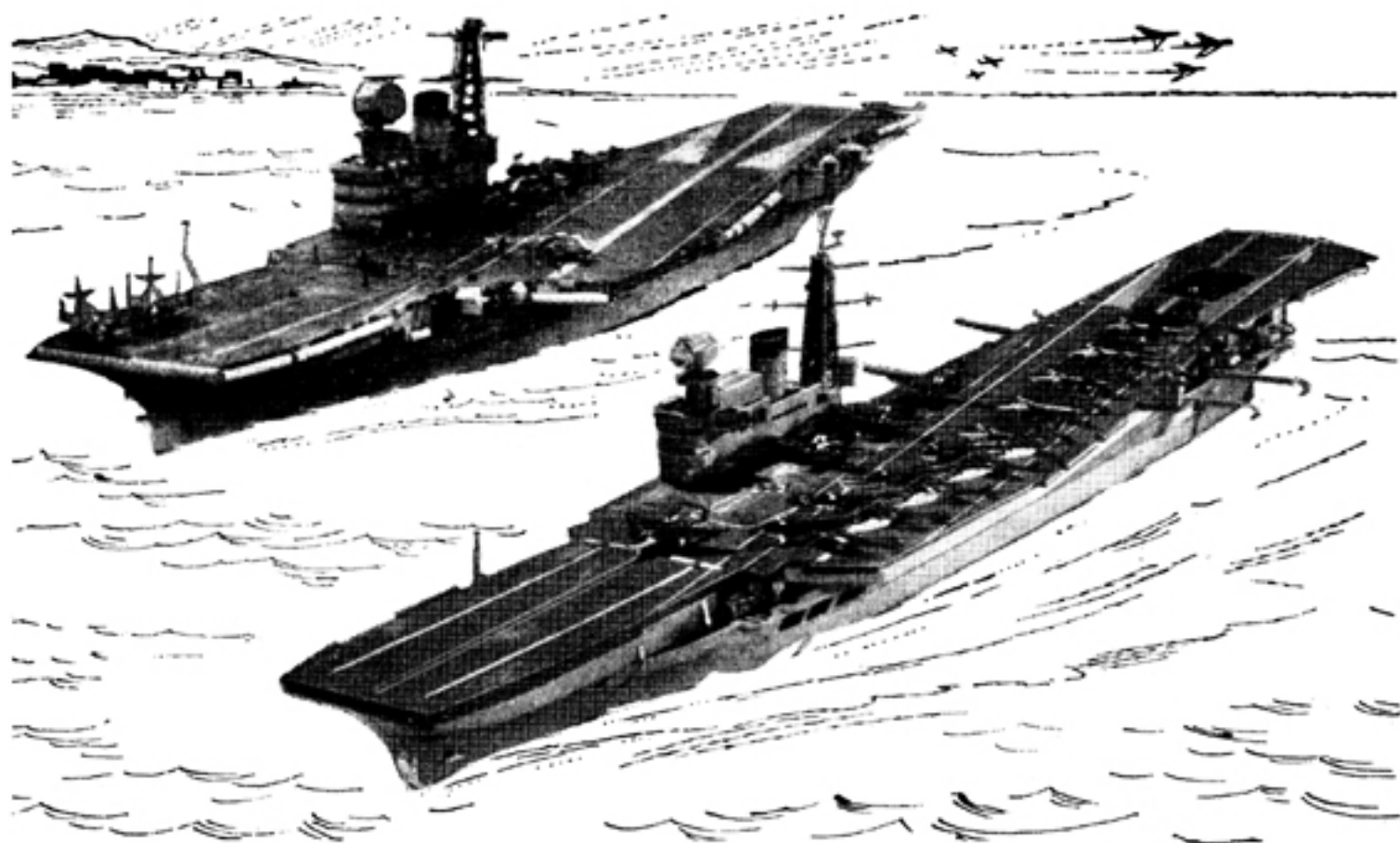


The SCOUTER



November 1955

9d



Just like the real thing!

Believe it or not, the nearer one is the Airfix model of H.M.S. "Victorious", 1/600th scale (Kit 6/-). Behind it is a picture of the real thing.

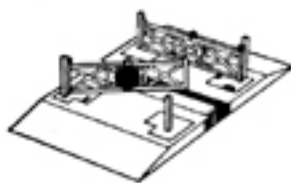
That's how wonderfully realistic Airfix models are. Close attention to every detail gives them their faithful-to-the-original look—makes them true collector's pieces. And every Airfix series is to a constant scale. This means Airfix models look proportionally right, one against another, because they *are* right! You can't beat Airfix for realism—or value.

AIRFIX

Constant Scale Construction Kits

From Model & Hobby Shops, Toy Shops, and F. W. Woolworth

There are over 125 Airfix models from 2/- to 10/6.



TRACKSIDE SERIES
Level Crossing 2/-



VINTAGE CARS
1930 Bentley 2/-



MODEL FIGURES
Lifeguard 2/-



AIRCRAFT
Bristol Superfreighter 7/6

S160

STOP PRESS!

Latest Airfix Production



SHERMAN Mk 1 TANK

Another model in the new Airfix OO/HO scale tank series. This American tank was used by the Allies in World War II. 75mm. gun raises and lowers, revolving turret, working track gear, 11-piece transfer set. 55 part kit—2/-

Also new:—Railway Turntable OO/HO gauge replica of turntable, carries any British OO/HO rolling stock and track. 54 part kit—4/6



THE OUTLOOK

By THE CHIEF SCOUT

In June, when talking about the Queen's Scout I congratulated us all on the fact that the very young Queen's Scout seemed to have disappeared, and that we were getting much more maturity in those who were coming up to the receptions. I am afraid I spoke too soon. I don't know what is the cause of it but there were a lot of very young ones indeed, far under 16, at the last party. Was it an effort to get them ready and wearing their Badge before the Jamboree? or was there some other reason behind it? Whatever may have been the cause, I hope it was only a temporary lapse and not a permanent return. Let me repeat again that the Queen's Scout is the culminating point of Scout training, and not merely a halfway house. I can imagine nothing more likely to reduce the number of 17 and 18 year-olds in the Senior Troop than to have all the 15 year-olds wearing the Queen's Scout badge. Where do they go from there? What do we do with them to hold them in the atmosphere where psychological development will be encouraged? It is just crazy, but it is being done. Do please think it out and realise that the 15-year-old *cannot* really have reached the top, and we are merely destroying that very edifice which we are trying to build up. You might just as well give a Cub the Leaping Wolf Badge before he is 8½. A fat lot of fellows we would have going up into the Troop then, wouldn't we? Let's get the thing into proper focus. Make greater demands on the brighter boys and see that our Queen's Scouts have reached that stage of maturity, particularly mental and spiritual, that is required before we have achieved all that we can achieve when the training goes the full course.

The question of sheath knives has been worrying us a good deal of late. They have been worn by Scouts from the early days and "the Scout knife" has been the subject of many jokes and cartoons. Unfortunately some of these jokes are no figment of the imagination, and the barked tree, the careless throwing, to the detriment of the knife itself and nearby property, and accidents caused by the blade coming out of its sheath, have from time to time come to our notice.

We don't want to forbid its use and we see no compelling reason to do so, but it is necessary to stop its abuse in the hands of the irresponsible. Many Groups already have a local rule that the sheath knife may only be worn by those Scouts who have passed their Second Class and presumably can be trusted not to cause damage and to take the knife off their belts before starting on active games.

This should, I am sure, be enough with the further proviso that blades should not exceed 6 inches in length and that the wearing of the clasp knife should be the rule for those who are only Tenderfoots or for those who, though Second Class, have shown that they are not responsible enough to be trusted with what is in careless hands a dangerous weapon. The making of extra rules is always undesirable and it is far better, to use B.-P.'s own expression, to "leave it to the commonsense of the Scoutmaster."

While "Boy Scouts' Hunting Knives," to use the words of the Attorney-General, were not intended to be included in forbidden weapons under the Provisions of the Prevention of Crimes Act of 1953, it is as well to ensure that no cause is given to reverse that exclusion.

I have just seen the report of my own County, Ayrshire. It's always a bit humiliating to find how everything booms after I have left - there must be a conclusion to be drawn from that but it's one of those conclusions which are most damaging to the ego. They also have no County Commissioner and haven't had one for a number of years, thus confirming the suspicion of recent correspondence in THE SCOUTER. It is a most remarkable report. Cub Packs up; Pack Scouters up; Cubs under 10 up; Cubs over 10 even more up; more Leaping Wolves, Second Stars and First Stars; more Boy Scout Troops; more Troop Scouters; more Scouts of 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 years old; then the only blacks - 3 less Queen's Scouts, 3 less 18-year-olds. More First Class, more Second Class, more Scouts than Cubs. More Rover Crews (numbers are still too low to bear repetition), more Rovers under 21 and the same number exactly 21-25 and 25 plus.

I think you will agree that such figures must be almost, if not quite, unique. Parents' Committees have been strong for many years and more Groups have, with their help, been able to build their own Headquarters. The selection of Scouters is taken very seriously and high standards are demanded. A drive has been made on preliminary Training Courses with conspicuously successful results; a high proportion of Scouters have passed through the hands of the Training Team. Although they have no County Commissioner, Colonel I. G. Collins, their County President, has done magnificent work over and above his Presidential duties in visiting Groups, Training Courses, Patrol Camps and every kind of activity, while the Deputy County Commissioner has served since 1908. Their Badge Secretary keeps in constant touch with the Districts. A lack of demand for Second Class is not passed by for too long, and no boy has to wait for his badge after he has won it.

They have suffered a sad blow by the death of their A.C.C. Training, only 46 years old, who by his personal example - how often I write and speak those words - of fervid belief in Scouting and devotion to its cause, and still more by his way of life passed on the spirit from his own rich store. Such men cannot be spared. They are far too few in any community, but their influence while they are with us sows a rich seed from which shall be reaped in due course a rich harvest. So it was and is with Jim Harkiss: the seed he sowed will flower for many a year to come in the hearts of Scouters, Scouts and Cubs in the County he served so faithfully.

ROWALLAN.

The December 23rd issue of The Scout would make a nice Christmas card for any Cub or Scout who so far doesn't take it. Only 6d. Order in advance from your newsagent or from The Editor at LH.Q.

WHY ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT YOUTH?

By T. M. HIGHAM

What sort of an adolescence did you have? Did you pass from childhood to maturity like a ship on a holiday cruise - an easy voyage on the whole, bar the occasional squall? Was it a nightmare passage which seemed endless, through a Bay of Biscay or a tropical storm?

Perhaps you were rebellious, religious, spotty or political - or even all four. Did you discover an -ism? Or, may be, you just grew up without noticing it much. A reading of some of the current literature about adolescents in industry prompts these personal questions. For at times, when I read about the problems and stresses, the difficulties and crisis periods which beset adolescents, I wonder how anyone ever comes through their 'teens alive, let alone normal.

And that is why I began by asking, "What sort of adolescence did you have?" For we need to know just how many adolescents do make heavy weather of growing up, and how many do not. Of the numbers of young school leavers that pass through the Personnel Manager's Office, how many are problem children? There will always be some - but how typical are they of adolescents as a whole?

Growing-up Trouble

If probability is truly our guide we would expect about 10% of adolescents to have considerable trouble in growing up; another 20% to have more than average trouble; 40% to have neither excessive problems nor complete freedom from them; 20% to be more or less free of difficulties and 10% to have no trouble at all. That is what we might expect - and, to judge from experience, roughly the sort of proportion that exists. A recent survey of 15 - 17 year old boys and girls who had been interviewed for employment showed that about 13% of boys and 9% of girls had been noted as having personality problems.

But you would not think so from some of the articles and books on adolescence that have been published. All too often been concerned mainly with the troublesome 30%, and it is easy to assume that what applies to them, is equally true of the remaining 70%. We need some idea of the extent of adolescent troubles if we are to keep a sense of proportion.

How many pass through the physical and emotional changes of puberty without crisis? How many find the going hard? From the evidence available, the number of problem children is probably less than is often suggested.

Transition Crises

These reflections are prompted by a query from the King George's Jubilee Trust, which has been studying the influences affecting young people. One of the Trust's Working Parties has been considering the influence of employment on young people, and has asked for comments on various points, of which the last is as follows:-

(f) That all the agencies influencing the development of young people - home, school, church, voluntary organisation, Press, radio, employers, trade unions, etc... must recognise a joint and continuing responsibility to prepare all young people for the crisis periods in their development, e.g. transition from school to work, from work to National Service, and from National Service back to work, and thereby to make these transition stages as smooth and natural as possible.

There are a good many comments which could be made about this, but there are at least four which must be made. For this particular point is one made by a distinguished body, whose motives are sincere, and which has had access to a lot of outside evidence. None the less, I believe their suggestion, as it stands, to be dangerous.

Surmounting Difficulties

I. There is a stage beyond which sensible preparation or they have training becomes pampering. The Trust's point proposes to step and it is easy over the boundary line. The suggestion is made that all those concerned with young people must make it their duty to prepare them for the difficulties they face, in order to help them surmount them more easily. But are there to be no trials for a young man to face by himself? Is he always to feel that there is someone else to help him over any difficulties he may come up against? Is there always to be a lift to save him the trouble of running up and down stairs?



UNEXPECTED VIEW: FROM GILWELL'S EDGE

And if so, what sort of young people are we going to produce?

Perhaps the findings of psychiatrists have been over-generalized - with the human tendency to leap from the particular to the general, we have thought that because *in certain cases* undue stress has produced harmful results, all stress is bad. But as an American psychologist, Professor Maier, has put it, "No great or effective movement is possible unless it rests primarily on previous frustration."

Difficulty can act as a spur to action and, in fact, the normal reaction to a problem is to seek a solution of it. It is only among the less stable that such barriers produce unhealthy reactions. Apathy, resignation, ceasing to try, and aimless attacks on the problem are such reactions; but equally so is a constant appeal for help - a prolonged "crying for mummy" as it were. To provide help at every obstacle merely encourages the easy way out and leads to help being expected whenever a problem arises. In individual cases there will be great difficulties because not all problems are equally easy to handle, and not all people are equally resistant to stress. But these people form a minority; they are the 10% or so at the bottom end of the scale; no one doubts that they need help. But for the majority a difficulty in development is not overwhelming. If they cannot learn to face up to it by themselves they are never likely to learn to face up to anything.

Offering a Challenge

2. This is not to deny that induction courses for young people entering industry are probably valuable (I say "probably" because there has been only one attempt to assess the results of such training, despite all the claims made for it). Pre- and post-National Service courses are also valuable - although their merit has yet to be conclusively proved; but such courses must avoid spoon-feeding. Some induction courses give the new starter the impression that he is the focal point of the organization - after his entry to the workrooms the reality provides a shock, which is probably worse than he would have experienced had he had no such induction.

The most imaginative induction course that I have come across deliberately sets out to make work a *challenge* to the young boy or girl who is starting work and it does that by encouraging physical effort to make sure that boys know what it feels like to be really tested, and, by skilful use of team organisation and competition, to foster a sound acceptance of the obligations to oneself and others that work involves. But induction courses that are wrongly inspired and which are merely Panglossian in outlook, so far from speeding up the process of settling down, only encourage swelled heads and subsequent mortification - the latter, to my mind, not being too bad a thing in view of the former. Pre-National Service courses, similarly, are apt to be designed "to make things easier for the new recruit." That, too, is a mistake. National Service is a duty and it must be explained as such; but it is also an opportunity, and the chances for doing something worth while when in the forces also need to be stressed. Again, it should be presented not as a "crisis period" but as a challenge. It is certainly to the advantage both of the Services and of the individual if a swift adjustment is made to a new type of life, but such an adjustment is not made by minimising the difficulties.

It is significant that youth organisations such as the Boy Scouts, in which the training continuously presents obstacles to youngsters which they have to learn to surmount by their own efforts, produce the type of boy who adjusts easily to Service life and frequently does well during his two years with the Colours. Anyone who is thinking of producing a booklet for intending National Servicemen should look at the one issued by the Boy Scouts Association. Its practical advice is entirely positive and throughout it stresses the opportunities which National Service provides.

Fostering Idealism

3. As was suggested earlier, too much emphasis has been laid on the problems of adolescence. There are difficulties - though how far they seem greater to the adult than they do to the boy or girl is hard to determine, and they are apt to seem enormous and permanent to a young person just because the adolescent lacks perspective.

But the problems are not, in fact, enormous and they are temporary and how far they affect all adolescents is highly problematical.

More important, though, is the fact that adolescence also brings a whole host of very desirable qualities of idealism, service and self-sacrifice. Those are the sort of things which training should encourage and that is why I advocate presenting the hurdles which the young worker faces as a challenge rather than as a crisis.

If this is doubted, you have merely to look at a few simple facts. How many boys if offered the chance to go to an Outward Bound School refuse it? Since 1948 our firm has sent over sixty boys, while nominations from Departmental Managers have been roughly three to four times that number. All the boys who have been nominated have been interviewed and of the 270 or so we have seen only thirteen, or 5%, have said they did not want to go. Those from poor homes have even made financial sacrifices to go; some, indeed, have spurned offers to help them. Any Scoutmaster will tell the same story - a challenge to adventure or courage or intelligence may be met with some preliminary grousing; but the challenge will be met, because, like Everest, it is there. We tend to forget that adolescence is a time of ideals as well as problems.

There is a sound psychological basis to all this; experiments have been carried out on what is known as "the level of aspiration" - that is, the goal which a person sets out to reach in a given task. It is only among abnormal people that goals are set impossibly high, or so low that achievement is easy. The majority of people always put their goal a little ahead of their present achievement.

*"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp
Or what's a heaven for?"*

It is a perfectly normal reaction to aim a little higher than we can at present attain. If we reach our goal too easily we get no feeling of achievement. "Something for nothing" has an empty satisfaction.

Crisis Periods

4. A campaign by "all the agencies influencing the development of young people" to prepare them "for the crisis periods in their development" would be a very bad thing. The more you are told to expect a problem, the more likely you are to find one; the more often you are told that you will be miserable for the first few weeks in the Army, the more unhappy are you likely to be - "There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

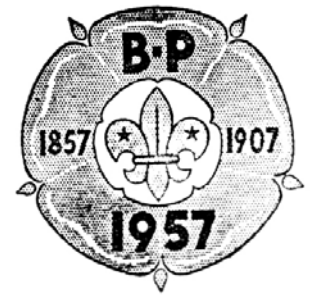
Tell a young man that leaving school and going to work, or leaving work and going into the Army, is a crisis period and a crisis period he will find it to be. If he never comes to think of these phases in his life as periods of crisis he is unlikely to find them as such. And just imagine a National Campaign by schools, churches, youth organisations, the Press, the B.B.C., employers and Trades Unions to prepare young people for the worst! If you make too much of a difficulty you convince people that a serious problem exists; if you are sensible about it, they are often not even aware of any difficulty at all. We need to remember the highly moral poem about the centipede:-

*The centipede was happy, quite,
Until the frog in fun,
Asked him which foot went after which.
This wrought him up to such a pitch,
He fell distracted in the ditch
Considering how to run.*

Reprinted by kind permission from Industrial Welfare and Personnel Management, published by The Industrial Welfare Society Inc., 48 Bryanston Square, London, W.1.



J.
J. I. M.
M.



Under news from 25 B.P. Road, you will have read of some of the plans that are being formulated to celebrate B.-P.'s Centenary year and Scouting's Jubilee. These celebrations will reach a climax when the great Jubilee Jamboree, Indaba, and Rover Moot opens on Thursday, 1st August, 1957. This great undertaking is gathering momentum and I would like to tell you something of the plans that are being made. In the first instance a policy making or planning team was formed. It is known as the Directing Committee, and is responsible to the Committee of the Council for all the policy decisions, and for the general planning of all the events associated with J.I.M. (the code word for the three events - Jamboree, Indaba, Moot).

You will remember reading recently, that the Deputy Chief Scout is the Chairman of this Directing Committee, with Mr. A. W. Hurl as his deputy. The Committee's work falls into twelve sections, namely, Religious Observances, Overseas and International Relationships, Programme, Press and Publicity, Transport, Hospitality and Guests, Health, Finance, Equipment, Catering, Works and Services, and Camp Administration, and Assistant Organising Commissioners have been appointed to lead these sections. I shall be telling you a little about the activities of each in later issues.

You will all realise that this body cannot do everything itself, and, indeed, is not intended to do all the detailed work, so at the beginning of October, a Midlands Committee met for the first time in Sutton Coldfield. It consists of a large number of representatives of the great industrial community in the Midlands, and its job is to help the Directing Committee to set up the Camp and ensure its smooth running. The Midlands Committee is largely a consultative body, and attached to it are a number of sub-Committees, who carry out the detailed work in close cooperation with the Directing Committee. These sub-Committees have already started their activities. It has been most encouraging to see the enthusiasm with which they have set to work to make this occasion the greatest and most memorable of its kind.

Of necessity, Committees must be small comparatively, and the work they plan usually requires large numbers to carry it out. In 1957 it is possible that as many as 1,000 Scouters, Rover Scouts and Senior Scouts will be needed to staff the Camp, and so carry out the work planned by the Committees. They will not only have to be prepared to give up their time, but they will have to work exceedingly hard to ensure that all the participants enjoy, and benefit from, their stay in Sutton Park. I hope I have not put anyone off by mentioning the hard work, but I do not want anyone to underestimate the amount of work to be done. Several generous Scouters are already making arrangements for these working parties, and we have received a goodly number of offers of help from individuals, from Crews, and from Districts. For obvious reasons, at this stage it is impossible to organise them completely and to let them know precisely what we shall require. I am, however, most concerned that everyone should have one particular type of job, and stick to it throughout the Camp. This may not in some respects be as entertaining for the individual as changing his job every day, but it makes for greater efficiency, and if enough offers are forthcoming, there will be no need for the hours on duty to be unduly long, and there should be plenty of time for individuals to see something of the Camp itself.

