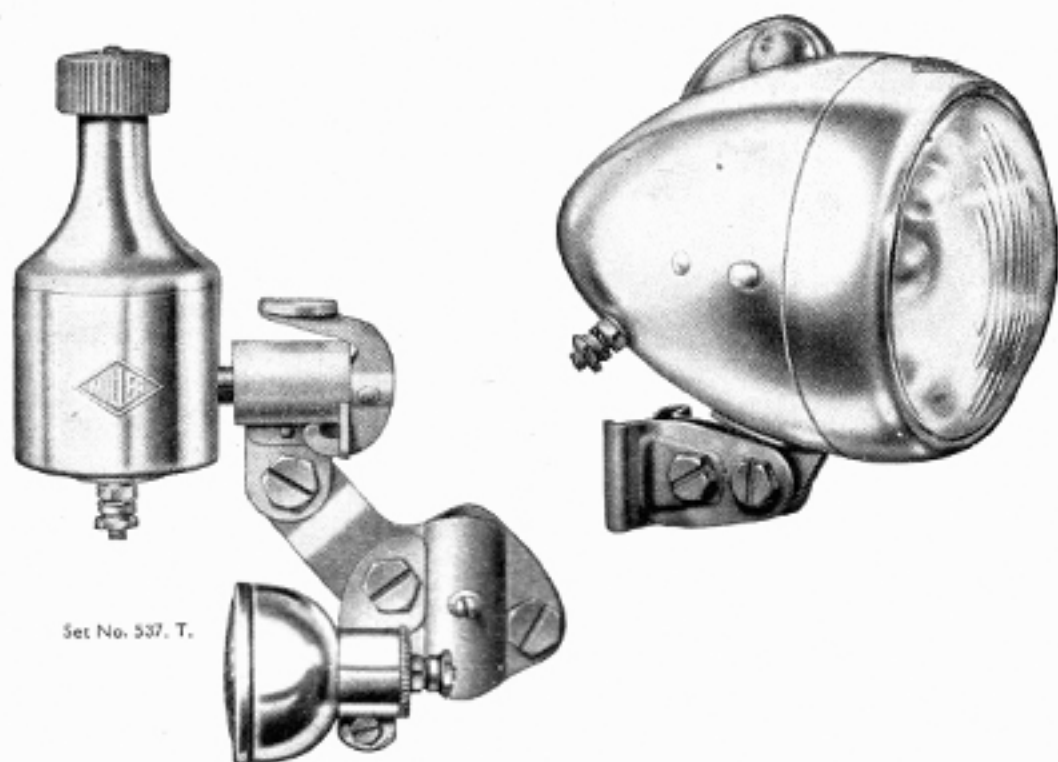


April 1955 *9d*

The SCOUTER

THE SCOUTS' SYMBOLS OF EFFICIENCY



Set No. 537, T.

★ The Despatch Rider or Messenger Badge is something to be mighty proud of. So are Miller Dynamo Lighting Sets, whose efficiency and reliability—like the famous Scout Motto “Be Prepared”—is second to none.



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 DEPUTY CHIEF SCOUT

I was recently shown a remarkable letter written, only a few weeks ago, by a young man who is working amongst lepers in Africa. He had been a Scout and a Rover Scout. In his letter he wrote this:- "Here must come a tribute to a man for whom I have a deep regard. The man who fitted me to do this job. My G.S.M. For without his encouragement as Scout, Senior Scout and Rover I would never have developed the initiative and ability to make a correct decision, to give orders and accept them, that this job demands.

"When one is many miles from a town on dirt tracks and one's vehicle breaks down one must decide quickly and correctly. If you decide, as I had to, to 'walk out' one must have the stamina to do so. If one is going to bed in the dark of a tropical night and 'something' starts to wrap itself lovingly round your legs, an immediate decision is essential. (In my case the 'something' was 9 feet of python.) If one is up to the axles in mud and 200 miles from anywhere, a decision *must* be made, and one's African colleagues turn always to the white man.

"So much for the necessity of a good ground work in personal survival. What better training than the First-Class hike, Venturer, Pioneer Badge, map reading, compass, fire-lighting, cooking, Patrol leading, Senior Scouting, *active* Rovering?"

"I will say this. I would never have been sent up to ... when there were older men available unless I had something they had not. I am proud, very proud, that Scouting has enabled me to give service."

That is a fine "chit" for Scouting as well as for that man's Scouters. I hope that his G.S.M. knows that his old boy thinks of him.

It is things like this letter that make Scouting so worthwhile and so rewarding.

They also, I think, provide the answer to those who think that Scouting is out-of-date and should be "modernised"!

From Africa to the Far East.

I have just read the November 1954 issue of *Fulcrum*, the magazine of Deep-Sea Rover Scouts in the Far East. I found it inspiring. The magazine includes a list of members, by Crews. It reads like a miniature "Navy List." H.M.S. *Newcastle*, H.M.S. *Newfoundland*, H.M.S. *Warrior*, and other titles of Her Majesty's ships figure in the list.

Behind the names of the members in the Hong Kong Crew come words like H.M.S. *Tamar*, "Blue Funnel," "P&O.," "B&S." Before the men's names are titles such as "Corporal Marine," "Petty Officer," "Surgeon-Lieutenant," "Leading Seaman," not to mention three "Revs." These pages conjure up visions of Scouting not only so far away but of Scouting travelling far and wide.

The Rover Crew of H.M.S. *Newfoundland*, for example, had met Scouts in Hawaii. The Hong Kong Crew had joined up with French Rovers from a French aircraft carrier visiting the island.

Over half the Hong Kong Rover Crew assist Troops and Packs in the Colony, and some of them have visited the Leper Colony on Hay Ling Chan, a small island near Hong Kong.

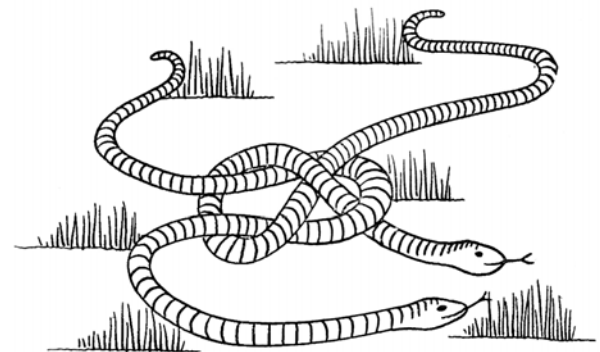
Altogether this was a most heartening document showing what Scouting can be and do. Thank you, D.S.R.S. in the Far East.

The selection from our Founder's contributions to THE SCOUTER from 1909 to 1940 entitled *B-P.'s Outlook* has been reprinted.

What a man! What he wrote all those years ago seems just as true and applicable today. This is a book I am sure every Scouter ought to possess, to dip into frequently. (It's not designed for reading through at a sitting.) I am equally sure that every Scouter will derive great enjoyment from it.

Why is it Scouts so seldom know even the names of the G.S.M., D.C. or County Commissioner? Surely, if leaders are to make any impact on those they lead their names at least should be known to the led. It would be better still if their addresses, too, were known. I don't think there should be any difficulty about it. After all, boys know the names of many eminent cricketers, footballers, boxers and other "stars." Incidentally, I once served under a Brigadier who insisted that every soldier (Indian as well as British, and many of the Indians at that time were totally illiterate), should know the name of every officer on the Staff as well as those in the man's regiment *and* where they lived. It doesn't make a very good impression on a visitor to find that a Boy Scout doesn't know who his D.C. is. And I *have* known boys who know their S.M. by no other name than "Skip"!

ROB LOCKHART.



WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO VISIT A SCOUT CAMP!!

MY LATEST TOUR - I

By **THE CHIEF SCOUT**

It has always been my custom to give an account of my tours. This time, owing to Sir Rob having taken over the writing of the "Outlook" for a while, I have postponed this account till a later date. It is perhaps just as well, as the extraordinary difficulty of disentangling one's impressions after a very strenuous trip of this nature would have prevented me from giving any coherent story.

The journey out to Hong Kong by Montreal, Vancouver, Cold Bay - how very appropriately named! - and Tokyo was uneventful, except for the kindness and hospitality of the Canadian Scouts and the fact that we passed the Date Line between Cold Bay and Tokyo and had three breakfasts to make up for the loss of a day: one before we got into Tokyo, one in the home of the manager of the Canadian Pacific Airlines, and yet a third when we started on the last lap, with Fujiyama coming out of the mist, and Okinawa and the other Pacific Islands, whose names were so familiar during the war, like tiny jewels in the sea below us.

Hong Kong is, beyond any question, the strangest Dependent Territory. For many years a shelter from the storms and a watering-place for the merchant ships, the very name is derived from a waterfall familiar to the old-time sailors, for it means "Fragrant Water." Hong Kong itself is an island, or a series of islands, enclosing the great harbour. Built along reclaimed land on the shore, its million inhabitants crowded into a small space, it looks across the water to Kowloon, another city of a million inhabitants on the mainland. There are a whole series of ferries across this crowded water, said to be - and I can well believe it - the most efficient ferry service in the world. The masterly way in which they enter the little pen at the landing ramp, in spite of the fierce currents across the entrance, is a revelation.

Some years ago, extra land was taken in behind Kowloon, under lease, known as the New Territories, and this was indeed fortunate, for there are well over a million-and-a-half refugees who have come across the border from Communist China during the last few years. This has, of course, caused great problems - problems of housing, water supply and employment, and it is one of the great achievements of the post-war period that this vast new population should have been absorbed as it has been. A great effort has been made to tackle the housing problem, and although nobody would claim that it has been overcome, great progress is being made. With the closing of China to much of the commerce which used to support Hong Kong, the finance and commerce interest has been superseded by manufacturing enterprises.

Scouting in Hong Kong and Kowloon has reached an extraordinarily high standard, as have the Guides. They are an intelligent people and when they take up any enterprise they do it really well. Camping is a great problem. Most of the islands have no wells or fresh water supply, land is fantastically expensive, and more and more of it is being absorbed into building areas. For political reasons, it is difficult to have much contact with Formosa, and to camp overseas they have to go to the Philippines. They are not the sort of people who allow problems to get them down, and their cheerfulness and their resource were an inspiration. They have a magnificent headquarters, given them by the Jockey Club through the good offices of Sir Arthur Morse, and in recognition of the services they have rendered to the people of Hong Kong, and particularly to the boys of the Colony.

In the New Territories, of course, education has not advanced to anything approaching the extent of the older parts, but there is a keenness and enthusiasm for Scouting and its activities which, guided along the right lines, will in time produce as fine results as in the rest of the Territory. We spent a week altogether in Hong Kong, visiting Scouts and Guides, giving talks to parents and others, eating Chinese meals of a dozen courses, any one of which would have sent us away satisfied. We met the Service Rovers who, under Padre Gover have done such splendid work. We were escorted by the Sea Scouts and the Sea Rangers and we attended a great floodlit Rally in the Stadium, a very finely organised and impressive affair.

The samples of Hong Kong Scouting I have met at Jamborees and elsewhere were found to be fair samples, and I was deeply impressed with the really splendid work being done by grand Scouters, men and girls, in charge of the Troops and Packs.

We are doing our best from Headquarters to help their. Training Team to run not only Preliminary and Wood Badge Courses, but also Duty to God and - still more important in these early stages - Law and Promise Courses, and in our Conference with Headquarters Commissioners we may have been able to start them off on the lines of a Religious Advisory Panel akin to our own - Confucians, Buddhists, Moslems, and Christians of all denominations, but in overwhelming degree Confucians. We can only pray that they are granted peace to carry on with the work they are doing.

From there we flew to Sandakan in North Borneo and started our journey through the three territories, North Borneo, Brunei and Sarawak. All of these territories suffer from difficulties of communication. There are practically no roads except in the immediate neighbourhood of some of the towns; their one railway from Jesselton to Beaufort, and then after crossing a ferry, from Beaufort to Weston. The sea and the rivers provide the main means of getting about, plus, of course, the aeroplane, but everything is still a bit primitive. As in all other undeveloped countries, Scouting is almost entirely confined to the schools and missions, and there is, under such circumstances, a danger of its becoming somewhat academic, but to the eternal credit of those concerned there was no sign of this in any part of these three territories; indeed, the abiding memory that Peter Cooke and I will carry with us is, firstly, of cheerfulness, and laughter, and secondly of scrupulous fair play. North Borneo has probably had the most difficult time of all; it is the poorest of the territories and the least developed. Education is still in its beginnings; they have not been able to get together a large Training Team, nor, in view of all the circumstances, is there a central Camp site. It is extraordinarily difficult to gather together sufficient Scouters for a Course in any one place. They have not yet got an Organising Commissioner, but they have the right spirit and that will carry them through.

