follow a healthy normal social life, the fellowship should include girls, and close co-operation with the Rangers, etc., should always be encouraged and be an integral part of the programme.

No or Yes. Young men have a keen desire to manage their own affairs and make their own decisions, and a section of the Movement designed for young men should be run by young men.

Ideals. Ideals like "fair play" are well developed in teenagers and although their ideals are not refined by experience, neither are they warped by prejudices like ours. Since young men are forever looking for yardsticks with which to measure their activities and conduct themselves, our ideals must be of the highest and our example beyond reproach.

Outdoors. Senior Scouts are no longer satisfied with the games and activities of the Troop room; they want to use their great physical strength and pit their abilities against the forces of nature; they crave for excitement and thrills.

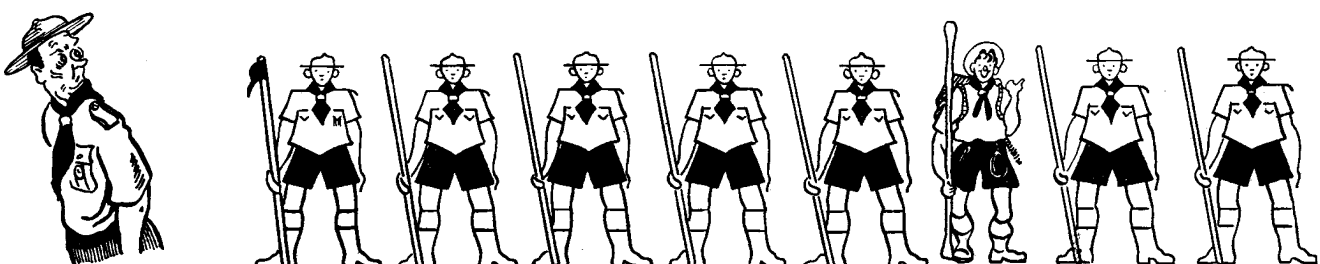
Recognition as men. Boys of this age require to be treated as men. In their desire to prove that they can take a man's place in the world, they appreciate being taken and treated as equals and abhor adult domination. Towards this end, we must learn to see the young man beneath the older boy on the surface, and must gain their confidence by understanding their ambitions. They have their problems too, and we must always be prepared to allow for the shifting loyalties that result from the conflicts of abilities and ambitions.

Service. It becomes very clear when working with young men of 15-18 years of age that their interests are far from being selfish and shallow. They invariably want to know how they can co-operate in the life of the community and be a part of it - and being human, they like their usefulness to be recognised.

We believe that all these desires are met in a Senior Scout programme calculated to provide:

L eadership and mature counsel
 O utdoor activities
 O ccupational guidance
 K nightly sense of service

W orld Brotherhood
 I deals
 D iscipline
 E xperience in democratic life



OUR DISTRICT

By A.D.C.

Leadership and Mature Counsel. A useful motto for the successful Scoutmaster (5) might be "Tactful advice, not technical skill." He can always obtain the services of the expert on skills, but the boys look to him for mature advice. Towards this end, it is important that he be liked by his boys, since his influence will naturally depend on their confidence in him, and on his ability to decide when to speak and when to keep quiet.

Outdoors. The Boy Scout Movement was the first to lead boys to a knowledge of the great outdoors. The sense of stability engendered by communion with nature can be of profound influence in the years of change and adolescence. The boy who prepared for this day by learning to camp as a youngster, and to be at home in strange surroundings can appreciate to the full the combination of quiet beauty and vigorous adventure that we can provide for him in our outdoor programme.

Occupational guidance. We have a grand opportunity in Senior Scouting of noticing where the craft taught touches on natural abilities. Much can be done as a result to encourage a boy to aim for a job and not just to go to work. At the same time he will learn that the secret of success is to work hard before playing hard.

Knighly sense of service. Although "service" is the motto of the Rover section, the Senior Scout is not too young to learn of the examples set by the knights in service and dedication. He can thus prepare himself by developing all his natural talents so that he can later make a responsible contribution to the common good.

World-wide Brotherhood. The greater opportunities for travel and exploration which are available to the older boy, together with his greater appreciation of world problems, can lead to a profound understanding of the value of our World-wide Brotherhood, and can later be a great power for world peace.

Ideals. The history of our Movement, and the fact that so many who are now regarded as national heroes by our teenagers - like some of the Everest conquerors, have been members of it, both testify to the fact that our "Promise and Law" are not "kid-stuff" but a worthy ideal for all to follow.

Discipline. Our experience shows that the Seniors like discipline, and apart from the general orderliness of our programmes and meetings, our Proficiency Badge system is a good tool of self-discipline since the boys work with an aim in view, and no awards are made until the necessary badges and proficiency are attained.

Experience in Democracy. The Senior programme should always be planned by the Patrol or Troop in Council. In this way they can all take part and learn to respect the wisdom of working according to the will of the majority.

There is a great future for Senior Scouting, and its members can look forward to a full life of activity and service provided they remember to look wide:

Looking back - to the Movement for inspiration, and giving it their help. Looking to the left - to the "Promise and Law" for support. Looking to the right - to the Queen as a symbol of service to the community. Looking upwards - to God, for strength and guidance.

A little boy, standing on his father's shoulder, claimed to be able to see farther than his father. We should be proud, if as a result of the application of our shoulders to the task, some boy may be able to get a wider view and a greater vision of the divinity which is within him.

W. LLOYD JENKINS.

This evening I had a depressing visit from Grummet, who runs (or runs after) the 29th Seniors.

"Four more gone," he said as he threw himself with a hopeless gesture into my best armchair and stared balefully into the tobacco-jar that I had carefully emptied at his approach. I knew that if there were plenty of tobacco he would stay a long time, and I prefer to take Grummet in very small doses.

"I suppose you mean," I said sadly, "that you've lost four more of your Seniors. What was the trouble this time?"

"Just the usual thing. The modern boy has absolutely no idea of discipline. If you give him a perfectly reasonable order and insist on obedience to it, he sulks. It was very different when I was a Scout, in old Bludyer's Troop back in..

