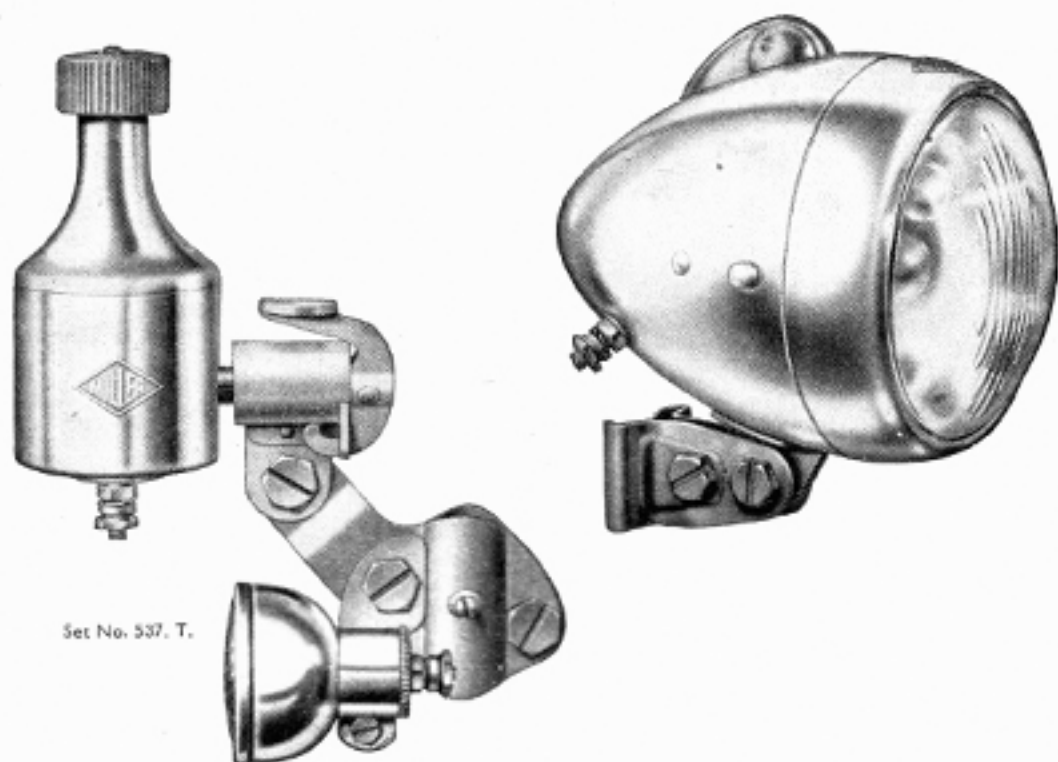


THE SCOUTER

OCTOBER 1954 · 9^D



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Set No. 537, T.

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CYCLE DYNAMO LIGHTING



DESPATCH RIDER BADGE:—“The bicycle must be properly fitted out with front light and rear lamp.”

(Note to Scouts taking this Test: Examiners appreciate the smartness and efficiency of Miller Cycle Dynamo Sets.)



MESSENGER BADGE: “The Scout must keep on his bicycle a front light and tail lamp in good working order.”

(Note to successful messengers: — Miller Cycle Dynamo Lighting Sets give a strong white beam at all speeds.)

Video “Scout Badge Series No. 20.”





THE OUTLOOK

By THE CHIEF SCOUT

I have just been reading the August number of Jamboree, in which Colonel Wilson, writing on "Thirty Years On" quotes B-P.'s words in his farewell address to the Conference at The Hague: "The question has been put to me from time to time, is a Jamboree a good thing for the boy, or for the Movement, or for the country, or for international relations? Personally I have my own answer, but always before making any decision of that kind I consult the authority that I think of as the best, and that is the boy himself." Colonel Wilson goes on to say:

"I wonder if we are acting up to this example? I cannot avoid feeling that thirty years on the boy is less in the picture and in the plan than he ought to be. Are the Patrol in Council, the Court of Honour and similar institutions upholding training in true democracy?" Then, speaking of the Jamboree at Bad Ischl, Colonel Wilson writes: "Applying B-P.'s test, the Scouts enjoyed it and they would have wished to come again. There was an almost limitless supply of wood for gadgets and pioneering, but it was curious to notice that the Scouts from countries where such is not the case did not make as much use of this advantage as they could have done. Were they to blame, or were their Scouters? I don't know; I just voice the question because it is part of the general question that runs through my mind after these thirty years. Are we, as Scouts, becoming too technical and scientifically minded? Are we getting away from simple, natural pleasures? Do we want to, or is it because we are not given the lead and the opportunity? Is Scouting keeping boyhood natural or is it helping it to become more artificial and mechanical? I am not clever enough to know or to judge." These words deserve our careful consideration. There is always a danger that we may forget the boys and follow our own inclinations, and yet the success of Scouting is due to the fact that the boys founded it, they came first before the administration or the organisation. It is they who have been responsible for every development in Scouting, because it was what they wanted and were determined to get.

The other day I was down at a Jamborette at Torquay. The Camp was on a lovely site above the cliffs. The weather was atrocious but the boys as usual never noticed it. The standard of camping was high, every site well laid out, clean and tidy in the right sort of way. There was to be an arena display in the afternoon, and as the Camp Fire the night before had had to be cancelled, I thought I would wander round during the rehearsals.

It struck me that the boys were thoroughly enjoying themselves, and there was the grandest sort of backchat as I swam through them. The theme of the display was "Scouting through the Ages" and it had that perfect craziness about it that is so refreshing and appeals so much to the imagination and sense of humour of any boy. There was a cannon, made out of tins and a thunder flash, which was tested out for my benefit. When it completely disintegrated it was voted a thoroughly satisfactory test and they set about building another! There was a most Heath Robinsonesque atomic energy machine with weird flashes in neon tubes. I don't think anybody knew what it was supposed to do, but it was tremendous fun, and as it was under the direction of the scientists at Harwell it must have been all right!

There was no doubt of the enjoyment of the boys, and because of their obvious enthusiasm there was no doubt either of the enjoyment of the spectators.

During this coming winter let's try and break down some of the inhibitions which beset boys who are too much cabined and confined. Let us try to stimulate their imaginations, to let them enjoy the craziness which Scouting can provide along with the more serious side. Then perhaps we shall hear less of leakage and we shall recapture the enthusiasm of boys and men which started Scouting on its way and which still permeates the best Groups and the best Scouting. Again, let me remind you that Scouting is not a technique, it is a spirit that grows among the romance and chivalry and dreams of the-boys.

When I was at Torquay I, received a silver spoon with a wooden handle, to be cared for in B.-P.'s Room. This had been given to the Scouts of Devon by a Mrs. Woolmer who was a niece and god daughter of Lady Smyth, wife of Sir Henry Smyth the Governor of Malta.

B.-P. was the A.D.C. at the-time, and accompanied the Governor and his wife on a picnic. The teaspoons had been forgotten, but B.-P. wasn't to be beaten by a little thing like that. He cut a twig from a nearby bush, peeled the bark off it and gave it to Lady Smyth to stir her tea. There was a lot of laughter at this, and jokingly Lady Smyth said she would keep the twig as a memento. B.-P. decided to have it made into a spoon with the stick as handle, and presented it to her. And now Mrs. Woolmer has most generously presented it to the Scouts of Devon, and they in turn have asked that it be kept in B.-P.'s Room.

Another interesting memento of B.-P. has come my way, in the form of a pound note No. 446 for use during the siege of Mafeking. This one has an unusual history behind it. It was brought home after the owner had obtained the signatures on it of a number of interesting people, including Lord Edward Cecil, the originator of the Boy Messengers. It was given by him to a Miss Souden, and has been kept by herself and her brother ever since. Miss Souden used to sit in the pew in church immediately behind my mother before my mother was married, and her father and my grandfather were both Elders of the Church. She asked their present minister, who was the minister in Kilmaurs twenty-five years ago, if he thought that I would like it, and so a few days ago it came into my possession. I must find out who the other signatures belong to.

Scouting in Malaya has always been of a very high standard, and the troubles out there have given it an extra purpose. There is a college near Ormskirk for Malayan students in this country, and many of them come to Gilwell, some fifty this year alone. They have been a magnificent lot, and a credit to Malayan Scouting. But Gilwell has made an equal impression on them and has even increased their enthusiasm, and it has been a great delight to us all to know that when the final results were declared at the end of the college courses, every member of the Scout and Guide Clubs was successful - a proud record on which they are to be congratulated, and from which we can all derive a very genuine satisfaction.

By the time you read this I shall be in their part of the world, and looking forward in a few days to meeting them again.

Perhaps it is because I know more of you; perhaps it is really the case that every Gilwell Reunion is better than those that have preceded it. This year the numbers were as great as ever, and perhaps there was more time for getting around and talking. There was one demonstration that I wish I hadn't missed, and that was teaching swimming to a non-swimmer in twenty minutes dead, so that he could do unaided, except for flippers on his feet, one breadth of the bath at Gilwell. Of one thing I am convinced, and that is that our singing has improved out of all knowledge since the War, and also that the songs we sing have improved. The Camp Fire with its sketches and songs was exactly right, and the Round "Jubilate Deo" will, I prophesy, spread round the world. The Scouts' Own, too, will remain in our memories.

Immediately following the Reunion was a Conference of County Chaplains. I was only able to be there for the opening, at which we discussed the "Duty to God" and "Law and Promise" Courses. In the early days the County Chaplain's main duty was to nip rows in the bud. In those days there were still many misunderstandings by the Churches of the aims and objects of Scouting, and, unfortunately, many misunderstandings by Scouters of the religious obligations of their job. Thanks to their work, although there may still be isolated cases, they are few and far between, and the emphasis has swung to the more pastoral duties, and particularly to these Courses on the "Fundamentals of the Christian Faith" which are making such a great contribution to the spiritual life of the Group. In these Courses, the co-operation of the different Denominations is splendid to see, but even now there is room for further development and I hope you will all do your best - both those who have found and those who are still seeking - to attend one. You can give as well as receive, and there must be few who cannot find something that will help them in their task.

I was privileged, as a representative of the Youth Movements, to pay my tribute to Sir William Smith, the Founder of the Boys' Brigade, at a packed meeting in St. Andrews Halls, Glasgow, along with Lord Home, son of a former President, now a Minister of State, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Jarvis, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland. I have already written in the "Outlook" of the contribution Sir William Smith made to work among boys. He was the first to put boys, in a non-military movement, into uniform; the first to stress the importance in a boy's life of discipline, combined with Faith, and in the B.B. hymn they sing "He led the boys by living the life he'd have them live" showing the supreme value of personal example as compared with the spoken word. He was the first to take his boys to camp - a daring innovation. He was the first to suggest to B.-P. the writing of *Scouting for Boys*, and it was in 1903 that B.-P. first experienced the inspiring spectacle of boys in the mass bound together by a common cause. He was also the first to realise that *Scouting for Boys* was the basis for a new Movement, not in rivalry, but complementary to the one he himself had founded. Each of these two great men conceived an affection and admiration for the other which lasted till the death of Sir William Smith in 1914, and that admiration and affection has remained as a foundation of the relationship between our two Movements to the present day. Long may it continue so to do.

I am writing this "Outlook" before the National Conference at Filey, and I must leave it to others to give an account of it, for almost immediately afterwards I set off for the Far East and shall hand over the responsibility for the "Outlook" during the next two months to my Deputy, General Sir Rob Lockhart. I shall be visiting on this trip Hong Kong, Borneo, Brunei, Sarawak, Singapore, the Federated Malay States and Ceylon, returning home, if all goes well, on the 30th of November. But before I go, let me remind you once more of the Christmas "good turn" and ask you to get ahead now with the preparation of your Scouts for bumper Queen's Scouts Receptions in.

ROWALLAN.

THE B.-P. GUILD: ITS RELATIONSHIP TO SCOUTING

By THE DEPUTY CHIEF SCOUT

In last month's "Headquarters Notices" appeared a statement of the policy on the relationship between the B.-P. Guild and ourselves, the Boy Scouts Association. The statement was recently agreed by both organisations after joint discussion.

My object here is to ask all Group Scoutmasters, Local Associations and County Scout Councils to study this policy and do all they can to implement it and make it work. "A Scout is Loyal." B.-P. told us that it was not to be expected that Scouters can themselves do everything that ought to be done for their boys: he said we should be able to find friends and experts to help us. In a report on his recent tour in the Mediterranean our Chief Scout wrote that he doubted whether we are making enough use of lay helpers.

Where are we more likely to find people able and willing to help us than amongst those who were themselves once Scouts, especially when they are banded into an organisation which has as one of its objects the performance of services to local Scouts? Do Scouters as a whole really try to encourage the B.-P. Guild? Some do, I know, but I am always finding, in the course of my travels, Old Scouts in all walks of life who have never heard of the Guild. Then there are Old Scout Organisations linked with their own Groups; some members of these seem to think that there is no point in joining the B.-P. Guild. But what about the Old Scout who comes from some other part of the country and has no previous connection with Scouting in his new locality? Isn't he likely to feel more at home if he can join a flourishing branch of an organisation which caters especially for all Old Scouts? Recently, I heard of one District which held a competition to see which Patrol could find the greatest number of Old Scouts in the District. Results surprised everyone by its success.

I beg you all to make a real effort in the next six months:

- (1) to increase the membership and numbers of Branches;
- (2) by working closely with your local Branch of the Guild to make it an effective ally of Scouting, and
- (3) in general, to give our policy your loyal support.

ROB. M. LOCKHART.

FEATHER FILLED SLEEPING- BAGS EX W.D., NEW, DARK GREEN 5' 9" x 2' 10" TAPERING TO 2', WEIGHT 5½lb. plus 1/- postage	 70/-
NEW EX COMMANDO RUCSACS RUBBER LINED INSIDE ZIP POCKET 70/- plus 1/- part post. pack.	
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THE SCOUT STORE (GLASGOW COUNTY SCOUT COUNCIL) 21 ELMBANK STREET, GLASGOW *Phone: CITY 6362/3 *Grams: SCOUTCRAFT	

35. "ADVENTURE UNDERGROUND"

The winning log by Denis Sanderson and Bruce Douglas of the Queen Elizabeth Troop (Kirkby Lonsdale) in the Coronation Year Adventure Competition concluded.

III

July 24, 1953

After a fairly comfortable night we awoke at seven o'clock. The night light was still burning and we lit a lantern. We ate some chocolate and I lay in my sleeping-bag writing up the log until nine o'clock when we both got up. We had porridge, bacon, eggs, biscuits, chocolate and glucose tablets for breakfast, and then washed and tidied up the camp. By the time we had finished it was 11.55 a.m. and we heard the sound of the base camp party approaching. It was quite a time before the party we could hear eventually reached our camp. There were only three of them. Paddy had stayed behind to cook them a meal. Ken and Brian went to explore the Snake. Bruce and I changed from dry camp clothes into already wet exploring clothes, and Curly just sat on a biscuit tin. At first our wet clothes felt very cold but we soon got warm, and when Brian and Ken returned from the Snake the five of us set out for the North West Passage. We did not expect to get through to the inner series of caves which lie the other side of the North West Passage, as there was quite a lot of water in the caves.

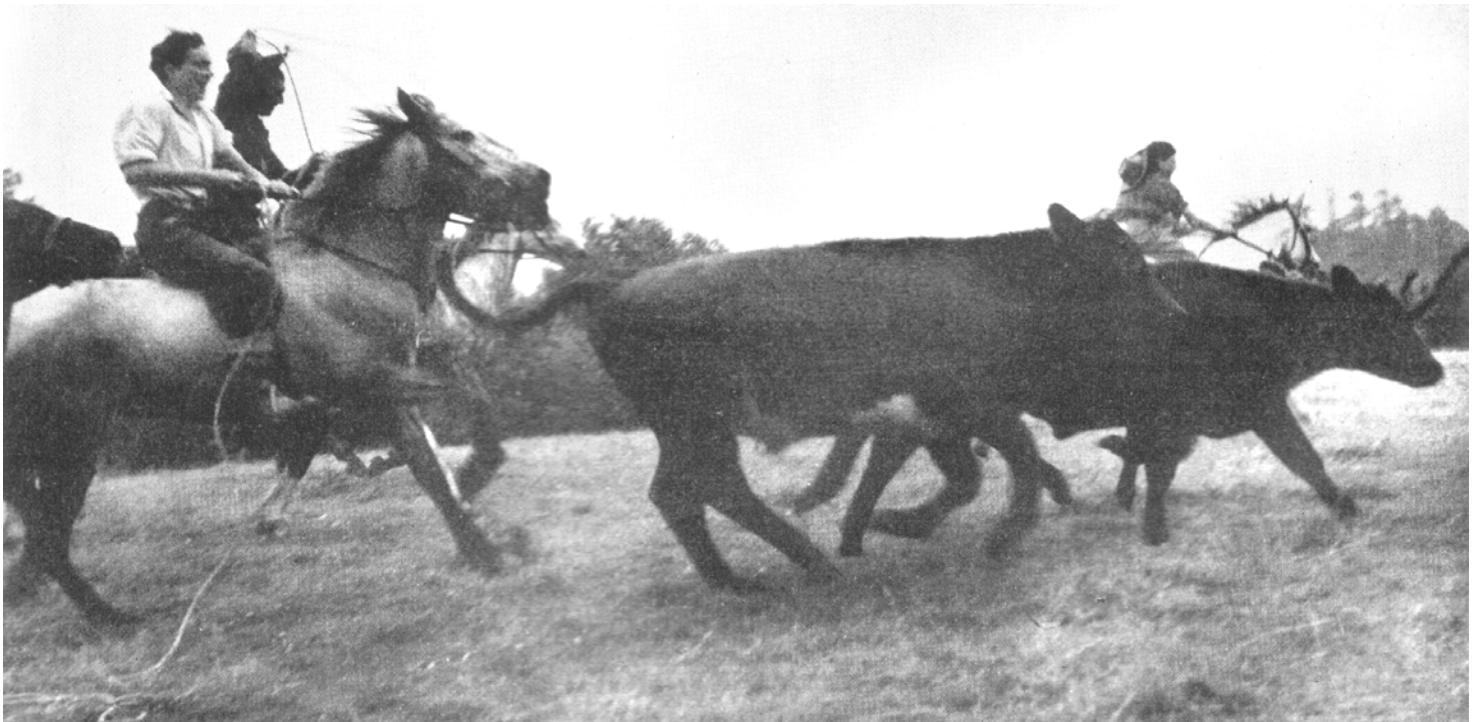
The base camp party said that it had rained all night, was still raining, and did not look as if it was going to stop. We went by Spout Passage to Platypus Junction. Here we entered the North West Passage. At first we were able to walk comfortably between smooth limestone walls, but the roof soon lowered and we were into one of the worst crawls we have ever experienced, and in the past we had experienced some pretty grim places, but this beat them all. The crawl was at first dry, and then it followed the side of a stream. As the water increased in volume we were forced to go on hands and knees in the water which was only about six inches deep. We continued in this manner for about 60 yards and then came to a sandbank between two streams along which we crawled.

The left-hand passage from which came the second stream is called dough's Passage, and when we saw it we took off our hats to Clough who first went into it.

This is called Dismal Junction. The christener of this place lost his light and got grit in his eye here. We didn't blame him for calling it Dismal.

We were no longer on hands and knees but fiat out on our stomachs, after we had left the sanctuary of the sand bank we slithered forward into the stream. It was icy cold at first but our frantic movements soon warmed us up. The water got deeper and I propelled myself forwards with a breast stroke arm action and dragged my feet. The water was also getting swifter and progress was easier. The water finally reached a depth of two feet with a foot of air space above. I got on to my hands and knees again and crawled quickly forward until I reached a shelf of rock about three inches below the water and I slithered forward on my stomach, climbed upwards through a hole and was able to stand up. I was in a spacious chamber filled with huge boulders. It was Boulder Hall. I shouted the news back to the others and they soon joined me. We sat on boulders to rest. I took out the map which we kept in a plastic sandwich envelope secured by rubber bands. In spite of everything it was still dry.

