

A black and white photograph of a snowy forest path. In the foreground, a wooden lattice gate stands closed, partially covered in snow. The path leads into a dense forest of bare trees, with snow on the ground and some snow on the tree trunks. The overall scene is quiet and wintry.

The SCOUTER

December 1955

9d

CAN YOU SPOT THE CAMPING MISTAKES IN THIS PICTURE



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Prayers

Prayers adapted and used by the Rt. Rev. Lauriston L. Scaife, D.D., Bishop of Western New York, U.S.A., upon the occasion of the Boy Scout World Jamboree, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, August 21, 1955, at historic St. Mark's Anglican Church.

Almighty God, this is Thy world, the lands and the seas are Thine, the cattle upon a thousand hills, the gold and the silver and all the treasures of earth are Thine, and we are Thine. The Boy Scouts Association of the world is one in Thee divided by speech and colour and experience, knowing only partially the full meaning of Thy will. Give these lads grace to share the light they have with one another.

Amid their diversity, teach them to be slow to differ and quick to agree, knowing that beyond all effort to describe their faith and work, God is all and that in Him is life. Crown with continuing success their effort to live as brothers that the Boy Scouts Association of the world may be a continuing example of thrilling unity, and that, within it, Thy sons may find strength for the redemption of the world, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, for the young men of the Boy Scouts Association of the world, we lift up our prayer this day. Be with them always as they make the dread decisions of mature life. Unto the hazards of our common day Thou didst trust Thy Son. Impart unto every Boy Scout leader the grace needed in influencing those whom they lead. Inspire these youths to great dreams and noble commitments. Empower them to attempt difficult and dangerous work. Teach them how stale life can be when squandered on petty objects, and build up in their hearts the vision of useful days given bravely unto Thee. We ask not that Thou would spare them from danger, hardship or labour, but that they may know the secret of life in honest toil and sacrificial service in the morning of their day. For Thy love's sake, we ask it. Amen.





BE PREPARED

The last of a series of extracts from the book

By **RICE E. COCHRAN**
an American Scoutmaster

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

Because a Scoutmaster gets his own emotions tangled in a good many other people's lives, and tends to think of them almost as if they were members of his own family, there are times when any man in Scouting wishes he had stayed out of it.

I recall a moment in wartime when I was at an airfield abroad, watching an army fighter plane land. It landed badly, because it was torn by bullets and the pilot was wounded. I helped lift the young flier out of the plane. He looked up at me and wiped some of the oil and blood from his face. He said, "Don't you remember me, Mr. Cochran? I'm John Ballard," and died in my arms.

That was the worst. As word reached me of the end of boy after boy whom I had raised from Tenderfoot to Eagle, I wondered why any man should spend time on such a futile endeavour as helping boys grow up.

Even in the years of peace, I felt something approaching heartbreak now and then, when one of my boys turned out very badly. My first emotion on hearing about it was always disgust that I had wasted time on a worthless scamp. My second was sadness, in the realization that I had made a mess of an important job. No boy is worthless, or hopeless. It is unpleasant to look at the wreckage of his life and reflect that he might have been different if a Scoutmaster had been wiser.

Few Scoutmasters ever give up a Troop because of such griefs, any more than people renounce life because of the loss of a loved one. The ache passes, and everyday habits are strong. But people often quit jobs because of small resentments, and Scoutmasters quit Troops for the same reason. The weekly quota of nagging and frustrations and odd jobs provided him by the Scouts and by their parents and by obnoxious kibitzers such as District Commissioners is enough to keep any Scoutmaster feeling permanently resentful if he is so inclined. Large numbers - a majority, probably - of the men who become Scoutmasters throw up their hands and resign in exasperation within a couple of years. It is only due to luck that I didn't do it myself on several occasions.

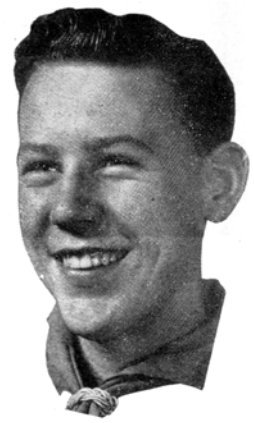
"Most Scoutmasters don't stay long enough to collect the dividends," a thirty-year-veteran Scoutmaster remarked to me once. "If they'd only stick through the first few years, then they'd begin to enjoy it."

I didn't know exactly what he meant by dividends, but I was impressed by his statement.

It tilted the scales more than once when I was weighing the desirability of quitting.

After five years or so, as I began to accumulate a Scouting career to look back upon, some of the by-products already seemed to be dividends.

Probably each man gets slightly different pleasures out of long service with a Troop, according to his own tastes.



Some of the early dividends aren't at all pleasant, but just lessons that are rewarding though bruising. One such dividend, or lesson, came early in my career when I spent a week-end with my Troop at a large cabin in the mountains.

Snow fell that weekend, and the boys luxuriated in it. Our cabin was cosy, our meals better-cooked than usual, and a good time was had by all. We locked up the cabin and started for home, in four fathers' cars, just in time to avoid a new and heavier snowfall Sunday afternoon. Not until suppertime Sunday, when I was peacefully soaking my chilblains in a hot bath at home and listening to the storm rage outside the windows, did I learn that we had left one Scout marooned in the mountains without shelter or food.

This boy had been moved to make a last-second dash to the outhouse, just before we loaded the cars, and we had serenely driven off without him. Everybody assumed he was in someone else's car. Finding himself alone, and locked out of the cabin, with a real rouser of a blizzard making up, the forlorn Scout had wandered down the mountain road. (All this I learned several days later.) Fortunately - for me as well as for him - he found an occupied cabin a few hundred yards along the road, and was taken in. By the time I started my wild-eyed return journey into the mountains, the road was blocked by snow and I could not get within miles of the cabin. The settlers who sheltered him had no telephone, and the road stayed closed for the next two days. The parents felt I ought to be hung up by my thumbs, and I was half-inclined to think they were right, by the time we finally located the boy. He was snug and well-fed and delighted by the whole experience. He bragged about it for years afterwards, and I thought about it. It was my first dividend. It taught me care in counting heads. It also gave me the aspect of a man who has passed through the furnace.

History has shown that whenever a man is convinced he is a god he behaves far worse than the average human being; This is as true of Scoutmasters as it is of emperors, although naturally on a more limited scale. Even a transitory mood of grandeur can get a man in trouble in Scouting.

I have occasionally upbraided errant Scouts with a venom and volume worthy of Ivan the Terrible - but I no longer do so. The last time I behaved like Ivan was on a day in summer camp when I thought I saw several boys high among the branches of an apple tree where they had no business to be, picking forbidden fruit with both hands.

"HEY YOU GUYS GET DOWN OUTTA THAT TREE!" I bellowed. They started down, to the accompaniment of a full-throated critique by me of their manners, brains and honesty. Only when they dropped to the ground and started for me with blood in their eye did I see that they were not Scouts at all, but formidably muscular hobos.

I retreated in disorder. It was another dividend. Ever since then I have addressed boys with a modicum of politeness at all times.

In spite of my best efforts to remain sophisticated and hard-crusted, Scoutmastership has probably infused me with a touch of spirituality, and I should confess that I am secretly pleased about this. I hope I never become the whistle-tooting, psalm-singing fuddyduddy who passes for a Scoutmaster in the comic pages and movies, but I do read the Bible more than I used to. I have had to, of course, because of those outdoor chapel services I am constrained to conduct on Sunday mornings in camp; but I actually enjoy it now, and I believe in a number of Bible statements which previously sounded unrealistic to me.

For example, I now am persuaded of the literal truth of the rather unlikely statement, "If you would have any good thing of my Father, believe and it shall be given unto you." My gyrations as a Scout leader threw me occasionally into the orbits of happy people who were using religion successfully in their own lives and didn't mind saying so. They flaked off a lot of my crust.

What seem to be good things foil oneself may. not actually be good in the long run, and perhaps this is why my prayers for myself don't always seem to get results. But my prayers for my Troop have always been answered. I started praying after I heard another Scoutmaster remark in passing, "When I take a Scouting matter to prayer, I never fail." Now I can say the same. Whenever I have taken the time and trouble to pray hard for some boy, he has straightened out rather miraculously. If the Troop needs money, or seems to have bitten off a bigger project than it can chew, I need only keep reminding myself to "Ask and ye shall receive," and the Troop gets the money or the results I silently specify.

Once a man gets to believe in these techniques, he at least is free from the clutching sensation in the stomach that accompanies so many tough jobs. I once met a coloured man who had devoted his life to operating a school for blind or otherwise handicapped Negro children in the mountains. He had run it on a shoestring for many years, and I knew there had been innumerable times when there was not enough food or money to keep going for more than a day or two longer - yet he looked as placid and jovial as if he never knew an instant's anxiety. I asked him about this. He explained, "I just says to the Lord, 'I'll do the work, Lord, and You do the worrying,'" His formula seemed to work for me too.

Whenever I have been working on behalf of other people, the Lord has proved capable of worrying about it much more productively than I. So I no longer worry.

Why do people take on these inconvenient chores? What do they get out of it? Just a sensation of satisfaction, apparently, yet it is deep enough to nerve them to extraordinary sustained effort.

This same sensation comes to a Scoutmaster, but it is warmed and enriched by his close friendship with many of the human beings he is trying to help. When he walks the streets he is greeted in every block; when he sits on his porch it is crowded with jabbering youngsters. If a family is having a weiner roast in a nearby backyard, its sons will be climbing the fence to bring him hot dogs and a toasted marshmallow or two. He never feels the loneliness which comes to parents when their children grow up and leave them alone, because he is never left alone.

His phone is always ringing, with young voices on the other end.

There are always new boys coming into his life, and half-grown ones changing and strengthening like crops in a field. A Scoutmaster needn't wait too long for these dividends. They begin paying off after his first few years on the job. Even in his first year he will acquire fast friends, and he may get peculiarly pleasing news any week: a boy who joined the Troop as a timid little Fauntleroy may suddenly take off his glasses and lick two bigger kids; a boy who passed first aid may decide he would like to take the first aid course again, just in case; a Patrol may "put the freeze" on a member who was swiping things from shop counters, and he may reform so they'll speak to him again. These dividends can come any time. And there is always the chance of a letter like the one a Scoutmaster friend of mine received after his first hike with his Troop:

"Boy Scouts have established a very special place in our heart and we want you to know about it. Your Troop participated in the rescue of a little boy in the canyon last Sunday, and since that little boy happened to be the sunshine of our life we feel for ever indebted to all boys who profit by your training programme.

"Our little boy wandered off a trail with three little girls and before his parents were able to catch up with him he found himself in a very dangerous mountain area. The Scouts spotted the children and made ready to rescue them with ropes, but before they could be reached the six-year-old boy slipped and fell fifty feet into the rock canyon below.

"Your boys made a stretcher of tree limbs and wraps and rendered first aid, carried the boy several miles to the open road where an ambulance awaited their arrival. One of the Scouts had run ahead of the rescue party and summoned the ambulance so that no possible time was lost in getting the boy to a hospital.

"As a result of this effective help, we are grateful to report that he is now back in school with only a few apparent bruises and a broken arm.

"We were not at the scene of the accident but we were near enough to feel more than certain that everything possible was being done to make our boy comfortable until he could receive medical attention. Our little John has just one big ambition in life and that is to be a Boy Scout."

The biggest dividends - the ones my thirty-year-veteran friend meant - don't come until later.

They start when his first grown-up ex-Scouts begin coming back to see him. The simple fact that they want to see him has an inflationary effect on his self-esteem, naturally. There will be more and more of them coming back as long as he stays in that town - and surprising numbers of them will mention long-forgotten remarks he made which they have treasured ever since. Inasmuch as these are likely to be rather successful-looking and obviously sincere young men, the effect of constant visits by them will be to make the Scoutmaster feel that he is one hell of a fellow - which after all is not a bad way for anyone to feel.

There even comes a time in the life of a lucky and durable Scouter when he sees his Troop's second generation appear.

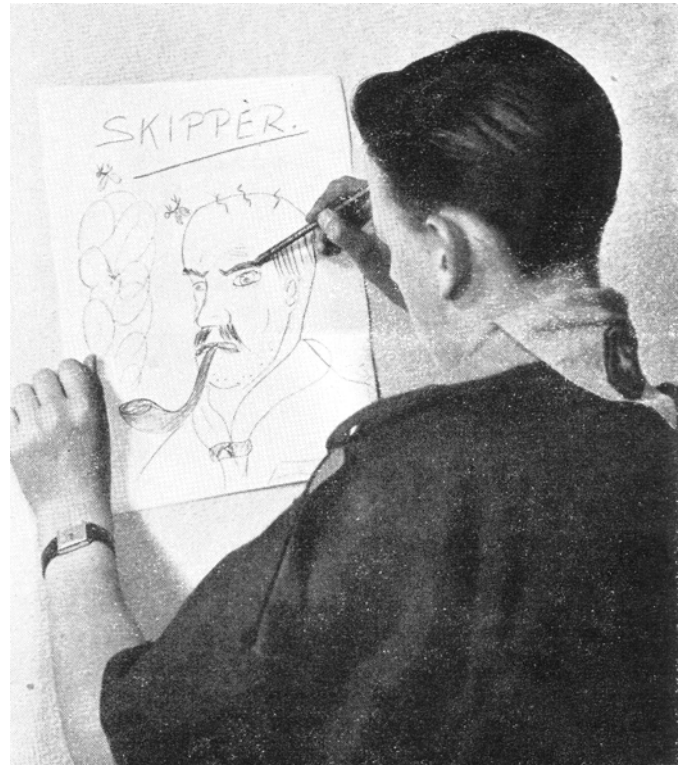
There are Scoutmasters now in every city who are training the sons of the Scouts they started with. These leaders cannot help but enjoy a pleasantly patriarchal outlook on the community. They are rather intimately related to half the families in town, and they know a good deal of the life history of the men whose sons they are helping to raise.

When first he begins hearing his alumni reminisce, a Scoutmaster finds himself looking back at his past woes in a pearly new light.

They seem to have been worthwhile after all. The experiences these young men most enjoy recalling are the times in camp when it rained from start to finish, or somebody forgot to bring the food, or the mosquitoes were so thick- that no one slept all night. Suddenly the Scoutmaster realises that nobody quit the Troop on account of these calamities; that his Scouts actually became stronger in time of trouble, and enjoyed it in retrospect. Time has an alchemy all its own. It transmutes glum defeats into joyous victories with the passing of years.

This is a reassuring knowledge to a Scoutmaster who goes forth to battle Mother Nature and stubborn flesh at some Scout encampment every month. My own twenty years with the Troop have been nerve-wracking and scar-producing and sweaty; they have been sprinkled with rattlesnakes and angry mothers and flat tyres and smelly latrines and sprained ankles and cold stew and whining boys and bellowing fathers and a million Troop meetings to plan and endless money to raise. I think I'll do twenty more.

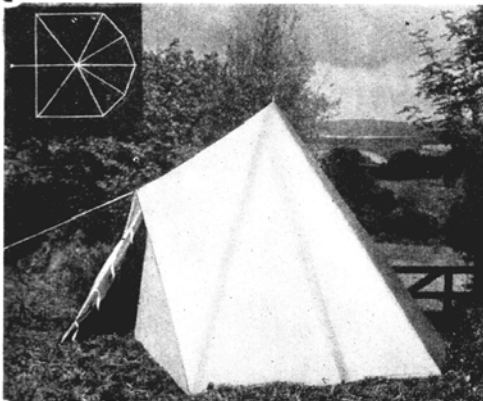
The End.



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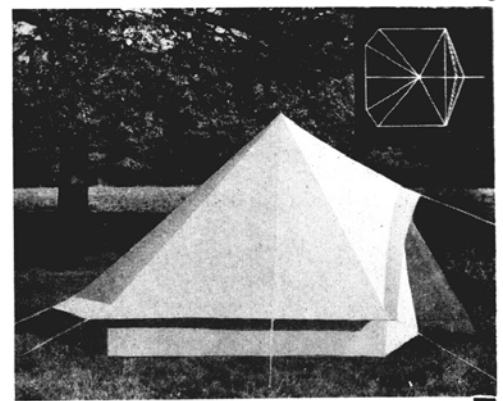
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TROOP NIGHT – XX

Notebooks

Keep notebooks of:-

1. Games - under various headings. Enter title of every new game you come across and, if necessary, a brief description. Scribble date game last used in pencil alongside title. Rub it out and put later date when used again. In the space of five years, I've collected 330 indoor games. If I use six a week, and that's going some, they'll last over a year. As half the summer meetings are held outdoors, I shall also draw on some of the 110 outdoor games I have in the outdoor section of the same book. During the next twelve months, I shall read about or invent some more games; we should keep going very well.

2. Songs - under various headings. Whenever you draw up a Camp Fire programme include at least one of each type - and always one new one. Once again note dates used.

3. Yarns - under various headings. Note carefully when yarn is used and with which audience.

A flag day was described by a Scout as a collection in aid of "blind dogs for Guides."

The Depot Game

Wooded or mixed country. Night. Preferably no moon. Game to test observation and night scouting skill. Scouter leads Scouts along tortuous trail, through the countryside. Scouts follow in single file. At twelve points *en route* the Scouter deposits a large envelope. The envelopes are numbered 1 to 12 in large figures on the outside. After the twelfth envelope is dropped, the party completes a further leg and then has a rest.

The Scouts are then sent back individually to revisit the envelopes (in any order) and take from each, a slip. On the slip is the appropriate envelope number. Aim: to collect a set of slips - 1 to 12.

Variations. At first make depots easy to find, cut down on number of envelopes and send Scouts in pairs.

Warning. Make sure you can find the envelopes afterwards. It looks bad if you can't!

To ensure success to the simplest game, cloak it in a romantic story. Don't have A v. B. or Hawks v. Owls. Devise a story that uses the latest rage - at the time of writing these include Dan Dare, Jet Morgan and Jeff Hawke (according to the most reliable authority - the boys themselves). Smugglers and excisemen, spies and M.I.5, and even cowboys and Indians are safe, once in a while, but the newer heroes are better. Try guided missiles, missing diplomats and Everest. They're still in!

Scavenger Hunt

Some twists to an old favourite.