"I'm sure it was," I said. "But why did these four fellows leave?"

"Trousers," he said. "I was fed up with them coming to the meeting with trousers over their shorts, and blossoming into full uniform only when they were safely in the Den. It's been going on for months. Tony Farrell started it, and then of course his pal George Becker did the same, and last night there were four of them, so I sent them home and scratched the meeting, as there were only two others there. I gave it to them pretty straight and told them if they were ashamed of appearing in the streets in uniform it meant they were ashamed of being Scouts, and suggested that if that were so they'd better pack up altogether."

"And what did they say?"

"They said they were fed up with being nagged, and resigned on the spot. I'm sorry to lose them, of course, but I'm sure I acted rightly. If you don't insist on a standard you'll never get anywhere. .

Grummet departed, and old Hankin called soon afterwards to ask when the Badge Secretary's funeral was. I told him the Badge Secretary was still alive, and he said sarcastically that he had supposed he was dead as he had promised to fix up a test for his (Hankin's) Seniors, and forgotten all about it.

"Talking of Seniors," I said, "poor old Grummet has a bit of a problem.. maybe you can suggest a solution."

"He's been round to me for advice already," said Hankin, "but of course it's trying to lock the stable door after the horses have gone. He really lost those four boys six months ago, when he first let Tony Farrell get away with the trousers-over-shorts trick. It's happened in every Troop since the Movement began, I suppose, and the only way to deal with it is to crack down on it the first time it happens. Breaches of discipline, and all sorts of slackness in Troops and Crews and Packs, are like weeds in a garden.

You've got to grub them up as soon as they appear, or you'll be choked by them. It's as easy for a boy to accept a high standard as to accept a low standard, but what he won't stomach is an uncertain standard.



"Harold says, can he have it on the nod and he'll square up on his birthday?"

If your parade starts at eight every week the chaps will roll up at eight. If it's timed for eight and you once start it at eight-five the chaps will roll up between eight-ten and eight-fifteen. Grummet has lost four good boys because six months ago he was frightened of losing Tony Farrell by cracking down on him. A lot of our leakage from the Movement is due to the fact that, in lowering our standards rather than offend one valued boy, we destroy the whole fabric of discipline. We forget that 'the game is more than the player of the game, and the ship is more than the Crew'... and so lose game and player, ship and crew."

TROOP NIGHT - X VIII

Tests

The Second and First Class tests are the basis of Scout training; within them lies the "programme" of the Troop night - if it is properly "spiced." That's often been 'said, but it tends to be forgotten.

There are too many Troops where the "programme" has become lopsided. In extreme cases the Troop has become a club for producing Gang Shows, football teams or bugle bands. Oh yes, it happens. I guarantee that you know at least one! These are all fine ventures, as long as they remain "extras." A Scout Troop should scout using the requirements of the Second and First Class Tests as the basis of training.

Many Troops become lopsided, even within the framework of the Tests. The A.S.M. is good at morse and so signalling (morse only) figures largely in every evening's programme; none of the Scouters is good at "birds and trees," so that aspect is ignored! Or, because knots are relatively easy to teach, every meeting includes knotting instruction (no knotting games, just instruction); whereas map reading is not too easy to teach, so it is completely ignored.

No wonder our Scouts don't pass many tests - so rarely do they receive systematic or inspired training. Nor on the other hand, do they receive systematic or inspired testing . . . the Scouter is too busy, there are too many candidates, and testing is difficult to organize - of course it is - no one said it wasn't.

Faced with these problems, we sat down to think things out. You might not agree with our decisions, but at least we made decisions and acted upon them - with results.

First, we considered the tests and tried to decide what purpose they were intended to serve. We decided that:- Tenderfoot Tests are not an examination of the boy's Scouting knowledge. They are the boy's examination of Scouting - a "sampling." The tests are a gateway and the boy passes through it - of his own accord.

Second Class Tests continue the Scout training promised the Recruit. The tests are varied enough to give every boy a chance both to shine and to prove his "stickability." The standard should be altered (quietly) according to the aptitude and ability of the boy; consideration should be given to the progress made, rather than the standard reached. (Editor: please stand by for letters!)

First Class Tests take the Scout training a step further and are a continuation of the Second Class tests. Here a definite standard must be obtained, sufficiently high to make the badge worthwhile, yet not so high that the badge is out of reach of all but the brilliant.

Then, we analysed each of the tests in turn. This took some time. We made notes of all the facts a Scout should know and the extras that can be introduced during instruction. These extras ensure that the Scout is learning other things through the tests. These extras are not to be introduced all at once, but gradually - perhaps one or two during the actual testing. There is obviously not enough space to print the whole of our analysis and to publish only one section would be rather pointless.

Finally, we formulated five simple rules:-

1. Include some Second and First Class work in every meeting either as instruction or a game.
2. Include something "new" during instruction and testing, so that boys are always learning.
3. Give frequent and definite opportunities for testing.
4. In all instruction and testing, be practical.
5. Do not glorify First Class, but hold it before all boys as a Troop tradition.

This all sounds super-efficient and perhaps a little soulless, but it isn't, if implemented in the right way - quietly and with common sense.

Scribe at Court of Honour: "Let's finish the meeting; the minutes are too long already."

Another code (simpler than last time):-

NOTICE

MDSTB SCKS BCQC WBCK
SBC WBDRSHC OHLWR

Idea: Use Edgar Allan Poe's The Gold Bug, to introduce a coding game.

Jam Jar Smash

A blindfold game involving estimation and, on occasions, heart failure. Required one mallet and one jam jar. Jar is placed at far end of room; first contestant is blindfolded and handed the mallet. He must say how many paces he intends to take and then he paces the distance. With one vertical blow he smashes the jar. I've yet to see it smashed ... although there have been moments!