We travelled by almost all known means of transport - little dugouts, larger dugouts with outboard motors, rail jeeps, rail cars, ordinary railway trains, motor cars and Land Rovers and jeeps, launches large and small, and aircraft from the old D.H. Rapide upwards. We nearly lost the Deputy Director of Education overboard travelling round the north point of Borneo. We took hours to travel a mile or two on what must be one of the worst roads in the world; indeed it is difficult to know whether it is a road at all, and we did many miles in no time along the shore, in Brunei. It was extraordinarily interesting and we enjoyed it as much as they did. The craftsmanship of the boys was extraordinarily good, and the relations between the different races could not have been better. I wish we could do something to help them; they are worthy of our help and Scouting can do so much in such conditions.

We were there at the wrong time of year, the rainy season having started, and although the mornings were generally fine, in the evenings there was almost always a torrential downpour. There has been much flooding, and indeed, much of the railway was under water when we went from Jesselton to Beaufort. The biggest Rally was at Jesselton itself, -and within a few minutes of the start, the water on the field started to drown the grass, but that meant nothing to them. As they slipped in their games they raised great plumes of water as they fell, but they didn't mind. I unveiled a Memorial to the Scouts who had given their lives during the Occupation, and as the Rally closed I saw something I had never seen before and may never see again - a red rainbow, for the rain cleared as the sun set and painted the clouds a brilliant red, strong enough to shine through the colours of the rainbow and overwhelm them.

Brunei, of course, is in a very different case. The discovery of oil at Seria has transformed the whole economy, and the young Sultan is planning plans and dreaming dreams for the future of the country. Already roads are being built, schools are going up, and there is a vitality wherever you go. In Brunei city there are still seven thousand people who live in what is known as the River Town, a vast conglomeration of huts built on stilts in the middle of the stream.



JUST THE JOB!

Every child of above two-and-a-half can swim and by the time they are four they have their own little dugout canoe, the most crazily unstable craft imaginable, but they paddle these cockle-shells standing up, and step from one canoe to the other with no sign of disaster. Meantime the roar of outboard motors breaks the peace and adds a curious air of unreality to the scene. In the new town, fine shops and workshops are going up and it forms a strange contrast to the old. A few miles out a great new airport is being hacked out of the jungle and a rubber plantation. The influence of the Oil Company is going to be great and their support for Scouting is wholehearted as we found to our advantage. There is, of course, still a vast hinterland undeveloped and almost uninhabited, but that will be opened up in time, and I hope that steps will be taken to earmark Camp sites while the land is still jungle, so that as the population grows and the land is developed Scouting may be ready to play its part in that development.

Sarawak was for many years under a white Sultan who was afraid of the simple, peaceful ways of his people - once they had been cured of their head-hunting - being disturbed by secret societies imported from China. In order to prevent this, even Scouting was banned, and it is only in the last few years that it has begun to make headway. Under the rule of the Brookes, Sarawak was opened up to trading, but practically only along the rivers. Kuching itself is an extraordinary place and some parts of it might almost be in a little provincial market town somewhere in the south of England, but in others there is the teeming life and colour of the Orient. Education has made much more progress here, and there are many old-established Missions with fine schools attached. I am afraid I flatly refused, at the big Rally in Kuching, to cross one bridge, but I promised to take a photograph of one of the boys falling off it in trying to cross it.

I did not have to waste much film; it was a stone-cold certainty from the start. In order to show I was no coward I did cross another, but only after I had put half a dozen hefty Scouts on to the holdfasts at either end. It wasn't their fault that this was necessary, but once again the field had been flooded and the ground was too soft to hold.

We went by launch from Kuching up the Lupar River and then farther along the coast up the Rejang. There are great wide rivers with sandbanks at every bend and generally a bar at the mouth. However, ships of several thousand tons can go far inland along them and load up with timber, pepper, rubber, coconuts and other produce.

There is much imaginative craftsmanship among the boys and I received some quite delightful carvings. Scouting varies greatly according to the place and the leadership and above all the continuity of the leadership. It has seen great development in the last year or two and we visited many Troops which had only been going for about six months, but which had been started on the right lines and looked most promising. One Troop we saw, an old-established one, could hold its own with almost any Troops I have seen. Their pioneering was magnificent; they were skilled in junglecraft, for in the early days of the Mission there had been criticism that the boys were sent back home learned, no doubt, in the academic sense, but quite incapable of looking after themselves in the surroundings of their own village. No such criticism can now be levelled against them. In the great Church decorated with Dayak symbols, we attended an Investiture of Scouts and Cubs which we shall not easily forget - simple, sincere and deeply impressive. Scouting is a very wonderful thing.

(To be continued)

DR. F. R. LUCAS

“LUKIE” was a character all too rare in these modern, scientific days. He died peacefully in Edinburgh on ~March 6th a few days after his seventy-first birthday, old in years but young at heart and dauntless inspirit, it was a Sunday when he passed over to the other side as befitted his firm belief in God. He was an Elder of the Kirk in Dalkeith, as his father had been before him, and of St. Columba’s in London.

On his own showing, Lukie had been very much of a harumscarum as a boy and as a young man, the leader in many an adventurous enterprise and Students’ rag. Under age he enlisted in the Gordon Highlanders and rose to be a sergeant before he was bought out by his doctor father and entered Edinburgh University to study medicine. “Study” is not precisely the operative word, for he had so many other interests, singing, dancing and playing the lovable fool perpetually. In the window of his lodgings in the Old Town he had rigged an out-size catapult and used to bombard the drivers of trains coming up the Mound with oranges. It took them many a day before they discovered whence the missiles came. Lukie never disclosed the last chapters of that story. However, he did eventually take his medical degree: 1914 came and Lukie went off to the wars with his friends, as a fighting soldier. He became a major in the Royal Scots, but his medical degree was discovered and he was sent as a doctor on the transports up the Persian Gulf.

After, he became a ship’s doctor; he sailed round Cape Horn; he attended the sick on White Star liners. He used to insist that his specific remedy for sea-sickness, especially for his old lady patients, was compounded of green apples, ice-cream and ginger ale, but he was not really a homeopath.

He had linked up with Scouting from the beginning. B.-P.’s outlook and ideas had appealed particularly to him.

It was in 1908 that he had his first Troop, and this is how Lukie himself described its advent:

“At that time I was trying to run a small club for very poor boys. And when I say *very poor* I mean just that. In those days in Edinburgh such boys were clothed in rags. Most of them had no shoes or stockings but went to school and ran about with bare feet. This was the general custom for all boys in the summer months. In winter they wore shoes and socks. But for my boys this was an undreamt-of luxury. So they went without, and the sight of their poor feet blistered with chilblains when the snow was on the ground was a distressing feature of the times. If I managed as I did at first to get some cast-off shoes from friends to give to those boys it was only to find them a week later without any, their drunken parents having sold them to obtain more drink.

“I was feeling very depressed about it all and wondered what I could do to bring more happiness to these boys. On my way home I was scanning the bookstall in the station when my eye lit on a small paper-covered book called *Scouting for Boys, Part One, Number One*.

“I bought a copy and devoured it in the train. This was just what I wanted. Next week I went back to my scalliwags and proudly announced, ‘We are now Boy Scouts’.”

Nineteen hundred and twenty found him a Chief Scout’s Commissioner attached, seemingly, to both the Overseas and International Departments of The Boy Scouts Association. In 1922 he was appointed Assistant Camp Chief at Gilwell Park where his duties were the charge of the Boys’ Camping Fields and the running of the Hostel. No one better could have been found at what proved a somewhat difficult time in Gilwell’s history. Lukie was always a host in himself. He was fond of boys but had no favourites, except when any were sick and then his tenderness was a revelation. He could be stern when it was necessary and good order and discipline demanded it. Cleanliness and Courtesy were his watchwords. His welcome to the Hostel was always warm and never over-effusive. Speaking French and having a smattering of other tongues, he was particularly welcome to Scouts and Scouters of other countries.

When I became Camp Chief towards the end of 1923, Lukie took over the general administration of the estate. He wielded a spade and a mattock with the best of them, but his axmanship belonged to another school than mine.



He led the 2nd G.P. Rover Crew, not only in their service jobs but in singing and country dancing. Many Scouts of these days will remember his quartets with the three Hayward brothers and the country dance teams with Lukie in the midst, heavy of body perhaps but most light of foot. At Camp Fires he was a rock of strength and his cheerfulness as the beam of Eddystone Lighthouse.

Many besides the Training Team will have vivid recollections of the cocoa-drinking sessions after Camp Fire in the library of the Hostel. As a teller of yarns Lukie had few peers, but when he and “Pickie” (Sir Alfred Pickford) got together it was a riot of laughter. I have only known Lukie nonplussed once. My wife and two children arrived by road from Scotland in a snowstorm and as the Lodge was not yet free we were all living in the Hostel. At meal-times “Jamie” aged four sat on Lukie’s left. Once he left some crusts on his plate. Lukie, in true Scout and Scots fashion, said “There’s many a poor boy in the East End of London would be glad of these crusts.” “Jamie” ups with his plate and says “Send ‘em to ‘em then.”

Before or since I have never known quite such a cheerful, loyal and helpful colleague as Lukie. After many talks about it and the greatest of regret on both sides we decided in 1926 that it was not right for a qualified medical doctor to be neglecting his profession, and Lukie went to London and set up a private therapeutic practice. Financially it was not so much of a success, as he would insist on giving all his Scout friends free treatments. Later he was on the staff of two or three hospital clinics. But Scouting remained his main interest as the Chelsea District and more particularly the 10th Chelsea (St. Columba’s) can testify. He remained the 10th’s G.S.M. to the end. He wrote and staged all their displays. He presided at their Scouts’ Owns. He was their counsellor and friend. There are hundreds of men today who owe what they are largely to Lukie’s care and influence.

There are many more who will picture him as I do in his grey shawl and Scots bonnet conducting the Camp Fires at the Arrow Park Jamboree and at Gilwell.

Dear old Lukie, we will not forget, “for of such are the Kingdom of Heaven.”

J. S. W.

BE PREPARED

The fourth of a series of extracts from the book

By **RICE E. COCHRAN**

an American Scoutmaster

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

The first time I took my Scout Troop on an overnight camping trip, I did the cooking for the whole Troop. The meals I laboriously produced were what the poet describes as a rude plenty, even if not fare for gourmets. Unfortunately my Scouts were gourmets.

I included stewed tomatoes on the menu. Scarcely anyone deigned to taste them. "I don't like tomatoes," most of my Scouts explained with calm finality.

I also baked biscuits and provided apple butter to be spread upon them. The biscuits were mostly rejected with the comment that apple butter was beneath consideration. "You should of had peanut butter, or jam," the boys told me.

On the other hand, everyone devoured my fried hamburger and potatoes with apparent avidity. I was consoling myself with the thought that my critics were at least partially appeased, when Ace Atkinson gave a summing-up which all the other Scouts seemed to endorse after he delivered it.

"You know the one thing this meal needs?" Ace said to me as he drew his forearm across his mouth after finishing two heaping platefuls. "You know the one thing would make it perfect?"

"Toasted marshmallows, I suppose," I hazarded, beaming.

"Nope. Chloroform."

I determined that inasmuch as the Scouts considered my cooking a fit subject for frivolity, they could do their own cooking thereafter. Thus, out of petty rage, came a policy that led us all to dyspepsia and fasting, but finally proved to be the soundest for the Troop.

On our next camping trip each Patrol planned and cooked its own meals. Nobody chose to attempt any dish more complicated than bacon and scrambled eggs, yet even this simple entree looked gruesome as it was dished up. The eggs were indescribable. The bacon had been reduced to cinders. I assumed that the Scouts, so fastidious about the meals I had served them the month before, would be prostrated with shame and revulsion. Quite the contrary. When I ventured some faint sarcasm about the bacon's resemblance to charcoal, they said "Oh, we like it this way," and crunched it complacently in their jaws.

The *piece de resistance* was to be marshmallows, toasted over the campfire on pointed sticks. I browned mine over the glowing coals, letting them swell to bronzed and creamy puffs before withdrawing them. I could not persuade anyone else at the campfire that this was the epicurean method. The boys thrust their marshmallows impatiently into the heart of the fire, then hoisted them out all flaming, like something served in the Pump Room. The blackened slag which resulted looked so unappetising to me that I tried to convert the assemblage to my slower and more artistic technique. They would have none of it. "We like our marshmallows burned," they told me firmly.

"Did you ever try them brown?" I argued.

"No, because they're better this way."

As the months passed and we continued to go camping once every four weeks, I did succeed in weaning the Troop away from its reliance on can-opener cookery.

"We'll be taking more rugged overnight trips soon," I explained seductively. "Trips into camping places where motorists and picnickers can't go; where there are no automobile roads. That means we carry everything on our backs. Canned food weighs too much. We'd better get used to doing without it."

The meals, on that first sally into the wilderness, were memorable. My prudence had forsaken me in checking the patrols' culinary plans. They faithfully followed my ukase against cans, but substituted foods which they knew little about cooking. Unfortunately I didn't know much more about it than they did. Nor did I suspect how much time they would take to produce a meal.

