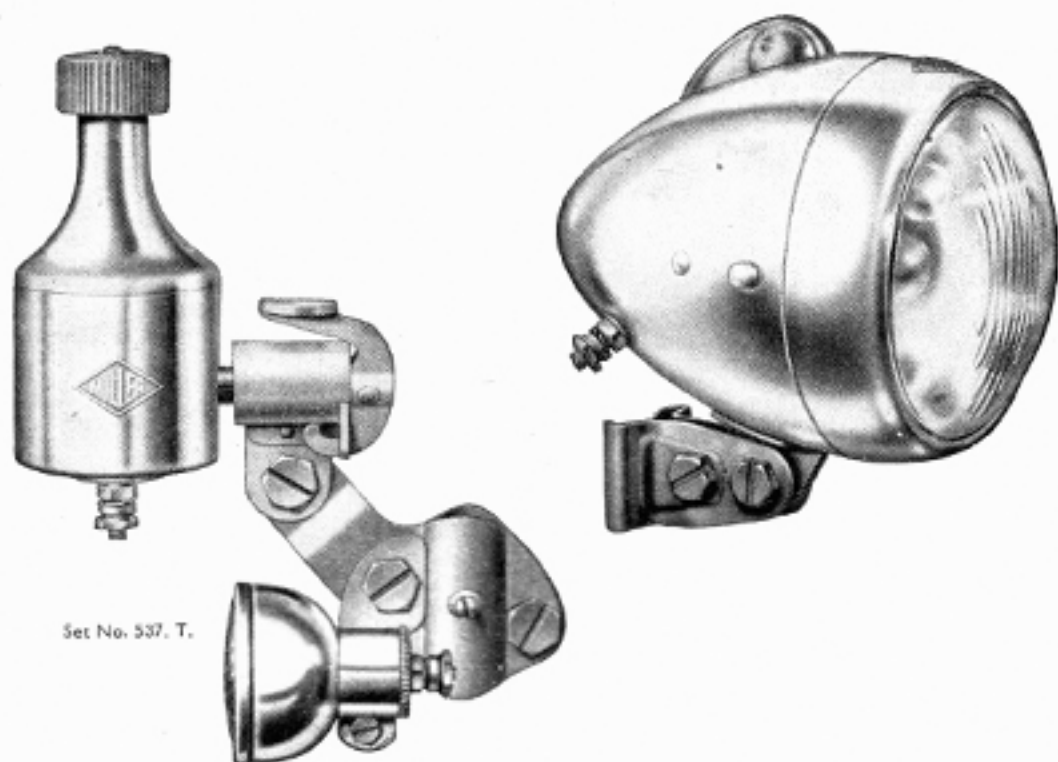


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SCOUTER
SEPTEMBER 1954
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THE OUTLOOK

By THE CHIEF SCOUT

I had, for many years past, been promising the Scouts of Finland that some day I would pay them a visit, and at long last I was able to do so. It is a most interesting country, but a very hard one, with hardy people who have, since the War, made by their own hard work a miraculous recovery. A total population of four and a half millions has paid off the indemnity of three hundred million dollars, in spite of the fact that they have few natural resources since the Petsamo Nickel Mines were surrendered to Russia in 1944. At the same time they lost their only port that remains ice-free during the winter and much of their most fertile land. During several months each year their exports have to be taken by truck hundreds of miles to Narvik by road, travelling far through the Arctic Circle. There are said to be 60,000 big lakes and another 40,000 small ones. For many centuries they have been the battle-ground between Sweden and Russia, but they are an independent people, and the spirit of freedom has survived through it all. It is a rolling country, covered with forests. There are no high mountains, and in among the forests there are the little farms. Helsinki, looking out over the Baltic, has a magnificent harbour and shipbuilding yards where some of the largest ice-breakers in the world have been built, although the harbour itself is closed by ice for several months each year. Scouting is strong there, and the Rev. Veneri Louhivuori - a most delightful man - is their Chief Scout. The country in the south-west felt almost like home, with its Ayrshire cattle, which have been the dominant breed of the south-west for over a hundred years, grazing in all the fields. There is much rich farm land in these parts, and we visited a beautiful home owned by the descendants of a member of the family of the Earls of Dalhousie who settled there two or three hundred years ago.

Their Training Camp is in forest land at a place called Tapiola, with magnificent trees situated by a lake. Two of the courses held there have made, out of scrap pieces of wood, two statues of St. George and the Dragon; each piece has been untouched by human hand, but it is the skill with which they have been fitted together and the imaginative vision of the man who selected them that gives the impression of deliberate sculpture, and I couldn't help thinking as I looked at them that surely there is a lesson to be derived from this in our work. Do we not take boys with many characteristics, insignificant perhaps in themselves, but gradually through our Scouting putting them together to form a significant pattern? It was here that I was introduced to my first sauna, which is a steam bath, and most refreshing and cleansing. Large stones are heated by a fire of birch wood and the steam is created by throwing water on to these large stones. The bath finishes with a plunge into the lake. Every home in Finland has one of these saunas, and they reckon that there are three hundred and fifty thousand of them all through the country.

Forest research has been developed to a high degree and the finest trees are known as "Mother" trees, their seed being used exclusively for replanting.

There are some two or three thousand of these Mother trees in Finland and seven hundred of them are in the Sulkava District in which Tapiola is situated.

The flora is wonderfully rich, and the roadsides and waste land are carpeted with flowers, many of them our own familiar species, but many also which were new to me.

We visited a wonderful old church dating back in parts to the thirteenth century, and covered with wall paintings of the fifteenth century, which are now being cleaned and repaired with great skill.

There is also at Savonlinna a famous old castle with walls in some places 30 feet thick, which was built on what was then the Russian frontier, on a small island in the river. They had to build first a fortress on the Russian side for the protection of the builders of the main castle, which was constructed under its shelter. There was a service taking place in the old fifteenth-century chapel. It was in German, as there were many German tourists present at it, but for our benefit the Pastor repeated the Lord's Prayer in English, a fact which we greatly appreciated.

We travelled back by rail to Helsinki, passing within a few yards of the Russian frontier, through constantly changing scenery of forest and farm and lake. There is great beauty in this land, and the farming is progressive and, considering the poorness of the country, highly developed. The horses, in particular, are really excellent little animals with strength and quality. We never saw a bad one in all our travels.

Up by plane to Rovaniemi within eight kilometres of the Arctic Circle. The weather was bad and it was only possible to see the ground for a moment at a time through the thick clouds, but what we could see was most attractive country, with little well-kept houses and green fields, against a background of lake and forest. On our way we stopped at Kemi, the centre of the timber industry for the North, with huge mills, vast stores of sawn timber and the river covered for miles with logs so that it was impossible to see the water. Rovaniemi itself is the administrative centre situated in a bend in the river, a progressive town with some fine new buildings. Here we were met by Dr. Vaananen, who was for years Medical Officer of Health for Lapland and is now head of the Children's Hospital for the North. He is Scout Commissioner for Lapland, and has trodden almost every yard of the country. We crossed the Arctic Circle and stopped at a little shop and Post Office to have the special postmark applied to our postcards home; then mile after mile driven at high speed by the doctor over untarred roads with many bad pot-holes. He claims the record of 300 kilometres in three hours, and it felt as if we were going to break the record as we sped over the bumps. There is little traffic to delay anyone on this road, but I didn't see how we could avoid a broken spring. However, the doctor carried a spare in the boot, just in case, because on one occasion he had to travel 200 kilometres with a log of wood jammed between the axle and the body, and on another occasion when the tyre gave out and he had no spare he cut down a ski and lashed it to the front wheel! A versatile man and a magnificent Scout. Mile after mile the forest stretched on either side with little farms here and there, growing oats and rye and potatoes. A few reindeer bounded across the road into the forest as we passed and at last about half-past nine we arrived at Turturimaja (I hope that is spelt properly!).

THE SCOUT LAW

VIII. A SCOUT SMILES...

*No piper he, to set all Hamelin dancing,
Sweetly enticing them from every room;
No magic music his, to call, entrancing,
To lead them laughing to a hidden doom:
His body's full of aches, his clothes of patches,
He hasn't much, God knows, to smile about,
Yet as he passes, everybody catches
Some gleam of gladness from that tiny Scout.*

*He passes; leaves a vision, leaves a wonder,
The vision of a 'thousand boys the same;
Heroic laughter shakes the world like thunder
From boys consumptive, crippled, blind and lame,
A thousand captives firing bonds asunder,
Lighting the hearts of millions with the flame.*

JAMES FITZSIMONS, S.J.

It is a children's holiday home and hostel in the forest. It was decided that before we had dinner we should have another sauna; and after an enormous meal we went to bed in a four-bunk cabin. None of us snored! By now we were in the Land of the Midnight Sun, but the clouds prevented us from seeing it.

Up and on our way again next morning. There were no more spruce, only pine and birch in the forest, and gradually the pine disappeared on the tops, but there were still harebells, St. John's Wort, and even a few buttercups by the roadsides, until we came to Lake man, where ten thousand years ago the ice lay 2 kilometres thick and left huge boulders on the hillsides. We saw several lots of reindeer. They are smaller than I thought, and of varying shades of brown and grey to almost white, with huge spreading horns.

When we were a few kilometres past the 69th parallel we turned left down a narrow track through the forest and came to a home for old Lapps who are no longer able to live the life on the barren hills with their reindeer. Situated in the wilderness, on the edge of a lake, the place is known as Toivamemi, which means "The Peninsula of Hope." For six months in the year the stores have to be brought the last 3 kilometres on skis or reindeer sledges, but there they are, living their last years in happiness, looking out over the landscape of their homeland. Tiny little people, the men average 4 ft. 8 in. or 4 ft. 9 in., the women about 4 ft. 6 in., dressed in their Lapp costume, they are a happy, smiling people, and the Matron of the home is a wonderful character, who is content to live in this lonely wilderness to serve the people she loves. She and two of the young maids sang Lapp songs, sad, but haunting in their beauty and, as they sang, the old Lapps came in and sat entranced. It was like some scene in fairyland. The home is beautifully equipped and spotlessly kept. The doctor told many stories of the Lapps, their hardihood and their way of life. An independent people, wandering with their tents over the barren lands, time has no meaning for them. They have a saying "For a Lapp there is always time." Distances, too, mean nothing, and he told the story of a Lapp woman whom he picked up on the road. She had travelled seven days, had started on a walk of over 20 kilometres in trackless country, had rowed a boat nearly 100 kilometres, had drawn it for over 500 metres over a hill to the next lake, where she rowed another 25 kilometres and then walked another 25 or 30 before he picked her up. The object of her journey? To get to hospital because she was suffering from acute appendicitis! She was operated upon immediately and survived. Then he told the story of the old Lapp man who, pointing to the South, had asked him, "Is it really true that there is a country over there where the sun sets every day, even in summer?" He said yes, it was true, to which the old Lapp replied, "It must be a terrible place, how can people live there?"

Late in the afternoon we drove back again, stopping at a point 700 metres above sea-level which had been covered with mist in the morning. There were no trees, just dwarf Arctic birch about 6 inches high and a few Arctic berries and delicate little Alpine flowers peeping through the moss. The view was superb, miles and miles in every direction of forest and barren tops. Thirty or 40 metres lower down, perhaps even less, little birch bushes began to appear and a stray flower of hawkweed, then a juniper bush and a few small pines about 4 feet high, and down in the sheltered valley below there were quite good pine trees thick on the ground.

This is the country in which Dr. Vaananen leads his Rover Hike every year. They cover over 100 kilometres without a track on the whole expanse. It is difficult country to find your way in, for when you are in the forest you can't see more than a few yards, and when you get down in the valleys the rolling hills take on quite a different shape from their appearance from the top. He has suggested that perhaps some of our Rovers or 17- to 18-year-old Seniors might care to join in one of these hikes. I hope we shall have some offers. It isn't the sort of place for a young fellow who likes the pictures every night, but it is the sort of place where a boy can have an unforgettable experience in the company of a real man; catching fish in the lakes and rivers, meeting only Reindeer Lapps with the odd chance of seeing bears and wolves and wolverines, which kill every year thousands of reindeer. If you are interested and like *real* adventure here is your opportunity. Let's have your names and we'll put you on what will, I hope, be the waiting list.

It isn't a job for the softies or anybody who isn't really fit and strong. There will be times when you are so tired that you will wonder whether you can go on, but there is no alternative to going on. There are no buses there; it's no use trying to thumb a lift, but what a story you will have to tell when you come back!

We arrived at the hotel that night at 11.30, tired, but feeling that we would not have missed the experience for worlds. There were two punctures on the way, but this was nothing in such country and in such company.

By six o'clock we were on the road again for Helsinki to pay a short visit to the International Commissioners' Get-Together in the buildings of the Technical School. In the afternoon there was a reception by the Minister of Education, a farmer and a breeder of Ayreshires, but even beyond these recommendations, a most delightful man with a great sense of humour. The next morning the Chief Scout met me at the hotel and we bade each other farewell, after he had given me a most delightful wood carving of a boy sounding the birch bark horn, and assuring me that, if I ever felt that Scouting was in danger, all I had to do was to sound the horn and the Scouts of Finland would be there, ready to help in its defence.

When we stopped for 20 minutes at Oslo on one way out to Finland, we were met by Pastor Birge Brekke their Chief Scout and the 1st Glasgow A Troop with their link-ups from Oslo, despite the pouring rain.

We had also stopped at Stockholm for one night on the way to Helsinki; now we stopped on the way back for another afternoon and night.. On both occasions Sten Thiel was there to entertain us, no longer International Commissioner, but helping to organise the B.-P. Guild and the finances of Swedish Scouting. We were taken for a visit to the Scout Training Camp on an island in the Stockholm Archipelago. As this is a prohibited area, and we were foreigners, we had to get special permission. What a lovely place this Archipelago is, with its hundreds of islands! We were met by a Troop of Scouts signalling "welcome" with their flags and as we stepped ashore the Union Jack appeared on the flag-pole. Mr. Bengt Junker was our host. He is Chief Scout of the Swedish Federation and a grand man. He has, I gather, been largely responsible for obtaining the use of this island, and the erection of the Sea Scout Headquarters, a stoutly-built cabin looking out over the main channel leading to Stockhohn and also the start of most of the many yacht races. There is a real sea atmosphere about the place with its ship's wheel and bell. We saw their excellent design of Sea Scout boat for both sailing and pulling. Some fifty of these have now been built, and they are good sturdy craft with nice lines. There was also in camp an excellent Boy Scout Troop, camp sites spotless, many First Class Scouts under a first-class Scouter, and it was a great pleasure to meet them.

Mr. Bengt Junker is very keen that their "Blue Hike" for 15- and 16-year-olds should achieve an international flavour, and invitations will be issued shortly to us to send representatives to take part in it. This hike is through the forests of Sweden, and while not quite as tough as the Lapland Hike to which I have already referred, is from all accounts tough enough for boys of that age. I hope we shall be able to send worthy representatives to this too.

Back to Stockholm, that lovely city with fine ancient and modern architecture, of which, of course, the Town Hall is world famous. A dinner party with Mr. and Mrs. Junker and the leaders of the Swedish Scouts gave us the opportunity of hearing some of the Swedish Folk Songs, beautifully sung by members of the party, led by Mrs. Junker herself.

To Copenhagen, where we were met by Niels Engberg, a member of the International Committee, and taken to our hotel. I spent the evening with some insurance friends whom I hadn't met before. On the Sunday morning we attended the Service at the English Church with its memorial to Queen Alexandra and King Edward VII, and in the afternoon visited Frederiksborg, a lovely old palace of the seventeenth century, with the Chapel containing the shields of the highest ranks of the Royal Order of Dannebrog, including that of B.-P., Admiral Sir Philip Noble, Field-Marshal Montgomery, Sir Winston Churchill, and one or two other of our war leaders. It is an amazing Chapel, with highly ornate carved and painted decoration. The Great Hall, too, is most impressive with its paintings and carved decorations.

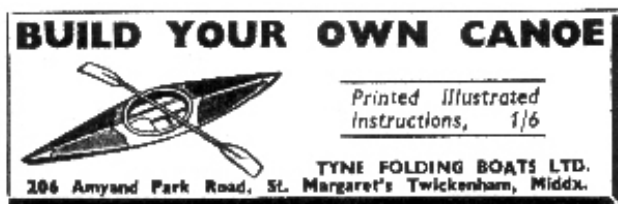
Our last visit was paid to the Training Centre of the D.D.S., a lovely spot even in the rain which poured relentlessly down. They too have a bomb hole like we have at Gilwell, but they have water lilies and gold fish in theirs. There were Rover and Scout Courses going on. They were a very good lot of men who showed the right spirit by remaining cheerful in spite of the rain and the right technique by the cooking of excellent Gilwell steaks. I was given the privilege of speaking to both courses before being taken by Mr. Thorkill Glad, their Camp Chief, to two Government experimental farms where we discussed farming.

We had dinner parties on the Sunday and Monday nights with the leaders, and we discussed many things, both in and out of Scouting. Colonel Wilson was there on the Monday night on his way to visit the International Jamboree which was being held in South Denmark a day or two later.

So ended a grand visit to a part of the world I had never previously seen, but which I hope to visit again when there is more opportunity for seeing the Scouts.

The Annual Meeting of the Council was again well attended. Again His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester presided. He enjoyed the discussion on the proposals for the reConstitution of the Council and Committee. Several suggestions came from members of the Council and it was agreed that the Committee should consider these new points. During the proceedings, Mr. Jackson Dodds, Deputy Chief Scout of Canada, presented me with the first award of the Silver Fox on behalf of the Chief Scout of Canada, His Excellency the Governor-General. It is a beautiful model, with one foreleg lifted and the head turned to the side in the typical attitude in which I myself have seen so many foxes standing. I shall wear it with great pride at the Jamboree next year. This is the first award of the new Decoration which makes it even more appreciated.

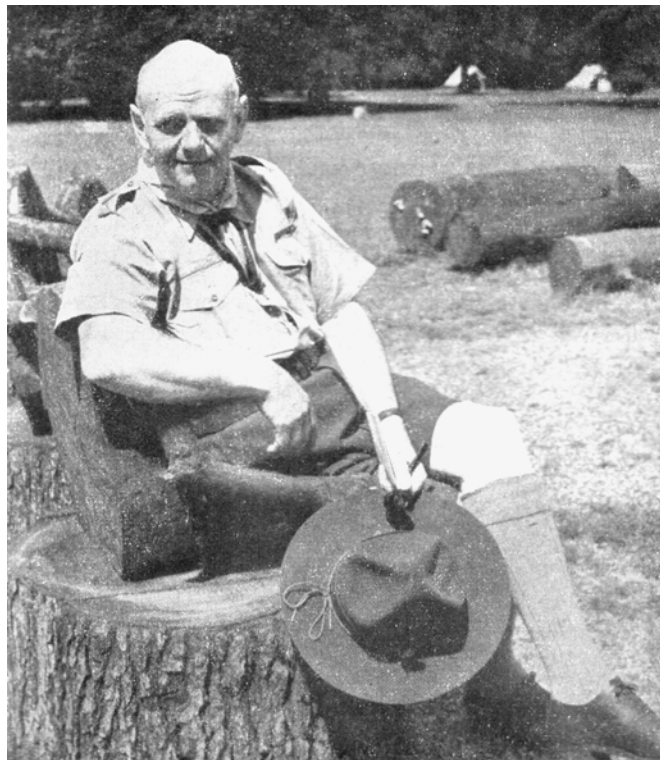
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THE 1954 ACCOUNTS

At a recent meeting of the Committee of the Council of the Association, it was decided to publish in THE SCOUTER an abridged form of Balance Sheet and The Income and Expenditure Account in order that those members of our Movement interested should have an opportunity of knowing something of our financial position. Accordingly, these few notes should be read in conjunction with the figures on the next page.

As far as the abridged Balance Sheet is concerned, under the heading "General Purposes Account" the figure of £377,879 is £12,689 higher than last year, and included in that figure are all contributions received with the exception of monica left on trust or for special purposes.

Under the heading "Loss on Sale of Investments" it will be seen that this amounts to £2,067. During the year under review certain changes were carried out in the Association's investments with the object of increasing our income and in the process this loss was incurred. However, it is anticipated that, by reason of the increased income which these alterations will produce, this capital loss will shortly be made good.