Recruits

A healthy Troop rarely wants for new blood. Once in a while it's a good idea to "recruit" - not openly, of course. If the Troop runs a Christmas Party, ask each Scout to bring a non-Scout friend as his guest. One or two usually come again and on occasions we've found a fourteen or fifteen-year-old "guest" among our keenest Scouts a year later. Obviously you must be selective and guard against upsetting the balance of the Troop, but you can trust the Scouts to bring along the right people.

One of our most notable converts broke his arm during a game of "Elephants" at the Christmas Party . . . but that's another story.

Spillikens

Can anyone explain the history and rules of this game? Looks as if it has possibilities!

Grizzly-isms

If at first you don't succeed - you're normal.

Don't put on an act - boys are shrewd dramatic critics.

Although we're all from the same mould, some are mouldier than others.

Police State

The country has been overrun by a foreign power. In fifteen minutes the secret police will arrive and search the building for evidence of a Scout Troop. The degree to which this can be done depends, of course, on the nature of the Troop H.Q. You might have to limit it to the boys' uniforms. All right. Set.... Go.

Apologia

"Sorry I'm late skipper but - I forgot"

I had a puncture."

I missed the bus."

I forgot my 'subs'."

My tea wasn't ready."

I couldn't find my hat."

I was kept in at school."

I had to finish my homework."

My neckerchief wasn't ironed."

I didn't think it started until 7.15 p.m."

(With apologies to Marghanita Laski.)

Normans and Anglo-Saxons

Normans besieged in castle by Anglo-Saxons. Two groups of Anglo-Saxons communicate by signals. Normans try to interpret signals.

Two Patrols are Anglo-Saxons and confer before the game starts in order to evolve a new and unbreakable visual code. As soon as plans are complete they take up position, a quarter to half a mile apart, in view of one another.

The third Patrol is the Normans (usually the brainiest Patrol or even the Seniors). They take up a position between the two Anglo-Saxon Patrols.

Hand a long message, that requires a long answer, to one of the Anglo-Saxon Patrols. They transmit and the other Patrol replies.

Aim: Normans to interpret message. Purpose: Tests Patrol ingenuity and organisation. Sometimes the Normans come up trumps, but it's not too easy. The ingenuity of some of the codes has been astounding.

Idea: First time you play this game, hand a copy of message to Normans as well and ask them to read answer.

Seen in reading:

Wanted: a good sleeping-bag in exchange for a large, string rucsac. (idea for an STA?)

After dinner we had mire activities and a Klondike. (*last summer?*)

After that we had Little Squirrel and Baloo for lunch. (*'au grad,,'*?)

Ideas to throw to Court of Honour:-

1. A Christmas Party for local poor children, as a Christmas good turn.

2. A visit abroad instead of a summer camp.

3. Helping to pay for 1 or 2 by collection of wastepaper, jam jars, bean labels or organising a bring and buy sale or whist drive. Secret: Make campaign short, but intensive and thorough. This can only be achieved by advanced publicity and enthusiasm.

Twenty-four hours before the Troop meeting, leave a one-inch map and a Grid Reference at the home of each of your P.L.s. The Troop meeting will be held at the Grid Reference. In summer the obvious site is out in the country; in winter, how about the Grid Reference of the town baths (it'll have to be an accurate reference- - bathing costumes in the reference library look peculiar).

This stunt tests the P.L.'s ability to organise his Patrol. Does he know where they live? Has he built up a communications network so that he can contact them quickly?

Other ideas come to mind. ... Meeting is being held in occupied country. ... Scouts to pass through cordon of sentries... I leave the details to you!

D. GRISBROOK



*'Nescafé-
pure coffee
made right in
the cup'*

Anyone can make *real* coffee—
with Nescafé—right in the
cup or billy. No grounds,
no bother, no *waste*. Just
a teaspoonful of Nescafé;
near boiling water and milk
and sugar to taste. Try it
—you'll find it's the nicest
coffee you've ever had.

*there's always
time for*

NESCAFÉ
100% PURE INSTANT COFFEE

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

BOOKS

RELIGION

The Ki-Ro Handbook. Compiled by the Rev. P. W. Corrigan (Catholic Scout Advisory Council, 4s.).

This is primarily a handbook for Scouters and Guiders of Roman Catholic Sponsored Groups and attached Companies, planned to give them the maximum possible assistance in training their Cubs, Scouts and Guides for the Ki-Ro badge. As would be expected of the compiler, who is National Roman Catholic Scout Chaplain for England and Wales, it is characterised by a sound practical common-sense approach, which is well illustrated by this quotation from the introduction: "To safeguard the traditional omniscience of the Scouter... the explanatory notes have been prepared to meet the most ingenious questions likely to be devised by the sharp wits of the young."(!) The book will be of the very greatest value to those for whom it is intended, and in my capacity as Secretary of the I.H.Q. Religious Advisory Panel I give it a warm welcome.

Occasionally I receive suggestions from clergymen that something should be done to apply the Scout method to the teaching of religion. Well, here is a contribution and one which has the merit of being a very comprehensive one. Even if the Wide Game with the intriguing title of "Christians and Devils" does not fit in with one's own religious ideas, yet its significance can be appreciated and there are numerous examples of other games and activities which will give food for thought. I recommend the book to those interested in this side of Scouting.

CHARLES WOOD.

A Doctor's Faith Holds Fast, by Christopher Woodard (Parrish, 12s. 6d.).

Only a fool would deny that there is any truth in such matters as faith healing, spiritualism, hypnotism, telepathy and charismatism. Unfortunately the truth is difficult to find because the field is so fruitful for charlatans and knaves, and our language is so inadequate at times to describe the phenomena experienced. Dr. Woodard has made a brave attempt to set down on paper what he believes, and in the main has been successful and lucid. He undoubtedly has great faith and this faith has been used with benefit in healing the sick. Some of the conditions described are couched in such loose terms and presented in such a way that the reader can be misled. The author, being a qualified doctor, to the lay mind speaks with enhanced authority. Herein lies danger, for even doctors can be misled so that their words must be weighed up with even greater scepticism before a true assessment is made.