Mound four-thirty p.m. I suggested that the Patrols begin fixing supper.

The less public-spirited Scouts thereupon became preoccupied with various small intricate adjustments of their tent ropes and personal belongings, or else lay down on their sleeping bags and insisted, when importuned by their cohorts, that they felt too tired to move another inch. Some of the imaginative ones were taken down with queer pains which they described in artistic detail.

A few dynamic Scouts did set out to gather wood and lay fires and prepare food for the burning. All this they finally accomplished, moving with the speed of men walking under water. By six-thirty, when darkness descended, all Patrol fires were alight and uncooked food was slowly warming over them. I found that most Patrols intended to make stew. This took longer to cook than they anticipated. At seven-thirty they were still sitting apathetically by their fires, waiting for potatoes and stew meat to become sufficiently tender to be dented with a fork.

Mound eight o'clock everyone grew desperate and ate, although the food was so resistant that each morsel had to be sawed hard with a knife and then chewed long and determinedly. All during the preparation of the meal, Scouts had kept me under a steady drip of questions about cookery techniques. I had rashly made a stab at advising everyone, even when I was uncertain of the right answers. The results of misinformation I gave out became evident as we ate.

For example, I had counselled one Patrol to peel its beets before putting them in the stew. This infused the stew with a lavender tinge, as we saw by flashlight, but left the beets strangely insipid-tasting and pale. Another Patrol had asked me how much lemon juice to squeeze into its lemon pudding. I had guessed wrong. The pudding tasted as if it were flavoured with kerosene.

Dishwashing in the dark, especially on an unsettled stomach, is a glum occupation. I was in an evil temper, and grew acrimonious in my insistence on hot water and thorough washing of each dish and utensil. Since I was doing none of the work, but merely striding about, inspecting pans by flashlight and yammering at everyone, I did not feel popular or even comfortable. I could well imagine that my young companions were making faces at me behind my back and muttering imprecations under their breath.



SHALL I SEE YOU AT THE ALBERT HALL IN JUNE?

Remember me? I was "Boy Scout" last time but now I'm the P.L.
And, believe it or not, my kid brother's "Boy Scout".

As I inveighed about the necessity of sterilising each dish through rinsing in boiling water, I knew that my dogma came with ill grace from a man who didn't know how to cook beets or make lemon pudding. In the late evening the dishes were finally clean, and I rounded everyone up for a campfire. Having spent the preceding evening memorising a ghost story to tell, I was determined that there should be a campfire. "Isn't it time to go to bed?" the Scouts demanded. I told them, "You can sleep later in the morning." They half-heartedly gathered round.

I have always been so poor at leading songs that I am self-conscious and touchy when I attempt it. Nevertheless, I began the campfire as usual, by trying to extort vocal harmonies from my Scouts, since there is an unwritten law in Scouting that all campfires must start with song. This time the singing was so discordant and dirge like that I worked myself into a fury. I ploughed ahead with more songs and then launched a campfire game which proved to be a spectacular bore; when it had reached the limit of everyone's

endurance I plunged blindly into my ghost story. As always, there were whispers, poking, and miscellaneous disorders.

I stopped twice and waited for silence, but the third time I exploded and petulantly ordered the Troop to bed. They departed from the campfire circle with insulting alacrity. I bellowed after them into the darkness, "And I don't want to hear a peep out of you until the bugler blows reveille!" They discreetly gave no sign of having heard me.

The night turned out to be long, and hideous with laughter and shouted conversations. At intervals I bawled, "Pipe down! Right now!" There would be a silence, punctuated by the thud of missiles tossed from one tent toward another. Then, in about ten minutes, snickers and whispers from the outlying tents began seeping inward toward my sphere of influence; dancing flashlights betokened mysterious movements through the darkness; carefully anonymous screeches set off waves of giggling that swept the camp, and after a time chaos was come again.

There seemed to be nothing I could do about it, unless I should get out of my sleeping bag, get dressed, and personally wipe out each strong point and centre of resistance. I wasn't sure that this was possible, and I felt too tired to attempt it. I merely lay there and seethed. There was no hope of sleep for me, even after the noise petered out sometime in the early hours. I felt as if I had swallowed live scorpions - partly because of the substance I had eaten in lieu of supper, but mainly because of my accumulated wrath. I did doze fretfully, just before dawn, but as soon as the stars faded and the sky turned grey my Scouts were up and dressed and in festive mood. Tree climbing, wood chopping, stone throwing, fire building and other activities abounded. I could imagine bloody and fiery catastrophes unless I imposed order at once. So I crawled from my uncomfortable nest and began abating nuisances in all directions.

In spite of this extremely early rising, breakfast was very late. It is remarkable how the simple act of building a fire and frying flapjacks or bacon and eggs can be prolonged over a period of several hours by boy cooks. The man who coined such phrases as "Everybody's job is nobody's job" and "Let George do it" may well have gotten his inspiration from watching a Scout Patrol cook breakfast. I bitterly regretted my resolution not to do the cooking myself, but it was too late to change. Most Patrols ate about ten-thirty that morning. Dishwashing, again complicated and embittered by my vigilant inspection of dishes and rinsing water, ended around noon.

Why Scoutmasters' wives grow weary



"Don't worry dear: I'll finish it when I get back from camp."

The following day I described the whole fiasco to Reverend Stone.

He was disposed to be more merciful toward the boys than I perhaps because he had not been exposed to them - but I found his counsel soothing. "If these boys behaved splendidly, they wouldn't need Scouting," he reminded me, "If they were expert campers, they'd be Men Scouts, not Boy Scouts."

"Oh, sure. But I'm not making them better campers, or better boys."

"Improvements don't show overnight, Mr. Cochran. Your next camp will be better, I'd like to bet."

I growled. "The trouble is, I'm not an expert camper myself. I don't even enjoy camping, particularly."

"Some of the best Scoutmasters couldn't build a fire or cook a meal if their life hung on it. They are administrators, not technicians."

This sounded like an alluring but impossible theory. I began to explain politely how frustrated an administrator would be in trying to superimpose efficient management upon the boy cooks of my Troop.

Reverend Stone interrupted. "Forgive me, but can I be frank and critical? Your trouble is you've tried to be a one-man show. Get other men into the act' Get fathers who are expert in whatever you're not. There are good campers among any Troop's parents."

Somewhere in the literature for Boy Scout leaders there is a precept to the effect that he who gets ten men to work is greater than he who does the work of ten. Having always been an individualist and a professional man, rather than an executive, I was slow to accept this, but eventually I came to believe it. I telephoned to fathers and explained my needs. Some of them surprised me by their readiness to appear as guest expert at Troop meetings and even on camping trips.

Once we attained this blissful state, I rapidly acquired a reputation for supernal wisdom by saying nothing. As the Patrols pitched camp and cooked their meals, I simply strolled about, watching everything with an Olympian air. When a Patrol had difficulty getting its fire started, I merely stood and watched silently, to the deep embarrassment of the Patrol.

"He's not saying nothing, but he's sure thinking plenty," I heard one boy mutter to another. In reality my mind was a virtual blank, since I had no idea what to suggest to improve the fire-lighting, but I gave them a Mona Lisa smile and strolled onward.

EXIT THE TOURNIQUET

It is evident that much uncertainty and confusion still exists in the minds of many Scout first aiders about (a) what constitutes a tourniquet, (b) whether any form of tourniquet should ever be used, and (c) if so, for how long it should be applied before relaxation and testing to see whether the bleeding has been controlled. This confusion is partly due to the fact that expert opinion on the use of the tourniquet has been considerably altered by experience gained during the 1939-45 War and that there are still some of those who teach and practise first aid who have not yet become aware of these alterations, partly to relatively minor differences in the procedure adopted by the various societies and organisations which specialise in first aid in our own and other countries, and partly to the fact that the word tourniquet is often wrongly applied to what should properly be called a constrictive bandage.

It would greatly increase the safety and efficiency of Scout first aid if a standard policy about the control of severe bleeding were adopted in teaching and in practice, and with this object in view I will try to give a clear answer to the three questions referred to above as being matters of uncertainty to many Scout first aiders. Before attempting to answer them I have consulted Major A. C. White Knox, Principal Medical Officer of the St. John Ambulance Association, and I have his kind permission to quote his replies to the points referred to him.

(a) What constitutes a tourniquet?

By derivation the word tourniquet means something which is tightened by twisting, and it may be defined as a form of surgical bandage used to control a flow of blood and tightened or relaxed by twisting, on the same principle as a Spanish windlass. It is generally accepted that the object of a tourniquet is to control the flow of blood in one particular artery by means of a hard pad (or, if improvised, a knot in the bandage) which is pressed against the artery when the bandage covering it is tightened by twisting.

A constrictive bandage, on the other hand, is (in its most efficient form) a strip of rubber about four feet long and about 2 inches wide, with tapes attached at one end for fastening. It is applied by binding firmly round the limb a few inches above the wound, and it thus stops all circulation in the limb and not merely one particular artery.



“Dad half-kills me if I just LOOK at the garden at home!”

If applied, its presence must always be made obvious: it should *never* be covered by other bandages, and a note must be attached to the patient stating that the bandage has been applied and the time of its application. The constrictive bandage is *not* a tourniquet and it would avoid a great deal of confusion if it were never called by that name.

(b) Should any form of tourniquet ever be used?

Recent experience strongly indicates that the tourniquet “proper” should NEVER be used, and if any Scout first aid sets still contain ready-made tourniquets my own personal advice would be that these should be destroyed. I have already described the dangers of the use and misuse of tourniquets in *First Aid and Ambulance Work* (pp. 54, 81-83, 87) and I will not repeat them here. Major White Knox writes: “The idea of twisting to tighten is generally recognised his bad practice.”

The constrictive bandage, however, is the best means of controlling bleeding from an amputation (i.e., a severed limb), and in *very rare cases* it may be used by an experienced first aider to control bleeding from other wounds when all other methods have failed. This statement implies that it would be wise to exclude the use of the constrictive bandage by Scouts except at a very advanced stage of training, and then only when the rare circumstances demanding its use, and the dangers of its misuse, have been fully explained and understood. In this connection Major White Knox writes: “The constrictive bandage does not involve any twisting and is therefore far less harmful. We are agreed that it should only be used in extreme cases where other methods of stopping bleeding have failed, and always in amputations.”

(c) For how long should a constriction be applied before relaxation and testing?

I particularly consulted Major White Knox on this question since my attention has been drawn to the fact that in certain places abroad Scouts are being encouraged by their own national first aid organisations to leave constrictions applied for an indefinite period, as being safer for the patient than frequent relaxation and testing, and this has caused some surprise and uncertainty to British Scouts who have met - and perhaps not fully understood - this advice. Major White Knox writes in his reply:

We are directly opposed to allowing the constrictive bandage to remain applied for an unlimited time. It will be obvious to all that to deprive a limb from all circulation for several hours is a very serious interference with nature, especially when it may be entirely unnecessary.

“Arrest of haemorrhage is only part of the treatment of a wound, and it frequently happens that even if direct pressure has failed to stop bleeding at the commencement of treatment, when the wound has been dressed, padded and bandaged, relaxation of the constrictive bandage may show that bleeding has then been controlled: and if not, surely it is wise to check at reasonable intervals to see if the need for constriction still remains.

“We place the duration of application of a constrictive bandage at twenty minutes as being the reasonable limit for arrest of circulation of a limb. I have checked this with one of the most famous surgeons in the country who entirely confirms, and who during the war had some most unfortunate cases where constrictions had been left applied for longer periods on account of lack of expert assistance. I am not of course referring to amputations, where naturally the question does not arise.

“I have no hesitation in advising that, whatever the theories may indicate, in practice we should undoubtedly follow our present conservative and protective advice.”

Many thanks to Major White Knox for his advice, and I hope that this may help to clear up some points of confusion and to standardise our training for the betterment of our first aid and the greater safety of our patients.

WATKIN W. WILLIAMS

NOTEBOOK FOR A YEAR - A FIRST YEAR

22. By **ROBIN H. BLIGH**

October

I was asked to start a Scout Troop in the grammar school to which I had recently been appointed; decided to spend at least two months investigating the problems:-

Was there a demand? Scouting was already strong in the town, and in several forms as many as twelve boys out of thirty were already Scouts.

Would there be a demand from the older boys of thirteen plus? - if not, it would be two years before we would have P.L.'s old enough to lead responsibly.

Would the formation of the Troop affect recruiting in others? Would I have an A.S.M.? I firmly resolved not to start a Troop without one.

Might there be any older boys in the school, already Scouts, willing to help as temporary P.L.'s?

November

The problems solved themselves:-

There were forty boys keen to join - more than twice the number I was prepared to start with - but disappointing others made the chosen few very keen.

There were six 13-14-year-olds keen to join; so the Troop would soon have its own P.L.'s, and also would not get the reputation of being "a little boys' game."

One Troop in particular was liable to feel the draught from our recruiting, but in fact they gave us every encouragement, lent us camping gear, etc., and we were soon the greatest but friendliest of rivals.