I want to suggest various ways in which we shall require assistance, in the hope that some of you who are thinking of offering your services, may be able to tell us when you write in, of the way in which you would prefer to spend your time during the Jamboree.

First and foremost, we shall need a large number of people whose sole duty will be to distribute food. We have made no final decisions yet, but we imagine that something like two hundred people will be needed in this job alone. Some will spend their time breaking down bulk supplies, and others will be working in shifts throughout the night and day on distribution.

The camp police, whose task will be the maintaining of good order, and ensurance of the smooth flow of essential traffic throughout the Camp, together with the staffing of car parks, will be a large body also. It is the kind of work which brings individuals into very close touch with members of the public, besides the Scouts of various nations, and those of you who have done this kind of job before, know it is a task which requires infinite tact, good humour, and immense patience, but is most interesting.

Closely allied to the work of the police will be the work of the stewarding staff, who will be responsible for the Arena, including showing ticket holders to their seats, marshalling the contingents for their displays, and carrying out similar activities wherever there is going to be a show of some kind. These stewards will also operate in the theatre, and although their numbers will not be as large as some of the other teams, they will be very vital people.

Then again a fair proportion of the working staff will be concerned with more mundane duties, such as making sure that water supplies and wash places are clean and tidy, and working efficiently. They will also be concerned with ensuring the general cleanliness of the Camp. Not very glamorous jobs, but most essential ones, requiring hard work, and very little limelight.

I can think of many other small sections of people who will be needed, runners for Press men, runners for members of the Directing staff, typists, persons willing to do clerical work, staff to man gates, persons to look after Snack Bars at various parts of the camp, motor vehicle drivers, together with a host of kindly people who will man the hospital, and whose qualifications will need to be such that they can do so efficiently and well.

All those concerned with working on the site will be assembling there during the week-end of July 27th and 28th, 1957, for a dress rehearsal, when even those who are only going to be with us for part of the time will be present to learn the whereabouts of the various parts of the camp, and to discover how to carry out their particular task. It is clear that working parties will change during the camp, since everyone will not be lucky enough to take a fortnight's holiday, but we shall need a full staff in Camp from the time of the dress rehearsal until about August 15th or 16th, after everyone has gone. May I add one thing more on the subject of working parties - various generous Rover Crews have already approached the Birmingham County Commissioner to undertake work in the Park. This is very good of them and we all appreciate it, but as it is a public park we cannot do much before the spring of 1957 in the way of constructive work, and so please do not plan any working week-end at Sutton Park until further details for such work are available.

Having said all this about helping at the Jamboree itself, and offering your services for one or other of the tasks set out above, I must remind you that the Jamboree is not going to be the only event of 1957, and when making your plans do remember that your services may well be needed in your own District or County. Important as it will be to be part of the team running the Jamboree, it is still more important that, in 1957, our Districts and Counties are able to offer friendly and efficient hospitality, and to put on as good a show as they have ever done before by way of a celebration, and so do please consider how best your services can be used in this great year, before you rush in to offer your services to me.



THE LIFE WE LOVE

And now to refer to something with which you can give me some immediate practical help. I am very anxious to obtain as many opinions as possible on certain aspects of Jamborees, Indabas and Moots, and there are a very large number of people in the country who have experience of these things. I want everyone - Scout, Rover Scout, or Scouter - who would care to do so, to send me a postcard giving me his views on the following points: -

- (i) How many excursions do you think should be offered to the participants during the 12-day Camp?
- (ii) How many visitors-days should there be? Bear in mind the need for these as a form of income.
- (iii) Are you prepared to offer hospitality in your home to a Scout or a Scouter from another country, either before or after the Camp?
- (iv) Would your Troop and District like to co-operate in a nationwide Opening Ceremony, such as firing rockets, or letting off balloons, at the appointed time?
- (v) Give two ideas for major programme attractions for either the Jamboree, Indaba, or Moot.

Please write your replies to these on a postcard, and number your answers as above, addressing the card to: -

The Organising Commissioner,
Jubilee Jamboree,
25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.

I shall not be able to acknowledge them all, but I shall enjoy reading them. All cards should be sent to reach me before the middle of December, so as to avoid the Christmas mail. In connection with question (iii), I feel that it would be an excellent thing if every active member of the Movement would undertake to entertain an overseas guest for at least one night during 1957.

Referring to hospitality leads me to mention that I hope that many Districts and Counties will be able to participate in the celebrations whilst contingents from overseas are in this country, both by arranging hospitality, and by providing reception centres for contingents at various times during late July, August and September. While making plans for this type of thing, it would also be worth while considering whether it is possible to arrange for a party from your town or District to visit Sutton Park during the Jamboree itself, either travelling by train, or in coaches, and returning the same evening. Provided a large enough party can be arranged, and they are on or can get to rail routes, there is every reason to suppose that we shall be able to arrange for special excursion trains to pick up at centres along the line, arriving at the Jamboree site in time for everyone to spend a few hours in the Camp. We shall need to know whether this kind of arrangement is one that appeals to the Movement fairly soon, as you will realise the period we are talking about is at the very height of the British holiday season, and if we have to arrange such trains, then our plans must be made this year. Anyone interested in this suggestion, therefore, should talk it over as quickly as possible, and let us have their ideas with the minimum of delay.

I am quite certain there are many burning questions in your minds about this great event, but space does not allow of my writing more now. I hope any of you who have suggestions to make or have ideas which you feel are worthy of consideration, will not hesitate to write to me. I can assure you that it is my earnest wish that this Jubilee Jamboree and celebration of the Founder's Centenary should be the united effort of all British Scouting, and it is to this end that we require your help.

KEN STEVENS,
Organising Commissioner.

THE CHRONICLES OF ZIZERA

IV. TIME TABLE OR PROGRAMME?

Our L.A. Secretary, in spite of the handicap of an enthusiastic Scouter husband, three small children, a dog, a budgie, two goldfish and a house, found time to call, at regular intervals, meetings to discuss matters of moment.

On this particular occasion, the matter under discussion was the proposed Sports and Gala, a lay members' enterprise designed to help the Groups to help themselves. A goodly company had gathered, for when the lay section has something concrete to get on with they regard the moving of mountains, G.S.M.s and other obstructive entities as mere child's play.

It so happened that the Secretary had submitted a detailed plan, complete with sketches and allocations of functions - she had been picking up ideas from the less vocal (but more intelligent?) members of the L.A. for some months. Nothing escaped the little book that was always at her side. She collected much dross, but here and there were nuggets of pure gold. The plan was so complete that little remained for the Scouter members to do but accept the scheme and leave it to the lay members to do their stuff.

During the commendatory remarks someone mentioned the word "programme." A few minutes later the Chairman noted that Mr. Ticklefoot, our oldest surviving member (he sits on two chairs at a time), had started to rumble. Ideas boil up inside Mr. Ticklefoot like water in a kettle. First he rumbles, then a few snorts and, as the idea pressure rises, his colour changes. It is at a peculiar shade of purple that the Chairman anticipates an explosion with a "Yes, Mr. Ticklefoot?"

"Mr. Chairman!" It wasn't a form of address but a general challenge to all and sundry. He bounced a glance round the room, found his victim and held him firmly in thrall. "Young Clive here mentioned 'programme!'" He snorted. "Programme! I've seen his programme - it isn't a programme, it's a time table - like most of the rest of you!" His voice changed and in a deadly monotonous tone, he recited, "7.30 Flag and subs., 7.45 Rough Game, 7.50 Test Game, 8.0 Patrol Corners—da—da—da—da! That's no programme, it's a time table. Made it over tea five minutes before the meeting. Still got kipper stains on it - even then he don't follow it." Mr. Ticklefoot propped himself more comfortably and continued, "What about his Court of Honour - maybe they did make a few suggestions - and maybe again he'll use 'em - if he don't forget.

Now in my day the programme was important - then again, of course - Scouting was important - not a fill in between pictures and T.V. as some of you seem to think to-day." The unfortunate Clive jumped to his feet, but his indignant "Mr. Chairman!" was cut short by Mr. Ticklefoot's "Sit down, son, you're better than most of 'em - even if you haven't read *Scouting for Boys* since you were twelve!" By this time everyone present was burning to have a set to with the speaker; but suddenly he relented, "Sorry, Mr. Chairman, sorry, Clive, this is something I have been chewing over for a long time now.

I'll let you all into a secret. You remember about twelve months ago you were asked to supply the names and addresses of all boys who left your Groups without giving a definite reason? Well, I'm an awkward old buffer, but I have a couple of advantages that most of you haven't. First, I have a housekeeper whose cooking is known to every boy for miles round - they have mostly had tea with me at some time or other. Secondly, I was one of the fortunate people who heard B.-P. speak on his new scheme for training of boys at Birkenhead way back in 1908. You will remember.

The first time he appeared in public after the publication of part of *Scouting for Boys* and the extraordinary spontaneous formation of the Scout Movement by the boys themselves.

"Well. The names and addresses we collected resulted in the boy getting an invitation to take tea with me - and bring a pal. I'm fat and wheezy and - although you may not believe it - much prefer to listen than talk!

"I had very few refusals and over tea and buns most of the boys told me why they left Scouting.

The usual reasons, homework, exams, must spend more time at home, you have heard them all; but - did you know that parents very seldom specified *Scouting* as the activity to be given up. In practically every case the boy had a choice, one night less pictures - one less ramble with his pals, may be sacrificing an odd practice match. He had a choice of which Scouting was only one item. Mostly he chose to give up Scouting. Why? Simply because he found it the least interesting of his many activities.

"You see, B.-P. made it quite clear from the outset that Scouting was a game for boys - run by boys for boys - with a minimum of adult supervision. It was the fact that they could run it themselves and make a good job of it that made it so different from any other scheme for boys - and why, for the first, and probably last time in history boys took hold of an idea and started their own show."

Mr. Ticklefoot was now cooing like a dove. His initial belligerent attack had served its purpose. He held everyone's attention.

"Now, it's only my opinion, but I think the programmes are at fault. I don't mean the timetable arranged for individual meetings, I suppose they are necessary: always provided that they are elastic enough. I mean the general scheme of progress from stage to stage in which every boy is an individual and not just one of a crowd.

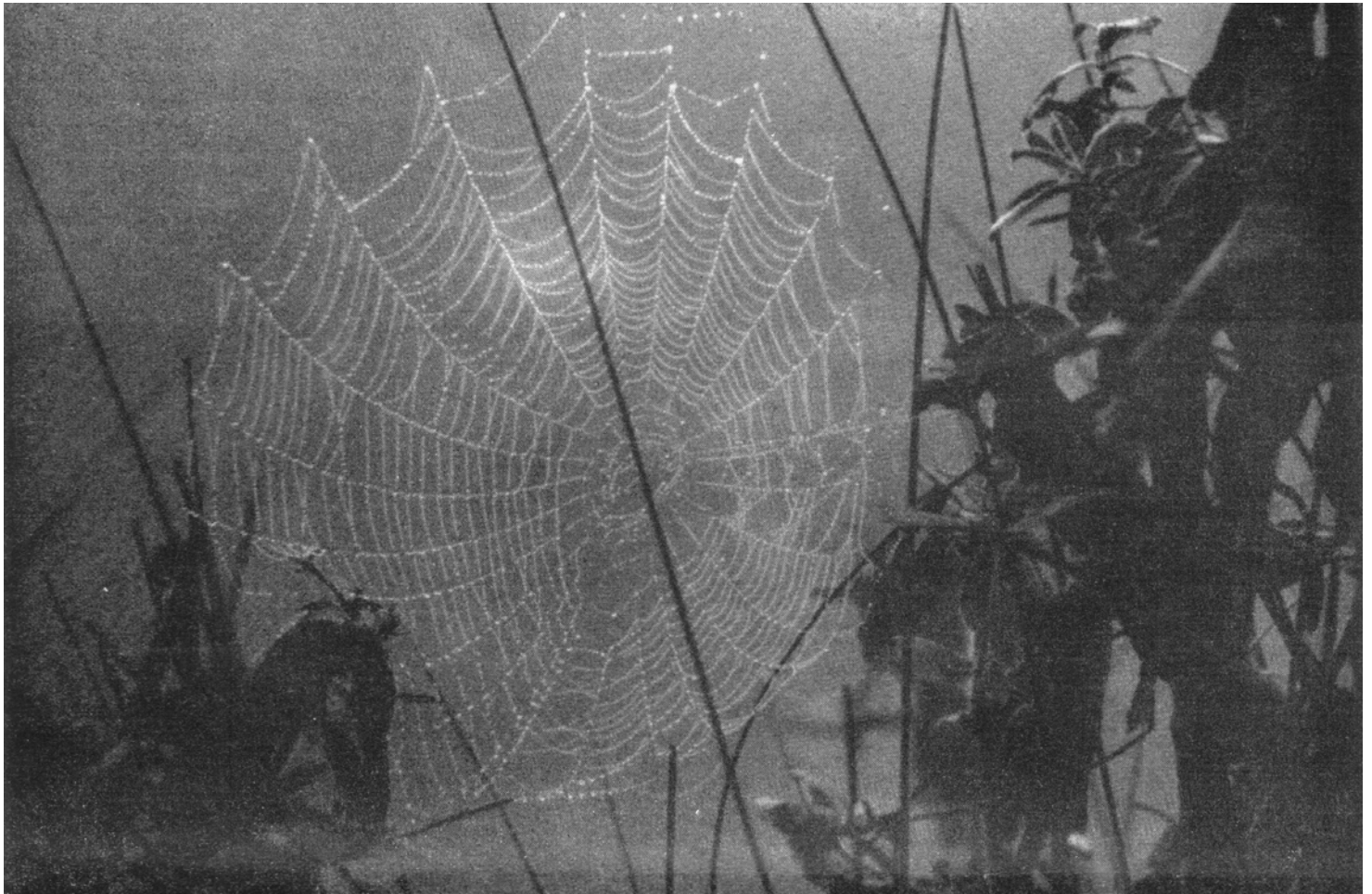
"Most Scouters have what they call a 'programme book.' Some of them are just a list of games played and stunts worked. Useful for preventing too much duplication - odd Scouters make notes as to the success or otherwise of items - but their only real use is to show to visiting Commissioners as an indication of what is going on.

"You know, I think we are giving the book the wrong name. The programme book should be kept by one of the A.S.M.s, or even the orderly P.L. The S.M. ought to keep a record, entirely personal to himself which would be better entitled the 'Progress' book.

"My old Skipper, way back in what might be called the spontaneous days of Scouting, kept such a record. On one page he kept a detail of the meetings, items as recommended by the Court of Honour, the name of the chap conducting the item was noted and he had a simple system of grading which told him the success or otherwise of new stunts and games. On the facing page, however, was a record that he kept in what we always imagined was arabic script - we were very proud of this - though it turned out later that it was only a form of cursive shorthand. I never did know exactly what he wrote, but it was sufficient to enable him to analyse the progress of every boy. He could and did, draw attention to any test that had been passed - but only just. I think it contained notes on ambitions and hobbies, on parents and home conditions. Little indicators that gave a clue to character. Johnny's shorts were clean but much mended. Tom always had everything necessary, but did not seem to know how to look after his property. Harry got whacked at 'crash' and lost his temper. People who could not get their subs, but could always find sweets.

"Cases where there was a genuine difficulty in finding money and where a little assistance with camp and other expenses would be of real service. A note that Harry, whose father was a shop assistant on 50s. a week, had seven brothers and sisters. Skip made these notes during the course of the meeting and later on, transferred items to a series of cards, one for each boy. When I left to take up duty in another country, he handed me my card - I learned that I was argumentative and inclined to be self-important and that I didn't know half as much as I thought I did. That my signalling was enthusiastic but inaccurate (which explained why I always seemed to be preparing and conducting signalling stunts - I thought it was because I was so very good at the subject!) I learned that it was probably better for an injured person to take a chance without attention than to be subjected to my first aid. (Yet he put me in the District Ambulance Competition. You know, I must have been good. I took the fourth award against all comers - though I must admit I did an awful lot of swotting after he announced his selection!)

"This, you will say, has nothing to do with programmes. It has. The record was the basis on which the Troop *progress* programme was built. The note about Tom's uniform was the cause of one of the boys parents giving us a lesson on laundry - when we washed quite a lot of light equipment and Tom, with others, learned to wash his shirt.



NATURE SCRAPBOOK: (11) NOVEMBER MORNING

“Now don’t get the impression that Skip prepared the programme; he didn’t, it always came from the Court of Honour, but when he judged that something was getting neglected or wanted rubbing in, one or other of the P.L.s would hear a brief yarn on ‘A stunt we used to do,’ or ‘Have you ever thought of trying this with your Patrol?’

“Skipper planted the seed but a member of the Troop raised the plant. A Scout with an idea takes an awful lot of stopping - by chaps his own age. An unthinking word from a Scouter will quench the brightest flame and there won’t be any more ideas from that source.

“You would be horrified if you knew how many times your boys have yarned over ideas with me but have avoided my suggestion that they should pass it on to their S.M. ‘Wouldn’t be any good, Tick; Skip always likes to run his own stunts,’ or just a non-committal grunt and a quick change of subject. Come to think of it, there is a basic fallacy there. I’m falling into the old trap and regarding the S.M. as the one who ‘runs’ the Troop. As I have said before, a sort of super P.L. The one thing B.-P. told us to avoid. ‘That’s all right, Tick,’ you will say. ‘In your day P.L.s were senior boys - sixteen or seventeen - practically A.S.M.s.’ This is another fallacy; they were nothing of the sort. A few were relatively old men, agreed, but by far the biggest majority were fourteen to fifteen - as they are today. I was a P.L. at thirteen and a half, a very bad one I believe, for I lost a stripe before I was fourteen, but that’s by the way. Don’t make the boy an excuse for your own inability to pick the right chap for the job. In any case the P.L. should be the Patrol’s suggestion, confirmed by the Court of Honour and gracefully acceded to by the S.M. The P.L. has a right to pick his own Second.

“Given a decent chance, the boy of to-day is every bit as good as his father. Personally, I think he is better. He is better physically, better educated and more sure of himself. Maybe he is a little less imaginative, he no longer has the compelling need to make his own

amusement - but he has much wider interests and knowledge and is much better qualified to run a Patrol at fourteen than many of us were when quite a lot older.

But - and here’s the rub - you can’t kid him, he can spot a phoney set-up a mile off. He may not say anything, probably won’t, to you, though he will be vocal enough with his colleagues. He will just lose interest and drift away to something more to his liking and become another figure in the leakage statistics.

“Have you ever watched a group at camp during a free period, playing a game of their own choosing? They seem to throw up a leader automatically and play with enormous gusto. They are probably playing one of your games - modified according to their own ideas - you may not recognise it. They are concentrating on the bits they like and ignoring the bright ideas you feel are ‘good’ for them! I once had a very serious and high-level discussion with a group of youngsters - Cubs, as a matter of fact. They admitted to being a bit bored with the Pack programme and I asked them why they bothered to come at all. The answer was illuminating - they arrived early and ‘had such fun before Akela arrived!’ Not that I am suggesting that the Sixers’ Council should arrange the Pack programme. Heaven forbid! They would play Dan Dare space ships all night! But the Pack is a different part of the game, it has to be led. The Troop requires guidance and instruction, not governance and instructions. If you encourage the Court of Honour to prepare and run at least a good part of the programme, you will be doing two things: playing Scouting for Boys as it was intended to be played by our Founder, and giving yourself time to keep the records and notes that make this type of play possible. Mind, it will get out of hand at times - but you are still the skipper - as I do, and you are, Mr. Chairman!”

ZIZERA.

TROOP NIGHT - XIX

Court of Honour

This is perhaps the most useful (and difficult) weapon of the Scouter. A few points. The meetings must be held regularly and formally. It's no use gathering the P.L.s together for ten minutes after Troop meetings, at odd intervals. Have an agenda and proper minutes. One idea is to hold the meetings at the homes of each of the P.L.s in turn. This requires a little tact and sometimes circumstances may make it impossible.

The Scouter should, of course, take a back seat and say nothing unless asked. If you have several A.S.M.s, let the most junior "sit in" - the other Scouters should absent themselves. The T.L. is the ideal person to have as Chairman.

Let the members of the Court of Honour discuss anything they wish and let them make decisions. It is surprising how often they come to the right conclusion, i.e. the conclusion you want! It is fatal to try to guide them, they will either become rebellious and insist on going against your wishes or stop talking and go into a sulk. What's more, I don't blame them!

When asked what Guide Thinking Day was a Scout said that he thought it had "something to do with Passion Sunday."

Some more ideas for the weekly Patrol problem (you will remember that I suggested a problem a week, for a period of a month or so).

1. Ask the Patrol to make a dinner menu for a Patrol of six from the following ingredients (all ingredients to be used and no fresh ones introduced). Full details of recipes required.

1 oz. coffee, 1 pint sour milk, 8 oz. flour, 1 pint fresh milk, 6 eggs, 3 lb. old potatoes, 1 lb. stale bread, 4 oz. sugar, salt, 1- lb. honey, 1 cooking apple, water (unlimited), 4 oz. dripping.