After reading this book I found myself thinking quite a lot and wondering to what extent I believe in faith healing. The book is provocative, and in parts is a strong attack on accepted medical practice, while in other parts the Church comes in for strong criticism. I do advise those who read it to keep an open mind until they have finished it, and then to ponder it as a whole. I think they will agree that there is something in what Dr. Woodard says, but he is an enthusiast for this particular subject so probably says too much. Might it not be simply that he is focusing upon, and thereby magnifying another facet of the well known and accepted subject of psychosomatic medicine.

If you can read this book intelligently it is worth reading - but if not, be careful. It could be dangerous!

J. H. S

R.A.F.

The Third Service, by Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert (Thames and Hudson, £1 1s.).

The Air Scouter (and this is a book rather for the Scouter than the Scout) who is looking for a potted history of the Royal Air Force must seek elsewhere - Sir Philip does not profess to recross ground already covered by official historians, but rather, as he says, to present a study of inter-service jealousies and the perils they incur.

Air Marshal Joubert joined the Military Wing of the Royal Flying Corps in 1913. He saw and took part in the development of the Service, and had full opportunity to study the reactions of the Navy and Army to the creation and growth of the Royal Air Force. He is severely critical of their attitudes to its independence: an independence for which it is still struggling.

As he points out, overwhelming air power is with us, and must be accepted. Three forces militate against the establishment of the Royal Air Force as the key to Britain's survival: the "Land Lords" of the Admiralty, who refuse to accept the fact that the Navy must in future accept a subordinate role; a very solid body of opinion amongst the leaders of the Army, who, conveniently forgetting the results obtained in Hitler's war by strategic bombing, still look upon air power as really only an ancillary to land power; and the Ministry of Supply, which he describes as a "vast ganglion," "smothered by a mass of theoreticians and civil servants."

As Sir Philip sums up: "not until we have the right type of modern aircraft and the right men to man and maintain them can the Royal Air Force establish itself in what is its proper position: the real defence of Britain."

D. L.

MOUNTAINS

The Technique of Mountaineering, by J. E. B. Wright (144 pp., 8vo. Nicholas Kaye, London. L0s. 6d.). Published under the auspices of The Mountaineering Association.

It may be fairly argued that mountaineering cannot be adequately learnt from books. This, however, is not to say that books on the subject have no value.

Take a parallel case, a subject taken at a university or technical college is pursued under the personal and individual direction of a tutor. But this is not done without the potent aid of text-books.

It may be said with confidence that the book now under review is the best thing of its kind that has yet presented itself in the English language; and the aspiring technician in mountaineering is strongly advised to procure it.

John Barford's "Climbing in Britain" has enjoyed unique prestige as a beginner's guide-book; and many a seasoned Alpinist will say that he has learnt from it. But this new work has a far greater compass, and is more than worth the half-guinea asked for it. The fact that the author is the Director of Training in the Mountaineering Association gives assurance to its recommendation. The drawings by W. J. Kidd make the technical tuition abundantly clear and effective. The photographs are superb and well-detailed.

The work is progressively set in three parts, - Finding the Way over Mountains; The Mt of Moving over Mountains; and Living in the Mountains. The technique of rock climbing, snow and ice climbing, and ski-ing is given in detail, and that without complexity. Moreover, the chapter on mountain rescue methods, - a subject that is not normally given its rightful stature in British publications - is valuable indeed.

We heartily commend this book to all who seek to perfect the art of mountaineering; and we congratulate the author, the M.A., and the publishers on its appearance.

J. H. W.

LEISURE READING

Gideon Goes to War, by Leonard Mosley (Arthur Barker, Ltd., 15s.).

This book, the story of Orde Wingate, is a biography which contains some astounding revelations about a man who, since his death, has become an almost legendary figure. It seeks to tell the story of his life in a frank and clear way, leaving no facts out, and the reader is left to make his own opinion of one of the most colourful personalities that the last war produced.

As an admirer of the man, without being fully conversant with all the details of his life, I felt, whilst reading the book, rather like the young lad who has a schoolboy hero of great cricketing prowess and then had to suffer seeing his hero score a "duck" in a very important match.

One wonders if the general public is aware that, besides Wingate's undoubted triumphs in the jungles of Burma and, prior to that, the little heard of Ethiopian Campaign of 1940/41, he was a religious zealot and an ardent Zionist who supported the Jews in their fight for independence to such an extent that his activities on their behalf became an embarrassment to the British Authorities who sent him home from Palestine with the following report: "Orde Wingate, D.S.O., is a good soldier, but, so far as Palestine is concerned he is a security risk. He cannot be trusted. He puts the interests of the Jews before those of his own country. He should never be allowed in Palestine again."

The author tells us how, in spite of this adverse report and considerable opposition from his superiors, Wingate, backed by General Wavell all the way through, eventually meets Winston Churchill, who was quick to see his great potentialities. Wingate rises to the rank of Major-General and meets his tragic death at the moment of his greatest triumph.

This interesting and absorbing book leaves you wondering what might have happened had Wingate survived the war. Would he have returned to Palestine to lead the Jews? The question must remain unanswered.

Was it only a "duck" that Wingate scored, or after all a brilliant, if not faultless, century?

Thoroughly recommended for Scouters, Rovers and Seniors and a wonderful chance for those who are in Crews and Patrols who perpetuate Wingate's name to learn more about this strange man who proved to be such a brilliant if unorthodox soldier.

LAURENCE E. STRINGER.

The Story of Australia, by A. G. L. Shaw (Faber & Faber. 15s)

Mr. Shaw is Senior Lecturer in History at the University of Sydney, and well qualified to write a history of Australia. He apologises for the lack of specialised material on which the writer of a general history can draw, but as the bibliography at the end runs to 12 pages, the ordinary reader would never have guessed it.

I found the book most interestingly written, and very beautifully printed, as we expect from Messrs. Faber and Faber. I recommend it to your attention.

But if you say "Why should I read it? I am not likely to go to Australia," I must point out that you are displaying just that attitude which Australians deplore in so many of us - a wilful indifference to what is going on in other parts of the Commonwealth.