Regarding the item of £10,000 which has been paid to the London Scout Council, it will be remembered that the Association made an annual payment to London and, as a result of negotiation, it was decided that in consideration of a lump sum payment, the annual grant would cease.

It will be seen that the Trust and Special Funds amount to £346,976, which is £10,603 higher than last year.

On the other side of the Balance Sheet, it will be noticed that investments of £131,648 which are put in at cost are £5,836 higher than last year.

As far as the Income and Expenditure Account is concerned, it will be observed that there is an excess of income over expenditure of £3,451 as opposed to £2,086 for last year. The chief reason for this satisfactory result is the truly splendid success of the "Bob-a-Job" week. This earned £44,762 as opposed to £43,549 for 1953. The second largest source of income is the profit transferred to the Association from the Equipment Department and reflects the greatly increased support which the Movement is giving to the Scout Shops throughout the country.

There is an average of 6-6 Senior Scouts per Troop or Patrol.

Other Scouts over 15

15 years of age	21,460	(58-3%)
16 years of age	5,329	(24-9%)
17 years of age	2,610	(12.3%)
18 years of age	<u>983</u>	(4.5%)
	<u>21,382</u>	+70

There is an average of 3-3 "over-15's" per Troop.

The percentages indicate that Scouts are retained longer in the Movement if they are members of a separate Senior Scout Troop or Patrol.

Scouts of 15 total	21,770	+1,148
Scouts of 16 - 18 total	<u>23,774</u>	-177
	<u>45,544</u>	+971

Rovers

Under 21	7,044	+ 219
21 - 25	4,044	-14
Over 25	<u>2,685</u>	+20
	<u>13,773</u>	+225

These figures exclude the Rovers who are also Scouters.

Sea Scouts	10,149	-344
Air Scouts	2,355	+137
Handicapped Scouts	4,578	+34

Scouters

G.S.M.s	6,689	+ 79
Pack Scouters	18,184	+514
Troop Scouters	19,343	+661
Senior Troop Scouters	2,350	+36
Crew Scouters	<u>1,495</u>	+43
	<u>48,061</u>	+1,333

The number of Scouters per Group remains constant at 4-3.

60.6% of Groups have with 61 1 % last year. We have not quite kept pace with the increase in the number of Groups.

All ranks of Scouters show increases, the largest being Troop Scouters - 661, as compared with 293 last year. Pack Scouters show an increase of 514 as compared with 969 last year.

Commissioners

Not holding Group warrants	2,290 (67-8%)	+85
Also holding Group warrants	<u>1,090 (32-2%)</u>	-39
	<u>3,380</u>	+46

There is one Commissioner to every 14.2 Scouters holding other warrants.

Proficiency

Cubs - 1st and 2nd Star figures not asked for this year.

Leaping Wolves	15,500	+ 4,064
Leaping Wolves gained during year	13,048	+ 3,024

This represents a remarkable increase.

Scouts - (percentages are by reference to the total number of Scouts of 11 - 18).

Queen's Scouts	3,377 (1.6%)	+239
1st Class	14,434 (6.7%)	+626
2nd Class	60,976 (28.4%)	-796

The decrease from 29.1% to 28.4% in Second Class is disappointing. Queen's Scouts and First Class show increases of 0.1% and 9-2% respectively.

Those at Tenderfoot and Recruit stage represent 63.3% against 62-9% last year.

Scouts of 11 - 15 with Second Class or above 19.6% 0-8%

Scouts of 11 - 15 at Tenderfoot or Recruit stage 80.4% +0-8%

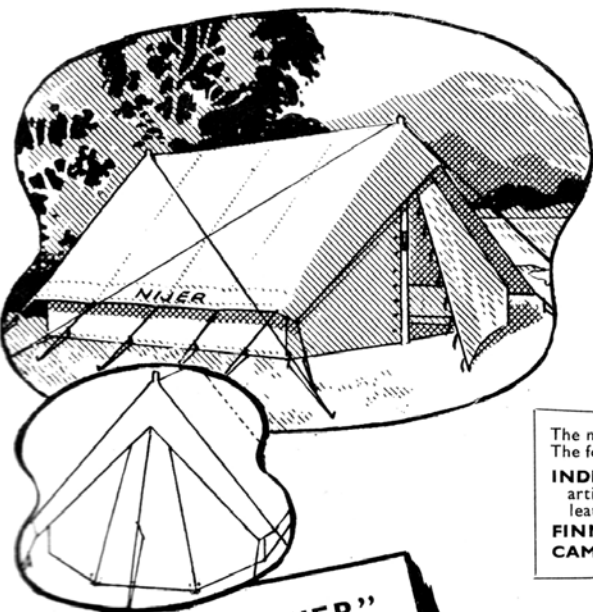
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OUR METHOD

For once I am wondering if it is a good thing to have met the Editor. He saw the photograph of nine of our ten Queen's Scouts, thought for a bit and then said "I want an article to go with the photo." The photo is so good that I am afraid the article just cannot line up with it, but orders must be obeyed, so here you are.

I suppose every Troop has its own peculiar system of working which has grown up over the years. As they are satisfied with the results, they naturally stick to their own method, but how can you assess results? That is a great difficulty in a character-building organisation such as ours, where the actual results may not show for years. At the moment I assess our efficiency in terms of Queen's Scouts, a crude rule, but one which can be mathematically exact. I have taken figures for the last seven years, covering the Scout lives of our ten Queen's Scouts, with the following average figures. For every eight recruits, we obtained six from our own Pack and two from outside the Movement. Of the eight boys, three went on to become Queen's Scouts, two left the district or transferred to other Troops or left because of work, and three left because they had no further interest in Scouting. That gives us an efficiency of 37.5 per cent about on a par with the steam turbine. Here is the Scout life story of eight such average boys.

Jim came up from the Pack in September with five of his pals. We only take in Cubs once a year, September being the most suitable time. It avoids the difficulty of refusing to take a Cub to camp because he has no experience, and also ensures that by the time he does go to camp, he knows the boys he will be living with and thus is helped to forestall that deadly illness, homesickness. The other five Cubs were just typical, one clever, one cheeky, one dull and two just average. After the going-up Ceremony they were given a yam on the history of the Group, to make them feel that they belonged to something worth while. They were asked to look at the Queen's Scout Badge on their P.L.'s arm, and to ask him how he got it. Last thing that evening one of the P.L.'s or Seconds asked them to come down one evening the following week to carry out firelighting and cooking towards their Second Class Badge. Thus, as soon as they were in they were doing a bit of Scouting, which appeals strongly to them. From my point of view there was the very practical advantage that, with winter coming on, each week would see more dampness to make firelighting by our own fallen timber more difficult, and after all that is how it would have to be done later in their Scout lives.

While this was going on, Jim's P.L. was seeing that he had a good grounding in the requirements for the Tenderfoot Tests, in all things trying to go just a little beyond the requirements of P.O.R. He was required to be completely word perfect in the Laws, for his desire to be a Scout was a strong driving force to achieve that end. In four weeks he was ready with his five pals to be invested. I had my talk with them and they were given copies of the illustrated life of B.-P. to read. This is more vivid than words can be. According to all authorities, boys should be invested one at a time, only as we have twelve up from the Cubs on occasions, the last poor lad would become a Scout at New Year. We therefore invest in batches as the P.L.'s present them ready. It has advantages, for I have heard Queen's Scouts reminding each other that they were invested together.

Jim and his pals are now Scouts and officially exist. They achieve the dignity of a record card and an entry in my very own Second Class record book, of which, more later. At this point one of the ex-Cubs brought along one of his pals from school, who had the usual in-tense desire to be a Scout, and the recruit machinery went into motion again. Meanwhile the six Tenderfoot Scouts were making a start on the Second Class Badge. I haven't passed any boy in any part of his Second Class: for many years. If I tried to we wouldn't progress beyond Second Class. All the instruction in Second Class and all the passing has been carried out by our P.L.'s and Seconds. I am assured by many experienced Scouters that the standard of our Troop is sure to drop, but with our present number of Queen's Scouts, after ten years, I am satisfied. The Scouters say they cannot trust their P.L.'s to pass boys. No, no! As B.-P. said, the more you leave to a boy, the more you will get from him, and what we can do, others can do also.

The smaller the portion you put before any Scout, the more likely he is to learn and pass, so I split each section of the Second Class Badge into portions, a total of 15. As each portion is passed, it is ticked off in my own record book, until the Badge is gained. This record, having all the Tenderfoot Scouts on the one sheet, makes it extremely easy to check that Jim is not being left behind by any of his pals. While our seven Tenderfoots were in the middle of their Second Class a Scout in a strange neckerchief appeared at the door. He had come to live in the district and of course picked us as his ideal Troop. He was welcomed, completing our eight recruits.

As the time for summer camp approached, our eight neared the end of Second Class. We ask for, but do not insist on, Second Class as the minimum achievement for campers they all made it, to our delight, and the camp training which the Troop programme had carried on for the last few months was bettered by week-end camping. Our site is chosen to be in Scouting country, timber for pioneering, bracken for shelters and cover for stalking and wide games. Of course we camp by Patrols each with its sleeping tent, store tent and kitchen, so our eight learned camping and cooking the pleasant way, without slavery. They came home, seven with the Camper and Stalker Badges and feeling real Scouts. The school pal recruit had been awkward at camp and showed signs of being spoiled. He didn't come back to the Troop after camp, and a visit showed parents who couldn't care less. He had to be written off, and "Then there were seven."

At the beginning of the new session in September, a P.L. showed our seven the working of the Badge system, how with their Second Class on their sleeves, they could now use the badges to build up to the First Class Badge and the Scout Cord. This, I find, is the easiest way to get First Class Badges. They came more or less automatically. So our seven found their winter occupied by the gaining of the Missioner, First Aid and Messenger Badges. Here again P.L.'s are largely the instructors. Each Troop night half an hour is given up to this Badge Progress, the whole Troop being divided into small groups on Second Class, First Class and various Proficiency Badges, the instructors being P.L.'s, Seconds, A.S.M.'s and myself. The Badges are again split into portions and recorded as passed, an outside Examiner making the final test.

Year in and year out, to keep the First Class Badge always in mind, we make a point of having a weekly stunt which involves something from the Badge. This acts both as instruction and revision. While this was going on Jim's P.L. ran regular Patrol meetings. When he asked me for guidance in doing it, he was given this, "Some progress by everyone at every meeting." Thus on all hands our seven were assailed with First Class Scouting items.

To our dismay, the ex-clever Cub now moved to another town, so, "Then there were six." Camp rolled up again and our six, feeling like old campaigners, set off. This year they were encouraged to do cooking and as a result came home with the Cook's Badge. They also made shelters and slept in them, towards the Backwoodsman and Pioneer Badge.

That September they realised that the First Class Badge lay ahead and during that winter the Badge Progress half-hour was taken up with it. Steady progress was made and towards Easter a short practice journey was made. The real thing followed shortly after, but not before the ex-cheeky Cub left us, having suddenly grown up and decided that Scouting was kids' stuff. In spite of visits he would not give us a second chance, so "Then there were five," who gained the First Class Badge.

Summer camp was a relaxation from Progress for our five that year. However, in the spirit of fun and adventure they completed the Backwoodsman Badge and on their return home gained the Scout Cord. That's the beauty of the present badge system. Under 15 you can go through a scheme culminating in the Scout Cord, and over 15 you have an almost parallel scheme, hotted up to suit the age, ending with the Queen's Scout. Our method hinges on it entirely.

At camp there were mysterious conferences between myself and the P.L.'s, and Jim found himself asked to be the new Second of his Patrol. This increased his determination to become a Queen's Scout.

The others were with him in this and that laid down what was to be done during the winter.

My own share of getting the Queen's Scout Badge became heavier at this point; Jim and his pals were reaching the critical years at school building up to the Leaving Certificate or whatever it is called nowadays. It was important that Badges involving outdoor work should be confined to the holiday months, for otherwise the burden would lead someone to chuck the Scouts. I agree the keen boy would overcome the difficulty, but I want all boys to become Queen's Scouts, not only the keen ones.

That winter our five slogged at the Ambulance and Handyman Badges in the Progress half-hour and when camp came round, they made a terrific effort lasting a month beyond camp, to complete Tracker, Pioneer, Venturer and Bushman's Thong. Unfortunately with the coming of September, one ex-average Cub had evening classes on Friday Troop night and insisted, in fairness to his Patrol, in resigning. So, "Then there were four" who went on towards the Queen's Scout Badge.

That last winter was harassing. Every school seemed to have exams. at different times, and it was only after many attempts that our three got through the Public Health and Rescuer Badges. Believe it or not, one dropped out at the last hurdle. Lost interest, I don't know why, but I suppose I'll find out in five to ten years. Ah, me! and they make cartoons explaining why Scoutmasters grow old.

The happy three now went forward for vetting and an unobtrusive character test by our D.C. He was thorough and Jim and his pals felt they had really earned the Queen's Scout Badge.

There "our method" ends except for the fact that in each season mentioned more Cubs came up and more outsiders came in, demanding the same treatment.

There's the result, three through out of eight. Were the others a dead loss? I don't think so, for if so I must admit I am a loss also, and I haven't felt that way so far.

HENRY C. THOMPSON,
110th Glasgow.



NINE SCOUTS FROM THE 110th GLASGOW, WHO ALL BECAME QUEEN'S SCOUTS THIS YEAR

To Keep You Thinking

If we are to have a race of better citizens in this country we must do more than educate them in the principles and practice of good government; we must teach them high personal standards in work and leisure, sound principles of conduct abroad and by their fireside, and the charity which, starting at home, will sweeten and inspire their relations with all their fellow-men.

HUGH LYON (*The Spectator*. 23rd Sept., 1949)

TROOP NIGHT – XV

Klondike

A Troop tradition. Using an area close to Headquarters, plan a circular course that will include a dozen obstacles or incidents. With three Patrols arrange for them to start at three points on the course - equidistant from one another. Each Patrol completes the course, ending at the incident with which it started.

Obviously the details depend upon the area, the standard of your P.L.'s, and the Scout work that you have been doing during the previous months. The Klondike is not only useful training; it is a way of finding how successful your training programme has been and how well the P.L.'s can lead.

Some of the obstacles we have used include: simple first-aid incidents, pioneering (trestle bridge over steep banked stream), cooking (tea, twist or damper), signalling, axemanship (a tree, if it can be arranged), tree climbing, trek cart work, and so on.

Include anything that the route suggests, or that fits in with your Scout work. Don't forget to include one or two incidents just for the fun of the thing: pitching a hike tent with all the Patrol, except the P.L., blindfolded (P.L. cannot help with the pitching but instructs the Patrol from a distance), a string up a tree that is easily climbed - a boy to climb it blindfolded for a message at the top (quite a feat, but the "tree-climber" of the Patrol shines), hang a pennant on the top of the flagpole - climbing the pole by tying lashings round a foot apart as you go up. Connect the incidents with code messages, compass bearings, trails, stalking, and "Blunder on" - a great favourite! In the latter, the Patrol is shown a point some two or three hundred yards distant, blindfolded and told to get itself (and whatever it is carrying with it) there. If a stream or ditch with a bridge across it is included in the route, the fun is even greater!

Points to note: Give marks for the time taken to complete the course, as well as the way in which the different obstacles are tackled. You will need several helpers - Senior Scouts? Let one helper accompany each Patrol to watch its progress (and to help if they get hopelessly stuck). Take all the helpers round the course beforehand so they know how the incidents fit into one another.

On the first occasion make the course fairly short - one and a half or two hours at the most, but don't make the obstacles too easy - it is surprising what a Patrol can tackle. You will have some welcome surprises; the quiet boy often shines at one or other of the incidents and the "difficult" boy proves a source of strength to his P.L.

Don't think that this sort of thing can only be done by country Troops. If you plan carefully the town Klondike can be just as successful. We have done first-aid in a churchyard, pitched a tent blindfold on a bomb site, taken a trek cart over a back garden fence and felled a tree in an old lady's garden (a good turn). Telephone calls, messages in shop windows, strangers in dark alleys, the proprietress of an "all night cafe" can be used to connect incidents.

Another useful link is a series of photographs of half a dozen points between one incident and the next. At point (1) is a photo of point (2); when they arrive at point (2) they search and find a photo of point (3), and so on. Include amongst the photographs one or two unusual shots of familiar landmarks.

See that the P.L.'s understand the importance of moving along the streets in the way B.-P. suggested - and in an orderly fashion. One last idea - each boy to carry an egg with him throughout the Klondike!

In a letter from a mother after a rather hectic wide game:
"I don't mind water being thrown at Michael, but when the bucket is thrown as well"

Grizzly-isms

If boys imitate us, and they do, then some of their faults may be ours as well.

When you can no longer see Red Indians behind the trees or hunt Matabele across the heath, it's time to become a Commissioner.



You can tell a Senior Scout by the Company he seeks.

Patrol System

It's common knowledge that the working of the Patrol System is difficult; the Troop (Boys' Club) System is easier and so far more common. To work B.-P.'s system properly the Scouter has two things to do:

1. Give his P.L.'s the tools.
2. Let them get on with the job.

The Tools

It is your job to train your P.L.'s; if you do that thoroughly you can safely leave the training of the Scouts to them. The better the Scouter, the less he teaches his Scouts directly. At first you will need to train the P.L.'s deliberately - one or two special meetings during the week, half an hour tacked on to the end of the Court of Honour, week-end stunts, indoor camps in winter and P.L.'s Training Camps in spring and autumn.

Your aim is twofold - to keep your Leaders one or two rungs above their boys in the Scouting ladder (you can't look up to someone who is below you!) and to teach them games, stunts and tricks that they can use on their Patrols. Give them a few ideas and before long they'll be jogging away on their own and teaching you a thing or two. Some of my best games have been scrounged from my P.L.'s! By taking this particular interest in your P.L.'s, you will not only help them to be good P.L.'s, but you will ensure that being a P.L. becomes something worth striving for - B special job - a post of responsibility.

The Job

If they find difficulty in running Patrol meetings on a night other than the Troop night, hand over half the Troop meeting to the P.L.; soon he'll want to use the whole meeting - let him! It is his show; let him get on with it. As long as he delivers the goods, the boys will follow. The loyalty of a Patrol to their leader is one of the rewards of the Scouter's job.

They'll let you down, they'll make a mess of things, they'll cause you endless trouble - you'll have to make your peace with the vicar (they'll arrange a week-end stunt that clashes with the choir festival), a parent (they go off on the maddest expeditions and don't get home till late), a farmer (they unwittingly cut down the wrong tree) and the police (they take the trek cart down the main street at night with no tail light).

But it's worth it - you just try.

Here's a code you've perhaps not seen before. Use it to begin a game when you want the patrols to start at different times and be spaced out-

T R F L E E T X H H
I B T A S D M Q R J
C C E G U H P S L S
I R E B B N E R S P
T Z C C E F O V H L
L Y K K C L W U H Y

How does it work? I'll leave it to you!

Sabotage

A town game for night or day; one variation of an old theme you might like to try.

In an hour's time a plane taking a V.I.P. on a special mission is about to leave. Saboteurs intend to destroy the plane just as it is taxiing along the runway. They have an accomplice on the airport staff to whom the bomb must be handed ten minutes before take-off time so that the bomb can be loaded with the V.I.P.'s luggage. The bomb must be handed to him, therefore, at a definite time.

The police are aware of the plot although they do not know who or where the accomplice is. They intend to trail the bomb until it is handed over, and then arrest the accomplice "redhanded."

Allow an hour for the game; half of the Troop are saboteurs, the other half police. Define area very carefully; no one is to leave the area at all. The accomplice is cited somewhere in the centre of the area and the saboteurs start with the bomb from the edge at a point unknown to the police, who can take up a position anywhere in the area before the game starts. (They are usually given a rough clue as to where the accomplice is waiting.) It needs two policemen to arrest one saboteur and no saboteur can be arrested unless he has the bomb in his possession at the time. The police then take the bomb to their headquarters which is on the edge of the area from where it can be claimed by the saboteurs. Arrest of a saboteur lasts for five minutes.

The bomb which was a 7-lb. stone jam jar filled with sand could be left anywhere that was readily accessible and need not be attended all the time although there must always be a saboteur within 100 yards of it. Buses and trains within the area could be used, but no bicycles - with one exception - one policeman could have a bike for patrolling but obviously he could not arrest without the help of another policeman.