A new appointment to the school staff turned out to be an old friend of mine from the Cambridge University Rover Crew.

I found three Scouts in the fourth form willing to act as P.L.'s for a few months.

December

To get to know them better, away from the classroom atmosphere, I took these three to Gilwell, with six other Scouts from my old District, to celebrate the New Year. Decided to start in January with six third-formers, six second-formers and six first-formers, evenly distributed in three Patrols.

January

When getting details of names, addresses, ages, etc., I tested the keenness of the six older boys, by asking them to write down why they wanted to join the Movement. One of them said: "because it helps to make you a better chap." Not all boys join us just to have fun, and many of the older ones are looking for a lead in the matter of being better chaps. Are we showing them?

February

At the Troop's first investiture ceremony, the D.C. told the boys that those enrolled were only a few of some hundreds all over the world who made the Scout Promise for the first time that night. I was reminded of that favourite Wood Badge Part I question:- What steps do you take to make membership of the Worldwide Brotherhood of Scouts a real activity in your Troop?"

March

It is better in a school Troop that those who are senior in school should remain senior in Scouting. We had difficulty in finding excuses for preventing the eleven-year-olds overtaking the fourteen-year-olds in Second Class tests. Should we have bothered?

April

The six older Scouts, from whom we had to choose our first P.L.'s, led by one of the temporary leaders, camped at Easter, and my inevitable choice of site was Gilwell. While there, they helped to erect some flag poles on the Training Ground.

I jokingly remarked that when they brought their Patrols later, they would be able to point out those flag poles, and say proudly: "I put those there." Sure enough, a few months later, that is exactly what they did say. Gilwell Park is a remarkable place - continually being altered and improved, and yet always the same. It belongs to all of us, and it is very easy for many of us to help keep it going. My P.L.'s will for long be proud of "their" flag poles - but now some of the wire netting along Wilson Way is also theirs.

May

The first Second Class badges, little more than two months after investiture - but it is easy when they're clever.

June

Whitsun camp. The temporary "borrowed" P.L.'s were not available (I insisted their own Troops should always come first) so our own "three-month Scouts" had to lead their Patrols. Whenever in doubt, they used to say "Do what we did at Gilwell" - a testimonial to the camping standards and fine example of Patrol leadership they were set at Easter. The effects of a good P.L. often last several years.

July

My A.S.M. acted upon one of the most important Delta-isms:- "When is a camp-site not a camp-site? When you have not seen it."

August

Summer camp at Bexhill. The visiting D.C. though really from another District was very keen to be helpful, and was clearly most efficient - he turned out to be a schoolmaster! He seemed very pleased with our camp, though I suspect he thought (wrongly) that it was all laid on specially; and we forgot to tell him that none of the boys had been Scouts more than six months - but perhaps he noticed the absence of service stars.

September

Came second in the District Scoutcraft Competition. We would have won if our team had been able to get a fire lit - but as another Scouter present remarked: "What's the use of a Scout Troop that can't light fires?"

October

The problem of new boys and expanding the Troop. We thought that five of our fourteen year-olds would make P.L.'s, so decided (ambitiously?) to have five Patrols of seven Scouts each. We made certain that as far as possible, age-groups were evenly distributed without too much disturbance of existing Patrols. Boys rapidly develop a Patrol loyalty, so we hope that in future, next year's P.L.'s will always be this year's Seconds.

November

What should we have done with the boy who wanted to remain a Scout, but who appeared (outwardly at least) to be obstinate and selfish and not desirous of making progress? I am glad we kept him in the Troop. He knew more about trees than any of us; he could light fires, and he is now slowly improving. It is easy when they're clever, but success is much more satisfying when they are not.

December

At a quarter to midnight on New Year's Eve, in the Gidney Cabin at Gilwell, our P.L.'s, with a few others, held a short service, in which we thanked God for all His help and guidance in our Scouting during the past year, and asked His blessing on our future work and play.

44. SALISBURY (S.A.) SENIOR SCOUT TOUR

(25th December, 1954, to 10th January, 1955)

It was during the middle of 1954 that someone in the Troop suggested a Senior Scout Tour. This idea was well received by the Seniors, of course, and then started the business of deciding when and where it was to be, and who was to go.

The arrangement was that South Africa, and Natal in particular would be a good destination, with Christmas time as the date, as this was the most suitable time for the Scouters to take leave. It was also decided to go by car, the general opinion being that this was the most suitable method of travel. The final decision was to invite another Scouter, and to take six First Class Scouts, two Scouters, in two cars.

By 7 a.m. on Christmas morning all was ready, both cars loaded, passports, cameras and permits all in order, and then it was that the Second remembered he was lacking a toothbrush. So he was taken home, and with his toothbrush firmly in his hand, we were off.

Nine miles later, the S.M., in the leading car, remembered that all the money was still in his suit at home, but this was remedied by a phone call to his brother who arrived with the money fifty minutes later.

On we went, until, outside a garage at Enkleddoom (94 miles from Salisbury) the leading car had a puncture, and the delay in mending this set us back another hour.

Our next stop was at Fort Victoria, 180 miles from Salisbury when we refuelled for the next leg of 194 miles to the Rhodesian - South African border, at Beit Bridee. It was here that we learnt that two rivers on our path were running over the bridges, but we carried on to see for ourselves.

After 26 miles we reached the Tokwe river, to find that it was impassable. Here we also found the local newspaper correspondent who phoned our story through to Salisbury and in this way we were "on the air" that night.

At this point we noticed that the river was still rising, and so we decided to make a detour by returning to Fort Victoria, going to Mashaba, crossing the river at this point and then rejoining the main road after passing through the Chibi reserve. This detour, to cross the river 150 yards wide, cost us 80 miles.

To finish the day we decided to continue the remaining 49 miles to cross the Lundi river. This we did (although this river, like the Tokwe which we had crossed, was running over the guard rails 18 in. deep), and then we made camp at 7 p.m.

The following day we continued on towards Johannesburg, and camped that night on a farm after doing 384 miles. The next day, Monday, we arrived in Johannesburg. where we spent the rest of the day. That evening we all attended the pantomime, but as the result of a slight hitch on the part of the usherette, the Scouters landed up in the Royal Box while the rest of the party were in the back stalls.

On Tuesday morning, after a late start as a concession to the previous late night, we went on to Pietermaritzburg. in Natal, a distance of 385 miles from where we started. There we were met by the D.C., Mr. Leslie, and we camped at the very beautiful camping ground of Lexden.

The following day was spent in Pietermaritzburg with the idea of replenishing our food stocks, and sight-seeing. The first we were able to do as the weather was fine until lunch, when it suddenly became misty and drizzly, making sight-seeing out of the question. However, we did meet H. V. Marsh, the donor of Lexden, as well as the L.A. Chairman and Secretary, before going on to Durban.

At Durban we were able to camp at B.-P. Camp, a few miles from the city, and here we spent the next three days.

Owing to an epidemic of polio, all youth activities had been cancelled in Durban, so we were left very much to our own devices.

However, we all took the opportunity of swimming and sunbathing and Peter distinguished himself by turning bright pink all over after the first day on the beach.

Sunday, January 2nd, found us on our way down the south coast to Ramsgate, where the D.C., Mr. Warren, showed us our camp site and did a great deal to making our very brief stay a very pleasant one. It was at this stage that we very nearly ran out of food, as a result of this portion of the coast having Monday as an extra day's holiday.

By Tuesday, 4th, it was time to start on our long way home, 1,200 miles away. And so, after a final swim in the sea at Durban, we camped at Lexden, Pietermaritzburg. Here once again it rained in a steady downpour, but we were fortunate in being able to sleep in the Hall.

The next day we were off early to Johannesburg, where we stayed over the following day to give everyone a chance to see the city. The Scouters also took time off to see the Models Exhibition, where they were met by an Old Scout, who showed us around.

On Friday, 7th, we were again on the road home, and by 5.30 p.m. we had reached the border and after passing through Customs and Immigration, we pitched camp.

Here, once again, we were faced with the problem of negotiating flooded rivers. Information at Beit Bridge was that both rivers on our route were impassable, but as the rivers on alternate routes were just as likely to be in the same state we chose to use the same route as we had taken at the start of the trip. We therefore drove the next 110 miles to Lundi where the river was, indeed, in flood, so we set up camp, ate our breakfast, and waited for the river to subside. To pass the time we did a certain amount of hill climbing and exploring. The river became passable two-and-a-half days after our arrival, but as we had all our camping equipment with us, including a pressure cooker and sufficient food, we were not unduly dismayed by this wait. This is one of the accepted hazards of road travel in Rhodesia during the rainy season.

By Monday midday, although the river was still slightly over the guard rails we decided to push our cars through, as the Scouters were now overdue on their leave. So, after pushing our cars across, and helping most of the other forty vehicles in a similar predicament we drove on, only to find the Tokwe river once again in flood. This meant that once again we had to make the same tedious detour we made on our way down.

The rest of the journey was uneventful. We arrived in Salisbury at midnight, again in pouring rain, but we speedily distributed the Scouts to their homes.

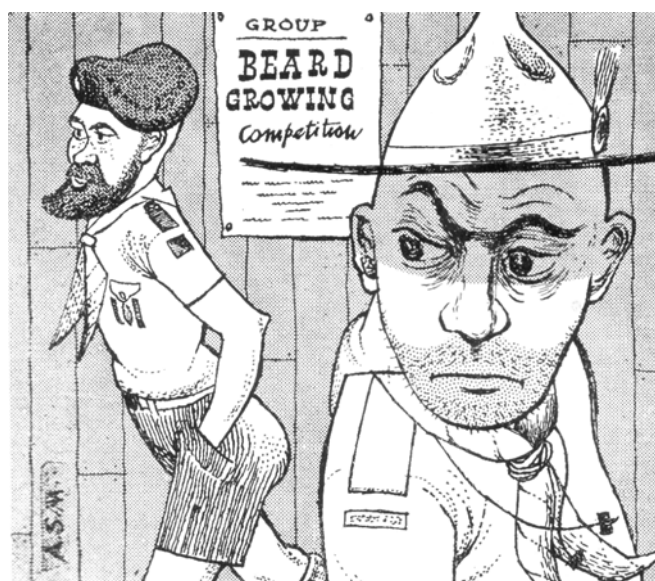
The whole of the trip had taken seventeen days and just over.

3,000 miles, at a cost to each member of slightly less than £20.

The result was a trip to the coast, a very pleasant holiday, and new Scouting contact with our friends in the Union of South Africa, as well as strengthening of the spirit in our Group.

JOHN LANDAU, G.S.M.

KEN NORTJE, S.M.



ST. GEORGE AND THAT DRAGON

When we get round to the Flag, and Patron Saint of England, and his dragon, our Tenderfoots usually laugh!

"Huh!" they say. "There's no such thing as dragons! That's just a fairy story."

Then I ask them, "How do you know? How many countries have you been to in your eleven years? How many books have you read of travellers' tales?"

I remember one that seemed very gruesome in my schooldays. It was called *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*. It was a true story of lions terrorising a village in Africa. And if you hunt through the library you will come across other stories of man-eating monsters - true stories, I mean - tigers, wolves and crocodiles.

Of course it is possible for one of these beasts to terrify a small city and for the inhabitants to keep it quiet by making sure it is fed!

It's really only that name "DRAGON" that makes the story seem unlikely. The old chronicle talks of a swampy place as the scene of the encounter of George and his dragon, so I always picture something like a crocodile, which would live in such a place.

One of the chaps - the kind who likes arguing - usually says then, "Well, Skip, what about breathing out fire and scorching everything? You don't expect us to swallow that, do you?"

Then I ask them to use their noodles a bit.

"Have you never heard of 'exaggeration'? Tom is out for a walk over the common. He is set upon by a youth of his own age and size. He sticks up for himself but comes off worse in the scrap.

How does he account for -his bruises when he gets home? 'A terrific great fellow came and attacked me,' he will say. 'Much bigger than me, with fists like hams and a face like a gorilla.' . . ."

Exaggeration? Yes. But it was true there was a fight. Now what about St. George?

He meets a creature who has terrified everybody, truly. Does it matter really if someone goes home and says the creature breathed fire? A bit of harmless exaggeration!

The lads sigh or mutter. They don't like very much being persuaded to believe in dragons, but I have a feeling they are not so sure of themselves as when we began. So then I trot out my last argument.

"Now," I say, "personally I believe there really was a St. George and he really did fight and kill a monster everyone else was afraid of. But *just suppose* the whole tale was a made-up one, would we want to forget it?"

"You see, its meaning and message are ALWAYS TRUE. There are always 'St. Georges' fighting against things everyone else is afraid of; it's the proper manly, Scouty thing to do. The heroes of wars and the heroes of peace time struggles. So let's keep our St. George, shall we? Richard the Lion-Heart was keen enough about him to bring his story back to our land and make him our patron saint. There's no need for us to wish for another."