It is high time that we grew out of it. Most Australians are the descendants of settlers from these islands, and still speak of them as "home." We have long been dependent upon Australia for our wool and many other things. And as her rapid development continues, she will perform ever more important functions in the wide Pacific area.

So let us start by following Mr. Shaw's story of the way in which the original settlement at Sydney Cove, only 167 years ago, passed through its original struggles, then became the State of New South Wales, then one of six states, and lastly part of the Commonwealth of Australia. Whatever mistakes were made from time to time, the total achievement has been indeed remarkable, and we should not be ignorant of it.

J. F. C.



PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS

XXII - THE PHEASANT

By MICHAEL BLACKMORE

One day last month a naturalist friend and I were walking through an oak-wood on a large estate in Shropshire. An old cart-track, long disused and now overgrown with moss and ferns, led us to a bracken-covered slope where we disturbed a large cock pheasant. Uttering a startled *cok-cok-cok* the bird sprang up with a loud clatter of wings, his plumage of burnished gold and bronze gleaming in the sunlight. In a matter of seconds he cleared the tree-tops at the edge of the wood and flew across an open space on his way to an adjoining covert.

"A fine sight," I remarked casually as I watched the pheasant alternately driving himself forward with a few rapid wing-beats and then gliding effortlessly with his long barred tail-feathers spread out behind him like a fan.

My companion's comment was not so favourable. "Yes, I suppose it looks handsome enough," he replied, "but although I'm fond of most birds I can never feel very enthusiastic about pheasants. Just think of the upheaval this game-rearing business causes to some of our native birds."

I knew what my friend meant all right. It wasn't that he disliked the pheasant itself perhaps but, like many naturalists, he felt that the highly artificial methods used for keeping up the stock in many places interfered too much with the prosperity of certain other creatures in which he was more interested. As everyone knows, it is a common practice to hatch pheasants under a domestic hen in a coop, feed them carefully by hand for a few months and then turn them loose to await the opening of the shooting season on October 1st. Meanwhile the keeper traps and shoots anything that might attack his precious charges. Crows, jays, magpies, sparrow-hawks, grey squirrels, stoats and weasels are admittedly a nuisance in game coverts. Unfortunately the destruction is not always confined to these well-known enemies and I have seen too many pitiful carcasses of barn-owls, tawny owls and kestrels hanging on the keeper's "gibbet." These birds do occasionally take a pheasant chick but the enormous amount of good they do by killing rats, mice and other rodents far outweighs their few misdeeds. That is why they are protected by law.

A good gamekeeper always observes the Protection of Birds Act but there are plenty of indifferent ones who fail to make a distinction between one bird of prey and another. They persecute all species in the mistaken belief (or it may be mere prejudice) that they are "vermin" and must therefore be exterminated on preserved land. This is the kind of attitude that disturbs nature-lovers. You will not find it among the more enlightened sporting landowners because they take a genuine interest in wild life and have no wish to see every hawk and owl cleared off their property. On the other hand when a group or syndicate combine to rent a few thousand acres of land to shoot over it they seldom bother themselves about anything except the size of the bag. In such cases the keeper may tend to act more or less as he pleases. Provided he can show his employers a good stock of game they are well satisfied.

Although primarily reared for sport the pheasant also has a commercial value because it makes an excellent meal. But quite apart from the price it fetches in the market we ought to ask ourselves whether it sometimes costs too much in terms of other lives. If it had to take its chance like any other non-game bird its numbers would soon drop to a natural level which means that it would become comparatively scarce. It was certainly not abundant here until at least the early part of the nineteenth century when the elaborate technique of artificial breeding and conservation as we know it today began to be practised widely.

Because we have become so used to seeing the pheasant in our countryside we may forget that it does not belong to the natural fauna of Britain.



From a wood-engraving by Thos. Bewick (1832)

British by adoption would be a more correct way of putting it. No one really knows who introduced it though popular tradition says that the Romans were responsible. It was known to exist here as long ago as 1059 and may have been brought over by the Romans before their occupation ended in the fifth century. These specimens belonged to a race with green heads and necks but without a white collar, their natural home of origin being in South-eastern Europe between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea. Until the last decades of the eighteenth century they were the only breed of pheasant in Britain. Then other races were introduced, notably the ring-necked pheasant of Eastern China. There has been so much interbreeding between these later importations and the so-called English pheasant that the latter has completely lost its identity here and our present stock is a mixture of many kinds.

The pheasant's breeding season begins in early spring. The cocks start displaying to the hens during March and their far-sounding crowing is one of the most characteristic sounds in the countryside at this season of the year, at least in places where game-preservation is carried on. A good deal of harmless fighting takes place between rival cocks and the winner often has several mates. Although polygamy seems to be a common practice in the species as a whole naturalists are not agreed that it is an invariable rule. Some pairs may be monogamous.

The lordly cock pheasant plays no part in incubating the olive-brown eggs or guarding the youngsters. All this is left to the sober-coloured hen who chooses a sheltered place in the undergrowth, lines it with a few leaves and bits of grass, and lays anything up to fifteen eggs. As many as twenty-two eggs have been recorded in a single nest - probably the work of two hens. Although there are exceptions the hen is not regarded by keepers as a very satisfactory parent. She is apt to be careless about her eggs and may even forget where she has laid them. That is why a foster-mother is often used for rearing purposes.

The chicks, which look rather like those of a domestic fowl, are able to run about soon after birth. They will eat almost anything from insects and worms to cereals and other kinds of vegetable matter.

Farmers frequently complain about the damage done to growing crops by pheasants when they get very numerous but one cannot keep an artificially large population of these omnivorous birds and expect them to manage entirely on wild food. This is part of the bill that has to be paid in order to maintain the species for sport.

VISUAL YARNS

10. TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON

By Rev. E. J. WEBB

Introduction

This is such a popular story, for it is one of adventure and of a poor boy who makes good. Life is not a dull and uninteresting thing. It is full of possibilities. Dick Whittington was a Merchant-Adventurer. What a happy combination that is - of trade and adventure, of routine and inspiration. Never say there is no romance in business. Be a Christian where you are.