The game went very well and saboteurs just failed to get the bomb into the right hands at the right moment, but they fogged the police by two false trails (they somehow found two other jars and carried them around the town with a beguiling air of secrecy!). This game could be played in endless ways.

Variation: *Communists*. - Communist pamphlets left in a bag at Station Parcels Office are collected by Communist Agents and delivered to an unknown address. Police to discover this address. In order to baffle them the Communists visit a series of places in town, depositing the bundle at only one of them - the other visits are all blinds. Communists have to go from place to place learning of the next address at each place, and so on, until the end. We used a stage doorkeeper, milk bar proprietor, car park attendant, cinema commissionaire, and so on. The parcel ended at a fish and chip shop where the bundle of old newspapers was very welcome!

DON GRISBROOK.

OUR DISTRICT

By A.D.C.

The D.C. called round last Tuesday evening, having 'phoned me earlier to say that he wanted me to visit, a couple of Troops with him. I was surprised, because usually we visit separately, feeling that one of us at a time is quite enough for even the toughest Troop to put up with.

"It's the 4th and the 76th we're going to see," he remarked rather grimly. "I'm thinking of closing them both down. The 4th has been as dead as mutton for years, and the vicar says that young Podsnap doesn't seem to have any control over the 76th. They are always breaking windows in the hall, and generally misbehaving themselves."

I sighed. There is a ghastly sense of defeat when a Troop is closed down.

"I hate the idea myself," said the D.C., reading my thoughts, "but a really slack Troop can ruin the prestige of Scouting in a neighbourhood, not only among the grown-ups, but among the boys. At our District Fete in July the fellows from the 4th who were supposed to man the West gate just didn't turn up, and though the 76th under young Podsnap put on his bridge building stunt as arranged, it was a shockingly poor effort, and two of his boys weren't even in uniform. So I wrote to both Scoutmasters ten days ago and warned them that I would be visiting them to-night, and that if I didn't find an improvement, I would recommend closing down the Troops and withdrawing their warrants."

The 4th is an Open Troop and meets in a School hail. Binhead the S.M. lounged to the door to greet us. He is a tall, thin, miserable fellow and he looked odd in uniform. He so rarely wears it.

"I got your letter," he said, "and I must say I was surprised, after the struggle I've made with this Troop for the last five years. It isn't as if I had really wanted the job in the first place, but when Parsley moved to Liverpool there was nobody else, so I was roped in. The real fact is that the boys in this particular neighbourhood don't make good Scouts. They can't be relied on, and there are too many counter-attractions."

He led us into the room where the parade was held. Two lads about fifteen, not in uniform, were playing table-tennis, while in a corner a Patrol Leader, with suspiciously new stripes was evidently going over the knots with five bored-looking infants, two of whom were in full uniform, one in a Scout shirt, scarf, and long trousers, and two not in uniform at all.

"Let's see your programme," said the D.C. to Binhead.

"I don't bother to write it down," said Binhead. "I just see how many turn up, and plan the evening accordingly..."

We hurried on to the 76th, which meets in St. Peter's Church Hall. We could hear the Troop from the end of the street, and when we entered the hall a large number of wild-looking Scouts were playing some sort of mad game. Podsnap, hot and perspiring, appeared to be the referee, but nobody seemed quite sure of the rules.

He caught sight of us and gave two panic-stricken pheeeps on his whistle. The Scouts immediately stopped the game and formed into a semicircle. There were thirty-four of them, mostly small.

He had evidently warned them of the D.C.'s threat, for they "backed up" angelically when they formed up into Patrols for our inspection, and those that we questioned answered eagerly and brightly. Obviously they were a "mob" rather than a Troop, but when Podsnap took us into his little cubby-hole for a chat he told us that they were a fine lot of boys, and that if we'd only give him time he'd make them into the best Troop in the District.

"Which he will, of course," said the D.C. as we walked home. "For where there is Faith there is the certainty of eventual success. I'll get the vicar to become G.S.M. and make old Hankin provide an assistant from his Rovers. But as for Binhead, the sooner he's put out of his misery, the better. His dreary outlook would ruin any assistant we sent along, and every boy who passes through his Troop probably becomes anti-Scout for the rest of his life."

35. "ADVENTURE UNDERGROUND"

by Denis Sanderson and Bruce Douglas of the Queen Elizabeth Troop (Kirkby Lonsdale)

II

Underground Camp and Exploration of Caves

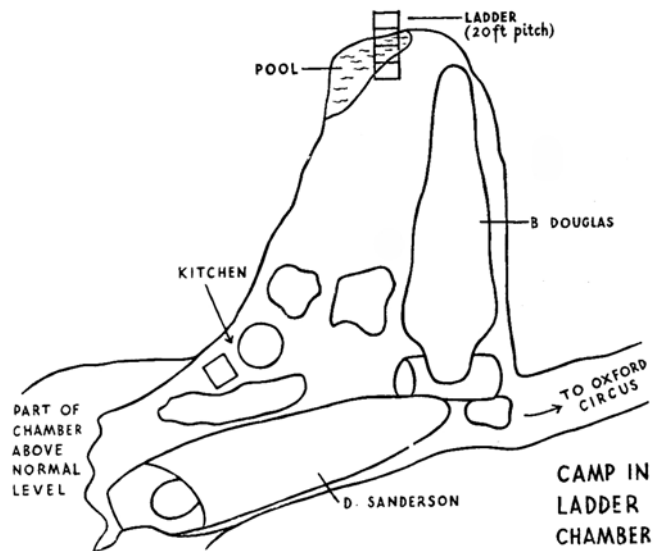
We spent the morning of the 23rd preparing for underground camp. All our personal kit was packed in my long kit-bag. We packed our food in two large water-tight tins and lashed them both on to a rucksack frame. We also had some things in a small box, a nest of billies and my sleeping-bag in its waterproof case. Bruce took the food and I the long kit-bag and our Base Camp porters took what was left. We set off in single file across the fell to Easegill, and then up Easegill to County Pot. Bruce and Paddy went down into the passage below the entrance and I began lowering our kit by means of a light rope. When all the kit was down the rest of us climbed down to Bruce and Paddy. From then on we used a relay system to get all our kit along the passages. We distributed ourselves at intervals and passed the kit from one to another until it was all at the far end of the line, then we all moved on and did the same again. We continued in this way until we came to our ladder at the 25 ft. pitch. Bruce and Paddy went down and stood astride the top of the ladder and lowered the kit with a rope. When the kit was all down the rest of us descended and we carried the kit along the passage to Oxford Circus. Again Paddy and Bruce got down and I passed the gear down to them. When we were all assembled in Oxford Circus, Bruce and I stayed to stow our kit in a dry place and the others said they would explore Broadway to the high Rift.

We found a good sleeping- and cooking-place on a sloping floor of solid rock. We removed several boulders which were in our way and stacked our kit by the cave wall. We waited a while for the return of the others and then went to look for them. We met them half-way along Broadway and asked them if they would like to explore the Snake. We had told them all about the Snake and all but Brian said they would rather go somewhere else.

We eventually decided to make a circular tour of the caves, going by Shower-bath Passage, Spout Passage, Razor Passage, and Mushroom Passage back to Oxford Circus. We set off therefore down Shower-bath Passage to Confusion Corner and thence down in a "comfortable" passage to Spout Hall. We found ourselves at the top of the Spout looking down over a cascade of water into Spout Hall. The Spout is an overhanging waterfall and did not look to be an easy way to Spout Hall. I thought I could get down but the others decided to try a gallery on the right some few yards back which they hoped would lead into Spout Hall, but which our map showed as going nowhere. However we were lucky. Ken found a very small crawl going off from the gallery towards Spout Hall. Whilst he was busy exploring its possibilities I decided to try the Spout. It was easier to get down than it looked, but I got soaked from the waist downwards. As I arrived in Spout Hall the others dropped one by one from a hole near the roof on to a pile of boulders, and they declared it to be an easier way than climbing down the Spout. If nothing else, it was dry.

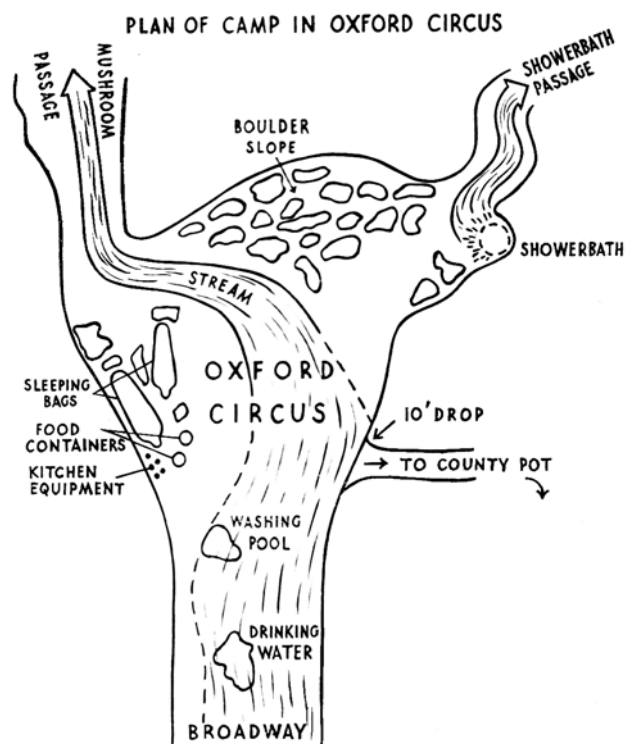
Spout Hall is large and full of huge boulders. From it we followed Spout Passage which is generally broad with the stream running in a fissure in the floor. Sometimes it was easier to walk in the fissure and sometimes on one of its banks. At one point we were forced to go down on our hands and knees but the crawl did not last long. We had been following the passage for quite a time and were beginning to wonder how much farther we had to go when I reached Platypus Junction. We stopped to look at the Platypus rock, a huge rock jutting out into the passage, and then turned into Razor Passage.

The walls of Razor Passage are made up of knife-edged rocks which are laid one upon another in tiers from floor to roof. They jut out into the passage and their edges which are extremely sharp could inflict nasty cuts upon a careless pot-holer.



We made our way carefully along this passage but the roof began to dip and it was not long before we had to crawl. We came to a waterfall which we were able to by-pass by climbing above it. We had to crawl again, and then we came to an awkward little chimney up which we had to wriggle out of the crawl below to get into the large passage above. It was a very tight squeeze. Curly, Paddy and I went through it but the others found another way through. I very much doubt if Bruce could have got through it if he had tried.

Curly and I went on ahead until we came to a high waterfall with sheer, smooth sides, and a lot of water coming down. We found later that this was the Cascade in Butterfield's Passage. We had missed our turning so we retraced our steps to Toadstool Junction where we met the others. We now followed a twisting irregular course along Mushroom Passage, so called because of a group of beautiful white formations on the roof resembling the gills of a mushroom. We passed the entrance to Green Passage which is high up in the roof of Mushroom Passage. We continued upon our way until we at last reached Oxford Circus again. We all sat down here and ate biscuits.



After this refreshment had been disposed of we set off towards County Pot. The base camp party said goodbye and Bruce and I returned to Oxford Circus. We lit our stoves and made soup. After this we fried some tinned meat and mashed potatoes, which we ate in sandwiches. We finished up with a drink of hot Oxo. We laid out our sleeping-bags on the rock, which sloped at an angle of about 20 degrees. To prevent our sliding down the rock in our sleep we placed large boulders at our feet. We washed our dixies in a small pool and put them and our other cooking equipment under a ledge in our kitchen. This done we unpacked our personal kit.

When everything had been stacked tidily we explored the roof of Oxford Circus for passages, but found none that did not lead straight back into Oxford Circus again. We followed the County Pot Passage back to the ladder and climbed up. We continued along the passage until we noticed water running down the wall on our right. We climbed to the roof and found a small passage leading off. We started to follow this passage, and at first the going was fairly easy but soon the roof got lower, and we had to crawl over numerous falls of rock. The whole roof was composed of loose rock and looked very unsafe.

We continued upon our way and suddenly in the distance appeared a gleam of light. We pressed forward as quickly as we could but the passage got smaller and smaller. A large boulder had fallen almost blocking the passage, but we squeezed round it and lying on our backs with our chests pressed against the roof struggled towards daylight. I emerged head first and the first thing I saw was "Danger - Roof Fall" written on the rock in front of my face. We had come to Rosy Sink. I scrambled out and waited for Bruce to do likewise. When he got out we dusted the sand and grit off each other and walked up Easegill Beck.

There are other holes near Rosy Sink and we tried without success to find another way in, finally going back by County Pot. When we reached camp it was 6.55 p.m. by Bruce's watch. We still had plenty of time so we set off down Mushroom Passage to explore Green Passage and Butterfield's Passage. To get into Green Passage we had to climb high into the roof. We followed it until the mud on the floor was over ankle deep, and the roof dipped so low as to make only crawling possible, and then gave it up. There were some stalactite formations hanging in a row on one wall. These gave various notes when tapped, some of them giving quite a loud sound. After experimenting with music we returned to the main cave, climbing down into the deep fissure again.

We continued to Toadstool Junction which gets its name from a rock which is shaped rather like a toadstool. After arguing over the resemblance of this rock to a toadstool we turned up Butterfield's Passage from which was flowing a strong stream. We were soon checked, however, by the Cascade which falls from quite a height into a deep pool. It is climbable in dry weather but it was now in spate. Any climber attempting to climb up the passage by putting his feet on one side and his back against the other would get the full force of the water in his middle. I tried to get up a different way but only succeeded in getting the Cascade down my neck. After this discouragement we returned to camp again via Mushroom Passage.

In Camp we fixed up two clothes lines across Oxford Circus and changed our wet clothes for dry ones. We made some hot Oxo on my petrol stove, and then Bruce got into his sleeping-bag, whilst I sat on a tin and wrote up the log by the light of a lantern suspended from the clothes line. At about eleven o'clock finished it and went to bed. We left a night light burning on a shelf. We had decided previously to keep a night light burning all the time. When approaching Oxford Circus along any passage its glow could always be seen quite a distance away and acted as a guide. After a while I found the knack of sleeping comfortably on uneven rock and went to sleep.

(to be concluded)

DEAR EDITOR

Scouts in Public

DEAR EDITOR,

During the march to the local cinema for the Renewal if Promise two things were uppermost in my mind. The first was: should I keep in step with the Scouter at the head of the Troop-in front of me, or with the majority decision of the three Scouts who formed the last file of his Troop? I soon decided on the former, which meant changing step only six times instead of about twenty-six. My Seniors managed to keep in step with me, in spite of the band behind us which was out of time with the one in front.

Having settled this, I turned to weighing the pros and cons of having one parade for the whole Area. These seemed to me to be:-
Pro 1. To remind the public that we are not a military organisation and that marching is not part of our training programme. This we did admirably.

Pro 2. To show the public how many Scouts and Cubs we have in the District. I heard one small observer remark, "Cor! there's millions of them!" - which, if a little exaggerated, at least shows an impression had been created.

Con 1. The service has to be held in a cinema where to imagine oneself in the presence of God is, for the majority of us; difficult if not impossible. The murmur of conversation which arose each time we sat down proved that.

Con 2. The speaker has to word his address to cover an age range from eight to - well, let's say from eight upwards. This type of address leaves the Cubs cold, the Seniors cynical, and the Rovers and Scouters patronisingly tolerant, but not inspired.

The solution seems obvious: separate services held in church for Cubs, Scouts, Seniors and Rovers; held by Divisions for Cubs and Scouts if the churches are not large enough.

Let's do away with the ungainly shuffling crocodile which brings us ridicule rather than respect; and let's have addressing aimed at a three or four-year age group which can grip and inspire its hearers. S.M.(S).

Rover Proficiency Badge

DEAR EDITOR,

I am in agreement with R. S. L. Humphries who suggests that another Rover Proficiency Badge be introduced. It could include subjects covered by the Handicraft, Master Cook, Electrician, Ambulance, Handyman and Public Health, Senior/Over 15 Special Proficiency Badges, plus other tasks which the Rover may be called upon to undertake as a husband.

R. S. L. Humphries says that the badge should be of the same standard as the Rover Progress Badge. I should like to ask, "What is this standard?" The R.S.L. and the Crew act as examiners for the badge, and it is they that must set a standard.

Middlesex introduced a "County Progress Lanyard" in 1952; it is black in colour and red Turks Heads are added for each stage of progress completed. On completion of the fifth and final stage the official Progress Badge replaces this lanyard.

From the above it is obvious that the Middlesex interpretation of FOR. is that the badge should only be awarded after the Rover has made suitable progress in five subjects, one taken from each of the five headings: (1) World Affairs; (2) National Affairs; (3) Cultural Subjects; (4) Scoutcraft; (5) Handicrafts, Hobbies and Sports.

Rule 271 of P.O.R. refers to ONE or more subjects under the headings quoted above, whilst Rule 526 requires evidence "dealing with the SUBJECT selected by him ..." "and again", show that he has been active in the pursuit of his CHOICE." From the two subparagraphs of Rule 526 it would appear that the Progress Badge is granted for "progress" in one subject only. If this is what I.H.Q. intends, then all I can say is that they are rating a Rover's intelligence rather low if they think he is interested in a test which is of no higher a standard than a Scout Proficiency Badge!

ARTHUR JONES,
Rover, Preston (S. W. Lancs.).

Old Rafferty's Pig

DEAR EDITOR,

Can anyone complete the song about "Old Rafferty's Pig"? It used to be sung when F. Lockwood of Cleckheaton was a Scouter with the 9th Spen Valley Troop. The first verse runs as follows:- "Old Rafferty's pig was a wonderful animal,

Built like a battleship, sturdy and stout, His impudence would have disgraced any cannibal, Ignorance written all over his snout."

Can anyone please oblige?

PATRICK A. B. PEACEY,

Cambridge University Scout & Guide Club.

A.S.M., 29th Cambridge.

A Queen's Scout Section

DEAR EDITOR,

On behalf of our Group Council I'm writing to you to tell of a great event that has happened in our Senior Scout Section. This section, which is only seven strong, can now boast of being an entire Queen's Scout Section.

Three have been Queen's Scouts for over a year and the other four have gained their Badge last month. Perhaps this is not unique in the Scouting world but to us it is a dream come true - a Group only eight years old with a full Troop of Queen's Scouts. Actually we have eleven to our credit, three others are now Scouters and the other, sad to say, very ill in hospital.

Please don't think we are swollen-headed, rather say we are very, very proud of our chaps.

If you can find a little space in the next edition of THE SCOUTER would you kindly proclaim our good news to the Scouting world perhaps as a challenge to all Senior Scouts.

RICHARD G. MARSHALL,

47th Beckenham Scout Group

Parents and S. for B.

DEAR EDITOR,

I recently had occasion to pick up *Scouting for Boys* and wondered how many parents of Scouts had ever taken the trouble to read this Handbook, which, surely is the basis for all Scouting.

It occurred to me that if parents of prospective Scouts were asked to read and digest its contents, many Scouters would have a much easier task in the training of their boys.

W. DAVIES (MRs.).

Old Hankin

DEAR EDITOR,

I must say how much I enjoy the articles on "Our District" by A.D.C. He certainly succeeds in making his point in a very witty manner and really convinces one that it IS "Our District."

However, I must confess that I was rather surprised to learn in the June SCOUTER that Old Hankin is only 48 years of age. I had imagined him to be older than this. To back up my imagination I would refer to pages 149 and 150 of *The Scouter Digest No. 1* where one learns that... "Old Hankin, who was in France 1914 - 18 . . ." This presumably means that Old Hankin was of military age during the First World War. Assuming him to have been 18 years of age in 1918, he should now be 54!

No doubt "A.D.C." can furnish us with a plausible explanation of this discrepancy in Old Hankin's age - perhaps Hankin got his "Troops" somewhat muddled!

JOHN. DUFFY,

Dagenham.

Heresies

DEAR EDITOR,

Anthony Masters' article on the difficulties of getting Scouts through their Second, First and higher badges endorsed what we have been finding in our own Group for some considerable time, although with us it is not so much the inability of the majority of the boys to master the technicalities of the badges as the lack of time, both of Scouts and Scouters, to give to the necessary training. There is simply too much to do, especially in a Sea Scout Group, to be able to work many boys through the higher grades. Very few boys will "swot" up a badge from books alone.