During our rest we began to get cold again so we got up and set off over the piles of huge boulders. We stopped at the first hole in the floor, and then went on to the second one. Here we climbed down into a fairly spacious passage. It was the easiest going we had had since entering the North West Passage. It did not last long, however, and we were soon on hands and knees again. The water got deeper in front of us and I crawled forward with only my head and shoulders out of the water. I soon got through and was able to stand up. I found a small dry passage running parallel to the wet one and shouted back to the others that they could get through this way. Curly came through to join me but the others said they would wait and see what we found before coming through. None of us expected to get much farther. Curly and I looked into the Gravel Chamber, a large low-roofed chamber nearly filled with gravel. There is no way through from here and we turned to the low wet crawl which is the only other alternative.



SCOUTS AT MR. ROSS SALMON'S COWBOYS' CAMP
(For an account of the camp see *The Scout* of October 15th)

This was the severest part of the journey. We wriggled on our stomachs in the stream and our backs scraped against the roof. The passage turned several corners. We followed this passage for thirty yards. The water got deeper and swifter and there was less space between water and roof. Finally we had only room to keep our heads out of the water. The roof in front dipped to within three inches of the water. The water was deep too. Going underwater would have been almost inevitable. The only light we had came from my headlamp, the rest of the party having the remaining lights.

My lamp began to wink on and off alarmingly, so we turned and made our way back as quickly as possible. On the way the light went out several times. I managed to make it light again but after we had to crawl in darkness because the size of the passage did not allow me to get my hand to the battery set which was on my belt. We had almost got back to the rest of the party when it went out altogether and refused to function again in spite of my efforts. I shouted to Bruce to shine a light and a light appeared in front of us. When we reached Bruce he said that the others had already started back. Bruce produced a battered candle and some dry matches. He soon presented me with a lighted candle. The candle, however, was not very useful in wet crawls and we finally gave it up and just followed closely behind Bruce. We caught the others up at Spout Hall. We did not climb up the Spout but climbed up to the roof and got through the crawl into the gallery and then down into the passage above the Spout.

When we arrived back in Oxford Circus we found that the water level had risen. A stream was running through our camp and the water was still rising. It was clear that we could not spend another night here, so we decided to evacuate to the ladder chamber which is on a higher level than Oxford Circus. The base camp party said farewell and left us. We changed out of our wet clothes, had a hot meal, and then began to pack up. I climbed into the passage above Oxford Circus to receive the kit as Bruce passed it up. Quite a strong stream was running by this time and Bruce had to make stepping-stones from our camp to the end of the passage where I was waiting. It took us half an hour to move camp to the ladder chamber and we were fully settled there by seven o'clock.

I spent quite a considerable time repairing my lighting outfit. This was finally done with the aid of a match pushed under the switch to make it press down harder and so make contact.

When this had been done we decided to survey the passage from Oxford Circus to County Pot. We took lights, compass and notebook and pencil, and started from the top of the climb out of Oxford Circus. Our dry clothes got a little damp in places when we climbed the pitch because the amount of water coming down had increased. We surveyed all the way to the entrance noting heights and widths of passages and the rising of the floor. We then returned to our camp, cooked supper, wrote up the log and went to bed at 11.55 p.m.

On Saturday the 25th I awoke at 5.30 a.m. and decided to get up. A night light was still burning. I lit the lantern and put on my gym shoes and jacket having slept in two pairs of trousers, likewise of socks and shirt and jersey. Water had dripped from the roof all night.

My waterproof sleeping-bag was wet on top but almost completely dry underneath. I wrote up the log and plotted the map of the passages we had surveyed the previous evening. By the time I had done this it was 8 a.m. My feet had gone cold so I did some exercises. Bruce now got up and did some exercises too. When we were both warm we started to prepare breakfast. We had to go to Broadway to get water, and we noticed that the water had gone down to its normal level. We had porridge, soup, bacon and two eggs each for breakfast and then washed up.

We now began to prepare for our return to the surface. We packed as much as we could into the long kit-bag and Bruce climbed the ladder and hauled it up after him. I buried all our empty tins, and Bruce hauled up some more of the kit. Ken and Brian now arrived and carried away what kit we had hauled up.

We hauled up the rest, I climbed the ladder and we pulled it up after us and rolled it up. We took the rest of the kit and set out for the surface. When we arrived we found Curly waiting for us. The others had already set out for the base camp. We had not bothered to change into our wet clothes this morning but had kept our dry things on. We had gone to great pains to keep them dry on the way out, for our dry clothes were not waterproof. We had great difficulty getting over a bank of wet mud near the entrance. I went through and then passed back my waterproof trousers to Bruce. When we were both through we climbed out, and set off across the fell in driving sleet and rain, and long before we reached camp we were completely soaked.

Senior Scout Scrapbook

37. EUROPEAN EXPEDITION

A REPORT ON THE ESSEX SENIOR SCOUTS' SECOND EUROPEAN EXPEDITION

1.

It was just before the Essex International Jamboree in 1952 that the County Commissioner and Assistant County Commissioner (5) got together and produced the following suggestion.

"That in 1953 lots of Senior Scouts from Essex should camp somewhere on the Continent of Europe, and from there should be sent out, in Patrols, to hike with boys from other countries, and if possible renew friendships made at the forthcoming Jamboree."

This suggestion was soon put to the County Senior Scout Standing Committee, who devoted quite a time to discussing the various suggestions that were put forward, some practical, some fantastic, some possible, some impossible. Suffice it to say that from the combined wisdom of the Committee the following proposal was made.

(a) That the cost of the Expedition must not exceed £10 per head (pocket money extra).

(b) That the duration should be two weeks.

(c) That a base camp should be set up at Wiltz in Luxembourg.

(d) That Patrols of Senior Scouts should hike in Luxembourg, France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland, accompanied by a Scout from the country in which the Patrol was hiking.

(e) That two members of the Committee must visit Wiltz to see for themselves that the necessary facilities are available.

A Continental holiday, all for £10? The critics scoffed, pessimists shook their heads, wise ones pointed to currency complications. Who would organise such an Expedition? The A.D.C.(S) from Southend-on-Sea offered to consult with his Senior Scouts to see if they would undertake a preliminary survey to see if the scheme was practicable.

After many meetings, much writing, and innumerable cups of tea it was decided to issue a circular to all Groups in Essex, giving an outline of the scheme, and asking for replies to enable some idea to be obtained of the support we should expect. Well over 100 replies were received, so it was decided to continue with the preparations.

A preliminary visit was made in January, temperature below freezing, by Stan Windsor (A.D.C.(S) Southend-on-Sea), and Rover Scout John Porter to see what facilities were available for the anticipated large party. They came back having visited Wiltz in Luxembourg, Namur and Liege in Belgium, fully satisfied that the facilities were adequate. Stan Windsor was responsible for Travel, H.Q. Staff, County and I.H.Q. correspondence, and John Porter, besides being responsible for Belgium, checked all the financial calculations, while Mrs. Windsor was co-opted as Treasurer. Four Senior Scouts on the Committee took over responsibility for different countries.

With the help and advice of the International Department at I.H.Q. contacts were made with Scouters from the five countries in which the Patrols were to hike. They were asked to supply names and addresses of Scouts who would hike with our Patrols, who would work out their own routes by correspondence with the guest Scout. (All expenses of the guest Scout were to be paid by the Patrol; this was included in the cost of £10 per boy.)

After applications had been sorted out (each one was accompanied by a £2 deposit to discourage frivolous applications) it was found that there would be thirty-three Patrols taking part, plus a H.Q. staff of twenty-five (Seniors, Scouters and Rovers). The Patrols had applied to hike as follows: Holland three Patrols, France three Patrols, Luxembourg five Patrols, Belgium five Patrols, Germany seventeen Patrols.

Travel arrangements were made by Cooks Travel Agency who (at our suggestion) made arrangements with the Belgian State Railways for one of their Trans-Continental trains to make a non-scheduled stop at Libramont, and for special trains to carry the Expedition from Libramont to Bastogne, and from Bastogne to Wiltz; the complete route was London (Victoria), Dover, Ostend, Libramont, Bastogne, Wiltz.

The whole Expedition was divided into ten parties, each party being identified by means of a coloured plastic disc attached to each member's woggle. Each party was controlled by a Scouter. Five members of the Expedition acted as Movement Control, and both journeys were completed without difficulty.

A £2 deposit was required with the first application form, which included a space for parents' permission to take part, and included permission to swim.

Full information was printed and combined into a booklet which was distributed to every Group in the County (500 were printed).

Permission was obtained from the Bank of England Treasury Control for the Export of 110,000 Belgian francs in bulk. Before leaving H.Q. at Wiltz each Patrol was handed an envelope containing 400 francs for each member of the Patrol, this was sufficient to pay for food for the Patrol and its guest Scout during the hike. In practice this left a little over for travelling short distances by bus or train. Each boy also had with him his own pocket money.

One hundred and eighty-two members of the Expedition (six more travelled by car and motor cycle) assembled at Victoria (London) at 8.30 a.m. on August 24th and were put into reserved compartments on the Dover boat train. On arrival at the docks the embarkation was carried out smoothly; kits were dumped below in a section specially reserved for them. During the voyage to Ostend a P.L.'s Conference was held at which the instructions were issued about the objectives. They were as follows:

Patrols are expected to keep a log containing interesting events and any incidents that happen to the Patrol as well as the normal places, distances each day, etc.

Start your log with details of your preparations in England before starting out.

Remember your good turns, particularly to those who allow you to camp on their land.

Try to do at least one good turn as a Patrol. If the opportunities do not show up of their own accord, they can often be made.

You are expected to get to know the people, their customs and the local history of the areas through which you pass, e.g.:

(a) Are there any local customs or festivals, what do they mark? Are they dying out?

(b) Are there any local industries peculiar to the district?

(c) How do the religions of the area compare with your own?

(d) How are the local services (fire, police, water, etc.) provided? Nationally, or locally? How are they paid for?

(e) How do local meals compare with those at home? Did you like any local dishes you tried?

(f) Have you noticed any other interesting points about the local people or country you encountered?

Try to talk with the people you meet, many of them will be able to help you gather the information you require. Try to meet some of the following:

A school teacher, a parson, a local government official, a Trade Union official, an industrial worker, an agricultural worker, a clerical worker.

Make records of interviews in your log.

At the end of your log give a short summary of the opinions of the members of your Patrol on what they have found out about the people and their customs.

Each Patrol Leader was handed an envelope containing the 400 francs for each member of his Patrol. From that time they were on their own until nine days later when they were due to report at that same spot.

(to be continued)

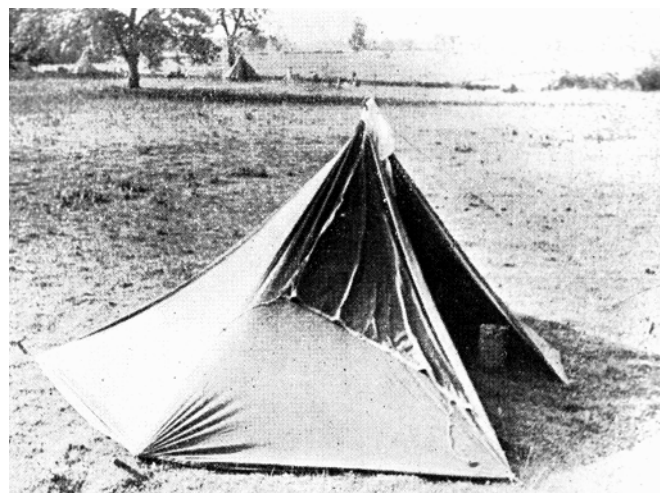
DEAR EDITOR

Camping Gear

DEAR EDITOR,

Through the medium of our magazine, may I congratulate Percy Neville on his article, "Camping Gear - and all That," published in the June issue of THE SCOUTER. The equipment described in the article is ideal for hike camping, as I have proved from four years jungle camping.

When I first hike-camped in the east, I found a hike-tent would not withstand a tropical downpour, and allowed a fine spray of rain to shower inside the tent. In addition, as the rain invariably fell straight down, tent ends were not really necessary and needlessly hot. I therefore obtained a shelter cloth from a well-known tent maker, measuring 9 ft. x 7 ft. made of lightweight tent material, eyeleted all round at 18 in. intervals, and treated with oil to prevent all water from penetrating. The whole weighed only 2 lb. and provided adequate shelter at all times. When packed it occupied a space of 10 in. x 8 in. x 1 in.



I have used this same shelter cloth while camping in England this winter, but have sewn an end onto it to give the necessary additional protection to combat an English winter. This has increased the weight by about 1 lb. Erected as shown in the photograph, the Scout Staff or thumbstick may be placed *outside* the tent giving a clear floor space of 6 ft. 6 in. x 6 ft. 0 in. Only one guyline is required in front of the tent. Headroom is sufficient to allow a 6 ft. man to sit upright without touching the top. The corners of the shelter cloth folded inside give ample room on which to place kit. With an oiled cloth tent of this nature, one can touch the sides with impunity without getting wet.

Kephart is full of ideas, yet possibly few Scouts have read his *Camping and Woodcraft*. What an ideal present to give the Troop at Christmas!

L. W. HIBBERT,
D.S., Sandakan, North Borneo.

Pressure Cookers

DEAR EDITOR

Mr. Tully's Scout has expressed an opinion which I feel to be both genuine and important. But let us not magnify it into a criterion for all that we do. By such standards the Everest expedition would show up pretty badly; and yet, for all its pressure cookers and radio, it was not such a bad effort, and there was still a trace of "Romance and Adventure" about it.

The trouble is that his informant is not a typical Scout: there is no such thing. He is, most likely, a typical Second Class fourteen-year-old Scout - which is quite different. It is probably a healthy sign that he can find Romance and Adventure watching a billy on an open fire: give him plenty of it.

But he will not always be fourteen, nor, I hope, always Second Class. What then? There should be a place in Scouting for everything between Cubbing and Everest. He cannot see it all at once, of course; his horizon is limited. Even if his appetite has been whetted (and that is not always the case), many things he would like to achieve do not seem feasible to him personally. The Scouter, however, must always be more prepared than the Scout and look wider than the Senior Scout.

So in some ways we try to make things progressively harder: backwoods cooking, for instance, which for all its scoutiness no one would insist upon for all occasions. In other ways it may pay to make some things easier, for cooking is not the whole of Scouting, nor camping either: and I would commend the principle that we have been trying out in our group, that paraffin stoves and pressure cookers are solely for First Class Scouts, and even then only when their use has some special justification. This rule has, we find, two advantages: (a) the privilege is an incentive to the First Class Badge, and (b) it is a reminder that they should go on to different, preferably more advanced, types of camp, not the same types with less effort.

The smell of the wood smoke need not cease to be a periodic delight, but in many of our activities it ought to be impossible: a First Class Scout should be cooking on mountains, in caves, on the sea, perhaps even in the air. If we insist that there is only one Scout way of doing it, most of the Seniors are going to look elsewhere for a change; they will be off with the local wheelers and ordering warden's meals at youth hostels.

Over the bicycle itself the Movement has shown appreciation of this truth. It is wisely excluded now from the First Class Journey, because there it would be a hindrance to the main objective. But we do not ban it utterly on the grounds that it could not be improvised on a desert island. This thing is part of our existence; so the Scout is encouraged to use it safely and in the service of others: it is up to us to see that it helps us to wider Scouting.

Thus at the summer camp of our Boy Scout Troop each Patrol has been issued with its billies and will have to make them do. But our pressure cooker has just returned from three weeks cycle-camping in France with a couple of pocket stoves and a group of Seniors. I would like to conclude with a few notes on our aims and conclusions:

- (a) Our object this time was primarily to see something of France and the French: camping was a cheap, independent and enjoyable way of doing it, a way that our previous Scout training had made available to us.
- (b) Lengthy culinary operations would have seriously lessened the time for travel, sight-seeing and contacts.
- (c) We had no difficulty in finding excellent camp sites, but several were granted on condition that we had no wood fires.
- (d) The "Prestige" did not supersede the billy, but was complementary: the two used simultaneously made quick and adequate meals for seven.
- (e) The cooker encouraged the buying of fresh food rather than tins: so we had tasty meals at lower cost.
- (f) Although we failed to find "Romance" in quite the sense that certain members seemed for some reason to expect from France, we had quite a bit of adventure, and I shall be most surprised if any leave the Troop as a result of this experience.

H. G. BELL,
G.S.M., 9th Bridlington.

Rural Scouting

DEAR EDITOR,

Some while ago, during the war years I believe, you wrote an article in THE SCOUTER about "Scouting in Rural Areas" in which you advocated the establishment of a central Troop and village Patrols attached to it. I was not a country Scouter then but six years of country Scouting have taught me to re-set most of what I practised as a Scouter. It would be good to hear of places where such a scheme works and about country Scouting in general. How are such village Patrols started? It might also be useful to hear of cases where such a scheme has been tried but has failed. And why it failed. I would think, in spite of all the bicycles that village youth have, that transport can be a major problem. The last village Troop I was connected with depended very largely upon my old car collecting them in from a five-mile radius; we found that to rely upon bikes on winter nights and snowy weather did not work. But I am not repeating that solution again.

And what do other Scouters put into their Scout programmes in place of the open air appeal for lads who live and work on farms. Camping has an attraction, yes. Though rather less than with the town lad. But fell walking and hiking, no. They get that at home. I sometimes think the First Class Journey ought to be rather different for a country Scout, less foot slogging and nature work than is expected of a town Scout.

Will other country Scouters share their triumphs and failures with us so that we may benefit by their experiences?

A. M. COOK,
28th Carlisle

Wot, no hats?

DEAR EDITOR,

I noted with very great interest the centre-spread picture in The July issue of that wonderful gathering of Queen's Scouts at Gilwell - without hats. Is this the lead we have been looking for, please?

One simple directive that we may appear in public without hats would go a long way towards solving the present unsatisfactory state of affairs and probably kill the hats v. berets controversy for the point is that nobody wears a hat nowadays.

CHARLES ANDERSON,
Town Commissioner, Southampton.

Anecdotes of B.-P.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I ask the help of your readers?

I am trying to collect as many anecdotes about our Founder as possible. The sooner these are recorded the better. There must be many long-service Scouters who treasure the recollection of some meeting with B.-P., or recall incidents that help to preserve his personality. Even memories of trifling encounters are worth getting down on paper; they all add to our knowledge. Let us do this while we can.

Some too may have interesting photographs not only of B.-P. himself but of Scouting in its early days. If these cannot be spared, I will have copies made for record.

I should be most grateful for help in this way. Anecdotes and photographs, or other interesting material, should be sent to me. At Gilwellbury, Chingford, London, E.4.

E. E. REYNOLDS.

The Crux of the Problem

DEAR EDITOR,

I am as anxious to learn as to offer to help in any small way that I can, in this important issue.

A careful study of the correspondence to date, brings a number of questions to my mind. With regard to G.S.M.'s Troop, I wonder:

- (1) What happened to the Court of Honour? Why was a decision taken by the Group Council, apparently with no reference to this body?
- (2) If the spirit of Scouting had gone from the Court of Honour rendering it ineffective, how did this occur? Was there any lassitude in the Scouter's example up to the date of reformation?

(3) Is it possible that some parents could not be bothered to complete the entry forms thereby preventing their boys from rejoining, through no fault of the boys?

Other correspondents also raise issues which need a deeper consideration.

(1) Except with our more blatant miscreants how do we assess when a boy has ceased to keep his Promise? After all he merely promises to do his best.

(2) I believe that most boys, when asking to join our Troops, have only that intention - no other. Boys do sometimes join to "play up" the Scoutmaster but usually this is only with the Scoutmaster who has a reputation for being "played up." Doesn't the rest depend upon the personal impact between Scouter and boy?

(3) What happens to the boys whose parents do not consider their children's duties and commitments and over-rule them?

(4) Since when has a missionary zeal been misplaced in Scouting?