ANTHONY MASTERS.

CAMPING DAYS AND NIGHTS

1. SOME CAMPING HINTS

It was some years since I had had to undertake the complete organisation of a standing camp, in fact my last one was before the last war, so that it was with some trepidation that I saw myself faced with the problem in 1954. What worried me most was the thought that my ideas might be completely out of date. However, I found that some of them were regarded as innovations, and in the hope that others might think the same, I give some ideas here that may prove useful.

Meat-safe. - I had always liked the pictures in camping books of a muslin meat-safe hung from a tree. They look so efficient and shapely, but somehow I had never managed to make a good one. However, I was walking through a market-hall one day when I saw some fisherman's keep-nets - complete with rings and mesh. Admittedly the mesh was too big, but with a muslin bag round the net and an enamel plate inside, we managed to produce a very creditable meat-safe for a comparatively small cost. Washed and cleaned, the meat-safe will appear at future camps. (A word of warning is necessary. Real fishermen are apt to take this use of a keep-net as a desecration. We had a group of real enthusiasts who used the meat-safe tree as a trysting place, where I am sure they hatched most awful plots against me.)

Sumps. - I have never liked the idea of a wet sump and a dry one, so I decided to do without the dry one. A very old leaking dixie had further holes punched in the bottom and was balanced firmly across the wet sump. Into this we emptied everything except paper. At night a couple of heavy logs were put on the fire, the bucket was emptied on to the logs with all the grass scraping and wood chips we could find.

By morning all the refuse was burnt and there was frequently a glow from which the morning fire could be kindled. All paper and cardboard was put in a bag in the kitchen, to be burnt when convenient. If anyone wishes to know what happened to the tins - my only answer is, there were none.

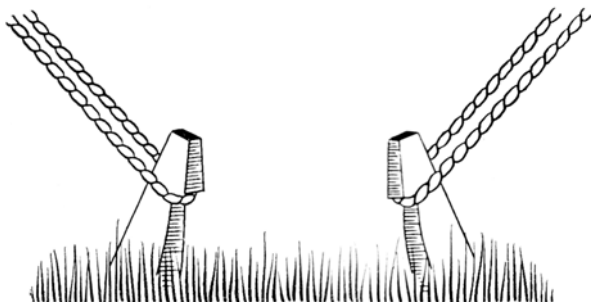
Washing-up water. - My idea of having two buckets of washing-up water for the Troops after the meal was at first hailed with derision, especially by those tougher members who think that camp life means going wild. I persevered. In the first bucket we poured hot water on a liquid soap; a short mop was provided in case the water was too hot. In the second bucket we put cold water for rinsing. By the end of the camp, the toughest members were the most insistent on the full supply of washing-up water.

Washing bowls. - We placed a washing bowl and soap in the kitchen and also one near the latrines. After the first few days' shyness at the strange sight, I found that both bowls were fully used. (On the subject of bowls, I propose in future going in for the plastic one. They are dearer than enamel ones, but will last longer. Besides, you can bang them on the hardest head without fear of damaging the enamel.)

Latrines. - I borrowed a couple of chemical latrines and have decided that they are the only thing for a standing camp. In addition, I shall take an old (very old) bell tent, without a brailing, to house them. This should ensure a dry, well-balanced seat for this most essential part of the camp hygiene. (I once received a camp permit form back from a Commissioner who considered that type of latrine-screen was unhygienic. I am afraid I cannot agree with him. If the brailing is up and the top ventilated, it is perfectly hygienic, in my opinion, and at least one is protected from the broiling English summer sun - or the rain.)

Signalling. - A couple of good signalling lamps got into our kit. It was some time before anyone took them out, but once the idea spread of signalling the length of our two-mile valley, or from the hills around, and even once across the lake at night - there was no stopping the enthusiasts. In the rainy weather they were signalling to each other from under the brailing of their tents.

BRYAN SAVIGNY.



TRIPPED UP ANY GOOD SCOUTS LATELY?

2. A REMINDER OR TWO

Every year brings an influx of Scouts into the rural areas for camping. Many Scouters in towns and urban districts descend upon the countryside with their Scouts to take full advantage of the wonderful opportunities that camping gives. There is no question at all that the Summer Camp is the Scoutmasters' great opportunity. A great opportunity to interest their Scouts in nature-study, Scoutcraft, and open-air life - in short, to do some real Scouting in the right atmosphere. All this is right and proper and to be encouraged.

There is, however, another side to the picture. For months beforehand District Commissioners and County Secretaries are besieged with requests to find camp sites for the incoming invasion. Many of these Commissioners and Secretaries are very busy men, whose Scout area covers vast tracts of open country, where transport is difficult and Scouters rare.

The Scoutmaster who wishes to have a campsite found for him should always specify the district where he wants to camp. Too often requests are made for a camp site - by the sea, with water and wood at hand, a bus service at the end of the road, and where all provisions are delivered. One of the best ways to find a camp site is for the Court of Honour to decide how many miles they wish to travel to camp. Having decided that, they can, with the aid of a map, find an actual campsite where they wish to go. If possible, the Court of Honour should travel down to see the site, if it is not too far away. Many very fine sites have been found in this way, some of them not previously having been used for camping. There is a danger that we may be getting unimaginative and want to be "spoon fed" in finding suitable camping sites.

When a site has been found, Form P.C. should immediately be sent to the District Commissioner. This is required at least 28 days before the camp (not 21 days as previously). The District Commissioner on receiving the form the check the site against The Unsuitable Camping Areas and Sites for Scout Camps. This list shows those campsites, which for various reasons are prohibited for Scout camping. In addition, the list shows districts which are restricted, in that only certain sites are suitable for Scout camps and special permission from the local Commissioner must be received before arrangements are made to camp in a restricted district. Copies of the list are available from the Training Dept., at I.H.Q., price 6d. each including postage and may be obtained by any Scouter.

Every Court of Honour should make an effort to run the camp in accordance with Camping Standards and each P.L. should have a copy of it. Let us really be honest with ourselves and agree that if we take Scouts to camp we must run a "Scout Camp." The way to run a Scout camp is clearly set out in Camping Standards, and if an effort is not made to run a camp in this way it cannot honestly be called a Scout Camp. There are a few Scouters who delude themselves by thinking that the prime purpose of a Scout camp is to give the Scouts a cheap holiday. Of course it is a cheap holiday - but it should be something much more than that. If we are not prepared to do Scouting activities or choose a site which is suitable for these activities, then it cannot properly be called a Scout Camp.

It has been reported that Scouts are sometimes seen in camp wearing long trousers or jeans. Our uniform was designed for camping and outdoor activities and there is no excuse for introducing 'long 'uns' into ordinary camping. Senior Scouts when mountaineering are expected to wear the most sensible clothes but this does not mean that shorts are unsuitable for other camps. Scouts should never be allowed out of camp unless they are dressed in complete uniform. A large number of seaside sites are unsuitable for Scout camps. Too often the nearness of a seaside resort is considered before the Scouting amenities of a site.

During the camp the local District Commissioner or one of his deputies should visit the camp. This is not a Commanding Officer's Inspection, but a visit from the Chief Scout's representative in charge of the area in which the camp is held. He can give a great deal of help and advice in local matters and he has probably travelled a great distance especially to visit the camp. A good Scouter will always welcome such a visit most heartily and courteously, and, if necessary, will offer a meal, or at least a cup of tea. All this sounds so very elementary, but is, nevertheless, of great importance.

G. F. WITCHELL.

3. STOOLBALL

Stoolball has been for many years one of our favourite games in camp. The gear is not expensive. The bats cost from 10 to 15 shillings each and the hard rounders ball about 3 shillings. The cheap bats which are of one piece and not spliced are not recommended. We bought two early this season and they both broke in half at the shoulder within 20 minutes of the start of play. The bat is something like a solid table-tennis bat but about 18 in. in length and the striking surface about 7½ in. in diameter.

The wickets can be bought but the homemade variety are just as effective. One of our parents made us two wickets this year from 5-ply wood. The wicket has to be one foot square mounted on a stake, the top of the wicket being 4 ft. 8 in. from the ground. We have often used part of an orange box in camp and nailed to a chestnut stake, which is sharpened to permit it to be driven into the ground easily. A wooden mallet will be found more effective for driving in the stake than the heel of a boot.

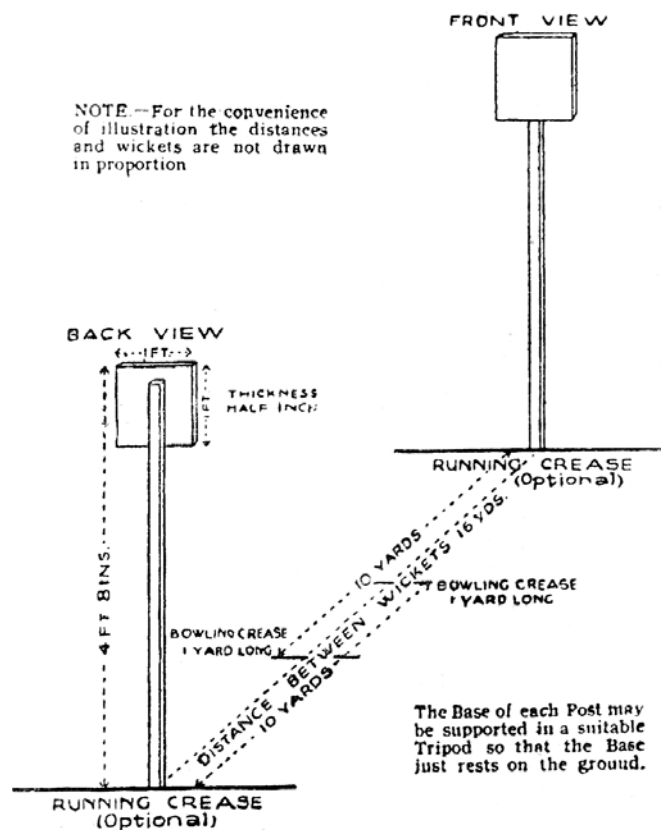
The Stoolball Association of Great Britain have agreed on twenty-two rules and these can be read in a little booklet costing 3d. and which is sold by most of the firms selling sports gear. The usual number of players is eleven a side but this can and is varied a good deal. The fielding positions are about the same as cricket except that the bowler stands and bowls between the wickets which are sixteen yards apart. The ball is bowled underhand in overs, alternately, of eight balls to each wicket. An Umpire stands behind the bowler.

There can be "byes," "no-balls," "wides" and the batsman can be out by being caught, bowled, run out, body before wicket, hit ball twice or handled ball.

There is nothing grim about Stoolball and with practice the bowler can do some wonderful spins with the ball and the batsman can wield some incredible strokes with the bat. One great advantage is that one can play on an uneven ground and also when the ground is soft. We usually put all our chaps in a game even up to fifteen a side and we give each member a chance to bowl a couple of overs.

Finally, if you decide to go in for it seriously and maybe join a Stoolball league or issue a challenge to that posh Troop up the road, I think you had better buy that 3d. book of rules, and stick to the script.

R. W. W. WHITE.



LETTER FROM CANADA - II

Saskatchewan Journey

I first met Michael Roberts when he brought his Patrol to camp at Chalfont Heights. It was an active Patrol and camped the year round, even building a small cabin. Now, twelve years later, I have just returned from our second meeting - Michael is now Field Commissioner for Northern Saskatchewan. Since we drove some 1,500 miles in the two weeks we were together we had plenty of time to reminisce and, amongst other things, the problem of the missing roll of roofing felt was solved - no wonder their thatch didn't leak!

Although I said Michael was Field Commissioner for Northern Saskatchewan, this is slightly misleading since the northern half of the province is practically virgin bush. His field is actually about 600 miles by 340 miles, of which approximately only 200 by 340 miles is populated prairie. There are, however, Scout Groups in places like Uranium City in the extreme north, but the only way to get there is by plane. Nevertheless arrangements are in hand to give them field service. In the meantime, contact is maintained by radio.

The southern area, roughly 360 by 200 miles, is looked after by Bob Crouch, also from England. These field men have a big job in all senses. They drive fantastic distances, around 35,000 miles a year, bringing Scouting contacts to the small communities. There are very few Scout districts in this province, largely due to the distances between towns. Communities average around 300 people, they are roughly 20 to 30 miles apart, and of these perhaps I in 50 has Scouting. One of the newest and most active districts is known as the Main Line District; it stretches some 120 miles along the Trans-Canada Highway and brings in a few places within 30 miles on either side. Some of its leaders made a round trip of 200 miles each night to attend a three-evening course - sounds crazy by U.K. standards, doesn't it? The Trans Canada Highway is a fine new metalled highway and travelling in large American-type cars is very easy. However, most Saskatchewan roads are graded gravel and all side roads are dirt (which is a nice way of saying mud). If it rains you keep off the latter, or else! There is a big highways programme in hand and some fine new hard top surfaces are appearing, but there are many thousands of miles to cover. Added to this, winter frosts of around 400 below zero play havoc with road bed and what was a fine billiard table surface in the fall can become a veritable switchback in spring.