Twist 1. Give each Patrol a list of facts to collect. Some will be useful, one or two will be irrelevant; but they will all require research to elucidate. Make them use Public Library, Police Station, Railway Station, Post Office and so on. Useful to improve local knowledge. This is a subject the Guides cover far more adequately than we do.

Twist 2. Give one Patrol list of articles or facts. Other Patrol to trail the first Patrol and discover, by observation, the nature of the list. Not too difficult really. Useful practice in trailing and staff work.

Twist 3. Give Patrols list of factual questions that have numerical answers. These answers form code message that contains last vital question.

Twist 4. The same, but this time initial letters of answers to questions spell site of hidden treasure of untold wealth!

Twist 5. P.L. confined to H.Q. Rest of Patrol to discover answer to questions (answers must be lengthy, e.g., batting figures of English team in first innings of Final Test in Australia, stopping places of Manchester to Sheffield 6.5 p.m. train) and to commit them to memory. They return with the answers and they are then recorded by P.L. Story: Patrol illiterate, except for P.L. who is crippled!

Twist 6. A little different. Requires some preparation and the co-operation of several local inhabitants. A man left town yesterday by train. Before he left he was seen to call at a bookshop, a tailor's, a travel agency, the post office, an ironmonger's and a grocer's. He also spoke to a news vendor outside the station and bought a magazine at a bookstall inside. His only distinguishing mark was a green felt hat with a large red feather.

Each Patrol must turn itself into a private detective agency and, by questioning, discover all they can about the man and his plans. Required: great tact. If the town is smallish don't mention which bookshop, tailor and so on... more fun!

Grizzly-isms

Being a man amongst boys is difficult, but being a man amongst men is even more difficult.

If you think your Troop's perfect then you're either a genius or a fool - and neither makes a good Scoutmaster.

Don't give advice until asked. And then always give the advice *the other fellow* wants. In that way you will be thought wise.

Boys Love Routine

That shocks some of the text-book Scouters doesn't it. I can see them reaching for their pens.

Troop night is every Friday at 7 p.m. And it should never be altered, cancelled or otherwise messed about with. What happens after 7 o'clock on Fridays is up to you and the livelier the better. We found that a break of one week threw the Troop out of rhythm and attendances were affected for two or three weeks afterwards. Have a month's rest in summer, by- all means - but make it part of the routine.

This means that District events have often to take second place, unless the Troop has set itself wholeheartedly on entering. Sports' days, swimming galas, pageants, camp fire festivals, competition camps and so on, should be given a miss, if they interfere unduly with the rhythm of Troop life. Man is a creature of habit.

Overheard

First Scout: Hurry up, we said we'd be ten minutes. Second Scout: That's all right, we've only been fifteen minutes so far.

Idea to throw to Court of Honour: Gym shoes for all Troop meetings?

Eight Scouters we meet too often:- He thinks the boys aren't as good as they used to be.

He has been to Gilwell and thinks that there's nothing more to learn.

He has been in one of the Services and thinks the Troop is a Platoon.

He is proud that he's the only Scouter in the Troop.

He knows exactly what B.-P. would do but never does it.

He knows P.O.R. inside out but hasn't yet discovered what Scouting is.

He knows the nickname of all the County Officials but can't remember the surname of a single Scout.

He attends every Rally, Moot, Jamborette and County event but doesn't always run a summer camp.

Ping-Pong Game

This is table-tennis with a vengeance. Required: two Patrols, two buckets, four table tennis bats and one table tennis ball. The Patrols line up at opposite end of the room, with a bucket in front of them. The Patrol numbers off. Scouter calls out numbers in pairs, e.g., 1 and 6. The four players, so called, run forward, pick up bats from centre of floor and the ball is thrown into centre by Scouter. Aim: to score point by placing ball in opponent's bucket. The floor, walls and ceiling may be used and the whole room is in the field of play (clear chairs and tables!). The four players use the bats to dribble and ricochet the ball towards the opponent's goal. With a little practice, some clever is can be evolved. As soon as first pairs have had a fair trial Scouter calls out second pairs, e.g., 4 and 5. The first pairs drop their bats and the second pairs take over as quickly as possible.

Hectic and a good steam "letter offer."

Village Survey

Near to you there will be three small villages. By near, I mean within twelve miles and that's reasonable cycling distance. Each Patrol is armed with a questionnaire that has to be completed.

Name of vicar, age of oldest inhabitant, nearest railway station.... I leave the rest to you. Throw in a sample of drinking water or pond water and a hair of the head of the postmistress, for good measure, and there you are.

If you choose to do this stunt on an afternoon, meet afterwards for a backwoodsman tea at a central point. Use water (if drinking!) for tea. When we did this, one Patrol didn't turn up for tea - they were having it with the vicar!

Three Stalking Games

1. Stalking game for a Patrol. Day or night. Small but dense stretch of woodland.

Split Patrol into two. The two sides pair off - i.e. each person has an opposite number on the opposing side. The members of the two sides start from opposite edges of the wood.

Aim: Each boy must meet up with his opposite number, without being seen by any of the other opponents.

Five points for first pair to connect and one point for every member of opposing side seen. Individual with highest points declared winner.

2. Stalking game for whole Troop or a Patrol. Day or night. Wooded country, with limits well defined. Two opposing sides. Boundary between two countries is marked by a row of enamel plates - ten yards apart. Make the boundary pass through the best stalking country available.

Starting from base lines on either side of the boundary, the opposing sides stalk forward, through "no man's land," towards

Why Scoutmasters' wives grow weary one another. The aim is to reach a plate and move it forward (maximum, ten yards) and then retire to base line, before beginning a fresh sortie.

"Killing," by one of the visual methods, means retreating to the base line and starting again.

3. Stalking game for whole Troop. Day. Extensive tract of stalking country - wooded or open. Two opposing sides occupy well-defined countries, with well-defined frontier. In each country, clearly visible and on the ground, there are ten enamel plates - widely distributed.

Aim: Each side to compile a sketch map, showing the position of the enemy's plates. "Killing" by touch or sight; "killed" to give up all notes and sketches on his person and to retire to his own base before starting again. "Killing" can only take place in the enemy's country, i.e., one is safe in one's own land - on guerrillas. Allow an hour.

Alternative: mark off a central "no man's land," to 'be patrolled by guerrillas, Matabele - or what you will. Scouters or Senior Scouts could do this job. Within the area of "no man's land," the guerrillas can "kill" players from either side.

D.GRISBROOK.

Why Scoutmaster's wives grow weary



"Got to examine a boy for a proficiency badge, dear: I'll carry you over the threshold when I get back."

SPANISH VENTURE

"The Englishers have come." This message flagged back into the hills for about two miles in Morse Code by relays of Scouts was really the beginning of the holiday. But perhaps I should mention the journey as far as the hills, some 1,400 miles from London, which we had left three days before. The trip as far as the Spanish border had been like all long train journeys in foreign countries, exciting but tedious. We remember the member of our party who was made to unpack his rucksack by a lady Custom's officer in Paris all because he would not keep in line and his eyes forward.

Our train from Paris was late reaching the border so we had to take a later train to Barcelona. Also it was quite a business getting through the Spanish customs and currency controls. We had our passports stamped and filled up forms that were never again used, so we destroyed them on the way home, but at the time they seemed very important. And we remember the early morning bus trip from St. Lazair to Austerlitz Station; later in the day we found that it would have been much cheaper and easier by Metro. We will remember this next time.

The journey from Barcelona to Valencia took us thirteen hours instead of the six it should have done. Never again will we travel third class on the Spanish railways if we are going more than a few miles! Wooden seats were never made for long journeys. Neither were our packs made to fit the rucksacks above us, so we had to have them on our laps or in the space between the seats. One Spaniard actually slung a hammock from rack to rack and went to sleep. Lucky man!

On arriving at Valencia we were met by Manuel, a friend of Scouting who took us to a men's club where we washed and tidied up. Afterwards Manuel led us down to the beach for a wonderful swim whilst his wife prepared a meal for us. Chicken soup, salad, corned beef, tinned fish, bread and butter, melon and lemonade. Afterwards we caught the bus to Bocairente and the campsite.

Our hosts now came out of the hills to the crossroads on which the twenty-nine of us were waiting. In a few moments a lorry was procured and the last lap of the journey began. Up, up and up we went until the road below us was but a thin line. On arriving at the campsite a welcome was given to us by some sixty Spanish Scouts, many of whom had never seen a Scout before, other than those in their own Group.

The welcome consisted of what looked like a large piece of string laid on the ground and at a signal a match was put to one end and the whole thing jumped and crackled while the Spanish Scouts cheered. This is a special form of welcome.

In a short while a meal was laid before us and introductions were made. The meal consisted of potatoes in their jackets, fried eggs and sausages laced in garlic, followed by plums and coffee.

We found that there were seven Patrols in camp, so we split our number into seven and each group joined the Spanish Patrols and stayed with them for the remainder of the camp. In a short while the Union Jack was flying beside the Spanish flag and each day onwards honours were paid to both flags.

The next morning we had our first trip out of camp, it was to the village below where we were shown Moorish cave dwellings thousands of years old and our boys really enjoyed exploring them. Later we lunched at a café and the meal was taken in true continental style and our boys thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of it. Lunch over, a visit was made to the bullring, the football pitch (on which we were to play a match against the town later in the week) and the blanket factory, and how sorry we were that blankets are bulky things and cannot be carried away in full rucksacks. And so back to camp. Up and up we climbed until our knees almost refused to go any further. It had taken an hour to walk down and three to walk back! But it was well worth it for the scenery alone. The next day we visited some deep caves quite close to our campsite. Our guide, a Spanish Scouter, having first made certain that the string to lead us back was securely fixed, we entered through a small aperture and spent some two hours in the depths exploring and collecting stalagmites and stalactites. After this a swim in the tank of a local farmer was very welcome. Here several boys caught frogs. That night a campfire was held that provided great fun and many new turns and tunes to both Spanish and English alike.

Spanish Scouting follows *Scouting for Boys* to the letter and it was most refreshing to find out that even today it is possible to carry out B.-P.'s instructions to the letter. We in England seem by comparison to have wandered a little from the book. Spanish Scouts sing at every opportunity and it became a habit after supper each night to learn Spanish songs and to teach English ones to our friends.





No one who made the trip will ever forget the "Song of the Hills."

Here I must mention Piella and rolls; a roll as served at camp was about the size of a small loaf and at each meal one of these appeared. You either cut it, buttered it and filled it with whatever was on your plate and ate it as you would a sandwich, or you broke it and ate it in the ordinary way (but not very often). Piella is a native Valencian dish and whenever we were guests anywhere, it was always served and a most delicious dish it is. Basically it consists of boiled and fried rice into which is placed chicken, fish, meat and salad, the whole lot being oven-baked.

Soon it was time to leave the hills and go to the city and the sea. What a joy was our second swim in the Med., and it was quite an effort to get the boys out of the water. Now came our tour of Valencia, and what a wonderful place it is. We were taken by our friends to buildings, many of which contained relics of Columbus and the Cid, and we were able to handle and see things that they used. Day after day new things were shown us until we just had to cry "stop."

We now made our way to a small village five miles from Valencia on the seashore, and made our camp in a small copse some two hundred yards from the sea. The one drawback here was - ants - by the million, until the owner provided us with huge spray guns filled with D.D.T.

We spent two glorious days here and then returned to Valencia to prepare for our trek home and, of course to search the shops for suitable presents and souvenirs.



This in itself was a large undertaking. Whilst in Valencia we found that the best and cheapest method of travelling around was by taxi, and at times convoys of eight or nine taxis filled with Scouts were to be seen cruising around the city - cost, approximately 2d. per mile. Our boys found that melons at 4d. each and grapes at 2d. a pound were very pleasant ways of spending pocket money, plus of course sitting at cafe tables in the open air drinking iced coffee and watching the world go by. Our good friend the caretaker of the club, Manuel, was invaluable to us for the many ways in which he helped us and made certain that we never paid more than we should for any article that we bought. He knew just where to go for whatever we wanted. When at last we had to leave he was perhaps the one we were most sorry to part from. By now we had exchanged our train tickets to Barcelona for second class and reservations so that we were certain of a more comfortable return trip.



The time had now come to say good-bye to all our friends and I feel that never before could a send-off have been so touching. All our friends that could possibly get there, were at the station to see us off and many of us hope that one day we shall again return to Valencia. I ought to mention that we received quite a write-up on the local paper, but perhaps that was because we lost our football match against Bocairente 1-6 and so pleased most, if not all, of the 2,000 spectators.

And what were our general impressions? The Spaniards are very, very friendly and likeable people and wherever we went we were given all help and assistance possible. The Spanish peasant works very hard and is to be seen from dawn till dusk carrying out routine jobs. Fields and large tracts of land have to be flooded daily to allow anything to grow and the irrigation system in a good many cases was started by the Moors and is still in use today.

Everyone who visits Spain usually makes a visit to a bullfight. This we did and found quite interesting. There were mixed feelings and really it does not comply with the Sixth Scout Law. In Spain, time seems to be of little importance, as is shown by their saying, "Mafiana," meaning later or till tomorrow. One thing we were all agreed on, that it was one of the finest holidays that we have ever had and we shall ever be grateful to our Scouting friends and hope that one day we shall meet some of them in England, and show them that we do not forget.

One last event must be mentioned, that of one Scout who shall be nameless - the event occurred thus:- On leaving the Channel steamer at Newhaven all were gathered on the quay but alas, one was missing and thereby caused much delay. He eventually received a right royal welcome when he left the ship - last. Everyone else was in the lust hundred!

W.H. AYERST.



THE EUROPEAN CONTINGENT ON HIKE AT THE PHILMONT SCOUT RANCH, NEW MEXICO, U.S.A.

The first five in the lead, from left to right, are from - *Great Britain (Leader), Finland, France, Italy. Germany.*

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

As we near the end of another Scout year I would like to send to all who may read this my good wishes for a Happy Christmas and for Good Scouting in 1956. The SCOUTER reaches all parts of the world, so wherever in the World Brotherhood you may be - in Europe, the Americas, in Africa, Australasia or farthest Asia we send you greetings and wish you well.

Looking Back

1955 has been another busy and successful international year in Britain. We sent 974 Scouts to the World Jamboree in Canada where they had the time of their lives. In addition, according to the records of the International Department, a further 5,750 British Scouts and Rovers camped abroad during the year. They visited seventeen countries and British contingents hiked with Finnish Scouts in Lapland, joined Swedish Scouts on their Blue Hike in Northern Sweden and attended International Camps in Denmark and Austria.

For the third year in succession we were invited to send two Scouts to the 120,000 acre Scout Ranch of the Boy Scouts of America at Philmont, New Mexico.

Two Queen's Scouts, Bill Donald of Aberdeen and Roger Stoakley of Cambridge, represented Great Britain in the European Scout Contingent under the leadership of Mr. Bob Thomas, International Secretary, I.H.Q., which was flown to America and back by the United States Air Force.

Some three thousand Scouts from abroad visited Britain during the year, including 140 Belgian Scouts who held a splendid camp at Phasels Wood which I was happy to be able to visit. On midsummer night I spent a strenuous but enjoyable evening dancing round a maypole with a gay party of 340 Swedish Scouters and Guiders who were camping at Gilwell Park. The London International Patrol Camp at Gilwell in July brought together 380 Scouts from eighteen countries abroad, and the County Commissioner and his staff are to be congratulated on arranging yet another very successful International venture.

Year by year our Scout Liaison Officers at the principal U.K. ports do an excellent job in smoothing the way into Britain for thousands of Scouts from abroad, and in helping countless numbers of our own Scouts on their way in and out of the country.

I know from personal experience how helpful these Port Liaison Officers are, and on behalf of all whom they so willingly befriend and assist I thank them most warmly. Our thanks are also due to those who each year make possible the International and Overseas Transit Camp at Scout Park, Wood Green. During this summer 878 Scouts from this country and abroad were accommodated there, and I would like to assure the Wood Green, Southgate and Friern Barnet L.A. (whose site it is), and the Bailiffs who run the camp, of our real appreciation of their help.

Looking Forward

This year I was lucky enough to be able to combine my trip to the Jamboree and International Conference in Canada with a visit to the United States. There, surrounded always by the most warm-hearted kindness and hospitality, I was able to see for myself something of the great work that is being done by the Boy Scouts of America. I hope to write more fully on this later on, but I do want to emphasise two things here and now. One is that in America British Scouts have many friends and thousands more potential ones. The other is that we simply must get down to making some of those potential friendships actual. I therefore made a pact with one or two of my good friends at American Scout Headquarters to explore the possibilities of starting a regular two-way traffic of British and American Scouts across the Atlantic. This I am already doing. Owing to American generosity, this traffic has so far been almost entirely one way, so I now ask all Scouters who have ideas to offer or positive contributions of any kind to make to this project to write to me at I.H.Q. and we will try to work out a plan.

And now for some of the highlights of 1956. The first experimental "International Week-end" which we held at Gilwell this year was so successful that we hope to make this an annual event. The next such week-end will therefore be held at Gilwell Park. on 2nd/3rd June, 1956. I will tell you more about this early next year.

We are hoping to form an International Rover Scout Club in London for Rovers of any nationality who have the cause of International Scouting and understanding really at heart. By the time you read this the first meeting will have been held, so if you would like further information on the subject please write to the International Department.

Three International Camps in Great Britain are to be held next year - the biennial Scottish International Patrol Camp at Blair Atholl from 25th July to 3rd August; the Third Essex International Camp at Southend-on-Sea from 11th to 18th August and the East Anglican International Camp at Sandingham from 11th to 18th August. We hope for a good attendance from abroad at each of these.

The Jubilee Jamboree 1957.

This, of course, will be the biggest International Scout event that has been held in this country since 1929, and we want our many guests from overseas to feel really at home. One way of ensuring this is to have available plenty of Scouts, Rovers and Scouters who can talk to our visitors in their own tongue. So will all who can speak really fluent French, German, Spanish, Arabic, Italian, Portuguese, a Scandinavian, Indian, African or Far Eastern language and who will be free for the whole period of the Jamboree (1st-12th August, 1957), please let me know. I cannot necessarily promise jobs for all who offer, but the chance is there.

Camping Abroad 1956

I hope to be publishing next month some notes for those who plan to camp abroad next year. Meanwhile will all who will be requiring help or advice from the International Department please write soon and let us know of your needs.