(5) Is not lengthy absenteeism prevented in the normal Troop by quite ordinary attendance regulations?

(6) Can Scouting be properly compared with football? We do not have boys who do not want to play. Aren't our boys volunteers who have heard of the fun to be had in B.-P.'s Scouting? Isn't it up to us to endeavour to implant the rest whilst providing the fun?

This leaves just one or two observations for me to make.

From my little experience, the best Troop seems to be the one where the Scouter is self-critical. If there is any lessening of the Scout (Christian in our land) Spirit in his Troop, he immediately scrutinises his own methods, his personal relationship with each individual boy and each family.

There is certainly second and third class material in the Movement, but isn't the majority of it found in the Troops of second and third class Scouters?

The Scouters who are working hard for material success and external smartness will probably achieve their ends whilst they continue to work hard. Those, however, who are using Scouting as a means to an end, i.e. as a means to wrestle with a boy's soul whilst it is in a pliable state, no matter what that boy's circumstances, is bound to have a high proportion of apparent failures.

With humility I would, however, submit that the second course is the right one. My justification?

Christ called together his Apostles from the humblest sinners of his neighbourhood, and by his personal impact, developed their characters to a higher plane than anything we can achieve with our boys. Even so, when he suffered the final humiliation, only one - John - remained by his side. His success with humanity at that stage was one twelfth.

What then can be our proportion of success?

BILL WEBBER,

A.D.C., Burslem Division, City of Stoke-on-Trent.

Rover Moots

DEAR EDITOR,

I was disappointed on reading my last month's SCOUTER to find that three Rover Moots clashed within the bounds of those it is possible for our Crew to get to. May I take this opportunity through your columns of expressing how disappointing this clash is.

I well appreciate how difficult it is for organisers to fix up the various venues for these events but I do feel that with a little more co-operation between various counties this could be overcome to some extent.

I'm sure that I speak for many more Rovers when I say that it would be gratifying not to have the same thing happen again next year.

D. J. PIKE,

A.S.M., 1st Earley and Crew Scribe.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I in all humility be permitted to join the debate in your columns which all started with a G.S.M. reorganising his Group by cutting away so-called dead wood.

My testimony is that Scouting for me is one of the instruments I use to try to carry out my Christian ideals. I therefore conceive it my job to help as many boys as I can.

If I fail with some boys and there is nothing I can do for them I must let them go, but let me not boast but rather censure myself for my failure.

We would all of us like to have a nice neat bundle of boys of convenient numbers, but in fact so often are we faced with trouble over uniform or parts of uniform, parents who keep boys away, and it is not what we would like to show off to our D.C. when he visits us. It inconveniences census figures, sports averages and the like.

What a motley collection indeed was that early band of disciples whom the Master spent three years in training. Did He too not make the point when he told of the shepherd who left his 99 sheep and went after the 100th sheep who had gone astray. If we would emulate our Master there must come occasions when a great deal of time must be spent, at the expense of time on the good boys, on those odd boys who do not seem to come up to expectation.

Let this not, however, be an excuse for scruffy Scouting in ourselves even in matters like uniform, and not like some of the monstrosities one sees even at a National Conference.

This brings you and me back to ourselves. Have we persistence and patience and a spiritual dynamic in our Scouting?

E. J. LEACH,

D.C., Stoke Newington.

DEAR EDITOR,

Having read carefully through (and over again) "G.S.M.'s" letter in the March SCOUTER and the replies printed in the May SCOUTER, I seem to be in the minority in that I agree on the whole with what "G.S.M." said and did. Surely our *active* interest in one Troop or another, must know from experience that Scouts cannot be divided into two groups, the "Carefully chosen paragons" and "ordinary cheeky commonplace boy," and certainly no Troop ever boasted twelve paragons as so many of your correspondents seem to think. I believe that they have misinterpreted much of what "G.S.M." said and did, for I should imagine that he struggled for some time before reaching this decision.

I believe that a little discipline is necessary, especially in the matter of church-going, for there are few boys of Scout age, I think, who would attain any regularity in this matter unless the habit was born in them of necessity. How are we helping them to keep this promise if we take this sentimental view, which so many of your correspondents seemed to express, that there should be no *musts* in our Scouting?

Surely a Troop like "G.S.M." is aiming for may be small in numbers, but with the spirit of Scouting alive in the Troop - is better than a large Troop where it doesn't matter really whether or not you keep your promise, etc., so long as you have some fun and "keep off the streets." Any Youth Club can do that for the boys; but if we are not to be allowed to insist that our boys obey the fundamentals of Scouting, how can we achieve any degree of success in our task of "Making the rising generation into good citizens"?

MARGARET J. STARBROOK (MRS.).

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TROOP NIGHT - XVI

Signalling. Which Patrol can demonstrate the greatest number of different ways of signalling?

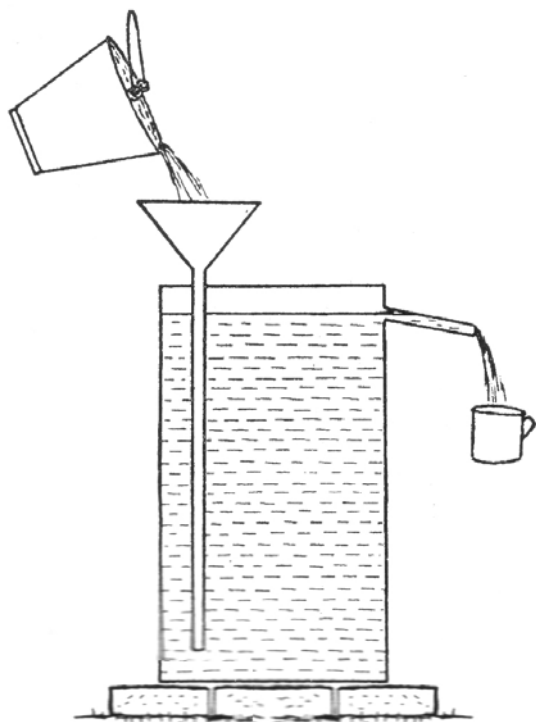
A game for three or four Patrols: P.L.'s are given a simple word, or a message if everyone is pretty good, and sent to one end of the room. Their Patrols place themselves opposite at the other end of the room. The P.L.'s then signal the word. Marks are given to the Patrol which (1) reads its message first; (2) reads the greatest number of other Patrols' messages; (3) has its message intercepted by the fewest other Patrols. The Patrol with the greatest number of signallers is at an advantage and a smart Patrol may try its hand at coding its message.

Two Patrols sit in line in the dark. A Scoutmaster sits next to each Patrol Leader and communicates a Morse message by touch only. The Patrol first to get its message down the line to the last man without making a sound wins.

Courtesy. An unpopular suggestion this, only for times when morale is high. Patrols to produce, after a reasonable interval, letters (1) thanking the organiser of an effort in aid of Troop funds; (2) inviting an influential member of the L.A., who is somewhat conscious of his own importance, to a social evening; (3) asking some local worthy to come along one evening and give a talk on the prospects in his trade or a career; (4) apologizing to a Badge Examiner and explaining how unforeseen circumstances arising at the last minute made it impossible to keep an appointment for a test or get in touch with the Examiner; (5) congratulating the C.C. on his seventieth birthday (no, I'm not having a dig at my own C.C. or anybody else's; most Scouts probably think most C.C.s are that age anyway).

Incidentally, can anybody give a modern ruling on when to end letters with: "Yours faithfully, truly, or sincerely?"

Camp gadget shown in the figure is fairly well known but may be new to some readers. It can easily be made from an old oil drum by anyone handy with a soldering iron. Put the can on the fire and, when the water is hot, you can get a supply by pouring cold water into the funnel. Provided that not too much is drawn off at one time and the fire does not go out, it provides a constant supply of hot water, and avoids that exasperating situation when you imagine that there's water simmering all ready for washing up and don't know that most of it has been made off with for the first-aid tent or for Skipper to shave with while you were not looking. The principle is, of course, that hot water rises and it is therefore always the hottest water that is drawn off.



Mapping. When I was in Poona, I saw a number of interesting teaching devices at the training establishment for recruits to the Indian Army Medical Corps.

In map-reading sessions they were confronted with a box some eighteen inches square and four inches deep filled with sand, little model houses, inns, post offices, etc., and ribbons of different colours to represent roads, rail - ways, and rivers.

With these they had to represent in relief a small square cut from a map.

Another wartime memory of the east is the irrigation canals cut by the Kurds. Each one would lead off from some stream and curl away perhaps right round a hill to irrigate the next valley. Of course they did not quite follow a contour, since there had to be some fall, but they were as near to it as made no matter and gave to anyone who had difficulty with a map a very clear idea of what a contour was. These were made entirely by trial and error by a primitive people with no surveying instruments of any kind.

But, of course, as was remarked in the October SCOUTER last year, the only real way to learn to use a map is to get lost with one. A good way of spending a cloudy day in a mountainous district is to take a few Scouts up to the tops and let them loose with maps, compasses and whistles.

Thrift. Just after the war I intercepted, on its way to the firewood stack, a dinghy that had been left leaning against a damp wall and had rotted at the point of contact. I cut away the affected wood and then, with the aid of a crew of Sea Rangers, filled the hole by riveting on two sheets cut from a couple of large oil-drums. We then made the boat tight with tar. I have never been able to find out about tar and its various forms; the boating books I have consulted ignore it, doubtless considering it beneath the dignity of self-respecting boating folk. One hears of brown paper and tar being used in olden times but we found it difficult to make the brown paper stick. On the other hand tar and strips from a worn-out shirt or similar piece of cloth works well, and I have used this method to repair a roof when the wind has got under an edge of roofing felt and ripped it. We used tar from the gasworks but this has the disadvantage of taking a long time to dry. I also consulted the Borough Engineer who let me have what he called double tar which had to be heated before it could be applied. A coat of this smoothed with a hot flat-iron makes a neat job. However, I expect the Editor will run his blue pencil through this paragraph, having in mind P.O.R. 146 (V); it wouldn't do if the remonstrance of someone appointed to issue a Boat Certificate could be answered with a: "Please, Sir, we saw it in THE SCOUTER."

Talking of boats, I suppose Claud Worth's *Yacht Cruising* is still a classic? It contains information on everything that anyone dealing with boats could possibly want to know about, and much that can be used on land too. He made his own oilskins from some fine cotton material dipped in a gallon of warm paraffin with half a pound of paraffin wax dissolved in it, and, when dry, painted with two coats of paraffin and best yacht varnish in equal parts. Recently I saw an oilskin made by a V.I.P. in the Guide world from cheap cotton material bought at Woolworths. It was an ingenious garment with no sleeves and very large armholes for ventilation, the arms being protected by a cape which also covered the rucksack. It was proofed with linseed oil. Lightweight wash-basins and buckets can be made in the same way and if one is really out to win a competition for lightweight equipment, they may be proofed with wax instead of oil.

Claud Worth was a remarkable man. He made his first boat when he was twelve from wood and canvas with a large sail cut from a sheet. His first yacht was the lifeboat in which a wrecked ship's crew had come ashore bought at an open auction on the beach for a song. He sailed from the Wash to Devon in 'her. Then, as he rose in his profession of eye specialist, he bought better and better boats and finally had built one that came as near to his ideal as is possible this side of the River Styx. He designed every detail of it and recounts how he took nearly a year over it doing the work mainly between five and eight in the morning.

I made a scale model of it once, or at least a model of its external lines; I made no attempt to reproduce the interior. Patterns were traced of the sections given in the book, these were stuck on to cardboard, cut out, and then glued to a continuous stem-post, keelson and stern-post cut from a piece of wood.

For planking I bought entomological chip boxes, unrolled them, and cut strips of suitable width, which were soaked and attached to the sections with fine entomological pins and glue. The decking was done in the same way and a coat of paint made the boat watertight. In order to make the model sail, it was necessary to add a deep fin-keel which the original did not possess. This was cast in lead in a plaster of Paris mould which had set round a model carved from wood. I've put this in as an appendix to Chil's 5th letter (SCOUTER, May 1952) and I don't think it is any more difficult than the model described there. The materials can be obtained from any naturalist's stores and mine cost less than a shilling - a pre-war shilling though.

Observation. Required: one friend with car; one friend, preferably female, with starting pistol. It is arranged that the Troop, engaged on some quite different pursuit, is on a certain stretch of road at a certain time. A car goes by and, as it is about to disappear round a convenient corner, shots ring out and female screams are heard. How many Scouts get the number of the car?

Tailpiece. It's always nice to read about those brisk, brusque Scoutmasters whose recruits are all Tenderfoots within a month, Second Class Scouts within six months, warrant holders as soon as they are old enough, D.C.s at 30, C.C.s at 40, Chief Scouts at - well you know the sort I mean. But I also derive great comfort from the articles by the chaps who have some really dull ones in the Troop, whose Meetings would be more similar in fact and fancy if only all the Scouts would turn up more often, and whose bright boys disappear when father changes his job or they get a place in the grammar school. My Troop was like that.

T. T. MACAN.

Talking Points

5. MORE HERESIES

I wonder if it is possible to consider the question of Scout Uniform without prejudice?

To start with I suggest that every rule and even activity in Scouting must be regarded from one angle - and one only - the greatest good of the greatest number of boys. So from this angle I put the question - "Does the fact that detailed and elaborate Uniform Regulations are laid down and enforced operate in the best interests of the boys?" Let's try to think it out calmly.

First let us consider the main points which are advanced in favour of this very exacting uniform. It is exacting. Everything is "laid down" from the colour of garter tabs to the angle of the hat.

B.-P. himself gave us a few reasons for uniform.

First - a universal uniform covered up class distinctions. Uniform covered up any differences between "cook's son, Duke's son, son of a millionaire." This certainly was so in the early days of the Movement. Away back, pre-1914, the "upper and lower classes" (in the diction of those far-away days) could be distinguished by one glance at their dress.

This is not so to-day. Like everything else dress standards have levelled up. If anything uniform to-day operates the other way. If, in a comparatively poor Troop, you see a boy in very complete and smart uniform it rather suggests that his parents are better-to-do than the average. Secondly - it was a workman-like kit for the activities of Scouting. So it was when B.-P. recommended the use of the hat for carrying water; the scarf for improvised bandages and ropes. But how can you possibly maintain the smartness of "turn-out" demanded to-day if uniform is put to these practical uses? You would spend all your time ironing your hat, laundering your scarf and putting creases in your pants. Over the years Scout Uniform has degenerated from serviceable "denims" to "ceremonial dress."

Third - the boys like it. Granted it does appeal to a big proportion of the younger boys - as a backwoods kit. Will someone please show me the small boy who loves having his face washed and being dressed up in his "Sunday best" in and out of season? I doubt if he exists outside a museum - or a mental home. When we insist that "outside the boundaries of Scouts must on all occasions wear "full and correct uniform" it's just crackers.

I can remember a Troop being "shown up" for the crime of running to their bathing place, half a mile out of camp, in easy kit. Who's telling me that small boys appreciate this kind of nonsense? The small boy likes uniform from the "dressing up" angle - not the spit-and-polish.

As we grow older the love of dressing up gradually fades. We become very self-conscious; very much on our dignity. By-and-large the 'teenage lad hates dressing-up - except in conventional clothes for social purposes.

Granted again that a certain number of the "very best boys" - the potential Queen's Scout type - do rather like to turn out in super-smart uniform on special occasions.

But the core of the Movement are not potential Queen's Scouts. The core of the Movement are very ordinary boys - second - and third-rate Scouts if you like - who find a meticulous uniform just a nuisance. I have great sympathy with them. After a full day's work many of them have a wild rush to get to the Troop Meeting at all. To my mind these are just the boys whom it is most vitally important to hold.

I know it is a platitude, but we tend to forget it - the best boys would probably turn out fine men without any Scouting but, for the rest, Scout training may just tip the balance the right way. Are we justified in throwing away that chance for the sake of this one point - uniform?

It would be interesting to know just how much of the "leakage" is due, directly or indirectly, to our insistence on uniform. I think it is a good deal higher than we admit.

Quite apart from any real dislike of uniform I have known a number of cases wherein working boys just hadn't time to change and make it on time. The Scouters were understanding, and quite prepared to stretch the point, but the boys themselves felt out-of-place. They just quietly faded away.

Fourth - we must be outwardly smart "to impress the public." The public aren't such fools as they look. A good many of them know something about boys, having one or two of their own at home. They don't condemn the whole Movement because they happen to see some Scouts with floppy hats or even grubby knees. Don't you believe it. Some of us have got a "fixation" (or whatever the scientists call it) on this subject-of "public opinion." We go about imagining things - imagining that the great general public are "pointing the finger of scorn" at us. "Look at those awful Scouts - did you notice their hats? Terrible - I shall write to the papers about it."

What the "public" is quite probably really saying is "what a jolly lot of boys" - and they have quite failed to notice that half of them have forgotten their hats altogether.

Anyway we are a boys' show and I think we'd get a lot further if we paid more attention to the boys' likes and dislikes rather than the real or imaginary reactions of the public.

The Troop or Patrol Meeting is the boys' meeting. As I have said before the normal boy doesn't want to turn out like a tailor's dummy at every occasion.

We grown-ups are most illogical. On the one hand we insist that the boys should appear spick-and-span to the last button; on the other we advocate the "out" in Scouting through exciting and adventurous activities. How can you possibly approach your "enemy" through half a mile of assorted brambles, attack him, rub his nose (and your own) in the mud and come out at the other end with your shirt all in one piece and your hat set at the correct angle of 90 degrees?

"Mum" is much more sensible. She knows Johnny and she knows the Scouts so she sends him along in his dungarees.

I knew a Field Commissioner once who tried to enforce the principle "shorts or get out." This was a splendid way of getting rid of the "weaker brethren" and retaining only the "cream" of the boys. But is this really what we want to do?

I do not advocate the abolition of uniform. I do advocate a much broader outlook on it. I would retain uniform for ceremonial occasions and for special visits to big centers - common sense. I would not for choice walk down Bond Street in the "easy kit" which causes no sensation in the little village of "Inversneckie."

No - I've got a shrewd suspicion that all this super-uniform business has grown up as a sop to the *amour propre* of a certain type of Commissioner who likes to be seen at the head of "a very smart body of boys."

I have a suspicion that we are sacrificing the "not quite so good boy" on the altar of public opinion - or what we think is public opinion. If we don't take a pull we run grave risk of justifying the criticism that Scouting is "an upper class Movement."

JOCK NEISH.