Idea: At next camp, present Patrol with these items for one meal.
2. Week before Camp Fire. Each Patrol to evolve new yell, parody or limerick (about Scoutmaster ?). Or each Patrol to form a "band" and perform set piece (Brass Band Contest). At your own discretion invite the parents.

... and still one more variation of Kim's Game

Use a dozen similar objects, e.g. ties, books (in a series), used envelopes, pencils, vases, buttons or keys. Ask for a detailed list. Make one of the twelve objects "odd man out," then ask afterwards for a description of the odd object only. Don't warn them that you are going to ask for the odd one.

Grizzly-isms

It's no use knowing something backwards, if you don't go forward.

A boy joins the Scouts because he likes it, and leaves the Scouts because he no longer likes it. It's as simple as that.

When you pause to reflect, remember to start again.

Cooking is always of interest to boys. There is something in the theory that the way to a boy's heart lies through his stomach. Encourage the Patrols to experiment with dishes - let them be ambitious. Our record for a rich fruit cake baked in a biscuit tin oven is forty-seven minutes. That is, right from scratch. Present Patrol with biscuit tin (extra lid for shelf?), three foot length of metal piping, matches, billy (for mixing), tin (for baking), 4 oz. flour (S.R.), 2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar, 1 egg, 11- oz. dried fruit. It isn't difficult really. By the way, didn't Captain Hook try to win over the Lost Boys with "rich damp cake"?

Threes

A wild game. Boys sit on ground in circle, in groups of three. Easiest way to form the circle is for a third of the boys to form circle, then second third to fall in behind them and the rest to fall in behind the pairs. Usually they sit clutching one another around the waist - you'll realise why in a moment.

An odd boy runs round circle and nonchalantly "cocks" his leg over a trio. The trio and he now become competitors for the three places. Each of the four must run once round the circle to claim his place. Obviously the odd boy has the best chance. The other three - well.... There'll be another odd boy....

Introduce this game gently and don't play it too often.

Idea: a gentler game would be to have boys standing. Odd boy simply to tick back boy and make it a straight race - no skirmishing.

Pocket Games

Pocket Kim. Make sure your pockets are reasonably full of junk (mine usually are!). Sit in front of Troop and proceed to empty pockets. Item by item. As soon as they're all laid out, replace them one by one. Patrols to draw up list of contents of each pocket. Idea: ask each boy in turn for an article from his pocket. Boys to list articles and owners.

Pocket Murder. Contents of murdered man's pocket. Deduce age, profession, interests and recent activities. Lots of scope for imagination. Idea: use "The Man who never was," as a yam.

Pocket Actions. Take imaginary items out of pocket and do something with each, e.g. take out letter, envelope, pen and stamps. Address envelope, place letter inside, seal and stamp. Patrol to deduce objects. Check by doing it with actual objects. Not easy - rehearse in front of mirror.

Scout on finding difficulty when descending tall tree: "Are you sure this is the tree I came up?"

Apologia

"My Troop meetings aren't very good because-
of the caretaker."
I've no equipment."
I've no assistants."
the boys arrive late."
the boys are so young."
the choir meeting clashes."
the meeting-place is unsuitable."
parents don't co-operate nowadays."
I've not enough time to prepare meetings."
of television, cinema, radio and speedway."

(With apologies to Marghanita Laski.)

The metal commando cart now being advertised is very useful. A Patrol can handle its own camp kit easily and it affords no difficulties in the guard's van. At camp it is useful for wood parties, table, stores and, in an emergency, a stretcher.

The number of people who cannot handle a railway time-table or telephone directory is amazing. Surely this is an essential skill in this age of ours? (I bet they can tell you who's at the top of the league!) Introduce the use of them in outdoor town games occasionally.

You will know the observation game that requires you to invite a stranger to interrupt the meeting and then for the Patrol to compile either a "wanted" description for the police or a verbatim report of the incident. When this was tried the irate "owner" of a large garden which butts on to Troop H.Q. was enlisted. He ranted and raved to the SM. in front of a somewhat shocked Troop. Boys had, he said, used his garden as a short cut. In order "to lend an air of verisimilitude", the Scouter asked for the guilty party to own up.

There were three confessions!

Preparation for the Troop meeting:-

Inspiration, 1 per cent.
Perspiration, 49 per cent.
Frustration, 49 per cent.
Realisation, 1 per cent.



"Please Mum, Skip sent me for some soap, rags, metal polish, nails, a hammer, a screwdriver, a jug of lemonade and six buns!"

Landscape Gardening

Observation game. Take three or four photographs of a large garden or a small public park, not familiar to the Troop. Patrol to draw to scale and properly orientated a detailed map of the garden or park.

Idea: Try the same with views of a village. Not too easy.

Can your Scouts use their knotting to make up a firm parcel? Each boy to remove lumberjacket or coat and make a parcel of **it** with stout brown paper and string. Each Patrol stands in a circle, with a five-yard gap between members. The parcels are then thrown round the circle (in a continuous chain) for one minute. Patrol with greatest number of intact parcels, at end of the period, wins.

Beetle Drive

Rope off six-yard square of grass - and, possibly, include a piece of hedge or a small bush. Arm the Patrol with nature books, especially on flowers, insects, grasses and sedges. Patrol to map the area (minutely) and mark the different flowers, types of grass and so on. All living things - static or moving are to be recorded.

Correct names are to be given if possible; if not names are to be invented (and later, justified!).

Good fun - especially useful for the brainy Patrol.

D. GRISBROOK.

The D.C. being laid up with lumbago, I had to provide the "Commissioner's Remarks" at our quarterly L.A. meeting last week, and I made full use of my opportunity and gave the assembled Scouters and others a good old-fashioned pep-talk on the (nowadays) novel text of "Be Prepared."

"Much too frequently," I said, "we see accounts in newspapers of policemen trying to arrest thugs single-handed, while a gaping crowd stands by open-mouthed, and nobody has the guts to go to the policeman's help. We see accounts also, of people drowning within sight of a crowded beach at the seaside, because nobody can think and act quickly enough to rescue them in time ..

Several people came up afterwards and congratulated me on the speech, but Old Hankin, as usual, took the gilt off my gingerbread. "You cribbed the whole thing," he said, "from the Chief's SCOUTFR article a few months back."

"I may have got the basic idea from it," I admitted rather stiffly, 'just as Shakespeare derived some of his best plays from the historian Holinshed, but . .

"I've got to hurry off now," he said, "but I'd be glad if you'd look in at the Troop meeting on Friday, as I'd like to show you our 'Be Prepared' scrap-book, and I'd also like you to be present at a yarn that we're going to hear from a visiting speaker"

An invitation to visit Hankin's Troop is in the same category as a Royal Command, so I turned up punctually on Friday, and he took me into his private sanctum for a chat. His four Patrols were busy under their P.L.s in their Patrol corners and his A.S.M. was supervising some Second Class tests. Hankin's Troop always has an air of being able to run itself without the slightest effort on Hankin's part, yet at the same time he is the hub round which everything revolves.

He took a large scrap-book from a shelf, and opened it, and I found it was full of newspaper cuttings.

"Any Scout bringing along a newspaper account of a 'Scouty' deed, whether done by a Scout or a non-Scout," he said, "gets a point for his Patrol in the Patrol competition, and his P.L. reads the account to the Troop just before the prayer with which we close the evening, and then I paste the cutting in this book."

The book had only been started a few months earlier, but already there were dozens of cuttings. A boy who had saved an old woman's life by wrapping a rug round her when her dress caught fire, a young porter who had dragged a woman from in front of an oncoming express train, many cases of rescue from drowning, and cases, also, of neighbourly Good Turns.

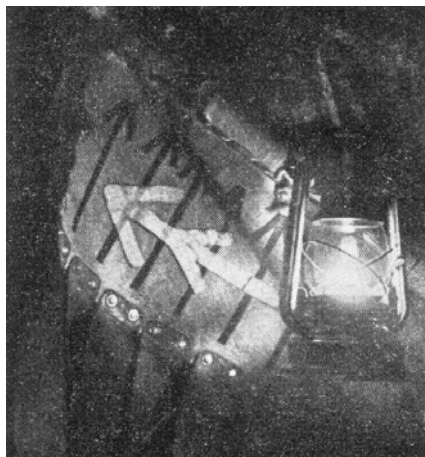
"I have a feeling that these true yarns will stay in the minds of the Scouts," said Hankin, "and help them to act quickly and fearlessly if their own chance comes. But I have laid on a talk this evening, about the necessity not merely to be alert to seize - the opportunity when it comes, but to Be Prepared by knowing what to do in an emergency. The speaker will stress the need for every boy to know how to swim, also the value of first-aid, and the other things we teach in Scouts, emphasising that these things are taught not just so that chaps can get badges, but so that they can be useful in emergencies."

"Who is giving this talk?" I asked.

"You are!" said Hankin with a grin. "I know you don't like speaking without notes, but I hoped you'd Be Prepared with some ideas on Being Prepared, and as the chaps are waiting now..."

Why not buy 100 Ideas for Troop Meetings
and It's Troop night Again
(1/- each, postage 2d., from IHQ) and
HAVE BETTER TROOP NIGHTS?

52. BLUE HIKE (SWEDEN) 1955



"Well, here we are!" The large electric train slid quietly into Stockholm Central Station and we stepped out into adventure and fun. We had arrived after a journey of two-and-a-half days by boat train and ferry from London and, in anticipation of what was to come, we conducted a hair-brushing morale-building ceremony. Thus strengthened, we made our way out into this strange new city - the Venice of the North - and sought out the Headquarters of the Sveriges Scoutforbund, the largest of the five Scout Organisations amalgamated in the Swedish Scout Union. Here we were met by Stig Pienge, one of the Secretaries. We presented our letters of introduction and the four of us, Brian Reid (1st Welling), Anthony Warrens (1st Ben Ritydding), Robert Orr (8th Fife) and Donald Ryan (51st Belfast), were formally welcomed to Sweden. After we had attended to the needs of the inner man we were escorted to the hotel where we were to stay until the beginning of the hike.

Each of us had a Swedish phrase book, but they were left in the bottom of our rucksacs after the first time out, for nearly every person to whom we spoke knew some English. We spent Saturday and Sunday (August 13th and 14th) seeing the sights of Stockholm, swimming in open-air baths, and on Sunday morning, as is our custom at home, we attended the service in the English (Parish) Church.

During these days we made our first acquaintance with Swedish food. It is essentially the same as British food though the dishes are more varied, and the universal rule is lunch at midday and dinner at night. These were days of leisure. The temperature kept in the eighties, and the slight breeze which was always present made it ideal weather. However, another journey faced us - the journey to Ransäter in Värmland from where we were to start out on our hike.

On Monday, 15th, just after lunch, we re-entered the Central Station and got the train to Karlstad where we changed to a narrow gauge North Bound line. We reached our destination about 7.30 p.m. and walked a mile to the village where we were greeted by the Leaders and allocated to our Patrols. There were four Patrols of eight boys, including one British boy in each, which with the Scouters made a total of thirty-eight. After settling in we got to know each other very quickly, as Scouts can do. This was made possible by the excellent English our Swedish friends spoke, and was cemented by the friendly atmosphere at the supper table. This was a magnificent meal cooked by the local people, and in a way which was traditionally Swedish. On a central table lay the plates of "hard bread" and "limpa" - white bread together with large dishes filled with butter, boiled eggs, cheese, cucumber and German sausage slices. To drink, there was chocolate.

After supper we retired to a glade where the leather Blue Hike flag was shown to us, its symbolism explained and some of the "Hike Atmosphere" passed on. After prayers in the village church (which had served in various capacities - barn, stable and powder magazine) we turned in. From this point on I shall only mention a few places en route (the expressed wish of the Scouters) because it might spoil the enjoyment of others, both British and Swedish, who may in future years follow our footsteps.

We left the following morning after prayers and breakfast and in Indian file climbed up the hill into the forest. Walking on until 10.30 we came to a fire watch-tower on the summit of the ridge, and called a halt. Each Patrol Leader was given a Patrol flag, made of leather. These were the originals used on the first Blue Hike in 1948. After a rest and scenic viewing we continued until midday, when we stopped for lunch.

The country has to be seen to be appreciated. Trees stretch as far as the eye can reach, broken occasionally by button lakes or blue ribbons of river.

The trees themselves are a mixture of Scotch pine, Douglas fir and spruce. The predominating deciduous tree is birch, undergrowth and thickets are formed mainly of thorn bushes and raspberries - these taking the place of blackberries in England. About 3.30 p.m. we arrived at a lake and, skirting the north side, we made our camp on a hill overlooking it.

Each Patrol camped as a unit, and after a swim we cooked dinner - macaroni and bacon with thick fruit drink and bread and cheese to follow. During the evening the time was spent in pioneering instruction, and after, at a Camp Fire, we sang many songs both English and Swedish. The sunsets were particularly colourful, and that night lived up to expectations. And so we finished our first actual Hike day, the going had been moderate, the countryside lovely - it was just perfect.

The other days were spent in something the same manner although, of course, there were always surprises.

On the third day we visited the home of Selma Lagerlöf, one of the greatest Swedish authoresses, many of whose books have been translated into English. We also visited Rottneros - a country mansion and park which was the setting of a book by the same author. We finished that day by travelling northward through Central and Upper Lake Fryken to Torshy, near which we camped. Quite often on the march we would stop to receive instruction on some aspect of Scout work. We were shown how to make sheaths easily (in leather), the mysterious tar pine was explained to us - it lights wet or dry because of the natural turpentine (or beazine) in it. We stopped at a farm once and were shown how to handle a grindstone correctly. In fact, as well as having an enjoyable hike, we learnt many things about the woods and their inhabitants. Moose tracks were everywhere apparent and each day we saw squirrels. Foxes and weasles were in abundance, though birds were generally conspicuous by their absence.

One of the things I shall remember best was the camp we made overnight on Saturday, 20th. That day we had climbed a comparatively high mountain - Hackfallet (1,650 ft.) - and from a fire watch-tower we could see miles and miles of forest and lake country, even as far as the Norwegian mountains to the east. We were fairly tired when we arrived in camp and turned in early after a wonderful Camp Fire (to the accompaniment of clarinet, trumpet and guitar). On waking Sunday morning, we found it was to be a rest day, and after breakfast we attended Scouts' Own conducted by Rev. Freyland, the leader (and Deputy Camp Chief for Sweden). After service we were instructed to gather at the lake side and, wondering what to expect, we duly presented ourselves. The leaders brought out a chicken - live and kicking - which they proceeded to kill (hatchet!), clean, pluck, stuff and put on a spit over a fire. We were rather struck by the nonchalant way this operation was carried out, and I was very pleased when I was told that my Patrol had won this chicken - the Patrol Leaders having drawn pine needles for the winner. Imagine our surprise when four more chickens were produced and distributed one to each Patrol with orders to cook them in the same way as the first. That was one order we had no hesitation in obeying, and our dinner that Sunday consisted of potatoes, two chickens and delicious meat balls - all this on a hike too!

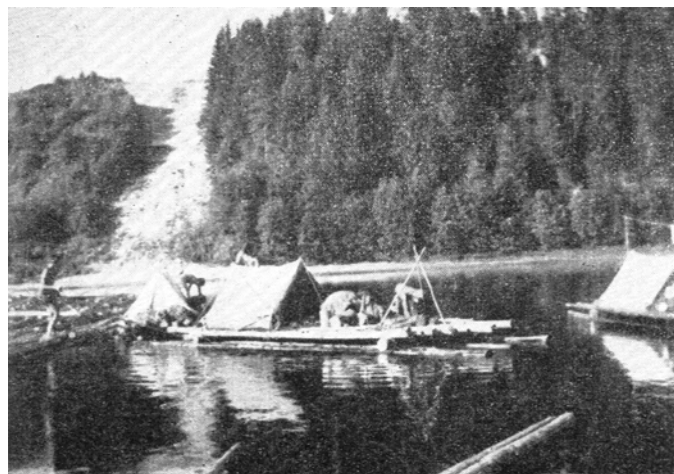
During the afternoon we spent a leisurely time packing, and at 5.30 p.m. a bus arrived to take us a two-and-a-half hours' journey to the banks of the River Klar-Alven at Vingling. Here a boom held back a great stretch of logs, literally acres, patiently waiting for the autumn flood before the winter freeze. After supper we turned in about 9.30 and were thoroughly rested at 6 next morning, when we rose, washed, dressed, ate and commenced building our rafts. These were composed of logs 20 ft. by 1 ft. in diameter, approximately nine of which were lashed together to form a section.

Another two large logs laid across each end afforded foundations for the deck. This was made from smaller two or three-inch diameter poles laid butt and head alternately.

When two sections were completed they were lashed together and "furnished" with two hike tents (fir tips under the floors), an altar fire and tripod, a stock of firewood and food. The placing of the Patrol flag on board completed the building and the miniature Kon-tiki was commissioned officially by the P1. about 5p.m. Just then a roving reporter from the Swedish Radio came down to the bank and, after taking recordings (including interviews with two of us), we set sail to the accompaniment of the Scout Hymn and the Hike Song. Our fleet consisted of six rafts, including two for the Scouters, one leading and one bringing up the rear. Our journey down the river was a leisurely one, if indeed at times rather slow. We continued both night and day by keeping two-hourly watches during the hours of darkness. This was necessary as the raft had to be occasionally fended off the shore or steered past log jams. All cooking was carried out on board, and we fared as well as when we were on shore. During the day the temperature kept in the eighties. With a swim possible by simply rolling over the side we managed to keep cool nearly all the time.

On Wednesday morning we called (2 o'clock) at Nora Ny, a little riverside town, to visit the church and take part in a rededication service when all, Swedish and British alike, re-affirmed our Scout Promise. During the next two hours the party was interviewed by newsreel and radio reporters, after which we returned to the rafts. We had a brisk swim followed by delicious hot coffee, and so to bed. The Wednesday passed uneventfully until after supper when the river became so wide and shallow that the rafts kept going aground or sticking on rocks. However, later in the night we followed the leaders ashore and, making the rafts secure fore and aft, we all retired for a few hours' sleep.

The next morning we were awakened about four o'clock and, after washing and dressing, we started to break up the rafts, a job that was completed by seven o'clock. Then we cooked breakfast, and after prayers (in English, led by one of us) we moved off at 9.30 and were again met by a bus which started going south through picturesque and well-wooded country. During the morning we visited a very new hydro-electric station. It was an amazing building housing two generators and other equipment, flood gates and intake flumes were oil heated to avoid icing in winter. The whole station was run by a central control some miles away and the two men on duty only had maintenance and cleaning work to do. From here we continued south and at midday we stopped for twenty minutes to allow us to do a little shopping - the first for four days. While here many of us obtained a copy of one of the chief Stockholm papers which had given two pages to the reports and photographs of the Hike. On again by bus towards our last camp site we went. Nearing this we alighted and walked the last few miles, here we had lunch and, later, dinner, spending the intervening time "swopping" badges, collecting addresses and getting a few photographs. At 8.30 we went to the last Camp Fire. This was a glorious affair with many sketches, and was crowned by the fact that someone - a local Scouter, I think - brought along a portable radio and we heard our broadcast on the Hike, including the interviews with Brian and Anthony.



At the end of the Camp Fire we handed over a birch staff (suitably decorated) as a token of our thanks to the organisers.

Next morning we were brought into Hagforge, a large iron town, by bus, where we were given breakfast in one of the hotels. How we enjoyed this delicious meal, which was enhanced by the fact that it was already prepared. After this we "formed up" in Patrols and handed in the basic equipment - pots, axes, etc., and formally bade farewell to the leaders and to our companions - the Hike was over.

We were very impressed by the organisation of the Hike, timing was perfect, everything going like clockwork without any apparent strain or worry. If a boat was to be boarded, boat and boys arrived simultaneously. Buses were always there and food came in time and in plenty. It was a terrific experience.

The journey back to Stockholm was rather an anti-climax, but we enjoyed it immensely, making adequate use of the very comfortable Swedish trains. We seemed to glide through the picturesque countryside with its mixture of ancient and modern. This, in fact, is the secret of Sweden's attraction, electric cables passing high over age-old forests, Runic stones standing on modern housing estates, Viking graves to be seen in Stockholm suburbs.

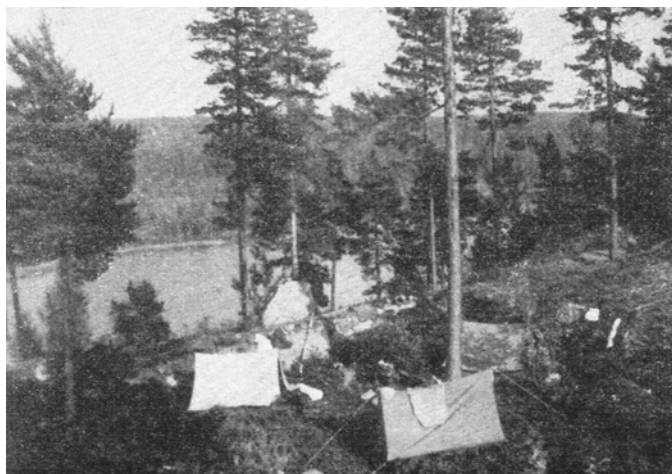
On arrival in Stockholm we were met by Herr Pienge and our hosts for the last five days. Each British boy went to a different home, all of which were connected in some way with the Drakarna Sea Scout Group, Bronma. In these homes we enjoyed our final days in many ways. We shopped, sailed, drove to country and sea, visited places of interest and attended a Swedish service. In addition we were invited to the Drakarna G.S.M.'s house where we enjoyed an evening exchanging songs and ideas. On Monday night we were again invited to dinner, were met by our host at Scout Headquarters and driven to his home in a south-west suburb of Stockholm. Here we spent an interesting and delightful evening and after dinner were each presented with a set of Scout cuff links as a memento of our visit. We were driven home by a different route to see nocturnal Stockholm in all its finery, and I have yet to see anything to "hold the proverbial candle" to this sight.