WHY SCOUTMASTERS GROW OLD QUICKLY.....!



With the majority it means special instruction evenings for a considerable period and a Scouter available to take them, with the usual competition of night school, prep., the cinema and looking after the baby, as well as other Group activities which in an active Group can be considerable.

In our own Group this spring, in addition to the normal weekly meeting, we have had on our hands an ambitious Musical Show, an Association Handicraft Exhibition, a Group Fete with several displays and six to eight boats to overhaul before they go out on to the water. Much too much and positively exceptional, but it will be realised what little time there has been for special instruction evenings during the past few months and all these activities are good Scouting.

We have three Queen's Scouts but they were raised to that very exacting standard only because one Scouter gave up a great deal of his Scout time to these three alone and almost bullied them through it.

With a land Group things may be easier but a Sea Scout's first care, both physically and intellectually, should be to his boats for a large part of the year, and yet very little of what he learns from and about that best of all instructors, the water, can be used towards obtaining his First Class Badge as at present constituted.

I am always a little resentful of the inordinate amount of time which has to be given up to signalling. To the majority of the boys it is the most difficult hurdle in Second and First Class. Without constant practice all that time is wasted and in any case it is practically one of the most useless. Surely it would be more reasonable to leave it to the interested boy in the form of a simplified junior Proficiency Badge with the option of Semaphore or Morse.

The use of the felling axe is another anachronism in so much as for the majority it can only be pretend and of necessity be of a very low standard. For town Troops it must present great difficulties.

And so on, and probably no two Scouters will agree on what should constitute the First Class Badge, but the object of this follow-up to Anthony Masters' "Heresies" is to bring forward the case of the Sea Scout and Scoutmaster who have so much more on their hands than has their land abiding brother. Pity the poor Sea Scout.

C. BRUNDRETY,
A.D.C., Chichester.

NOTEBOOK FOR A YEAR (18)

We hear a lot about the Patrol System, and far less about leadership; which is a pity for the Patrol System works properly only if leadership is good, and it is the primary object of the system to teach leadership, that simple word of ten letters which sums up all the qualities of character we are trying to develop. The two stand inseparable at the very heart of Scouting and it would be no bad thing if the one was never mentioned without the other. It may be that failure to do so is responsible for the presence among us of so many disciples of that picturesque but timid captain, the Duke of Plaza Toro, "who led his army from behind, he found it less exciting." To be just, however, one must admit that the shortcomings one encounters are more often than not due to ignorance: ignorance of what leadership really means, its responsibilities and its rewards. Three little stories are offered to illustrate the point, and the reader can deduce the moral for himself.

The scene is the annual Patrol camping competition. On the Saturday evening P.L.'s were warned that after inspection next morning a party of four from each Patrol under a leader would be needed for a wide game, and that cooking and chores should be organised accordingly. As soon as inspection was over the incident was staged that was to serve as background to the game. Briefly, two burglars were reported to be squabbling over the proceeds of their night's haul in an old gun emplacement about 1,000 yards from camp. The news was brought by two Girl Guides who acted their part with such well-simulated terror that the chairman of the L.A. who was visiting the camp was completely taken in and urged me to drop our childish games and deal with the situation. The P.L.'s were then told that both burglars and loot were to be found in the place described, that each should imagine that he was on his own, ignoring the presence of the others, and that they were to take suitable action, assuming the girls' story to be true: Patrol parties to report to camp H.Q. before moving off to describe the plan of action. P.L.'s dispersed and in due course action parties reported back. One P.L., and only one, brought his party in person; the other nine sent their Seconds, preferring for themselves the more arduous responsibility of watching the potatoes boil.

For the second story the scene is the same, and the time one year later. The outlines of the programme were the same but when P.L.'s reported for orders they were told that there were three tasks. The first two could be tackled by single boys, or by pairs, the last needed two or three boys of whom one must be the Patrol Leader. "Sir," said a P.L. whom we will call Peter, for we shall need the name later, "I can't go."

"Why not?"

"Please sir, I'm the cook."

"All right, then you can send your Second."

"Please sir, he's my mate."

Pausing only to record that the actions of the Patrol Leaders in both stories were duly reflected in the results of the competition, we pass on to the last story. The scene is many miles away and this time there were no Scouts, only Scouters, for a Wood Badge Course is in progress. It was the period devoted to axemanship and two Patrols were at work in a small copse, each with three or four young trees to fell, the branches to be stripped and stacked, and the trunks to be sawn into suitable lengths- for use on the estate. After perhaps an hour the estate wagon came out to pick up some of the lengths that had been sawn up, and when he was loaded up the driver called for a volunteer to go back with him to help unload. As the trip was to all intents and purposes a free ride back to camp it was not an unattractive offer on a hot summer's morning, and one or two envious glances went after the resourceful figure that snatched up a shirt and was jolting away on the back of the wagon almost before some of them realised what had happened. Shortly after there was some small change of plan and the cry went out for the P.L. of the Pigeons: but answer came there none, for the P.L. of the Pigeons was by then safely back in camp.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?

Despite the lapse recorded in the second story the boy called Peter was a good Scout; indeed if he had not been such a good one he would on that day have been in London. It happened like this: the boys representing the L.A.; at the various Coronation activities had been chosen as far as possible to give each Group a chance, but in the end one of the boys due to go to the Abbey service fell out, and as there was no one else in line for the vacancy I decided to offer it, all expenses paid, as a personal reward to a boy to be chosen from the pair winning the district marathon. Peter's original fellow traveller had a sharp attack of mummy trouble on the morning of the competition, and the only boy who could be found to go at such short notice, although carrying a man's size heart, stood barely five feet in his socks, so that Peter almost literally had something to carry. It was a fine effort by both of them that put them at the top of the list, and Peter went pink with pleasure when I told him he had won the special prize. Then he remembered himself.

"Please sir, I should like my mate to go. If he hadn't come along with me we couldn't have entered."

I think he looked a shade relieved when I told him that the pocket Hercules was not eligible to go, but that was not the end of the matter. About a week later my telephone rang and I heard the voice of Peter explaining that he would have to turn down my offer as he was needed to act as Patrol Leader in the district camping competition. You can't argue with boys like that.

It will be recalled that the last of the series of articles on what made up a perfect day in camp (THE SCOUTER July 1953) took the form of answers by ten boys to a set of questions sent out by the Editor. Those who took the trouble to analyse those answers will know that six of them chose some form pioneering activity as the ideal occupation for the morning.

Out of seventeen Troops I visited in camp last summer only three had brought with them any pioneering, materials.

Did anyone at the back of the hail ask why boys leave Scouting?

It was a modest camp, consisting of seven boys all told, of whom only two had camped before, and one Scouter who explained that he had volunteered to resurrect a Troop that had fallen on evil days, but that before finally making up his mind to do so he had brought the boys to camp to make certain they were going to get along well together. They had only arrived the day before and there had been torrential rain throughout the night so they were in something of a mess, and more than a little horrified that the D.C. should have found them in such a state. However, I explained that I made a practice of visiting camps after unusually bad weather to see if any help was needed and was then asked to come again, which anyway I had meant to do. Next time the sun was shining and one and all were in a more cheerful mood. In chatting to the Scouter I asked if the boys had yet succeeded in seeing any of the wild animals that! knew were to be found around the site.

"Oh, yes," he said; "we've seen the badgers."

He went on to explain that having been told by the bailiff that they were about he had baited a biscuit tin lid with a lump of fat bacon, and then sat up with his two P.L.'s in a nearby pit to await results. It was not till long after midnight that the clang of the lid warned them of the arrival of an intruder, and on switching on their torches they had seen Father B with his paw raised over the tin, Mother B just behind him, and the luminous eyes of Master and Miss B a few yards away down the path.

On the other hand there were the two boys from the rather pretentious camp who accepted my offer of a lift into the town, and when I asked them where they were heading for they said, "Woolworths." It certainly takes all sorts to make world.

The things they ask you:

P.L. (after the D.C. has invited questions at the end of a talk on "Leadership"). "Please sir, what do I do when I tell a boy to do something, and he tells me to take a running kick at myself?"

And the things you hear:

Excessively plain little boy (with his face well buried in an enormous wad of bread and jam), "Gosh, I'm ravishing."

J. G. ELLIOTT.

NEWS FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

This is the time of year when the Group Council holds one of its most essential meetings, because although our administrative year commences in April, the training year begins in the autumn when the climax of the previous year's work - the summer camp - is past and the Group settles down after the holidays, This is the time for the next year's targets to be considered. Already, we know that any Scout who wants to go to the Jamboree in Canada next year must have his First Class Badge by 1st June, so one target has been decided for us; but there are other targets to be set for each member of the Pack, the Troop and the Seniors. In addition to these all-important matters, no doubt thought will be given to Christmas activities - the Christmas Good Turn and the various jollifications; perhaps, too, the date of the Annual Show will be talked and thought about.

The Group Council is, I believe, one of the most important and valuable gatherings of Scouters. We have many meetings in Scouting, in the District, the County and at I.H.Q. - some may say too many! - but the Group Council cannot meet too frequently, either formally or informally. Its task is to look after the development and welfare of the individual members of the Group, a job that demands continual thought and action. The Group Council does not think in terms of this Cub problem or that Scout difficulty, and never do they talk about THE BOY. They think and talk about Cub Peter, Scout John and Senior Bill.

When Group Councils meet frequently as a Patrol under the leadership of the G.S.M. and keep before them the needs and aspirations of those they are privileged to lead, the less, I believe, are we likely to hear of *Scouts* leaving the Scout family before they have tasted all the fun and adventure it offers.

The Annual Report of the Committee of the Council for the year ended March 31st, 1954, was approved by the Council at their meeting towards the end of July and copies are now available in the Scout Shop, price 1/- (1/3 post free).

It is an interesting publication and covers most of the Association's activities during a memorable year. It seems to me just the sort of thing which would interest not only lay supporters but also those whose help and assistance we are endeavouring to obtain.

This issue of THE SCOUTER contains an order form for The Gang Show, 1954, which will be staged at the Golders Green Hippodrome from November 29th to December 11th inclusive. It will be seen that the form announces two changes in the arrangements: first that each application is restricted to thirty-five tickets, and, second, some changes in the prices of seats. Those alterations have been made in a further endeavour to widen the distribution of tickets.

You may think thirty-five is a rather high maximum - unless you are proposing to apply for a couple of hundred tickets! but we have to think of the coach parties. It would be unfair to give a figure which is less than the capacity of a motor-coach. Of course, those who would like more than thirty-five tickets may send in more than one order form but they must be in separate envelopes, please, so that each form has an equal chance in the allocation of seats.

With regard to the price changes, this has been done to make more seats available at the popular prices. In past years, many people have been disappointed because, after applying for seats at 6/- and having had their money returned, by the time they had written out a cheque or bought another postal order and sent it to the box office for 8/6 seats those tickets had gone. There is no doubt that the fewer the prices the less the chance of disappointment - to say nothing of annoyance.

In the unlikely event of anyone harbouring the thought that the new price range will yield more money, you may be interested to know that the total receipts will be reduced as a result of the new scheme! While these arrangements may not solve every ticket problem, they should help to reduce the difficulties.

A. W. HURLL,
Chief Executive Commissioner.

THE GILWELL LETTER

One week from my Diary - some of it - ignoring the routine of letters, callers, and 'phones.

Saturday. Said "Good-bye" to a somewhat over-large Cub Course (numerically, not individually); forty-two candidates from outside Great Britain and only twenty-one from the Home Country. The Course included over twenty Malayans, about a dozen of them girls - and what a good lot they were! None of them had camped before and most of them had no experience of Cubbing; both the camping and the Cubbing were lapped up with tremendous enthusiasm. Within the hour we were welcoming (?) the next Scout Course: eight nations represented including a large contingent from Egypt, Germany, Sweden, United States of America, India, and Malaya. It has been pouring with rain since early morning. (A nice winter we're having this summer!)

6.00 p.m., a Troop of French Scouts arrived; we expected them *next Thursday*. They had been washed out of a camp on the South Coast and came to Gilwell sans tents, sans groundsheets, sans dry blankets, sans food. All hands on deck for the next two hours to provide for their needs. The priest with them was concerned to know where to say Mass and the Scouts to know if they could borrow a football.

Sunday. A.M. Not raining - yet. The Course looks promising and played the first set of games with great enthusiasm. The three hundred boys in camp are in good heart despite the very wet night - only one Troop capitulated. The French boys have been to Mass and are busy playing football.

Three visits from Branches of the B.-P. Guild, all to be shown round and given tea - very nice people and most appreciative. Visits too, from a couple of stray Cub Packs we had not expected and a couple more we had expected. No doubt that B.-P.'s footprint means more to a Wolf Cub than do the beauties of the countryside or Essex architecture. One Cub told me, "I have been in more than a year but Akela has not given me a Service Star yet." Akela blamed the Badge Secretary when I tackled her - I wonder who the Badge Secretary will blame. I hope the Cub has his Star now. How important it is to give boys things as soon as they earn them!

Only two ambulance cases this week-end.

Monday. The Course continues. Lengthy discussions with an R.A.F. Squadron Leader. We are just about to embark on special training at Gilwell for groups of R.A.F. Officers - just a sort of S.T.A. in case the staff gets idle.

Lat trouble - a minor stoppage.

Tuesday. A burglary in one of the outbuildings, the fourth this year. The usual rigmarole with the police but no tangible results. Somewhat astonished to learn that they cannot bring the police dog because "It's the dog's day off, - lucky dog!"

Talked to an experienced Scouter whose opinion I greatly value. He said this about the Queen's Scout Reception at Gilwell: "Whatever anyone has to say about the good old days, I can assure you that twenty years ago the Movement could not have produced a bunch of lads like that." Feel some pride in the knowledge that well over half the Scouters of those boys were trained here since the war. Otherwise a relatively quiet day; only the Course to run, the correspondence to deal with and arrangements to make about the Gilwell stand at Filey.

Wednesday. Some astonishingly good pioneering by the Course - even I was satisfied. Completed drafting the Gilwell programme to the end of 1955! News that the rating assessment has been reduced - persistence rewarded!

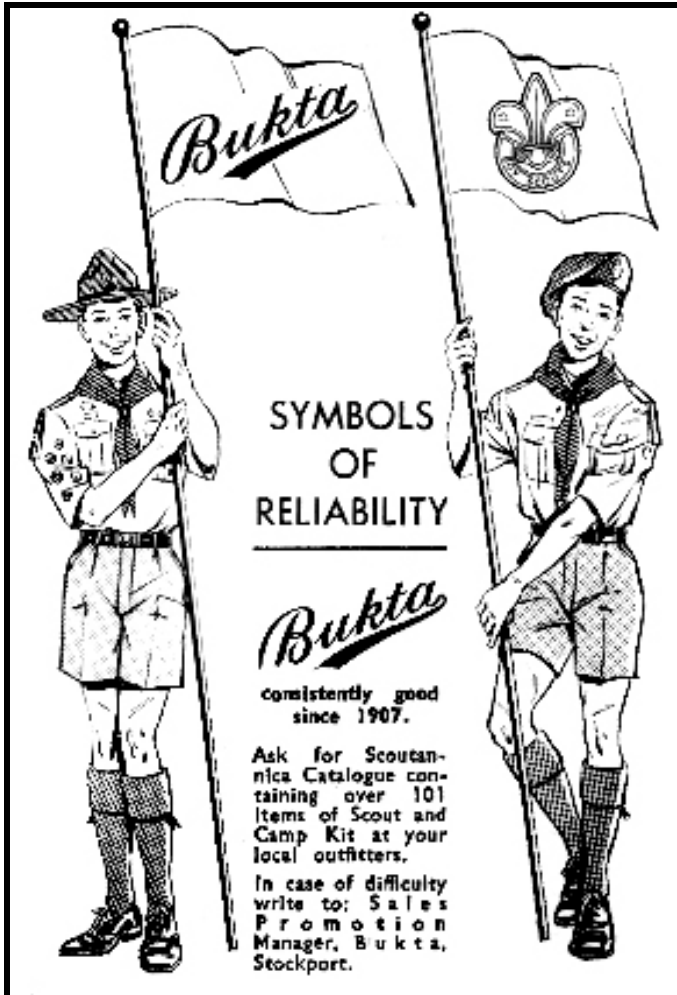
Thursday. "Obstacle" day. The H.Q. Commissioner for Scouts gave a helping hand with both profit and pleasure. The Owls produced the best Camp Fire item seen in years - impossible to describe - motif vaguely Egyptian. A visit from Sir Ian Bolton a regular and most welcome guest: one of the few people who can talk objectively about the past.

Friday. The Course off on its hike and the staff out in the Forest to spot their camp sites. Finding eight Patrols in Epping Forest takes rather longer than it does to write about. However, operation completed before midnight.

Saturday. A huge batch of summer campers arriving, between three and four hundred. Three more branches of the B.-P. Guild visiting, including the Central Branch. A visit from Sir Harold West, a Member of the Council; showed him Gilwellbury, our new hostel annexe, which he obviously liked. The Course arrived bank in good order and so to the final Camp Fire; up to standard. The last hour with the Course in the Providore - doors closed at a quarter to midnight and another week is over, but only just in time.

Correspondence with twenty-two different countries this week.

JOHN THURMAN,
Camp Chief



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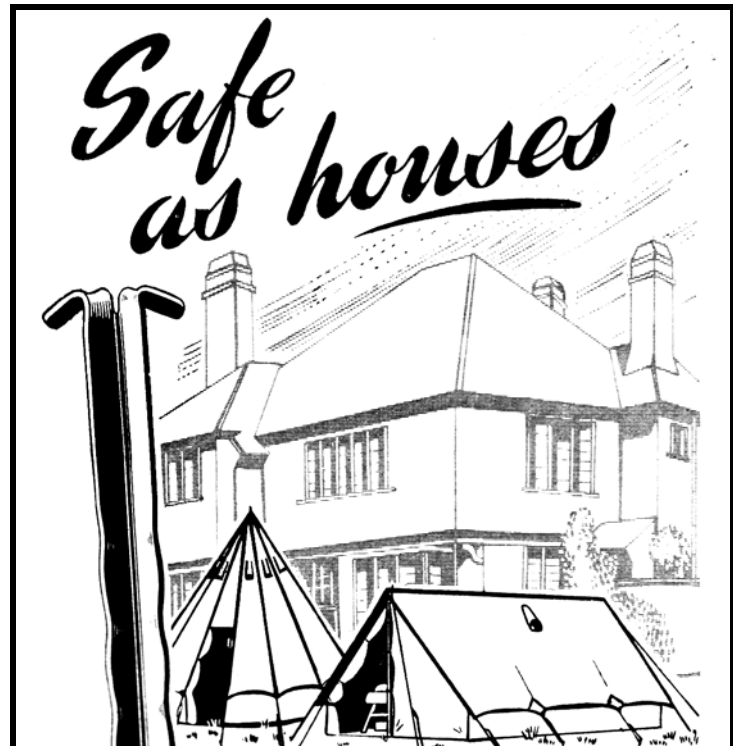
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LUCK OF TILE MONTH *By* THE EDITOR

September

By this time term has begun: boys, in new forms, in new schools, continue to live their intricate half-secret lives against changed backgrounds with changed emphasis and changing values and new interests. Scouting will only hold its place in their lives if it is exciting and challenging and loved - more exciting, more challenging, more loved than any of the score of newly-discovered or vociferous activities that thrust in upon them. So we must present Scouting so that it offers thrills and adventures as well as the possibility of constant achievement, and offer it in an atmosphere of high-spirited friendship which calls out to the high spirits and demand for affection which are fundamental in boys of all ages.

It is the time of earlier night falling, and leaves dancing from the branches, of conkers and chrysanthemums. Autumn is often a mellow and gracious time: it is always a time which needs extra thought and perception and imagination in those who serve Cub and Scout as their so-called "Masters."

"The Scout"

Two admirable suggestions have been sent to me by Scouters and I gladly pass them on. The first is that Scouters might themselves be willing to order a regular number of copies of *The Scout* from their newsagent and sell them to Scouts (or Cubs) at Troop (or Pack) meetings. This suggestion came from more than one source and does overcome the difficulty that boys often *mean* to do things which they don't somehow get round to doing. I hope that many Scouters may feel able to act as "agents" for *The Scout* in this way.