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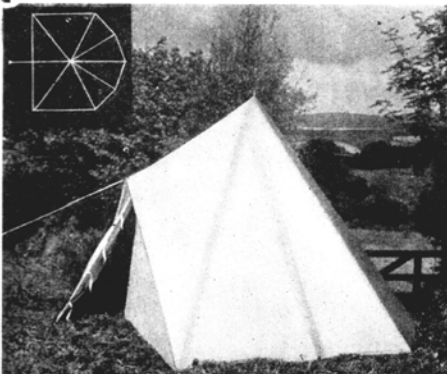
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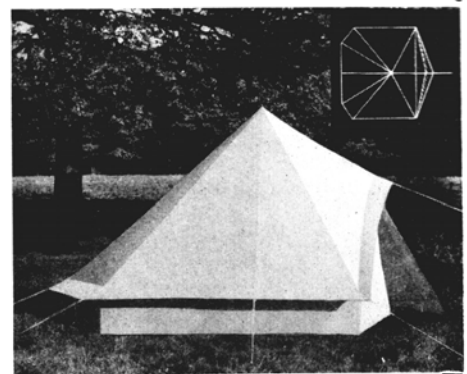
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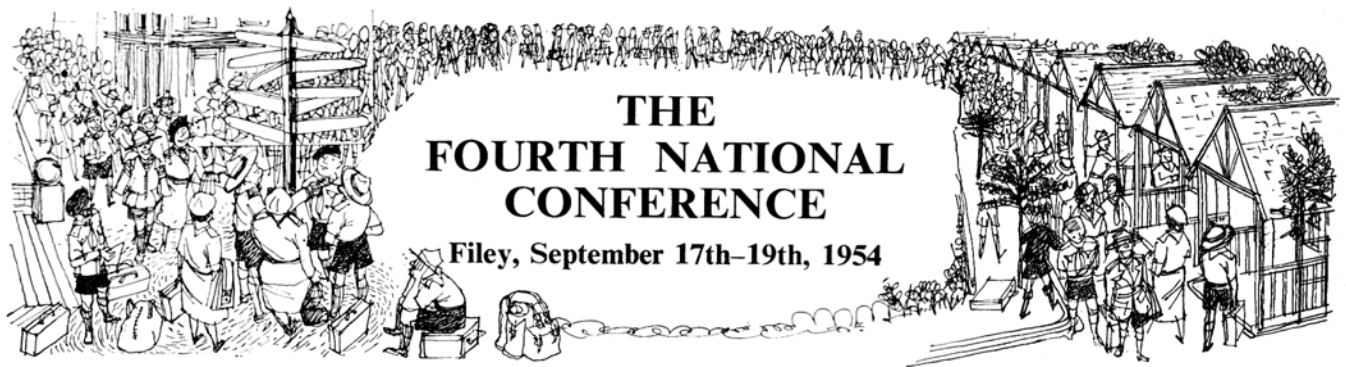
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THE FOURTH NATIONAL CONFERENCE

Filey, September 17th-19th, 1954

The focal point behind almost every session and discussion group of the National Conference at Filey was "leakage." On the first night of the Conference, Mr. J. F. Colquhoun spoke on "The investigation into leakage in the Scout Group," - the title of the booklet which is being sent to every Group in the country. He spoke after the Home Secretary, The Right Hon. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, had opened the Conference with a brilliant speech.

Next morning the Special Interest Groups, nine of them, discussed the Report with emphasis on their particular problems. Field Commissioner Martyn Lamb, who spoke on "Is our Cubbing sufficiently exciting?" provided the highlight of the morning.

In the afternoon, after nine more Special Subject Groups, Henry J. G. Collis, Assistant County Commissioner, S.F. Sussex, rivalled Sir David Maxwell Fyfe's speech in a remarkable address on "Scouting and the Home." When he had finished Scouters began to talk of the "Conference of brilliant speeches." Surprise of the Conference came on Saturday evening when, after "The Wingate Patrol," the Chief Scout announced that he had decided to make Ralph Reader a Chief Scout's Commissioner.

The most striking thing about the Scout Movement to Sir David Maxwell Fyfe - himself a King's Scout - is its success. "It began in an entirely different age from our own - when playing fields were the exception, when Boys' Clubs, Social Centres and other boys' Movements had not been started; when there were few alternatives to using the street as a playground.

"Two major wars in one generation have not crushed it, neither have the numbers dwindled in the face of rapid changes in the way of life over the last fifty years."

"There are two reasons for its success," said Sir David. "First, that Scouting was founded on fine ideals and on an aim that cannot be outdated: the development of men of good character out of all the children who join its ranks. B.-P. not only dreamed of - he actually devised a Movement that would not merely occupy the young but would develop their characters and draw out their potentialities in an atmosphere of loyalty, obedience and service.

"The second reason," said Sir David, was that the Movement had never failed to attract the right type of leader - men of high principles, convinced of the value of the grand work to which they have committed themselves.

"One of the secrets of the wide appeal of the Movement is in the training of the boys to be doers and not lookers-on or watchers. Children of today are no different from those of fifty years ago: they want, and need, the chance to learn to do things themselves, to use their hands and imaginations, to develop their own abilities to the full.

"Only too often they are given instead ready-made amusements such as films and television which may, if unsupported by other occupations, stultify the boys' creative instincts."

As Home Secretary, Sir David is concerned with crime and delinquency. Between 1946 and 1952 the figures rose steadily; those for 1953 show a slight decline. The increase was about the same for both juveniles and adults.

"One thing can clearly be deduced, that the standards of conduct generally are lower than they were twenty years ago," he said. "What we have to do is to retrieve and even raise these standards. This is a field in which you can do untold good. You know as well as I do the main causes of the increase in juvenile delinquency - the broken home, lack of discipline, feeling of insecurity and absence of religious faith.

You in your own experience must often have seen how the high ideals of the Movement can inspire all its members to great things by putting first things first.

"The Scout Promise is the best example of this and in Scouting boys can find the way to a life in which faith in God and a full realisation of a Christian's obligations are accepted, where self-reliance and companionship form a guard against the evil consequences of insecurity."

He emphasised that he did not regard the Scout Movement simply as a means of preventing juvenile delinquency - that after all, is a negative attitude and there can be few organisations of whom negative is a more unsuitable description than Scouting.

"It boasts one of the widest ambitions ever declared, that of promoting boys' physical, mental and spiritual development or of developing good citizenship by forming the character. There is nothing here about preventing evils, nor will we find any preventive measures elsewhere.

"Evil is, in fact, eliminated in the search for good, but it is rather trampled down unconsciously among the many interests of the Scout's life rather than opposed deliberately. That is as it should be. Youth is not the time to instil cautious negatives."

Relating Scouting to democracy, Sir David said the outstanding necessity in a democracy is a body of citizens capable of independent thought and able to respect the laws made in their name without the compulsions of martial law or repressive powers. "These are qualities which your Movement has always striven to inculcate in its members and they are of the very highest value to the community. It is no easy course that you steer. An Organisation which instils discipline into its members is often hard put to it to maintain their self-reliance and capacity for individual thinking. The Organisation that exists to foster independence of mind may find it impossible to organise itself in such a way as to survive at all. Perhaps the system of Patrols, with the delegation of authority and responsibility to all the Seniors, is one of the finest features of the whole Movement. It may well be the explanation of your ability to preserve such dissimilar qualities in unison.

"Your Movement offers endless opportunities to our boys and young men but it can do so only because all of you are willing to devote yourselves in mind, body and spirit to it. You have much to be proud of and I hope you will long continue your membership of the Boy Scouts."

It was extremely moving to hear Sir David speak of his own Scouting days, of his memories of the Otter Patrol and to hear his tribute to his old Scoutmaster. And he used a phrase which will for ever stay in our memories: "What a match *Scouting for Boys* was to the camp fire of one's young imagination! I don't believe anyone in this great audience ever met anyone who had to use the second match of their allowance for lighting their imagination when they had read that book."

The Chief Scout, who had taken the chair for the Home Secretary, now followed with a report on the two years that have gone by since the last Conference: a summing-up of considerable achievements. With the approval of the Conference he sent to the Boys' Brigade this telegram:- "Fifteen hundred Scouters assembled at their National Conference send warmest congratulations on Founder's Centenary Celebrations and best wishes for continued success of the work to which we have jointly set our hands." And so to Mr. J.F. Colquhoun, who was to introduce the Report on Leakage, with Lt.-Cdr. G. Lennox Cotton, County Commissioner, Belfast, in the chair.



For the first time in the history of the Movement a thorough investigation has been carried out. Dr. Mark Abrams, Managing Director of Research Services Ltd., himself an old Scout, was in charge of the investigation and one Group in every ten was asked to complete a Questionnaire covering a wide range of subjects.

Why was the investigation into leakage started? It all arose from two startling figures: comparison between the 1946 and 1953 census figures showed that Cubs had increased by 50,000 but Boy Scouts (11 - 15) had decreased by 6,000, although at least 30,000 of those Cubs would have reached Scout age during those seven years.

The Report concentrated on loss in the Boy Scout Troop and was only concerned in Wolf Cubs and Seniors where they had a bearing on the main problem.

"By all means let us take sober pleasure in our large and growing numbers, but now that we have the facts let us face them and pay attention to the stream - almost a torrent - of boys who year by year leave us at all ages," Mr. J.F. Colquhoun, the Headquarters Commissioner for Relationships told the Conference.

After reviewing the actual Report he told Scouters - Those are the facts and quite enough too you will agree. Some people have suggested to me that you will be depressed and discouraged by some of these facts, but I cannot believe you will. We were not depressed as a nation during the bad times after Dunkirk and during the Battle of Britain. We rose to the challenge, as the Prime Minister put it; that was our greatest hour. I feel sure that you will regard these figures as a challenge to be met and a call to action.

"Perhaps some of you may suffer from what an American called 'a compound fracture of the illusions,' but that may be a good thing provided that it does not prove fatal, illusions get us nowhere and too many people have believed that we are getting better and better merely because our all-round numbers have shown successive increases.

Speaking of the boys lost to the Movement, Mr. Colquhoun (Koko) said that if those boys had a good look at Scouting and then decided that it was not their cup of tea then there was nothing we could do about it. Illustrating the point, he told a story about a boy at the Sydney Jamboree, which was really a magnificent show. One of the Chief Commissioners got the shock of his life when he heard a small boy say that he would not go to another Jamboree if they paid him. Koko firmly believes that being a Scout, even for a short time, can influence a boy for life. "But if character is a habit long continued, we must do all we can to see that a boy has every opportunity of continuing the Scout habit in the Scout Movement just as long as possible. When they do stay we know what grand chaps they become. The sight of those 1,200 Queen's Scouts at the Chief's Reception at Gilwell will thrill those who saw it for the rest of their days."

Now the ball is in the Scouters' court, and Koko suggested that in reading the Report they should tackle first the questions for discussion at the end. "There you will get the point in a nutshell and you will find it easier to understand the full paragraph of the Report. These important matters can keep you happily occupied in your Groups and your Districts during the winter months."

What the Chief Scout called later Koko's "masterly speech" was received - and very properly so - with long and appreciative applause. He had made a difficult and complex subject lucid, interesting and entertaining.

It is not possible to report in detail the many sessions of Saturday.

There were first of all Special Interest Groups: for County Commissioners and Assistant County Commissioners and District Commissioners; County and L.A. Chairmen, Secretaries and Treasurers; Wolf Cubs; Scouts; Senior Scouts; Rover Scouts and Group Scoutmasters.

Now followed two main sessions. For Scouts: "Entry into National Service" at which the speakers were Rear-Admiral M. W. St. L. Searle, C.B.E., Deputy Chief of Naval Personnel, Brigadier F. G. H. Parsons, O.B.F., Deputy Director of Manpower Planning and Air Vice-Marshal A. W. B. MacDonald, C.B., A.F.C., Director-General of Manning, This was a useful session, helpful to greater understanding on both sides.

For Cubs: Martyn Lamb, who interpreted the title of his session "Is our Cubbing sufficiently exciting" to mean "Is our Cubbing sufficiently attractive," posed four questions:

Are we only catering for the younger lad?

Is the jungle background only suited to the boys of the younger Cub age?

Do we keep them too long in this land of make-believe? Could we have Cubs a little earlier and let them go a little earlier into the Scout Troops?

On dealing with the older Cub, he said there might be something in the American idea of having three sections of Cubs, In France some of the things the average Cub is expected to do include woodwork and the making of dovetail joints, the making of models of all sorts in plaster of Paris on a wire background and the making of electric magnets. "These are for Cubs, not for Senior Scouts," he said. "Are we catering for the Cub too young? Remember that in 1914 Cubs were allowed to light fires out-of-doors and do cooking."

He thought new Cubmasters were more concerned than the older Cubmaster about the jungle background. "The finest answer to the worried Cubmaster is that it should always be a background. It does not mean that you cannot have variety in the foreground. If you want your space men, could they not land in the jungle?"

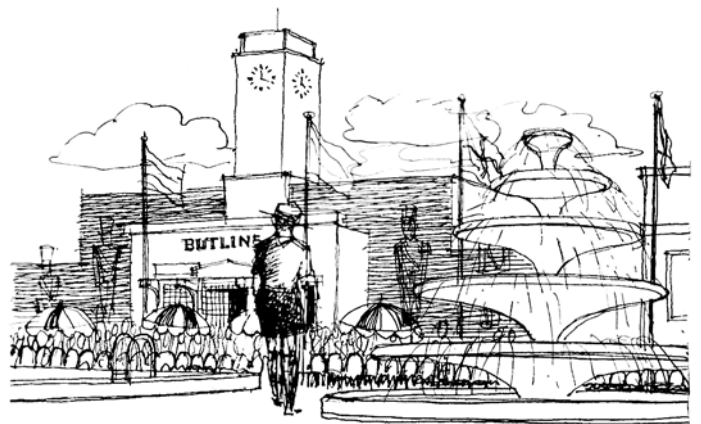
Speaking on age, he pointed out that some boys pass their school examinations before they are eleven and begin to get swollen heads. "They get their new clothes and all the paraphernalia and then, on Tuesday or Wednesday, they have to put on their Cub jerseys under their new school blazers. I wonder if that is something to do with losing interest in the Cubs?"

He mentioned that the book with the biggest circulation in one Library had the most colourful dust jacket. "Is there a point there?"

He stressed the importance of knowing the boy's background, home and parents, and asked whether Cubmasters called at the Cub's home when he did not turn up for two or three weeks. "A call on the way home from work, an enquiry, can bring the parents on your side. Someone even suggested training the Sixers in front of their parents. It is a point is it not?"

Referring to badges - "Have you got them ready for immediate presentation when the badge is passed?" He passed on a suggestion of a half-way mark for Stars. "Half the boys who leave under ten have not got their First Star. This is a challenge to us. Do you use a Progress Chart? Boys love it. One Pack I know uses finger-prints to record progress."

Martyn Lamb made several suggestions for Cubmasters to consider, several of them bearing in mind the leakage between the Cub Pack and the Boy Scout Troop.



“What happens when your Cub goes up to the Troop? Are you allowed to see? In order to get Cubs and Scouts to know each other better, could not some of them play games together in the same room while the others watch? Could a Patrol take over a Six and sponsor them in the Scout Troop? Could they use the same corner of the Troop Room? Would it be a good idea if Akela attended the Court of Honour? What about Patrol Leaders visiting a Pack Meeting? If a boy has his Leaping Wolf Badge and is 10 1/2 (or even if he is not a Leaping Wolf), why not let him begin to learn his Tenderfoot? I have seen Cubs go up into the Troop and be invested on the same night.

“I am very keen on the Going-up Ceremony taking place on light evenings. A Cub goes home and is being put to bed by eight o'clock. The week he starts with the Troop he is just going out at eight o'clock. The mothers on a November night are apt to say ‘Oh, no, you’re going to bed!’ On a light evening it is not so difficult.

“One of the finest ways to see Cubbing is to become a Cub yourself on a Wood Badge Course. What makes Cubbing exciting and attractive? Not rules and regulations, but ourselves, our example, our enthusiasm. You can see it in our faces. You know that saying ‘Let me play in your Pack for half an hour and I’ll know what the Cubmaster is like.’”

Then after lunch came sixteen Special Subject Groups as follows: Handicapped Scouts; Sea Scouts; Air Scouts; International Scouting; Scouting in the Commonwealth and Empire; Entry into National Service - questions and answers; Scout Uniform, Equipment and Supplies; Group Headquarters; Activities for Cubs.

These appear all to have been quite admirable: the Overseas session certainly was worthy of the attention of the whole Conference and it is a pity that it could not have been a main session. Most interesting speeches were made here by The Rev. F. Bedford, Deputy Chief Commissioner, Kenya; Dr. Frank Mitchell, Headquarters Commissioner for Rover Scouts, New Zealand, and Mr. F. M. F. Payne, Chief Commissioner, Federation of Malaya.



Mr. Collis’ brilliant speech on “Scouting and the Home” will appear in full in our November SCOUTER.

* * *

Following this - a difficult task indeed - Mr. W. C. E. Drury, member of the Committee of the Council of the B.-P. Guild, spoke on “The B.-P. Guild of Old Scouts,” and succeeded in entertaining and interesting a large audience. It was very pleasant for all of us to see Colonel J. S. Wilson in the chair.

* * *

Saturday evening ended with a performance of Ralph Reader’s play *The Wingate Patrol*. Not one of Ralph’s best plays perhaps - not one would say up to the standard of *Great Oaks* or *The Story of Mike* - it was nevertheless excellently acted by eight Senior Scouts and warmly applauded, as was to be expected. Its reception must have given Ralph great pleasure.

* * *



The Scouts’ Own on Sunday morning was conducted by The Rev. G. N. Tattersall, Vicar of Batley and Church of England County Chaplain for West and Central Yorkshire. The Deputy Chief Scout, Sir Rob. Lockhart, spoke simply and movingly on the theme of “Brotherhood.”

Finally, the Chief summed up the Conference in his own expert and warm-hearted way. Outside there had been, unusually, sunshine: inside, too, there was sunshine - in the hearts of those who had attended what seems by general agreement to have been our best Post-War Conference. And the Chief Scout’s announcement that the World Jamboree (cum Rover Moot cum Indaba) of 1957 was to take place at Sutton Park, Sutton Cold-field, near Birmingham, was a signpost directing our thoughts towards great days to come.

* * *

Finally, some words of congratulation: to Cyril Goodhind, responsible for the organisation, for the smooth running and admirable arrangements; to Major-General Walsh, Geoff Birch and all the Equipment Department for a fine display of their Scout Shop wares; and to Ted Wood and his publicity staff for the display pieces - simple and effective.

J. M. W. and R. H.



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LUCK OF THE MONTH

By THE EDITOR

October

A month of windy nights and troubled skies, but often there is a day when it seems that summer has returned for something it has left behind. The trees are stripped of their leaves and stand ready for winter combat: berries are bright; frost is presumptuous in visiting and the flowers, for the most part put out, refuse to stay longer in the garden.

The thought of "the sweet winter festival" of Christ's birth comes more and more frequently to boyhood's mind. Soon, certainly, Christmas good turns should appear on the agenda as well as Christmas parties. This is the time, too, for concentrated badge work before the post-Christmas lassitude and Lent term illnesses (and the Group Show) weaken both resolve and opportunity.

Since 1907

London school children, age for age, are today three quarters of an inch taller than those of sixteen years ago. They are also nearly two pounds heavier. Since 1907 their average height has increased by nearly three inches, their weight by nearly nine pounds.

These statistics are given by Sir Allen Daley, former Medical Officer of Health of the London County Council, in describing the achievements of the school health service in the September issue of **Family Doctor**.

Since 1907, in the lifetime, that is, of Scouting. Facts such as these are not irrelevant when we are considering the content of the Scouting of today and tomorrow.

Our Contemporaries (4)

An untrained child on a bad bicycle is simply an accident going somewhere to happen. Islington Road Safety Report.

Inevitably, too, some of our pupils acted out of character. One of the toughest in the school, a boy into whose hands one would hesitate to put the works of Mr. Ralph Hodgson, was distressed to the point of tears by the sight of so many captive animals. Can a zoo, perhaps, be the starting point of an appreciation of poetry? Another boy, with a passion for domestic pets, spent the afternoon on the lawn of the cafe, listening to a cricket commentary on his portable radio. "A Visit to the Zoo"

The Times Educational Supplement, August 13, 1954

Last year in Devon I saw four magnificent horses pulling a wagon loaded with a large oak. Three were Suffolk punches and the fourth, bigger and stronger, a black shire which must have been every bit of eighteen hands. They seemed unable to pull their load up the slightly softer ground leading from a field to the lane, and I half expected a caterpillar tractor to be fetched to the rescue. But the wagoner removed the black, tied it to the hedge and returned to the others. Then, holding the gear horse, he urged them on, and to my surprise the three of them pulled the load into the lane with apparent ease. The wagoner explained that the black shire, though superior in physique and pulling power, was a newcomer to the team, whereas the other three had worked together a good deal. "It's not a matter of pulling," he told me, "but of pulling together."

Barrie J. Kaye.

"The Countryman," Autumn, 1954.

REX HAZLEWOOD.



THE FILEY SURPRISE

The Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan, hands Mr. Ralph Reader a Chief Scout's Commissioner's plume

NEWS FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

Immediately after the Gilwell Reunion, a National Conference of County Chaplains of all denominations was held at Gilwell, and was attended by nearly fifty Chaplains, as well as by members of the Religious Advisory Panel and of I.H.Q. It was a very happy and harmonious time, and I am glad to have been able to attend part of it.