Nine o'clock on Tuesday evening saw us and all our friends in the Central Station. After many adieus and good wishes the train took us off at 9.30 and we reluctantly bade our final farewell to Stockholm. Travelling the same route on our return journey we arrived in London on September 1st, tired but with so many happy memories of the good times we had.

In conclusion, we would like to express our thanks to the many people who made our trip possible, our hosts the Swedish Scouts, Stig Pienge, Rev. Freyland, F.C., and the other leaders. In fact, to all our many friends in the Sveriges Scoutforbund.

Our sincere thanks also go to Mr. Thomas and the Staff at I.H.Q. for our travel arrangements and for many kindnesses received, and to Brian's parents for their hospitality while in London. It has been an unforgettable trip, the "Blue" Hike (Bei Hajken) it really was - blue skies, blue lakes, blue uniforms - but no "blues." May those who follow in our footsteps have as happy a time.

DONALD RYAN,
Patrol Leader, 51st Belfast.



ROVER ROUNDABOUT

“What’s the Rover section for unless they produce Scouters?” “Rover Leaders are not impressing the young fellows with the importance of ‘putting back’ into the Movement.” Yes, we’ve heard it not once but many times - so what? Here’s so what! Many of my Rover friends know that I have “sold my soul” for a purple plume and this week has been one of great rejoicing because it has proved a point made so many times by not only me but other Rover believers.

A ‘phone message from a name I did not know: “Could a Mr. M speak to me about starting a Cub Pack.” We fixed a date. Along came two young men sporting Rover badges; they had heard of a job of service that they felt called upon to do. Through that they saw an opportunity for introducing some handicapped lads to Scouting. After a while I learnt that they had both been busy establishing themselves in the business world and the days of intensive swotting past, they now felt free to “help out” - “put back” - “see the light” - anyway they’re in again. Our final few minutes spent swapping Rover experiences was a pretty good indication that although the Crew had had to do without them for a time, the spirit was strong enough to hold their interest and lead them on, when the time came, to volunteer for service. So now all you folk who quote me figures and produce graphs, put those lads in somewhere - but don’t, for goodness’ sake, class them as Rovers: no sir, they’re Scouters!

I have been talking to Crews lately, just dropping in and listening in and I’m amazed at how many of them occasionally put their hands in their pockets to help with Pack or Troop gear, money for an outing, a few shillings to see that a Senior, not too well breeched, gets out with his pals; and this is as it should be. But certainly it must not be at the expense of real help to the lads themselves. The Cubs and Scouts are much more appreciative when an older fellow shows them a few pointers on what to them is much more important - a helping hand with their tests. What to a Rover is easy and commonplace is to a youngster sometimes a very difficult and almost insurmountable obstacle. I was talking to a Rover only last week and as he said: “We can make ourselves at home in camp: it’s no effort. You don’t have to think about pitching a tent, it’s just a natural thing to do, a fireplace (or a Primus), you just do it, blankets or flea bag: we don’t get cold in camp at night,” but to a Tenderfoot it’s not so easy. If he knows how, he’ll like Scouting; if nobody tells him (and the Scouter has got plenty to do) we shall lose him. Think it over - money isn’t everything.

So plan your programmes with a thought for the lads this winter.

By the way, the London Leaders are spending a Saturday finding out how they can best put over the Rover plan with a scheme for breaking up into groups for discussion during the sessions and it is not easy to find such a place suitable for about 250 bodies. Now out of the blue comes somebody with an introduction to some of the law officers and they are lending the Law Courts to us. On another occasion we held our A.G.M. in the Westminster City Hall. Two weeks ago I went over to a Rover/Ranger do held in the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. As one of our Leaders said to me: “People are kind to us.” Yes, they are, and generally because at some time a Scout has impressed them by their bearing, their courtesy, or sometimes they have been attached to us in some way. Our contacts are of great importance.

Talking of contacts, our Crew made one, an octogenarian. We had him to the Crew and he told us of the changes he has seen. Our younger lads were just open-mouthed as they listened to the days of no wireless, no television, cinemas, days of the horse cab and no trains or buses and conditions of work which just don’t sound real.

These sort of evenings give great pleasure to the speaker, and you know people don’t always listen patiently to older folk; but we can learn a lot from them and to our younger fellows the spoken word often brings it home more.

The long period of full employment, money to spend on travel and enjoyment - to a younger man it’s always been like this and those of us who know and remember the other side ought to see to it that they realise how fortunate they are.

The struggles of others have given them privileges not worked for and very often just accepted.

If you have an old friend of this type, use him to give your Rovers some real education.

I heard this morning that the South-Eastern Counties Moot is to have the Chief Scout at Gilwell when they gather next Easter. I am sure that we can give him an insight into Rovering at its best. We in Scouting know how much we owe him, and his example of giving time, money, home comforts all to help along an ideal makes us feel very humble in his presence. To feel that he will spare us time to come amongst us in camp is of great inspiration to us all.

JACK SKILLEN.

The Rover’s World

11. JOURNEY IN AN EIGHT POUND CAR - III

By IAN BLAKE

From Stockholm we made our way through unspectacular country to the north along the very rough flat roads, up once again to the Norwegian frontier. My chief recollection of this part of the trip is of the night we slept on a very hard forest path. It had been dark when we stopped and the forest stretched for miles. Each time we tried a camp site we found the ground very wet and boggy, and at last we discovered a dry path. It was extremely hard, tents were an impossibility, so we rigged up a sort of groundsheet tent from the side of the car. I have never spent such an uncomfortable night as that; what is more, it was bitterly cold and about 6.30 the next morning it started to rain. We understood why it was so cold when we examined the map by the light of day and found we had been sleeping about 2,000 feet up. We had one other shock when we were told at a village that the forest was inhabited by - believe it or not - BEARS. However, unbeaten and uneaten, we arrived at the border and crossed to R6ros. R6ros is a little copper-mining town which was the epitome of gloom and depression. It was an overcast day, rather cold, and the little wooden houses on the outskirts and the bigger ones in the town had moss growing on the roofs and gutters. I have never been in a more unattractive place. The people seemed to lack any sparkle of life whatever. To cap it all we had a hideous dish named Saftesuppe for lunch which completed my dejection. It has the distinction of being the only thing I have ever tried which I could not eat under any circumstances. One spoonful of this thick, spiced, yet sweet soup, was too much for me. I was very glad when we left. We stopped early that afternoon and a friendly farmer gave us the use of his barn for the next day, for we had one of our rest days at this point.

We were not far from Trondheim, but as we were carrying a message of goodwill from the Provost of Dunfermline to the Mayor of Trondheim we felt we ought to spend some time getting ourselves and the car ready. The next day (a rest day) was peacefully spent cleaning, polishing, fishing and photographing. At night we had coffee with the farmer, his wife and family and exchanged songs, a thing I’m sure few people in Britain would do. Keith is a musician of some originality and ability, so he played the piano. He brought a guitar with him, and although he had never played one before, could soon get reasonable tunes from it.

We arrived at Trondheim and as we had the message of goodwill to deliver, went straight to the town hall. We were welcomed and were taken out to lunch by the Mayor’s secretary. Finally he presented us with a book each, all about Trondheim, signed by the Mayor. He also introduced us to some Guides and Rover Scouts, who took us about and showed us around. I think that Trondheim brought the war very close, just by occasional remarks made by our guides. “Do you see that window,” said one pointing to a window some five stories up. “That hotel was occupied by the Gestapo. If you were questioned and gave the information they wanted, you were given the opportunity to jump out instead of going to a concentration camp.”

On another occasion we visited the U-boat pens, enormous constructions of reinforced concrete, with walls 18 feet thick.

Those pens are so tough that the Norwegians cannot destroy them without damaging the city. Our guide told us that over 270 men had lost their lives in building those for the Germans, a number of them collapsed actually on the job and were pushed into the cement and covered over by the rest of the wall.

We had a very pleasant week-end for we visited Hell. Yes, there is such a place and afterwards we had a Camp Fire with a Trondheim Rover Crew. This took place at our camp site, by a lake high up in the hills behind the city, used for bathing in the summer and ski-ing and skating in the winter. In September it was deserted. We demonstrated Scottish country dancing after midnight on a deserted bathing platform and afterwards we bathed! What is more, we went in right under. The Norwegians were very impressed but didn't offer to join us. It was very cold.

After Trondheim we struck south to Bergen, choosing the most mountainous routes to test the car. One night we camped at 3,000 feet. I say camped, although actually it was an old road-hut that we utilised. It was very high, right by a peak called Dalsniba, or "Devil's Nose"! I woke up at five because it was so bitterly cold, and was well rewarded, for outside the sun was beginning to rise on the snowfields. Those who have never seen it cannot imagine what they have missed. The white snow slowly became more and more luminous and pink-tinged. It gradually reddened and touches of gold appeared on the neighbouring mountains. The amazing thing about this was that there were no harsh primary colours, but just shades of colour. There is no way of explaining this except to say that just as a beautiful oil painting has not the delicate ethereal tones of a good watercolour, a sunrise such as the one I saw, captures colours that cannot be found in any other scene. Apart from all this, the effect was kaleidoscopic, for due to the sun rising, the shades and shadows deepened and lengthened noticeably.

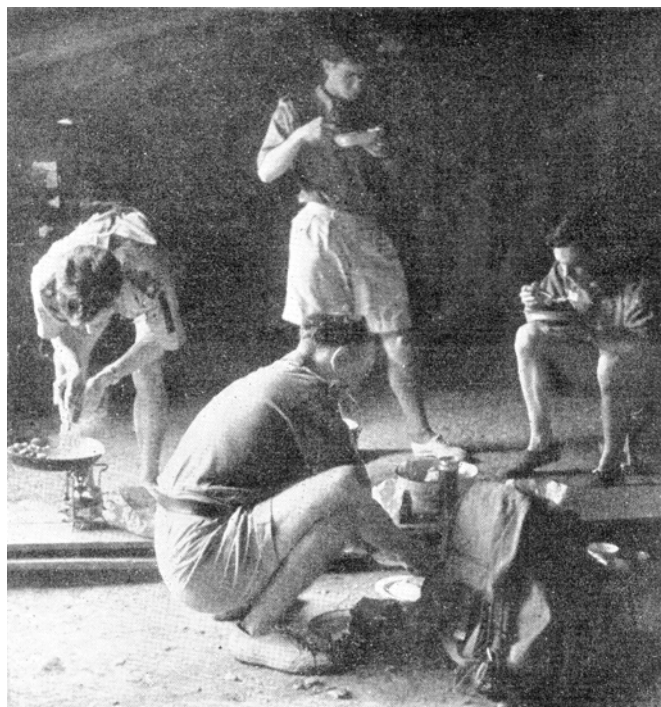
We saw, too, for the first time, some of those mountain torrents which look so coldly blue that they seem "heavy" and "thick," it was as if there was an undissolved solution of snow and ice in the water. I've never seen anything look so cruel.

The car performed miracles of hill climbing, and one road was so steep that it went round in a complete circle, for one part formed a sort of bridge over the lower part! Our highest point was 4,700 feet where we found it snowing, with about six inches of snow on the road. That was after a nineteen-mile climb. At the top was a very modern car carrying a South African family. We stayed chatting for some time; we also did a good turn, for it turned out that Stuart, their son, had been wanting to play snowballs!

Our last great thrill was climbing Stalheim Cliff, which is notoriously steep and required first gear. First gear is very low on a hearse. Unfortunately we thought we had broken the back axle just before we began this, so it was a gloomy ascent, full of forebodings and with only 125 miles to go we felt very depressed. It transpired later that nothing of the sort had happened, it was only a bearing cage that had become unfixed. The noise, however, was horrible! We did not know this at the time, however, and decided to press on slowly to Bergen, through the night, which would mean we would have plenty of time in hand if we did finally break down. It rained continuously during the journey and worst of all it was my turn for the 'bike. On we ploughed through the torrential downpour. It rained so hard that cataracts poured off the sides of the rocks and cascaded down onto the roads and onto me when I passed under them.

We arrived in Bergen at about 3 a.m., and as there was nowhere we could get a hot drink we took out Primus stoves and made coffee, heated soup and even stewed steak, in the middle of Old Bull Square. This is right in the centre of the town and has a fountain. The fountain was an excellent water supply! Two policemen came and chatted to us and did not seem to mind at all. The following night we went aboard ship and were surprised to find that most people knew who we were, as the travellers we had met had passed the news on. I suppose Stanley and Livingstone had news of each other the same way.

So our expedition came to an end. It had been a success. We had set out to prove that "Coughin' Guts" could do such a trip and had made it quite easily.



Now if I may prevail upon you a little longer I'll give you my impressions and some information in case you are planning anything of the sort. First of all, don't call a trip like this a holiday, we did at first but changed it to "expedition" quickly. It was a venture and no venture is a holiday; if it becomes a holiday it's too easy. This trip required long and careful planning, as Garry and Robert who bore the brunt of it will tell you. It was especially difficult because we had to apply our previous, ordinary, camping knowledge to the new medium of motor camping. We learnt that it is impossible to cover a mileage such as we covered, on roads like those in Scandinavia, and cook all our meals, and spend some days in places of interest. We found that we cooked on the average 1+ meals a day whilst actually travelling; this was always breakfast and sometimes supper, but not a midday meal. Each member of our expedition had a special job or jobs. Robert and Garry handled finance and the mechanics, John looked after first aid, Derek and Keith took care of the cine-photography and the feeding. My own job was to take "still" photographs and to write about our exploits when we returned. This necessitated making many notes, and to see if our project when completed had any value to the car firm concerned, or to newspapers, etc. My official title was "Photography and Publicity," which sounds impressive and a little pompous! This scheme meant that no one person had to think of everything, everybody being responsible for their own departments. Money and passports were handled collectively; this made things much quicker, especially in booking and at "controls."

Finally I must tell you that after all the energy and worry in the earlier stages, and after all the time that was spent planning, it was well worth while. We covered 2,200 miles, met many people and saw places and scenery which we would otherwise have missed. The actual cost of the trip was about £40 per head for three weeks, this included all food, fares, petrol, etc. Some money had been spent on the car before we went, on tyres and alterations for instance, but with a more modern car such an outlay would not have occurred of course. We went as a Rover Crew and not as six individuals. Everything we did was discussed beforehand: it was truly a Crew venture we enjoyed and hope to do many more like it.

FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

In a little over twelve months' time we shall be in 1957; the year when we celebrate those two momentous events - the Centenary of the birth of B.-P. and the Jubilee of the Movement he founded. None of us, I imagine, can be unaware of the great gathering that will be held in Sutton Park from August 1st to 12th of that year, when thirty-five thousand Scouts, Rover Scouts and Scouters from every corner of the globe will for-gather to pay homage to the man who gave Scouting to the world. But, in addition to this World Jamboree, Indaba and Moot, there will be other events to celebrate that memorable year and, although details have not yet been worked out, you may like to have provisional information about the decisions made by the Committee of the Council.

Obviously, we begin with February 22nd - the one hundredth anniversary of B.-P.'s birth. It is hoped that a National Service of Thanksgiving will be held in Westminster Abbey that day. Of course, only a very small number of those who wish to give thanks, to quote the prayer so frequently used, *for our Founder's life of service and for his gift of Scouting to the world*, can attend this service in the Abbey. It is hoped, therefore, that local Services of Thanksgiving will be held on either Friday 22nd, Saturday 23rd, or Sunday 24th February. It will be left to local decision whether these services are arranged by the County, the District or by individual Groups.

B.-P.'s whole life was one of service, and during the week commencing June 17th every one of us will be asked to join in collective Good Turns to the community. Suggestions will be made by I.H.Q. in due course, but it will be left to each District to decide what form its Good Turn shall take.

There will, of course, be the usual Queen's Scout Receptions at Gilwell Park in 1957 but with the difference that we expect them to be bigger than ever. I imagine many Scouters have already set today's 15-year-olds the target of Queen's Scout Badge during 1957. In addition, there will be a special week-end Camp at Gilwell for T.L.s and P.L.s of Boy Scout and Senior Scout Troops who hold the First Class Badge. Here again, details as regards quota and that sort of thing will be circulated as soon as possible, but it is not too early to tell our Scouts and Seniors about this great gathering, if only to warn them that the First Class Badge is a must! This camp will take place on May 25th - 26th, so your Second Class Scouts have had plenty of notice, if told now.

The Chief Scout has authorised me to warn you that he does not expect progress between now and the end of 1957 to be confined to those who want to attend a Queen's Scout Reception or the T.L.s' and P.L.s' Camp. He will expect every one to mark the celebration year by making greater strides and, as an incentive, he proposes to award a special Certificate to the Patrols who accept his challenge between January 1st and December 31st, 1957. You will hear more about this as time goes on, but do tell your Scouts of the challenge straight away; we do not want one Patrol to complain that no one had told them about it.

1957 provides a splendid opportunity for bringing Scouting to the notice of the general public. The Committee hopes that every District will organise a *Scout Week* sometime between February 25th and July 31st. What you do and when you do it will be left to each District to decide, but these things - if they are to be successful - take a lot of planning and it is hoped that no time will be lost in setting up 1957 Scout Week Committees.

Already, one or two Local Authorities have been discussing appropriate floral designs in their public parks and gardens to mark the Centenary and Jubilee Year. It is hoped that every District will ask its Local Authority to honour the Movement in this way and J.H.Q. are obtaining some designs which will be in the hands of D.C.s very soon.

From the foregoing it will be realised, if it was not realised before, that 1957 will not only be a memorable year but a busy one too. But let us resolve that it is to be a team effort. There will be many tasks that can be undertaken by those friends and supporters of ours who are not active Scouters; they will be honoured to be asked to share in this unique occasion.

A. W. HURLL,
Chief Executive Commissioner.

THE GILWELL LETTER

First, may I draw your attention to the various dates published in THE SCOUTER and available in full from Gilwell. As many of you know we now publish an Annual Diary from October to October.

There is a full range of Courses offered both for Scouters and for boys and I am anxious, as always, that Scouters from Great Britain who want to apply for Wood Badge Courses should do so as early as possible. Generally there tends to be more room on the courses early in the season as our Brother Scouts from foreign lands wait until England warms up a little before they venture over, and who can blame them?

You will have read that Ken Stevens has left Gilwell for a couple of years in order to organise the Jamboree and all that goes with it for 1957, and naturally we wish him well in the very considerable task he has undertaken. In his place, Gilwell has been very fortunate to get the benefit of the experience of John Sweet who will be known to you through his writings and to a great many in this country through his work as Field Commissioner in several areas. As I write he is already hard at work and he is obviously going to be very stimulating through the projection of new practical ideas and through his ability to seize on the ideas of others and work them out in practice.

Now to quite another topic. A great many courses are run these days for Scouts and Senior Scouts and they obviously fill a very great need, particularly in any area where good facilities are lacking for such things as pioneering, forestry, and the like. I think it is sometimes overlooked by those running courses that the subjects in themselves are not important except to the boy. Our job is to use the bait of Scouting to help to mould the boy's character, and that is why I am anxious that on all courses sensible and realistic attention is given to the Scout Promise and to courtesy, cleanliness, proper respect for those running the course (not, I hasten to add, because they deserve it, but because it is good for the boy that he should learn to give it), decent behaviour at meals and, generally, the inculcation of a spirit of unselfishness and willingness to help.

Last month, at the Queen's Scouts Reception here, the Chief Scout used a phrase I had not heard him use before. It was this:

"Preparation without practice is a waste of time." I think all Scouters can with value dwell upon this phrase. What on earth is the use of training boys in the activities of Scouting if we do not show them how to practise their skills in terms of the Scout spirit which is, in short, the Scout Promise carried into action. Merely to know something is inevitably selfish; it becomes worth while only when it is offered courteously in the service of others.

I would like to carry this one stage further. To me the foundation of world-wide brotherhood is not so much the fourth Scout Law as the fifth, for I do not see how one can hope to be a successful friend or brother unless one first learns the necessity of being courteous towards him.

A year or two ago, at the time of the coronation of H.M. the Queen, a great deal was said about this "New Elizabethan Age" and all we hoped it would embody: the spirit of adventure, of willingness to conquer the problems of the world, but in my view too little was said about those other great qualities of the first Elizabethans, courtesy and graciousness. I would like to think that the present generation of Scouters want to lead the splendid energy of today's youth into becoming gentlemen in the true sense and meaning of the word.

I should be happy if, through Scouting, we did no more for a boy than help him to grow up to think unselfishly before he acts, but, as in all things, we cannot begin to lead a boy in this direction unless every Scouter and every Commissioner sets the best example of which he is capable.

That is why I am so grieved when I hear of a row amongst Scouters, a cleft inside a Local Association, or that one section or another of the Movement wants to tear to pieces this or that Commissioner. It is not the fate of the individuals which worries me, but it is the weakening of the example which the adults ought to be giving to the boys.

JOHN THURMAN,
Camp Chief

LUCK OF THE MONTH

By THE EDITOR

September 5th. - Received a letter from a New Zealand Patrol Leader which ended charmingly "Peace and Blue Skies." Brought back vividly the lovely Canadian habit of responding to your "Thank you" with "You're welcome" - from shop assistants and the newsboy who hurls your papers into your porch to your neighbours or friends.