The second suggestion is that subscriptions (for 3 months, 6 months, a year) to *The Scout* might be offered as prizes and gifts on such occasions in the Group life when prizes and gifts are appropriate.

Some readers complain that they (or their boys) have difficulty in getting *The Scout* from their newsagent. The only reason for this is the newsagent's indifference or neglect. If you have difficulty will you write to me letting me know the name and address of your newsagent and, if possible, his wholesaler? Thank you.

From a Scout Log (sent me by Mr. G. R. Bailiff):

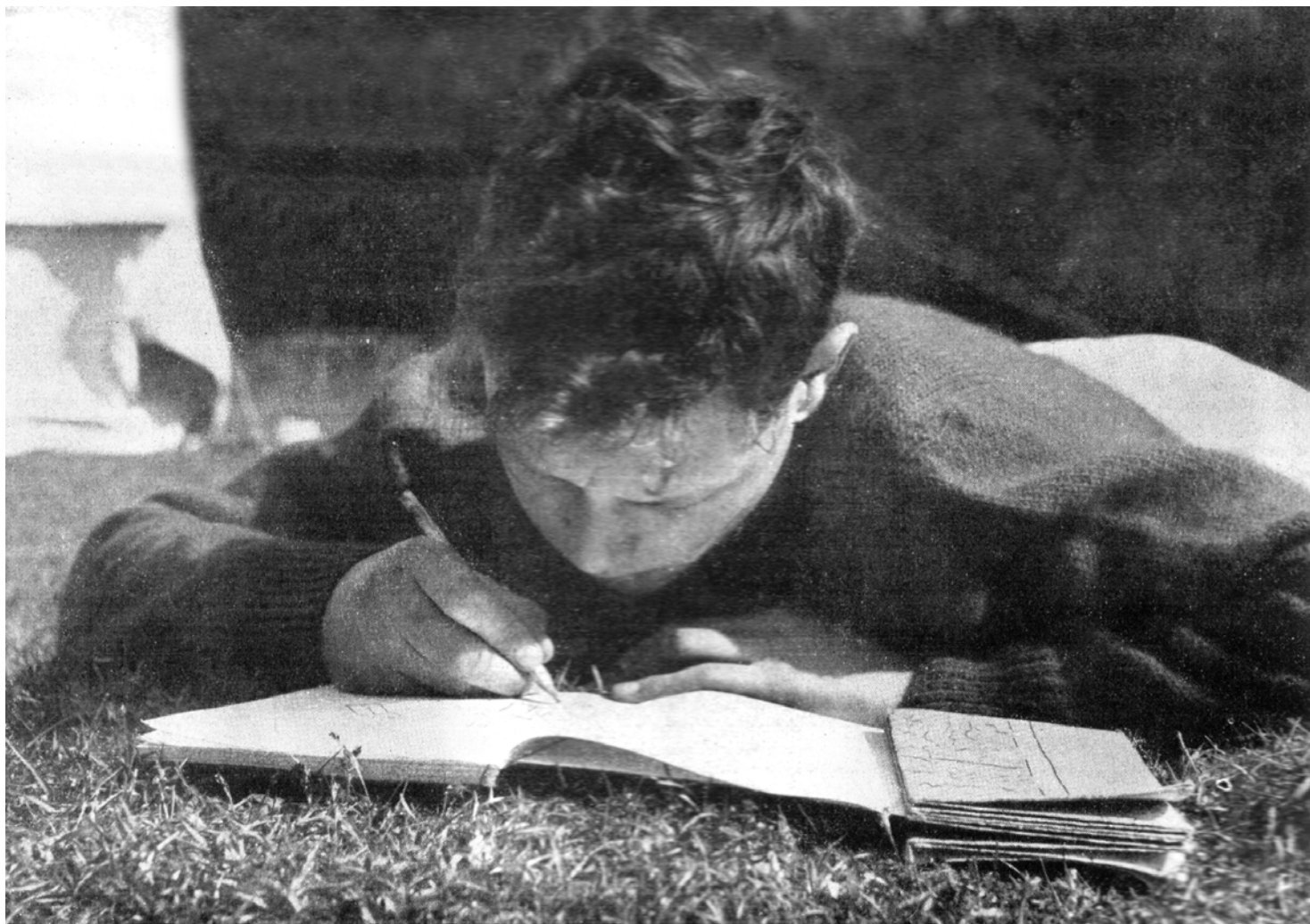
"We went to the farm in Beards Hole and asked permission to camp for the night. We got permission and some water, pitched tent and got busy with supper. We voted it good and after an ordeal with cows and heifers turned us and wrote the log. Later the bulls came back and we got out of the tent and looked at them, in a circle, closing in on us.

"Would a mug and spoon used as a cow bell lead them away? Would it? Would it heck! There were no two ways about it, we were at our wits end. We can't even see them if they . . . the torch . . . shine it in their eyes. They left us at a steady gallop so we re-entered the tent, finished the log up-to-date and said the Lord's Prayer together, followed by our own silent prayers."

Out of the Mouths (1)

A tale from the very successful Devon Jamboree. Some Scouts were searching in the camp Scout Shop for a book. The Scouter behind the counter asked if he could help. Oh yes, he could: it was a book they wanted to take back as a present for Skip., which they'd seen on the counter the other day. No, no other book would do. After a search the shop-Scouter found them the book they wanted to "take back for Skip." It was called *How to Run a Troop!*

REX HAZLEWOOD



THE LOGBOOK *By* PETER PRIDHAM

LETTERS TO A YOUNG ROVER - IX

DEAR DAVID,

Thanks for your letter acknowledging the book I sent you about the life of Lord Shaftesbury. I'm glad you managed to wade through it to the end and that it made such an impression on you. "Ordinary people couldn't have had very tender consciences in those days," you write, "to let children of seven years old work in factories for long hours and in horrible conditions."

Looking back into history the same sort of idea has often occurred to me myself. Take the slave-trade, for instance. For a century or more British seamen were buying coloured men and women and children in Mrica, battering them down in the holds of ships; and taking them across to America for sale. Thousands died on the way after terrible suffering, and all the time in England ordinary people were eating their dinners and singing hymns and playing cricket, and not one in a thousand seems to have worried about the slave-trade.

The answer is, of course, that this apathy is due not to lack of conscience, but to lack of imagination. Once men of imagination and eloquence took up the cause and made the public realise the human suffering that the slave-trade entailed, the ordinary people rallied round, and a terrible blot was removed from our national life.

What I'm writing to you about this month, however, is not children in factories, or slaves, but animals. The Sixth Scout Law tells us that "A Scout is kind to animals," but it is not a law which we often bother much about, except in a negative way; and though I know you are not particularly interested in animals, I want you to think seriously about the subject, because as a citizen you have a share in the responsibility for the way we treat animals in this country, and I don't want you to evade your responsibility through sheer lack of imagination, as those ordinary citizens in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries evaded their responsibility for the slaves and the factory children.

"It isn't our business" they probably said if they thought about it at all, but I don't want you to say that it isn't your business when animals are brutally ill-treated in the enlightened England of 1954. I have lately been making a list of a few actual cases:

A 14-year-old schoolboy tied a frog by the back legs and held it, alive, over a fire until it was dead. The boy was absolutely discharged on payment of 4s. costs.

A donkey was tied to the back of a car and dragged along for 100 yards with legs splayed, leaving a trail of pools of blood. The owner was fined £5 and paid £7 14s. 7d. costs.

A farmer was prosecuted for the seventeenth time. In 1948 he was fined £25 for causing unnecessary suffering to sheep, in 1950 he was imprisoned for causing unnecessary suffering to twenty pigs. A year later he was prosecuted for causing unnecessary suffering to twenty-two pigs. Even when a man like this has proved himself completely unlit to be allowed charge of dumb creatures, there is no law to prevent him having charge of them again.

A man saw a cat coming out of a shop, picked it up by the tail and flung it high in the air. He was gaoled. Another man threw a kitten into an oven and baked it alive.

These are just a few of thousands of the sort of cases that occur every year. But what, you may ask, can you do about it? If you were there in person when these things were done you would try to stop them, and try to see that the perpetrators were punished, but usually you can only help by proxy, that is to say, by subscribing to one of the animal societies who are working to stamp out this sort of thing. Most of these cases, as it happens, were brought to light by the R.S.P.C.A., but there are other societies doing equally good work. Don't you think that for the sake of the Sixth Scout Law you ought to subscribe to one of these societies, or at least, when they have flag days, to put half a crown instead of a penny in the box?

About those cases of plain cruelty there can of course be no controversy, but some of the other aspects of the way we in England treat our animals are highly controversial, and need thinking about. As a Scout, bound by that Sixth Law, you can't dodge coming to a decision on them.

There is the question, for instance, of fox-hunting and stag-hunting. Are these sports cruel? Again, you must make up your own mind after listening carefully to the arguments on both sides.

From time to time, also, certain topical questions about animals come up, and in the arguments about them you must take your part as a Scout and a citizen. Four horses, for instance, were killed in this year's Grand National at Aintree. Immediately there was a demand from a certain section of the public that the Grand National should be abolished, together with all similar steeplechases. Others suggested that the course should be made easier and the regulations revised to make sure that only exceptionally strong and fit horses were entered. What do you think about this?

Another topical question at the moment is about a rabbit disease called myxomatosis, which has greatly reduced the number of rabbits on farms, where they are a serious pest destroying thousands of pounds worth of crops every year. There are three schools of thought about how myxomatosis should be dealt with. School A says that the disease is so painful that it ought to be stamped out or at least localised. School B says that it is nature's way of keeping down the rabbit population, and should be allowed to take its natural course. School C says that we are justified in artificially spreading the disease in order to get rid of rabbits wherever they damage crops, even though the animals die in terrible agony. What's your view about this?

You must at least study all these questions. If in any case you genuinely cannot make up your mind as to which side is right, you are justified in "sitting on the fence," but for apathy through slackness there is no excuse.

The apathy of the British public towards the treatment of animals is appalling, as is clearly shown when an Animal Bill, even a non-controversial one, comes up in the House of Commons.

I had a personal experience of this twenty years ago, when as a young man I took part in a campaign to prevent the export of old war-horses to the Continent. Hundreds of horses that had helped win the 1914 War, too old and broken to be permitted to do any sort of work in England, were being shipped under horrible conditions to certain continental countries, and worked to death in a way that would have led to immediate prosecution in this country. It was a clear case of wicked and unnecessary cruelty, but it took years to get enough public support to get the Bill through the Commons, though it was done eventually. The little part I played in helping get that Bill through is one of the things in my life that I am proudest of, because personally, like you, I'm not really interested in animals, any more than those forbears of ours were interested in slave-ships. I just lent a hand because I was a Scout, and I hope you'll do what you can for our dumb friends, for the same excellent reason.

I hope, too, that if you become a Scouter when you get home, you will never let those under your charge forget the Sixth Scout Law, just because you yourself are not particularly interested in animals. You'll probably have Scouts in your Troop or Cubs in your Pack who own dogs and cats, and it will be up to you to see that they treat them properly, and understand how to look after them.

Parents who know nothing about animals themselves often buy puppies or kittens or rabbits for their children, and imagine that the children will know how to look after them by instinct. Too often the small boy starts by half-killing his pets with kindness and then gets tired of them and neglects them. If (like me) you are not an expert on the care of pets yourself, you ought to invite somebody who is to come down and give an occasional yarn on the subject to your Troop or Pack.

Be sure that the knights of old treated their horses with care and consideration, and we in this mechanical age must not fall below the standard they set in chivalry towards the animals who serve us, and whose happiness depends entirely on the mercy of man.

Yours ever, A. D. C.

THE SCOUTER PICTURE GALLERY No. 4

Dedication

by B. Scott



THE OTHERS

In September, all over the country hundreds of Troops are reluctantly returning to everyday life after happy days in camp, thousands of mums are washing millions of socks and shirts, and Scouters are taking a brief respite before the new season, sinking into comfortable armchairs and enjoying the luxury of thinking of the troubles and joys of yet another Summer Camp successfully completed.

Perhaps the weather had not been too kind.. maybe one or two meals had not been quite "Cordon Bleu" standard: such little troubles were merely the salt that seasoned the dish. Every Scouter must have found that the main ingredient, the Scout, was as good as ever. Every camp resounded with the cheerful noise of happy, healthy Scouts, working and playing together, filling themselves with good wholesome food, and restoring their bodies and spirits in our beautiful countryside.

And now, in September, they have returned to towns and villages, some to new schools, others to start on their first jobs. No matter how much they enjoyed the camp, it's good to get back home. Surprisingly enough, Mum and Dad seem pleased to see them and hear all about their adventures, the pets are still there, just the same except that there seem to be a lot more white mice, sister's got a new boy friend, the boy next door is asking for trouble again, there's a new blazer for school, there are all the old familiar possessions. . . yes, home again, and it's good.

Maybe there are some who haven't a Mum and Dad and are looked after by a kindly authority which does its best to replace the irreplaceable. . . at any rate, there is comfort, food, affection and guidance. In Britain, no child is destitute, no child need go without food, shelter and guidance.

We would be blind indeed if we did not recognise that all over the world there are millions, yes really millions, of children who are not in the fortunate position of our Scouts. Suffer though we did, our country was not ravaged and torn apart by war, our children were not separated for ever from their parents to struggle for existence, many not knowing their names, ages or even nationalities. There are still many thousands of children living in camps in Germany who have no nationality or who cannot return to their native lands. In Korea, the plight of the refugee children is even worse. In many parts of that country the standard of living was never high, but the abysmal depths to which even that standard has sunk cannot be adequately described. In one refugee community, in tents perched on the side of a hill in Korea, relief workers found one tent, 40 feet long by 15 feet wide, in which 120 people were living, and among them were boys dying of starvation and tubercular meningitis.

In some mountain villages of Greece, there is just scant existence, not living; in Somaliland hundreds of boys leave their villages and congregate in the towns; forming gangs which beg and steal, and die of starvation in the streets and back alleys.

In many other parts of the world this story can be repeated, in lesser or greater degrees.

The various agencies of the United Nations are hard at work endeavouring to alleviate this distress. Most democratic nations have their relief organisations which send teams of workers and doctors to try to combat disease and provide nourishment. Scouts can take pride in the Scouts International Relief Service which did such magnificent work for several years on the pennies and shillings subscribed by British Scouts.

I have the honour to serve one of the British pioneer organisations, the Save the Children Fund, founded in 1919, which is engaged on child welfare and relief in many parts of the world, including Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece.. the Jordan, Korea, Somaliland, the Sudan and Malaya. In Malaya we have a fine, almost self-supporting home for orphan boys of Malay, Chinese, Tamil and Eurasian birth: there is a little "international" Scout Troop here. Considerable work is also done in Britain to supplement the provisions of the statutory authorities.

I have wanted to draw your attention to the plight of other boys, not our fortunate British Scouts, with their homes, parents, kindly welfare state and the guidance of devoted volunteers like yourselves: nor, indeed, on this occasion, do I wish to remind you of your brother Scouts all over the world, but of the millions of unknown young brothers, of many nationalities and creeds, who are, according to our Fourth Law, our "friends."

Who would see a friend in distress without trying to do something about it? You may think that the problem is so great that one man, one boy or one Troop could not achieve anything. You would be wrong. There is one small way in which a Scout Troop could help more than any other organisation.

Let the experts provide the medical supplies and the trained doctors and nurses, and let the charitably-disposed adult provide money and food. A Scout Troop's contribution could be the provision of clothing for boys their own age, especially shorts, trousers, warm jerseys and socks. They needn't necessarily be new: when a boy has worn nothing but stinking rags for years, a warm, clean, well-patched jersey and shorts are gifts from Heaven . . . or a personal gift from a British Scout.

If any Group feels moved to implement the Fourth Scout Law in this fashion, perhaps as a thank-offering for a wonderful summer camp, please send your parcels to me, Don Sutherland, The Save the Children Fund, 20 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, and I shall acknowledge every gift on behalf of its new wearer.

DON SUTHERLAND.



HOW CAN WE RUN A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION?

By **J. J. PYTCHIES** and **K. R. R. WILSON**,
*GS.M. and S.M.(S.) of the 11th Taunton
(King's College) Scout Group*

VIII. HEALTH

It is essential to provide Senior Scouts who intend to camp in remote or uninhabited places with a knowledge of health and hygiene beyond that which is to be found in the Scout First Aid Syllabus up to First Class standard. Otherwise they will not know what steps to take when someone falls ill, perhaps at a mountain camp far from the nearest doctor. The proper person to give the necessary instruction is your local practitioner. Try to persuade him to do so, as it is very important that this information shall be clearly and expertly imparted, and in such a way that those concerned do not become constantly alarmed by "symptoms" of imaginary illnesses of one sort and another. Here, however, are some of the more important points to be covered:

1. The prevention of illness. Be sure that all are well instructed in the fundamentals.

Cleanliness is just as important in the wilds as elsewhere; but there will be a temptation to let standards slip. This applies to the storage and preparation of food just as much as to one's personal hygiene.

Clothing - several thin layers of clothing give a better protection than one thick one. Towels make the best mufflers in wet weather. Do not, if possible, wear waterproof clothes (capas, anoraks, etc.) when on the move in dry weather; but always put on additional clothing when resting for long.

Care of the Feet. Emphasise the importance of this. Boots must fit and not be new. Do not wear much-darned socks. Wash your feet daily. Prick your blisters if this can be done hygienically; in any case cover them as soon as possible with an elastoplast dressing.

Getting Wet Through. No harm will come provided that something waterproof, such as a gas cape, is worn; evaporation, and thus loss of heat and of resistance to illness, is then avoided.

Sufficient Sleep. This is vital, not only for good health, but also for morale and efficiency. Over-enthusiasm often leads to neglect of this point.

2. The Recognition of illness. Detailed instruction in the symptoms of illness is not advisable. Mild illnesses often have very similar symptoms to potentially dangerous ones. Stress rather, therefore, the symptoms of illness in general - the face flushed or pallid; the breathing altered (e.g. to rapid or slow); the temperature raised (take it!); loss of appetite; and definite pain in some part of the body, especially the head or the stomach. If one or more of these symptoms occurs, consider getting in touch with a doctor. Err always on the side of caution, but visit him where possible during normal surgery hours, except in case of emergency. He is a busy man.

3. The Initial Treatment of Illness. Meanwhile, there are various steps which you yourself must take. Make the patient warm, quiet and comfortable. Provide him with plenty of liquids - e.g. hot sweet tea or fruit juice - and with suitable "light" food - e.g. soup, thin bread and butter, egg and milk dishes. In cases of pain or raised temperature, give two or three aspirins. Keep your head; and, if you are worried, do not show it.

4. Essential Medical Equipment. In addition to the normal First Aid box, the following items should be taken: aspirins; cascara tablets (for constipation); redoxon tablets (Vitamin C - valuable for building up or maintaining "resistance"); and a thermometer. First Aid boxes supplemented in this way must be at all out-camps.

Also useful are Enos (for cases of sickness); T.C.P. (as a general antiseptic); Kaolin (to "draw out" boils); and a "miniature" of brandy for cases of exposure and exhaustion (brandy and sugar diluted with hot water and taken with two aspirins often gives relief in cases of asthma).



WHERE IS THIS? (6)

The July photo in this series was taken from the edge of Gilwell Park looking across the George V Reservoir, England.

5. The Emergency Rucksack. This contains things likely to be needed in case of an accident away from base. It must be kept always ready at base. There is not space here to deal adequately with its contents, and with the steps which must always be taken on such occasions, especially in the mountains, but these are well set out in *Climbing in Britain* by J. E. Q. Barford (Pelican Books). The relevant chapter must be regarded as essential reading, and the whole book is extremely valuable.

These are some of the main points to keep in mind. Lack of space prevents the mentioning of any more. Additional valuable information is to be found in Chapter XVII of *First Aid and Ambulance Work*, by Watkin W. Williams. It remains, however, strongly advisable that you should seek assistance in this training from a doctor; and moreover that you should take at least one really knowledgeable "layman" with you on your expedition.

So ends this series of articles. They do not set out to be a Complete Guide; they merely point out the kind of problems that must be faced. They can never replace either a thorough practical experience of camp-craft and mountain-craft by some members of the party or the services of reliable scientific advisers.