The weather was fine when the Conference assembled at teatime on Tuesday and we were able to sit round the Camp Fire Circle on the Training Ground to listen to the Chief Scout give the Chaplains his welcome and his thanks for what they are doing.

Under the chairmanship of the Rev. E. J. Webb, the Baptist member of the Religious Panel, the Camp Chief reviewed the Duty to God and Promise and Law courses. He hoped that in many cases attendance at a Promise and Law course would lead to an increased demand for Duty to God courses. Suggestions for the revision of the Duty to God course would be welcomed. Comment on the courses was hampered to some extent by the fact that only a quarter of those present had actually helped on one.

The other main session was devoted to a review of the rules in P.O.R. relating to Sponsoring Authorities, conducted by Charles Wood, Relationships Secretary at I.H.Q. This very able survey led to a good discussion, and produced material which will be valuable to the Religious Panel, who are considering the whole subject.

The rest of the time was spent on open sessions (one of them held in denominational groups), when members of the Conference put their own questions, several of which raised points which will be taken up by I.H.Q.

The Chaplains were obviously pleased that the Chief Scout had been able to spare time to visit them at the opening of the Conference. They were also delighted that the Deputy Chief Scout attended the whole time. He summed up at the end very ably.

The closing talk was given by the Rev. Douglas Morley, the Methodist member of the Religious Panel, who has been a member of the Panel since the Arrowe Park Jamboree in 1929. As the senior member of the Panel, he was able to review the great progress that had been made since then, and to point the way ahead. It was a splendid talk to wind up a very happy and useful two days.

About a year ago the Godalming Youth Committee decided to institute a trophy to commemorate the part played by Wilfred Noyce in the ascent of Everest. Mr. Noyce, who lives in the district, is a master at Charterhouse and S.M.(S).

The Noyce Trophy, as it is called, is to encourage in the boys and girls of the district the enterprise and resolution which made possible the conquest of the world's highest mountain. It is to be awarded to any young person under 21 years of age, who resides in the District for any outstanding achievement in which individual young people have shown qualities of unselfishness, endurance, leadership or initiative which have been revealed with cheerfulness, patience and self control through personal endeavour, service to the community and by other means. The Trophy may be given either for one outstanding feat or for a sustained effort carried out over a period.

The first award of the Trophy has been made - to Senior Scout Frank Cannon of the 1st Milford (Surrey) Group. At sixteen he accepted the responsibility of running the Scout Troop in the absence of a Scoutmaster. He became a Queen's Scout and was selected for duty in the Lord Chamberlain's Office at the time of the Coronation. In January of this year he organised with great skill a search for a missing man in some neighbouring woods, which resulted in the man's body being found.

A fine record and we hope Frank Cannon is the first of many Scout holders of the Trophy.

A. W. HURLL,
Chief Executive Commissioner.

THE GILWELL LETTER

"If an organisation is to progress to any purpose it must progress as a whole, otherwise it becomes as ridiculous as a centipede which has lost the co-ordination of its legs."

I wish I had thought of that sentence first but, as I didn't, I borrow it with thanks from Scouting in New South Wales.

As I write we have just completed at Gilwell a more than usually busy period. First, we tried the experiment of holding a Cub Wood Badge Course and a Scout Wood Badge Course simultaneously, not, I hasten to add, joined together. This proved not only workable but very worthwhile from every point of view, but it meant that 120 people were under training at the same time - a fairly tall order.

Then came the Gilwell Reunion. It is difficult for me to comment on this but I thought it was as good as ever. The attendance at the Camp Fire on the Saturday night was almost frightening and there could not have been less than 2,000 Scouters gathered round one of the best built camp fires I can remember and enjoying a very happy evening and glad to have the opportunity of welcoming the World Chief Guide to a Reunion after a lapse of a great many years.

In this connection I do commend to the areas who have not woken up yet the example of Devon, Sheffield, and Bristol, to cite only three. Each year they organise coach parties and bring their Wood Badge holders to the Reunion and they all obviously think it is well worthwhile. It will be a grand day when we have a contingent from every one of the major areas of population.

The Reunion was immediately preceded by a Conference of the International Gilwell Training Team, with twenty-one countries represented, and a very happy affair the whole thing proved to be. Every one of the six continents was represented, sharing their experiences, discussing their problems, and finding a degree of unity and of purpose which was both heartening and significant. Certainly, so far as training in the international sphere is concerned, there is no danger of the Scout Movement becoming "A centipede that has lost the co-ordination of its legs." Once again we found that we could re-affirm without any question our faith in the road on which B.-P. set us long years ago and that whilst the detail of Scouting and of training changes from time to time there is no need for it to change for the sake of change and there is no need at all to discard the tried and proved methods of the past to meet the challenge of today. There is not room to say very much about the conference but I do commend to you the articles that will appear in Jamboree.

At the moment of writing we are immersed in the National Chaplains' Conference, which has brought together leading representatives from eight religious denominations in this country. There is undoubtedly an important parallel between the International Training Conference and the National Chaplains' Conference: both are concerned with first principles, both have a determination to help one another, and both are finding it increasingly easy to accept the natural differences of denomination and of country and to build on to the very great deal that, as human beings, we all have in common. This is something I suggest we must learn to do not only nationally and internationally but locally as well. Whenever I learn of a row between Scouters and a Commissioner or between a Group Committee and the Sponsoring Authority I find it a saddening thing because it destroys the strength of the unity which is so important to Scouting.

Finally for this month, all the dates of courses to be held between now and next October have been published. The opportunity is yours but only you can make the effort to take advantage of what is offered. If you haven't a copy of the full Gilwell programme, a stamped addressed envelope will bring one to you. I would like every Wood Badge holder to make one resolution for the next twelve months, and it is simply this - "Through my own personal efforts I will lead at least one Scouter to the gate of Wood Badge Training." You will not do this by making speeches but by the personal example you set.

JOHN THURMAN,
Camp Chief

PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS

By MICHAEL BLACKMORE

X. OWLS

Owing to their nocturnal habits owls were regarded in olden days as portents of death and ill-omen. This may seem rather absurd to us now but we must remember that a bird which sleeps all day and utters a weird cry at night would naturally have exercised a strong influence on the minds of people who lived in less enlightened times than our own. Only the ancient Greeks showed tolerance towards the owl which they venerated as a symbol of their pagan goddess Athena, the patron of wisdom and learning. This is probably the origin of the familiar phrase "as wise as an owl."

You may wonder how owls manage to see so well at night. Their eyes are very large and part of their mechanism consists of an ingenious and concentrated arrangement of special cells which absorb all the available light and then amplify it so that the image received by the owl's brain is clear and distinct even on dark nights when we can see little or nothing. When you consider that the owl also has a remarkably acute sense of hearing and can pick up the slightest sound made by its prey you will realise why it is such a successful hunter. Rats, mice and other rodents form the main diet of most owls and during the breeding season when they have to satisfy the demands of a growing family they kill far more of these pests in a single night than even the best trained cat does.

In Britain we have five breeding species of owls. The largest of these is the tawny owl, a handsome reddish-brown bird with conspicuous brown markings. During early spring and summer the male advertises his presence a good deal by making a loud and quite melodious hoot but his mate's answering cry is anything but musical. Her cry is a harsh *kee-wick kee-wick*.

Tawny owls are quite at home in several towns and cities including London. In June this year I saw a family of four youngsters sitting on the branch of a hollow tree in a square in Central London and another pair bred successfully within ten minutes' walk of Imperial Headquarters in Buckingham Palace Road.

In both cases my attention was drawn to the birds in broad daylight by the excited pipings of blackbirds and thrushes. Whenever an owl shows itself by day small birds will often mob it. They make a great fuss, flying from one branch to another and taunting their sleepy victim with a chorus of angry twitterings. If you see them behaving like this you can be fairly certain that there is an owl somewhere in the tree.

The smaller and more slender barn owl generally keeps away from towns. This lovely bird has a slow and extremely graceful flight and you can easily recognise it by its white underside and golden upper-parts. As its name implies it is fond of roosting in barns but you may also expect to find it in old towers, outhouses and hollow trees. One pair I knew in North Devon several years ago used to roost during winter just inside the entrance to a small cave, its main attraction being that it contained a plentiful supply of food. Owls swallow their prey whole and cough up the indigestible parts, such as fur and bones, in the form of a pellet. When I examined the pellets in the cave I found that they contained the remains of many bats which had provided an easy meal while hibernating in clusters on the roof and walls.

Although the long-eared and short-eared owls are not very common they occur in most counties and you can identify them at close range by the tufts of feathers that protrude from the top of their heads like horns. In spite of their appearance these tufts are not really ears at all for the latter are hidden underneath the feathers at the side of the face.

The long-eared owl is very much a bird of the dark pine-woods and usually lays its eggs in the deserted nests of crows and magpies. I have also found a nest on the floor of a barn-loft which is an unusual situation for this species. By the side of the nest there were four freshly killed rats and one long-tailed field-mouse which had probably been brought by the male bird for his mate who was busy incubating a clutch of three white eggs.



BARN OWL



TAWNY OWL

When I disturbed her she crouched in a corner of the barn, fluffed out her feathers and glared at me with her large yellow-rimmed eyes, so I thought it best not to go too close to her!

The short-eared owl generally inhabits open country and the tufts on its head are not very conspicuous. It visits us during autumn from the continent and spends the winter on marshlands and heaths where there are plenty of reeds or long grasses to give it cover. Unlike other owls it prefers to sleep on the ground. A few pairs stay to breed in spring, especially in East Anglia, but in some years when plagues of voles occur the short-eared owl nests here in fairly large numbers. Instead of laying four or five eggs it often produces twice as many during "vole years" and may even rear two broods.

I have left the little owl until last because it is really an alien. It was introduced during the nineteenth century and has now established itself firmly in many parts of England and Wales. It is a small bird not more than nine inches long with fierce yellow eyes and a speckled coffee-coloured plumage. Many gamekeepers shoot the little owl at sight on the pretext that it kills young game-birds but a careful inquiry into its feeding habits has shown that its main diet consists of insects. A few song-birds and an occasional game-chick may be taken but the little owl is by no means the rogue that it is often supposed to be.

Owls are normally inoffensive creatures and will not attack you unless provoked, but it is unwise to investigate the tawny owl's nest unless you protect your face with a fencing mask or shield of wire-netting. When my friend Eric Hosking was photographing the nest of this species in 1937 he was attacked at night by one of the old birds and unfortunately lost the sight of an eye. I myself once received a sharp box on the ears from a tawny owl that swooped on me from behind without any warning after I had climbed up a ladder to look at an owlet in a hollow tree.



[Photo by I.H.Q. Publicity Dept.]

THE CHIEF SCOUR PRESENTING THE MAYOR OF CAMBRIDGE, HOWARD MALLETT, M.A., FOR MANY YEARS D.C. CAMBRIDGE, WITH THE SILVER WOLF

OUR DISTRICT *By* A.D.C.

"Where was Jorkins tonight?" I asked Hankin as we strolled home after his Troop Meeting. I always think it creates rather a good impression if an A.D.C. on visiting a Troop asks after a particular absentee by name. It suggests keenness, interest, and a wonderful memory for individuals.

"Who is Jorkins?" asked Hankin.

"Red-headed boy with freckles," I said, "Second of the Eagles."

"I expect you mean Hawkins, Second of the Swifts," said Hankin. "It's queer that after visiting my Troop with monotonous regularity for all these years you never seem able to get a Scout's name right. Hawkins, as a matter of fact, has been absent three weeks running, and hasn't sent an excuse of any sort.

His Patrol Leader sees him every day at school, and has told him that he is losing points for his Patrol, but he can't get any sense out of him. I'm a bit worried, because Pete Hawkins has always been a reliable fellow, and I was hoping he would take over P.L. when Buster Brown goes up into the Seniors."

"How many weeks do you let him stay away before you wipe him off your register?" I asked.

"I don't wipe anybody off the register," said Hankin, "until Em quite sure he wants to be wiped off, or until I'm convinced he is too slack to make a good Scout."

"Will you call round at his house yourself?" I asked, "or do you think chasing after absentees lowers your prestige?"

"I never worry much about my prestige," said Hankin. "Those who do are generally people who haven't got any to worry about, but I don't like calling on absentees unless I know the parents pretty well, and am sure that it is a happy family.

I once had a case of a boy who missed Scouts two weeks because he hadn't got a proper uniform and everybody else had, but he pretended to go to Scouts, and when his parents found he had been lying to them there was an awful row.

I hadn't done anything wrong, of course, but I felt an awful sneak."

He turned into a side street, and I asked him why he wasn't going straight home.

"Pete Hawkins generally gets fish-and-chips from the shop about ten," he said. "And if we happen to meet him it'll give him a chance of telling me anything he wants to tell me... and if he doesn't there'll be no harm done."

We were lucky, for as we turned the corner Pete Hawkins practically ran into us, carrying something with an appetising smell, wrapped in newspaper.

"Evening, Pete," said Hankin, "How are you doing?"

Hankin has not a musical voice, but he knows exactly the right way to speak to boys, and his friendly greeting conveyed no suggestion that Pete had missed three weeks' Troop meetings without sending an excuse.

"Can I speak to you, sir? Alone?"

I waited outside the fish-shop while Hankin and Pete went off in the direction of Pete's home, and I wondered what dark crime the boy was confessing.

Hankin was chuckling when he rejoined me, and I asked him what Pete had told him.

"It's a dead secret," he said, "and it mustn't go any further. Pete's been guilty of the only sort of behaviour a boy is really ashamed of... doing a good deed. His mother is a permanent invalid, and his elder sister, who generally looks after the house, is in hospital for an operation, so Pete's been spending every evening cleaning and cooking and washing-up for his mother.

You couldn't expect a fellow of fourteen to confess that sort of conduct to his P.L., but I feel rather proud that he didn't mind making a clean breast of it to me!"

TILE OLD WAY'S BEST?

"The A.C.M. was in full spate. By a miracle of diplomacy the Chairman had steered the meeting through the Agenda without blood-shed and with little acrimony. The D.C. had had his usual rough passage and the meeting had come to its unanimous but unrecorded decision that each had run the L.A. practically single-handed throughout the year. The unfortunate fact that all high hopes had not been realised being without doubt due to the manifold faults and weaknesses of the D.C.

"The last item on the Agenda." The Chairman took out his watch and examined it ostentatiously, "Any other business?" He paused, looked round slowly and added "Its quarter to ten!" (The "ship" completed its voyage for the day at ten-thirty.)

A moment's silence. Slowly, ponderously, with much wheezing and puffing, our oldest member, Mr. Ticklefoot, heaved himself erect. He had been a Scout in the early days - round about 1909 - and had apparently ended his Scouting career shortly before the Great War, but each year, in retrospect, added more glory to his past and more badges on his well nigh legendary uniform sleeve.

"Mr. Chairman!" - his voice rumbled round the room. "Mr. Chairman, I have listened with some patience to these youngsters making excuses for their Scouts. Can't do this because they haven't a wats it. . . . Can't take their Journey because they can't borrow a hike tent. . . . Can't... Can't... Can't. . . . Never hear anything else. Now in my day.. ." a politely stifled but none-the-less distinct groan went round the room. Mr. Ticklefoot glared at the Chairman and gave the D.C. a particularly dirty look but continued, "I repeat - in my day we didn't have any equipment bought for us. If we had it we used it, if not we made it - or did without. Why damme! Sounds as if modern boys want a nursemaid at camp - I propose we buy 'em hot water bottles and perambulators for their First Class journeys. Soft - soft as pap that's your modem youth, no guts and less initiative. But mark me, the lads are all right - it's your fault Mr. District Commissioner, you make everything too easy for 'em. They only have to ask and it's there waiting for 'em. Ruinin' them, that's what you are doing - ruinin em. You mark my words - they would be as good as their fathers - if you would only let 'em."

Mr. Ticklefoot roared the last few words, looked daggers at the Secretary, who had proposed the purchase of light hike tents for First Class journeys earlier in the evening, and crashed back into his seat, rumbling and blowing like a passing summer storm.

The Chairman jumped to his feet and with skill born of long experience brought the meeting to a close with "Thank you, Mr. Ticklefoot, very important, any-further-business-No? I therefore declare this meeting closed thank you for your attendance." He paused for breath and continued "Padre, will you close as usual please."

A few minutes later we held our usual inquest on the meeting in the smoky comfort of the "Ship" bar, but nobody mentioned Mr. Ticklefoot.

It was not until I had nearly reached home - having spent the journey trying to explain that I.H.Q. were unfortunately lacking in the crystal ball technique; the S.M. (5) having received a parcel of wrong badges and felt that "someone" should have spotted that his order was somewhat ambiguous. I left my colleague at his gate and turned up the lane leading to my home.

It was a clear, cold night. The Plough sparkled in the sky and I found the North Star without difficulty and remembered my first attempt - and abject failure - and the caustic comments of my P.L. which reminded me of Mr. Ticklefoot and his sarcastic remarks.

"Ruinin' them - that's what you are doin'. Soft as pap!" The deep voice rumbled again in my ears - and I wondered.

In the years before the Kaiser went on the rampage things were certainly different - but better? I don't know. Maybe we could learn something from that early period, My mind slid back to my own early experience and the First Class Journey that had been so thoroughly discussed that evening.

In December '09 I got a new suit. Norfolk jacket and knee breeches; Eton (celluloid) collar and string tie. I was proud as Mao. I had even polished my boots without dire threats from my parent. New suit and I was going to a party. (I was Presbyterian at the time they had the best Sunday School parties.) The world and all that was in it was my oyster. I strutted the mile and a half to the Church hail, slammed the gate cheerfully and clattered up the path.

The Church hall door was closed - locked, barred and silent. The hail was as dark as the interior of a cow. I felt sort of hollow inside. Maybe I was early - then the clock struck. I counter the strokes carefully - hoped I had miscounted and walked down the path to check. The grinning hands confirmed my count. I was not late - and there was no party. I wept. Skippy, the Verger, came round the corner and asked what I wanted. He laughed "That was last week, sonny - hop it!" I hated him and crept down the path to the main gate and sat on the wall and wept some more. The world was a dark, disgusting place and I wished I were dead.

A little while later a chap in a cowboy hat with a tuft of feathers on the side and a bunch of long white ribbons on his shoulder passed. I thought contemptuous thoughts and continued to enjoy my weeping. Suddenly the funny hat was back and the cheerful grin under the wide brim seemed to make things a little brighter. A few minutes later he had the whole sad story. No party. No one at home. Nowhere to go. He kept on grinning. "Hard luck! Better come with me. We haven't got a party but I can promise you some fun!"

That was my introduction to Scouting - the game of Scouting for Boys. What a game! The finest opportunity for legalised mischief ever offered to the embryo toughs of that day. At least, that was my first reaction. The occasionally painful but always cheerful path to greater knowledge and appreciation is another story.

My Troop was one of the automatic ones that founded itself way back in 1908. Round about 150 members of all ages from nine to nineteen. No Cubs; though we did have a kind of Rover section who went their own mysterious ways - and ran the band. The younger element kept well out of their way - to enter their Den without an invitation was to court a sudden and painful exit. The Troop was split up into three sections of about fifty each and each section into Patrols of approximately ten boys under the P.L. and his Corporal. Our H.Q. was a series of cellars under a warehouse. One very large where, the entire gang congregated on Saturday evenings for tea, games, P.T., yams and other entertainments. The S.M.'s room, the senior Den and two Patrol rooms. This led to complications as we could only have ten Patrol meetings per week - and there were fifteen Patrols.

The whole business was arranged according to a rota agreed by the Court of Honour, the real administrative body of the Troop. The S.M. attended only by invitation but he was supplied with a copy of the minutes of each meeting. He never seemed to me to do very much, yet when I watch some modem S.M.'s fussing round their Patrols, giving sharp reminders and generally behaving like a hen with a brood of ducklings, I realise that our old man could manage his vastly assorted mob of 150 remarkably well. I think he must have READ *Scouting for Boys*.