And so may all your Christmases be happy ones (don't forget the good turn to those who may not be so happy as you) and may the New Year open New Horizons of International Scouting for all of us.

ROBIN GOLD,

International Commissioner.



TRACKING IN THE SNOW

I TRAVEL THE WORLD: WHO CARES?

By THE CAMP CHIEF

Such is the title of a twentieth-century song and I suppose it might reasonably apply to me because these last few years I have travelled upwards of a quarter of a million miles and have enjoyed most of it. (Incidentally, I hope someone does care!)

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive." Good words often quoted, but I wonder how many realise that he went on to say, "and the true success is to labour." I have little doubt that those who make the arrangements for my tours are fully conscious of the latter part of the quotation!

Usually when I arrive home a little travel-stained and a mite weary, with a mind flooded with facts, figures, faces and experiences, some bright spark will say: "Enjoyed your holiday?" It is only increasing age which prevents me annihilating all such on utterance. I can assure you that travel for the Scout Movement, whatever else it may be, is not my idea of a holiday.

There are others who say with rather more truth: "It must be wonderful to travel and see all these places." Yes, indeed it is:

I only wish I could have seen some of the places a little more and did not have to be quite so busy whilst passing through them. I have been to many places in the world and, frankly, all I know about them is the ground where the rally assembled, the hut where the Scouts met, or the camp site where I have taken some part in a training course. Yes, I am lucky enough to have the opportunity to travel, but not all that lucky.

Well, this is not an article about Scouting, except incidentally: it is about travelling, the kind of things that happen, the places I go to, the meals I have to eat, things of no importance to you, but how important to me.

It is quite astonishing the number of times my itinerary contains some such phrase as "Catch the 7a.m. plane." That's a nice thought until you discover that it is an hour's drive to the airport and nobody is too clear where that is, that you don't finish the previous day's activities until 1.30a.m. today, and that when you get up at 5a.m. the climate has turned sour on you. How sick I get of the sight of a couple of bags and a suitcase. I am delighted that my largest suitcase has now succumbed to "travel mortis" for, ill as I can afford to buy a new one, at least on my next trip I shall have a case of a different size, shape and colour.

I always seem to start my overseas trips, certainly those to the southern hemisphere, at some unearthly hour of the morning and usually on Boxing Day or the day after. I'm old-fashioned enough to think there are better ways of spending Christmas than in saying good-bye to my family and rather half-heartedly packing kit. It always seems so silly to be packing tropical uniform when it is blowing hard outside and the thermometer is just above freezing. Three times I have set out on Boxing Day. It has one great merit in that hardly anyone else travels that day, and on my last trip to the southern hemisphere all we had on the plane was a racing motorist, a film director, a producer, and a camera-man, all of whom were going to New Zealand.

We were out-numbered by the crew. That was the trip, incidentally, when the air hostess, possibly overcome by the fact that there was no other female on board, went sick between Zurich and Beirut and I took over the galley for the next part of the flight. I was restrained by my companions from lighting a fire on the floor of the plane and stuck rigidly and literally to the electrical cooking apparatus provided. (No washing up - hooray!)

On the whole, you know, air travel is monotonous. I heard a Scout who had been to Canada describe it as "Like a long coach trip but with nothing to look at," and that is a fair comment, although there are occasions when you have moments of great wonder and excitement. The excitement usually comes when the light flashes on and "Fasten seat belts" is the order of the day. Your meal, whether consumed or not, is liable to be on your lap.

I remember one air pocket over the Atlantic when I had the extraordinary experience of seeing for a split second my neighbour's

whisky and soda out of his glass and near the roof of the plane; the descending liquid hit him on the forehead and we were both drenched.

You can also get lost. Once when I was invited into the cockpit (I hope that is the right title), I looked down and the sea seemed to be frozen solid - it was! It transpired that we had a new navigator on his first flight.

Fortunately the pilot discovered in time that we were well off course and eventually we crept into Prestwick with about half-a-gallon in the tank - a nice experience to look back on! (Who wants Prestwick anyway, saving the Chief Scout, of course?)

People ask me, "What do you think about when you are in that sort of predicament?" Well, I can't pretend that the past flashes through my mind; I am more anxious to try to remember whether I paid my insurance before I left.

The cynics will tell you that the difficult part of air travel is the amount of time spent on the ground, and they certainly have a point. I am not talking about the odd half-hour delay, which is fairly normal, but the real delay such as the forty-eight hours I spent in Sydney, having said good-bye to my host and turning up again an hour later sans baggage; the twenty-six hours in Rome, fed on a perpetual diet of chianti and chicken - glorious the first time but what an appalling breakfast it makes!

There is the terrifying experience in Paris of being driven in the airport 'bus, one of the occasions when I am always scared stiff. I am not sure whether it is worse or better now that they have stopped allowing horns to be blown, for nowadays you can bear the acceleration and the astonishing noises that come out of a French engine.

Much as I have flown, I still have a quiver in my stomach just before take-off: it's a long way down and the little talk they give you about your "Mae-West" and how to get out of the Emergency Exit which you have a nasty suspicion you have out-grown does little to set you at ease. However, once you are up the quivers cease until you are about to land again and the note of the engine changes. If you have any imagination you can't help thinking of some of the accidents and especially if, like me, you have avoided two accidents by sheer luck.

Twice I transferred from one plane to another at almost the last minute and later heard that the plane on which I was booked had crashed. I don't know whether that sort of thing makes you more nervous or more fatalistic, but it certainly makes you think.

Late one evening I arrived in Cairo at a time when *Life* Magazine published some fairly straight-forward material about the life of Farouk, who at that time was still King of Egypt. The Customs men were more officious than usual in case anyone was trying to take copies of *Life* into Egypt, but to my surprise and delight I was hurried through the Customs, met by two charming gentlemen who placed me in a large car, driven into the city and ushered into an hotel where I had the largest private suite I had ever seen. The manager was most obsequious - "Was everything all right?" "Was the suite large enough?" (In truth it was almost large enough to accommodate the Gilwell Reunion!) I did not pretend to understand why I was being shown all these favours and, frankly, I did not mind; I was content to accept the gift of the gods. It later transpired that I had been met by officials of B.O.A.C. who thought they were meeting my cousin who bears the same name as mine and is a reasonably important executive in the airline. When they realised their mistake, with true British sportsmanship they carried the project through and we had a drink on the success of the venture.

I ought to add that I had no copies of *Life* and to this day I have never met the cousin to whom I owe such a pleasant experience.

Many of my flights inside the countries I visit are taken in small planes. In New Zealand three of us travelled together and our weight was a little over the odds, so that often 'our baggage had to be off-loaded and brought on by another plane; at least that was the theory! Sometimes we had baggage, sometimes we knew where it was, sometimes it just got away from us: it's a pleasant game - try it sometime!

One of the things I have done on long flights to while away dull moments is to go through the travel guide they give you and sample all the services.

I used an electric razor for the first time somewhere between Iceland and Newfoundland. (It convinced me to stick to the 'brush and soap method.) Once when flying from Australia to New Zealand I discovered that the air line offered a service whereby you could send flowers to people. I had been staying with a very charming couple and I thought I would send flowers to my hostess so I sent for the stewardess and told her what I wanted to do. The poor girl was astonished as nobody had ever wanted to send flowers before. I pointed out that it was in the book, so she consulted the crew and, sure enough, they found a book of forms which we spent a pleasant half-hour filling up. Subsequently, to my great delight, I discovered that the flowers were delivered. On another flight to New Zealand I made an original request. The book said, "Whatever you require the air hostess will try to provide." I asked for an umbrella. This caused a great deal of consternation and the air hostess thought I was mad until I pointed out that the roof was leaking and that as the plane was full it was impossible to change my seat. Naturally enough, there was no umbrella on board, but various protective covers were produced so that I could make a sort of gutter and run the water to the floor.

Another problem of long distance air travel is that you are always getting behind or ahead of the clock, with the result that your sleep and meal routine becomes very involved. The air lines seem to serve meals at about three-hourly intervals, which means that you are liable to have about six meals a day. This would be all right if you could get any exercise, but walking up and down the gangway is neither energetic enough nor popular with the other passengers. Consequently you tend to over-eat as there's not much else to do. One trick I have learned to keep tiredness under control is to change my shoes and socks about every two hours; for some reason this is one of the most refreshing things you can do in a plane.

The most confusing time change of all -is when you fly across the International Date Line and you have one day for about forty-eight hours or lose a day when travelling in the other direction. In my case the day happened to be Tuesday and I got the awful feeling that I had been taken out of the world, that it had always been Tuesday, would always be Tuesday, and I didn't like Tuesday anyway.

Another strange sensation is when you find you have been diverted from one place to another. I suppose the greatest shock in this connection was when I was flying back from Sydney in Australia via Canada to England. I was very tired. Late at night we flew out of Montreal in a snow-storm, then I dozed off as is my wont in a plane. I was awakened by the air hostess who said, "We are landing at Sydney in half an hour." I was amazed; I had left Sydney forty-eight hours previously; Sydney in Australia that was. It shows you how useful a knowledge of geography can be. I had never heard of Sydney in Canada, but I have now and a pretty dismal hole it seemed at 3 a.m. in the morning. Perhaps one day I will have a chance to see it in daylight and revise my opinion.

Some of the airports are really grim, but some are marvellous. I always think with great pleasure of Zurich which is the best appointed of any I know, of Shannon which serves the most exciting food, of Calcutta which, for no reason that I can discover, has four-

teen weighing machines and a great number of recumbent Indians slumbering against them.

At Karachi I found a picture of R.R.S. *Discovery* in the room where I was spending the night and at Darwin in Australia it always seems to be raining so hard that you think you have landed under the sea. Young kangeroos greet you in the compound outside the airport and a crocodile is likely to walk in and join you at the table. I shall never fail to be excited at flying into New York and I shall always remember seeing the skyline for the first time. A quite different excitement is when you are flying from one of the small New Zealand airports and you seem literally to be flying off the edge of the world and straight out to sea. It is far worse when landing on an airport like that. For me the best airport is the one that brings me home. It is terribly difficult to describe the thrill of flying into London airport, especially at night. The pattern the lights of London make is entrancing and after a trip lasting three or four months it is the most welcome sight a traveller can have.

A great problem of air travel is baggage. Whoever hit on the magical weight of sixty-six pounds was very clever in devising a figure which is just not quite enough when you have to take uniform as well as civilian clothes and a few books and papers. People are very kind and as I travel about and visit Scouts they give me presents. I sometimes can't help weighing the gift in my hand as it is presented and thinking "Can I take this without paying excess baggage?" Such charges are pretty serious: about £1 per pound to Australia and in proportion to other places.

Talking of presents, it is, of course, very nice when anyone gives you something, but some gifts are really a little difficult. Some African Scouts who had just killed a sheep presented me with the fleece, and what a problem that set me. The fleece was uncured and, I should say, incurable: I was travelling by train and it certainly was one way of ensuring that I had a compartment to myself, but even I could not stay with it for long and somewhere between Kimberley and Johannesburg I flung the thing far from me.

I could write a book about the meals I have eaten. I remember fourteen-course Chinese dinner in Singapore, the stew of eyes and entrails in Basutoland, the astonishing curry served on banana leaves in Calcutta, and the very hotly-spiced foods in Karachi; the peculiar habit of my American friends who serve coffee and fruit salad at the beginning of the meal and almost, but not quite, work backwards through the menu to the soup.

Yes, it's all tremendous fun and I enjoy almost every minute of it. I am often asked, "What are the qualifications needed-for your sort of life?" I think in a sentence they are the digestion of a horse, the ability to do without sleep except at very irregular intervals, and the willingness to accept things as they are and hope they will not get worse.

Well, there it is; it has been pleasant writing about it. Perhaps now there will not be quite so many people who, when they hear that I am setting off to this or that place, sidle up to me and say "Do you want someone to carry your bags?" Perhaps there'll be even more! - Who cares?

JOHN THURMAN



SNAPSHOTS OF B.-P. AROUSING THE CAMP WITH THE KUDU AT THE SECOND GILWELL REUNION

NEWS FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

You will see in "Notes and News" this month that the 78th Bedfordshire Group holds a meeting every Friday evening at the R.A.F. Station at Cardington for Scouts, Seniors, Rovers and Scouters who have just reported for their National Service. These weekly meetings have been going on for the past six months and over three hundred members of the Movement from different parts of the country have been welcomed. The Scouter reports two most astonishing discoveries from his talks with these Scouts. Firstly, that only a very small minority of them have been given Form R.S. and secondly, not one of them has ever seen or heard of the pamphlet *This is Addressed to You* or received any form of briefing from his Scouter. Surely, it is every G.S.M.'s responsibility to see that when one of his Scouts is called up he is given some information about the Service he is to enter; the opportunities and the problems and the help that his Scout training will give him in coping with them. Obviously, the best person to do the briefing is the Scouter in the closest touch with the Scout. Form R.S. is of equal importance for it enables Commanding

Officers, many of whom look upon Scouts as potential N.C.O.s, to spot them immediately. The War Office has ordered that Form R.S. should be attached to the Qualification Form which is completed for every entrant into the Army and goes with him from unit to unit throughout his period of Service. When we neglect to supply our Scouts with this form - which can be obtained from I.H.Q. free of charge - we are not giving them the help they are entitled to expect from us.

The B.-P. Scout Guild has just held another successful National Conference. This time, the delegates met in Church House, Westminster, and a new departure was a Rally and Pageant in the Royal Albert Hall on the Saturday evening. I was prevented from being present as I was spending the weekend at a Commissioners' Course in Bristol, but several of my colleagues at 25 B.P. Road were there for all or part of the time and report that both events were most encouraging.

I am told two very interesting things occurred during the week-end. First at the Rally at which the Lord Chancellor spoke to the gathering about the days when he was a Boy Scout; his pride in the fact that he had been a King's Scout was obvious and the grateful affection he has for his old Scoutmaster was good to hear. During the evening Ralph Reader came on to the stage and announced there was present that evening a young man who was celebrating his birthday, and that young man bore the name of Robert Baden-Powell. A spotlight was turned on to the Royal Box and there stood Robert, the son of Peter B.-P., and thus the grandson of the Founder, whose name he bears.

The second occurred during the Sunday morning service in Westminster Abbey and the colleague who told me the story said that, after more than forty years in Scouting, it was one of the most impressive moments he had known. A block of some two hundred seats had been reserved for the Guild at the ordinary morning service and, just before the Blessing, the Dean of Westminster went into the pulpit. He spoke about the Guild, mentioning particularly its first object - to keep alive in its members the spirit of the Scout Promise and Law. After reminding the congregation that he himself had been a Scoutmaster, he suggested that the members of the Guild might like to renew their Promise and that other members of the Scout Movement present at the service might like to join them in doing so. All the members of the Guild, several of the clergy and Abbey officials, and a great number of men and women and boys throughout the large congregation thereupon made the Scout sign and, led by the Dean, repeated in that sacred and historic place the Promise they had made when they first became members of the Worldwide Brotherhood of Scouts. It must have been an unforgettable experience.

Your friends at 25 B.P. Road send greetings and good wishes for a very happy Christmas and the best of, Scouting in 1956 to you and to Scouts everywhere.

A. W. HURLL.

Chief Executive Commissioner.

THE GILWELL LETTER

Because I was out of the country I missed the first Open Day for Cubs at Gilwell, but it seems to have been a remarkable affair with an attendance of about four thousand and, naturally enough, a success such as this is something we seek to repeat. I hope that, based on the experience of this year's effort, we can make it even more successful next year.

I have decided to hold the next Open Day for Wolf Cubs on Saturday, June 9th, 1956, and this will solve the problem of holding it on a Sunday, which I know some people quite reasonably object to, although I would point out that when such an event is held nobody is forced to come.

You might be interested to know why we decided to have a Cub Day. Year by year the number of Cubs visiting Gilwell has grown, sometimes being brought by Cubmasters from very far a field. (Incidentally, the majority of these visits have been on Sundays.) I felt, and still feel, that it would be much better for the Cubs and for Gilwell if those planning to come would arrange to come on the same day so that we can give them our full attention, can arrange a programme, and can make sure that the whole affair is a success.

I am giving you this long notice of the next Open Day so that those of you who are thinking of bringing your Packs to Gilwell next year can try to arrange for them to come on June 9th-2 p.m. to 6.30p.m. or thereabouts. I am not saying that this is the only day on which Cubs can come to Gilwell, but it will be a great convenience to us and more fun for the Cubs if you can make arrangements to fit in to the special Wolf Cub Day. It does help if you notify us of your intention to come. The only cost will be that of getting them here and paying the usual camp fee of 3 d. per head, which I do not think is a hardship, judging by the amount of money they seem able to produce for ice-cream and ginger beer. So come in your thousands, and over-whelm us if you can!

Many of you will know that as part of the programme to celebrate forty years of Cubbing, we plan to hold an Old Wolves Camp at Gilwell over the week-end June 16th-17th, 1956. I would like to make two points:-

1. I am as anxious as the Headquarters Commissioner for Wolf Cubs to bring to Gilwell as many people as possible who have never been here before, and that may mean that some who would like to come may have to be unselfish and step back to let someone else have the chance. It may be that there will be room for all and I hope it will be possible for everyone to come who wishes to do so.

2. A very definite rule has been made that for the occasion of this camp day visits cannot be allowed; you will either have to come for the whole of the camp and stay overnight, or you will not be able to come at all.

Just to round off the Cub section of this letter and as an encouragement to those who get a little tired of hearing how wonderful the Good Old Days were, I would tell you that one of my staff met a lady who took a Wood Badge Course in 1923 but shortly after gave up Cubbing because "I could no longer stand the bad language used by the boys in the Pack!"

And now a thought at this season of the year. All of us at Gilwell wish everybody in the Movement a Very Happy Christmas and a Satisfying New Year. Christmas is a time of goodwill and in most countries a great re-uniting of families takes place. I cannot help feeling, sometimes, that if only we could spread over the rest of the year just a little of that goodwill, friendliness, and family spirit that we tend to reserve for Christmas, life would be very much easier and more satisfactory for a great many people. If you are looking for an original New Year Resolution what about joining with me and resolving to try to be as pleasant, as thoughtful, and as unselfish on June 25th, 1956, as I am sure you will be on December 25th, 1955.