He is commonly called Lord Mayor of London, but *Lord* Mayors were not invented then! However, he was Mayor four times and not merely three - in 1397, 1398, 1407 and 1420. Some critics say that he was never knighted and that his "cat" was a kind of boat of that name. Anyway, Dick Whittington is here to stay. The Whittington stone can be seen on Highgate Hill and he is buried in St. Michael's Paternoster Royal Church, known as Dick Whittington's Church. Here is a picture of Dick Whittington. What is missing? (By means of revolving pictures we shall make each item appear as it is mentioned.)

1. The Cat

This much-travelled cat seems to me to be the real hero of the story. Where would Dick ever have been without his cat? I am sure he was kind to it. It is sad to think that announcements have to be made over the radio at holiday times, asking people not to leave pets without food or water.

No cats are mentioned in the Bible but we do read in the Book of Jonah of God's concern, not only for the people but for "much cattle" (Jonah iv. 11). We can think also of the ox and the ass at the Manger, of the donkey which carried Mary and the Babe into Egypt and of the colt on which Christ rode into Jerusalem.

2. The Bundle

In this red handkerchief (it looks rather like a strawberry), Dick carried his worldly possessions and his provisions. He travelled through dangerous country from Gloucester to London, in dangerous times, yet he arrived safely. Have you ever heard of "travelling mercies"? God guides, provides and protects.

3. The Milestone

It was natural that he should sit on a milestone. No doubt we have all done so. In life, each year is a milestone, marking our progress. We are still a long way from the city of our dreams. Perhaps, like Dick, we have been to the city, found things not so easy as we had been led to believe, and now we are on our way out, having given up? Like Dick, try again.

4. Bow Bells

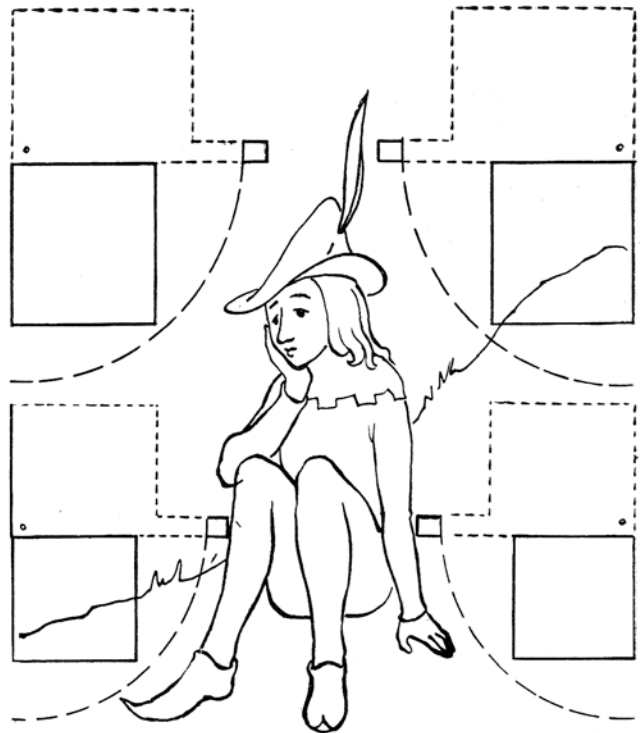
So, it was the Church that saved Dick. It is the Church, the Gospel it rings out, that can save us all. God believes in you. God wants you to try again, to keep trying. However many times you have failed before, God will help you to succeed. The best angle to look at a problem is the Try-angle.

5. The Whole Picture

Dick returned. He made his fortune and he used it well. He governed the city; gave hundreds of pounds to the king; endowed almshouses; repaired St. Bartholomew's Hospital; rebuilt Newgate (for the better comfort of the prisoners); and as a lover of learning he founded many libraries.

He was a man of upright character - a Christian gentleman. It is splendid that we can say so many excellent things about Dick Whittington, apart from fairy-tale and pantomime!

Read Luke 22, verses 28 - 34 (Revised Version).



The story of Robert McClintock, 10-year-old Wolf Cub and young hero, is one that every Cub and Scout and Scouter should know.

The Editor writes about him in The Scout of November 4th. (Order your copy from your newsagent NOW.)

NOTES AND NEWS

OCTOBER PHOTOGRAPHS

This month's cover shows the floral design of the Scout Badge which was laid out at the entrance to the Arena at the 8th World Jamboree, and was taken by Peter Halket.

The photographs on pages 250, 251, 253 and 255 were taken by the *St. Catherine's Standard*, Ontario, and Peter Halket.

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.97 12th/13th November, 1955 Warwickshire (Stratford-on-Avon

No.98 3rd/4th December, 1955 Gilwell Park

No.99 28th/29th January, 1956 Sussex (Brighton)

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.

TOM ARNOLD'S HARRINGAY CIRCUS

Owing to the enormous popularity in the last two years, Tom Arnold's Haringay Circus is again offering special concessions for Youth Organisations who wish to attend the Circus on Combined Youth Night. The performance takes place on Wednesday, 28th December, 1955, at 8 p.m. and particulars are available on application to Mr. W. F. Holmes, Haringay Arena Information and Booking Centre, 62A Piccadilly, London, W.1. (Tel. Hyde Park 2891)

BOOKS

Wilfred Stringer, formerly of Heritage Craft School, Chailey, is now doing voluntary Mission work at St. Michael's College, do U.M.C.A., Fort Johnstone, Nyasaland, Central Africa. If any Scout Troop or Scouter has any books in English they wish to dispose of Mr. Stringer would be very grateful for them.

THE JAMBOREE

You will find other (rather more detailed) articles and photographs concerned with the Jamboree in *The Scout* of September 16th, 23rd and 30th. A few copies of these issues (6d. each plus postage) can for the moment be obtained from The Editor, *The Scout*, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Although the "Why Scoutmaster's Wives Grow Weary" series is drawn by Jack Akroyd of Canada, the original ideas came from Mrs. N. V. Sayers of Cheltenham.