Everywhere I travelled, seeing rural training courses in action, I was struck by the enthusiasm and spirit of those taking part, Scouters and laymen alike. These people feel their isolation; they may be hundreds of miles from any other Scout Group, which in its turn is equally isolated. They are, therefore, avid for ideas, explanations and training methods. Despite their isolation they are the friendliest of people with a keen sense of public responsibility. One day Bob and I drove 286 miles, the last 90 over wet dirt roads, from Yorkton to Alameda, a little farming community of 300 or so inhabitants, in the south-east corner of the province. The course we were running was a composite affair for Cub, Scout and Group Committee personnel and it was arranged for three consecutive evenings. During the second day the Red Cross had a Blood Bank clinic in Oxbow, some twelve miles away, and we constantly heard and saw people arranging to go over to give blood. At the beginning of the second evening of the course a few of the candidates asked to be excused for half an hour whilst they drove to Oxbow to make their contribution. Later that evening they returned and continued with the course. Alameda has a Troop of sixteen and a Cub Pack of nine - there are only eleven boys of Cub age in the school.

On the way to Alameda we passed through part of the beautiful Qu'appelle Valley. It is one of several glacial valleys carved out long ago in the Ice Age. It stretches for hundreds of miles from west to east where it meets the Red River Valley in Manitoba. It is an amazing experience, in the midst of a flat wilderness, to drop suddenly three hundred feet down into a valley of undulating country with plenty of small trees, lakes and rivers.

The valley is only two miles wide and one is reminded of those secret valleys in which the rustlers hid the cattle in the stories of our youth.

The prairies are about 2,000 feet above sea level and not only are they flat but there is not a tree worthy of the name anywhere. The fellow who said "never have I looked so far and seen so little" certainly did not exaggerate. At Viscount I climbed two hundred feet to the top of a grain elevator and looked out over literally a sea of corn, which stretched as far as the eye could see in all directions. The only break apart from the small cluster of buildings at my feet was the railroad line tapering straight off into infinity in both directions, and the odd pimple of other elevators, 10, 15, 20 miles away. These wide open views are very fine on a sunny day. They bring great peace of mind - there is no subconscious striving - no urge to see over the next hill or wood, as in broken country. This tranquillity is reflected very much in the people in these parts. However, I found the picture very different on a cold windy morning, with low clouds scudding overhead. On this occasion I felt the wind and the cold had a personal interest, in my body; it was the first obstruction it had met for hundreds of miles and it was going to make up for lost time.

When people are asked what most impresses them about the prairies, their usual reaction is to mention the sky - there is so much of it - it bounds all horizons in a great unbroken circle - even in the middle of the ocean there does not seem to be so much sky. Sunsets are unbelievably beautiful and at night the Aurora Borealis flickers and flashes to the North, and the stars spangle right down to the distant horizon. In the area of sloughs (pronounced slews - large ponds or lakes) the morning and evening sky will be darkened with flights of geese or ducks - not just hundreds but thousands of these birds honking and quacking as they fly off to feed or retire to roost. During this trip I had two hunting adventures about which the less said the better. They sound too much like fishing stories. On both occasions it was necessary to leave a warm bed at 3.30 a.m. On a goose shoot each man must dig a pit in which to hide - yes, at 4 a.m. on an empty stomach in six layers of clothing and in the dark! About thirty yards to windward decoy geese are pegged out, then after checking that nothing unusual is left visible, for geese are very canny, you insert yourself into your pit and pull some corn swathe over the top. Here you crouch and wait as dawn slowly begins to break. Soon every muscle and joint is screaming to be moved and the cold is slowly eating its way through those six layers. During this time one man only in the party has his head up - he may also be using a goose call. After what seems an eternity, he calls, quite unnecessarily: "Keep down, they are coming in" - "Hoink, hoink." But this is a false alarm. After three or four such occurrences the sequence is suddenly changed by the shout "Fire" - bang! bang - benumbed limbs refuse to spring you up, parka hood falls over your eyes, mitten won't shake off frozen hand; cock gun, throw it up. Where are they? Miles away . . . You are glad to curl up in your pit again and hide your face. The sun comes up. The geese thin out; muttering, you crawl out, fill in the pit, straighten the swathe and stumble back to the car only to find that it had been parked on a patch of gumbo (soft, sticky, oily clay) and has sunk to the axles... Maybe this is what is known as a wild-geese chase!

Of all the memories of this trip; the wide-open spaces; a Patrol's report of a certain goose shoot; the beautiful University City of Saskatoon and of the friendliness of the people, perhaps the most vivid is a sunset seen suddenly late one evening as we breasted a small rise in Moose Mountain Provincial Park and stopped in wonder. There was silence all around - a silence you could feel as Nature braced herself against the tightening grip of the frost. Over and behind the sky, a vast violet vault merged into red ripples of growing intensity until in deep crimson it met the lake before us and was reflected back again to tinge the snow at our feet. Silhouetted in velvet blackness the bare birches thrust their branches upward like the arms of an animated choir singing the last great Allelujah.

CHARLES STAFFORD,

Assistant Executive Commissioner for Training, Canada.

PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS: 16. THE CURLEW

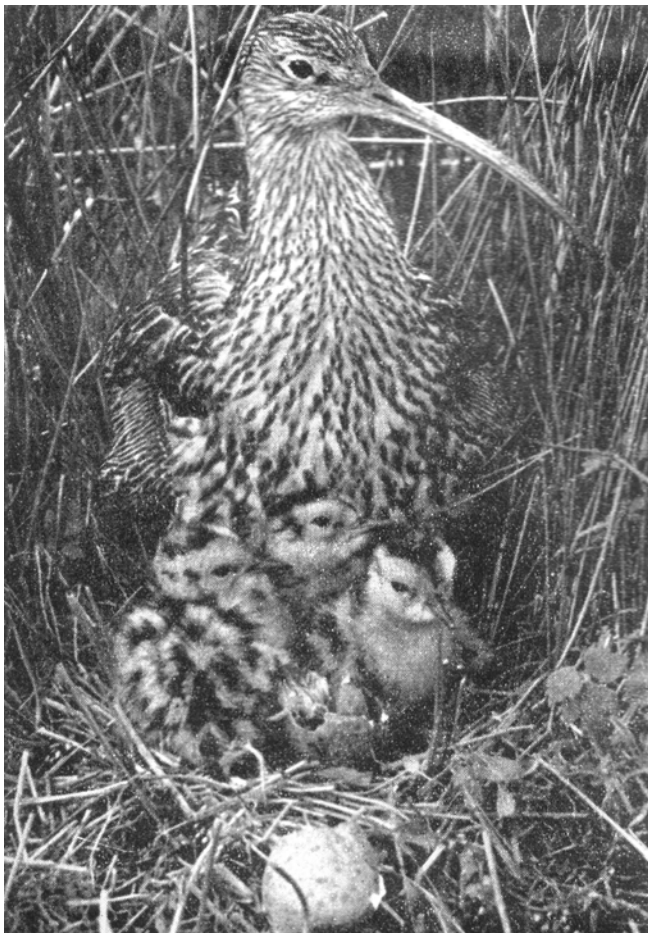
By MICHAEL BLACKMORE

Our British wading birds are an interesting group. Some species are rather tricky to identify but the curlew, the largest of the waders, is fairly easy to recognise even at a distance owing to its enormous sickle-shaped bill. The only other species with which you might confuse it is the whimbrel. Apart from being smaller and more confiding the whimbrel has a voice that I can best describe as a tittering trill (hence its other name titterel). Its cry is very different from the curlew's typical long drawn out cur-lee.

Whenever I hear the wild cry of the curlew one incident always come back vividly to my mind. It happened while I was exploring a lonely estuary in Devon on a winter afternoon. For the past three hours a south-westerly gale had been raging across the sand-dunes at the mouth of the estuary and now the watery sun was being engulfed by an ominous mass of storm-clouds. Blasts of icy wind, mingled with sand, stung my cheeks and soon a heavy squall of rain forced me to take shelter behind the low sea-wall. I felt that I had been unwise to leave the comfort of my fireside in such bitter weather.

As I crouched behind the wall, clutching my field-glasses with numbed hands, I heard the sound of fighting curlews and immediately forgot my discomfort. A huge flock of well over a thousand birds, driven from the seashore by the wind, swung over the dunes and settled on a mud-flat recently exposed by the ebbing tide. They were only two hundred yards away and I had a good view of them as they probed the sludge with their long bills, busily searching for sea-worms, small crabs and shell-fish. After about ten minutes something alarmed them and with a sudden rush and scurry of wings the flock rose together shrieking excitedly cur-lee cur-lee cur-lee in an almost deafening chorus.

Within a matter of seconds the birds were several hundred feet above the ground weaving an intricate pattern against the sky as they split into two main groups and mounted steeply in a series of ever-widening spirals.



It was not long before I discovered the cause of all the excitement. A peregrine falcon on its way to the rocky headland at the end of the bay was flickering on crescent-shaped wings above the screaming curlews. With a mighty rush it plunged headlong into the wheeling throng which scattered madly to avoid the thrust of curved talons. But the peregrine, a master of superior speed and maneuver, snatched a victim from the lower group and swiftly bore it away across the darkening marshes to its eyrie. The rest of the flock, realising that the enemy had gone, gradually packed into tight formation again and dropped in narrowing circles towards the mud-flats where they continued to feed as if nothing unusual had occurred. The moment of terror when the dreaded falcon had stooped was but a brief interruption in the ordinary routine of life for the survivors. I went home feeling that my cold vigil had been well rewarded.

In spring and summer you rarely see huge flocks of curlews on the estuaries or along the coast. Immature non-breeding birds may be found there at all seasons but during February the adults begin to leave. The decrease is not very rapid at first, especially if the weather happens to be cold; but the departing trickle swells into a rush by the middle of March as one group after another flies inland to seek out nesting territories. Some pairs may breed only a few miles from their winter quarters; others cover much greater distances. It is probable that many of the curlews you see during winter on the south and south-west coasts nest in the Midlands and Wales or even further north. There are also regular spring movements from the North of England into Scotland and some of the flocks that winter on our northern coast do not fly inland at all but cross the sea and breed in Scandinavia. Thus the general pattern of the curlew's migration is somewhat varied as to distance and direction.

In spring and early summer the curlew's remarkable song can be heard to perfection. Beginning with a succession of low clear call-notes *cur cur cur cur-lee* it becomes faster and more highly pitched with each successive note until the climax is reached in a limp bubbling sound which finally fades into a softer repetition of the opening phrase. The song is quite unlike that of any other bird and seems to reflect the spirit of the lonely hills, bogs and moorlands where the species likes to nest.

I have listened to the curlew's rapturous outburst many times and in many places, and the ethereal beauty of its liquid trill never fails to fascinate me. Although it is not so rich in tone as the flute-like crescendo of the nightingale nor as mellow as the carefree warble of the blackbird it manages to combine something of the sweetness of both, and many naturalists including myself consider it to be one of the loveliest sounds in nature.

The curlew does not build an elaborate nest. A shallow scrape in the ground lined with dry grass serves for the four large eggs which are broad at one end and taper sharply at the other. They vary in colour from buff to dark brown or greenish brown and are marked with spots or blotches as a camouflage against marauders. In spite of this protection the eggs are sometimes discovered and sucked by crows. These robbers have a favourite trick of hunting in pairs low over the open moorlands in late April or May when the curlews are nesting. The sitting birds naturally resent any intrusion on their territory and may fly straight up to give chase, thus revealing the whereabouts of their eggs; but an experienced curlew usually runs along the ground some distance from the nest before taking flight in order not to disclose the exact position of her clutch.

Curlew chicks are attractive little creatures and bear scarcely any resemblance to their parents except for their 'long legs'. They have short straight beaks and their bodies are covered with soft buff-coloured down which is conspicuously marked with dark brown patches and streaks. Instead of lying in the nest for several days like the young of many other birds they leave it within a few hours of hatching and run into the nearest cover. There they hunt for insects, spiders and slugs and are virtually self-supporting from the day of their birth. The adults accompany them for about a month and soon after the young are able to fly they forsake their inland nesting sites and migrate to the coast.

FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

In this column in November last I mentioned the view expressed to me by a Scouter after the Filey Conference that many of our Scouts are trained in their Second Class tests and are quite capable of passing them but that for various reasons they cannot find anyone to examine them. It is of interest that this problem has been raised at several Scouters' gatherings in recent months and it would seem that it is not generally realised that anyone authorised by the Scoutmaster may examine Scouts in their Second Class tests. The examiner may be an A.S.M., Rover Scout, Senior Scout, Old Scout or layman and I want to emphasise the last named. Our lay supporters can provide first-rate examiners as well as instructors. More and more Groups realise this and have formed panels of examiners drawn from parents and supporters. These Groups claim that this arrangement has completely solved the problem of Scouts being kept hanging about waiting to pass their tests.