We started our Scouting career with our eye on the First Class Badge right at the outset. In fact we referred to the Tenderfoot and Second Class badges as steps on the way to First Class and never gave them a thought as separate entities. The whole of our training was given by the P.L. and the Patrol; during Patrol meetings, at regular intervals in the H.Q. but more frequently in the den found by the Patrol for its own exclusive use. In the case of our Patrol it was an unused potting shed at the bottom of the P.L.'s garden. By far the greater proportion of our Patrol work was conducted out-of-doors; only when the weather was dead against us did we use the den. Even then we would rather do our knotting and so forth up a tree or in one of our wattle and straw bivvies in the adjacent copse. Spending so much of our time on outdoor activities we had several Patrol collections of nature objects, butterflies and moths, beetles, flowers and leaves amongst them. We also had a museum to which all contributed tracks cast in clay (plaster was cissie) and other weird and wonderful objects. When our S.M. yarned to new recruits about the Law and Promise, he displayed a metal First Class badge.

He explained how we could earn it in three bites; first the top as a Tenderfoot, then the scroll for Second Class but, and he was very emphatic about this, we were not regarded as *real* Scouts until we were entitled to wear both parts on our sleeve.

First Class practice ran throughout our Patrol programmes. It was the target. As soon as the Second Class bite had been masticated the P.L. reported to the Court of Honour and the candidate's name was inscribed on the Troop progress (as distinct from Patrol progress) chart for the first time. His name was also included in the minutes.

Later the candidate made a brief appearance before the Court and heard the Scribe read his name from the Roll. The Chairman handed him a list of things that he was expected to do and make before he could complete the tests, wished him luck and dismissed him. He was now conscious of the fact that the whole Troop were interested in his progress - failure was quite unthinkable!

His first job was to make a personal copy of the O.S. map section covering the route of his journey and the surrounding countryside. He was not yet aware of his destination but the selected section gave ample margin. The copy had to be at least twice the O.S. map scale and he was expected to explore the area and fill in details discovered for himself that were not shown on the official map. He did this as part of his Patrol's mapping instruction, partly personal and partly a Patrol project. The result had to satisfy the P.L. - a no mean undertaking!

He did a number of short journeys in company with a qualified First Class colleague and learned the tricks of the trade. How to make a weatherproof bivvie - tents were not used on our journeys, cooking by backwoods methods, catching and preparing a rabbit, damper, twist and Kabobs, all cooked without utensils, firewoods and their uses in practice, fires and their safety precautions, baking, broiling and roasting - including our own speciality, the under-fire oven - a flat stone and a hole with the fire on top. On my own first trial I emulated the late King Alfred - and had the carbonised relics of my damper to wear like a Wood Badge at the next Patrol meeting. (Twenty years later history repeated itself at Gilwell!)

We did not have rucsacs but packed our hike kit in a sort of sausage worn over one shoulder, rather like a horse collar with the two ends fastened to the belt a little to the rear. We called this the "Roll." It was actually our groundsheet, Scout-made of closely woven fabric doped several times with linseed oil. It had eight hand-worked eyelets round the edges, each with a suitable length of cord spliced in. The cords were needed when the sheet was used to carry kit.

Before starting on this item of equipment the Scout was permitted to attend the P.L.'s home where a kit that had proved itself in the field was examined and details were explained; methods, materials and construction rules. The rules were tough. Woe betide the short cut hound who turned in a machine hemmed "roll"! Hand-work only was permitted. Eyelet lines had to be exactly the right length and the splicing perfect. Any deviation from the accepted standards involved speedy rejection and the P.L.'s wrath!

All this took time. At least six months of learning and doing would have passed since the Court of Honour officially recognised the candidature. Several of the tests should have been completed and his personal line on the Troop progress chart show signs of action. At this point the P.L. escorted his protégé into the S.M.'s room, usually just about cocoa time. Having made his report on developments to date the P.L. retired and the S.M. and candidate, with two large cups of cocoa, were left for an informal chat on Scouting in general and the First Class in particular.

The S.M. usually astonished his visitor with a detailed knowledge of his progress (and otherwise), particularly when the youth was patting himself on the back about some apparently easy passage through a test. The Skipper knew all about these and firmly drew attention to the unsatisfactory bits. Brushing up required, all the points were on a slip of paper he received when the cocoa and conversation were both finished.

Kit prepared and the necessary knowledge absorbed, a field trial was regarded as essential. A journey was undertaken with the candidate acting as "mate" to someone who was making his full attempt to qualify.

WHY SCOUTMASTERS GROW OLD QUICKLY.....!

"YESSIR ~ A SCOUT IS THRIFTY,
THAT MEANS HE'S QUICK!"



(In the unusual event of there being no other candidate, a special journey was made by a qualified First Class Scout.)

Usually, however, the mate scheme was applied. Everything, to the smallest detail was a First Class journey, but only the senior made his full report and submitted it for qualification. The mate made his report exactly as he proposed to do when he took his qualifying journey but subjected it only to his P.L. He learned much from his Patrol's careful analysis and criticism of the report - and usually had quite a lot of leg-pulling to accept in addition!

At the next Court of Honour the Scout attended with his P.L. When his name was reached on the Agenda he took a seat amongst the members (on the previous occasion he stood before the table) and heard his P.L. make a full report on his progress. After a commendatory word or so from the Chairman, he was handed his sealed orders - covering the route of his journey and the things he was expected to do there-on, and retired amidst a chorus of cheery good wishes. Nearly at the end of the First Class road.

The journey was then, as now, the last of the tests and the preparation was such that I cannot remember a failure, so there is no need for me to retail the story of that final test!

Later, at a Patrol tea, someone produced a mass of miscellaneous litter that he was alleged to have left on his site - it was always fairly easily disposed of by drawing attention to dates. etc. Although it was an old gag that everyone knew all about, it always caused some hilarity and added to the pleasure of the occasion.

Finally, before the whole Troop, the S.M. presented the hard-earned badge. In a short speech of congratulation the S.M. advised the new Scout of further laurels to be earned - King's Scout - Scout Cords in three varieties and, of course, the leadership of his own Patrol.

Can we learn from these early days? One thing I can say - I have no recollection of anyone leaving the Troop disgruntled and disappointed because it was "All kid's stuff!"

ZIZERA.

PACK NIGHT - VII

6.00 - 6.30. Individual Star or Badge Work

Boys come from a great variety of schools and have found a set time for Pack opening unsatisfactory, so have made the rule that Cub has half-an-hour in which to arrive. If late, unless for a special reason - he is told he is "too late" and the gate is closed. I find this works admirably, although it came as a hit of a shock to certain "last minuters" to find the door really closed: a shaking up perhaps but a sound test as to keenness and punctuality for boys often seem to have a strange conviction that you never truly mean what you say!

Earliest Cubs to arrive pull out huge old trunk in which we are allowed to keep equipment (since there is only one cupboard in the hall), and put out Six boxes, hang Six record sheets in their corners and with enormous pride, pin up a large jungle picture at the end of the hall. Picture made by Sixers and Seconds in winter, using jungle cut-outs from H.Q. It is mounted on ordinary sacking and rolls up for storage in the trunk quite easily. It catches the eye effectively when the Cub first enters the hall and helps to give a certain jungle atmosphere to an otherwise rather "school-roomy" hall. Also extremely useful for introducing New Chums, to jungle animals.

Enter Red Sixer who has obviously been playing football en route, wipes hands on seat of trousers before presenting them for inspection: remember have warned Cubs to show me hands when they arrive and thank Ron for reminding me thus efficiently. Suggest that as he is first Sixer to arrive, he should put up Cub table. Watch him unobtrusively as he brings card-table from lobby, sets it in front of Jungle picture and then goes off to the trunk. He returns with an armful of gear and proceeds to cover table with green cloth on which he places a little red painted bowl for "subs.", a picture of the Chief Scout, a roughly framed copy of the Old Chief's last message, the Pack Log Book, and the Six sub books. Then with sudden inspiration adds a blunt pencil from the depths of his own pocket. I reflect and remember his early days of Cubbing and our dismay! How do these changes take place? Is it Scout influence? School influence? Home background? Or just growing up? A little of each plus much hope, maybe?

Am suddenly aware that Hall is full of Cubs, skipping, hopping and throwing balls, that Baloo has arrived and is superintending a collection of leap-froggers, that four would-be Second Star Cubs are practising signalling with much helpful vocal comment, that it is 6.25 and that Bagheera is not yet with us: moreover that our two new recruits are rushing madly up and down throwing bean bags, obviously under the impression that this is a "free-for-all" period. I seize them and demand that they stand awhile and look at the others. All over again, I am astonished to find that this scheme works.

There is noise - yes, but only healthy exuberance in the enjoyment of a job being enthusiastically carried out. "Look," I say to the Tenderpads, "come and find your names on the Six Chart and see all the things you can do in this half hour."

Skirting three panting skippers, and a couple of ball throwers, we reach the Black Six corner where Sixer Bill is sitting by his open box and trying valiantly to instruct a blue-eyed ruffian in the art of time-telling. He is using a homemade cardboard clock and all the patience he can muster!

A quick look at my watch - 6.30. Call "Pack, Pack, Pack" and hope that noisy mass of human endeavour will subside. It does. I view expectant panting crowd before me and say quietly "Put your gear back into your own Six box and fall in." Recruits watch, wide eyed: extraordinary, most of the gear is returned to the right place and even the ropes unknotted. Continual dripping will wear away a stone!

When all is quiet and two recruits are standing by the table, Sixers take registers and subs.: pennies all put in bowl on table when Cub first comes - apt to get lost otherwise. Interesting to note that although money open on the table, no pennies have ever "strayed."

Inspection of uniforms by Baloo. Serious and solemn talk by self on care of same: caps for heads not for footballs, scarves and ironing, etc. Cubs eye me apprehensively. Talk about wild piece of land on west side of hall: suggest claiming, digging and planting with vegetables: hosts of volunteers. Introduce Gardener's Badge and arrange an evening for would-be gardeners start. Say sternly that eight are enough to begin with: they grin; nothing damps their ardour!

6.45. *Bagheera arrives full of apologies.* Keen Red Cross worker and invaluable for first-aid in Pack. Looks weary though and almost in need of first-aid herself.

Grand Howl. How they raise the roof. Ask recruits what they heard. "An awful yell, Miss, and dig, dig, dig - was it about them gardens?" Revise meaning of Grand Howl with Pack and am humbly gratified to realise that they do know something about it. Recruits awed for the first time when I explain that they may run with the Pack for three nights, after which time, they will tell us if they really want to be Wolf Cubs and the Pack will give its verdict. Soberly they depart to an inner room with Bagheera and her cup of tea, to learn more of this mysterious Grand Howl.

7 o'clock. Baloo takes a game. Simple team game in Sixes, involving carrying bean bag in one hand and ball in other, particularly evolved for five foreign Cubs whose excitement in any team game is extreme; they dance and yell with enthusiasm and their antics are contagious! (Well done, Baloo - you "coped" most valiantly: even Hanz was sitting still and upright at the end.)

7.15. Third week of whole Pack's concentration on signalling. Break up into groups, beginners and recruits with Bagheera, Baloo taking words, self with strugglers, "knowledgeable" ones on own outside with pencil and paper. Great activity but pleasing feeling that we are "getting somewhere."



“THE BRATS!”

Baloo's group have just read LAUGH and are doing it with much gusto, when door opens and District Commissioner walks in. Smiles benignly and sits down to watch. Ron with infinite tact and sagacity asks him politely if he would like to look at our Log Book. Is Ron a budding diplomat? D.C. well occupied!

7.35. Pack greet D.C. with Grand Howl and then sit expectantly. D.C. admires jungle picture and tells brief yarn of tiger he "met" in India. Pack quite still as he speaks - what a gift to be able to yarn and thus hold their attention: note that he only spoke for seven minutes and made a wonderful climax by saying "Yes, that's quite true, and now I hear you've invented a new game and I'd like to see it" all in one breath! Pack delighted as "Black Out" is indeed the child of their own creation and almost too popular.

7.45. Explain that it is winter time and that hall and surrounding small playing grounds have been plunged into darkness - lights have fused and Pack has disappeared. Akela counts 30 and then goes forth to find Cubs. As all is complete blackness she can only find a Cub if she hears him move or breathe!

D.C. and self sit with eyes closed, to indicate darkness, and in incredibly short time with merest rustle of feet, are aware that hall is empty, both Baloo and Bagheera out too. "Now what?" says D.C. with expectant twinkle. "We go forth to hear," I reply, "With our 'daylight eyes' we may see Cubs in all sorts of strange places, but unless they move and we hear them (they laugh sometimes) we can't catch them out."

Out through the main door, all still and very quiet, rather a good evening to be out: observe apple tree accommodating four strangely large fruit; pass beneath tree. "Fruit" in tree with almost superhuman control, smother inclination to giggle. Are aware of many strange statues, three sitting almost without breathing, on the rockery, two just standing, others standing, sitting, crouching, lying but rarely moving the smallest inch as we pass by.

Remember first attempt at the game and stampede of departure and am again reminded of small boys' wonderful power of self-control given the right imaginative background. D.C. agrees it's a good game and Ron the diplomat sees him off the premises with smartest salute.

8 o'clock. Loud demands for "another go" but mind harks back to a Gilwell warning, "Don't overdo a game," and remind Pack of time.

Invite Pack to observe playground for anything new. Quick reply: "Flag on flag-pole." - "Who brought it?" "How did it get there?" "May I pull it down?" Bagheera tells them that the Jack is a present from her father: has been treasured and could tell many a tale: asks for and gets a Cub to make a case to keep flag in. Bagheera then shows how to lower slowly and hoist, and reminds Second Star Cubs of small flag-staff sometimes attached to Cub table in hall with which they learned to hoist and break smaller flag. Cubs very thrilled and give rousing spontaneous cheer for Bagheera's father.

8.15. Grand Howl round flag-staff. Simple Prayers of Thanks-giving and Blessing. The Family Prayer. The Jack lowered for first time at an official Pack Meeting.

If Bagheera's father in Egypt could have seen these small boys' earnest faces and uprightness of standing as the flag descended and the care with which Bill gathered the flag lest it drape the ground, I think he would have known that his gift would be treated with reverence, care and true appreciation.

8.30. "Good-bye. Go straight home." Many questions, many reminders.

Suddenly all is quiet again and in the evening twilight we look at each other. Baloo, Bagheera and I smile, knowing that although we are now going to sit down and plan next week's programme in detail over a cup of coffee and a sandwich and that possibly we are a bit weary and won't be home until "who knows when," yet it's worth it - this grandest game in the world.

D. G. MCNELLY.

THE GAMES CHEST: CUBS

GUMMED PAPER

1. GUMMED PAPER SHAPES.

Gear: A simple design made of the shapes. Spare shapes and papers, the latter can have simple guide lines if desired.

Purpose: Memory training.

The Cubs are shown the design for a short time. They then have to reproduce it with the materials provided. This can be done individually by each Cub or in Sixes, the Cubs running as in a relay and fixing one shape at each turn.

Point for accuracy not for speed.

C.M. CLUTTERBUCK.

2. TESSELLATED PATTERNS.

Gear: A few simple symmetrical designs are prepared as examples.

Purpose: Pattern making.

The Cubs are shown the examples. They then proceed to make their own patterns with the materials provided. This can be done individually by each Cub or in Sixes, the Cubs running as in a relay and fixing one shape at each turn.

Points for balance of shapes and colours in the patterns and not for speed.

C. M. CLUTTERBUCK.

3. PICTURE PATTERNS.

Gear: One set of gummed paper shapes and a card for each Six and one spare card.

Purpose: Memory and dexterity test.

Akela makes the master pattern which should be composed of six pieces stuck on a card. This should be face down on a chair in centre of hall. Each Six should be sitting in individual circles round the hall as far from centre and other Sixes as possible. In centre of each Six should be card and paper shapes.

On the word "go" Akela turns up the master card and one Cub at a time from each Six comes to the centre, decides which piece he will stick and returns to do this.

First Six to complete pattern the same as master pattern is winner. (Instead of gummed strip, coloured card shapes can be used.)

MOLLY BOLTON.

4. JIG-SAW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Gear: Paper, waterproof ink and plywood.

Purpose: Handicrafts.

Print the National Anthem (first and third verses) in waterproof ink on a sheet of paper and then stick on to a piece of 3-ply wood. This should then be cut into a jig-saw puzzle by means of a fret saw. If this presents difficulty an alternative method is to buy wooden jig-saws from Woolworths at an approximate cost of 1s. 6d. each. Working from the reverse side of the completed jig-saw take one piece at a time and place on the printed copy of the National Anthem in its correct place and cut carefully round the wood and through the paper by means of a fine blade - a marquetry knife is ideal for the purpose. When this operation is completed the various pieces of paper should be stuck to the appropriate pieces of the jigsaw and will then present the National Anthem on the one side and the original picture on the other. One set per Six will provide a useful means of instruction. This is not a new idea, but the method of preparation may help Pack Scouters.

G.B., M.L.

5. STICKY PAPER SEMAPHORE ALPHABET.

Gear: Twenty-five sheets of white paper about 6 in. x 4 in. Strips of coloured paper cut as body, head and arms for each Six.

Purpose: Test work.

On the word "go" Akela calls a letter of the alphabet. No. 1 of each team sticks the body on to the sheet, No. 2 sticks the head, No. 3 the arms of the Semaphore alphabet, No. 4 holds up the finished letter. (In order to employ all the Six two legs can be stuck on as well.) Eventually the whole alphabet is completed for the Six box.

Winners are the Six making fewest mistakes.

ERICA GRAHAM.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG ROVER - X

DEAR DAVID,

Thanks for your letter received this morning. You seem to have been let down badly by your "friend" Harold. It is certainly annoying to lend a man a couple of pounds to help him out of a nasty hole, as he tells you, and then to find that he has been transferred to another unit, taking not only your two pounds but also a lot of money he has borrowed from other people.

The whole business of lending money is very difficult. Shakespeare, as you probably remember, advises against it, saying very truly that "loan oft loses both itself and friend, and borrowing dulls the edge of usury."

Shakespeare was a very wise man, but there is a higher wisdom even than his, and in the New Testament we are given opposite advice:

"Give to them that ask of thee, and from them that would borrow of thee, turn not away."

As you go through life you will many times have to make the decision "to lend or not to lend," and from a rather mixed personal experience I can give you a few tips that may be useful. To begin with, I think you have to decide whether you have a *right* to lend any particular sum of money. If you are a married man with a family, for instance, there cannot be any doubt that your first duty is to them, and that only in cases of great emergency ought you to risk money that really belongs to those who depend on you.

It is rather different if you have no responsibilities, because then you yourself are the only loser if you are let down.

Looking back on my own youth, I think I must have been rather weak-minded about money, because when I was seventeen and in my first job two much older men borrowed from me, and both let me down. The first came to me and said that he was behind with his rent, and unless he could get hold of five pounds at once his cruel landlord would throw his wife and children into the street. I was so moved by this tragic picture that I lent him the five pounds (saved Out of my wages of £1 a week!) and was afterwards chagrined to find that he had used it, not to pay his rent, but to spend the Sunday at Brighton with somebody else's wife! Although he was earning big money it took me nearly a year to get my £5 back. A couple of months later another man who worked in the same office as myself came to me to borrow £20, because his wife was desperately ill. This time I made careful inquiries, and found that the illness was quite genuine. As he also showed me papers proving that he had £30 due from an insurance policy in a fortnight, and promised to pay me back out of this, I lent him the money.

A month later I asked him what had happened, and he thanked me, and said his wife was better, but she was very depressed at being alone all day, so he had spent the £30 from the insurance policy to buy her a dog to keep her company, but would settle with me "sooner or later."

Once, however, I had a quite opposite experience. It was when I was about thirty, and the world was going well with me. I was more prosperous than ever before or since, and one day I read in the agony column of an evening newspaper a two-line advertisement saying that the advertiser was in desperate need of financial help.