JOHNN THURMAN

Camp Chief.

PS. There is room on Cub Course 141, March 19th to 24th, for a few enthusiasts - coming?

LUCK OF THE MONTH

By **TILE EDITOR**

October 12th. - Hear that the Sveriges Scoutforbund on November 1 1th/12th launched a new nation-wide campaign to help the blind. Each Scout has been given a quota and if he gets it will be able to wear a "bright-spot" (which appears to be a special button) on his uniform. [See next page.]

October 14th. - "Out of the mouth" department: said young Teddy, bringing yet another "new chum" to a 2nd Birkenhead Pack Meeting: "Will he be able to stay, Akela, or must he go on the wasting list?"

October 18th. - Letter from a London parson: "Please do not renew my order for THE SCOUTER. I have never had to read such unadulterated rubbish in my life before."

Ah well, we have a good many contributors and at least the dear parson includes them all. Poor fellow.

October 21st. In his Outlook of July 1918 B.-P. quoted what he called "the following bon mots" from "a Conference of London officers" which had been considering (like many others that year) the Senior Scout scheme. (No, there's nothing new under the sun!) Here are some:-

Older boys will work and play for, but not with, younger boys.

Scouting can be looked on as a recreation up to fifteen, but afterwards as a training for life.

Success comes by making younger boys think they are older than they really are, and failure by making the older boys think they are younger than they really are.

Older boys won't play at make believe: they want the real thing.

Get their confidence and give them responsibility.

October 22nd. - When we talk glibly of leadership, it is well for us to remember that there is more than one way of leading.

October 28th. - Although Wolf Cubs were not officially recognised till June 1916, they appeared long before that - I sometimes think about five minutes after the first Boy Scout! Certainly in the London Rally of June 1914 they were inspected (after "Life Savers" and King's Scouts) by H.M. Queen Alexandra! B.-P. wrote afterwards: "When Her Majesty saw the Wolf Cubs with their 'mascot,' a real live young wolf, she was delighted, and had the wolf handed up to her. It was only after she had had it in her lap, and had patted and stroked it, that she asked: 'Does he bite?' Most people would have asked that question first!"

And in the Headquarters Gazette of August 1914 (memorable month!) there appeared "it is most desirable that all Wolf Cubs should wear their badge whether in uniform or in ordinary clothes."

October 31st. - From a report on the Wasps v. London Welsh game in the Daily Express: "Skipper Woodward had to do something. He switched reserve fly half Peter Mettler . . . to the wing... Rover Scout Mettler of the 4th Harrow Troop and Ralph Reader's Gang Show promptly did his good deed for the day." We'll see our Peter playing for England yet! After all he's only 18.

November 1st. - From Clive Bemrose (C.C. Derbyshire):

"I thought you might be interested in a compliment to The Scout which my two daughters paid to it last night. They were out at a bonfire, and rushed in to their mother and said 'Mummy, we have seen God.' She was rather astonished, and they immediately proceeded to say 'and we felt that we must make an immediate sacrifice of what we value most, so we I knelt down on the paving and threw the copy of The Scout on to the bonfire!'

"I have been quite astonished recently at how they enjoy seeing The Scout and thought I really must tell you of this event.

"They persuaded their mother to go out and see God and apparently it was the very clear clouds passing over the moon which seemed to them quite evidence of His existence, along with His angels as well!"

November 3rd. - Some of you may never have come across this, an answer to: What is a Boy?

He is a person who is going to carry on what you have started.



BULLFINCH ON A CHRISTMAS TREE!

*The Editor and his staff wish all their readers - known and unknown
- the happiest Christmas ever*

He is to sit right where you, are sitting and attend to those things you think are so important when you are gone.

You may adopt all the policies you please, but how they will be carried out depends upon him.

Even if you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them.

He will assume control of your cities, states and nation. He is going to move in and take over your prisons, churches, schools, universities, and corporations.

All your work is going to be judged and praised or condemned by him.

Your reputation and your future are in his hands.

All your work is for him, and the fate of the nation and of humanity is in his hands.

So it might be as well to pay him some attention.

November 6th. - Bright, damp, yellow-leaved week-end with Olive and John Thurman at Gilwell: the latest addition to the Group Room is a collection of "Scout hats of the World" - twenty-eight of them - all official, all different.

November 8th. - Some sayings of Lord Samuel, who is 85 this week - sayings which are worth thinking about-as they apply to us as Scouts and Scouters

Do not choose to be wrong for the sake of being different.

It is only by doing things that you find out what you can do.

All yeast and no flour wouldn't make good bread.

The art of living is the art of using experience - your own and other people's!

To have a friend, be one.

November 9th. - Can anyone tell me why on the Senior Scout Interpreter's Badge the two hands shown shaking hands are right hands and not left?

REX HAZLEWOOD

A GOOD TURN

By **RAOUL NEVELING**, *Sweden*

About two years ago the Swedish Boy Scouts Association celebrated its Fortieth Anniversary. A year before it had already been decided that this celebration should not only be observed by speeches, festivals and memories of the past. There ought to be room for something more, something in the spirit of Scouting. A few words in the Scout Promise - "to help other people" - should be the inspiration of what was done.

From the English Boy Scouts Association we had heard about their great work for their own Association - the scheme called "bob-a-job." The Scouts had performed all kinds of jobs and the proceeds had been contributed to the Association. The plan was considered by the Swedish Boy Scouts Association and it was determined that the healthy and sound Swedish Scouts should do something for the benefit of sick Swedish children. So we communicated with the medical board of Sweden in order to come in touch with a sphere of child healthcare, that was not already covered by the social welfare programme of the Government.

The medical board stated that there was a dentist in Sweden who had a deaf-and-dumb son, and he was faced by the fact that his son would have to be taken care of when he reached seven years of age. The dentist was not satisfied with this answer and began to study medicine. At the same time he heard about the Tracy clinics in the U.S. He began to train his son after new methods, and some years later, by the time he graduated, his son had already begun to speak.

Now the medical board announced that there was no money for trying this new method, and here was really a great task for the Boy Scouts Association to raise money for running small schools for such children.

In connection with the celebration of the anniversary, the Chief Scout informed all the Scouters of the important task they had to perform during the year. It was decided that every member of the Association should carry out an extra job of work and the proceeds should be a contribution to the gift to the hard-of-hearing children. A quota was determined for Cubs, Scouts, Seniors and Leaders, and he who had filled his quota got a red square knot to wear on his uniform as a sign of his participation in the campaign. Well, the message was spread all over the country, to every Group and Scout, to the parents of Scouts and the sponsors of Scouting.

Now ideas to earn money were brought out in every part of the country. Christmas was imminent. Several Troops arranged a special Santa Claus service - others bought growing Christmas trees, cut them and resold them. Christmas decorations were made and the Scouts also appeared as errand-boys and as sausage-sellers. Toys and bird-boxes were made and everywhere money trickled in. Of course, scrap, paper and empty bottles were collected and sold. During spring the goal of 150,000 Sw. crowns was reached, but at the same time it was evident that this amount would not be sufficient. The need had increased as parents of hard-of-hearing children heard about the scheme.

So we had to draw the bow to the utmost. At the same time teachers were trained and four small schools were opened in different parts of Sweden, expensive apparatus for skin-testing was bought and in collaboration with doctors the Association opened a small agency for this work in a hospital.

The public and the newspapers were astonished. Well, the job continued, in the local newspapers you could see advertisements such as: "Scouts carry out baby-sitting. The proceeds go to the hard-of-hearing children." Many jobs were in a double sense useful to the communities. Many Scouters offered themselves as blood-donators and thus earned money for the fund. Other boys helped with forest-cultivation. Several Troops arranged clearance of attics. But also unusual ways of earning - money were exploited - as for example rat-hunting and fishing - no chances were missed.

Shows and concerts were given and lastly, during the summer, every boy in camp carried out a day's work on the farms.

Now all kinds of people joined the scheme. Factories, publishing houses, and printers presented toys, booklets and equipment of all kinds for the schools. A good idea made a course for a mighty scheme of co-operating forces for the benefit of these unhappy children.

As a summing-up at the end of the year we could state that about twenty teachers had received special training for this job, six small schools were run, a test of all children in one State was carried out, several doctors had received scholarships for the study of this special subject in foreign countries, about seventy children had received a chance of a more normal life, a handbook for parents of hard-of-hearing children was issued-and the public had really come in touch with the problems of those poor children. The result in money was a half-million Sw. crowns and after that the Broadcasting Corporation joined our campaign and started a collection in co-operation with the Scout Association. -

Of course we were all happy that the primary goal was attained; we had been able to help our small, unfortunate fellows. But the Movement benefited still more than merely by the material results of the campaign. The newspapers and public looked with new eyes on the Movement, and since Scouting has been founded in Sweden we never have had such publicity. Furthermore, the Leaders and Scouters all over the country were welded together. Besides the Good Turn that was accomplished, we also really laid-the foundations of good public relations for the Movement.

Perhaps this idea can be used in other countries where the Scout Movement is going to celebrate an anniversary. Certainly it can bring the Scout idea to the public, be of great benefit for other people and as a by-product create respect for Scouting.

[Reprinted from world Scouting]



PATROL LEADER

FORTY YEARS AND A BIT AGO

Extracts from *The Headquarters Gazette* of 1914 and 1915

(B.-P. on the origin of Scouting for Boys)

"The first idea of such training came to me a very long time ago when training soldiers. When I was adjutant of my regiment in 1883 I wrote my first handbook on training soldiers by means which were attractive to them, developing their character for campaigning as much as their drill-ability. This was followed by another, and yet a third in 1898. This latter, *Aids to Scouting*, came somehow to be used in a good many schools and by captains of Boys' Brigades, and other organisations for boys, in spite of the fact that it had been written entirely for soldiers. I therefore rewrote it for developing character in boys by attractions which appealed more directly to them.

"The uniform, in every detail, was taken from a sketch of myself in the kit which I wore in South Africa, 1887 and 1896, and in Kashmir in 1897-8.

"Our badge was taken from the 'North Point' used on maps for orientating them with the North; it was sanctioned for use for Trained Scouts in the Army in 1898.

"Our motto, 'Be Prepared,' was the motto of the South African Constabulary, in which I served.

"Many of our ideas were taken from the customs of the Zulus and Red Indians and Japanese, many were taken from the code of the Knights of the Middle Ages, many were cribbed from other people, such as Cuhulain of Ireland, Dr. John, Sir W. A. Smith, Thompson Seton, Dan Beard, etc., and some were of my own invention!"

"We ask for the provision of a capital sum of £250,000 for a permanent Endowment Fund, which will be invested, . . . and the income - estimated at £10,000 a year - will be spent for the Boy Scouts' Movement. Every penny of it is wanted." (*It certainly was!*)

(*Re the Crystal Palace Rally of 1909*)

"Following the Conference there was rather a queer kind of rally. The displays, if I remember right, were very feeble, the chief competition being for the prize of a Maxim gun. The only really exciting part of the show was a military attack on a blockhouse, in which Frontiersmen and Regulars took part, and which involved a great deal of firing and explosion, very amusing no doubt to the boys, but which, coupled with the prize above mentioned, must have raised rather reasonable alarm in the minds of peaceable citizens as to the real objects of our Movement!"

"So many cases have occurred lately in London of Scouts with collecting boxes begging for money, that drastic action is necessary."

"Please, sir, I want to join the Scouts and watch a telegraph pole."

"Middlesex is a very difficult County to organise."

"Out of one Troop alone, no less than 21 have gone into the Army, including a Wolf Cub, who has been taken on as a bugler!"

"I find that there is not quite enough for a Cub to do. He can generally get his two stars in a year, and probably has another year to wait before he can become a Scout; some sort of proficiency badges might fill this want."

"You cannot go straight on and forget Scouting. If you go straight on you cannot forget Scouting. If you forget Scouting, you cannot go straight on."

(B.-P.)

"It may be taken for granted that boys of the Cub age have these following propensities - namely, to be selfish, to be cruel and to be pharisaical."



WHY SCOUTS GROW OLD QUICKLY?

(From an account of a Cub camp)

"We paraded, headed by our band of five bugles and three side drums, through Swalwell to the Derwent. The Cubs, both on account of their smartness and the ability of the band, caused a great stir en route; probably they were the first Pack ever seen in that vicinity. The lads all waded in the Derwent, and the Cubmaster and one Cub Leader bathed."

(From a letter)

"There is too much in *The Gazette* about the Patrol System. I have never tried it, because I do not hold with it."

(B.-P.)

"We call them Rules, not Regulations. What's in a name? Well, to me there is a world of difference. I hate 'regulations,' they appear as restrictions that are laid down and imposed upon you. 'Rules,' on the other hand, are points which you act up to in playing the game."

(B.-P.)

"There is a world of difference between the commands 'Come on' and 'Go on'."

(B.-P.)

"Scoutmasters have been adopting points of uniform similar to those belonging to the Army. . . . Among the details complained of are the wearing of shoulder straps, names or numbers on shoulder straps, white lanyards round the arm, military caps, khaki military tunics, metal buttons, leather belts with shoulder straps or cross belts, puttees, spurs, etc."

J. F. COLQUHOUN.

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DEVON PROBATION CAMP

Through the courtesy of those organising the venture, we have received an account of a camp run last July for eighteen male probationers aged between 11 and 15.

It is felt that it will be of interest to many Scouters, not only because of the reactions of the probationers, but also because of the help which Scouting was able to give.

To deal with the second point first, two of the three Probation Officers who ran the camp are active Commissioners in Devon, and they had the help of one Rover Scout and two Senior Scouts, who did all the camp chores and the cooking and serving of meals. Some of the camp equipment was lent by the Devon Boy Scouts. Links between Scouting and the Probation Service seem to be ready made there!

The report draws attention to the team work of the staff. "None of the Probation Officers knew the Scout staff before they met at the camp, but within an hour or so of their meeting they had become a team."

The eighteen boys were carefully chosen from different parts of the county. All were on probation; most came from broken homes and all were difficult in one way or another.

Some of the interesting points made in the report were as follows. Boys flocked to the First Aid tent with the slightest scratch, bruise or sunburn - much more so than if they had been members of a recognised organisation. Some of the complaints were real; quite a few imaginary.

Games had to be organised in free time since they were quite incapable of playing any game by themselves for longer than five minutes without a fight developing.

At first there was distrust of everything and everybody and general suspicion that they were being taken in. They tried out the staff to see how firm the discipline was going to be, and when they had established this point to their satisfaction, the majority of them accepted it.

At first there was a complete lack of understanding of the need for discipline or tidiness, but the institution of a tent pennant competition did much to help getting orders obeyed.

One major hike was undertaken - this activity was the most disliked by the majority of the boys.

The conclusions of those who ran the camp were that it was a success, and the boys enjoyed themselves. The Probation Officers learned a great deal about the boys, and how to deal with difficult boys over a sustained period.

The outstanding success was the improvement in the community spirit in the tents. Here they became a team, quickly in two instances and a little later in the third one, but all the time the spirit was improving. Manners improved and more courtesy was shown, both to the staff and to each other.

There was also an improvement in their ability to work. At first most of them were willing to do so, but had little idea how to begin, but after a time they began to see things for themselves.

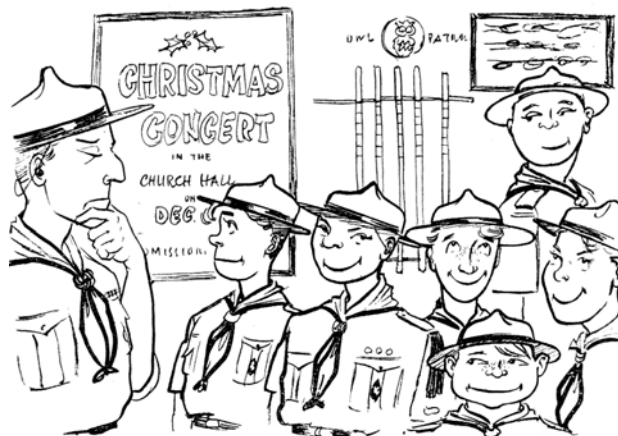
The lack of initiative during the free time periods persisted mostly throughout the week. There was marked inability to concentrate on any one thing for long, and a persistent lack of thought in saving others trouble. "They are obviously quite used to being slave driven, and respond much more quickly when that line is taken with them."

The report concludes: "We feel that this is, most definitely, an experiment to repeat, and a most useful and informative adjunct to probation work where the staff are interested and keen and willing to take the trouble of organisation."

The advantages to all concerned were most marked, and we hope that we have been able to supply the probation officers whose boys were with us with some valuable information on their personal records."

It is to be hoped that many more such experiments will take place, and that Scouting will have opportunities to lend a hand.

J. F. C.



"Now, I want six cherubs.."

DEAR EDITOR

A New System of Tests

DEAR EDITOR,

Like C. S. Gee in the July issue I am aware that far too many boys never get their First Glass Badge. However, I am certainly not in favour of his "New System of Tests." To my way of thinking the reason for so few First Class Badges is not merely that the tests are too easy - it's not as simple as that. The ordinary boy can pass tests if the Scouter himself, and through his P.L.s, is making the tests not like school exams but integral parts of the game of Scouting.

If you can get kids really interested, they will pass tests because they are things they are really interested in and a part of Scouting that issues a real challenge to them. What is more, when passing tests keep in the back of your mind that there is no average boy and that there is no strict standard that each boy must come up to - they are all individuals, each one of them is different, not one of them conforms to the one pattern. If you know your boys well enough, you know the standard each one can attain, but don't expect any more from him. I don't think it is the aim of the game of Scouting to produce experts and "other runners." Surely that great feeling of achieving something should be the experience of each and every boy in each and every Troop. This can be achieved, not by changing the structure of the tests but by interest, enthusiasm and by allowing for individual differences.

H. W. BOYCE,

S.M, 7th Sandringham (Victoria, Australia).

DEAR EDITOR,

When I had the good fortune to read G.S.M. Gee's letter with its most admirably reasoned grading system, I did not write in support as the logic of his statements seemed beyond dispute.

How surprising it is to find the only comments to be from two Scouters, who in their satisfaction in their efforts with the present system, are not prepared to admit that any improvement can be made.