By the time this column appears, rehearsals for this year's production of the pageant play, Boy Scout will be well under way. As usual, the cast and choir are drawn from London and the Home Counties and Ralph Reader begins his task with a gathering of the whole lot in the Royal Albert Hall. Songs are learned and scenes are set. In the weeks that follow, the cast rehearse by sections and the choir get on with their side of the production without interruption from the "actors!" This goes on until Whitsun when the whole company goes to camp at Gilwell. During these three days, Ralph welds the sections into the finished product. By tradition, there are two weeks between Whitsun and the public performances, and this enables the producer to give those final touches which we now expect in a Ralph Reader production.

Elsewhere in this copy of THE SCOUTER you will find an order form for tickets. I hope many Groups and Districts have arranged, or are arranging, for their friends and supporters to see this most inspiring story of Scouting, and completion and posting of the form without delay is recommended. But do not restrict your parties to the converted. Include those who have shown a little interest but have not yet made up their minds to come right in. Experience has shown that strong supporters and first-rate workers have been recruited from Boy Scout audiences.

Under "Headquarters Notices" in last month's SCOUTER you will have seen the announcement that Mr. Ian Graham has been appointed Legal Secretary at I.H.Q. Mr. Graham has been connected with Scouting in Bedfordshire since 1935 and is a solicitor, so he is well qualified for the important work ahead of him.

We offer him a warm welcome and wish him many happy years at 25 B.P. Road in the service of the Movement.

Some of you are, no doubt, wondering if this appointment means that Francis Morgan who for so many years has given outstanding service as head of the Legal Department is retiring in the near future. I am glad to say we will continue to have his valuable help as Legal Adviser until the end of March 1958. The Committee feel that the activities of the Legal Department are so manifold and complex that his successor must have ample time to play himself in. Added to which Mr. Morgan hopes that with this additional assistance he will be able to complete several important tasks which have been delayed through pressure of more urgent work. I hasten to assure you that he is not proposing to suggest new legislation which will make the Scouter's job more complicated. In fact, it is our fervent hope that his activities will lead in the opposite direction.

A. W. HURLL,
Chief Executive Commissioner.

THE GILWELL LETTER

Every week-end from now until the end of the summer probably some hundreds of Scouts will be trying to qualify for their First-Class Journey. I would like to say two things about it.

First, as Scouters and Commissioners, do let us make sure that the boy has been on a hike of some sort before he actually goes on the First-Class Journey. Ideally, I think he should have been on at least two hikes, one of which involved sleeping out at night. Year by year I have seen boys undertaking their First-Class Journey, and have admired the spirit and the effort they were putting into it, but I have been sad at their lack of training and previous experience in hiking. Instead of the Journey being the gateway to adventure it was obviously going to be the end of hiking for them if they could possibly arrange things that way.

I think the Movement has a very real responsibility in regard to this First-Class Journey. Going about the country on your own two feet is a pleasure that can be maintained throughout a man's life, and to put thirteen-, fourteen-, or fifteen-year old boys against walking, through our thoughtlessness, is quite indefensible.

My first plea, then, is to make sure the boy has been trained to hike.

My second point is in regard to examining. Often I hear from Scouters that they regard as quite unfair the way in which their Scouts are tested. When I talk to them about it, it boils down to undue emphasis on the quality of the Log and very often on the examiner's part complete oblivion to the quality of the actual hike. Surely the Log is a piece of evidence in regard to the journey undertaken; it is nothing more than that and was never intended to be more than that. We are not seeking to test the educational attainments of our Scouts, their literary ability, or their skill in drawing maps and sketches. As I have said many times, if it is a copy-book report we want we should keep our Scouts at home and, given a good map and a little imagination, they will produce a report better than anything anyone can produce hot from the trail.

I do want to press that we get this Journey and the Log into focus. I remain convinced that the best x-ray of examining a Scout in his First-Class Journey is for the examiner to meet him as soon after the Journey as possible, at any rate within seven days, and quite informally to draw out from the boy what sort of things he did and how he coped with whatever situations were presented to him. Put another way. I am prepared to guarantee to find out what sort of show a boy put on if I can meet him face to face, but if all I have is a piece of writing then I am not prepared to make a true or even a fair assessment.

The District Commissioner is responsible for the testing or for appointing someone to do it, and I hope that those who do not want to do it themselves will appoint a man who has been on a Scout Wood Badge Course not because he is necessarily technically better but because he will have done a fourteen-mile hike himself. He will have carried his own kit, he will have slept out, he will have cooked his own food and lived on it, and he will have tried to make a report. In other words, he will not be carried away by any fanciful thoughts about logs but will know exactly what is involved in hiking fourteen miles.

Finally, if the training and the testing are competently and humanely dealt with, then, and only then, does the First-Class Journey become, as it should, the end of the beginning of hiking. Do let us remember that our Badges are there to be gained through the efforts of the boy and not to be withheld through the wiliness of the examiners.

JOHN THURMAN,
Camp Chief

LUCK OF THE MONTH *By* THE EDITOR

March 1st. - The 8th Marylebone's Group magazine is just coming up to its 400th consecutive number. Any Group beat that record?

Or this one: The Old Gold Gazette is the weekly news sheet of the 1st Chalkwell Bay (Essex) Group: it is well past its hundredth consecutive number and boasts a circulation of 160.

March 2nd - Quotation from Mr. H. D. Plee, Headmaster of Winchester: "The modern world has a mania for cutting its roots." We have been warned.

March 4th. - Reading our Official Critic's diary of his Scouting activities in 1911, I came across a nicely printed Programme of Descriptive Scouting Display and Sports, put on to help their camp funds by the Blackheath Boy Scouts' Camp, Cromer. Held on Monday, August 7th, 1911 (admission 6d.), the visitors saw the following programme: Inspection; March past by Troop; March past by Patrols; Descriptive Display - "On Trek"; Physical Drill; Cycle Ambulance; Trek Cart Drill; Signalling; First Aid; Pillow Fight on Pole; Water Carrying Race; Blindfold Boxing and Goal Kicking; Cyclist's Water Carrying Race; Tug-of-War; Blindfold Race, Races; Obstacle Race; Trek Cart Competition: Improvised Ambulance Race.

It reminds me of one of those interminable Victorian dinner parties!

(In his diary Critic records this: 'When the 1st Blackheath B.-P. Scouts were in camp, 30 boys. I S.M. and I A.S.M., cost of 1 boy per fortnight £1, each boy paid 10,6. They had sports, etc., on Bank Holiday, charged an entrance fee and made about £4 or £52')

March 8th. - I knew that the word Scoutmaster went back as far as Cromwell but it appears from this extract from Miss C. V. Wedgwood's superb book *The King's Peace* that it goes back to the first Elizabeth: "To cover their ignominy, the [English] Cavalry started a rumour that the Scoutmaster who had permitted them to ride straight into the jaws of the Scots was alone to blame. He was a local man, appointed by the Earl of Arundel, and, as ill-fortune would have it, a Roman Catholic. . . Arundel indignantly defended the Scoutmaster on the grounds that he had done good work against the Scots in the time of Queen Elizabeth."...

March 9th. - Good-bye, Lukie. Most of us don't get very near what we know to be the Scout spirit B.-P. dreamed about. You did. And carried it into practice - all your life. Let's hope that some of the hundreds of boys you unselfishly served will make the world a better place by turning out like you - gentle, kind, understanding, wise, amusing, compassionate.

March 10th. - Very impressed by the manner in which 14-year-old Patrol Leader Rodney Markham of Wood-bridge, Suffolk, repeated the Scout Law in Wilfred Pickles' "Have a Go" programme from that town. Wilfred reminded listeners once again that he was a Boy Scout but "never got beyond the Tenderfoot Tests."

March 11th. - In H. G. Hunell's "Building a Prehistoric Home" in the Spring Countryman (as beguiling and bewitching as ever) appear these words:



—and Away

"We collect from the river smooth stones 3 or 4 in. across, heat them in the fire and then drop them into the liquid in the pots. I have extracted these stones from the hottest part of the fire with two sticks and dropped them into a basin of cold liquid. There is a loud hiss and a burst of steam, together with a darkening of the liquid by the ashes inevitably carried from the fire, and in a minute or so I have known the liquid too hot to drink. Contrary to expectation it does not taste in the least burnt; there are naturally some dregs of charcoal, but this does not seem to detract from the enjoyment of a hot drink."

Something here for the enterprising among the older Scouts to try. Reports on failures or successes would be welcome.

March 14th. - Among my letters received this morning was one from a young Rover Scout asking the duties of a best man! You know, it is a sort of compliment to Headquarters receiving letters like this.

March 16th. - In the Headquarters Gazette for December 1910, recounting the presentation of the Silver Wolf to a Scout it says: "Formerly a First Class Scout with 14 proficiency badges was entitled to the Wolf but the standard has been raised to 24 badges. A Scout holding this special distinction is allowed to make the Scout Sign in a different manner."

I am very intrigued by this last bit. Can any of the older members of the Movement who remember these days tell us how the Scout Sign was made in this different manner?

March 17th. - Three quotations from my recent reading.

One, from L. Dudley Stamp's *Man and the Land*: "The domestic cat population is pure guesswork but in Britain is probably of the order of 10 to 12,000,000 . . . If a cat on an average drinks a quarter of a pint of milk a day, then a herd of 150,000 good milking cows is kept fully employed in providing the necessary supplies."

Two, from Edith Brill's *The Cotswolds*: (of a certain Rev. Benjamin Wynnington who died in 1673): "After he had preached an hour by the glass he would turn it, assuring the congregation that he meant to continue on his sermon only one hour longer. During the second hour Mr. Sackville, then Lord of the Manor, usually retired to smoke a pipe but always returned in time for the Benediction."

Three, from Nigel Fitzgerald's *The House is Falling*: "How do you like your egg done, Peter?" "With another one beside it, if you please, ma'am!"

March 21st. - Studying P.O.R. with a view to planning articles for *The Scout*, section (2) of the Backwoodsman Badge caught my eye: "Skin and cook (without utensils) a rabbit, or cook in clay a bird at least as large as a pigeon." This seems to me very odd as well as very vague. I should have thought the first half had long become impossible with the scarcity of rabbits (certainly of rabbits unskinned); and what does the rest mean? - if you can't get a pigeon use a small chicken presumably - an expensive test. Yet hundreds of Scouts are still passing it. How?

REX HAZLEWOOD.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY AWARDS, 1955

SILVER WOLF

- Capt. C. Adam, F.R.Met.Soc, J.P., Deputy C.C., Shropshire, D.C., North West District.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Shropshire over a period of 33 years."
- Mrs. H. J. Addis, Asst. Headquarters Commissioner for Wolf Cubs, Imperial Headquarters, A.C.C. for Wolf Cubs and Ak.L., Suffolk.
"In recognition of her services of the most exceptional character in Norfolk, Suffolk and at Imperial Headquarters over a period of 26 years."
- Group Capt. K. F. Angus, OBE., MC., T.D., J.P., CC., Northumberland. *"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Northumberland over a period of 21 years."*
- L. G. Attrill, Warden of B.-P.'s Room, and Librarian, Imperial Headquarters.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in London, Sussex and at Imperial Headquarters over a period of 42 years."
- J. S. C. Beet, G.S.M., 2nd Harrow, R.S.L., 4th Harrow (County School), A.D.C. for Senior Scouts, Harrow and Wealdstone.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Middlesex and London over a period of 34 years."
- Rear-Admiral Sir Richard H. L. Bevan, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O., Chief Scout's Commissioner.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Gloucestershire, and as Chief Scout's Commissioner, over a period of 18 years."
- Major M. G. Butcher, Chief Commissioner, Tasmania.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Tasmania over a period of 21 years."
- T. L. Collier, formerly A.C.C., Edinburgh and Leith.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Edinburgh over a period of 36 years."
- J. W. Dorgan, M.M., DCC., South Yorkshire, A.D.C., Wentworth.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Northumberland and South Yorkshire over a period of 34 years."
- C. C. Goodhind, Administrative Secretary, Imperial Headquarters.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character at Gilwell Park and as Administrative Secretary over a period of 33 years."
- A. A. Jackson, Chief Commissioner, Queensland.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Queensland over a period of 42 years."
- Rev. G. K. C. Knapp, G.S.M., Worldham, County Chaplain, Hampshire, A.D.C., Alton.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Burma, Cambridgeshire and Hampshire over a period of 43 years."
- Rev. J. H. B. Sewell, Island Commissioner, Isle of Man.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Cheshire, Wiltshire and the Isle of Man over a period of 28 years."
- R. L. S. Sinclair, City Commissioner, City and County of Newcastle upon Tyne.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Newcastle over a period of 31 years."
- C. Stratford, President, Norwich District, Vice-President, Norfolk.
"In recognition of his services of the most exceptional character in Norfolk over a period of 47 years."