Some odd impulse made me answer it, and in reply came a long letter. The writer said that he was an ex-soldier, and a barman at an inn on the South coast. He was also treasurer of a slate club. About a month earlier a customer had told him that a certain horse was going to win the 2.30. On a sudden impulse the silly barman "borrowed" £5 from the slate club money, and put it on the horse, which lost. In panic, he put £5 on another horse, which also lost, and by the time he wrote to me he was short of £25, and the share-out was due next week, and he would quite certainly go to gaol.

He was a self-confessed gambler and thief, and there was nothing in the story to arouse the slightest sympathy, yet there was something curiously simple and honest in the way he told it, so, though still very dubious, I wrote to the Methodist minister in the town where he lived and asked him to have a chat with the barman and give me his impressions.

The minister wrote back and said that the barman seemed really sorry for what he had done, and added: "Although I can't advise you to advance the money, I must say that the young man impressed me as being honest, despite what he has done. He says he will pay you back at 10s. a week, but you would, of course, be taking a great risk."

It was just before Christmas, and the advice of Shakespeare seemed at the moment less worth following than that other advice, so I sent the money, feeling a moral certainty that I would never see it again. I was wrong. The barman sent me a 10s. postal-order every week for fifty weeks, and on the fifty-first week he sent £1, saying that he felt it only right to pay interest on the loan!

I never met him, but he wrote regularly until World War II came, and the last I heard of him he was happily married with three children and a business of his own. The truth was, that he was a naturally honest man that had made one slip. The two men of my earlier acquaintance who let me down were naturally dishonest men who were careful not to make slips that would put them in reach of the law. As I get older I find myself less and less inclined to lend money, for so often it seems to do more harm than good, but when I come to the end of my journey I have a sneaking feeling that the remembrance of the one man I was really able to save will comfort me much more than the remembrance of the money I have lost will bother me!

Our attitude to money is important, and the longer I live the less surprised I am that our old Chief made "a Scout's honour is to be trusted" the first law of all. Honour, of course, includes many things besides money-honesty, but money-honesty is very important, and we have no room for "crooks" in the Scout Movement. If later on you take a warrant, as I hope you will, don't ever compromise on this question of money-honesty. I don't think you would ever be tempted to be dishonest yourself, because I've known you long enough to be sure that you are naturally honest, and I know you had good home training, but when you become a warranted officer it is your job to see that the financial affairs of your Group are in apple-pie order.

Many years ago I assisted in a Group where the G.S.M. was a crook, and those months were the most miserable of my life. It was before the days when most Groups had Group Committees to look after finances, and the G.S.M. handled all the money himself, from the Scout's weekly subscriptions to the proceeds of jumble sales. We all had an uneasy suspicion that he was dipping into the funds, but we did not think of him as a crook, we just told one another that he was a bit careless. He was only about 25, and one of those charming happy-go-lucky types, and the thing went in for months before we could pluck up courage to tackle him, and when we did he broke down completely and admitted that he was £15 "short" but that he hadn't the slightest idea where it had gone. He supposed he must have got his own money and the Group's mixed up.

Very foolishly, instead of reporting the matter to the Commissioner, we let him remain as G.S.M., and clubbed together and paid the £15, thinking ourselves very noble and Christian. I left the town soon afterwards, but two years later I saw in the paper that the same man had gone to gaol for a fraud on his firm, bringing disgrace not only on himself but on the Scout Movement, of which he was still a leading light. Those of us who "covered up" his crime seem to me to have had a part in his guilt.

Why, you may ask, am I proud to have helped a barman who had stolen, and ashamed of having helped a Scouter who had stolen? At first glance it seems inconsistent, but it is not. If Scouting means anything in the world, it means that we Scouts set ourselves a standard of honesty and decency above the average standard of our times. Members of the Movement in positions of authority who flagrantly ignore the Scout law must be expelled from the Movement, or the Law and all we stand for is a sham and a hypocrisy.

Sentimentalists will ask how this can be reconciled with Christian charity and Christian forgiveness. They will point out that Christ forgave even the woman taken in adultery. True, but though as a woman she was forgiven when she repented, it would have been quite wrong for her to immediately assume office as Chairman of the Palestine Women's Purity League.

The proper course to take, when you find yourself in possession of evidence that suggests that a fellow-officer is breaking this basic law of honesty, is to tackle the fellow himself, hard as it may be to do so. If he does not satisfy you, you must go to his immediate superior, and if the case is proved he must leave the Movement and be "blacklisted" at H.Q. That being done, by all means club together to put things right.

I am afraid this has been rather a harsh and disagreeable letter, but nations that become corrupt are doomed, and without honesty any community will crumble. Movements like ours that profess a high standard must preserve it, "for if the salt has lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?"

Yours ever,
A.D.C.

ROVER ROUNDABOUT

Have you enjoyed the alleged summer this year or are you feeling, as so many of the people I have met lately, a relief that now autumn is here we need not make excuses (a nice day now and then is all we feel really entitled to: after all it's getting on in the year!) or have you like me been able to take advantage of a few days spread over the summer period?

Looking back on it I've had a great time and one which I commend to any Rovers as an experience well worth while. First a visit to my first camp site only 35 miles from home: still the same old church, unspoilt, still quaint and interesting, the local tuck shop now incorporating the post office, the stream and wooden bridge where four of us, at a subsequent week on our own, spent a summer's afternoon catching red throats and tiddlers with our hands and the village school, whose sports day we organised and judged. Then I've introduced my new pup to some of the walks which my old dog hasn't had the stamina to tackle in the last two years, and the thrill (yes even for me) of showing a couple of youngsters London's glories, St. Paul's, The Tower and the Bridge working, our parks and open spaces, an afternoon at the Oval Test Match, Lords Cricket Museum, the Arsenal stars at their trial match and the first keenness of the opening match of the season at Fulham plus the enthusiasm of the youngsters seeing it all for the first time.

Now, as I sort through the notes sent me from all over the places where Rovers operate I once again am transported to a school hall one cold and wet Christmas day, too many years ago to conveniently remember, when my father took me to meet some of his friends, who, banding together in service had found the money to buy food, and the time to prepare it on the Christmas Eve, so that two hundred poor, and really poor, children should have a dinner and sweets and toys that their parents just couldn't buy them. Such a good turn is mentioned in the York and District Rover Magazine *The Quest*.

Thank heavens that such a "feed" is not essential these days, but there are still lonely old folk and families where illness puts a great strain financially on those who would like to give some sort of "Happy Christmas" to the children. York have already plans for parcels of food and firewood and are co-operating with their local Rangers in this Good Turn. They are a live crowd although numbers are not great, but the enthusiasm is evident and it should stir many to greater efforts.

Find an energetic soul to do something about a news sheet for your District: it helps a lot and the Rovers in the Service will bless you for a copy, and it is one way of holding them to the Movement that can so badly do with their help on the return to normal life.

The "Roving comments" started by the Barnet, Potters Bar and District now deals with all Rover news for the County of Hertford (and its staff are keen enough to plug the *Rover Rag* as well).

What a joy to read a news letter put out by H.M.S. *Newcastle* Deep-Sea Rover Crew, eleven in strength: a weekend camp in Japan, visit to Hiroshima Orphanage Scout Troop, three hikes on Korean soil, activities with Dutch shipmates, with H.M.S. *Ocean's* Crew and conducted tours to Brownies, Cubs, assistance in forming a new Crew (an army one at Kure, Japan) helping at an emergency medical post after a fire in Kowloon, when 50,000 were rendered homeless, teaming up with a RAE. Crew and local Sea Rangers.

Then on to Honolulu where they visited an American Explorer Scout Post to learn something of their type of Scouting.

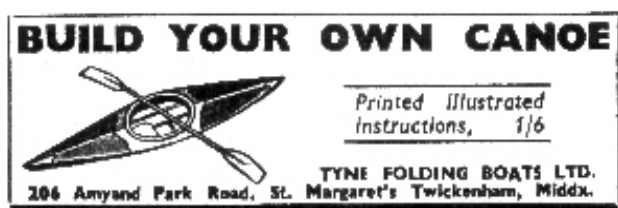
Yes and we complain that as our numbers are low we cannot do anything - rubbish. Those of us take *Jamboree* (for the ignorant the journal published by the International Bureau) will have read the account of an Indonesian Rover Crew. It tells briefly of their work over a twelve months period. Their ages run from 17 - 20 (note they have heard of the lower age entry and they have to wait for the I.H.Q. notices to get out there) they are differing races and religions and so attached to the "open Association P3." They are seventeen strong after a year's working. Meeting indoors once a month, outdoors Sunday mornings once a month and six weekend camps and six working days on their permanent camp site. Three Patrols are formed as working parties and they have done many jobs, plus taking part in Training Courses. During the holidays they did some mountaineering and a Rover Moot at Malang, excursions to a museum, technical firm, car exhibition, machinery factory, hydro-electric works (an eighty mile trip), assistance at District, Patrol Camp, wide game, jungle hunt, fancy fair and Christmas good turn. They sum up by saying that "There is still a lack of cultural work (art, religion, politics and so on). Most of us would have been more than satisfied with that record. Thank you lads for an object lesson."

Did I hear somebody in England say "Well! what can we do?" But I am cheered again, as I sit in my garden writing this in the sunshine. The postman brings me the news sheet from Woolwich; they have been helping out with our handicap brothers, twelve of the Rovers as Scouters and backroom workers at the Agoonoree in Holland - a big job to take these lads abroad and a fine piece of service for our section, I've seen the photographs and met some of the handicapped boys and Rovers who went. It has certainly given them a taste of international Scouting and what a joy as you sit or lie around to look back on such an experience, and was I heartened to read that three of the Service Crew were only Squires, a grand introduction to Rover Service. Good luck Woolwich and if the list of dates at the end of the news sheet is taken advantage of Rovers down that way are going to be busy quite a lot more.

I started the month on a nostalgic note: I might as well draw to a conclusion in the same way. The British Scouts in Egypt held their Reunion at Roland House this year. A couple of dozen old boys spent a week-end yarning, sightseeing, and camp firing and enjoyed themselves no end, somebody had a brainwave to include a trip to London out of the camping season. It may commend itself to any other group of "Ex's," if you have no contacts London Rovers will always help out. The "old boys" of Yatesbury R.A.F. Service Crew camped at Frylands this year and spent a very pleasurable weekend.

How many fellows have been introduced to Roving for the first time by these Service Crews and what a lot we owe the fellows together, "Yes, Scouting is a very wonderful thing, and the Rover privileged to help it on its way by his daily contacts, may indeed count himself fortunate, it will open up a new way of life to a lad who can do with it, it's an anchor for the young man starting out in what is still a hard world, and as some of us look back on a lifetime spent in the Movement, remembering those who passed the torch on to us, how proud and grateful we feel that we were so honoured." What a responsibility you say, yes, and yet how worthwhile to be a memory, after you have passed on, to a lad who has been trained by you to carry on the job of making a happy life for other people, because *you* can help them to see the beauties of nature, the joy in simple things and most of all the good there is in everybody else.

JACK SIULLEN



BOOKS

SCOUTING

Running a Scout Group, by J. F. Coiquhoun (B.S.A., 8s. 6d.). *An appreciation.*

On the day the Editor sent me a copy of Koko's book with the request that I would review it for THESCOUTER, I was leaving for a week's holiday so long overdue that I did not particularly care at that moment if I ever saw a Boy Scout again. I took the book with me and headed the car south in search of the sun.

During the ensuing week I read snatches from the book in peculiar places - flat on my back on a Somerset hillside, in hotel lounges, perched in a crack of the rocks at Maidencombe, in boats, and among the heather of Dartmoor.

I dipped into it at first seeking for a chapter which would hold my interest - and found that every chapter held my interest. And this was an astonishing thing for, to an old hand in this game, all the material was exceedingly familiar. One had heard it all so many times at conferences and courses, yet here it was most strangely come to life and compellingly interesting.

And I realised that if the book could grip one growing grey in the Movement in this fashion, how much more it must grip and assist a young G.S.M. coming fresh to his job, and somewhat appalled by the complexity of it.

For the book is essentially for the G.S.M. in the first place, that Fourth Man about whose creation Koko was so insistent twenty-six years ago. That Fourth Man who is so vital and essential in theory, and so often entirely missing in practice.

After twenty-six years how few Groups are lead by a G.S.M. of a suitable executive type without other warrants or Scout commitments. Yet the types we seek are there in hundreds on our golf courses and in our clubs, fair game for us Commissioners if we can cast our fly warily and cannily enough to make them bite.

Yet so far we have largely failed to land these invaluable fishes. Are we bad anglers or is the fly not tempting enough?

There have been many books written on the training side of Scouting but I cannot recall one written about the administrative side of the game in such entrancing fashion.

It is as though the pages of *P.O.R.* have come to life expanded and explained with a fascinating logical simplicity.

The wealth of experience gained in a lifetime of Scouting have gone into these pages and they should be read by every Scouter. Particularly should they be read by that peculiar genus to which I belong, known as District Commissioners, for what are we but glorified G.S.M.s managing a larger team? As I turned the nose of the car north again I was conscious that I should be heartily disappointed if I never saw a Boy Scout again, and found myself planning some changes in the light of what I had been reading.

Of course the holiday may have had something to do with my altered outlook, but I am quite sure that Koko's book had far more to do with it.

HUBERT BLORE.

The Map Unfolds, by Cyril Midgeley (A. Wheaton & Co., Exeter, 3s.).

I found this book attractively produced and very good value. I believe any book on mapping needs to be printed in colour as is this and, considering the price, the colour reproduction is of reasonable standard.

The book is aimed at youngsters of Scout and Senior Scout age rather than at their leaders, and the presentation is well thought out and very clearly expressed.

The only criticisms I have are very minor: I do not know why the use of the compass is introduced so late in the book; it does not make its appearance until Chapter 17, but when it does appear it is very well done. I wonder also why all the people who write about finding the way by the sun invariably show the use of a watch in relation to Greenwich time and then have to mention in a footnote the quite different procedure when Summer Time operates. All that they say is true enough but the plain fact is that most of the occasions in this country when we want to find direction by the sun

take place in the summer and, additionally, Summer Time occupies seven months of the year as opposed to the five months allotted to Greenwich time.

I believe it would be much simpler to teach finding the way by the sun using a watch in relation to Summer Time and giving a footnote in regard to Greenwich time. However, Mr. Midgeley is merely following in the footsteps of a vast number of predecessors who have remained faithful to Greenwich time so presumably I am the revolutionary in this matter.

I can safely recommend this as a suitable book for the Troop library and, in fact, it is the kind of book which a Scoutmaster might like to present to his P.L.'s if and when they do anything to merit a presentation being made.

One final point, of slight annoyance to me. Mr. Midgeley introduces a map of Manchester without any mention of Old Trafford; it is conceivable, of course, that it was underwater at the time of the survey.

JOHN THURMAN.

Pleasures With Paper, by A. van Breda (Messrs. Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.).

Here is a book that I can recommend, with confidence and without any reservations at all, to Scouters of the Pack in particular and to some extent to all Scouters.

Pleasures with Paper is, as one might imagine, concerned with the making of all kinds of ingenious patterns, models, animals, aircraft, and even space ships, just by folding and cutting paper and using a little paint and glue to add to the fun.

The book is very carefully thought out, starting with a chapter on materials and then going through the whole gamut of what can be done with paper, from very simple things such as paper chains and the familiar "Jacob's Ladder" and Christmas Tree on into higher flights of fancy such as peacocks, roundabouts, and grazing cows. The book is profusely and effectively illustrated, and the text not only fits the drawings but is adjacent to them.

The use of this book to us I think is obvious; it has the basis of an excellent handcraft for the Pack and one that costs scarcely anything and in which every Cub can take part. I hope Troop Scouters and, indeed, Commissioners will have a look at the book. I can envisage a District Scouters Meeting of the future which, in the throes of some knotty and apparently insoluble problem, when tempers are waxing a little more heated than they should, is brought back to sanity by the D.C. producing his version of a Red Indian head-dress.

JOHN THURMAN.

LEISURE READING

Treasure Diving Holidays, by Jane and Barney Crile (Collins, 18s.).

This is the tale of the holidays of the happy, intelligent, amusing, rather dare-devil Crile family, holidays which they devoted to their consuming passion for under-water hunting. It all began twenty years ago when Dr. Barney Crile and his wife Jane, after funny and desperately unsuccessful experiments with home-made diving hoods, became skin-divers with only wings of rubber on their feet and a plate of glass over the eyes: "We have hunted lobsters and abalones, speared fish, swum with barracuda and sharks, wrestled with octopuses."

They are photographers, too, and treasure-seekers, and are not averse to a spice of danger. As their four children in their turn were old enough to stagger down a beach, they too became skin-divers searching for abalones. (No, I'd never heard of them before, either.)

This is in fact a very delightful book about venturesome and charming people, whom it is a pleasure to meet even if one cannot share their excessive liking for eating strange fishes. The book is nicely produced, with over fifty photographs in black and white and twenty-five in colour.

R. H.

Adventure of the World, by James Fisher (Rathbone Books, 10s. 6d.).

Although I read this book with interest and admired the clarity of its presentation, I was not sure how it would strike a person of say 11 or 12, 50 I gave it to my daughter, who was enthralled by it, and I feel pretty sure any inquisitive boy or girl from 10 to 12 or 13 would be.

Its authenticity is guaranteed by the fact that James Fisher is the author, and the art direction has been in the hands of F.H.K. Henrion, who designed the Natural History Pavilion at the Festival of Britain.

Designed mainly in pictures, the explanatory writing is clear and concise. Science cannot explain the mystery of the creation of the universe. "We who live on earth have been thinking about the Universe, and its stars and planets, for only a few thousand years; and making observations with elaborate scientific equipment for a few hundred. So we know very little about it, except that there are great mysteries yet to be explored and explained. Where, or what, did our sun and its system come from? How did nine planets come to travel round the sun in orbits arranged in a plane or disc? How did Life arise on at least one planet, Earth, and probably another, Mars?" The writer then goes on to explain the various theories of its development after the actual creation, along three main lines - the development of man and his environment; the development of the physical characteristics of the World, the action of sunshine and rain, of wind and water, sea and ice, in shaping the outlines; and finally the development by man of the riches of the earth.

Such a bald description does no justice to a fascinating story as it unfolds. I can most heartily commend it to all fathers who have to answer the questions of their sons, and daughters too. It not only provides many answers but it stimulates the asking of further questions.

ROWALLAN.

THE GAMES CHEST: SCOUTS

COMPASS CIRCLE (Purpose: badge work).

Gear: Seven cards marked with main compass points (except north).

Patrols in circles with seven cards face downwards in centre. Boys move round their circle; P.L. stops and says "I'm north." Boys grab a card each and get into appropriate positions. Last boy there is "out." Return all cards to centre and repeat.

Can be played with fifteen or thirty-one cards and the whole Troop, as skill increases.

D. GRISBROOK.

THRIFT CLUB (Purpose: training in thrift, courtesy).

Gear: One shilling for each Patrol.

For a Saturday afternoon in winter. Each Patrol is given a shilling and one hour in which to buy as many *different* articles as possible scoring one point for each article, e.g., one half-penny stamp scores a point, but a second half-penny stamp does not score anything. Scores are always amazingly high! Do not allow things *given* by sympathetic shopkeepers, e.g., odd apples, leaflets, etc.

D. GRISBROOK.

BOMBING THE BARRIER (Purpose: development of agility and sportsmanlike qualities; fun and excitement).

Gear: Material for erecting barrier; tennis ball; whistle (umpire).

Construct a solid barrier across the centre of the hall, height 6 feet or just over. We used three table tennis boards. The boys must not be able to see through, over or round the barrier.

An equal number of boys stand, roughly spaced out, either side of the barrier. Whistle blows, and one Scout throws a tennis ball, *underhand*, over the barrier, to be caught by anyone the other side; he throws it back, and so on. It will be seen that the ball is not sighted until it is passing over the barrier; usually to start with about six Scouts all do superhuman efforts to catch it at once.