RETREAT

A Retreat for Anglican Scouters (men) and Rover Scouts will be held at St. Edward's House, 22 Great College Street, London, S.W.1, on the week-end of November 19th-20th. There will be no charge for the Retreat but those attending will have an opportunity of making a contribution to the funds of the Society of St. John the Evangelist. Names should be sent to Mr. Francis V. Cowie, The Estate Office, 3-4 Clements Inn, London, W.C.2, not later than November 8th.

I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS IN NOVEMBER

5th/6th	Buckinghamshire County Scouters' Conference
7th	Birmingham University Scout and Guide Club
12th/13th	Newbury Youth Leaders
18th	Whitcliffe Mount Grammar School (Cleckheaton)
	Spenn Valley L.A. Annual Dinner Cambridge University Scout and Guide Club
19th/20th	Bristol County Conference
21st	Bristol Annual Meeting
	Bristol Rotary Club
24th	Cheltenham Student Christian Movement



Air Vice-Marshal J. G. W. Weston, C.B., O.B.E., R.A.F., who has been appointed Headquarters Commissioner for Air Scouts, is new to active Scouting, but brings to the Movement great experience of men and affairs, as well as the background of a serving Air Officer in the Royal Air Force.

After Cranwell, Air Marshal Weston specialised as a Signals officer. In recent years he has been Commandant of the Central Signals Establishment, Commandant of No. 1 School of Technical Training, Halton (which has for years been a centre of Scouting in the R.A.F.), and is at present Air Officer Commanding, No. 90 Group. In each of these appointments the Air Marshal has taken an active interest in and has done much to encourage Scouting both amongst those serving under his command and amongst their children.

DEAF CHILDREN'S SOCIETY'S CHRISTMAS CARD

Christmas cards designed by a deaf girl of fourteen are to be sold this year by the Deaf Children's Society. Carried out in crimson, blue and white, the picture depicts the Wise Men offering their gifts to the Holy Child. The cards will cost 6d. each and can be obtained in quantities of not less than six, direct from the Deaf Children's Society, 1 Macklin Street, Drury Lane, London, W.C.1.

The Society will also be selling some very gay and attractive Christmas seals. These will cost 6d. for six seals all of different designs. Non-seasonal seals in floral and similar designs will also be available at the same price.

MISSION TO DEEP SEA FISHERMEN

We take a lot of our food for granted nowadays, and few people have any knowledge of the extent of the arduous and often dangerous voyages undertaken by our deep sea fishermen in their search of fish. The Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, 43 Nottingham Place, London, W.1, concerns itself with the spiritual and material welfare of these men and their families and their literature makes interesting reading. These stories of real life adventure are worth re-telling to your Scouts, and any Scouters who would care to know more about the Mission are recommended to write to the Secretary at the above address. They will also supply speakers for Scouts' Owns in most parts of the country.

CHRISTMAS SEALS

The National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, has produced some very gay little stamps this year which cost ½d. each or 4/- for a sheet of one hundred, which can be stuck on the backs of letters or parcels. You will be helping a very worthy cause.

GREAT TOWER

The following Badge Courses have been arranged:-

Backwoodsman April 7th/8th, 14th/i 5th, 21st/22nd, 28th/29th, 1956.

Pioneer March 3rd/4th, 10th/11th, 17th/18th, 24th/25th, 1956.

Venturer November 5th/6th, 12th/13th, 19th/20th, 26th/27th; February 4th/5th, 11th/12th, 18th/19th, 25th/26th, 1956.

Forester December 3rd/4th, 10th/11th, 17th/18th; January 7th/8th, 14th/15th, 21st/22nd, 28th/29th, 1956.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Bailiff, Great Tower Camp Site, Windermere, Westmorland.

A Senior Scout "Look Wide" week-end will be held from December 28th, 1955, to January 1st, 1956. Activities will include rock climbing, sailing, forestry, Venturer Badge work, etc. Further particulars may be obtained from P. Garland, 46 Aberford Road, Oulton, Nr. Leeds. The cost of the Course will be 30s. inclusive.

DOWNE

A course of instruction for the Forester Badge has been arranged at Downe Camp for the week-ends 5th/6th and 12th/13th November, 1955, for Senior Scouts and Scouts over fifteen. Rations and indoor accommodation will be provided. The cost, inclusive, will be 15/- per Scout. Applications to be made to the Bailiff, Downe Camp, Bird House, Downe, nr. Farnborough, Kent.

CHALFONT HEIGHTS

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

Forester November 19th/20th, December 3rd/4th and January 28th/29th, 1956 (three 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, Chalfont Heights Scout Camp, Denham Lane, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR COACHING HOLIDAYS

The Central Council of Physical Recreation have arranged a number of courses during December and January.

The course at Bisham Abbey near Marlow includes Judo and Scottish Country Dancing. That at Lilleshall Hall in Shropshire includes Basket Ball, Badminton, Gymnastics, Hockey and Golf. That at Plas y Brenin, Capel Curig, concentrates on Rock Climbing and Mountain activities. Forms and full details are available from the C.C.P.R., 6 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

1956 NORWEGIAN SKI TRAINING EXPEDITION

This expedition, which will be based at Geilo, is for young men and women over the age of 18 with no previous experience of Skiing. The cost will be £33 per head. Parties will be leaving Newcastle for 15 days' training during the period January to April 1956. Full details are obtainable from the C.C.P.R. as above.

FOUND

At Newton Abbot, Devon, a Scout hat belonging to Geoffrey Mason. Apply the Editor.

CARTOONS

The Editor would welcome seeing cartoons for possible publication in either THE SCOUTER or The Scout and invites his readers to try their hand.

CUB SONG BOOK

Messrs. Brown, Son & Ferguson have published a little book called *Songs for Cubs* set to well-known tunes, compiled by Mrs. Melville Smith whom many of you will remember. It is pocket size and has 52 pages for its 2/6, but no doubt many Cub people would be glad to add it to their shelves.