It is reasonable to suppose that where a Scouter has adequate leisure the existing system is successful as more nights, half-days, etc., can be given to keeping the spark of Badge work very much alive. However, in the case of most Scouter friends of mine leisure is extremely limited and to some degree the achievement of a Badge is slowed down as much by this as anything else. Would it not be better, therefore, as G.S.M. Gee suggested, to give some reward for work done rather than dangling a Badge like some far-away star whose remoteness makes any attempt to achieve it just not worth while?

JOHN E. DELALUNTRY.

Wearing of Shorts

DEAR EDITOR,

I have learned a lot from A.D.C. in the short time I have been a Scoutmaster, but this month I venture to disagree with him, and Grummet and old Hankin. I wonder how long ago it was that they irrevocably decided that if their Scouts on occasions didn't want to wear shorts, then such boys "were ashamed of being Scouts"? To me, as a comparative new-corn, that seems nonsense!

On a cold wintry night shorts for the older lads, not only sometimes look ridiculous, but, undoubtedly *feel* somewhat ridiculous. And I've met quite a lot of Scoutmasters who think the same, but who can do nothing in the face of this fetish for shorts in and out of season. Even in our small Troop we seem to lose one Scout each autumn over this obstinate question, although those who want to do so can wear the kilt. In Scotland, after protracted discussion, bonnet are now allowed as an alternative to hats, and almost all Troops I have met have got them, both because they are practical, and because the boys want them. So, for the same reasons, why can't we have a shot at evolving a form of tidy, practical-looking "battle-dress" trousers as an alternative to shorts, for winter and night work? I bet they would help the four lads that Grummet kicked out, and many other good Scouts too.

H. A. KEUN,

G.S.M., 40th (Glencairn) Dumfriesshire.

Why All This Fuss?

DEAR EDITOR,

Mr. Higham's article "Why all this fuss about youth?" (November SCOUTER) is very interesting and thought-provoking. His viewpoint is well known in sociological circles and often described as the "survival of the fittest" school. It is good to know that this school is not (as some believe) extinct, but it is also as well to realise its dangers - dangers into which I am not suggesting Mr. Higham has fallen. These are:-

(a) "Hardship for its own sake is good." Difficulties, hardships and crises are inevitable in every individual's life and it is vain and foolish to try and eliminate them, but they are good only in so far as they provide mental and physical equipment to face the future more successfully and confidently. They may be valuable training, but when an individual ceases to profit by them, they are a great evil.

(b) "We have all made our own bed." This has never been true since the most primitive times, and recent publications such as *Citizens of Tomorrow* and *Indiscretions of a Magistrate* and *The Home-menders* demonstrate this with frightening clarity.

(c) "Each person is naturally endowed with the equipment necessary to cope with his environment." If this were so there would be no justification for the existence of "all the agencies influencing the development of young people." Mr. Higham's article makes one wonder whether it is into this third danger that he has nearly fallen.

The "probability curve" is a rather naive tool to use in assessing the statistics of the complex concept of "trouble in growing up." Statistics implies an ability to break down into clear-cut categories, and this can never be done, except in the most arbitrary (and therefore misleading) fashion, with social maturation. To say 10 per cent of adolescents have "considerable trouble" and 20 per cent "more than average trouble" is meaningless except in specific categories of difficulty. In some cultures a given problem will be 100 per cent present, and in others non-existent; and the same applies for the varying socio-economic groups within our own culture. What does emerge is that adolescents in this country do have difficulties created by their environment and with which, without training, they cannot cope.

The emphasis, as it has always been in Scouting, must surely be on training, not help. Nothing is more dangerous to a boy than to offer him a challenge and not have given him the means to meet it. The very basis of B.-P.'s progressive badge system was to prepare boys for the challenges of life and adventure.

If the Welfare State aims to help its citizens over immediate difficulties as an end in itself then it will breed a poor race, but if the alternative is to deny the present generation the experience of those past, we will have returned to jungle law.

I note that Mr. Higham equates these two ideas: "all those concerned with young people must make it their duty to prepare them for the difficulties they face" and "is he always to feel that there is someone else to help him over any difficulties he may come up against?" Are these not opposites? If the first is done properly the feeling in the second will never arise.

JOHN STURROCK,

A.D.C., Finsbury.

Senior Scouts

DEAR EDITOR,

I read in the August SCOUTER that numbers of Senior Scouts have decreased. This is, no doubt, due to many causes; but may I suggest one of which many of us are not sufficiently aware.

Although a large number of Scoutmasters (5) are undoubtedly of great benefit to the Movement, some, I fear, have misguided conceptions of "training suited to the over 15 Scout." I recall with shame the evenings when my fellow Seniors were given no alternative programme to games of pontoon (with counters!).

From 15 to 18 a boy has to decide between many new interests and attractions. Consequently he is most likely to "drift" at this age. I think it would be advisable to keep a closer watch on the activities of Senior Troops, to ensure that a high standard is maintained.

PETER NEWMAN,

Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

Across No Man's Land

DEAR EDITOR,

The article "Across No Man's Land" by the Camp Chief in the August 1955 issue, gave all Scouters at least nine pennyworth of clear, concise thinking, not to mention the answer to the problem of "leakage" between the Pack and Troop.

However, no mention was made by Mr. Thurman of the Leaping Wolf Badge, the one badge that an ex-Cub can wear in the Troop, which is awarded to any Cub with the Second Star and two Proficiency Badges.

In Canada, where the Leaping Wolf Badge originated, it is awarded to the Cub when he goes up to the Troop, the idea being to compensate him for having to lose his "display material," and to show the Troop that he has been a specially good Cub.

Why not bring in the same requirement in Britain (and New Zealand)? It would change just another Cub Badge, to one which all Cubs would covet ("... get your Leaping Wolf when you go up, Johnny, to show the chaps in the Troop that you have been a good Cub, and much more use in the Patrol than another recruit, from outside"); and would assist in stopping that small minority of Cub Scouters who regard Cubbing as a Movement in itself, and not as a beginning of a Scout trail leading to good citizenship.

If presented at the Going-up Ceremony, it should still be taken down when the ex-Cub reaches Second Class standard. By then he should have enough Scout spirit to willingly transfer it from his shirt to his Camp Fire blanket, or camp hat.

If this could be done, the next step would be to incorporate a knowledge of the Tenderfoot Tests as part of the requirements for the Leaping Wolf Badge, so that the Cub can be invested immediately he goes up, as suggested by the Camp Chief in his article.

It could be stipulated that the Tenderfoot training be given by the Cub's future Patrol Leader and Scoutmaster (for the Law and Promise); and that such training not commence earlier than two months prior to the Cub going up, so that Cubmasters do not have an excuse for running "junior Scouting."

Irrespective of whether a Cub is to receive a Leaping Wolf Badge or not, the Patrol Leader and Scoutmaster would train all Cubs about to go up to the Troop.

G. H. KEEN,

A.D.C. (Cubs), Raupo District, New Zealand.

PACK NIGHT – IX

Pack night again and, as usual, something had cropped up unexpectedly on the farm to make me late. However, everything was ready to pick up when I had changed and swallowed a cup of tea. So with a bulging case I wheeled my bicycle out of the shed and set off up the lane. Half a mile on I met Bagheera and her small son, whom we had invested only a month ago, so we were able to talk over our programme again, for this was to be a special Observation evening, which had needed quite a lot of preparation.

We were now in the village and one or two stragglers on seeing us started to run, shouting at the top of their lungs “Here they come, here are Akela and Bagy,” and outside the hut the Pack, full of chatter and noise, with Michael the C.I. trying to calm them down.

“Coo, Akela, isn’t it good that it’s fine? Have you seen old Bob’s new bike: it’s a smasher? Tom’s been and got the measles - fancy in June, and old Charlie’s been and got stung on the eye by one of his Dad’s bees.” So chanted the Cubs, but now we had unlocked the door and all poured in. Years ago our hut was a chapel and the high ceiling acts as a soundbox so the noise is terrific, but on the call of “Pack” all is quiet and we start our meeting in the Circle with flag break and the Grand Howl. Then the Sixers collect the subs. and duly hand them over to the C.I., while Bagheera takes inspection with special notice of ears, eyes, nose, mouth and hands, as it is our senses we are stressing today. I meanwhile mark the roll book and hear again from the ever-eager Sixers the cause of our two absentees, and of the “new boy down at Hoes Farm who wants to join us.”

We then set off to follow the trail-cum-treasure-hunt set out by the C.I. and one of the Seniors on their return from school this afternoon, the clues having been given to them previously by me. From the hut the Sixes follow a trail of leaves for about a hundred yards, the Brown Six follow oak leaves, Tawnys follow hazel leaves and the Blacks follow hawthorn leaves. At the end of the trail three cards have been placed with the first clue “Ten paces from here in a great oak tree a woodpecker’s hole in the trunk you’ll see, look beneath it for your next clue.” Six clues in all have been placed, all simple and leading the Cubs across two fields, through a small wood and back into the meadow opposite the hut where the last clue leads them to the Treasure – a small packet containing six sweets for each Six.

Jane and Jenny



“He says we told him six months ago come back in six months time!”

This has been fun, and chewing their sweets the .Cubs wait at the finishing place for Bagheera, who now gives each Six twelve colour patterns - cut from paint pattern cards supplied from the local ironmonger, who appeared to have stacks of them. The Sixers then gave each of their Six two colours, and at a given signal they all set off to match their pattern with some natural object. “No, David,” said Bagheera, “your neckerchief is not a natural object.” After five minutes Bagheera called them together to see which Six had matched up the best, and what an assortment they had got, from beetles to dead leaves.

In the meantime, I with the C.I.’s help, have got the next item ready - a Tasting Relay. The Cubs form in file in their Sixes, each Sixer with a card and pencil, the three of us about twenty yards away armed with six ice-cream spoons and in front of us six small tins containing the tastes. At “Go” one from each Six, starting with the Sixer, runs up to us and is given a spoon with his taste then runs back to his Six and tells in a whisper his taste, which the Sixer writes down; then the next runs up and so on until all have been. The Six with most correct are allowed to finish up the tastes if they wish! The tastes were cocoa, sugar, cod liver oil, honey, Bisto and Pepsodent toothpaste. We then sat perfectly still in our Sixes to listen to what sounds we could hear, and each Sixer after the silence wrote down what their Six had heard - some of the Cubs heard some very funny sounds!

Having used our eyes, ears and tongues, or rather tastes, we now used our noses. The Cubs formed a circle while one Cub came out to Bagheera who covered up his eyes. I then passed a tiny piece of strongly scented soap to one of the Cubs in the circle who passed it from his right hand to his left, then passed it on to his neighbour on his left and so on round the circle until called “stop.” The Cubs in the circle then turned outwards, with both hands in front of them, the Cub outside then came up and sniffed each of the held out hands. When “He” thought he had located the soap he tapped the hand, the owner of the hand opened it and if “He” is correct “He” chases the Cub with the soap round the circle; if “He” is wrong the other Cub chases “Him.” Last back goes to hide his eyes and the circle turns inwards. We played this until a number of us had had a go and until all the hands were so impregnated with soap that it was too hard to find it.

Now for touch. Once again the Cubs were in Sixes, and sat in a circle with their neckerchiefs over their eyes. The three of us stood by each circle and passed to the Sixer six objects which were passed round the Six and when all had touched the objects were returned to us, the Cubs saw daylight again and whispered to the Sixer what they had felt and he in turn told his particular Old Wolf what his Six had felt. The objects passed were a holly leaf, a “robin’s pincushion” from a wild rose bush, a snail, a piece of sheep’s wool, a daisy flower, and an old sparrow’s nest. This latter is an easy nest to tell by feel because it is always made very roughly of hay or similar material and roughly lined with feathers. Michael, the Browns’ Sixer, is a very keen bird man and proceeded to tell us at length of the seventeen books on birds he had got at home, and this led to much talk until I hurried them on to our last game to test our “brainboxes.”

Six files again and ten paces in front of them a dozen small flower pots under which I placed a dozen objects. I then lifted each pot, showing and naming each object as I did so, the objects ranging from a small stone to a pod of garden peas. I then called out an object and number one from each Six ran up to the pot which he thought covered it. If one was right he took it back to his Six and the pot was replaced over nothing; the wrong objects were recovered and number two came up and so on until all the objects had been found, the Six with the most objects having won. It usually takes a few turns before the Cubs start to memorise where the objects are - a type of pelmanism.

Time was getting on, so as it was a really lovely evening we sat round in a circle for a yarn. My turn tonight, so I told them one from a book I have recently enjoyed - *The Overloaded Ark*, by Gerald M. Durrell.

These are animal stories of wild animals captured abroad and brought back for Zoos, a mixture of pathos and fun. How Cubs love a yarn and will sit entranced by any sort of story so long as the teller can hold their interest and carry them along to the climax and end: the few seconds pause at the conclusion before they are transported back to the present is a full reward to the teller.

Now prayers with the evening sun falling on the Circle. A hush seems to have fallen on the countryside and even the most fidgety Cub stands still. Notices of the next meeting, a forthcoming testing for House Orderly by our Vicar's wife, and a message from the G.S.M. about the Group Fete next month, the Howl, dismissal and then a scamper back to the hut for odds and ends. "Good night, Akela. "Bye, Bagheera." "When can I do my Observer's Badge," from Keith, and so on until Bagheera and I are on our cycles and on our way home.

"How do you think it went," I said to Bagheera. "Quite well, I think. They all enjoyed it, though we didn't do that variation of Kim's game, did we?" "Oh, one must be flexible and the time simply flew," I said. "Never mind, we will do one later based on the Guide Badge and drag in the Vicar to tell us the history of the church and take us up the tower." "Good idea," said Bagheera. "Well, here's my turning, so cheerio. Shall I come up to you on Friday to discuss next week's programme?" "Yes, do, Bagy but come and have a cup of tea first. Bye-bye."

Down the lane I meet my husband returning home from the hayfield with a hungry look, so back to earth, Akela, for tonight.

LEONE C. LEES,
A.C.C. (Cubs) and Akela Leader, Sussex.

The Little Angels



"Supersonic age or not - you wear your uniform like everyone else!"

JUNGLE DAYS – VII

It was just before Christmas some years ago, and I was buying the usual calendars and diaries at the stationery counter of a big store, when the assistant greeted me with "Good morning Akela!" I returned the greeting heartily, but feeling awkward, for I couldn't recognize the speaker, and felt I was meant to.

"I'm Harold's mother," she volunteered. "I help here at the busy season." My smile became fixed. This was worse, because I still did not know her.

"I am sorry Harold left the Pack," she went on apologetically, "but he used to come home in such a state, and his things cost us a lot of money. He misses you, too, and we can't make him join anywhere else."

The penny dropped. Harold - of course! I had known him as Harry. It was some months now since I had had to give up leadership of the Pack, and he had not been with me so very long then. The Cubs had said to me: "Don't have him Akela - he's rough!" He had not proved much rougher than some of them, but he had a quick temper and was strong and sturdy, so battles were rather frequent! But he was a warm-hearted youngster, and very ready to be helpful.

His mother was in poor health when I first knew them, and so thin that I forgave myself for not recognizing the nice-looking round-faced assistant at the stationery counter. We had a proper chat after this, and both hoped Harold would turn again to Scouting when he was older. The encounter left me reflective though - and two remarks remained fixed in my mind.

"He used to come home in such a state..." The parent's point of view is good for us to hear sometimes - we who so airily take on about thirty odd boys at a time, and devise lovely messy things for them to do, and rough games. I remember how one tired grandfather, who shared his house with four grandchildren, gazed at me in mild astonishment when I called there one day to arrange details for our Pack outing.

"You're an 'ero, Miss, that's what you are - taking all them boys out," he said, which had the curious effect of making me wonder what sort of a fool I really was! When you come to think of it, two or three children are enough for most people.

If we do undertake this sort of thing, however, and have large Packs of other people's boys, and expect them to send the boys clean and tidy, it is not quite fair to send them home all black and tattered. I must confess I did not see this myself in its proper light until that chance encounter with Harold's mother. Inspection to start with is part of our programme, and makes an orderly beginning to the meeting. Most of us can manage this, and the boys submit because they want to get on with the fun. A much harder thing is tidying up at the end!

I used to think all that mattered was that the Cubs should really enjoy themselves - and the grubbier they were at the end of the meeting, the more they seemed to have done so. There was so seldom any time left in which to get them clean again, though extreme cases *were* taken in hand.

Very often, especially with new Packs, one sees the boys doing everything in full uniform, cap and all. Mine did for a long time, till at last we thought of taking off the things that were too hot or in the way, and put them all on again before the Grand Howl and prayers. This helped to lengthen the lives of both caps and scarves, and gave us a chance for that final tidy-up which is so important at the close of the meeting.

"He misses you, and he won't join anywhere else." What can one do about this particular problem? The leadership of the Pack must change from time to time, and however careful and impartial we are in dealing with our Cubs, there are likely to be some boys for whom "Cubs" must be run by the Akela.. they know, and no one else will do. These are sometimes shy boys who do not mix well, but are attracted by what is going on, in spite of their nervousness. Perhaps, with Akela to see fair play, they find that for once they can enjoy taking their part with other boys, and not be laughed at. Or it may be the joy of learning new things, or hearing yarns. Akela leaves - their Cub world collapses. What *can* we do about this? For a start we can read once again the chapter on "Akela" in *Wolf Cubs*, by Gilcraft, which I remember, comes "as near to the end of the book as possible...because that is Akela's proper place." which, I remember

comes "as near to the end of the book as possible . . . because that is Akela's proper place." These may seem hard words, for how can one give a lead, as it were, in the background? I must quote once again from this valuable chapter, and hope that you will read or re-read all of it. "Not the least of the qualifications of a good Akela is his ability to secure one or two willing helpers who will act as his understudies and will ensure the continuity of the Pack. They should be his co-workers, not his subordinates, and his worth will be measured by their abilities."

One comes to realise that every Pack leader, having different attributes, will draw different types of boys into his or her Pack. Why I attracted such dreadfully naughty ones I cannot think, but we had some grand times, although sometimes they worried me a great deal, and I felt I was getting nowhere with them. Of course, if you make friends with one young devil he is bound to go and collect a few kindred spirits, and if you cannot produce an instant reason for not taking them in - well, there they are! My assistant, however, preferred a quieter type of lad, so we did have some of each. Inevitably some of my sort fell off, when I was no longer there to put up with their pranks, but if I had tried to force the new Akela to keep them she might have been too greatly hampered, and order would never have been restored. In training our assistants we have to be careful to allow them to interpret Cubbing for themselves at some point, or their enthusiasm will soon be extinguished.