If the ball is caught the game continues; if it touches the ground without anyone touching it, the Scout nearest to where it first bounces, is out; if two Scouts are equidistant from the spot and feel like arguing

- both are out. If the ball touches any part of a Scout and then bounces to the floor, that Scout is out.

When there are only six or seven left, the game is fast and furious, and I suggest the floor be examined beforehand in case of wood splinter accidents caused by rigger dives. Last Scout in is the winner.

This is a really exciting game provided the umpire is fair in his decisions, and speed is maintained.

D. C. K. Dix.

LIGHTS ON TREK-CARTS

The provisions of the Road Vehicles Lighting Regulations, 1954, relating to trek-carts or other hand carts used on a road during the hours of darkness are as follows:-

(1) If the trek-cart with any load is not at any point more than 6 feet long, 2½ feet wide, and 4 feet 6 inches high, and is kept as near as possible to the left-hand side of the roadway, it need not legally have any lights or reflectors.

Nevertheless, Scouters should not take advantage of this provision. They should remember that *P.O.R. 350* requires a white light in front and a red light to the rear of parties of *Scouts* marching at night; and the warning given in the last paragraph of this statement should be carefully noted.

(2) If, with any load, it exceeds any of the dimensions given above but does not at any point exceed 4 feet in width, it must show one white light to the front, and either one red light or one red reflector to the rear.

(3) If, with any load, it exceeds 4 feet in width at any point it must show two white lights in front and either one red light or one red reflector at the back.

(4) The white lights in front must not be more than 5 feet above the ground, or more than 12 inches in from the side of the trek-cart or any projecting load. Where only one light is required it must be on the offside; where there are two, they must be the same height from the ground and, of course, be on opposite sides.

(5) The red light or reflector must not be more than 3 feet 6 inches or less than 15 inches from the ground. It must be so fixed that no part of the vehicle or its load projects more than 16 inches beyond it on the offside or more than 3 feet 6 inches to the rear of it.

(6) Some of the above conditions may be satisfied by a lamp showing a white light in front and a red light to the rear; but care must be taken that its position on the trek-cart (and in relation to any load on it) does in fact comply with the measurements given in (4) and (5) above.

(7) Strictly speaking, in the case of trek-carts bought before October 1st, 1954, the position of the red rear light need not comply with the exact measurements given in (5) above until October 1st, 1956. It must be clearly understood that this concession does not apply to red reflectors, which must now comply in every respect with these requirements. In any event, it will be wise to see that red lamps do so now without delaying it until 1956.

Finally, one necessary warning: if any *Scouts* walk behind the trek-cart one of them may at any moment be in such a position that the red light or reflector may not be visible to the driver of an overtaking vehicle. The only way, therefore, to ensure safety and prevent risk of accident is for the rearmost *Scout* on the off-side to carry a red light in accordance with *POR. 350*; and this, of course, in addition to the red light or reflector legally required on the trek-cart itself.

D. FRANCIS MORGAN.
Legal Adviser

HEAD QUARTERS NOTICES

CHIEF SCOUT'S COMMISSIONER

The Chief Scout has appointed Mr. Ralph Reader, M.B.E., to be one of his Chief Scout's Commissioners.

"The Scout"

The Committee of the Council very much regret that, owing to the high cost of printing, paper and production, the price of *The Scout* must be increased to 6d. a copy on and after November 5th.

It is clear from the many letters of appreciation that readers like *The Scout* in its new form and the Committee hope that, despite the extra cost, Scouters will continue to encourage Cubs and Scouts to buy and read it.

Scouts Under 15 - Headgear

The Committee of the Council having considered the replies received in response to the Questionnaire on Headgear has decided that with immediate effect, Scouts under 15, other than Sea and Air Scouts, be permitted to wear a Scout hat or a beret, Scout green in colour, provided all members of the Troop under 15 years of age wear the same kind of headgear.

It has also been decided that Scouts under 15 will wear, on the beret, the cloth Scout badge with khaki background.

An announcement in respect of the badge to be worn on the beret by Patrol Leaders will be made in the November Headquarters Notices.

This decision is not applicable to Scotland where the question of headgear will shortly come up for decision.

ROLAND HOUSE

Scouters (or potential Scouters) who are in need of a home in London and are prepared to serve Scouting in East London and take a share in the life and work of Roland House, are invited to write for terms to the Honorary Warden, Roland House, 29 Stepney Green, London, E.1.

CANCELLED WARRANTS

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

Frederick John Ernest Broughton, formerly A.S.M., 2nd East Wickham Group.

The Rev. Vere Townsend Ducker, formerly G.S.M., 1st Tideswell Group.

Cyril Kenneth Evans, formerly G.S.M. and R.S.L., 16th Newport Group.

Percy Roy Flaxmer, formerly S.M., 20th Stepney Group.

Stanley Furlong, formerly ASM., 51st Oldham Group.

C. C. Goodhand,

Administrative Secretary.

NOTES AND NEWS

OCTOBER COVER

This month's cover photograph is the second of a series of three studies by Stanley Newton illustrating an essential part of the "atmosphere" of Scouting, This is "planning and adventure"; the first, in September, was "laughter and high spirits." The third will be the cover of the November issue.

GILWELL PARK

Open Days of Work will be held at Gilwell on the following dates:

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

Scout Promise and Law Course (*open to Commissioners, Members of the Training Team and Chaplains*), December 1th/12th.

Group Scoutmasters' Training Course, March 5th/6th, 1955.

Technical Courses. *Open to all Scouters of the Troop and Group Scout-masters. 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.

Wood Badge Part I

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

Wood Badge Courses, 1955

Cub Courses are open to all appropriate Warrant Holders of eighteen

years of age and over:

No. 134 Monday, March 21st—Saturday, March 26th (Indoor).

No. 135 Sunday, May 22nd—Friday, May 27th

No. 136 Monday, June 13th—Saturday, June 18th

No. 137 Monday, July 4th—Saturday, July 9th

No. 138 Monday, July 18th—Saturday, July 23rd

No. 139 Monday, August 8th—Saturday, August 13th

No. 140 Monday, August 22nd—Saturday, August 27th

Scout Courses are open to all Warrant Holders or Scouters on Probation of twenty years of age and over:

No. 236 Saturday, April 16th—Sunday, April 24th

No. 237 Saturday, May 14th—Sunday, May 22nd

No. 238 Saturday, June 4th—Sunday, June 12th

No. 239 Saturday, June 25th—Sunday, July 3rd

No. 240 Saturday, July 23rd—Sunday, July 31st

No. 241 Saturday, August 13th—Sunday, August 21st

No. 242 Saturday, August 27th—Sunday, September 4th

No. 243 Saturday, September 17th—Sunday, September 25th

Rover Courses are open to all Warrant Holders of twenty-one years of age and over:

No. 13 Saturday, July 9th—Saturday, July 16th

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. 91 November 6th/7th, 1954 Durham

No. 92 December 4th/Sth, 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.

THE WARINGTON BADEN-POWELL TROPHY RACES

The 4th Annual Canoe Paddling and Dinghy Sailing Races were held on Saturday, 11th September, at the Royal Canoe Club, Tedding-ton, Middlesex. Although a cloudburst seriously hampered the preliminary arrangements and the sailing dinghies were at one time almost becalmed, the programme was completed.

At the conclusion of the races, the competitors were entertained to tea by members of the Royal Canoe Club, after which their Commodore presented the Junior Trophy to Senior Scout G. Bennett and the Senior Trophy to Rover Scout P. Foster, both of the 1st Surbiton Troop.

“JAMBOREE”

This is the only international journal of World Scouting. If you want regular news and pictures of Scouting from all countries in our Brotherhood you must see *Jamboree* every month. It is published by the Boy

Scouts International Bureau, 132 Ebury Street, London, S.W.1, and in Great Britain costs Is. per copy or 12s. 6d. for twelve issues. Rates for other countries can be obtained on application.

METHODIST SCOUTERS GATHERING

The Seventh National Gathering of the Association of Methodist Scouters will be held at Gilwell on Saturday - Sunday, November 6th—7th next. The President of the Methodist Conference (Rev. W. Russell Shearer, M.A.) and the Deputy Chief Scout (General Sir Rob. Lockhart, K.C.B., C.I.E., M.C.) have both promised to attend. Direct transport to the place is being arranged for visitors on the Saturday and it will be a unique opportunity for Methodist Scouters and others to meet the President in an unusual setting and also to view the Gilwell estate and the headquarters of Scouter training. All sessions will be held under warm cover. Full particulars may be had from A. of MS. Synod-Area Secretaries - if the local address is not known letters may be sent to 27 Hazelmere Gardens, Hornchurch, Essex.

I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS FOR NOVEMBER

- | | |
|---------|---|
| 3rd | Belle Vue Grammar School, Bradford, Speech Day |
| 6th | Newcastle Local Association Conference for Scouts over 15. |
| 7th | Bucks. County Conference |
| 9th | Edinburgh County Scout Council Annual Meeting. |
| 10th | Sutton Coldfield Rotary Club and Sutton Coldfield L.A. A.G.M. |
| 13/14th | Bristol Third Wolf Cub Palaver |
| 13/14th | South Yorks. Rover Conference |
| 13/14th | North Wales Scouters' Conference |
| 27th | North Wiltshire L.A. Dinner |

B.-P. Guild Visits

- | | |
|-----------|--|
| 19th | Ross-on-Wye District Association Annual Lord Baden-Powell Dinner |
| 20th 63rd | Bristol B.-P. Guild Annual Dinner |
| 20th | Wood Green Autumn Rally |

CHRISTMAS SEALS

Once again the National Spastics Society will be selling Christmas Seals. This year, however, the pictures are by such famous artists as Barry Appleby, Pat Kemmish and Jon, well known for his daily and weekly paper cartoon “As Jon sees it.” The seals cost 1d. each, a set of twenty-four all different 1/- or a sheet of 120, 10/-. There will, too, be sets of six Christmas cards, envelopes, and six Christmas seals which will sell at 2/-, 2/6, 3/- and 4/- a set.

Seals and Christmas cards can be obtained from the National Spastics Society, 44 Stratford Road, London, W.8.

MARQUETRY SOCIETY

The address of this Society as given in the book *The Fascination of Marquetry* which was reviewed in the August SCOUTER is quite correct, i.e., 85 Herne Hill, London, S.E.24. The Post Office evidently made a mistake which led to the concluding paragraph of the review.

SCOUT AND GUIDE JOINT CAMP FIRE TRAINING

Scouters wishing to attend a joint training day on Camp Fires should apply to the Training Secretary at I.H.Q. This will be held at the Girl Guide Headquarters, 17/19 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. on Saturday, November 20th. The cost will be 8/6 including meals. The programme will include material suitable for Cubs, Scouts, Senior Scouts and Rovers and will be conducted by Miss M. Chater and Mr. K. H. Stevens.

NATURE PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

Entries for the above competition have to be received by October 31st. Full details can be found in the June issue.

GROUP MAGAZINES

The Editor of the 1st Abbots Langley Group magazine is interested to receive other Group magazines. He is Mr. W. W. White, 17 The Crescent, Abbots Langley, Herts.

FOUND

A Scout Shield has been found in the Stroud area of Gloucestershire. Owner should apply to Staple Hill Division of the Glos. Police.

On Friday, August 13th, an A.S.M.'s green beret complete with plume (size 7½) on heathland due east of Alum Bay in the Isle of Wight. Will the owner please contact A.S.M. S. J. Nicholls, 34 Carpenters Wood Drive, Chorley Wood, Herts?

At Downe camp site a strapless wrist watch. Will the owner write to the Editor giving details of the watch?

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS, OLYMPIA, 1954/55

The Managers of the above Circus have offered a special concession in the price of tickets for any performances, afternoon or evening, from Monday, January 10th, to Friday, January 28th (except Saturdays) and also for the following performances before Christmas:-

2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. on December 20th, 22nd, 23rd and 24th, 1.45 p.m., 4.45 p.m. and 7.45 p.m., on December 18th, and 2.30 p.m. on December 21st.

Seats of all prices in Olympia will be available to members of Youth Organisations of up to 18 years of age at 3/- each. Adults in charge of parties will also be admitted at 3/- per head.

Payment need not be made for the seats until three weeks before the date of the performance but early applications and payment are advisable since the best seats are allocated first. If an alternative date can be given on the application it may enable Groups to receive better seats.

Applications should be made up to November 21st to The Box Office Manager, Bertram Mills Circus Limited, 2 Dorset Square, London, W.1, and thereafter direct to Olympia. The name of the Group should be mentioned in any application.

“THIS WAY TO INDEPENDENCE”

The Midland Bank has just published a new booklet with this title designed to appeal to young people. It explains how simple and useful it is to have a banking account, in a way which is believed to be quite new in bank advertising. In particular, the light-hearted drawings which illustrate the booklet should have a wide appeal. Copies can be obtained from Midland Bank Ltd., Intelligence Department, Poultry, London, E.C.2.

RETREAT

A Retreat for Anglican Scouters (men) and Rover Scouts will be held at St. Edward's House, 22 Great College Street, London, S.W.1, on the week-end of November 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 1st JULY TO 4th AUGUST, 1954

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (MERITORIOUS CONDUCT)

D. J. W. Marsh, Patrol Leader, 2nd Elmham.

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in organising assistance to fight a fire in a cottage. Despite intense heat and flying glass he remained at the head of a bucket-chain until the arrival of the Fire Brigade, North Elmham, 9th April, 1954."

SILVER ACORN

Major R. S. Archer, M.C., D.C., Birkenhead and District.

"In recognition of his specially distinguished services to the Scout Movement."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT

Sussex. - Mrs. A. L. Rees, C.M., 4th Eastbourne.

Yorkshire West. H. S. Bastow, Asst. City Commr. (Rover Scouts), City of Bradford.

"In recognition of their further outstanding services to the Scout Movement,"

MEDAL OF MERIT

Birmingham. - Miss D.M. Startin, C.M., St. Lawrence (206th Birmingham, South West); E. S. Whitmore, G.S.M., lit Kings Heath (130th Birmingham, South).

Cheshire East. - G. Sidebottom, G.S.M., 1st Heaton Norris.

Hampshire. - W. Galton, Hon. Secretary, Portsmouth.

Kent. - F. J. Fear, formerly Hon. Secretary, Gravesend and District; Mrs. C.M. Harden, CM., 1st Benenden; A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Cranbrook and Tenterden.

London. - F. W. Coates, G.S.M., 1st Chadwell Heath; E.O. Mawbey, G.S.M., 2nd Chadwell Heath; K. J. Patrick, C.M., 2nd Goodmayes (Alt Saints), A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Ilford East.

Middlesex. - C. Farmer, G.S.M., 4th Perivale.

Staffordshire South. - N.A. Pearson, G.S.M., 35th Wolverhampton; F.F. Pope, G.S.M. and R.S.L., 26th Wolverhampton (Royal Orphanage).

Wales.

Glamorgan East. - A. H. Carter, G.S.M., 14th Penarib (All Saints), Hon. Secretary, Penarth and District.

Scotland.

Edinburgh and Leith. - Miss M. I. Fergusson, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Craigtockhart.

Renfrewshire. - L. H. Scott, President and Chairman, Renfrew.

Overseas.

Kenya. - C. Kiongo, Asst. Area Commr., Nairobi (Rural).

The Sudan. - H. Dunn, Hon. Commissioner, The Sudan. International.

Luxembourg. - E. Weber, Deputy Commissioner, Catholic Scouts of Luxembourg.

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

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GOOD SERVICES)

Birmingham. - H. Fisher, Group Chairman, 1st Kings Heath (130th Birmingham, South).

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

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

1st Chesham Bois Scouts present "The Road to Where?" a musical play of Rover Scouting by Ralph Reader, at Pioneer Hall, Bois Lane, Chesham Bois for six nights - Thursday, Friday and Saturday, November 11th, 12th, 13th and Thursday, Friday and Saturday, November 18th, 19th, 20th, at 7.30 each night. Tickets 3/6 and 2/- from Mr. F. E. Davies, Lynthorpe, Waterside, Chesham, Bucks.

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.

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.

Openings exist for men between 21 and 30 to train as General Secretaries. First essentials: sense of Christian vocation, good education, organising ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write giving particulars of experience and qualifications to Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. 1.

FOR SALE

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

Offers, Base, Tenor (military), 2 new deep and 2 brass side drums, 4 copper b fiat bugles with cords. 2 St. John's Terrace, Dipton, Newcastle upon Tyne.

PERSONAL

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

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

Christmas cards including a range of Scout cards and stationery. Send stamp for sample book. W. L. Langsbury, King's Head Cottage, Lower High Street, Cheltenham.

Talking Film Shows! Why not have a programme of cartoon films for your Christmas or New Year Party? All ages adore films and I have just the ideal ones to make you rock with laughter. Book now to secure the date. F. Burton, 27 Audley Court, South Woodford, London, E.18. Tel. Wanstead 6202.

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

"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: Armllets: Rosettes: Nametapes. Send postcard to Stacy Ltd., 99 Kingsland High Street, London, E.8.

We can arrange a

First Class Journey

for you, but if you prefer to travel economically here are some specimen Scout Party return fares (min. 15 passengers, under 18 years).

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BRUSSELS	- -	£3 12s.	8d.
LUXEMBOURG	-	£4 19s.	4d.
COLOGNE	- -	£5 1s.	8d.
AMSTERDAM	- -	£5 8s.	2d.
KANDERSTEG	-	£8 13s.	6d.

Accommodation is being rapidly booked up so DON'T DELAY!

An enquiry places you under no obligation and our many years of experience in this type of work are at your service.

**CONTINENTAL
EXPRESS**



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"for the attention of
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Owing to a huge purchase of Government surplus ski we are able to offer these complete with surface bindings at a hitherto unprecedented figure of £3 per pair, plus carriage. Reconditioned ski complete with Kandahar bindings and edges also available. Inspection invited.

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SAVE MONEY

BUY  **UNIFORM**

See that your Group is aware of our uniform prices by keeping our price list always available in the Group H.Q. Let them compare prices, they will save money by ordering from the Scout Shop.

HATS

Made from strong wool felt, complete with leather hat strap and lace. All sizes 6½ to 7½.

No 1 Quality 11/- Superior Quality 12/6 (Postage 1/-)

SHIRTS

Uniform pattern with shoulder straps, breast pockets and short sleeves. Stocked in Khaki, Green, Navy and Grey; each colour in Twill or Melton Cloth.

Khaki Twill 13" 13½" 14" 14½" 15" 15½" 16" 16½"
13/9 14/6 15/3 15/9 16/- 16/9 19/6 19/6

(Postage on one shirt 10d.)

SHORTS

Well-tailored shorts, two side pockets and belt loops. Stocked in Khaki, Grey and Navy Melton or Serge; Khaki and Navy Drill; Khaki and Fawn Corduroy.

Khaki Twill 26" 28" 30" 32" 34" 36"
9/9 10/9 11/6 13/- 13/6 14/3

(Postage per pair 8d.)

STOCKINGS

Hard wearing woollen stockings in Navy Blue, Navy with two Green bands, Khaki and Grey.

8½" 9" 9½" 10" 10½" 11" 11½"
5/4 5/7 5/11 6/3 7/3 7/3 7/3

(Postage per pair 6d.)

CUB CAPS

Dark Green Melton cloth, gold corded seams and edge. Stocked in all sizes from 6½ to 7½. Each 5 - (Postage 4d.)

JERSEYS

These popular Scout Shop jerseys are stocked in Green, Navy, Khaki and Grey, with 'stand' collar.

Best quality 26" 28" 30" 32" 34"
11/6 12/3 13/3 14/3 16/8

(Postage on one jersey 7d.)

To—1st Gilwell Park Group

Members of the 1st Gilwell Park Group will be interested to learn that it has been possible to reduce the price of the Gilwell scarf without any lessening of quality. The Group scarf is of fine, hard-wearing cloth, specially woven for this scarf and the Maclaren patch is of woven silk. New price 6/6 (Post 4d.)

NEW BOOKS

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.

2/6

(Postage 3d.)

UNIFORM MATTERS

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.

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