We hope, however, that they will have convinced you that it is indeed possible for boys to undertake an expedition in which original scientific field work of significance is carried out (and this is the only type of field work really worth doing); that none of the problems of organisation are really formidable, providing that they are tackled in the right way; and that the result is a far more worthwhile and inspiring camp than any which merely seeks "adventure" for its own sake.

"Can we run a scientific expedition?" Perhaps these articles will have helped you to make up your mind that you can.

SPECIAL PACK MEETING

VI

Here is a suggestion for a 14 hours Special Pack Meeting based on the Queen's Commonwealth Tour.

We depart from England on the first stage of the tour to Bermuda by the airliner "Canopus." It is a long stretch across the ocean and the pilot has to find his way and set his course by compass.

COMPASS CIRCLE - Gear: Nil.

Split Pack into circles of eight, who sit in a circle. One Cub in each circle is named North and time is then allowed for others to find their own "points" silently.

Scouter calls a point - S.E. - who sits still until his opposite point - N.W. - has touched him when they both change places.

We fly on to Jamaica and here we board the Gothic and sail for Fiji. Before sailing, however, it is necessary to pass through the customs and present our passports.

EMBARKATION - Gear: Caricatures, sufficient for each Cub.

A caricature (head and shoulders) of Cub is given to each Cub (drawn by the Pack artist if possible). The Pack then line up, each Cub holding the drawing in front of him and imitating same as he boards the liner, showing his passport to go on board.

On arriving at Fiji we dress in the national costume and we now make grass skirts from newspaper.

Gear: Newspapers and pins (safety for preference).

From Fiji we journey to Tonga where the Queen meets Queen Salote, and still retaining our grass skirts we are entertained by the Tongans to a feast.

TONGAN FEAST - Gear: A bag of duplicate slips of paper on which have been written names of foods.

Pack sit in two lines facing each other, squatting on the ground fairly close together. Bag of slips is passed along, each Cub taking a slip but keeping names of the "food" to himself. On the name "Tonga" being called by Scouter, each Cub is to find another Cub with the same food and sits down opposite him in line.

FOOD's - Pig, Chicken, Lobster, Yams, Coconut Milk, Melon, Pineapple, Eggs, Clams, Apples, etc.

From Tonga we now journey to New Zealand and here the Queen sees a Maori Dance.

MAORI DANCE - Gear: Skirts already made and spears.

The Pack continue to wear the skirts which they have made and to use spears which they have made prior to the Pack Meeting. It is suggested that the form of the dance be left to the Cubs. (It is surprising how well they will do it.)

After the dance the Queen was introduced to a Maori Chief and inspected the beautiful necklace he wore.

MAORI CHIEF's NECKLACE - Gear: A length of string and 12 buttons per Six.

Each Cub in turn goes to the pile of buttons in front of his Six and threads one button on the string. Each Cub in turn continues until all buttons are used. The last Cub to thread the remaining button ties ends of string with a reef knot, and places the necklace round the neck of the Sixer. The first Six with completed necklace round the neck of the Sixer wins.

From New Zealand the Queen crosses to Australia and journeys through this country by train, seeing miles and miles of cornfields.

REAPING CORN - Gear: One stick about two feet long per Six.

Sixers in file with stick some distance away in front of Six.

On the word "go" the first Cub runs to the stick, picks it up by one end, runs back to the Six holding the stick about a foot above the ground, the Cub having to jump over it as he goes towards the back of the Six. He returns up the other side of the Six and puts the stick back in its original position, running to the back of the Six.

The remaining Cubs continue in turn until all have run. The Six finishing first at the alert wins.

OPENING PARLIAMENT - Gear: Nil.

Whilst in Australia the Queen opened Parliament and the Pack now forms into two lines facing each other. One Cub from each side is appointed speaker and stands on the opposite side of the line. He endeavours to get a message across to his side while everyone shouts, except the speaker. First side to get their message correctly wins.

After leaving Australia the Queen journeyed on until she reached Uganda where she visited the National Game Park.

ANIMAL RELAY - Gear: Nil.

(1) *Pelican*. - First Cub hops a given course.

(2) *Land Crabs*. - The second and third Cubs interlock arms back to back and sidestep the course indicated.

(3) *Monkey*. - The fourth Cub, simple relay on all fours.

(4) *Crocodile Crawl*. - This is a Six effort. All place left hand on front Cub's shoulder, and with right hand hold Cub's right foot. When connected crocodile moves to end of course and back without a break in formation.

(5) *Elephant Relay*. - Fifth Cub, simple relay - legs straight and hands on floor.

(6) *Kangaroo*. - The Six are seated sideways on floor, feet straight out, and a clear space between each Cub. First Cub hops to the top of the Six hopping over each Cub's feet and so on through the Six.

On arrival at Gibraltar the Queen goes up on to the Rock to feed the apes.

FEEDING THE APE's - Gear: Bag of articles per Six, e.g. piece of string, piece of cord, pin, paper clip, etc.

The Sixes stand in line. In front of each Six stands a Scouter with a bag of articles. Akela calls out the name of an article and the first Cub in each Six runs to the bag, feels in it and produces the article named. This continues until each Cub has had a turn.

The Queen now boards the new Royal yacht *Britannia* which sails home, arriving in the Pool of London.

TYING UP IN THE POOL OF LONDON - Gear: One knotting rope per Cub.

Simple relay - the first Cub running to a given point where there is a chair or some suitable article and attaches his rope to it by means of a Clove Hitch - then each Cub in turn runs up and "ties up" by tying his rope with a Sheet Bend or Reef Knot to the previous rope.

The first Six at the alert with all knots correctly tied wins.

Having arrived home let us remind ourselves of the whole tour.

Gear: Map per Six, one dice per Six.

Sixers in file with map some distance in front of each Six. The map to show the route is dotted in two sections with each section split into six sections numbered 1 - 6. Each Cub throws dice in turn and runs to map and completes section of route, appropriately marked corresponding to the number thrown on dice. Cubs continue to throw in turn until route is completed. The first route completed wins.

FINALE - First verse of National Anthem.

W.N. PAUL,
Akela Leader. London

REMINDER

Every Pack should have at least one set of The Wolf Cub Books, of which there are now ten titles. They deal with all things of interest to Cubs, including the Proficiency Badges. From all Scout Shops 1/- each; post free 1/2d.

LET'S GO TO TOWN

It was drawing near to Christmas, and the Sixers' Council was discussing the coming Party and our Carol Service. Then, right between choosing the first prayer and the second carol the Blacks' Sixer burst out, "Akela, can't we go to a Pantomime, please?" Cubs are like that. There floated before my eyes visions of a train journey, escalators, busy streets. I opened my mouth to say "Not this time," but all I could see was eyes, pleading, so I said "All right." I thought it out quietly at home and made my plans. Now, right in the front of my ideas was a chance remark by a nervous Mum just before our last outing. "Thank you for taking David out for the day. I know you will look after him. He's all we have." Yes! That's what he was to them, and I was being given care of him. What complete trust; what responsibility!

Ever seen some Packs out in the town for the day? I've seen them, rushing downstairs to the platform, fighting to be first on the train, scampering under people's feet and eating huge sandwiches at every opportunity. Don't blame the Cubs, just go up to the Old Wolf and say what's in your heart and say it with feeling. Then, if the sex makes it permissible, add a kick in the pants. What a stupid risk that Pack runs; what an impression for other people! I hang my head and blush for shame.

Well, the day came and we were off, Down the station stairs we went in a double line, and woe betide the Cub who tried to pass the two Sixers who were leading. On the platform we formed Sixes, facing the rails. No one passed the Sixer nearest to the line and no one dashed off to slot machines. The train steamed in, two Sixes filed into each carriage opposite and, as instructed, the Sixers each sat by a door, seeing that the handles were not touched; Bagheera and I, with separate parties, sat in a middle seat and yarned away or played "I Spy" with the boys. On the escalator we lined one side only and stood against the wall on the platform before filing into the underground train. Did some modern youth whisper "Repressed"? Not on your life; they were as happy as larks. being cared for in a sane old-fashioned way. It was fun outside the theatre. Not being a rich Pack we hired a stool for each Cub and joined the gallery queue. Pantomimes are not held in warm weather so as soon as they were settled I took half the Pack on a visit to local places of interest for about forty-five minutes, then returned for Bagheera to go off with the others. Time passed quickly and happily. Then the doors opened. I had meant to watch the show because it was said to be very good, but somehow I kept looking along the row of Cubs' faces. As a Pantomime, that was even better. The curtain came down and the Cubs looked sad until they remembered what came next - TEA.

Of course I had told the manageress that all we wanted was a good plain meal! How did I know she had a store of cream cakes and a heart of gold. We re-entered the underground, full of tea and excitement, and then things happened. Why, oh why didn't we go for a good sharp walk first to settle them after tea? I think it was exactly two stations before Bagheera was supporting two pea-green Cubs while I frantically watched the others changing their complexions to suit their caps. Then, one and all, they Did Their Best. We opened what windows we could, and blushed our apologies to one and all. Let us draw a veil over the remainder of our journey.

Spring came, the world awoke and the spirit of adventure welled up again in my heart. A bit early for a ramble, I thought; too many showers. I know, we will go to the museums. By now journeys were no problem; we knew what to do. If only we had known what to do in the museums. Why didn't I give them a talk on "Buttons and Handles for all." It wasn't really fair to expect anything else. Train wheels spun round, carriages climbed up slopes and the world of mechanics obeyed the orders of a Cub armed with a button to push. Then, even as I tried to create law and order, up came Bill Smith, Sixer of the Greys. "Just had a fight for that big engine," he said. "I won, and when I pushed the button there was a smashing flash. Why don't the wheels go round, Akela?" Frantically, I called out, "There are some ripping models of ships upstairs.



A SIX FOR A SIXER?

Come on." Up the stairs we went, followed by two uniformed officials, the light of battle in their eyes. Ten minutes later I felt a tap on my shoulder "Cubmaster," said a voice, "your boys are sliding on our polished floors." "No, sir," I replied, "can't be my boys, must be somebody else." Then we knew for certain. Down the gangway, sliding full pelt came our one and only Charlie Higgins, lost his balance and slid out of sight beneath a showcase. Firmly the official seized him by the anide, pulled him into view and said just one word, "OUT." And out we went, me blushing with shame and the Pack declaring they hadn't seen half the things yet.

We gathered by a strip of grass and I addressed them. "We will now go to that wonderful place the Museum of Natural History." Silence, then came the questions. "Are there any handles in there?" "Are the floors polished like..?" Enough is as good as a feast and I faced them with a gleam in my eyes. This was to be the "Reading of the Riot Act." I began "Now, I'm warning you. The first Cub wot falls Underneath the Brontosaurus..."

Last night I had a dream. I saw a Pack in town. They were happy, natural chaps, but their discipline, courtesy and appearance were grand. Some visitors from overseas stood and watched them pass, "Makes you proud, doesn't it," said one.

For me, it was a dream. But you have read this story; you have been warned. You can bring that dream to life if you only want to. Do have a shot. It's worth it!

BALOO,
Asst. Akela Leader, Essex

For your Group Show

WE ARE HERE SO OUR MUMMIES CAN SEE US

Words by Anthony C. Wilson

Music by Mrs. E. Shankland

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of eight systems of music. Each system has a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal line on the right. The piano part is in 4/4 time and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The vocal line is in a soprano or alto range and follows the lyrics. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "We are the Wolf Cubs as you can all see, Ten lit-tle fell-ows as scared as can be, Up on this plat-form with ev-ery-one star-ing, Daz-zled by foot-lights all gleaming and glar-ing. All with our hair brushed, what could be ab-sur-d-er? Told to look hap-py, yet feel-ing like murder! Told to stand smartly, washed and made tools of, Lined up like nin-nies and sim-p-ly made fools of, What is the cause of it? What are we here for? Hark and we'll tell you the why and the wherefore: We are here so our mummies can see us! We are here so they can't go a-way And-

tell all their friends and re-lations That their dar-lings were not in the play. We are here so our mummies can see us, For it's true, yes it's true, as you know, That no moth-er en-joys a Scout c-on-cert If her son is left out of the Show.

Introduction. (One Cub per line, making ten Cubs in all)

- (1) We are the Wolf Cubs, as you can all see,
- (2) Ten little fellows as scared as can be,
- (3) Up on this platform with everyone staring,
- (4) Dazzled by footlights all gleaming and glaring.
- (5) All with our hair brushed..., what could he absurder?
- (6) Told to look happy, yet feeling like murder!
- (7) Told to stand smartly, washed, and made tools of,
- (8) Lined up like ninnies and simply made fools of,
- (9) What is the cause of it? What are we here for?
- (10) Hark, and we'll tell you the why and the wherefore:

We are here so our mummies can see us!
 We are here so they can't go away
 And tell all their friends and relations
 That their darlings were not in the play.
 We are here so our mummies call see us,
 For it's true, yes it's true, as you know,
 That no mother enjoys a Scout Concert
 If her son is left Out of the Show.

We are here so our mummies can see us
 We are here so they can't rant and rage,
 And declare that their evening was ruined
 'cause their didums was not on the stage.
 We are here so our mummies can see us,
 For it's true, as you know in your heart,
 That no mother enjoys a Scout Concert
 If her son is not given a part.

We are here so our mummies can see us,
 And although we can't act or recite,
 We've been told that it gives Mas a pleasure
 To point out their Sid. . . third from right.
 We are here so our mummies can see us,
 For it's true, although we think it most queer,
 That no mother enjoys a Scout Concert
 If her son is not made to appear.

We are here so our mummies can see us
 We are here so they later can claim
 That their pet was a second Clark Gable,
 And exited covered in fame!
 We are here so our mummies can see us,
 Yes, that we could stand for a spell,
 But the point to be reckoned with shortly
 Is... our daddies can see us as well.

BOOKS

FOR LEISURE READING

The Kelly, by Kenneth Poolman (William Kimber, 15s.). Named after one distinguished flag officer and commanded by the son of another, who himself had already gained an enviable reputation, the Kelly's career did full justice to all three. The author is at pains to give us a picture of how men feel and talk during hard times, and there is perhaps too much of the talk, but shows admirably that the spirit of the ship remained fine under great stress. The account of the fighting during the Kelly's last month's in the Mediterranean leaves no doubt in one's mind that a splendid ship's company in a good ship, ably commanded, played their part in one of the most trying operations of the war, and it will be some comfort to many who mourn those who were lost to know that their last days were spent in a happy ship. My advice is to read this exciting story.

R. B.

The English Flotilla, by Hugh Hickling (Macdonald & Co., 12s. 6d.). So far as I know the valuable work done by landing craft has never before been described, although it is of exceptional interest since they were, in fact, being employed in war for the first time.

The last chapters in this book which tell of the Normandy landings are the best. In the remainder the characters are drawn with skill and life on board under war conditions is revealed by an expert pen, with some moving passages.

That a commanding officer would be allowed to lose by negligence two tanks complete with crews and make no effort to rescue them, but nevertheless retain his command, is unlikely in practice.

Those who read this book, and there will be many, must bear in mind that it is fiction and does less than justice to the morals of a very gallant company of officers and men who, although for the most part inexperienced, sailed in these craft, enduring great discomfort and taking exceptional risks.

It is unlikely to encourage recruits.

R. B.

Young Philip Maddison, by Henry Williamson (Macdonald & Co., 12s. 6d.). This is a delightful study for adults of an intelligent, sensitive boy of middle-class parentage in the early years of this century, living in a London suburb not far from Lewisham. The book is divided into four parts, part two being an enthralling account of the early days of the Scout Movement.

This, one suspects, is largely autobiographical, as it rings so true. One cannot put the book down, but must keep reading on to find out what happened next to Philip and his Patrol, the Bloodhounds. As one would expect from Henry Williamson, the descriptions of the countryside and wild life, when the Patrol goes to camp, are enchanting.

Alas, Philip and his Patrol have a short and chequered career, chiefly owing to meeting only unsatisfactory Scoutmasters, and he is lost to the Movement. But the accounts of the Bloodhounds' outings and camps, and how they got together their uniform (broom-handles and wide-awake hats) and equipment is just a joy to read;

The following extract is very characteristic. Philip has just finished reading the newly-printed magazine, *The Scout*, Vol. I, No. 1: "To form a Patrol," Philip went on, "you only want six boys in all. Then you can go camping, and find your way by the stars at night, and cook on a camp fire, and have a sing-song."

M. L. W.

Sedgemoor and Avalon, by Desmond Hawkins (Regional Books: Robert Hale, 15s.). This part of Somerset is not, perhaps, the most exciting part, although it does include Glastonbury. But it is largely a countryside of willows and peat and small waterways and history. Mr. Hawkins has written an easy-to-read, pleasant book with the emphasis on the past of his region rather than on its present. This is a quiet, leisurely book as befits its subject. There are some equally suitable photographs. A detailed map would have added to the reader's convenience.

R. H.

Irish Sagas and Folk-Tales, by Eileen O'Faolain, illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe (Geoffrey Cumberlege: O.U.P., 12s. 6d.). Here is the second volume of the delectable (and how intelligently conceived and planned) series that I told you about recently. This series of four or five volumes is obviously going to be the sort of family treasure handed down from parents to children, for all will equally enjoy them.

The magic fairy tales of Ireland bewitch and beguile and tear at the heart.

They are all passion and starshine and fierceness and oddity.

The Kiddell-Monroe drawings in black and white and green add a strange beauty. These are immortal tales.

R. H.

A Few Late Chrysanthemums, by John Betjeman (John Murray, 9s. 6d.). John Betjeman is the poet, of suburban gardens, of college backs and ecclesiastical fronts, of church bells and choir boys and railway stations. He has beauty, clarity and wit and binds the trinity together with a slight but engaging eccentricity. It is many years now since I began suggesting that any of you who wanted to introduce your Senior or Rover Scouts to modern poetry might do well to introduce them to Mr. Betjeman who would at least be inhabiting their world, instead of Mr. Eliot whose waste land was *not* where they normally dwell.

If you haven't so far allowed yourself the joy of reading one of the quite definite (and lucid) poets of our age, please don't delay longer: life is regrettably short. Mr. Betjeman's earlier books were *Continual Dew*, *Old Lights for New Chancels*, and *New Bats in Old Belfries*. There is too a volume of *Selected Poems*.

Now ever welcome there appears *A Few Late Chrysanthemums*, authentic, nostalgic, in the tradition he has made his own.

But don't begin with it. Come to it after you have discovered "A Subaltern's Love Song" and "Sunday Afternoon Service" and "Before the Anaesthetic" and "A Shropshire Lad" (*The gas was on in the Institute, The flare was up in the gym, A man was running a mineral line, A lass was singing a hymn*) and "Croydon":

*"Pear and apple in Croydon gardens
Bud and blossom and fall,
But your Uncle Dick has left his Croydon
Once for all."*

We may not have many poets today but we certainly have one.

R. H.

A Book of Quotations by Viscount Samuel (James Barrie, 15s.). How many of us wish that we had done what Viscount Samuel did: "I began" (he writes in a preface) "when I was eighteen the practice of noting down passages from whatever books I happened to be reading in order to have at hand a record of ideas and phrases which seemed to me noteworthy and to which I might want some day to recur."

Here is a second edition of a selection of these "ideas and phrases," noted throughout his long, gracious, devoted life. It is in effect a private anthology of wit and wisdom and beauty and oddity offered us by one of the great men of our age.

R. H.

Top Secret Mission by Madelaine Duke (Evans, 12s. 6d.). If you're not tired of war, or post-war books that arise from the war, or perhaps if you like a detective story you will enjoy reading this work.

Madelaine Duke was on the staff of the Allied Commission in Vienna: Hassler, one of Hitler's leading atomic scientists, had disappeared at the end of the war. By a stroke of genuine the search for him on our side - for the Russians were equally determined to get hold of Hassler who is a world figure in atomics - was given into the hands of Miss Duke, herself a scientist and linguist of distinction and courage. This is the remarkable story of how she accomplished her quest. But that apart, here is a picture of the post-war Austria which will have its value for the historians of the future - if there are historians and if there is a future. This is a quite exceptional book.