September 7th. - Looking through Jamboree files I brought back from Canada; came across three photograph portraits printed side by side in the Globe and Mail (of Toronto) on August 27th. They were of Malcolm Macdonald, Lester Pearson and a Boy Scout. The captions under them read "Laughing Diplomat", "Travelling Diplomat" and "Ubiquitous Diplomat."

September 8th. - At one of the excellent first-aid posts, the nearest to us in camp, the Canadian doctor always tried to cheer up his sometimes worried young patients as he attended to cut or bruise. One of his more successful leg-pulls on one of the very hot days concerned the popular Eskimo Scouts present at a Jamboree for the first time. "Heard about the Eskimo Scouts?" he would say. "No? Can't stand the heat. We've had to put them in refrigerator cages. Try going down that road: you may see them." And off would amble his young patient, his wounds forgotten, looking for this latest of Scouts mare's nests.

September 12th. - From a letter about a new schoolmaster Scoutmaster: "X is quite ignorant about Scouting: he asked whether we used the same foot drill as the Army and the R.A.F."

September 18th. - Flying visit (in two senses) to Northern Ireland, primarily to speak at their Old Wolves' Conference. After speaking at Lame on Saturday evening, hurtled by Alan Douglas along coast road, seemingly over several mountains, through darkling rain to Ballycastle for Antrim P.L.s' Conference (forty-five miles away). A lively happy gang of P.L.s in a Holiday Fellowship guest house right on the sea: they were just what B.-P. ordered. After talking to them on Sunday morning I was driven by John Martin along the Antrim coast road - one of the loveliest drives in Europe, - with its cloud-changed hills, its glens, its hedges of scarlet fuchsia and always the dappled, dimpled sea shushing at the rocks below and Scotland looming on the horizon - in time to talk to the Old Wolves again.

On the Saturday evening a great wave came over the pier at Ballycastle and swept off two men and two boys: it was a fierce evening with a perilous sea. Robert McClintock, ten-year-old Wolf Cub, dived in at once and without hesitation got a lifebelt round one boy and so saved his life by his quick thought, his willingness to risk himself and his knowing what to do: a lesson for us all.

September 21st. - From Abode of Snow by Kenneth Mason: "To my generation the story of Kim is fascinating. Kipling has completely caught the spirit of the pundit period, when Hurree Babu, the Pathan horse-dealer, and the Indian Curban were real and adventurous characters, when the great game in Asia was on, and when the frontier mists were almost impenetrable. These characters are not overdrawn, and Kim himself is a type of youth born in India, adventurous, loyal and devoted, who learnt to do great things." (The pundits were Indian explorers trained in "reconnaissance and route survey, taught the use of the pocket compass, how to recognise the stars and observe them, to take heights by boiling water, to count and record their paces and to keep accurate notes of routes." Their work on the Trigonometrical Survey, much of it done under Secret Service conditions, cannot be too highly valued.)

September 25th. - Interested in a paragraph by Lancelot Vining in The Amateur Photographer of August 31st: "Working in Fleet Street means a different story and pictures almost every day of the week, and it is interesting to find that almost forgotten events are often brought back to mind by some piece of present-day news."

This week there is the story of Mrs. Bonham Christie, who bought Brownsea Island in Poole Harbour in 1927 and turned it into a bird and animal sanctuary, forbidding anyone to land there. Now she is relenting. This reminded me of a certain Saturday morning in 1907 when I joined Baden-Powell and a party of boys of all classes and helped to form the first Boy Scout camp. The late Chief could not have visualised on that morning how quickly his new project would spread all over the world, embracing many races and creeds."

Mr. Vining was illustrating the event for the original Daily Graphic.

October 1st. - Spoke at the London-over-the-Border Rover Moot held at Stock in Essex, where Fred Beagles and his wife continue their lives of Christian self-dedication in their work with delinquent boys. Some of the backgrounds of these boys make one ashamed that such things can be in the England of our day. Few of us may be called to such a vocation, but we can at least support this Scouting-at-its-best-in-Action, for funds are always needed. How about a cheque or a postal order or a collection at a Scouts' Own as a thank offering for the wonderful benefits we enjoy in our own privileged lives - for the homes and friendships and small luxuries we take so much for granted? "We have a lot to be thankful for" Ralph Reader taught us to sing years ago: my word, we have! How about it, brother Scouts? You can send your gifts to me marked "Orchard House" or if you prefer it direct to Fred Beagles, Orchard House, Stock, Billericay, Essex. It is our Lord's work you will be helping.

October 3rd. - Interested to come across the following in an account of the Conference which followed the Annual General Meeting of the Council of The Boy Scouts Association on January 30th, 1919: - "That this Council is of opinion that with the view of giving Scout workers an opportunity of placing their views before Headquarters, an Elective Conference should be appointed to meet annually on the basis of one representative for so many Troops in an Association, and that the Council be asked to take up the question with the Executive Committee and formulate a scheme."

October 5th. - When I was a youngish Rover we used to organise a Christmas tea and entertainment for poor youngsters from the least reputable streets of our neighbourhood and from London's East End, too. Nowadays I should like to see Rovers organising such an evening (adding transport) for some of the old folk, many of whom have a thin time these days living precariously on small incomes.

REX HAZLEWOOD



"Before we decide to camp here, let's try and imagine it under the worst possible conditions!"

HAVE YOU SEEN “THE SCOUT” LATELY?

IN two years' time The Scout will celebrate its 50th birthday, the 50th birthday of the only Scout weekly in the world - if it can keep going so long! For throughout most of its career its future has seemed uncertain and its life, especially in terms of circulation, full of ups and downs.

It belongs to us nowadays but originally, of course, it belonged to Messrs. Pearsons. It was started by Arthur Pearson (B.-P. refusing to become its Editor but contributing regularly to it). In those early days it was the only Scouting newsheet and was a mixture of boy's blood and thunder and a junior Headquarters' Gazette.

Both B.-P. and Mr. Haydn Dimmock, who became its Editor in 1918, and gave it a life's devotion, did all they could to persuade the Movement - both men and boys - to take it regularly. And sometimes they did. Sometimes too they didn't and Messrs. Pearsons in 1939, when the circulation was a mere 23,000, intimated that tradition and sentiment was all very well but The Scout as far as they were concerned had had its day. But courageously (or foolishly, depending on a point of view) the I.H.Q. of those days took it over lock, stock, barrel and Editor. And it continued to appear, surviving the war, surviving the peace. It has so far survived the economic spiral (can one survive a spiral?). But without more support, one day sooner or later it must die the death it so narrowly escaped back in 1939. It's entirely up to the Movement - and that means you individual members of the Movement - whether you want it or not. But if you do, you must support it. It is agreed that 6d. is price enough, but it can't at present, anyway, be done for less, and a good many sixpences are spent every week by men and boys almost without thought on things of little permanence and less value. We require at least 10 subscribers in every Group. It's up to you.

*

The Scout regularly has a serial for Scouts and a story (or a shorter serial) for Cubs. The most recent Scout serials have been: Quicksands, around the adventures of some Senior Scouts; The B.-P. Story, telling of B.-P.'s pre-Scouting life; The Crusoe Game (which is still running), an ingenious story bringing in much practical Scouting of days spent by two boys, like Crusoe, on an uninhabited island. It has practical articles each week for Cubs and Scouts of all ages. It has amusing cartoons and interesting photographs and accounts of camps and expeditions at home and abroad. It has a monthly Scouts' Own, a monthly article by the Chief Scout, and ingenious competitions. It is a necessity for Patrol Leaders, but all Cubs and Scouts - and Scouters of whatever rank - will derive pleasure and profit from it.

Among the articles in 1955 have been a series on the Second Class Badge, another on the County Badges (which is still running); others on various aspects of nature (remembering always that B.-P. himself was a keen naturalist and thought always of nature observation as an integral part of Scouting); others on Kandersteg, Canoeing, Tree Care, Photography, The Gang Show, Axemanship, Camp Sites, Bicycles, The Snort, The Soap Box Derby, Poisonous Plants, The Holger Neilsen Method, The Compass, various Proficiency Badges, etc. etc. etc. Among the regular contributors are the mysterious Council of Thirteen who maintain a week by week Training Course for P.L.s, Jack Blunt (whoever he may be!), John Thurman, John Sweet and Reg Gammon. Col's Test Yourself Quizzes and his new Notebook for Plus Scouts are very popular. X 23 reports news; Gordon Entwistle deals each month with stamps. Heroes All tells in drawings some of the Scout actions of courage which all of us should know about. Swops Corner delights boys of all ages!

For the Cubs there are regular pages of badge work and puzzles, but many of the other pages will interest them, too.

Why not persuade your Cubs and Scouts to give it a trial for a month?

We want our magazine to be read by all Cubs and Scouts, even if all cannot take it. But will you try at least (a) to bring it to the notice of their parents when you see them - in times when there are so many evil influences abroad, a good influence should not be neglected; (b) to discuss with your Group Council and your Court of Honour how best B.-P.'s wish that all members of the Movement should read The Scout can be achieved in your Group (or District), as we move towards our beloved Founder's centenary.

*

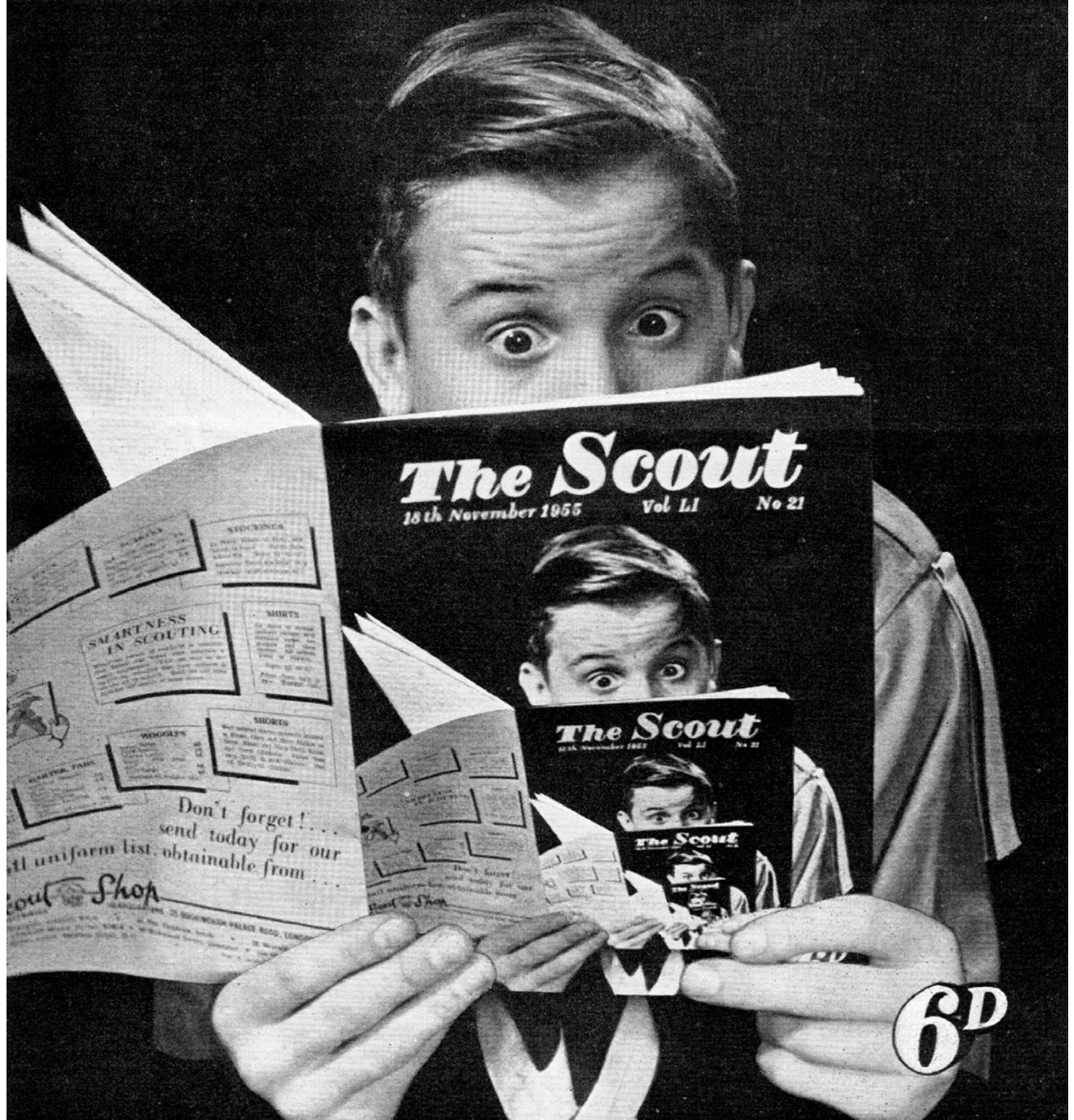
The readers of The Scout are a family party who meet once a week. Why not join them?

The Scout

18th November 1955

Vol LI

No 21



SMARTNESS IN SCOUTING

SHIRTS

SHORTS

GOGGLES

Don't forget!... send today for our all uniform list, obtainable from...

Scout Shop

20 BISHOPSGATE PALACE ROAD, LONDON

6D

BOOKS

THE OUT OF DOORS

The Boys' Country Book, edited by John Moore (Collins, 15s.).

I suppose it is a sign of the times that there has for years past been a spate of excellent books for specialists in almost every subject in which boys are interested. But there has not for many years been a book like this, calculated to stimulate the imagination, not to give a vast amount of information on any one subject.

Experts - and by the word "expert" I mean a person who has tried the thing himself and not just read about it - have written each his little piece on thirty-eight different subjects, comprising everything from archaeology to gliding, from light-weight camping to field sports, from dinghy racing to plant hunting and making a survey of the life, at different levels and at different seasons, in a pond. I'll guarantee that there is not a single boy in the country to whom one or other of the chapters will not make an immediate appeal, and having read that chapter there is not a single boy with any imagination or romance in him who won't go on to read the next chapter too. They have the advantage that they don't try to tell you all about it, they just give you enough to get the flavour, but they do provide an excellent list of books to read at the end of each chapter.

I read it from cover to cover and enjoyed every word of it. I never realised before how much I had missed, and the only two things to which I would take exception come early on, when John Moore talks about shorts as being impractical and Freddy Spencer Chapman maligns the moon, and even quotes Shakespeare against her, when Juliet said "Swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon." Juliet, after all, was very young at the time and no doubt looked upon the passage of the different phases as a mystery, because she hadn't been very good at arithmetic.

In his Epilogue, John Moore writes: "I know a man who has taken part, at some time or another, in almost every one of the sports and pastimes we have discussed in these 350-odd pages; he's never been really good at any of them, but he's hunted, sailed, climbed, flown, fished, shot, bird-watched, bug-hunted, botanised, collected this and that, taught himself a very little about this and that, read a great deal about this and that, and enjoyed himself so much that he hasn't the slightest regret that none of his boyhood ambitions have been achieved.

Instead of this he became an incorrigible dabbler with a smattering of knowledge about Hawkmoths, Wild Geese, Orchids and a good many other things, but expert in absolutely nothing.



A SCOUT OF ISRAEL

"I am that man; and although I am sure that you most rightly and properly possess the kind of ambitions I used to have (and what's more may actually achieve them), I want to finish this book by giving you another ambition, which is To have a shot at doing as many different things as a full life allows you to. If you achieve this one, let alone any of the others, you'll have a lot of fun out of life, and you'll never be bored."

The specialist in the end digs a rut for himself so deep that he can't see over the top, the dabbler finds interest in all about him. This book will open your eyes to new horizons, whether you are seven or seventy. For the boy of eleven to fifteen or so it is a treasure beyond price.

ROWALLAN.

"YOUTH"

Self-Portrait of Youth, or *The Urban Adolescent*, by G. W. Jordan and F. M. Fisher (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.).

Scouters are instinctively suspicious of the youth club sponsored by an education authority and carried on in an evening institute. They feel that such a club has too many members and too few principles, its leaders are professionals, and its members take without giving. Yet the fact is that very large numbers of young people - perhaps more than half of all young people - are desperately in need of some young people's society. Scouting and Guiding will never appeal to all of them, and in any case they would wait for eternity if we set out to provide for them all. Let Scouting produce its "dynamic minority": but what of the others?

The authors of this book have run a recreational evening institute for about four hundred boys and girls in London between the ages of 14½ and 21. Their directive was "to get the youngsters off the streets and educate them in non-vocational subjects." Their first aim was "to find out what the present generation of adolescents are really like with a view to educating them."

This book is not a shocker, as some recent books about "under-privileged" young people have been. On the contrary, it is inspiring to learn what can be done, even within the long arm of the L.E.A., with unpromising, hooligan, and near-criminal material, by infinite patience and understanding. Its unique value lies not only in the wisdom of its authors but in the fact that a large part of the book is made up of recorded discussions of a "brains trust" of a dozen of the members, on what they did, or wanted to do, on their emotional and behaviour problems, on their dreams, their parents, and so on.

Of course, sex looms large: "Some method has to be found of assisting the fully sexed to develop emotionally, while leaving some of their abundant life and energy free to pursue learning." This generation, however, has seen real advance in the way to help in this sphere, even though adults will always under-estimate the depth and strength of young love. What struck the reviewer as the toughest problem for the club leaders was the boredom and purposelessness with "its jeering ugly laughter at any new interest or serious effort." That also is discussed by the "brains trust." The Teddy Boy's sneer is uglier than his hairstyle or his drapes.

Scouters who are worried about leakage may take heart from this clinical exposure of what so many young people in big towns are really like: the material could scarcely be more intractable. They will also be heartened by similarities of approach by the authors of this book and themselves, with one fundamental difference apart from mere difference in scale: the "Grosvenor Club" was a mixed club, and one cannot imagine it being otherwise.

J. H. P.

LAND AND SEA

Men Under the Sea, by Egon Larsen (Phoenix, 12s. 6d.).

The sea has fascinated men throughout the centuries. Recently it has become fashionable to explore the mysterious depths and many books have been written about underwater activities. Mr. Larsen has written a very absorbing and comprehensive book covering a multitude of intriguing items ranging from the primitive aqualung used in 900 b.c. to filming under water.

The book contains many excellent photographs and drawings, and can be recommended for the Senior Scout or Rover who has a taste for informed as well as adventurous literature.

After reading accounts of diving, frogmen, tunnels under the seabed, treasure in Davy Jones's locker, underwater T.V. and many other past, present and future possibilities of the ocean bed, many new recruits should be forthcoming to join the Deep-Sea Scouts!

G. F. W.

A Beginner's Guide to the Sea, by Frank Knight (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.).

I have read this book with immense enjoyment because although Frank Knight tells us nothing that is not in the Seamanship Manual or the Manual of Navigation and Pilotage, he tells it in simple language that the beginner should understand. Frank Knight has covered his subject in a most comprehensive manner and his happy knack of disclosing great truths as if they were the lightest gossip, encourages the reader to think for himself.

I can thoroughly recommend this book to all beginners, amateur sailors and even a good number of professional seamen.

HUGH BROWNING.

Strangest Creatures on Earth, edited by Edward M. Weyer, Jr. (Harrap, 15s.).

An outdoor movement will lean towards books that encourage and aid the study and observation of creatures that all can find. Nonetheless, he is a one-sided naturalist who knows nothing of the animals of the rest of the world, particularly those with unusual ways of life, such as the fish that can bring down flies by spitting at them, the flightless bird that is New Zealand's national emblem, the spider that lassoes its prey, or any of the thirty-seven written about in this book and many others. One might go farther and say that none can claim to be educated who has not some knowledge of these things. Nature can be relied on to provide the entertainment and it remains for the reviewer to answer two questions: first, is it readable, and, secondly, is it a rehash of information culled from other books, complete with errors, or is it written by someone with first-hand and up-to-date knowledge of the subject? Nearly every article in this book is by a different author and therefore no general comment on style is possible; in general facts are left to speak for themselves and the presentation sometimes borders on the severe. There is a pleasing absence of the facetious, once so popular with natural history writers, though traces still persist in the titles. "The fatal Mrs. Mantis" is an example. The articles are selected from an American natural history magazine by the editor of the magazine, who, the reviewer deduces, is experienced in choosing interesting material written in a way that the layman can enjoy.

It would be presumptuous of the reviewer to pretend that he could give a comprehensive answer to the second question, but those articles which touch on fields where he does feel competent to judge are undoubtedly written by people in touch with the latest developments. Thirty-two black-and-white photographs add to the attractiveness of the book.

T. T. MACAN.

LEISURE READING

Lascaux and Carnac, by Glyn Daniel (Lutterworth Press, 15s.).

Mr. Daniel himself describes his book as "a light gossipy guide to some aspects of gastro-archaeology in France."

Contrary to one's expectations, the book turns out not to be a treatise on Pre-Roman Cuisine; in fact it is a tourists' guide, specially written for people who want to study the cave paintings in the Dordogne, and the megaliths of Carnac; and who want advice not only about the antiquities, but also about hotels, foods and wines, and even about travelling in the areas.

Anyone contemplating a trip such as Mr. Daniel suggests, will find the book invaluable; it is primarily, however, a book to be read in situ; it is not intended for people interested enough to want to read about Lascaux and Carnac, without any immediate intention of going to either place. That is not to say, however, that such people will not find the book readable and interesting.



A SCOUT OF PAKISTAN

There are one or two passages which read uncomfortably like the commentary to a travelogue, such as: "Let us leave St. Comely, and the bathing-beaches of Carnac-Plage, etc."; but despite such slight lapses the book is, on the whole, delightfully written, and is very well provided with plates and maps.