LETTERS TO A ROVER

The series of articles printed in THE SCOUTER last year under the title of "Letters to a Young Rover" has now been published by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in book form. Copies can be obtained from the Scout Shop, price 5/- plus 3d postage or direct from the publishers.

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

I.H.Q. APPOINTMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

Appointment

Headquarters Commissioner for Air Scouts - Air Vice-Marshall J. G. W. Weston, C.B., O.B.E., R.A.F.

8th WORLD JAMBOREE EMBLEMS

8th World Jamboree Emblems should be removed from the Scout uniform of those who attended the Jamboree not later than 31st October, 1955.

UNION JACK EMBLEMS

Union Jack Emblems worn for visits to other countries should be removed from Scout uniform immediately on return to this country.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S CHALLENGE SHIELD COMPETITION, 1955

The results for the current year are as follows:-

Senior Section

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------|
| 1. 2nd Tolworth "A" Team | 760 points |
| 2. Allhallows School "A" Team | 759 points |
| 3. 14th Richmond Sea Scouts | 750 points |

Junior

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Allhallows School "B" Team | 740 points |
| 2. 2nd Tolworth "C" Team | 714 points |
| 3. 3rd South Lambeth Troop | 695 points |

Fourteen entries were received in the Senior Section and ten entries in the Junior Section.

THE SCOUT RESTAURANT

The Scout Restaurant at I.H.Q. will be open for lunches and teas on Saturday, December 3rd, and Saturday, December 10th, for parties attending performances of The Gang Show. Prior booking is essential, and those wishing to avail themselves of these facilities should communicate immediately with the Restaurant Manageress at 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1.

CANCELLED WARRANTS

The undermentioned have failed to return their warrants, despite application having been made by Imperial Headquarters:

William Throssell, formerly S.M. 1st Withensea Group, Yorks.
Robert Burgess Robertson, formerly S.M. 1st Dunmow Group, Essex.

C. C. GOODHIND,
Administrative Secretary.

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

October 29th/30th. Don't forget the date. Cheshire Rover/Ranger Conference at Birkenhead. Details from Miss P. Bartley, 31 Canterbury Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire. Theme: "What's our line?" Speakers: Jack Skillen and George Band (Everest and Kachenjunga).

Scouters' Weekend, Avon Tyrrell, Hampshire, October 29th/30th. 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.)

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 31st.

Essex Rover/Ranger Conference, November 26th/27th, Grays. Theme: "Old Father Thames." Applications to: Roy Coventry, 23 Finchley Road, Grays, Essex, before November 1st.

Stowmarket District Scouts present "Take a Tonic" by Hazel Addis and John Milner, Church Hall, Stowmarket, December 2, 3, 6, 7, 8 and 10, at 8 p.m. (tickets 3/6 and 2/6). Matinees both Saturdays at 3 p.m. (tickets 3/- and 2/-). Enquiries (s.a.e. please) to Mr. W. H. Chivers, Richmond, Windermere Road, Stowmarket.

ACCOMMODATION

Scouter and Guider recently married, urgently require unfurnished accommodation greater London area. Box 215, THE SCOUTER.

Unfurnished flat N.W. London offered to experienced Scouter, young, married, Church of England Sponsored Group. Write Box 214.

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.

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.

Odd-job Man required for boys' boarding-house at Eton College. General duties; willingness to help with garden a recommendation. Board and lodging provided; good holidays. Salary by arrangement. Apply, giving references, to Watkin W. Williams, Baldwin's Bec, Eton College, Windsor, Berks.

London, Assistant Priest wanted - industrial suburb - Parish Communion and breakfast every Sunday. Scouter welcomed. Diocesan scale with N.H.I. and telephone. House free. Box 216, THE SCOUTER.

Resident Assistant House Father (single) required in Children's Reception Home (24 children, ages 3-15). Must be practical and really interested in work with boys, including their leisure activities, and preferably keen on gardening and handicrafts. Home Office training an advantage. Salary: £350 x £15 - £410 p.a. less £108 p.a. for board and lodging. Application forms from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

PERSONAL

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

Scottish Dancing Classes held on Monday evenings at 8 0/c. Beginners very welcome. Rosendale Road School, Herne Hill, S.E.21.

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.

Scouter, don't spoil your show, have curtains that really open and close. Let an old Scouter advise you. All stage equipment supplied at makers' cost. Super Theatre Furnishings Ltd., 234 Rye Lane, S.E.15.

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.

"Scout-inK" Christmas Cards. Send now for 1955 list. Fully illustrated cards, calendars and gift lines. Stacy Ltd., 99 Kingsland High Street, London, E.8.

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

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.

Jamboree Photographs. Set of 120 available for Troop Reunions. Peter Halket, School House, Monmouth School, Monmouth.

STAMPS

Selections of Br. Colonial and foreign Stamps for Juvenile and General Collectors sent on ten days' approval. Selections sent abroad on minimum deposit of £1. Wants lists receive personal attention. Catalogues, Albums and Accessories in stock. P. F. Gray, 4 Old Palace Road, Weybridge, Surrey.

Fund raising. Packets of stamps selling from 3d. to 1/- available on sale or return basis - good discount. Also approval sheets sent on application. J. S. W. Beaten, 6 Gannetts Park, Swanage, Dorset.

FOR SALE

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

Paraffin Pressure Lamps - Bialaddin Standard Green Finish Model 300X - usual price 70/6 - limited number offered unused for 52/6 including packing and registered mail. Send cash with order under money back guarantee if not satisfied. George Lockhart & Co., 29 Beeley Street, Hyde, Cheshire.

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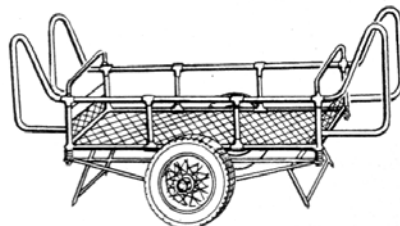
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