R. H.

False Face by Vera Caspary (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.). "On a windy October night when the air smelled of apples, frost and burning leaves, Nina Hedfield disappeared." So Miss Caspary begins her story, but that first fine careless rapture doesn't last and the tale peters out to a rather tame ending. But on the way it is sustaining and thrilling enough - enough anyway for a wet summer afternoon or a cold autumn evening.

R. H.

THE HERON

The Heron, by Frank A. Lowe (New Naturalist Special Volume: Collins, 15s.). I have only known one heron intimately: he (or she) was a member of a National Air Scout Camp I ran during the War near Carlisle. The heron inhabited a small pool in the parts where we were camping - a large pool which during the ten days of continuous and urgent rain graduated to a small lake - and became, as far as one could judge, mildly attached to us. Certainly the bird's presence cheered us during days which needed a little cheer and from that time I have had a warm feeling for herons. Until now I knew, however, very little about them (like you, I suspect). By all of us, then, Mr. Lowe's admirable little book should be welcomed.

Mr. Lowe has got together all the available information about the heron in this country and others, and obviously knows all the relevant authorities well. But the long years he has spent himself in the field heron-watching and his personal observations give this book its charm and real value:

"Twice I have erected observation posts in Dam Wood, in 1937 and again in 1948, when hide and nests were in exactly the same positions. Building a hide in the tree-tops presented the usual difficulties, most of which were overcome; but, to avoid scaring the herons, building was rather protracted. A platform was gradually erected 70 feet up a beech tree; then a superstructure was arranged piecemeal during two weeks. A forked branch made an excellent seat, there was a stand for a camera, one cord brought a rope ladder into operation, another served for a hoist."

Again:

"Altogether I spent 100 hours in the first hide and some 300 in the second, my longest single watch extending over seven hours. On Easter eve I saw the sun go down and watched the dawn from the tree-tops. After that vigil there was no hour of the day and night that had not been included in one of my watches."

Apart from the more statistical and scientific chapters, there are delightful chapters on "The Heron in History and Folk-lore," and on "Hunting and Eating Herons." There are nine pages of acceptable plates.

Altogether a most distinguished addition to a distinguished series.

R. H.

TO GUIDE YOU

Cross-Country Running, by Don Canham (Herbert Jenkins, 6s.). As one of the few books on cross-country running this book will be a valuable addition to the athlete's library. It is an American book and deals with technique, strategy and training for the short American season. As the Americans race over the country up to six miles only it can be applied chiefly to the 18 - 21 years (Junior) Age Group. With great thoroughness it shows the hard work necessary to reach the top and while to English eyes some of the advice is a little strange it is most interesting and beautifully illustrated by pen and ink sketches.

The youngster reading this book should not be put off by the amount of work suggested. It is written for the athlete keen to reach the top while cross-country running is for the many who train enough to enjoy a run over the country with the occasional big race.

ALEC. G. WHITE.

The Motor Cyclist's Pocket Book (Evans, 5s.).

Another excellent little book in this series which every Senior and Rover Scout with a motor cycle (or hoping to have one) should treat himself to. There are five sections - Motor Cycle Data, Good Riding, Touring in the British Isles, Touring in Europe, Repairs and Maintenance in the 160 pages and a dozen or so line drawings.

R. H.

Austria, "Good Companion" Guide No. 1, by William F. Stiles and H. John Way (Nicholas Vane, 3s. 6d.).

An accurate, readable pocket-sized guide, which will provide the unwary first-time visitor with a splendid start to a grand holiday. A great deal of worthwhile information has been packed into the compass of 108 pages; I found the many thumbnail sketches particularly amusing - and remarkably reminiscent.

L. A. W.

Roadfaring Guide No. 2, S.E. England, by Reginald Wellbye (Phoenix House, 5s.).

Another guide for the pocket, with extensive gazetteers for each of the seven sub-sections into which it is divided, an impressive list of famous personalities connected with the area, and copiously mapped in a novel style designed to draw attention to places of particular interest to the country-lover. What more can one ask for the price of 5s., except perhaps that the map numbers might have been included with the titles in the list on page seven.

L. A. W.

Round the Camp Fire, by E. E. Reynolds (O.U.P., 7s. 6d.).

Josh Reynolds used to be on the staff at Gilwell. He nowadays edits Jamboree and has just come to live again at Gilwell.

Round the Camp Fire, which has just been reprinted, is a very pleasant collection of stories and, over the years, has proved of tremendous value to Scouting for, whilst we all know we ought to tell yarns at Camp Fires, some of us find it difficult to know where to look for suitable material. Next to recounting a yarn of your own experiences - and in that regard opportunities vary tremendously - going to an author who understands Scouting and who presents a yarn in such a way that we can digest it and, as it were, regurgitate it and re-tell it at the most appropriate moment is certainly the next best thing.

The yarns in this book are varied. I can without any question commend this book to the Scoutmaster who would like to have forty-eight worthwhile stories at his finger-tips. After all, forty-eight yarns at less than 2d. each is not bad value.

J. T.

RELIGION

Christian Conduct, by J. C. Gill; *The Church, What it is and What it Does*, by C. J. Stranks; *Discussion on Marriage*, by F. F. Rigby; *Worship*, by J. C. Gill (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d. each).

These four titles are the first of a new series for the use of discussion groups. At the end of each chapter are questions which will help to "start them talking" - usually the hardest of organised discussions.

It is of course mostly for Rovers and Senior Scouts that these will prove useful, and their interest will be mainly for Sponsored Groups. Not all four will be found equally useful. *Christian Conduct* which deals with many of the questions which face our young men in their daily life, and *Worship* containing admirable explanations of the church services and teaching on prayer, should be of value to those of us who seek to help those committed to our charge in these matters. Canon Stranks in his contribution to this series answers many of the questions which are so often asked about the church, but *Discussion on Marriage* tends to mix the more general approach to the subject with the more intimate problems of married life, and so would appear to be less suitable for discussion groups of varying ages.

To Be or Not to Be, by E. J. Rowland (Christ Church Publications, St. Leonards on Sea, Sussex, 3s.).

Talks on the Christian religion, which the author hopes will be of help to members of the Scout and Guide Movements. Twelve short yarns which should be right in content and presentation for the Scouts'. Own or similar occasions.

C. B. COLES.

V. KEEPING CANARIES AND BUDGERIGARS

By L. HUGH NEWMAN

Canaries have been bred in captivity for centuries and if they were all suddenly released very few of them would survive for long. A wild bird is never happy in a cage, but canaries are so used to their existence that as long as they are well fed and cared for they are perfectly happy and content. It goes without saying that if you keep a canary you should give it as large a cage as you can. A so called box cage which is enclosed at the back and sides and only open at the front is better than a cage open on all sides. One of the chief dangers you have to guard against with cage birds is cold draughts, and an open-sided cage is almost certain to be draughty at times however careful you may be. In a box cage your pet will have shelter, and provided the cage is painted white inside and kept in a well-lighted room your canary will have enough light and air to keep healthy.

If you have a garden large enough to hold an aviary where your birds can fly in the sunshine, then conditions are of course ideal, but few people can manage this and canaries will remain healthy for many years and even breed in cages indoors. There are many different breeds of canaries to choose from and the best songster is the roller canary. All cock canaries sing but the rollers are specially bred for their singing and first-class birds are even trained to sing in the right way. Roller canaries are lively and hardy and you can get them in several different colours but usually they are yellow with some White and black in their plumage. The Border Fancy canary is a pure yellow bird, very alert, but also tame and unafraid. It makes a good pet and doesn't need any pampering. The Norwich canary is a big bird with a large round head and a rich colour which is almost orange, but you can also get this breed in several other colours. Then there is the slim and elegant Yorkshire canary, the Crested canary, the White canary and several other fancy breeds.

The canaries all belong to the finch family and their main food is canary seed which you can buy from any pet shop or store. Cages always have a dish for seed and you should keep this well filled. Your pet will also like a little green food now and then, such as groundsel, chickweed or a little piece of lettuce or sweet apple which you can wedge between the bars of the cage. During the winter you should give your pet special cod-liver oil food three times a week. Change the drinking water every day without fail.

Your pet will appreciate a bath occasionally and it is quite a good idea to give it a shallow dish of water on the floor of the cage each time you are going to clean it out.



The canary will splash about in the water and thoroughly enjoy itself but it will also make a real mess in the process. The cage should be thoroughly cleaned out at least once a week and fresh sand should be sprinkled over the floor. The perches and wires also need wiping over at intervals, and it is quite a good idea to have a small spare cage to put your pet in while you do a real "spring clean" every two months or so. Paint the ends of the perches with Red Mite killer in case any of these pests have found their way into the cage and then scald the cage with boiling water.

Don't handle your pet more than you need because it dislikes being gripped, and if you do have to pick it up, always be very gentle. You will find it necessary to clip its claws now and then too long. Use a sharp pair of nail scissors and cut at an angle, not straight across the claw, or your pet will not be able to grip the perch properly afterwards. In very bright and sunny weather roller canaries sometimes exhaust themselves with too much singing. The best thing to do then is to put the cage in a dark shady room or cover it with a cloth and the bird will keep quiet and rest for a while.

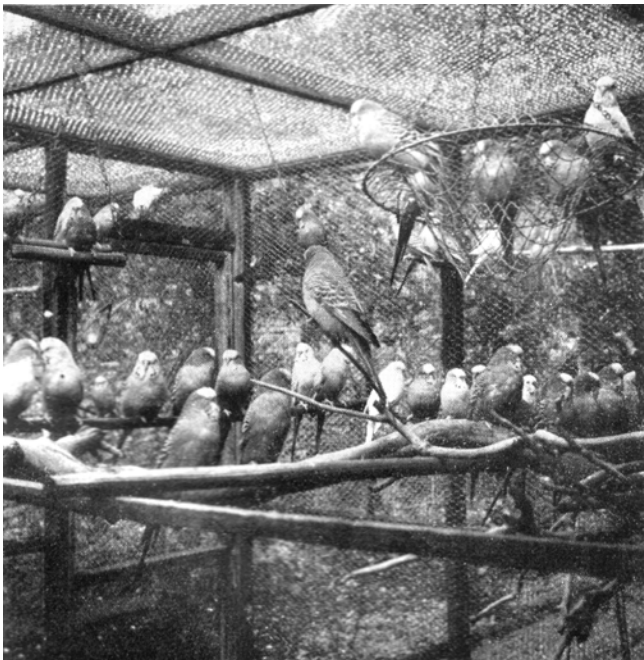
Budgerigars make even more attractive pets than canaries, although they cannot sing, but they become so tame that you can really call them affectionate. There is now a tremendous range of different colours to choose from; green, yellow, blue, mauve, white, grey or mottled. If you buy a bird from a pet shop make sure that it looks lively and alert. Never buy a bird that is sitting hunched on its perch with closed eyes, however pretty its colour may be.

You can keep a budgerigar in exactly the same kind of cage as a canary and it will eat very much the same kind of food. You can buy special mixtures of bird seed blended for budgerigars and they also like seeding grasses, sprays of millet, chickweed, dandelion and groundsel. Budgerigars drink very little but you should nevertheless always keep them supplied with fresh water and also give them some fine grit. If you keep a pair of budgerigars and provide them with a nest box they will most likely rear at least one family of youngsters during the summer.

It is quite easy to train a budgerigar to talk provided you get a young bird straight from the nest and make it as tame as you can by handling it and feeding it on titbits. The bird will then come to regard you as its parent and provided you don't let it see any other budgerigars until it is fully trained, it will soon begin to imitate your voice. It doesn't matter whether the bird is a cock or a hen, as both can be taught to speak.

Start the training by repeating again and again some simple word such as "hullo" or the bird's name and when it has learnt to copy you, gradually increase the number of words until you have taught your pet a complete sentence. You will need a lot of patience and must be prepared to spend much of your spare time teaching your pet, but in the end you will find that it can learn to repeat distinctly a number of phrases. But don't make the mistake of thinking that a budgerigar understands what it is saying. The budgerigar merely copies the sounds it hears and has no idea of what the words mean. Nevertheless it is great fun having a talking budgerigar and few pets give so much pleasure as these pretty birds.

Most people allow their budgerigars out of the cage for some "play-time" each day and when they get used to this they will wait eagerly for the door to be opened. You can have great fun with a tame budgerigar flying about the room, perching all over you, rolling about with toys on the floor and keeping everybody entertained.



PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS

IX. THE NIGHTJAR

MICHAEL BLACKMORE

“A wonderful and curious creature.” That was how Gilbert White, the famous eighteenth-century naturalist, described the nightjar in a letter written in 1769 to his friend and colleague Thomas Pennant. Gilbert White spent much of his time studying the nightjar in his native parish of Selborne in Hampshire, and he recorded in his diary that it “can only be watched and observed for two hours in the twenty-four: and then only in a dubious twilight an hour after sunset and an hour before sunrise.”

From the extract I have quoted above you will gather that the nightjar is a difficult bird to watch. It is even more difficult to see in the daytime for then it lies flat on the ground or perches lengthways along the branch of a tree relying on its dull coloration to hide it from sight. Its plumage, a mixture of various shades of brown streaked with grey and rufous markings, makes the bird nearly invisible even when you are quite close to it. As it squats half-asleep with its heavy drooping eyelids almost shutting out the light it resembles a piece of dead wood, and if it happens to be resting on the ground it will let you almost tread on its body before flying up from under your feet. When disturbed it flies away silently like a gigantic moth and often settles down within view among some fallen branches or in a patch of dead bracken; but it is so expert in the art of camouflage that you may fail to see it again even if your eyes are fixed on its new resting-place. Finding a nightjar is rather like looking for a needle in a haystack as the saying goes!

I used to know a lonely place near the sea where a pair of nightjars nested year after year during the summer months. Their haunt was a narrow patch of fairly open ground close to a low wall. In this remote spot there were several stunted hawthorn and gorse bushes and some patches of bracken growing in a sandy soil; it was just the kind of territory that nightjars like. I soon discovered that their favourite sleeping-place was a little hollow not more than 10 feet long by 10 feet wide and I used to examine it carefully through my binoculars whenever I approached it. But I could never detect the birds just by standing at the edge of the hollow and looking for them; in the end I always had to walk across the ground and flush them.

Then one day I had a bright idea: I started to whistle loudly as I looked through my field-glasses. This made one of the nightjars open its eyes wide and by a stroke of luck the glint of sunlight on its large dark pupils gave the game away!

After the middle of June when the young were hatched it was often possible to get a better view of the birds because when I disturbed the hen from the bare scrape that served as a nest she would scuffle along the ground for several feet making a peculiar noise and trailing her wings just like an injured bird does, in an effort to lead me away from her two youngsters. The cock would also join in, circling round my head and clapping his wings above his back, then dropping on to the ground and performing the scuffling trick. This habit of “injury-feigning” to distract the attention of an intruder from the nest is practised by a few other species of birds as well, such as the mallard and ringed plover.

Like the swift and cuckoo the nightjar is a summer visitor to this country. It arrives early in May and leaves sometime during September, spending the winter in the warm climate of Africa. Being exclusively an insect-eater it is a useful bird and destroys large numbers of cockchafers and other beetles during its erratic and wheeling flight at dusk.



Although the nightjar's beak is rather small its gape is enormous and there is a fringe of stiff hairs along its edge to prevent the prey from escaping.

When the glow of sunset begins to fade in the western sky you stand a good chance of being able to watch the nightjar doing its hunting. With a flicker of wings it suddenly jerks out of the shadows and glides overhead looking rather like a small hawk silhouetted against the darkening sky. You may hear it call koo-ick koc-ick in which case you will know that it is a male bird (though in the twilight you probably won't be able to see in the white spots on his wings and outer tail feathers which distinguish him from his mate), and you may also hear the sharp crack of his wings as he strikes then together above his back. I have already mentioned that he does this if you disturb the nesting territory, but the wing-clapping also forms part of his quaint courtship display by which he attracts the female.

The nightjars song, from which he derives his name, is even more quaint. There is nothing melodious about it but it is one of the most interesting as well as the weirdest sounds in nature. If you can imagine a muffled wooden rattle (the sort that people use at football matches) being turned quickly and evenly you will get quite a good idea of what the nightjar's song is like. Perhaps I can describe it equally well by saying that it is a low, resonant and vibrating chur-r-r-r lasting for three or four minutes with scarcely a pause and that its monotonous tone is broken every now and then by a slight rise or fall in pitch. The sound is not very loud, but it has remarkable carrying power so that you can hear it nearly a mile away on still, warm evenings.

Even if you are not lucky enough to catch more than an occasional glimpse of the nightjar himself his uncanny and unmistakable song is a familiar enough sound in the quiet twilight of a summer evening. You can expect to hear it almost anywhere in the British Isles where there are heathlands and woods. Nightjars also like open country as long as there is plenty of scrub vegetation growing on it.

NOTES AND NEWS

SEPTEMBER COVER

This is the first of three studies by Stanley Newton, each of which illustrates an essential part of the “atmosphere” of Scouting. This one is “laughter and high spirits.” The other two will appear as the covers for October and November.

UNITED NATIONS DAY

United Nations Day occurs on Sunday, October 24th next, and it is hoped Scouts will be able to support any functions arranged locally in honour of this. Particulars of suggested activities may be obtained from C.E.W.C., 25 Charles Street, London, W.1.

WOOD BADGE COURSE

South Yorkshire

Rover, 4 W.E. October 2nd.

Apply: J. Dorgan, 1 White Lane, Chapeltown, Nr. Sheffield.

YOUTH FESTIVAL HYMN

Scouters may be interested in a hymn called “Aldershaw” obtainable from ‘Paterson’s Publications Ltd., 36 - 40 Wigmore Street, London, W.1, price 6d. Recommended by Mr. Godfrey Phillips, a District Commissioner and a member of the Committee of the Council, it has been also satisfactorily reported on by others both for the excellence of the words and the music.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS



Monday, June 21st, saw the first anniversary of the Danesfield (R.A.F.) Group. To mark the occasion in a worthy manner newly dedicated Colours were presented to the Troop and Pack by Air Vice-Marshal J. G. W. Weston, C.B., O.B.E., Air Officer Commanding No. 90 Group R.A.F.

The dedication and presentation was witnessed by the County Commissioner and County Secretary of Buckinghamshire, I.H.Q. representatives, district officials from nearby Marlow and a large gathering of parents serving and living on the Station.

Formed by Flight-Lieutenant Peter M. Dunstan (the present G.S.M.), the Group already comprises 28 Cubs, 20 Scouts and 8 Rovers. With the Unit Commander as the Sponsoring Authority, a Wing-Commander as Group Chairman, a Squadron Leader as Secretary, six of the Station personnel holding Warrants with the Group and two Nissen Huts completely at their disposal the Scouts and Cubs of R.A.F. Medmenham, Bucks, should very soon be "Flying High."

COUNTY EVENTS

- October 2nd/3rd LOB. Rover Moot, "Greenwoods," Stock Nr. Billericay, Essex.
 October 30th/31st W.R.N.F. Central Yorkshire Ranger/Rover Conference, Pudsey, Nr. Leeds.

GREAT TOWER SCOUT CAMP

The following Badge Courses for Scouts over 15 will be held at Great Tower Scout Camp. The Course commences each week-end at 4 p.m. on Saturday and ends at 6p.m. on Sunday. Indoor accommodation will be provided but Scouts will bring their own blankets, kit and food. Applications to the Bailiff, Great Tower Scout Camp, Windermere, Westmorland.

- Pioneer** five week-ends in October, 1954.
Venturer four week-ends in November, 1954.
Forester four week-ends in December, 1954.

CHALFONT HEIGHTS

The following courses will take place and applications to attend should be made to the Bailiff, Chalfont Heights Scout Camp, Denham Lane, Gerrards Cross, Bucks:-

- Venturer** December 11th/12th, 1954.
Forester October 23th/24th, November 20th/21st, December 4th/5th and January 29th/30th.

B.-P. Guild Visits

- 16th/17th B.-P. Guild National Conference, Manchester
 23rd 20th Poplar Branch Annual Dinner
 30th Worthing Branch Annual Dinner

GLLWELL PARK

Open Days of Work will be held at Gilwell on the following dates:
 Sunday, October 17th, 10.00 a.m. - 4.00 p.m.
 Sunday, November 28th, 10.00 a.m. - 4.00 p.m.
 Sunday, February 27th, 1955, 10.00 a.m. - 4.00 p.m.