From our point of view in Scouting, it could probably not form the basis of a Senior Scout Expedition; few Troops would be prepared to devote themselves so wholeheartedly to archaeology; nor would the funds of a Senior Scout Camp run to a "degustation of oysters and Muscadet," and similar delights, which Mr. Daniel writes of so glibly. A small party of Rovers, keenly interested in archaeology, might very well use the book as a vade-mecum; and certainly any Scouts camping near either of the areas described ought most certainly to read it; they could not fail to catch something of Mr. Daniel's enthusiasm and profit thereby.

PETER TRAXTON.

The Children of Kanchenjunga, by David Wilson Fletcher (Constable, 18s.).

Mr. Fletcher went out to India after the last war to become a tea-planter. In this book he describes the life led by him and his family on a tea garden in the Darjeeling district of India. Kanchenjunga, the third highest mountain in the world, dominates the countryside. The hill folk who live in its shadow are known as its children: hence the title of the book.

Somewhat irritatingly Mr. Fletcher writes mainly in the present tense, but he describes vividly the country, the weather, the people he meets and the lives they and he and his family live. To one who has been in India he brings the scene crystal-clear to the mind and arouses nostalgic memories.

Those who like reading about how our fellow-countrymen in far-off places live should enjoy this book, and any boy or young man who may be contemplating becoming a tea planter would learn much from it.

R. M. M. L.

DEAR EDITOR

Cub Uniform

DEAR EDITOR,

I feel that I should comment on the points raised in letters on the subject of Cub Uniform in the October SCOUTER.

First of all, *P.O.R.* lays down a jersey for Cubs. The article sold by the Scout Shop referred to by Mr. Beer, is a lightweight short-sleeved jersey, not a T shirt. It is designed to be worn outside the shorts, whereas a shirt is normally a garment which is worn tucked inside the shorts.

Secondly, uniform articles as sold by the Scout Shop and other suppliers are in accordance with the existing rules, and any changes are, of course, a matter for the various Committees concerned.

Further, we must be careful, in this matter of alternative garments, not to forget the cost to parents. The standard jersey as supplied by the Scout Shop is of medium weight, calculated to meet average all-year-round conditions; in very cold weather a second garment can be added underneath, in extreme heat it can be removed. If yet another article of uniform is to be introduced there would be at once an extra cost to be borne, which to many people might seem very undesirable.

JAMES WALSH,

General Manager, Equipment Dept., I.H.Q.

Second Star Fire-Lighting Test

DEAR EDITOR,

In these days of central heating in flats, electric fires, fires of the all-night burning variety, oil-fired furnaces, and so forth and the prospect of atomic heating in the future(!), it would appear that the days of the open fire grate are numbered and the Cub fire-lighting test becoming obsolete. Is there any proposal afoot to institute an alternative test for Cubs who live in modern fireplaceless homes or whose mothers are reluctant to allow an all-night burning fire to go out so that her son can lay and relight it? A dummy fireplace in the Pack Den for testing purposes seems a little pointless if Cubs cannot actually carry out this job frequently at home to help Mum.

H. F. DORMAN,

CM., 2nd Brighton.



"When B.-P. was your age, Smithers, he was top of his form."

"When he was your age, Skip, he was the Chief Scout!"

3rd Scout Law

Rovering Today

DEAR EDITOR,

Rovering seems to be in the doldrums. There are good Crews doing a splendid job. They get on with their business because they have thought things out, are well led and do not bother their heads too much with the floundering majority, who do not seem to know where they stand or where they are going.

One of Rovering's more superficial troubles, which is causing frustration, is the feeling that the I.H.Q. Commissioner for Rovers is about to enforce a new and cut-and-dried scheme on the Movement, without even A.C.C. Rovers being consulted. He has only to say that this is not the case to clear the air in this respect; but the malaise has its origin elsewhere.

The plan for Rover Scouts is not working because it is artificial and unrealistic: artificial because of its arbitrary age groups; unrealistic because it assumes that men necessarily want to be trained when they join a Crew. Obviously a complete newcomer needs some training in Scoutcraft, but a boy who has come right through Scouting is looking rather for comradeship with older people, and an outlet for his energy, mental and physical, with the background of Scouting.

That implies that there are older men in the Crew, that comradeship exists and that it is an active brotherhood. The age distinctions are unnecessary. I am of the opinion that the Rover age should be from 17½ to 30 and that we should concentrate much more on the older men, who still want to be in the Movement but not as warrant holders. We need not worry about the 17½ to 19 age group much if the nucleus of a Crew of older men exists and is doing its job.

The three things which are exercising the minds of R.S.L.s and A.C.C.s to-day are firstly, getting a boy invested before he goes into the Forces; then Scout and Guide co-operation, and, finally, service.

I think we worry far too much about the younger man. It is not my experience that a good Senior Scout is at a disadvantage when he goes for his National Service. It may help to have been invested as a Rover but there is no magic about it.

Scout and Guide co-operation is excellent and desirable if it comes naturally. It can be a menace if it is forced. It may be a good thing in one locality, a bad thing in another.

About service, B.-P. said, "I would lay stress on the necessity of service in the ordinary surroundings of a Rover Scout's life... This seems to me a better crown of Scouting experience than sending the fellow on to find new special fields in which to function." "A better crown of Scouting experience." Is not Rovering's fundamental trouble that it has lost faith in Scouting for Boys?

HAROLD WARREN.

3rd Scout Law

DEAR EDITOR,

During the past eight years there have been many occasions when Scouts have arrived here asking for a camp site for the night. All have been made welcome and so far as in us lies, have, I think, been treated with courtesy and kindness. They have freely made use of the quite good facilities which we are fortunately able to provide.

The impression left by the majority of them, I am sorry to say, has been very disappointing. Not one has ever suggested that he might do a "good turn"; even the sight of work going on under their very noses has never evoked any motion of helpfulness. One can only conclude that they have little interest in the 3rd Scout Law.

A good number have neglected to say "thank you" in any kind of way at all: now they were here, now they are gone.

Very few have asked me to look over the camp site to give my verdict on the state in which it has been left.

With few exceptions, all have assumed that my wood pile is intended for the use of strolling guests, and have but rarely asked permission to use it.

Though the camper's field is next to the Church, not more than five per cent of these Scout guests have ever thought to attend a service or to show any kind of interest in anything that concerns the Church more than the height of the tower and the date of its building.

That the practical part of their Scouting has often been unimpres-

“The Age of Discretion”

sive I do not so much mind, though I am sometimes surprised at the low standard of those who are engaged on a First Class Journey or a “Badge” hike, but I have become increasingly dismayed at the manner in which what seems to me to be some of the fundamental principles of Scouting are being ignored or overlooked. This letter has been for some time contemplated. What prompts it to-day is our latest Scout visitation. Saturday night at 10.25 a loud banging on the front door. I open it. A voice says: “We’re Scouts.” A pause. Then I say, “Do you want a camp site?” “Yes,” says the voice. Off we go to the field. I show them where to put the tent, then before I can say any more the voice says, “Where’s the water?” I fetch this from the house, and ask if I can help in any other way. “No,” is the reply.

So it went on. The last I saw of the two of them was as I went to Church at 10.15. They were standing not far from the door, carrying their towels and sponge bags, on the way for a morning wash. “Howhigh’s the tower?” said one of the two. “Forty-eight feet,” I replied. This seemed to please them. It must have tallied with their estimation. When I came from Church at 11.20 they were gone. They had left no word of thanks. Where they had lighted a fire in the field was a heap of stones covering a pile of ashes. The only other trace of their passing was a tub of soapy water near the pump. Senior Scouts they were, too.

CHARLES HAY.

Training Senior Scouts

DEAR EDITOR,

I am very doubtful if the best use is being made of Senior Scouts. I have visited over a dozen summer camps this year and in many of them the chief job of the Seniors, some of them clearly first-rate boys, was to cook meals for the Scouters. On the other hand Patrol Leaders were often too young and inexperienced to give adequate leadership to their Patrols.

In some Troops, however, the P.L.s were either Senior Scouts or Senior Scout age, and those were usually the best camps. Is it impracticable for Senior Scouts to remain as P.L.s and Seconds of their Patrols and to have a separate night weekly or monthly on which to carry out Senior Scout activities? It might even be convenient to have the Court of Honour at the beginning or end of Senior Scout nights.

And as for the Scouters’ meals in camp, feeding with each Patrol in turn is one of the best ways for Scouters really to get to know their boys.

GEOFFREY CHILTON,

Secretary, North-East Wilts. Association.

Wearing the Uniform

DEAR EDITOR,

With reference to Mr. F. A. Mogridge’s letter in the August issue of THE SCOUTER, there is certainly something in his idea that for one day of each year all members of the Movement should wear normal uniform throughout the day; but we must be careful to keep in mind our Founder’s intention when he designed the uniform, and to avoid the incongruous. Although not definitely stated, one can read into Scouting for Boys that the uniform was designed for a particular purpose, i.e. outdoor activity, and it would be little short of absurd to don it if one’s occupation were to be solely of an indoor and sedentary nature, with no connection with the Movement as such. From this it follows that if this suggestion is to be adopted, the day selected should be one on which a large majority of members could spend at least some time on Scouting activities, preferably outdoors, and this points to the selection of a week-end. If the day selected be a Sunday, then obviously the first part of our Promise must come into prominence, and this suggests the date chosen for the annual St. George’s Day services.

Finally, the time of year should be one when jackets are not normally worn over the uniform, if only to eliminate the motley collection of outside garments which one sees, to the detriment of an otherwise smart turn-out, during cold weather.

A. T. WINDER,

S.M.(S), 5th Tyne Sea Scouts.

DEAR EDITOR,

The world of the present day small boy has undoubtedly become more modern in scope than that of his counterpart of say ten to fifteen years ago, i.e. Space ships, Space men and journeys into Space have replaced the cowboy and Indian era. Nevertheless, while his romantic little world has altered, his mental ability in relation to his age has remained unaltered since B.-P.’s day. Why then do Cubmasters repeatedly accept boys of 7 years of age into their Packs? A boy of 7, unless he is a freak, cannot possibly assimilate the significance and teachings of Cubbing. Consequently he becomes a millstone round the neck of the Cubmaster.

P.O.R. states categorically that to become a Cub (and he becomes a Cub by Investiture), a boy must have attained the age of 8 years, and I would point out that this is not stated for guidance but as a rule to be observed.

While a D.C.M. in the Canal Zone I fought a pretty hefty battle over this practice, which was rife when I arrived on the scene: indeed, I found one or two boys of 6 and 64 years of age blithely running around in Cub uniform. The outcome of my efforts was the elimination of those boys under 74, while the 74 to 8 category were allowed to “waste out.”

This problem seems to be present on a large scale in England, and to augment personal experience I heard a County Commissioner stating in his opening address at a local “Gala Day” that boys would be welcomed into Cub Packs from the age of 7 upwards.

If, therefore, Cubbing is not to fall into the “Boys’ Club” class then I contend (at the risk of incurring not a few brickbats) that the ruling regarding the joining age of Cubs be rigidly enforced.

E. CHAPMAN,

Preston.

Leakage

DEAR EDITOR,

The Report on Leakage has induced some of us to divert our thoughts from the week to week running of a Group to consideration of the Movement generally.

I am disturbed at recent trends and I list two:-

1. (a) A tendency on the Cub side to forget its function - that of a prep’ school for the Boy Scouts; and
(b) To hold Cubs to a later age, using to that end activities which are more appropriate to the Scout section.
2. Pressure from the Rover side to lower the minimum age. If these policies succeed we shall presently have only Cubs, Senior Cubs and Rovers!

I suggest:-

1. “The Cub to pass to the Troop at 10-11. May not be invested until he is 11.” Remember that a boy aged 11 years and 1 day may elect to join the Boy Scouts. How many Cubs are allowed to choose their date of Going Up?
2. Leave the Boy Scout ages at 11-15.
3. Leave the Senior Scout ages at 15-18.
4. Scrap the Rover Section, so that we may devote all our energies to the aims of the Movement as set out in Rule I.

I invite holders of Rover warrants to help in another section. If we could more adequately staff the Senior Scout section, I feel that the pathway of Senior Scout to warrant holder is much more likely to be followed than that of Senior Scout to Rover to a warrant.

If the taking of a warrant does not appeal to a Senior Scout on reaching the age limit, then he should transfer to the Old Scouts Guild.

S. TRUPHET,

G.S.M., 23rd Ealing.

DEAR EDITOR,

Another cause of Leakage. What self-respecting parent of a boy, just up from Cubs, would allow him to be at a Troop meeting until midnight (see Troop Night, September 1955).

Scouting is for boys and we should remember that the greatest source of physical development is plenty of sleep.

H. R. GILYEAD,

DEAR EDITOR,

Next year, we as members of the 1st Ickenham Senior Scouts are hoping to camp abroad. We are considering the possibilities of travelling other than by the normal passenger ships, e.g. by cargo boat or tramp steamer, and once abroad by cycle in order to reduce the cost. The countries we have in mind are Norway and Switzerland.

We should be very glad if anyone who has made similar trips and could give us some useful information would write to me at 48 Ivy House Road, Ickenham, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

PHILIP WOODCOCK,
T.L., 1st Ickenham.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I use your columns to gain some information.

My Group so far as I can ascertain from deep delving amongst the dust strewn ancient school records, first made their public appearance on June 25, 1912, so it is not as old as some Groups. But - During the three years 1918-20 our Troop won the Kings Colours for being the Troop with the most Kings Scouts and First Class Scouts out of all the Troops in the whole of India (as it was then) and the Straits Settlements. The holders of the Kings Colours were entitled to call themselves "The Kings Troop" while they held the Colours. The Award was abolished in 1921 and we still possess the Colours as one of our most dearly treasured possessions. Had the award not been abolished we would have retained the Colours (according to statistics) until 1927.

Is there any other Group in existence which can claim to have been called the Kings Troop, or possess a Kings Colour? or is ours a unique honour throughout the world? or at least in the British Commonwealth and Empire? We would like to hear from any Group who can share the title, or from anyone who can trace records back as far as 1912. Can L.H.Q. produce any information about us for the years 1911-23 when Bengal was established as a province?

SHERDIL I. D. TAYLOR.

P.S. Sherdil, for those who do not know Hindi, is by way of interpretation Lion Heart.

VISUAL YARNS

By Rev. E. J. WEBB

11. TREASURE TROVE

Introduction

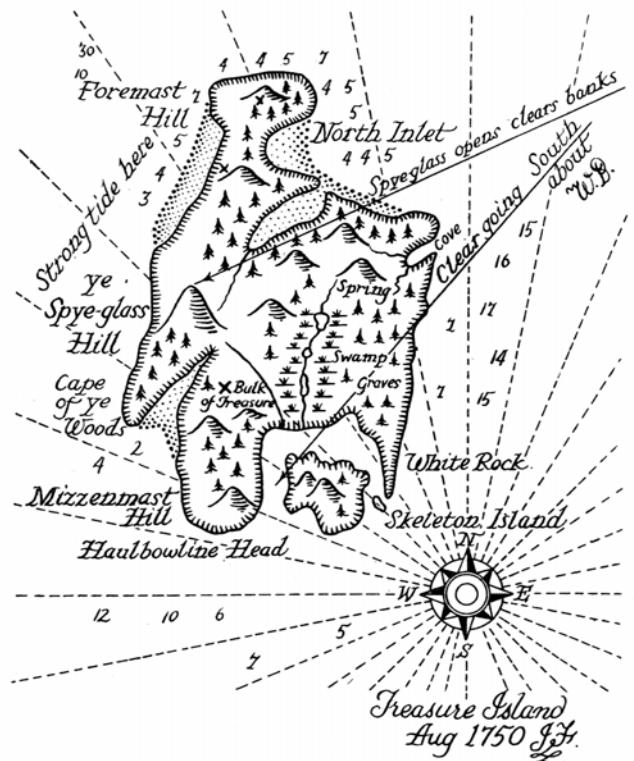
What boy has not thrilled to Treasure Island and pored over the map at the beginning? Who could ever recapture the excitement of reading it for the first time, when you did not know what was going to happen next: when Black Dog arrived at the Inn; when Jim was in the apple barrel; when Ben Gunn appeared; when Israel Hands went after Jim; when Long John... but there, you know it all as well as I do!

You live on a Treasure Island! This England of ours. You, yourself are a Treasure island. You are individual, alone, different, mysterious, exciting - as I guess someone will find out one day! Your life, if you enter into the spirit of it - will prove most exciting; each chapter more thrilling than the last.

1. The Map

It looks like a dragon about to pounce! It has three mountains, Mizzenmast, Spye-glass, and Foremast, like the masts of a ship.

I think Jesus would have enjoyed Treasure Island. He told many treasure stories. A man went out to plough - same old plough, same old field, same old round of work - then the plough-share hit something! How eagerly he scabbled away the soil and broke open the chest - Treasure! Covering it all up he hastily made off and bought the field - and the treasure was his!



*Given by above J.F. & Mr W Bones Maile of ye
Walrus Savannah this twenty July 1754 W.B.*

*Facsimile of Chart latitude and longitude
struck out by J.F. Hawkins.*

2. The Treasure

We are all treasure-hunters. There is treasure to be found. The map says, "Bulk of the Treasure here" - "It is where the crosses are." The buccaneers came to the place, but it was all gone. Led by Long John Silver they found the place, but only one piece of gold. Ben Gunn had removed it to his cave. There is treasure in life, "unspeakable and full of glory" - nothing less than eternal life. We find it at the Cross!

3. The Adventure

It really is a capital tale. Think of Blind Pew tapping his way down the street and delivering the Black Spot!

Shiver my timbers! Think of the Squire giving the whole game away and employing the very pirates for a crew! Think of Jim Hawkins managing the "Hispaniola" by himself, and then marching into the stockade, right into the arms of his enemies, instead of his friends! What twists and turns in the story! This is adventure!

There is still quite a bit of the world unexplored, especially the world of life. You will explore one bit of it I shall never be able to do. Will Long John Silver be there? Long John Devil will! He is a great deal more wicked, crafty and skilful than any buccaneer. I can tell you the secret of true adventure - "Jesus said, Follow Me."

4. The Directions

It was an unforgettable moment when Squire broke the seal of the package Jim had taken from the old Sea Dog and the map fell out - signed by John Flint, the most infamous pirate of all time. There lay the map and the clear directions. Following them, they were to find the spot. They couldn't go wrong, getting in line with Spye-glass Hill and the tall tree!

You need not go wrong in life and miss its adventure unless you are determined to ignore the directions. There is a green hill called Calvary, and on it a Tree we call the Cross, and it is there we first see the light. The tree in the story, you may remember, was so big, it might have been entered as a sailing mark upon the chart. How big is the Cross? It fills the world!

Read Matthew xiii. 44 - 52.

PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS - XXIII: THE PUFFIN

By MICHAEL BLACKMORE

Quaint and ridiculous - these are the words you hear some people use when talking about the puffin. Not a very flattering description but perhaps it is an understandable one for the puffin certainly is rather comical. His head seems too big for his squat body because his large parrot-shaped beak gives him a top-heavy appearance. His antics, too, look somewhat absurd as he bobs and bows outside his nesting-hole above the cliffs or stands on a boulder surveying his surroundings with a quizzical expression. No wonder he reminds us of a white-faced clown with his peculiar bill like a comedian's false nose. Indeed there is some truth in the comparison because its red and orange outer sheath falls off in autumn.

In spite of his odd appearance and behaviour the puffin is really an attractive bird. His scarlet feet and bright beak add a gay splash of colour to the spruce black and white plumage of this little fisherman. If you have ever watched a breeding colony of puffins you cannot help being fascinated by them. A great part of their charm lies in the fact that they are so confiding. They will let you walk quite close before taking flight and if you sit down quietly near their nests they will carry on with their domestic affairs unperturbed. Of all the sea-birds I know the puffin makes the most ideal subject for study because you do not have to bother much about concealing yourself.

My introduction to the family life of the puffin took place many years ago when I went with a party of keen bird-watchers to Lundy, a small island lying off the coast of North Devon. We started from the mainland early one morning by motor-boat and a couple of hours later we were chugging through the crosscurrents where the Bristol Channel loses itself in the wild Atlantic. There we saw our first flocks of "sea-parrots" (as the local fishermen call them) floating on the waves in small groups of a dozen or so. They took little notice of our small craft until we were almost on top of them. Then they dived hurriedly to get out of the way but as soon as the boat had passed over them they all bobbed up again, watching us with evident curiosity and even following in our wake.

It was not until we had almost reached Lundy itself that we began to realise how big the island's colony of puffins really was. Here, close to the shore, there was a continual two-way traffic of whirring wings. Many hundreds of birds were streaming from the granite cliffs and settling in the bay, while others who had been fishing or resting at sea hurried in mass formation towards their nests. Two other members of the auk family (to which the puffin belongs) were also present in vast numbers.

We saw countless guillemots and razorbills but it was fairly easy to distinguish the puffins among the general throng because of their smaller size and the absence of white markings on their wings.

In the bright sunlight of a perfect June morning the great community of birds was a wonderful and unforgettable sight - a twinkling swarm of black and silver against the blue-green of the clear sea.

Unlike guillemots and razorbills, which breed on the open cliff-ledges, the puffin lays her single whitish egg in a shallow burrow. Where there is a large colony in occupation the ground becomes quite undermined with tunnels and unless you tread carefully you may easily cause them to collapse. During wet weather there is always a danger that heavy rain will flood them out and destroy the eggs or chicks. On the steeper slopes landslips are also a considerable hazard and sometimes demolish dozens of nests in a matter of seconds.