I had a friend with a lovely large garden, and one summer she invited the Pack there to tea. A treasure hunt was arranged, and sports and some cricket. The week before the great event Chil ran our meeting, and two of my "wild ones" defied her. Their punishment was - to miss the party. When I heard about it I was very unhappy, for I think those two had looked forward to coming most of all. It was really hard to uphold Chil's decision, but I knew I must, or her authority would be broken in the Pack. It spoilt the party for me, and both boys left. Their own wildness had, in the end, proved their downfall, but for all that, it was just, and they knew it. They looked me up from time to time, and one of them became a Scout later. If *only* I had thought of taking them with me to apologise to Chil, I am sure they would have done so and all might have ended happily - but I was learning too!

We gain our experience through our mistakes, and naturally Cubmasters who have made mistakes try to stop their assistants from falling into similar pitfalls. They often get no thanks for it. "She won't let me do anything my way!" No, and by not being allowed to "get in a mess" sometimes, the A.C.M. does not learn what works and what will not work.

I have already related so many of my early adventures with a Pack, and the problems that those first Cubs repeatedly set me, that I am now becoming fearful of repeating myself. I do remember, though, one rather bad moment, which I have hitherto been too ashamed to relate, when I saw and *heard*, across a busy street, two of my newest Cubs in all the glory of their new uniforms (it was not a Pack Night) parading themselves like peacocks, with cries every bit as strident as that loud bird. Suddenly, with one consent, they seized upon an unoffending Belisha post and began doing all in their power to uproot it.

They would have made no impression on it at all, if it had not already been a trifle rocky. They were eventually driven off by some law-abiding citizen, but it wasn't me, for I confess with shame that I decided to disown them on this occasion - being myself in uniform and on the way to a training course where I was supposed to tell other Scouters how to handle their Cubs.

It was a most realistic interpretation of the truth of Kipling's poem "There is none like to me!" said the Cub in the pride of his earliest kill" - but for the benefit of those readers who are stroking their chins and murmuring "Tut tut" I must add that we coped with the culprits later, and at parent level, leaving it fully understood that at present, and until the Cub Law had been more fully digested, uniforms should be worn only for Pack Meetings.

It was one of this high-spirited pair who produced the most unusual Grand Howl I have yet heard. They had come to me for instruction, and I was about to explain, when Billie said "I know how it goes!" squatted on the floor and recited "A! B! C-D-E! We appreciate you Akela! We'll do our best."

A.M. DOUGLAS

FOR SCOUTERS (S)

Just over eighteen months ago it was my privilege to be appointed Headquarters Commissioner for Seniors. Of course I was fortunate in that I succeeded a man like Francis Cowie and for this I have been most thankful. He set a good course and I have endeavoured to carry on where he left off.

But eighteen months is quite a spell and now that I have settled down to the new job you might be interested to hear of my impressions so far. That Senior Scouting is now firmly established as an integral section of the Movement there is no doubt, and the fact that numbers have fallen slightly during the past year is due, I feel, to circumstances which do not reflect any diminishing interest from the boys themselves. The reverse is the case, for during week-end visits to quite a number of Counties, which have included Berkshire, Essex, Kent, Leicestershire, Middlesex and Wiltshire, I have seen plenty of evidence of keen and enthusiastic Senior Scouting. This has been most encouraging and, in passing, I would like to express my appreciation for the very enjoyable and profitable times that I have spent in the various Counties mentioned. One of the most pleasant impressions of these visits has been the way in which the Seniors themselves have taken part in the various sessions and activities, as well as having done a lot of the preparatory work prior to the actual function - all good training for the future.

There are, however, a few facts which have emerged during my visits to various parts of the country and I would mention them here. First and foremost is the question of good, well planned weeknight programmes for Seniors. This is vital to the success of our Section and is not receiving sufficient attention.

There is still a belief prevalent in the minds of many Senior Scouters that a few projects and enterprises run on a District or County level each year is sufficient to hold fellows from 15 to 18 years of age. Whilst I have been delighted with what I have seen in the way of expeditions and various Senior projects, most of which have been carried out with imagination and enthusiasm - by themselves they are not enough.

The Senior C. of H., with the guidance provided by the Scouter, should meet from time to time to plan their programme for a given period and then stick to it. I am well aware that there are many facts which mitigate against this, especially during the winter months, when the call of evening class and other important demands are made upon the spare time available to Seniors, but thoughtful planning and preparation will take these facts into account and still produce a programme which can be used to advantage by the majority of fellows.

Will you give this matter a greater amount of thought during the present winter? Incidentally, the new publication *100 Ideas for Senior Scouts* and Melville Balsillie's book *Mid Moor and Mountain* should prove useful in giving you plenty of ideas. I hope, too, that you will all make very good use of the new Senior Scout enrolment card which has just become available, price 6d. A message from the Chief appears on this card and I am sure that all Seniors will value this addition to their record of Scouting progress.

Finally, a folder card containing the new Advancement and Investiture Ceremonies is now available, price 4d., and all Senior Patrols or Troops should obtain a supply of these. As a suggestion you might like to present one of these cards to each of your newly invested Seniors to be kept by them as a constant reminder of their new responsibilities.

One further word. The pilot course for Senior Scout Patrol Leaders which was held at Gilwell in September proved a great success and I hope that it will not be long before course notes are available. When these notes appear, will you give consideration to the running of courses in your own areas, for if the Gilwell course be any guidance nothing but good can come out of them. The pilot course was attended by Patrol Leaders from all parts of the country, and they left Gilwell full of enthusiasm for all that they had seen and done and learnt.

May I wish you all a happy Christmas and a New Year which will be full of more adventurous Scouting.

LAURENCE E. STRINGER,

Headquarters Commissioner for Senior Scouts.

PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS

By MICHAEL BLACKMORE

XXIV - THE RAVEN

Of all the birds mentioned in literature from the Bible onwards the raven stands out as the most impressive. It is the first species referred to by name in the Old Testament - the messenger (or Scout if you prefer!) that Noah chose to send from the ark to seek dry land after the Flood. Although the dove which followed later was unable to find a resting-place the raven managed to look after itself until the waters abated from the earth. Here we get an insight into the resourceful and independent character of a bird whose ability to adapt itself to widely differing conditions and habitats makes it feel equally at home in the deserts of the Middle East and on the mountains of the Arctic Circle.

To take only one other example from the Bible: we find that the raven was given the task of bringing food to the prophet Elijah (or Elias) in the wilderness. There are also plenty of Christian legends associating it with various saints. On one occasion St. Benedict is said to have been saved from death when his tame raven carried off a poisoned loaf which an enemy had sent to his table. Some Benedictine monasteries still commemorate this tradition by keeping tame specimens as pets.

Other saints with whom the bird is connected are Paul the Hermit, Athanasius of Alexandria, Vincent of Saragossa, Oswald of Northumbria, Hugh of Lincoln and Meinrad of Einsiedeln in Switzerland - quite an imposing list. But, as we know from the writings of Shakespeare and other poets, the raven was more often regarded as a creature of ill-omen rather than the companion of holy men. There are dozens of references to it in prose and poetry as the herald of death or misfortune. Did not the raven croak itself hoarse on the battlements of Macbeth's castle when King Duncan of Scotland made his fatal visit? And did it not "bellow for revenge" at Elsinore Castle when Hamlet of Denmark exposed his step-father as a murderer? One can easily appreciate how its black plumage, deep resonant croak and carrion-feeding habits must have inspired feelings of dread in bygone times when superstition was widespread among all classes of people.

The history of the raven in the British Isles has been somewhat chequered. Formerly it bred in every suitable locality throughout the country in trees and on the ledges of rocks, but persecution by gamekeepers and shepherds gradually drove it from most of the lowland districts. Before the end of the last century its haunts had become almost restricted to the highest sea-cliffs and mountains in Wales, Scotland and the western half of England and Ireland. Tree-nesting pairs, once so abundant, had virtually disappeared.

Owing to its natural wariness the raven managed to survive as a rather uncommon species in its remote strongholds.

Then after the First World War it began to increase rapidly, especially on the coast. By 1930 it was nesting again on every suitable site along the sea-cliffs of Somerset, Devon, Cornwall and Dorset. Within the next few years it reached what you might call saturation level in that part of the country, for the species likes to occupy a territory of about a mile square on which it will not allow another pair to breed. As a result the "overflow" population had already started to seek nesting quarters inland in disused quarries, and in several places they were reverting to their ancient custom of nesting in trees. Today the raven is once again fairly common in many parts of the West Country, Wales and the Lake District. It has also spread into the West Midlands and may soon re-establish itself further east if allowed to do so.

Although the raven is more or less omnivorous its favourite diet is carrion. As a scavenger it is a useful bird and will soon pick a carcase clean. I once walked over a desolate hill on Exmoor where I saw a flock of twenty-seven ravens feeding on the remains of a dead pony. Two days later when I crossed the same route nothing was left except the bare bones - proof that the birds (helped possibly by a fox or two) had done their work well.

Some hill-shepherds I have talked to are inclined to regard the raven with mixed feelings. While admitting its usefulness as a remover of carrion they accuse it of killing lambs and sheep by pecking out their eyes. There is enough reliable evidence to prove that this sometimes happens, but it is probably true to say that the raven only attacks sickly and helpless sheep when they are already doomed and when the bird itself is really hard-pressed for food. An occasional lamb may also be destroyed if it is very young and left unattended by the ewe, but in normal circumstances the raven satisfies its appetite without coming into conflict with the interests of man.

Being instinctively wary of human beings the raven is not very easy to watch at close range in a wild state. You are most likely to see it flying high across the sky or perching on the topmost pinnacle of some crag where it can keep an eye on the surrounding countryside. Even at a distance there is no mistaking its deep and penetrating croak which sounds like *pruk-pruk-pruk* - an altogether different note from the carrion crow's *kraar*. Apart from its larger size the raven may be distinguished in flight from the crow by its more protruding head and thicker beak which give it a somewhat "top-heavy" appearance. Its tail is also more wedge-shaped than the carrion crow's.

The aerial display or "tumbling" of the raven is an interesting sight. As the male bird falls through the air in an oblique dive, holding his wings close to the body, he suddenly rolls over on his back and remains upside down for a couple of seconds. Then opening his wings to their full extent the performer regains his normal position and continues his flight.



You will see these aerobatics most frequently in the breeding season because they form part of the courtship display, but they are also carried out at other times of the year.

The raven is an early nester. Its three to six greenish eggs are laid by the second week in March and it is not at all unusual to find complete clutches during February. The same nest may be renovated and used for several years and if it happens to fall apart the birds often build a new one on the same site. I knew one nest in North Devon that was occupied for fifteen years without a break and then, for no apparent reason, the ravens suddenly moved to another ledge about fifty yards away. Soon after they started building there was a heavy fall of rock which completely destroyed the old site. Did the ravens know in advance that the place was unsafe? I have often wondered.



The Rover's World

12. SCOUTING A NEW WAY

I'd like to tell you about a new kind of Scouting work in an International Work Camp. It isn't officially a part of the Scout Movement but because it is so much in accordance with the Scout principles and the Scout spirit, I'd call it Scouting. A group of young people from all over the world get together. They work together with their hands and they carry out some job of work to help some community in need.

One typical job is the construction of a playground, such as the one built in May and June this year in Le Lode. I was one of twenty young men and women who took part.

Le Lode is the home of the greatest watch-making industry in the world, a town about four times the size of St. Ives, in the French-speaking part of Switzerland.

The playground we built was for a children's home, a home for children who had never known family life, or parental love. Not only that, the children had nowhere to play. We made a grass sports field, with a wall and paths at the side. There were facilities for basketball and volleyball, two see-saws and a small swimming pool. We were people from the most varied backgrounds. We came from seven different countries: England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Canada, and Liechtenstein. Problems of language cropped up as they were bound to do. The biggest one was that the "chef du travail" could speak only German, which the majority did not understand, and yet it was surprising how easily we got over such difficulties.

We started work each morning at 6.45 a.m. and we worked a 48 hour week. Most of our work was with pick and shovel and it was pretty strenuous.

We lived among the children of the home as part of one big family. We shared the same food and we shared much of our spare time too, for the children made friends with us very quickly and they even came to help us with our work.

In many ways our life reminded me of life at a Scout Camp; we have some grand times together.

Table tennis was a big attraction among our recreations. We also had some fine sing-songs together. We made excursions to the neighbouring towns, while among the local beauty spots I remember one terrific waterfall called the Saut du Doubs.

We held several discussions, and some of the campers gave talks on their experiences or their beliefs.

These exchanges of views were most interesting and for me at least they opened up new worlds.

The last evening we had a Camp Fire on the work site itself.

We sang and danced around a huge red fire.

I shall never forget the atmosphere as we all chanted "L'Amitie" together - the men and women of seven different countries with the fifty children of the home and the adults who look after them.

I looked round in the field where we had worked side by side. I saw the swimming pool, the basketball and the volleyball courts which we had built together. I saw the fifty children who had not known family love, but now at least they had somewhere to play.

The camp is over but its spirit will live on. The spirit of the Scout Law and Promise, of comradeship in helping others, the spirit of friendship and trust between young men and women, no matter what class or country they belong to.

Le Lode is only one of many International Work Camps, and the construction of a playground is only one of many jobs which are carried out. Some organisations concentrated on relief work after war, floods, or earthquake, others the creation of parks, road-making, farmwork or forestry. Other projects require more technical skill, building houses or schools, or constructing bridges, but in every camp there is plenty of unskilled work which can be done by anyone with a will to work. At Le Lode we had one architect and two carpenters, otherwise we were without any technical knowledge or skill.

Camps are organised all the year round. Every year there are a large number and there are literally hundreds each summer during the holiday period. This year they have been held in over fifty different countries including Great Britain. Some camps do not accept volunteers under 18 years of age, but several organisations will welcome boys and girls as young as 16.

Rovers and Seniors, here is a chance to do something really worthwhile with your holiday. It is a splendid way of seeing the world and its peoples at a very low cost. It is good Scouting and I can assure you that you will have a good time.

MICHAEL W. WILLS,

Rover Scout, St. Ives (Hunts)

[Editor's Note - Any reader who would like further information about International Work Camps, please contact Mrs. E. Wills, "Meadowside," Houghton Road, St. Ives.]

Y.H.A.

Leader Card Scheme

In order to help school teachers and youth leaders who are members of the Youth Hostels Association to introduce young people to Youth Hostelling, Leader Cards are now issued by the Y.H.A. on the following conditions:-

- (a) The Leader Card is valid for use only in the holder's own Region, and in neighbouring Regions by agreement.
- (b) The holder is entitled to introduce to any Youth Hostel in the Region or Regions endorsed on the card, for not more than two nights, a party of young people from the school, youth club or group named on the card, who have not stayed before at a Youth Hostel, and who need not hold individual membership cards.
- (c) A Leader Card is issued normally only to a person aged 21 years or over, who is already enrolled as a member of the Y.H.A. and who has had experience of using hostels.
- (d) Leader Cards are issued free of charge and are valid until December 31st of the year of issue.
- (e) A Leader Card is valid for a maximum of ten persons, exclusive of the leader.
- (f) The members of a leader's party must be nine years or over but must not have attained their nineteenth birthday.
- (g) For mixed groups a male and a female leader are required.
- (h) Leader Cards are subject to barred periods determined by the issuing Region.
- (i) Accommodation should normally be booked in advance with the Warden.

Scouters who are members of the Y.H.A. are welcome to use this scheme, and should apply to the Regional Secretary of the Y.H.A., whose address will be found in the Y.H.A. Handbook.

J.F.C.

ROVER ROUNDABOUT

I was interested to get the programme of the Manchester and S.E. Lancashire Rover Conference held the last week-end in October, and more especially as they had an optional session known as Manchester's Night Life, which gave folk a chance to visit a power station, newspaper printing, gas works, etc. (Wasn't the night life you hoped for, was it!) But how many folk go to a function such as this, arrive at the station, make their way to the venue of the Moot, spend a lot of time between the sessions idling and gossiping, rush off back to the station without having seen anything of the people or the town which they may never have the chance of visiting again? Of course, the organisers feel that they should fill up all the available time with something of interest, but this is just an appeal for a space in the week-end to wander at will in.

On the same weekend as Manchester's "Do" I went to the Birkenhead Rover/Ranger week-end, and a very pleasant time we all had together. My first impression of Liverpool at one o'clock with the crowd of shoppers and folk going home after their week's work in a dull drizzle, traffic with apparently no aim but to get into a jam, women police controlling pedestrian crossings from a pedestal in the middle of the road, buildings looking even more dirty than in London and a ride across on a ferry with visibility very limited, was not altogether a good one. But on arrival to be greeted by a brother Rover whom I met at the Somerset Moot last year, and who had come all the way from an R.A.F. Station in Scotland, and by the local D.C. (just about after 'flu, but who seemed to spend a lot of time standing in a draughty doorway collecting meal tickets) with an invite to a cup of tea, certainly put me right into the atmosphere which lasted the whole week-end.

Once again we had the use of two schools, one with a lovely dining-room and a most efficient manageress, who seemed to have a never-ending supply of food which she insisted was all to be eaten. Rovers and Rangers came from far and wide.

One of the high spots was the yarn given by George Band, one of the Everest team, who brought along some of the equipment used during the climb. I never really realised until I saw this demonstration what it was all about. He is an ex-Scout and we had a grand chat, mostly about food, after the first session.

The usual dance and Camp Fire was well up to standard and for those not interested in dancing a film show was arranged. And so to bed, but I'm afraid not to sleep (well, not too early), but the morning told its own story. Many lifeless-looking forms were strewn around the floor. For me an early breakfast and then a tour of inspection to see the working area of Birkenhead. I hope there are plenty of Troops for lads whose housing conditions certainly qualify for some outlet from their drabness. (Actually I found that the area has 38 Groups operating under the one D.C.)