Offers of help from Rovers and Scouters, male and female, are welcome. A sandwich lunch will be provided for those who notify their willingness to come. Old clothes and a readiness to try your hand at anything are the only qualifications.

Specialist and Technical Courses will be held at Gilwell Park as follows:-

Specialist Courses

Group Scoutmasters' Training Course, October 23rd/24th.
 Scout Promise and Law Course (*open to Commissioners, Members of the Training Team and Chaplains*), December 11th/12th.
 Group Scoutmasters' Training Course, March 5th/6th, 1955.

Technical Courses.

Open to all Scouters of the Troop and Group Scoutmasters. Preference will be given to those who have been through the Part 2 Wood Badge Course.

Training and Testing for Second Class, November 20th/21st, 1954.

Training and Testing for First Class, January 22nd/23rd, 1955.

Training and Testing for Second Class February 5th/6th, 1955.

Training and Testing for First Class, February 19th/20th, 1955.

All Week-end Courses assemble at 3.30 p.m. on the Saturday and finish at 4.30 p.m. on the Sunday. The Inclusive Fee for any course is £1. All Courses are housed in the Gilwell or Gilwellbury Hostels and all meals are provided.

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

COMMISSIONERS' COURSES, 1954-55

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

No. 90 October 16th/17th, 1954 Yorkshire (Harrogate)

No. 91 November 6th/7th, 1954 Durham

No. 92 December 4th/5th, 1954 Gilwell

No. 93 January 29th/30th, 1955 Somerset (Taunton)

No. 94 February 19th/20th, 1955 Cheshire (Chester).

No. 95 March 19th/20th, 1955 I.H.Q.

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

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

LOST

Mr. J. C. Wright, 50 Bleak Hill Road, Eccleston St. Helens, Lanes., camping in the Isle of Arran in Jul. last lost a canvas bedroll containing two sleeping-bags, two uniforms shirts and other assorted clothing. It is thought that the bundle may have got mixed up with the luggage of other Troops who camped on the island. If anyone has discovered this bundle amongst their equipment would they please get in touch with Mr. Wright.

I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS FOR OCTOBER

- 2nd Monmouthshire Annual Scouters' Conference
 2nd Warwickshire Annual General Meeting, Solihull
 2nd Birmingham Wood Badge Reunion, Yorkswood
 9th/10th Gloucestershire County Conference
 9th/10th Kent Old Wolves Gathering, Folkestone
 9th/10th Lincolnshire County Conference
 16th/17th Hertfordshire Scouters' Conference
 16th/17th Worcestershire Annual Meeting
 16th/17th Baptist Scout Guild, Reading
 20th Bank of England Scout Society
 23rd Scouters' Conferences, West Yorks.
 25th Bristol Annual Meeting
 30th Northamptonshire Scouters' Conference
 30th Suffolk Scouters' Conference
 30th/31st Wiltshire Cub Conference
 30th/31st West Sussex Area Scouters' Week-end

CAMP FIRES

A Combined Training Conference with the Girl Guides Association on the subject of Camp Fires will be held on Saturday, November 20th, at the Girl Guides Headquarters, 17 - 19, Buckingham Palace Road. The programme will include sessions on singing and music, camp fire programmes, and camp fire games and sketches. The cost will be 8s. 6d. including meals and the Conference will be from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Applications should be made to the Training Secretary at our Headquarters.

RETREAT

A Retreat for Anglican Scouters (men) and Rover Scouts will be held at St. Edward's House, 22 Great College Street, London, SW. 1, on the week-end of November 20th—21st. There will be no charge for the Retreat but those attending will have an opportunity of making a contribution to the funds of the Society of St. John the Evangelist. Names should be sent to Mr. Francis V. Cowie, The Estate Office, 3-4 Clements Inn, London, W.C.2, not later than November 8th.

AWARDS FROM MAY 27th TO JUNE 30th, 1954

CORNWELL SCOUT BADGE.

G. E. Hotham, Wolf Cub, 1st Driffield.

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

MEDAL FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT.

S. G. Ditley, S.M., 2/10th Bedfordshire.

"In recognition of his great courage and fortitude under suffering. Despite a great handicap he continues to ran an efficient Troop and has undertaken a Preliminary Training Course."

SILVER WOLF.

LI-Col. J. C. Dundas, D.S.O., Hon. Secretary to the Scottish Council of the Boy Scouts Association.

"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character to the Scout Movement in Scotland over a period of 25 years."

MEDAL OF MERIT.

Cheshire West. - N. Hughes, G.S.M., 8th Wallasey (Pioneers).

Devon. - L. G. Bailey, G.S.M., 1st Beacon (South Tawton, South Zeal and District), A.D.C., Okehampton.

Lancashire North East. - Miss G. R. Fielder, Asit. Ak.L.

Lancashire North West. - H. M. Sawiell, SM., 3rd Barrow-in-Furness (Grammar School).

Middlesex. - L. J. C. Pocock, G.S.M., 12th Ealing (West Ealing Baptist); **W. N. Thorn**, G.S.M., 5th Northolt.

Oreerseas.

British Guiana. - A. I. Crum Ewing, Hon. Commissioner, Demerara.

Malta G.C. - C. A. J. M. Agius, R.S.L., Mosta.

Nigeria - A. A. Adepeju, Asst. Organising Commr.: A.K. Akakpovi, D.S.M.. Ibadan: M. U. Eromobor, D.S.M., Kaduna: J. A. Makinde, Provincial Commr., Berm: C. Ndaguba, D.C., Ahoarla;

O.O. Ogunuea, S.M., 9th Lagos (Anglican Schools), D.S.M., Lagos island: A. C. Onwuzurigbo, D.C., Aba; Dr. C. Wilson, H.Q. Commr. for the Cameroons under United Kingdom Trusteeship.

"In recognition of their outstanding services to the Scout Movement."

AWARDS MADE BY THE CHIEF SCOUT OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE ON HIS MEDITERRANEAN TOUR, MAY, 1954.

SILVER WOLF.

Cam. E. 3. F. Price, ORE., D.S.C., R.N.(Ret.), Island Commissioner, Malta G.C.

"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character to the Scout Movement in Malta over a period of 18 years."

MEDAL OF MERIT.

M. J. Azopardi, Asst. Commr. (Rover Scouts), Gibraltar.

"In recognition of his outstanding services to the Scout Movement."

As the dark nights begin, consult:

100 Ideas for Troop Meeting and It's Troop Night Again.

1/- each (1/2 post free from Scout Shops).

HEAD QUARTERS NOTICES

B.-P. GUILD OF OLD SCOUTS

The following Statement of Policy relating to the relationship between the two Organisations has been approved by The Boy Scouts Association and the B.-P. Guild of Old Scouts.

1. Recruiting New Members.

Membership of the Guild should be encouraged by and from the ranks of the Scouts and Scouters themselves. Responsibility for recruitment should be a joint one shared between The Boy Scouts Association and the B.-P. Guild of Old Scouts.

2. Working Together.

There must be a direct liaison between The Boy Scouts Association and the B.-P. Guild of Old Scouts *at all levels.*

3. Publicity.

The B.-P. Guild of Old Scouts and The Boy Scouts Association to share each other's publications.

4. Objects of the Guild.

Each *Branch* should perform services to local Scouts. Individual members of each Branch should do as much, or as little, as they are able. There is still a real place in the B.-P. Guild for those who can contribute only fellowship and moral support.

5. Relationships.

The B.-P. Guild of Old Scouts wishes to include in its membership all Old Scout Associations and groups of former Scouts, by whatever name they are described.

The Boy Scouts Association supports the Guild in this desire and urges, all former Scouters to become members of the B.-P. Guild.

PRESENTATION OF QUEEN'S SCOUT CERTIFICATES

The Chief Scout will hold two Receptions in 1955 at Gilwell Park, over the week-ends May 7th-8th and October 1st-2nd. The Certificates will be presented by Chief Scout's Commissioners and Headquarters Commissioners in the presence of the Chief Scout, who will be at Gilwell Park for the whole week-end.

It should be noted that the Reception on November 20th, 1954, at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, is now full and it is regretted that no more applications can be accepted.

FIELD COMMISSIONER

A vacancy exists for a Field Commissioner, and applications are invited from those fulfilling the following general qualifications:

- Full appreciation and knowledge of the aims, principles and methods of Scouting.
- Experience as a Scouter of Group and District work.
- Ability to address meetings of all kinds.
- Ability to organise and conduct training courses for Scouters.
- Willingness to serve in any part of England or Wales.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from the Administrative Secretary at I.H.Q.

DISPLAY ASSISTANT - SCOUT SHOPS

An excellent opportunity occurs for a young man able to create displays, prepare catalogue layouts and price lists, assist with outdoor displays, etc. Lettering essential. Knowledge of Scouting an advantage. Salary about £500 p.a. according to experience. Apply in writing, giving full particulars to the Administrative Secretary, The Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

CANCELLED WARRANT

R. F. Peters, A.C.M., 12th/18th Acton, has failed to return his warrant despite application having been made.

C. C. GOODHIND,
Administrative Secretary.

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

The 4th Harrow County School Scout Group presents "We'll Sally Fourth Again," a musical revue, words and music by Ralph Reader, produced by Alan Guy, in the new school hall, County School for Boys, Gayton Road, Harrow, on Friday and Saturday, October 15th/16th, at 7.30. Tickets 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. and 2s. from Mr. A. Mayhew, 42 Whitby Road, South Harrow. Tel.: BYRon 5805.

The Baptist Scout Guild has arranged a Conference at Reading, Berks, October 16th-17th. Details from Mrs. G. Robinson, 86 Orchard Grove, Edgware, Middlesex.

Calling all Scouts and Scouters. Grand Camp Fire with Ralph Reader as guest artiste, Central Hall, Southampton, Saturday, October 23rd, at 7 p.m. All seats bookable, 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., is. 6d., from F. W. Clinton, 14 Carlton Road, Southampton. Cheques, etc., payable to 25th Southampton (Northam) Sea Scout Group. S.A.E.

The 5th Annual Rover/Ranger Conference will be held at Grimsby on October 23rd-24th. Conference fee 12s. 6d. Enquiries to Miss A. Riley, 39 Lord Street, Grimsby, Lincs, before September 10th, please.

Middlesex Present "The County Rally," Middlesex's own Super Scout Show, Empire Pool, Wembley, Saturday, November 6th, at 3 p.m., in the presence of H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester, K.G., President of The Boy Scouts Association. Tickets 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. and 2s. from Box Office, Empire Pool, Wembley Stadium Ltd., Wembley, Middx.

Second Sowerby Bridge Rover/Ranger Conference, March 12th-13th, 1955. Watch this column for further announcement.

EMPLOYMENT

The Church Army offers a Free Two-Year Course of Training, with small allowance, to suitable keen Christians, between the ages 18-30; Church of England Communicants. After training, a salaried post is found as an officer in the Church Army (Mission Vans, Parish Workers, in Youth Centres and Men's Hostels, etc.). Apply to Captain J. Benson, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

Merchant Navy Training School, Overseas House, Brooks Bar, Manchester.

ACCOMMODATION

12 Hans Road, London, S.W.3 (Kensington 5951), has been opened as a hotel by Adeline Willis, formerly Warden of the International Guide Hostel in London. Rooms (some with private baths) and breakfast from 17s. 6d. to 25s.. Dinners by arrangement. Special weekly terms. Convenient for main line stations, L.H.Q., shopping and sightseeing. Scouters and their families specially welcome.

Comfortable home wanted. Guider, Scouter, Wolf Cub returning home May 1955 for six months' leave. Will consider partly furnished or unfurnished. Electricity, 'phone, garage. London, Essex, Cambridge or within reach. Stamp reply to Mrs. A. J. Douglas-Smith, Allenby, Welches, Christchurch, Barbados, B.W.I.

PERSONAL

Happy Scouting to all in 1954. And make your Scouting happier with a well-fitting pair of Dover shorts in best English cords. Write to Ossie Dover (The Cycling Tailor), 160 Kensington, Liverpool, 8. Phone Anfield 1683. S.A.E. for patterns and prices..

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.

Rover has been able to arrange with Lloyd's Underwriters specially reduced premiums for private and commercial motor insurance for warranted Scouters. Apply Rover Scout Mills, 59-60 Cornhill, E.C.3.

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

May we help to dress your show or your chorus? Large selection of shirts, scarves, etc. Please send stamped addressed envelope for complete price list of costumes available to 33/52nd Epping Forest South Groups, c/o 142 Clayhall Avenue, Ilford, Essex.

"Our Own Show" by Hazel Addis and John Milner. Ten grand variety numbers for your next production; seven musical items, two sketches and a recitation, all most suitable for Scouts, all winners. 4s. 9d. post free. Also "Young in Heart," a grand theme song and chorus number, words and music by same authors. Is. 9d. post free. Both from the Scout and Guide Shop, 5 Tacket Street, Ipswich.

Scout Troop in Middlesex wishes to arrange friendly football matches with other Troops for the coming season. Own ground. Team ages between 11 and 15. Contact D. Stoneman, SM., 40 North Road, Southall, Middlesex.

Raise Funds easily. Sell hand-painted plastic brooches. Terms "Sale or Return" show 50 per cent profit. For samples write Dept. S4, 312 Hamilton Street, Atherton, Manchester.

A.S. Vaissiere Bugle and Trumpet Makers. "What," never heard of us? Well, now is the time to get in touch with us in regard to your instruments that need repairs. You will never regret the day. Note our address: 16b, Georges Road, Liverpool, 6. Phone: Anfield 3343.

Absolutely easiest way of raising funds is by our packets of assorted Christmas cards. Generous discounts and credit terms available. Send 3s. 6d. for sample packet which is returnable if unsuitable. Webb (5), 34 West Road, Cradley, Staffs.

Highly recommended make-up artist offers special terms for Scout Shows. Jim Benson, 158 Long Elmes, Harrow Weald, Middlesex. Harrow, 1955.

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

"Scout-inK" Catalogue No. 35. 32 pages illustrated. Group Progress Records: District Records: Certificates: Camp Bank Cards and Forms: Envelopes and Postcards: Posters: Programme Blanks: Letter Headings: Duplicated Magazines: Receipt Books: Compliment Slips: Birthday Cards: Rubber Stamps: Badges: Armlets: Rosettes: Nametapes. Send postcard to Stacy Ltd., 99 Kingsland High Street, London, E.8.

"Scout-inK" Christmas Cards have been popular for 30 years. The 1954 leaflet of Xmas Cards, Calendars and Gift Lines is ready now. Send p.c. to Stacy Ltd., 99 Kingsland High Street, London, E.8.

Hampshire Cub Song Book. Immediately successful. Further printing now available and selling rapidly. Specimen, price 1s. 3d. post free, from Miss Barrett, 236 Vale Drive, Bitterne, Southampton.

String puppets wanted, 9 or 10 inches, for handicapped shows. Uncle Alex, 64 Manor Lane, London, S.E.13.

Gang Show or Pantomime? Why not try a pantomime as your next production as a change from Gang Shows? I supply full scripts complete with all comedy, and music score if required, for very moderate fees to Scout Troops. Twelve different pantomimes to choose from, all of which have been successfully staged by Scouts. Full details and advice willingly given. Jack F. Hilton, 90 Candlish Street, South Shields.

FOR SALE

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

Of interest to Museums. 1911 Edition *Scouting for Boys*. Early photographs 1914, Chief Scout and Lady Baden-Powell. Set Scouting postcards 1912. Offers? Box 192, THE SCOUTER.

Stage Lighting. Switchboard, dimmers, foot, head, spot lights, etc. Costumes suitable Pantos. Also trampoline. G.S.M., 9 Jumpers Road, Christehureb, Hants.

14 ft. Sailing Dinghy. J. E. Grant, The Garth, Fairlie, Ayrshire.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL Marvellous Offer!

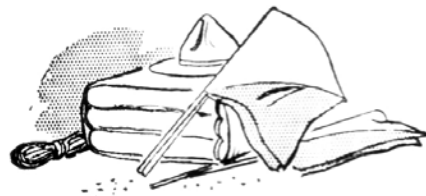
*Beans for the Boys with a
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Give 'em Beans
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Super flavoured and nourishing

2/6 for every 50 Bean labels returned to Crosse & Blackwell.



Why not organise a combined action by your Pack, Troop or Group — collect together and get that piece of equipment you have your eyes on.



Start Collecting to-day!

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:—

- 1 Collect as many labels as you can from any size tin of Crosse & Blackwell Beans. You can collect individually or with your Pack, Troop or Group.
- 2 Crosse & Blackwell will send, in return for every complete bundle of 50 labels received by them, a voucher for 2/6d., which may be spent at any Scout Shop in the United Kingdom.
- 3 The labels must be reasonably whole; no part labels will be accepted.
- 4 Take your labels to your Scoutmaster or Cubmaster (with these Rules), and he will send them in to Crosse & Blackwell.
- 5 The Scoutmaster or Cubmaster should send parcels of labels, made up in bundles of 50, to:—
"Beans for the Boys",
Crosse & Blackwell Limited,
20, Soho Square, London, W.1.
with a note of:—
(a) His name and address in **BLOCK LETTERS**.
(b) The total number of labels enclosed.
The corresponding Vouchers will then be posted to him.
- 6 This offer will run for the three months of October, November and December, 1954, and the last date for posting labels will be the 31st December, 1954.
- 7 The decision of Crosse & Blackwell Ltd., will be final and binding on any question arising out of this offer.

CAN YOU SPOT THE CAMPING MISTAKES IN THIS PICTURE



THIS BOOK GIVES YOU
ALL THE ANSWERS—
and more.

WORTH 2/6-
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You'll want to have this book, even if the only camping you plan is a cook-out at the bottom of the garden. Written for the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland, its pages are crammed full of interesting, practical information that you'll find useful all your life. And there are lots of pictures to show you exactly how to do everything expertly, from packing your rucksack to cooking a meal.

Camping's much more fun if you know all the tricks, and this is the book to teach them to you.

* There are three mistakes in the picture above: (1) the tent is pitched under a tree; (2) the stove isn't screened; and (3) the tent is pitched in long grass. How many did you find?

Now here's what you do. You would have to pay 2/6 for this book if you bought it, but Heinz will send it to you absolutely FREE. All you do is collect three labels from any size or variety of Heinz Baked Beans. Then fill in

the coupon on the right, enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage, and send it, along with the labels, to the address on the coupon. But do hurry, these books will go fast, and the supply is limited. Offer closes 31st July, 1962.



CUT HERE
Write in ink or ball pen. Block letters, please.

H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., Dept. CB9
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Please send me my free copy of the book on CAMPING as soon as possible. I enclose three Heinz Baked Beans labels and 4d. in stamps to cover postage.

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RUNNING A SCOUT GROUP

by J. F. Colquhoun

The Scout Group has been the unit of Scouting since 1928 but as Mr. A. W. Hurlll writes in his Foreword: "It is curious that I.H.Q. has never published itself, or had published, a handbook to help the Group Scoutmaster in his complex job"—until now. If ever there was a book essential for every Group and Commissioner to possess, this is the book.

8/6

(Postage 5d.)

SCOUT SONG BOOK

MELODY LINE EDITION

This is a companion volume to the Scout Song Book (words only). It meets the numerous requests for the music to its many popular songs and rounds. Still in the same handy pocket size, a little over five inches by four, it should be a constant companion for Scouters and Patrol Leaders, indeed for all those who sing songs in Troop Rooms or round the Camp Fire.

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(Postage 3d.)

UNIFORM MATTERS

SCOUTER'S SHIRT AND SHORTS

A good quality matching shirt and shorts in light coloured khaki, making a uniform of smart appearance for the Scouter.

SHIRT No. 1 Khaki Twill, all sizes 14½"-17"
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Best quality Fawn Corduroy Shorts, 2 side and 1 hip pockets. All sizes 30"-42"

46/9 (Post 1/-)

FAWN STOCKINGS

The popular Scouter's stockings, ribbed turn-over tops, nylon spliced heels and toes. Sizes 10"-12"

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LADIES' SLING BAG

An attractive green sling bag, zipp fastener to bag, with extra side pocket fitted with zipp fastener. Made from thickly P.V.C. coated strong cotton, with good quality leather adjustable shoulder strap. Ideal for wear with Cub Scouter's green uniform.

Price **15/6** (Postage 1/1)

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