In addition to the forces of nature the puffin has various living enemies to contend with on its nesting territory. Falcons and black-backed gulls continually prey on it and in some places rats do much damage by entering the burrows and stealing the eggs. I am sorry to hear that since my last visit to Lundy its puffin colony has been greatly depleted by these rodents whose ancestors probably found their way to the island from wrecked ships.

During one expedition to a nesting site in July I saw scores of puffins carrying beakfuls of small fish to their young but it was impossible to watch the actual process of feeding. As soon as a bird landed at the entrance to a burrow he (or she) would scuttle inside and disappear from view. However I managed to examine a chick by exposing one of the burrows for a short distance and then plunging my arm into the nesting-chamber. I did this excavation with bare hands, which was easy enough because the tunnel was in soft peaty earth and did not extend for more than about a yard. Then I drew the nestling gently from his hiding-place. He was a plump little creature covered with dark brown fluff except on his wings and tail where the feathers were just beginning to sprout. He sat placidly on my hand blinking like an owl in the daylight to which he was not yet accustomed, so I put him back in the nest as quickly as possible and repaired the roof of the burrow. I admit that I was quite relieved to get rid of the youngster because his strong fishy smell was hardly pleasant at close range! In spite of his unexpected experience he seemed none the worse for it.

For the first few weeks after birth the chick is crammed with food by both parents. He grows fast and gets extremely fat; then suddenly the old birds desert him and fly away to sea. Alone in his dark burrow the youngster calls repeatedly for food but his cries are in vain because the instinct that formerly made the adults so attentive to his needs has now left them.

After fasting for some days the pangs of hunger eventually force him to creep into the open and make the perilous descent to the sea unaided. He sets off on his journey at night trusting to the comparative safety of darkness, for if he ventured down the cliffs in daylight he would soon be snapped up by some rapacious black-backed gull.

Puffins spend eight months of the year at sea, visiting land towards the end of March until about the third week of July.

The period I have given is not intended to be more than a rough guide because the breeding season varies in different places. On the coast of Scotland and its neighbouring islands, for example, it begins and ends later than in the south.



JUNGLE DAYS - VI

Have you ever taken your Pack to a wedding? I think it is a fairly unusual thing to do. We were "friends of the bride" - very definitely - for she was our Bagheera. We were not at all sure whether we had any particularly friendly feelings towards the bridegroom, for had he not stolen Bagheera's affection and left us without a much cherished Old Wolf? But as he was a Scouter in another group, he was - say what you like - a "brother."

Of course the Pack contributed some pence for a wedding present which was offered with due ceremony at our last Pack Meeting all together. They were then and there invited to attend at the old Parish Church, and great excitement prevailed. Privately, as a surprise, we decided to form a guard of honour in company with the Scouts of the bridegroom's Troop.

I was much impressed at the efforts made by the boys' parents to present them tidy on this very special occasion. Some new jerseys, caps, and stockings were bought. I myself decided to go in "civvies" as I was to go to the reception afterwards. This caused an amusing situation, for the Cubs were so used to me in uniform that when I met at our appointed spot they looked right through me, down the road, and said among themselves "Isn't Akela coming yet?" I made myself known, and then uttered a cry of dismay. There was Alan eating an orange, and with the juice of it dripping all down his jersey. We were due at the church in ten minutes. I looked wildly around, and decided upon the sweet shop, which was the nearest available habitation. "Come along, Alan, we must get you cleaned up!" I said firmly. "It's all right, Akela," he replied mildly, "I'll put it away in my pocket." Oranges were scarce at the time, for it was not long after the war. Only children had them, anyway. I felt a brute taking it away and, worse, throwing it in a disused water tank, but time was slipping by. In the sweet shop was an elderly man who regarded us rather sourly when I asked him for a cloth. Clustering as we were, all round his lollipops, he was obviously expecting better of us. He disappeared and returned with an old dry rag. Hastily I wiped Alan down, and we departed.

We had to sit right at the back, because of the Cubs having to slip out quietly at the end to form a guard of honour. This meant that one could not see very well. To limit the fidgeting I explained in a whisper that we were sitting with the bride's friends, and that the bridegroom's friends were in the opposite aisle. A "quiet game" began at once which consisted of observing all the guests as they arrived, and scoring them off. "Ha! Friend of the bride!" "Boo! bridegroom's friend - Akela, we've got the most!"

Fortunately the bride herself arrived before this became out of hand. After this the Cubs behaved splendidly, and everything went without a hitch. They slipped out when beckoned, and with "feet that made no noise," and were afterwards discovered neatly lined up with the Scouts. I always meant to buy Alan another orange, but I never did. Not possessing a children's ration book I doubt that I should have been able to. He forgave me with the usual magnanimity of a small boy (for which I do think many Old Wolves should often be grateful).

For some of us it requires very real effort to plunge into the "Jungle," while others find themselves cunningly - decoyed and are enjoying themselves, even if they will not admit it, before they truly realise what has happened. We learn the Jungle language, and try to respect its customs and teach our Cubs to do the same. Then, unless we are living entirely to ourselves, which is not good, the day inevitably comes when we emerge with our Pack from our den into the outside world. In order to compete at a district function, or play our part in a local rally, we are obliged to travel by 'bus or even train. The modern boy, you might suppose, is fully accustomed to these usual forms of transport, but, possibly because he feels elated, or self-conscious in his uniform, it seems to turn his head completely to travel "en Pack." There have been times when I have really asked myself why I ever got myself mixed up in such an ungratifying and graceless occupation as Cubbing - and these times have always been when taking Cubs from "here" to "there." Then, when it is time to show our paces, and no one seems to be listening to instructions, or at all ready to perform, the Cubs have shaken off "dewanee - the madness" and made up for everything by doing their job really well. And so - we live to "Cub" another day!

Shall I ever forget - will any of us who were there forget - the day when we took a composite Pack of sixty Cubs to perform two Jungle Dances in a big arena show? We had to be there at noon for a grand rehearsal - the performance started after tea. We arrived - a singing 'bus load. We dismounted and there was a hush. We walked gravely in, and then found ourselves trudging on and on, round and round, to find our dressing room. Suddenly a man appeared, raised his arms and said "Stop! Not this way - you are over the other side!" The Cubs with one consent turned, and the hesitant walk became a jog-trot. Presently it was hard to keep up with them, and we still did not know where we were going. At last, breathless, and by this time a little dizzy, we were ushered into a large cloakroom with soulless rows of coat racks, a concrete floor, and nowhere to sit.

Here we were destined to spend many hours in retirement, in between rehearsing, and waiting for our cue. Sixty tongues began to babble, and it seemed as if nothing we could do would stop them. We had brought some books, food, soap and towels, hair brushes, all sorts of kit, which was produced from time to time to relieve the monotony or repair damage, but the tongues babbled on. Roars from neighbouring dressing rooms assured us that other and older performers were finding the waiting hours just as tedious. Now and then, to our shame, we were asked to make less noise, but we were baulked by the rows of coat racks, which made it impossible for us to collect all the boys together anywhere, or play any games.

On these occasions the familiar cry of "Pack" seems to be so completely out of place, making, as it does, even more din than the prevailing din, that it sets me wondering whether one or two alternative signs might not be devised for restoring order in public places. Whatever sign we choose should be well practised in the den before we take our Cubs anywhere, I would suggest, and it should also be something - for the Old Wolf's sake, that is not too conspicuous. Sometimes with my own Cubs, when I was suffering from a sore throat, or perhaps just wanted to make them more observant, I have used the semaphore sign for "P" - Pack, and it has worked very well. Performed in public by the Old Wolf, it might make one look as if attempting to direct the traffic, and I somehow feel that not many of us would care to try it. There must be something simpler, though, that could be used with effect, if practised assiduously enough in the den first.

Once again, in spite of the headaches they gave us behind the scenes, the Cubs responded magnificently in the ring, and when I think how the presence of mind of the four Sixers saved the Baloo Dance from disaster, I am always thankful. There is a variation of the Dance of Baloo as laid down in The Wolf Cub's Handbook, and we found that the Cubs liked it better. The Sixes are in hiding, and Baloo and Mowgli talk together round the council rock in the centre, Mowgli having to repeat the Law to Baloo. Then the old bear says "Go, fetch the Black Six, and let us see whether they remember the Jungle Law!" Mowgli runs forward a few paces and calls for the Black Six, and they, from their hidden lair shout "B-L-A-C-K!" in short barks, and then come bounding out. And so, from all their corners the Sixes are gradually gathered, until all form a circle around old Baloo and repeat the Law together.

Rehearsing at home, the Cubs all knew exactly in which corner each Six was to wait. The strange arena, and only one rehearsal, caused Mowgli, when the time came, to lose his bearings. Therefore, when he gave out the first call to the Blacks, he faced the Red Den! How easy, and how forgivable it would have been, if the Red Sixer had hesitated. "But we're the Reds!" he might have said. Gallantly he took the initiative, and saved Mowgli's face - and the whole Dance, by leading his Six to the Black call. The others, taking their cue from him, listened intently, and as they were called out - all in their wrong order - they responded to a man.

They gathered round us outside the arena with strained faces and anxious eyes. "We did it wrong - we did it all wrong!" they wailed. "You did it dead right," we reassured them, "and we are jolly proud of you!"

A. M. DOUGLAS.

PACK NIGHT - VIII

Some of our Cubs have memories with holes in. Things are likely to drop straight through. Do any of yours learn to tie the bowline as right as a sailor one week and look at you as though you are talking Portuguese when you mention it the next? Has any lad with both eyes open ever come to ask "Akela, what is thrift?"

Before some things stick permanently, our boys need to revise and revise and revise. It is a bit difficult finding new ways to put it over, sometimes, so that Willy doesn't have a chance to say "We did Clean Feet last week," but either Bagheera or I usually have a new idea eventually, if we wait long enough for it to arrive.

There is the "form-filling" activity, for example. Before the Pack arrives we pin a number of pictures and exhibits around the den, each with a question or two attached: What is this bird? How does it use its long legs? What is this leaf? What signals are these pin-men policemen giving? What does this semaphore message say? There is no end to the possibilities once we begin. Questions are numbered consecutively.

As the gang arrive in ones and twos they are given a pencil and a slip of paper bearing the numbers corresponding to the questions. Then off they go to fill in their "forms." Bagheera's practised eye picks out the odd ones whose enthusiasm appears limited. She knows this means they are not yet able to read, so she takes them round and reads for them, ticking their papers when they whisper the right answers.

We know very well that no-one but the owner is likely to be able to read anything written by a Cub while on his way from one picture to the next, so when time is up we do a tour of the den discussing answers with the Pack. They check their own and perhaps fill in some of the gaps in their Cubbing education as they do so.

One advantage of this stunt is that it extends every Cub to his fullest. The two-star veterans work hard to do the lot, while even the newest tenderpad can find some of the answers.

When the job is finished and the boasting of high scores has been heard by all, we let the neighbours know we are in residence once more with the Grand Howl. Then the Sixes fall in for inspection of uniform and finger-nails. We have this done in a smart and business-like manner, but we keep it very short.

As it is such a strain to stand in a line even for a few minutes, we now have to let the lid off. A variation of the ageless game of Release does the job admirably. Six Cubs with scarves round their heads are the sheriff's men. They have to capture the outlaws by touching them, when they are imprisoned in a chalk circle.

Uncaptured outlaws can release their imprisoned confederates with a touch, so the sheriff's men have to keep guard as well as chase the enemy.

Five minutes of this reduces the Pack to a state when they can bear to squat for a while, so we put on a sketch previously discussed in private with the Pack's three best actors. A boy comes on and explains that the form he is walling on is a cliff's edge. He slips, falls over the cliff and lies on a narrow ledge, back broken. Along come two boys, not Cubs. They lean over the cliff and offer helpful remarks, such as "I shouldn't like to be you, Chum," and "You'll roll off that ledge as sure as eggs." One of them eventually suggests they ought to do something about it and climbs down. He turns the victim on to his back, amid horrible groans. The second follows him and they try everything that should not be done until they discover that they cannot get up again. The scene ends with the two of them yelling for help.

Then the thing is done again with two Cubs, also previously briefed, replacing the useless ones and demonstrating very ably exactly what ought to happen.

During the dramatisation Bagheera has been chalking a number of large islands on the floor, leaving treacherous straits to be navigated by "ships" in a compass session. Ports are marked here and there. The first "ship" is chosen and sent to a port. He hides his eyes while his navigator and the remainder of the Pack are shown his destination. The navigator then steers him there with such commands as "Sail N.E. Now N." If he needs time to think he can order "Drop anchor." If the ship touches land the navigator has wrecked her and the Pack yells "Crash!" with much gusto. Learners use a compass card; veterans use their memory. When the Pack gets the hang of it a number of voyages proceed at once.

We produce some newspapers and a very heavy bread bin and call the Pack to squat in a circle. The bin contains London clay, dug eighteen inches below the surface in the back garden. Damp sacking keeps it just right for working - we have looked at it each evening for the past few days, sprinkling water on it if it seems too dry, leaving the lid open if it seems too sticky.

We have a word about wiping hands on trousers. The clay is surprisingly clean to handle, leaving the hands with a sandy look.

Each Six has now been wrecked on an island. There is a spring for water, wild life for meat, timber for fires and building, but, of course, no pots or pans. Digging with pointed sticks, they come to clay. Which Six can produce the most useful selection of utensils?



NOTES AND NEWS

NOVEMBER COVER

This month's cover is a study of the Grand Howl by Mr. R. B. Herbert.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The winners of the 1955 Photographic Competition are as follows:-

- Class A 1st R. B. Herbert, Old Lakenham Hall, Norwich.
2nd Patrol Leader M. Barton, 63 Twaddell Avenue, Belfast, Northern Ireland.
3rd John R. Gale, 31 Meersbrook Park Road, Meersbrook, Sheffield, 8.
- Class B 1st George C. Bennett, 45 Cotehele Avenue, Prince Rock, Plymouth, Devon.
2nd D. R. Skinner, 83 St. Andrews Road, Coulsdon, Surrey.
3rd J. A. Mizzi, 223 High Street, St. Paul's Bay, Malta.
- Class C 1st John Annandale, Dunira, Gannochy Road, Perth.
2nd J. A. Mizzi, 223 High Street, St. Paul's Bay, Malta.
3rd J. A. Mizzi, 223 High Street, St. Paul's Bay, Malta.

The following photographers were highly commended:-

Giacinto Bricarelli of Italy; R. F. Lupton of Manchester; Wm. Armstrong of Perth; G. M. Bissett of Aberdeen; R. J. Crawshaw of Croxley Green; D. W. Hollier of Kenton; A. H. Rouse of Dundee; J. B. Haseler of Cambridge; C. J. Thurstield of Usk; Miss H. Shannon of Letchworth; Dermot James of Dublin; J. R. Copestake of Rotherham; N. S. Good of Aylesbury; H. T. Hassall of Altrincham; R. J. Cook of Derby; T. Leslie Smith of Broughty Ferry.

KINGSDOWN CAMP - WINTER EXPEDITION

A strenuous week of Senior Scout activities touching on various Senior Scout Badge work, including Venturer, Camp Warden and Forestry Badges, will be held from the 28th December, 1955, to the 5th January, 1956 - cost £2 10s. Applications should be made to the Bailiff, Kingsdown Scout Camp, Kingsdown, Nr. Deal, Kent, for application forms. As the number of places is limited to 24, early application is advised.

I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS IN DECEMBER

3rd/4th Scottish Annual Meeting and Conference, Stirling.
5th Oak Hill College.

COUNTY EVENTS

January 7th/8th/9th. South Staffordshire Senior Scout Mid-Winter Expedition.
April 7th/8th. South Staffordshire Senior Scout Corroborree.

CONTINENTAL TOUR

Senior Scout M. G. White of the 75th North London Group, aged 16, is anxious to contact another Senior or young Rover Scout who might be interested in accompanying him on a tour of the Continent next Easter. Apply: 2 Hermitage Road, Harringay, N.4.

CAMPING

Troops wishing to camp in Borrowdale, near Keswick, on land belonging to Colonel Parkinson should apply to H. Musgrave, Westminster Bank Chambers, Penrith, Cumberland, and not to Tom Birkett as previously.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

We would like once again to remind Scouters of the Christmas Cards which can be obtained from the Grenfell Association, 66 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. They are very attractive and no more expensive than any other Christmas cards and one has the additional pleasure of knowing that one is helping forward the wonderful medical work of the Association in Labrador and Newfoundland. An illustrated leaflet can be obtained from the Secretary, price 1½ d.

A wonderful assortment of pots and jars begins to appear. Bagheera holds them to the light, finding many leaks at first. Hands twist the clay, moulding it, every finger working. This is real handicraft.

How the time flies when we begin making things! This activity could have lasted all evening. Which is the tidiest Six? No newspaper, no clay trodden into the floor, none of Bagheera's islands left showing. The clay is made into balls and dropped on to the damp sacking in the bin. It will always be ready for use if it is inspected for water content occasionally.

The Grand Howl again, and Prayers. Anyone who can stay longer and who wants to pass a test or make arrangements to go in for a proficiency badge may remain behind. Those who want something to practise during the week may stay also. In this way we can deal with individual work and tests without being swamped by numbers. Goodnight, everyone else, remember you are still Cubs when you get home.

Always there is someone so reluctant to admit Pack Night is over that he carries it on right up to our doorstep. Things have gone well this evening. it is a very satisfying business, this Cubbing.

D. F. RADFORD.

AS CHRISTMAS TIME APPROACHES

As Christmas time approaches we especially think of children, not only within our own homes and the family of Scouting but others less fortunate.

I would in particular like to mention to our Scout Groups in this country the plight of some children who, through no fault of their own, have been denied all the benefits of a settled home-life, those who have probably never known the joy of a normal happy Christmas, a Christmas such as we take for granted. For them and their parents, the war which ended ten years ago is still present in their daily lives, uprooted from their homeland and friends they knew and loved. The peace brought new problems as they became forced to remain in camps in some countries of Europe and, prevented as they are from emigrating due to bad health, their plight is especially tragic at Christmas.

There are a number of excellent and well-established societies who do their best to alleviate the plight of these children. Every year before Christmas there is a call to collect funds, toys, coloured pencils; games (suitable for every age group), balls, ping-pong, coloured clays, scribble pads, pens, ordinary pencils, in short any of the delightful things which fill our children's stockings and make the Christmas season such a happy one for children. There are tens of thousands of children of many national origins in Europe and other countries in the world.

Two channels through which help can be given have come to my notice these last few days and I appeal to Groups who may be looking for a Christmas good turn this year to give them special thought and attention. There is an excellent scheme set up by voluntary workers to support the work of UNRWA for the alleviation of distress among Arab refugees in the Middle East. The Scouts and Guides of these refugee camps have, with the aid of IJNRWA, produced a large number of hand-painted Christmas cards which are now available for purchase by Scouts in this country and other countries in Europe. The cards (with envelopes) are priced 10d. each. Enquiries, and orders with cash can be addressed to: The Boy Scouts International Bureau, 132 Ebury Street, London, S.W.1. I commend this idea to Scouters and Scouts alike.

Cash contributions, parcels of toys and other such things as I have mentioned above to help cheer Polish children in camps in Germany and Austria this Christmas time should be addressed to: Zofia Arciszewska at 20 Wetherby Gardens, London, S.W.5. Cubs may specially like to know of this as a very worthy outlet for their thoughts and energies.

R. S. THOMAS,

International Secretary.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

A course of instruction for the Observer/Stalker Badge for Scouts under fifteen has been arranged to be held at Downe Camp on 2nd to 4th December, 1955. Food and indoor accommodation but not blankets will be provided, the inclusive cost of which will be 10/- per Scout. Applications to be made to the Bailiff, Downe Camp, Bird House, Downe, nr. Farnborough, Kent.

SCOUT ALPINE CLUB

Members of the Scout Alpine Club are reminded that their annual subscription of 10s. for 1956 is due on the 1st January next. As from the 1st October, 1955, the annual subscription for new members was increased as follows:-

First year - £1;

Second year - 15s.;

Third and subsequent years - 10s.

"THE MOTOR CYCLE" DIARY

The Motor Cycle Diary for 1956 has just been published by Iliffe & Sons Ltd., Dorset House, Stamford Street, S.E.1. It contains 80 pages of reference material, plus the usual diary pages of a week to an opening, and costs 5s. 10d. in leather or 4s. 1d. in rexine, plus 2d. postage. A good acquisition for motor cyclists.

SCOUT MAGAZINES

Mr. Norman Kingston, who is working in Tumutumu, Kenya, has just been made Area Commissioner. There are about forty Troops in this area, all African except one. He appeals for copies of any Scouting magazines which he could pass on to these Scouts. Apparently Scouting, along with other organisations, suffered a severe setback as a result of the Emergency, but it is now having a remarkable revival. The Scouts are extremely keen, but the majority are very poor and any magazines sent would be highly treasured.

Further, if anyone would like a Kikuyu Scout pen-friend Mr. Kingston could easily arrange this.

The full address is: Mr. Norman R. Kingston, Church of Scotland Mission, Tumutumu, P.O. Karatina, Kenya Colony.



TRAINING 1956 COMMISSIONERS' COURSES

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

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.

BRITISH SCOUTS WESTERN EUROPE (B.F.E.S. School, Mulheim Rhur)

Cub. Cont. 4th January.

Apply: C. P. Carter, Anglo-German Centre, Hannover, B.A.O.R. 5.