Then I came to the entrance to the Mersey Tunnel and whilst I stood looking, along came a Rover with a motor-bike. Would I like to go through? I went. A wonderful piece of man's ingenuity, although pillion riding isn't my favourite sport. I know my driver felt this to be the case too! Out into Liverpool and once more to the ferry, now a bright and cheery sight in the cold but bright morning. And so, minus cobwebs, fresh back to the Rover/Ranger's Own with glorious singing of some of the well-loved hymns. A very nicely run service with a talk from a Rover member of a local Theological College Crew, who told me that they had been quite strong, but a new intake had not yet made up their strength. What a grand job these fellows do; their influence in that area is great. When they go out to be "fishers of men" their understanding after Rover contacts must stand them in good stead. How many Padres have told me that their first introduction to the Movement has been through the College Crew. Those of you who run them take heart: your job is so worth while.

Sunday afternoon I fell in with a fugitive from London (a civil servant removed to Colwyn Bay during the war) and had a ride round in his car to see the country and to swap knowledge of some of the old stalwarts of London Scouting.



Then back to the last session for me, with two roving microphones down with the audience, questions and answers on all sorts of problems and the miscellaneous collection of interests in a crowd of 400. All of us made our way home with happy memories and new-found friendships, all due to the enthusiasm and hard work by the Rovers and Rangers who form the committees who organise these functions. The Movement owes them much.

Of course, the work goes on all over the world and a report from Aden tells us of a great job of service:- The 1st Aden Rover Scout Crew have made possible the opening of an experimental small public library at Sheikh Othman, Aden Colony, by voluntarily giving up their spare time to provide the staff required to open the library on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 4.30 p.m. to 6 p.m.

The library contains books in Arabic and English. The Honourable M. A. Magtari, a member of Aden's Legislative Council, presented the Arabic books, and various members of the Sheikh Othman Town Authority, who are responsible for the experimental library, presented the English volumes.

Had a letter this week from a Queen's Scout not yet a Rover, but who tells me that no doubt his stay in the Forces will put that right, volunteering to do a job at Sutton Park 1957. You know, the keenness passed on by some Scouters is bearing fruit.

What a thrill to read of the sacrifice of those fellows, and who knows the good that such a thing will do and the influence it may exert in the future. A very good example is our old friend *Roving Comments*, the Hertfordshire news magazine. It has done a lot to whip up the Crews in that County and it, of course, circulates to many fellows in the Forces and to other interested fellows in the U.K. From forty to five hundred copies in five years is quite a feat, but now its going to cost 2/6 a year. If you would like a copy for your Crew, order it from Frank Churchill, 32 Wycheiley Crescent, Barnet, Herts.

A happy Christmas to you all in Service and may 1956 bring you Roving that will strengthen your ideals and lift you to the heights from where the spirit of brotherhood may radiate throughout a new world which each of us can help to build.

JACK SKILLEN

BOOKS

MOUNTAINS

Kanchenjunga, by John Tucker (Elek, 21s.); The Moated Mountain, by Showell Styles (Hurst and Blackett, 18s.); Abode of Snow, by Kenneth Mason (Rupert Hart-Davis, 25s.); The Abominable Snowman, by Ralph Izzard (Hodder and Stoughton, 16s.); The Sherpa and the Snowman, by Charles Stonor (Hollis and Carter, 18s.); The Mountain World, 1955 (Allen and Unwin, 25s.); Ascent of K2, by Ardito Desio (Elek, 21s.); Summits of Adventure, by John Scott Douglas (Miller, 12s. 6d.); Mountain Panorama, ed. by Max Robertson (Parrish, 15s. 6d.).

Here are nine admirable mountain books to accompany your winter firelight.

Mr. Tucker's book is not an account of Dr. Charles Evans' successful 1955 Expedition but the story of the Explanatory Expedition of 1954 led by John Kempe. As Sir John Hunt says in his three paragraph foreword: "Kanchenjunga would not have been climbed in 1955 by Evans's party but for this modest but 'spirited first step.' This account is also modest but spirited - and full of interest.

Our own Showell Styles who finds time to climb mountains when he is not writing for a living or running a Scout Troop led an expedition to the Himalayas recently to climb a peak called Baudha of which I (and you) had previously never heard. All that happens to them he tells us with engaging charm and humour. Actually if you have only time (or inclination) to read one of these books I should recommend this one. There's an attractive flavour of "even as you and I" about it. The appendices and endpaper maps add to one's enjoyment and to the value of the book.

Professor Kenneth Mason, editor for many years of the Himalayan Journal and an experienced explorer of the Himalayas, in spite of his modesty and diffidence, was the man to write the history of Himalayan climbing: in *Abode of Snow* he has brought his great knowledge and authority to the production of a book which will be obviously the standard book. It is not all easy reading, packed and compressed as it is, but all in love with mountains will wish to have it. It takes us as far as 1954.

Then we come to *The Abominable Snowman* and the expedition financed by the Daily Mail to "investigate and if possible observe" this mysterious occupant (query) of the Himalayas. After stating the "case" Mr. Izzard describes the "chase" and reports such results as were obtained. It is as fascinating as a detective story by Michael Munes, entangled with a romance by John Buchan: and one inclines, at the end, to accept the author's words that "it is hard indeed to escape from the view that there is in these remote, vast and unexplored mountain ranges some beast as yet unknown to science." Judge for yourself by reading Mr. Izzard's detailed and entertaining account of the search.

Or you might prefer the account by Mr. Stonor which is briefer, much more straightforward, dealing not with the accumulated evidence of the past but purely with the one expedition: it is a pleasant, very likeable book. It's always rather fun too, reading a second account.

One expects these days really excellent photographs to adorn mountaineering books: all these five books have them.

The Mountain World, 1955, a highly authoritative year book includes, this time, accounts of expeditions to the Himalayas, Kara Koram, Andes and New Zealand Alps: and the attempts on Makalu, the ascents of K2 and Cho Oyu are thus reported. There is a characteristic (and most welcome) essay by Geoffrey Winthrop Young.

Books today tend to seem expensive although put against the pattern of contemporary life they are not. Wisely chosen, they give pleasure to mind and eye alike: they enrich life with their companionship. This book is one of such a kind: its pages can be re-read with interest many times: the beauty of its many photographs (some three times the page-width) is almost unbelievable.

On July 31, 1954, two members of the Italian Alpine Club Expedition reached the summit of K2, the second highest mountain in the world: they were Achille Compagnoni and Lino Lacedelli.

K2 is a terrifying mountain and the expedition did not come out unscathed. Professor Desio who led the expedition has written, in a rather stiff and thorny style, what in spite of his words in his foreword is much more a serious documentary - formal, factual, severe - than the popular story which would have found more readers perhaps. But his book of course will find the right readers, those interested in scientific exploration, and in courage and determination against odds.

Mr. Douglas's book tells the story - and tells it well - of high mountains and the men who have climbed them, chapter by chapter. It will please those who have neither the time nor the inclination to read the great accounts of individual expeditions while yet having an interest in the subject. A number of plates are bound together in the middle of the book (a habit in books I don't personally care about).

If our last book is not a purely mountain book, Mr. Max Robertson has edited a most attractive miscellany which would make a delightful gift for an older boy or young man who is interested in winter sports and all that snow and skies and mountains stir in his mind. Sir John Hunt writes about his first visit to the Himalayas and Wilfrid Noyce writes about John Hunt. There are contributions on ski training, rock climbing (by Jack Longland) and so on. There are lovely photographs.

KIPLING

Rudyard Kipling, by Charles Carrington (Macmillan, 25s.). Mr. Rudyard Kipling, one of the very greatest figures in our literary history, has a special interest for members of the Scout Movement, for two of his books - three if one counts *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides* - are part of the texture of Scouting. B.-P. chose *The Jungle Books* for the romantic background of his new Wolf Cubs, and *Kim* has not only given us a game but symbolises the Scout: every Scout in a way is *Kim*, the little friend of all the world. (For me any list of a dozen books for that desert island we sometimes talk about would contain *Kim*, one of the few books I read again and again with ever-growing affection, and pleasure unalloyed.)

Mr. Carrington who has written, with the co-operation of the Kipling family, the long awaited official biography, has a paragraph on Scouting:

"A by-product of the Boer War, which men of good-will approved, was the extension of new and manly principles into popular education, in accordance with the active philosophy which Roosevelt called the Strenuous Life. All these and many other desirable qualities were fostered by the Boy Scout Movement which Baden-Powell, the "Hero of Mafeking," gradually brought into existence in 1907 and 1908.

Rudyard was an early and enthusiastic supporter, proud to style himself 'Commissioner of Boy Scouts'. Just what is the debt of the Scout Law to Rudyard's concept 'The Law,' which the *Jungle Books* had made familiar to a whole generation of boys, cannot be calculated: but Rudyard Kipling and Baden-Powell were friends and had discussed these questions.

The debt is evident in *Scouting for Boys*, and when the 'wolf-cub' organisation was provided for little boys, its origin in the 'Mowgh' stories was obvious.

In the summer of 1909, Rudyard wrote his Boy Scouts' 'Patrol Song' (to the tune of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave') for Baden-Powell and, a few weeks later, visited one of the early Scout camps in the New Forest. Thereafter he appeared more than once at Scout raffles."

Many of you will no doubt wish to read Mr. Carrington's scholarly book which is both a biography and a literary assessment. Its style is sober, painstaking, and rather plain: you will not find in this biography the golden gleam or the unforgettable phrase.

But what you will find is the factual story of a very great man, of his not very happy childhood, his delightful schooldays, his life in India, America and in England, his marriage to an over-protective wife; of his politics, of his friends and his family. I hope it may take you, as it has taken me, back to the enchantment of the books themselves.

R.H.

AN INSPIRING LEADER

No Passing Glory, by Andrew Boyle (Collins, 16s.).

A few months ago I wrote about Reach for the Sky, the biography of Douglas Bader, by Paul Brickhill. Now Andrew Boyle has told the story of Group Captain Cheshire's life.

Each of these men achieved a position of pre-eminence in his own line. Each made an outstanding contribution to the development of his own job; Bader to fighter tactics; Cheshire to precision bombing. Each through a strangely perverse indiscipline was almost lost to his profession, yet each by force of character overcame his immature rebellious nature and found in service to others a final fulfilment.

No Passing Glory is not only a fascinating study of a curiously complex personality, it is also beautifully written, and in its striving to present a balanced assessment of a man so much glamourised by popular writers, it has achieved a remarkable success. "The real Cheshire seems to me a far more fascinating character, warts and all, than the simple glossy and slightly 'phoney' legend with which his name has been increasingly and mistakenly identified in recent years."

The son of a Don at Oxford, who came of yeoman stock, and the daughter of a Colonel in the Seaforth Highlanders, he was recognised as a late developer by the headmaster of the Dragon School. He had inherited brains, but was not yet able to use them, and with a poise beyond his years acquired in the atmosphere of his home he won, to his father's surprise, a scholarship at Stowe where he gained no special distinction except as an essayist of whom T. H. White wrote, "He was one of the few children of fourteen or so who could actually TELL you that he liked to lie on his back in a hayfield, smelling clover and wondering what it would be like to fall upward into the clouds." He was a successful Head of his House and captain of lawn tennis.

A period in Germany to learn the language was followed by Oxford, where he devised and directed many spectacular escapades, but always with a cast-iron alibi. His father was worried by his extravagance. "The elegant ease of rich undergraduates first unsettled him, then awoke an ambition to be as rich as they were." He was a complete materialist. "Since man was on earth to get the most out of existence, to pluck the day with Horace and to defend himself with Darwin were minimum conditions of progress." Yet "For all his energy and adolescent dreams of grandeur there were occasional periods when solitude was of value to Cheshire.... This was an incongruous element in his make-up which those who regarded him as a 'lime-light seeker' usually overlooked."

Joining the University Air Squadron, he treated this activity with his usual cynicism and indifference for the first few months, but when at last he took an interest, "He took to flying like a duck to water." His hair-brained schemes for money-making and publicity continued, even to a suggestion that he should jump from the wing of one plane to another in flight at an air display for £100.

It was just after Dunkirk that he went into action for the first time. Operational flying was for him the breath of life. Without fear, or with absolute control over his emotions, his philosophy at this time is conveyed in one of his letters home. "I don't believe that a long life counts for a thing, if only we understand the broad picture. I believe that the only thing that really counts is being able to conquer your worst fears For nothing that is easy is worth having."

The confidence he inspired in his crews, the affection so freely given by his ground staff, is shown by the comment of one of his fitters, a middle-aged, hard-bitten Cockney, "I'm too old for hero-worship.

I'm not exactly a glutton for work, but I don't think I've ever worked harder in my life than I worked for Cheshire, and I can't remember a happier period in the Service." Always seeking perfection, the economy of lives and the maximum effect in each operation, he had many struggles to convince the authorities and persuade them to adopt his ideas, or even to try them. Honours came his way, including the Victoria Cross; his legend grew until his last operational flight over Nagasaki, where he went as one of the two British Observers of the second and last atom bomb attack. He realised the full implications of this new destructive force and determined that on release from the R.A.F. he would devote his life to nuclear research.

The war over, he saw the tragedy of the ex-Service man, untrained for civilian life. He himself found no difficulty in earning a living as a writer and lecturer, but the strain was wearing him out, and his expenses seemed always ahead of his income. It was at this time that a chance remark by a woman friend in a bar, chiding him for his denial of God's existence, turned his mind towards religion. His efforts in business, his founding of the first Colony at Gumley Hall, his disappointments and frustrations, his constant striving to find a solution to his spiritual problems, the selfless devotion to the care of the patients he found peace with him in their last hours of life, his return to flying as a test pilot on secret work, his months of illness, make a tragic yet triumphant story. The formation of the Cheshire Trust relieved him of the financial responsibility, but he remains as its inspiring leader devoted to the relief of suffering. As he himself says, "In order to understand suffering, we have to understand Christ, for it is Christ alone Who explains it. Without Christ, suffering remains a horrible and meaningless misfortune."

ROWALLAN.

FOR OLDER SCOUTS

The Spare Time Book, by Tony Gibson and Jack Singleton (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.).

"Nobody need find peace humdrum, when the world teems with enthusiastic amateurs using their spare time to climb mountains, fly gliders, make films, build churches and explore the bottom of the sea."

"You may have just left school, or just settled down to a 'steady' job, or just got married, or just woken up to the fact that you are in a middle-aged groove and it is time you got out of it. Whatever your case, there are only two things you need to know: First - what there is to choose from; second - how to get started on what appeals to you most."

Last month I recommended The Boys' Country Book to every Boy Scout Troop. Now I can equally strongly recommend The Spare Time Book to every Senior Scout Troop, Rover Crew or B.-P. Scout Guild. Open it anywhere you like and you will find yourself laughing quietly or uproariously at the approach of these two cheerful souls to every kind of subject, grave or gay. "Consolidated all-purpose emergency travelling list. A one-pint enamel mug: you start off explaining it's handy to shave in (or hold your beauty pack); later it carries away large quantities of coffee from station buffets; eventually you will boil an egg in it." "List of things to leave behind - Worries, Appearances, Schedules, Preconceived ideas."

How the authors must enjoy life! There are few things a man or boy can do which aren't mentioned in this book. The text gives sound advice and stories of personal experience; the appendices details of how to get in touch with those who can help, approximate costs and other details.

Any number of ideas for programmes for a Troop meeting, an expedition, a Summer Camp, and the right atmosphere created in the mind of the reader to get the utmost fun and value out of the experience for himself, and avoid being a nuisance to other people.

I am divided in my mind as to whether it should not have been a little better produced, or whether the low cost achieved - 8s. 6d. - justifies a rather poor appearance. At any rate, the format is right. It fits nicely into the pocket and will, I hope, stand up to the hard use it is likely to suffer. Here's to many happy evenings and expeditions in its company.

ROWALLAN.



OUR DISTRICT

By A.D.C.

It was in January that George took over the 18th, and it is now December. George had been a member of the 18th in its prosperous days, but while he was away on National Service it lost its S.M., and slid downhill with sickening rapidity. At the age of twenty George returned to civil life, and we persuaded him to have a shot at saving something from the wreck.

Yesterday he came round to see me.

"I'm seriously thinking," he said, "of chucking in my hand. I've done twelve months' hard labour trying to pull things together, and so far there's precious little to show for it. I've come to the conclusion that it is probably much easier to start a new Troop than to revive an old one that has gone to seed."

"It probably is," I admitted, "but it seemed a pity to let the 18th die, with its wonderful traditions. All the same, if you want my frank opinion, I think you made a mistake in the first few months in not being a bit more drastic. Eighteen months in a slack Troop had allowed some of the older fellows to change from Scouts into louts, and if you'd booted them out straight away it would have saved you a lot of trouble."

George sighed.

"I expect you're right," he said, "but booting chaps out is much easier in theory than in practice. Bill Smith and Derek Talford were the worst. They resented my new and stricter methods, and waged a sort of guerrilla warfare against me, without doing anything I could actually lay hold of, and I was tempted to get rid of them, but I just hadn't the heart to do it. They were letting down the Troop, it was true, but in a way the Troop had let them down in that bad period before I took over. So I hoped against hope that they'd come round."

"Did they?"

He sighed again.

"Bill left after summer camp. I've still got Derek, and I sometimes think he's trying to pull his weight, but I've rather lost faith in my own judgment."

I felt sorry for George, because I knew how hard he had worked, but last time I visited the 18th they still seemed rather a scruffy crowd, and if he did give up I couldn't feel that they would be much of a loss to the District.

The bell rang, and I opened the door to find Hankin on the step.

"It isn't you I want to see," he said rudely, "but young George. I heard he was here..."

"I'm glad I've run across you," he said to George, sinking heavily into my own special armchair. "I wanted to tell you that Derek Talford not only passed that test last night, but put up the best show I've seen for a long time. You've certainly done wonders with young Derek . . . he camped with us last year when the 18th were without an S.M., and I thought him a horrid little brute, but last night he was as different as chalk from cheese. Courteous, thoughtful, and keen. By the way, as you're rather a small crowd, you might like to join us for our New Year Party..."

When George had gone I told Hankin how lucky it was that he had talked as he did.

"It wasn't luck," he said. "Derek told me last night that George had hinted at resigning, and there aren't so many keen young Scouters that we can afford to lose him. I suddenly had a vision of myself as a youngster, struggling with my first Troop, and I remembered the old D.C. coming along one evening and telling me how glad he was to have me working in the District. He said I was doing a great job, and looking back I can see that I *was*, although at the time I seemed to have nothing but problems. That bit of praise at the right time gave me heart to carry on, and that's why I went out of my way to cheer up young George."