GILWELL PARK 1956

WOOD BADGE COURSES, 1956

Cub Courses

(open to all appropriate warrant holders of eighteen years of age and over):

No. 141. Monday, March 19th—Saturday, March 24th. (Indoors.)

No. 142. Sunday, May 13th—Friday, May 18th.

No. 143. Monday, June 11th—Saturday, June 16th.

No. 144. Monday, July 16th—Saturday, July 21st.

No. 145. Monday, August 6th—Saturday, August 11th.

No. 146. Monday, September 10th—Saturday, September 15th.

Scout Courses

(open to all appropriate warrant holders or Scouters on probation of twenty years of age and over):

No. 244. Saturday, April 7th—Sunday, April 15th.

No. 245. Saturday, April 28th—Sunday, May 6th.

No. 246. Saturday, May 26th—Sunday, June 3rd.

No. 247. Saturday, June 23rd—Sunday, July 1st.

No. 248. Saturday, July 21st—Sunday, July 29th.

No. 249. Saturday, August 11th—Sunday, August 19th.

No. 250. Saturday, September 1 5th—Sunday, September 23rd.

Rover Courses

(open to all appropriate warrant holders of twenty-one years of age and over):

No. 14. Monday, March 5th—Saturday, March 10th. (Indoors.)

No. 15. Saturday, July 7th—Saturday, July 14th.

SPECIALIST COURSES

Group Scoutmasters' Course. March 3rd—4th.

Public Schoolboys' Course. April 16—22nd.

TECHNICAL COURSES

(open to Scouters of the Troop and Group Scout-masters):

Training and Testing for First and Second Class, January 27-29th. (Assemble, Friday, 7.30 p.m.)

Patrol Activities, March 17th—18th.

SCOUT AND SENIOR SCOUT TRAINING COURSES

Observer and Stalker Badges (Scout), February 3rd—5th.

Jobman and Handyman Badges (Scout and Senior), February 17—19th.

Rider and Horseman Badges (Scout and Senior), March 9th—11th.

Camper Badge (Scout), April 27th—29th.

Camp Warden Badge (Senior), May 25th—27th.

Camper Badge (Scout), June 22nd—24th.

Pioneer Badge (Senior), July 13th—15th.

(Courses start at 7.30 p.m. on Friday.)

OPEN DAYS OF WORK

Sundays, 26th February and 25th March, 10 a.m. to 4p.m.

Offers of help from Rovers and Scouters, male and female, are welcome.

Sandwich lunch will be provided for those who notify their willingness to come. Old clothes should be brought.

WOOD BADGE, PART I

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

Applications for all above courses to: The Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, Chingford, London, E.4.

AWARDS FROM 21st JULY TO 7th SEPTEMBER, 1955

"CORNWELL SCOUT" BADGE

J. McDermott, Patrol Leader, 9th Angus (1st Brechin); M. Willcox, Patrol Second, 28th Epping Forest (2nd Buckhurst Hill).

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

GILT CROSS

S. Messam, Senior Scout, Wesley, Spanish Town, Jamaica, B.W.I.

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a child from drowning in a canal, Spanish Town, Jamaica, February 2nd, 1955."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GALLANTRY)

J. Blake, Scout, 3rd Staines (St. Peter's).

"In recognition of his action in assisting to save his companion when both were in danger of drowning in the Alter Thames, Staines, June 6th, 1955."

J. Harquail, Scout, 2nd Acton (Catholic).

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in rescuing a baby who had fallen out of a boat into a lake, Gunnersbury Park, April 10th, 1955."

J. Mulholland, Wolf Cub, 4th Stalybridge (Canal Street Wesley Methodist).

"in recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in jumping into a canal and rescuing his baby brother who was trapped in his pram which had overturned and submerged, Manchester-Huddersfield Canal, Stalybridge, June 10th, 1955."

SILVER WOLF

Brig-Gen. Sir Godfrey Rhodes, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Chief Commissioner, Kenya.

"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Kenya over a period of 28 years."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT

Somerset. - Mrs. F. W. M. Mason, G.S.M., 52nd Bath (Monksdale Road).

Southern Rhodesia. - W. J. W. Gibb, D.C., Bulawayo South.
"In recognition of their further outstanding services."

MEDAL OF MERIT

Imperial Headquarters. - Major E. C. L. Flavell, T.D., Hon. Warden, Roland House Scout Settlement.

Birmingham. - J. W. Lovatt, R.S.L., 1st Kings Heath (130th Birmingham, South); H. Turner, A.D.C. (Senior Scouts), South Birmingham; Miss F. F. Walker, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Acocks Green and Hall Green.

Devon. - A. F. Nichols, C.B.E., MC., M.A., J.P., Vice-President, Exeter.

Durham. - G. T. Clarke, CM., 1st Leadgate, D.C.M., Consett and District; M. Woodcock, D.S.M.(S), Consett and District.

Hampshire. - A. S. Carlos, B.Sc.(Lond.), F.R.I.C., D.C., Christehureb.

Isle of Wight. - W. L. Mansbridge, G.S.M., 2nd Ryde (Admiral Calthorpe's Own).

Kent. - Mrs. W. Roffe, CM., 10th Tonbridge (Paddock Wood).

Lancashire North East. - N. Sagar, G.S.M., Parish Church, Accrington.

Lancashire South East. - R. Marsh, Member, County and L.A. Executive Committees, Oldham; P. S. Ryder, Hon. Treasurer, Swinton and Pendlebury.

Lincolnshire. - R. H. Austin, D.C., Boston and District.

Middlesex. - Miss M. Bolton, CM., 13th Twickenham (St. Mary), A.C.C. (Wolf Cubs).

Nottinghamshire. - H. W. Rysdale, G.S.M., 87th Nottingham.

Somerset. - Mrs. A. C. M. Gann, Vice-Chairman, Bath and District; Mrs. I. M. Hackling, CM., 13th Bath (Oldfield Park Baptist);

D. Harrison, G.S.M., 42nd Bath (St. Mark's); A. D. J. Milne, G.S.M., 26th Bath (Kingswood School); C. E. Wassell, R.S.L., 27th Bath, A.D.C. (Rover Scouts), Bath and District; S. N. Wheeler, CM., 30th Bath (Orthopaedic Hospital).

Surrey. - Mrs. D. N. Morris, D.C.M., Surbiton.

Warwickshire. - Capt. G. J. K. Little, C.B.E., A.C.C.

Worcestershire. - W. A. Wilson, S.M., St. George's "Z" Worcester.

Yorkshire East Riding. - D. Bromby, Chairman, Hull (North); K. M. Brown, Hon. Secretary, Hull (North).

Scotland.

Ross and Cromarty. - Rev. J. MacDougall, D.C., Wester Ross.

Northern Ireland.

Antrim. - W. R. Johnstone, A.D.C., South East Antrim. Annngh.— N. C. Cooper, M.Sc., D.C., Lurgan.

Overseas.

Malta, G.C. - E. A. Attard, G.S.M., Zeitun.

Nyasaland. - D. S. Johnston, A.C.C., Zomba; A. H. L. Kellam, A.C.C., Blantyre and District; A. C. Rawlings, G.S.M., 8th Nyasaland Mpondas.

Southern Rhodesia. - W. A. D. Emery, SM., 12th Bulawayo; M. S. S. Ragadoo, G.S.M., 13th Bulawayo (Indian).

"In recognition of their outstanding services."

AWARDS FROM 8th SEPTEMBER TO 12th OCTOBER, 1955

"CORNWALL SCOUT" CERTIFICATE

E. R. Miles, Wolf Cub, 38th Camberwell (Herne Hill Congregational Church).

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

CERTIFICATE FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT

D. H. Campbell, Patrol Leader, 18th Edinburgh.

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind when, without thought for himself, he jumped over a 20 foot cliff in darkness to rescue a Scout who was lying face downward in the river at the cliff base suffering from head injuries, River Almond, Newbridge, Edinburgh, 10th September 1955."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (MERITORIOUS CONDUCT)

P. H. Clark, Scout, 25th Weston-super-Mare (St. John's).

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in trailing and eventually being responsible for the capture of a man who had attempted to rob a Post Office after attacking the Postal Clerks, Weston-super-Mare, 15th June, 1955."

BRONZE CROSS

R. McC'Intock, Wolf Cub, 1st Ballycastle.

"In recognition of his great gallantry in plunging into a raging sea and rescuing an older boy who, with three others, had been swept from a jetty by a freak wave 50 feet high, Ballycastle Harbour, 17th September, 1955."

GILT CROSS

D. J. Cobb Rover Scout, 4th Warrington (Stockton Heath).

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a woman from drowning in the Bridgewater Canal and applying artificial respiration, Walton, 21st July, 1955."

B. Colbeck, Senior Scout, 20th Halifax (Highroad Well Congregational Church).

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving from drowning a boy who was suffering from cramp while swimming in the River Wharfe, Grassington, 1 5th July, 1955."

D. Ibbotson, Scout, 29th Stretford (Stretford Methodist).

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a boy from drowning in the Bridgewater Canal, Stretford, 29th April, 1955."

B. S. Hoare, Scoutmaster; G. F. de Voil, Troop Leader, 9th Woking.

"In recognition of their gallantry in recovering the body of a man from the bottom of Balcombe Lake and applying artificial respiration for over two hours. Roth were commended by the Coroner's Court for their action, Balcombe, 1st August, 1955."

J. M. Webster, Patrol Leader, 1st FIlAND (St. Paul's Methodist).

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a girl from drowning in the River Conway and applying artificial respiration, Deganwy, 5th August, 1955."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GALLANTRY)

M. Bremner, Patrol Leader, 21st Hammersmith.

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in rescuing a girl from drowning in the River Neckar, Heidelberg, Germany, 17th August, 1955."

R. Salmund, Wolf Cub Sixer, 1st Shiremoor.

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in saving a boy from drowning in the Rivet Blyth, West Hartford Grange Campsite, 18th June, 1955."

SILVER WOLF

Rev. Canon G. B. Havard Perkins, President and Hon. Commissioner, Polar L.A., Bristol.

"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Bristol over a period of 37 years."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT

Birmingham. - Mrs. D. A. Martin, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), South Birmingham.

Cumherland West. - Mrs. D. S. Hodges, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Millom District.

Wiltshire. - J. F. Scott, G.S.M., Dauntsey's School, West Lavington, A.D.C., Mid Wilts.

"In recognition of their further outstanding services."

MEDAL OF MERIT

Birmingham. - Rev. Canon O. C. M. Morgan, Chairman and Chaplain, East Birmingham; C. H. Tysall, G.S.M., 1st Ward End (45th Birmingham, East).

Bristol. - G. W. Warwick, G.S.M., 167th Bristol (Westbury Baptist).

Buckinghamshire. - Mrs. K. A. Lehmann, CM., 1st Wendover.

Cheshire East. - S. Johnson, S.M., 1st Cheadle Heath (Elk's Own).

Hantspshire. - Dr. P. G. S. Johnson, D.C., Romsey District, Deputy C.C.

Hertfordshire. - C. P. Gibbs, G.S.M., 54th SW. Herts. (1st Bricket Wood); C. A. Hoggett, G.S.M., 56th SW. Herts. (1st Langleybury).

Lancashire North East. - R. Teasilale, formerly G.S.M., 4th Rossendale (Methodist).

Lancashire South East. - F. D. Patterson, G.S.M., 1st Stretford (1st Longford).

Lancashire South West. - E. Prince, G.S.M., Chorley, All Saints, A.D.C., Chorley Union.

Lincolnshire. - Lt.-Col. G. A. Grounds, D.S.O., D.L., Chairman, Boston and District; C. Walden, Hon. Secretary, Boston and District.

London. - R. N. Dean, R.S.L., 1st Camberwell; H. Griffith, Asst. Hon.

Treasurer; R. F. A. Hunt, G.S.M., 4th Finchley (Congregational Church, Finebley); F. Rawden, formerly G.S.M., 2nd West Ham (Busby).

Surrey. - G. F. Frost, A.D.C., Epsom and Ewell District; P. A. Nevilic, D.C.C.

Sussex. - A. R. Cobbelt, CM. (St. Andrew's) 12th Brighton; G. T. Denney, CM. (St. Wilfrid's), 6th Brighton.

Yorkshire Central. - Miss B. Clark, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Leeds North.

Wales.

Breckaockshire. - B. B. H. Denning, G.S.M., 1st Brynmawr; Miss C. M. Tunnard Moore, CM., 1st Hay-on-Wyc.

Flintshire. - C. Williams, Chairman, Deeside.

"In recognition of their outstanding services."

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

MAJOR F. R. CRUM

Major F. R. Crum, a Vice-President of the Association from 1942, was Called to Higher Service on October 8, 1955.

CHIEF SCOUT'S COMMISSIONER

The Chief Scout has appointed Lieut-Colonel Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bt., O.B.E., to be one of his Chief Scout's Commissioners.

BRONZE WOLF

Colonel Granville Walton, C.M.G., O.B.E., Chief Scout's Commissioner, a member of the Council and formerly Overseas Commissioner, has been awarded the Bronze Wolf by the International Committee.

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 IBuckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

C. C. GOODHIND,

Administrative Secretary.

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

Sowerby Bridge, Nr. Halifax. Rover/Ranger Conference, March 10th/11th. Good speakers, dance, camp fire, special Sunday service, etc. Application forms and full details from Mr. W. Broadbent, 109 Bolton Brow, Sowerby Bridge, after January 1st. Numbers strictly limited.

Bristol Rover Moot, June 16th/17th, 1956. Theme: "Look at it this way." Information from D. Chandler, 452 Fishponds Road, Fishponds, Bristol.

Sandringham International Scout Camp. Why not organise your Troop Summer Camp to be at the Sandringham International Scout Camp. The camp will be in the delightful grounds of the Royal Estate at Sandringham and will be from 1 lth—18th August, 1956. Camp fee of 216 per head. A full range of shops will be in camp and order forms will be sent before the camp. Apply now to the Secretary, International Scout Camp, Old Lakenham Hall, Norwich.

ACCOMMODATION

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.

Sea Scouter and wife urgently require unfurnished accommodation in North London. Woodroffe, 2 Dagmar Road, London, N.4.

Roland House has vacancies in its Dormitory for 3 Senior Scouts between the ages of 15 to 18. This unusual state of affairs affords a good chance for well recommended Scouts who are looking for a happy home in London at very reasonable costs. Applications should be addressed to The Warden, Roland House Scout Settlement, 29 Stepney Green, London, E.1.

EMPLOYMENT

The Church Army offers a Free Two-Year Course of Training, with small allowance, to suitable keen Christians, between the ages 18-33; 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.

Dutch girl, aged 21, would like to be placed as a children's nurse in small family in Southern England. Letters to be addressed to Box 218, The Scouter.

A vacancy occurs for an educated youth as trainee to an old established London firm of Picture Dealers. No premium. Small salary. Ineligible for National Service. Apply by letter Gladwell & Co. Ltd., 68 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Essex Education Committee: Applications are invited for appointment as Senior Camp Warden. Salary £560 x £20 - £640. Forms and further particulars (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, Essex.

Young man (25-30) required for interesting editorial and public relations work with an international Youth Organisation. A permanent and progressive post for a person with some experience. Write Box 217, The Scouter.

PERSONAL

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

Shorts for winter in the best English cord, 47/6 to measure, outside 5/- extra. From Ossie Dover, The Cycling Tailor, 160 Kensington, Liverpool, 7. S.A.E. for patterns and self-measurement 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.

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

Record your Group Shows, Concerts, Parties, etc. Tape Recorder for Hire. Special low rates. Senior Scout White, 2 Hermitage Road, N.4. STA 3615.

Wanted - to purchase or borrow - a copy of "Just about the age of me" and "The Twizzle Sisters." Anyone able to help please write to Roy Pannell, 8 Ryndle Walk, Scarborough.

Scouter wanted for Dulwich College Prep. School Sea Scout Troop. Scouters must be available for one night per week at 5 p.m. Scouting background more important than seamanship. Write Box 219, The Scouter.

Partner wanted to expand pig/poultry holding in Hampshire. Suitable for someone not afraid of work and willing to invest about £1,000. Box 220, The Scouter.

Printing undertaken by Scouter. Dance tickets, visiting cards, notepaper, etc. First class work. List free on request. J. P. Allen, General Printer, 29 Larn Road, Hull.

Gang Show enthusiast, moved to Manchester, would be glad to hear of small or large Gang Shows within 50 miles thereof. BM/ROPE, London, W.C.1.

Rover Scout Mills wishes to advise all his clients that the Scouter motor policies in common with other motor insurances have been obliged to revise their rates for post-1947 cars, w.e.f. 1/12/55, but rates will still be below those offered by other accident offices. Existing policies will not be affected until renewal date.

Scouters. Encourage your boys to learn Esperanto, an easy international language, so that they can correspond with brother Scouts in all parts of the world. Full details about correspondence courses, textbooks, etc., from Chas. Bardsley, Sec., Scouts' Esperanto League (British Section), 42 Westbourne St., Oldham, Lancs., or from the British Esperanto Association (Inc.), 140 Holland Park Avenue, London, W.1 1. Send sixpence in stamps now.

Theatrical and fancy-dress costumes. Artistic, fresh, colourful. Moderate charges. Black Lion Costumes, 25 Sornmerville 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.

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.

FOR SALE

Bargain Offer - Government Surplus Navy Blue Serge Battle-Dress Blouses, small sizes, as new, cleaned and pressed. Ideal for Scouts, etc. Price 3s. 9d. each delivered, for a minimum quantity of six. Sample, 4s. 6d. Cash with order. S. & M. Myers Ltd., 97 Wentworth Street, E.1.

Duplicators/Typewriters. Mod. terms, H.P. 2 yrs. Exchanges negotiated. Delivered free. Vemey Clayton, M.C., Market Rasen, Lincolnshire.

One Dnnn Major's Staff; by Boosey and Hawkes, black with silver plating, in very good condition. Cost £16 before the war (1939-45). Will take £12. Colonel F. A. Hamilton, Great Osbaston, Osbaston, Monmouth.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING

All classes of duplicating and typewriting neatly and accurately executed by Guider. Prompt delivery, special terms to Scouters. Alert Typewriting Bureau, 1 Peasmarsh, Giltingham, Dorset.

Advance Duplicating Service. Prompt accurate work, Mod. charges. Scouters 10% discount. 5 Warwick Av., S. Harrow, Middx. Byron 4730.

Guider undertakes all classes of Typewriting and Duplicating at reasonable prices. Mrs. Cox, 121 London Road, Ramsgate.

Multi-colour photographic illustrated duplicating for Scouting magazines, programmes, notices, etc. Samples on application. Stourbridge Secretarial Services, 14 Dennis Hall Road, Stourbridge.

Samuels Secretarial Service - Typewriting and Duplicating - Accurate work, prompt delivery, moderate charges. 1 Monmouth Street, London, W.C.2. COV 0587.

Classified advertisements, 4s. per line. Box Nos. 1s. extra. Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths included under "Notes and News" for a like fee.



**'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

THE SCOUTS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY

*is now able to offer the
benefits of membership to present
and past members of the Scout and Guide
Movements up to a joining age of 50 instead
of 40 as in the past*

*Substantial bonuses have recently been
added to all Life and Endowment Insurances, due
to healthy membership and sound finance*

Write for details of Membership:

**THE SECRETARY, SCOUTS' FRIENDLY
SOCIETY
Roland House, 29 Stepney Green, London, E.1**

ALL
GOOD SCOUTS

USE A

LETT'S
SCOUTS
DIARY

*AN AID TO GREATER
TROOP EFFICIENCY*

THE OFFICIAL DIARY
OF THE
BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION

PUBLISHED BY

Charles Letts & Co. Ltd

"FIRST IN 1816—FOREMOST EVER SINCE"



A Selection of 1955 Christmas Cards



- Please quote number when ordering.*
- No. 5503. As Flames Point Upward. 2 Colour, Folder, 4d. each
 - No. 5403. Santa Claus. 2 Colour, Card. 2d. each
 - No. 5404. Operation Turkey. 4 Colour, Folder. 3d. each
 - No. 5500. The Night Sky. 3 Colour, Folder. 4d. each
 - No. 5400. Here's Cheer. 4 Colour, Folder. 5d. each
 - No. 788. The Helmsman. Line drawing, Folder. 3½d. each
 - No. 5401. Happy Christmas. 2 Colour, Card. 2½d. each
 - No. 5502. We Give Thanks. Litho, Folder. 4d. each



- Please quote number when ordering.*
- No. 5405. Greetings (Scout Centre). 2 Colour, Card. 2d. each
 - No. 5405a. Greetings (Club Centre). 2 Colour, Card. 2d. each
 - No. 5501. Christmas Dinner. 2 Colour, Card. 2½d. each
 - No. 5200. The Pathfinder. Sepia, Folder. 6d. each
 - No. 5406. Scout Promise. 2 Colour, Folder. 3d. each
 - No. 5300. The Founder. 4 Colour, Folder. 6d. each
 - No. 5402. Nativity. 2 Colour, Folder. 3½d. each
 - No. 5303. All My Own Work. 2 Colour, Card. 2d. each



All these cards are supplied with envelopes!

Imperial Scout Shop



HEADQUARTERS 25 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

18c ELDON STREET, E.C.2 ● 62 THE HEADROW, LEEDS ● 20 WORKING STREET, CARDIFF
 183 CLAPHAM MANOR STREET, S.W.4 ● 20 RICHMOND STREET, LIVERPOOL ● 104 HINDES ROAD, HARROW
 19 GREEN LANES, PALMERS GREEN, N.13 ● Also at Local Association Shops and Agents ● 5 TACKET STREET, IPSWICH