Odd talk from a hard nut like Hankin, but I think he's got something. In the nature of things we who work in the Scout Movement get more kicks than bouquets, which is good for our souls, but there are times when a "Well done" from somebody whose opinion we value can help a lot. What Hankin said to George, for instance, was worth all the rest of George's Christmas presents put together.

VISUAL YARNS

By Rev. E. J. WEBB

12. DHLIMREIOEETTFNHCLAR

Introduction

Place these letters on a stand. Some are green, some red, some black. What language is this? Russian? Double Dutch? They are jumbled letters, of course. See what disorder does! I have seen a notice in a public library, "A book misplaced is a book lost." If it cannot be found when wanted, because it is out of order, it might almost as well be lost. Discipline means that we put our life in order and do not let it run wild.

1. The Green Letters Spell "Father"

[Pick out the green letters and place them to make the word "Father"]

But do not tell Father he is green! Since Jesus called God, "Father," does that not suggest that Joseph must have been an almost ideal human father? Fatherhood at its best suggests God.

Here is a "green" story - A man wrote, with his finger, his child's name in the soil in the garden, dropping cress seed into the little drills thus made. His boy was astonished and delighted a few days later, and came rushing in to announce, "Daddy! my name's coming up in the garden!" He knew it had not happened by chance and his father was soon able to explain the mystery.

Wise men have in all ages regarded design in nature as a "proof" of the existence of God, our Heavenly Father.

2. The Red Letters Spell "Mother"

[Pick out the red letters and place them to make the word "Mother"]

Is your Mother's face ever red because of you? Or can she be proud of you? Thank God for Mother. I am glad we have a Mothering Sunday.

Here is a "red" story. Mr. Samuel McGredy, the famous rose-grower, threw out one rose as he felt it was of no use. Mrs. McGredy rescued it, cared for the reject, and finally exhibited it. It won a prize and is now known as Mrs. Sam McGredy. Mother often saves us! It was the Mothers of Salem who brought their children to Jesus!

3. The Black Letters Spell "Children"

[Pick out the black letters and place them to make the word "Children"]

Are you children *that* dirty? There is a worse kind of dirt - that we call sin.

Here is a "black" story. A pioneer missionary named Arnot, went to a village never before visited by a white man. The grownups were afraid of him, but the children crowded round. One shyly said: "Where is the river where you washed your black hands white?" It did not take the missionary long to tell the story of the Cross. "I know a fount where sins are washed away." "There is a river of God."

Conclusion

Fathers, Mothers, Children - this leads on naturally to a useful word on family relationships and on the sacredness of the marriage-bond. Even small boys can be brought to see the importance to the nation of good homes - family life as the unit on which national life is built - especially here in England. In these days of broken homes this is a subject that needs careful handling - but it is, of course, essential that we know how to help children who come from unhappy homes.

One child, whose parents were planning to separate, sat listlessly before a drawing of a horse he had just finished. When asked why the tail, legs and body were all disconnected, he at first said, "I don't know." After a pause he added, "Nothing I love is together."

Togetherness is the secret of family life. In the games we play as well as in the work we do, we have to learn to live together.

Read 2 Timothy 1 - 11.

MAJOR F. MAURICE CRUM, D.L., J.P.

MAJOR MAURICE CRUM, always interested in the Boys Brigade, was at home on sick leave from the Army in 1910, when he went to a Scout concert in Stirling. The enthusiastic mounted infantryman of the Boer War saw in Scouting for Boys a means of helping the boys of Scotland to better things. This led him to take rooms in Stirling for three weeks to help - he stayed there till 1932. He never wavered in his belief. He got into touch with B.-P. and in a short time had given up his army career and became B.-P.'s right hand man in organising the Scout Movement in Scotland, working with other pioneers in Scottish Scouting, Capt. J. L. Lawrence, Robert Young, Robert Goudie, Colonel Laidlaw and many others. Intensely enthusiastic he was the moving spirit of Scotland at Windsor in 1911. He it was who searched Scotland for County Commissioners. He it was who interviewed Lord Rosebery in 1913 before the Polton Rally and provided him with the material for one of the finest speeches on Scouting ever made.

When War broke out in 1914 he sent a Patrol of Scouts off to Nairn for coast-watching within twenty-four hours of the appeal.

Although still suffering from South African War wounds he got to the trenches and in no time was the leader in sniping, first in his battalion then organiser of Sniping Schools for the British Army. His methods became standard practice and he himself Instructor at the Senior Officers' School at Aldershot.

After a long spell in hospital at the end of the war he returned to Scouting with renewed vigour. In his stride he organised the Scottish Displays at the Jamborees of 1920, 1924 and 1929, i.e. Olympia, Wembley and Arrowe Park. He wrote pamphlets, made speeches, visited Counties. All the time he was acting S.M. of the 1st Stirling Troop and District Commissioner, Stirling. His "Scouts' Owns" were famous and perhaps his greatest monument is seen in the men who grew up under his leadership. To him every boy was an individual. Always a pioneer, he started the Boys' Club in Stirling, which became his main preoccupation and when he left Stirling for Menstrie, carried on Scouting there in addition to all his other activities.

In countless ways his influence still lives in Scotland. What was his secret? As a pioneer he was always looking forward, always giving a lead and calling for others to lead. He faced all difficulties, including long spells of ill health, and disappointments - they were many - in the certainty that God is good, His cause is just and will prevail.

Whether in the field against Boer or German, or in the field against selfishness, materialism, apathy, in war or in peace he relied on Divine help and said so. The central belief of his life was that no leader could succeed without it. That was the secret of his drive and enthusiasm. Scotland saw the result.

I. B.

NOTES AND NEWS

DECEMBER PHOTOGRAPHS

This month's cover of the main drive at Gilwell was taken by Mr. R. B. Herbert. The Scout heads on page 306 are by Mr. R. B. Herbert and Mr. W. Armstrong.

METHODIST HYMN BOOK

Methodist Scouters may like to know that any Methodist Hymn Book in the Methodist Catalogue can now be embossed with the Scout Badge at an additional cost of 6d. It obviously makes a very nice present when the occasion arises.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

We are sorry that the additional postage demanded by Mr. Butler's autumn Budget necessitates the home subscription rate to THE SCOUTER being increased from 10/6 to 11/6 from January 1956 onwards. Subscriptions still to run out will not be affected.

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 15th—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

G.S.M.s', March 3rd—4th. Public Schoolboys', April 16th—22nd.

TECHNICAL COURSES (open to Scouters of the Troop and G.S.M.s):

- Training and Testing for First and Second Class, January 27th—29th. (Assemble, Friday, 7.30 p.m.)
- Patrol Activities, 17—18th.

SCOUT AND SENIOR SCOUT BADGE TRAINING COURSES

- Observer and Stalker (Scout), Feb. 3rd—5th.
- Camper (Scout), April 27th—29th.
- Camp Warden (Senior), May 25th—27th.
- Jobman and Handyman (Scout and Senior), Feb. 17th—19th.
- Camper (Scout), June 22nd—24th.
- Rider and Horseman (Scout and Senior), March 9th—11th.
- Pioneer (Senior), July 13th—15th.
- (Courses start at 7.30 p.m. on Friday.)

OPEN DAYS OF WORK

Sundays, February 26th and March 25th, 10 a.m. to 4 p.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. Applications for all above courses to: The Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, Chingford, London, E.4.

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. 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.

"BABES IN THE WOOD" ON ICE

Due to the very great popularity in previous years of the annual Pantomime at the Empire Pool, Wembley, the Parties Organiser is again pleased to announce that they are offering a special concession to youth organisations who may wish to attend a performance of this year's Pantomime between December 15th, 1955, and March 17th, 1956.

Full details can be obtained from the Parties Organiser, Empire Pool, Wembley, Middlesex. Wembley 1234.

I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS IN JANUARY 1956

January/ February	Pan Pacific Jamboree and Tour in South-West Pacific Canada.
7th/8th	Somerset County Conference.
20th	Bums Supper, Glasgow.
24th	Oxford University Scout and Guide Club.

SCOUTING IN THE SERVICES

All those joining the Royal Air Force whether for National Service or for a regular engagement, have to report to R.A.F. Cardington. The 78th Bedfordshire (Cardington) Scout Group extends a welcome to Scouters and Scouts at the Scout Hall on the Station on Friday nights.

Details of the times of the meetings and the whereabouts of the Scout Hall are displayed on posters at R.A.F. Cardington.

A full explanation of the "Scouting in the Services" scheme is given at these meetings, and advice on other aspects of life in the Services is available.

NATIONAL SOAP BOX DERBY, 1956

The Scouts' National Soap Box Derby is now an established event in the Scouting calendar. In 1956 there will again be two sections:- *Novice Section*. - Open to Groups which have never before entered; Groups which have entered but never got to the starting line; and Groups which have not qualified for the Finals in either 1953, 1954 or 1955.

Championship Section. - Open to all Groups which have been successful in sending a car to the National Finals in 1953, 1954, and/or 1955.

If your Group is interested and you have not yet received details and an entry form, write at once to The Organiser, Soap Box Derby, The Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

The 1956 National Finals will be at Weston-super-Mare on Saturday, September 8th. Will your Group be there on the line?

SENIOR SCOUT PUBLICATIONS

The Senior Scout Enrolment Card is now available from the Scout Shop, price 6d. It is attractively printed in colour and bears a personal message from the Chief Scout.

The new Advancement and Investiture Ceremonies for Senior Scouts, which appeared in the August SCOUTER, are now printed in a folder which can also be obtained from the Scout Shop, price 4d.

CARTOONS

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

AWARDS FROM 13th OCTOBER TO 9th NOVEMBER, 1955

"CORNWELL SCOUT" BADGE

S. Booth, Troop Leader, 35th Fulham; T. M. Watt, Wolf Cub, 12th Portobello (The Royal High Preparatory School).

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

GILT CROSS

A. D. Cole, Senior Scout, 1st East Cowes (St. James, Lord Gort's Own).

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a child from drowning in the River Medina, Isle of Wight, July 2nd, 1955."

R. S. Jones, Patrol Second, 1st Overmonnow.

"In recognition of his gallantry in keeping afloat a much bigger boy who was in danger of drowning until assistance reached them, Three Cliffs Bay, Pennard, August 3 1st, 1955."

W.P. MacIntosh, Patrol Leader, 12th Argyllsbire (1st Kinlochleven). *"In recognition of his gallantry in locating the body of a boy drowned in the Black Pool, River Leven, Kinlochleven, June 5th, 1955."*

K. Smith, Troop Leader, North Shore Sea Scouts, Bermuda.

"In recognition of his gallantry in rescuing a child from drowning in the sea and applying artificial respiration, North Shore, Bermuda, July 1st, 1955."

SILVER ACORN

C. H. Martin, Hon. Commissioner, Stockport District; Rev. Canon H. S. Stephenson, Chairman, Gateshead and District; C. C. Dibden, A.C.C. (Senior Scouts), and Asst. D.C.C., Northern Rhodesia; H. J. Wilken, D.C.C., Northern Rhodesia. *"In recognition of their specially distinguished services."*

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT

Berkshire. - P. J. Alexander, Badge Secretary, Basingstoke and District.

"In recognition of his further outstanding services."

MEDAL OF MERIT

Cheshire West. - R. Hough, G.S.M., 2nd Middlewich (T.C.I. Works).

Hampshire. - A. H. G. Attwood, Badge Secretary, Basingstoke and District; W. J. Mileham, G.S.M., 4th Basingstoke (1st Candover Valley).

Herefordshire. - Mrs. E. E. Knight, C.M., 2nd Ross-on-Wye (St. Mary's), D.C.M., Ross and District.

Hertfordshire. - S. F. Harradine, G.S.M., 1st Hatfield (Viscount Cranbourne's Own), D.S.M., Hatfield.

Lincolnshire. - C. A. Brocklesby, S.M., 11th Grimsby (St. James), A.D.C., Grimsby, Cleethorpes and District.

London. - T. E. Mealand, R.S.L., 1st East Putney; W. N. Price, A.D.C., Wandsworth, Putney and Roehampton; L. F. Readings, G.S.M., 1st East Putney.

Middlesex. - D. Swan, A.C.C. (Senior Scouts).

Northampton. - J. T. Sampson, S.M., 4th Northampton (Christ Church).

Worcestershire. - J. Brighton, R.S.L., 13th Kidderminster (Webb's Own), D.R.S.L., Kidderminster.

Scotland.

Ayrshire. - J. B. Barr, G.S.M., 51st Ayrshire (Fergushill Church); Miss M. K. Henderson, Asst.Ak.L.; R. D. Hunter, Chairman, East Midland; N. MacKinnon, Hon. Treasurer, West Midland.

Edinburgh and Leith. - Miss M. C. A. Brown, C.M., 34th Edinburgh (Saughtonhall), A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Haymarket, Asst.Ak.L.; Mrs. M. P. Hand, C.M., 84th Edinburgh (Grange Parish Church), D.C.M. Liherton - J. S. Morrison, G.S.M., 75th Edinburgh, A.D.C. (Scouts), Liberton; K. D. Wight, G.S.M., 10th Leith (BalfourMelville).

"In recognition of their outstanding services."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GOOD SERVICES)

Cheshire West. - J. R. Allen, Chairman, Mid Cheshire.

Edinburgh and Leith. - J. S. Thompson, Hon. Treasurer, Leith. *"In recognition of their good services."*

THE WARINGTON BADEN-POWELL TROPHY RACES

The fifth annual Sea Scout Races were held in Teddington Reach, Middlesex, on Saturday, September 24th. We are pleased to record that, this year, more entries came from Groups outside the Home Counties.

As on previous occasions, the event was organised by members of the Royal Canoe Club, who entertained competitors to tea at the conclusion of the races.

Although the wind was variable good times were recorded. The results were as follows.

Canoe Race: Finals. - G. Bennett (Surbiton).

Other Heat Winners. - B. Longmore (Walsall) and G. Braye (Kingston).

Dinghy Race 1 J. Evans (Kingston), 2 M Cnuks (Chalkwell Bay).

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

I.H.Q. APPOINTMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

Appointment. - Field Commissioner, North Wales and Shropshire - D. P. D'Eath.

NATIONAL COMMISSIONERS' CONFERENCE

A National Commissioners' Conference will be held at Messrs. Butlin's Holiday Camp, Skegness, from tea-time Friday, 21st September, until mid-day, Sunday, 23rd September, 1956.

The Conference will be open to all Commissioners (including A.D.C.s) and County Secretaries.

Further details will be circulated to all Commissioners and County Secretaries in due course.

The Chief Scout and the Committee of the Council have decided that for 1956, this Commissioners' Conference should take the place of the normal National Conference, which will, however, be introduced in 1958.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Imperial Headquarters will be closed from mid-day on Friday, 23rd December, until 9.15 a.m. on Wednesday, 28th December.

The Scout Shops will be closed from 5.30 p.m. on Friday, 23rd December, until 9 a.m. on Wednesday, 28th December.

GILWELL REUNION

The thirtieth Gilwell Reunion will be held over the week-end of 1st and 2nd September, 1956.

C. C. GOODHIND,

Administrative Secretary.

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

Chingford's Scout and Guide Third Annual Review "Happy Returns," produced by Jim Ridley with "Mac" at the piano. Chingford County High School, Nevin Drive, E.4, 5th and 6th January, at 8 p.m. Tickets 3/6, 2/6 and 1/6. Balcony 3/6 and 2/6. Children half price. Enquiries (s.a.e.) L. H. Lindsay, 12 Warren Road, Chingford, E.4.

London R. and R. Dance on January 28th. For particulars refer: R. A. Hill 53 Harvard Road., Lewisham, S.E.13.

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 BoltonBrow, Sowerby Bridge, after January 1st. Numbers strictly limited.

Welsh Jamboree 1956 - August 2nd—13th, Gredington Park and Mere, Nr. Whitchurch. Another great Welsh Patrol Jamboree, with many facilities and activities laid on, including great opportunities for the Sea Scouts. This Jamboree is a wonderful get-together and always great fun. Enquiries to F. Summer, Byways, Marford Hill, Gresford, Wrexham.

Saadingham 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 11th—18th August, 1956. Camp fee of 2/6 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.

EMPLOYMENT

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

The Church Army. Is God calling you to "serve the present age" to a greater degree? Keen Christian men 18-33 years of age, communicants of the Church of England, are needed to staff Mission Vans, Youth Centres, Hostels, Parishes. Write for details of free two year (residential) course to Captain J. Benson, C.A., P.O. Box 420, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W. I.

Manchester University Settlement. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for the post of full-time Youth Club Leader. Further particulars from the Warden, 20 Every Street, Ancoats, Manchester, 4.

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.

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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, outsize 5/- extra. From Ossie Dover, The Cycling Tailor, 160 Kensington, Liverpool, 7. S.A.E. for patterns and self-measurement form.

F or your Group Show! Delightful songs and recitations for Cubs and Scouts. Reasonable hire. Write Box 221, *The Scouter*.

Rover has been able to arrange with Lloyd's Underwriters specially reduced premiums for private and commercial motor insurance for warranted Scouters. Rover Scout Mills, 123 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.

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

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

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

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

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

Cruising Holidays in Terminus, 85 ton ketch. Approved by Boy Scout and Girl Guide Associations. Special rates for Scout and Guide parties. Accommodation for ten plus professional crew giving full training facilities in seamanship and navigation. Full particulars from Rae, do Harbourmaster, Ramsgate, Kent.

Visiting Overseas Scouter requires small second-hand car or three-wheeler. Must be without major mechanical fault and low price. Year and appearance immaterial. Offers, stating full particulars, to Mr. Ben Winter, 76 Witley Court, Woburn Place, W.C. 1.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING

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Cutlery Combination Set	3 11	6d.
Morse Buzzer Set	8 6	1 3
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Cuff Links, Scout Badge	4 -	3d.
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.. Scout Badge	5 6	3d.
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.. Vidor	9 -	1 1
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Sheath Knife, 4" blade, No. 190	13 9	6d.
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Prayer and Hymn Book	9 6	3d.
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Box 3, men's	10 11	5d.
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THE SPARE TIME BOOK

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**3 NEW
LINES**

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