BAR TO THE SILVER ACORN

- W. H. Banning, A.C.C. for the Training of Scouters and County Secretary, Manchester.
- J. H. Britton, Assl. Chief Commissioner, Northern Ireland.
- E. L. Ebbage, G.S.M., Leander (Kingston), A.C.C. for Sea Scouts, Surrey.
- A. C. Hone, A.C.C. for Wolf Cubs and Ak.L., Bristol.
- Capt. C. N. Matthews, M.B.E., J.P., CC., Cumberland North and East, D.C., Carlisle and District.
- E. Moore, M.B.E., F.C.I.S., Secretary and DCC., Northern Ireland, A.C.C., Co. Antrim.

- F. Morgan, G.S.M., 1st Swansea Valley (Oak), A.D.C.C., Breconshire.
- F. S. Soons G.S.M., 2nd Windsor, Hon.D.C., Windsor District.
- J. S. White, G.S.M., 10th SE. Leeds (Halton Templars), D.C., South Leeds.
- T. A. Williams, Hon. County Secretary, North Riding.
"In recognition of their further specially distinguished services."

SILVER ACORN

- F. P. Akester, D.C.C., Suffolk.
- Sheikh Yahya Alaw, Chief Commissioner, Zanzibar.
- W. F. Aldridge, A.C.C. for Relationships, Hertfordshire.
- J. Anderson, S.M., 8th Leicester (St. George's).
- H. F. Atkin, Deputy CC., South East Lancashire.
- R. P. Ayres, G.S.M., and R.S.L., 60th Cambridge (Leys School).
- Miss G. Barker, Ak.L., Central Yorkshire, A.D.C. for Wolf Cubs, Airedale.
- H. Bennett, A.D.C., Gravesend District.
- A. Biggar, G.S.M., 90th Lanarkshire (2nd Coatbridge), D.C., Coatbridge.
- T. E. Birtles, A.D.C., North West Cheshire.
- Capt. C. S. Blackwood, D.C., South Shields District.
- Mrs. K. E. M. Bonnewell, CM., 1st Hawarden, A.C.C. for Wolf Cubs and Asst. Ak.L., Flintshire.
- V. H. Brown, G.S.M., 21st Leicester (Stoneygate Baptist), Asst. Ak.L., Leicestershire, D.C., Leicester District.
- Rev. T. H. Cashmore, Chairman, Wakefield District. Rev. Brother Cassian, Asst. Colony Commissioner, Hong Kong.
- F. Chattell, G.S.M., 56th Leicester (Victoria Road Baptist Church), A.D.C., Discovery Division, Leicester.
- W. L. Chesworth, R.S.L., 8th Stafford (St. Patrick's), A.D.C., Stafford District.
- W. C. Clarke, A.D.C., Coventry
- R. Clegg, S.M., 4th Bradford West (Belle Vue Grammar School).
- J. A. Cocks, G.S.M., 6th Mitcham, A.D.C., Mitcham District.
- B. G. Cooke, A.C.C. for Rover Scouts, East Denbighshire, D.C., Liangollen, Trevor and Cefn Mawr District.
- Rev. Fr. R. Criem, S.J., Chaplain, Kandy, Ceylon.
- H. Cunliffe, G.S.M., 5th Eccles (1st Monton).
- J. L. Ennals, A.C.C. for Rover Scouts, South Staffordshire.
- L. G. Fisher, A.D.C., Beckenham and Penge.
- Miss M. F. Furniss, CM., 4th Northampton (Christ Church), Ak.L., Northamptonshire, A.D.C. for Wolf Cubs, Northampton.
- J. A. Glenn, G.S.M., 62nd Belfast, D.C., South East Belfast.
- G. E. Goodhind, A.C.C. for the Training of Scouters, Monmouthshire.
- F. L. A. Gover, D.C., Banstead District.
- G. Greenshields, Chairman and Hon. Commissioner, Walthamstow.
- Miss M. Griffin, CM., 6th St. Pancras (Mary Ward Physically Handicapped School).
- Major J. E. Griffith, G.S.M., 1st Barbados (Sea Scouts), Island ComE. F. Hatch, D.C., Reading and District. [missioner, Barbados.
- C. Hawthornthwaite, G.S.M., 6th Ripon (Ripon Cathedral, Air Scouts), Asst. Ak.L., Central Yorkshire, D.C., Ripon District.
- Mrs. G. A. Hayes, Asst. City Commissioner for Wolf Cubs, City of Bradford.
- T. Heron, G.S.M., 32nd Gateshead (Whickham).
- D. R. H. Hill, SM(S), 2nd Reigate (Earlswood, St. John's), D.C., Reigate.
- J. C. Jepson, J.P., G.S.M., Duckworth Street Congregational, D.C., Darwen and District.
- H. M. Jones, Chairman, Lewisham North.
- Miss M. B. Jones, A.C.C. for Wolf Cubs and Ak.L., Cheshire West.
- W. R. Jones, R.S.L., 1st Adswold.
- W. H. King, D.C., Bermondsey and Rotherhithe.
- H. Kirby, President and Chairman, North West Manchester.
- E. Knowles, G.S.M., 4th Bradford West (Belle Vue Grammar School).
- Mrs. E. L. C. Lees, C.M., Shipley, A.C.C. for Wolf Cubs and Ak.L., Sussex, A.D.C. for Wolf Cubs, Horsham District.

8. SAILING AT GREAT TOWER, LAKE WINDERMERE

There can be few who, having followed the adventures of Nancy, Peggy and the rest in *Swallows and Amazons*, have not wistfully thought of the joy of sailing, and have wished for a spell in a boat. Very few Scouts, however, know of the opportunities offered to them to take part in this grand activity. Certainly the facilities at Great Tower Boat-house on Lake Windermere are not as well known as they ought to be. On loan to the Movement, the boat-house is very pleasantly situated on the east shore of Lake Windermere between Bowness and Lakeside, about three miles from Bowness. There are two sailing boats, both fifteen-foot dinghies, neat sea-going boats and remarkably stable, as the more "ham-fisted" of us were quick to appreciate. A spacious room above the boat-house provides sleeping and living accommodation. For groups larger than ten there is the Great Tower Boat-house site to camp on, which is a few hundred yards up the road.

There were eight of us altogether, and very few apart from our A.R.S.L. knew much about sailing. However, we were blessed with a fair breeze the first day and splitting into two crews received enough tuition to enable both boats to be sailed. After the first somewhat hectic day the week progressed steadily, with our crews slowly gaining proficiency. We sailed, or rather raced, for, however slowly we set out we invariably finished by racing up to Ambleside at the head of the lake, and down to Lakeside at the foot. Navigation always presented a problem. Nobody could be quite sure whether two buoys some distance apart represented a ridge of rock or merely two isolated peaks just underneath the surface. At first we assumed the latter, but when this resulted in a somewhat closer acquaintance with the rocks than we cared for we changed our policy and gave all buoys, whether single, double, or in clusters all the room we possibly could. Tacking against a very light breeze, too, was disheartening and arguments as to whether we were gaining ground or drifting backwards with the current were frequent. It was a great temptation on these occasions to use the oars and take the direct route; a mode of travel scorned by all true sailors. In the first few days our prowess with the oars vastly exceeded that with the sail.

It was the final two days of the holiday which really provided the fun and thrills. Thursday morning brought a strong breeze blowing up the lake, full of sudden squalls. On this occasion it was decided to take in a reef before setting off, and with this precaution the boats weathered the choppy lake very well. The following day produced even more exciting sailing. Setting off from Bowness with only a gentle breeze the wind quickly freshened until it was blowing the tops off the waves, giving us no time at all to reduce the area of sail again by taking in a reef. Our numbers by this time had diminished somewhat in case this conjures up a vision of men being swept overboard in a howling gale, I had better say they had merely left early for home leaving one boat with three and the other with two. The boat with the smaller crew was quite lively, with the forward man sitting well out on one gunwale and with water creaming past the boat only an inch or two below the other gunwale. Coming in to the boathouse using the oars they had the misfortune to lose a rowlock and had to be ignominiously towed in by the now expert oarsmen; a somewhat unfortunate ending to a very fine piece of sailing!

In short, it was a very enjoyable experience, and at the end even those of us who seemed to lack the splash of salt water which is supposed to be in every Englishman's blood came to know the difference between a sheet and a halliard, and to attach some meaning to some of the innumerable nautical commands. We happen to be a Rover Crew, but there is no reason why the boats should not be sailed by Senior Scouts or even Scouts under guidance. The fee for the hire of the boats is reasonable and all are required to wear life-jackets in the boats.

Eight is probably about an ideal number for two boats, providing a reasonable crew for each boat without overloading it, but there is no reason why more could not be taken and a sailing roster arranged. Further details of this very fine opportunity can be had from: - The Bailiff, Great Tower Scout Camp, Windermere, Westmorland.

P. D. SWALES,
40th N. W. Leeds.

ROVER ROUNDABOUT

It is not often that we can get personal stories of Rovers and their service activities, but an exception this time we take from the Quarterly Circular of the Greater London Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service. The editorial front page tells that the Oliver Memorial Fund (Oliver was an active Rover who founded the Service), which grants a sum of £50 to those who through the year had advanced the cause, have chosen as this year's recipient Mr. A. F. Leslie, and this was the first time that anybody who was not a doctor had been given the award. Since 1926 he has donated blood 126 times, and through his personal contacts with the Hackney Boy Scouts he was credited with 230 recruits by the end of 1938, many of whom are still active, and his efforts since 1938 are still no less successful. This service is one which gives the donor the satisfaction of knowing to whom the blood was given and for what purpose. On sundry occasions I have been very proud to 'hear in my own Crew: "Sorry I'm late but I had a call from one of the hospitals tonight for a transfusion." How about seeing that A.F.L.'s good example is put into practice by you and your fellows?

The Roundabout stopped long enough for me to get off at Northern Ireland to attend their get-together, a very worthwhile week-end, and the encouragement of meeting a fine crowd of young Rovers. What a credit to the leaders of Scouting that in the last two years a moribund section has been revitalised into such a great active band of brothers. One lad travelled just on a hundred miles to meet his brother Rovers for about six hours in weather conditions that I understood Northern Ireland hasn't seen since round about 1947. As my plane touched down on the airfield we were greeted by two hares that sat upright whilst we inside looked at the snow and wondered whether we were due to spend the night with them, as the previous evening's travellers had done, the road over the hills being top bad for the buses to get through.

These lads can certainly keep the interest of their fellows going - no session longer than forty-five minutes and no waits in between, a method which I commend to other Moot organisers. Thank you for a grand trip and the encouragement to greater efforts as far as I am concerned.

How pleased I was to see the Surrey Rovers and their lady friends letting their back hair down at the Annual Rover

Social held in a fine hall in Dorking, noted as a rule for the delights of Box Hill, and Ranmore Common with its shades of the South Eastern Counties Moot, plus the rolling downs. But for me it will always mean the pleasant experience of meeting once again fellows whom I knew when we were young Scouts together and the incredible sight of a Rover Square Daneband and Caller getting full response from the younger (and not so young) element of our section. A great example of the spirit of brotherliness and joy of life, and I learnt that many of the boys would be part of working parties on camp sites next day. "To fill each minute with sixty seconds worth of distance fully run." Yes, and if we who lead can teach this way of life, there will be many who will bless us - perhaps a few wives' who will curse us - but chance it, for a full life is always a happy one. You have no time for being depressed or miserable when you are busy, only make sure that your home and family can share that happiness. Some folk seem to save it for their outside contacts only. Yes, see that the spirit of Scouting is shared all round: don't just put it on with your uniform.

JACK SKILLEN.

JUNGLE DAYS - III

By A. M. DOUGLAS

When my brother and I were very young we were, I am told, taken to Bognor for a holiday. But before going down to the beach, my mother had to go through the usual formalities of chatting with the good soul who was looking after us, and arranging necessary things like meals. So while the grown-ups were talking we were left to amuse ourselves in our new sitting-room. We did. When mother returned, she found to her horror that we had removed every ornament from the mantelpiece and were beginning on the walls. A long procession of china dogs, shoes, goss vases, coloured shells, and painted fans trailed across the floor. They were a train, we informed her. Feverishly she fitted them back where faded paint and paper suggested they might belong. She had not even been afforded the benefit of two minutes' observation, like Kim of Scouting fame! I expect it is a safe bet, though, that the clock went in the middle and the dogs and china shoes and vases paired out on either side. We do love symmetry, don't we? As a sign of orderliness it is good, too, and it certainly helps when running a Pack. What would we do, for instance, without our Pack Circle and relay formation? But the Cubs are not as tractable as china ornaments, as I found to my sorrow when I first tried getting order out of chaos!

"Chaos," you may exclaim in astonishment, "what do you mean?" Well, it probably was my fault, because when I launched out on my own with a completely new Pack I made what I thought was a perfectly harmless remark - "You'll find it great fun being Cubs." Now don't misunderstand me. Cubbing is meant to be lots of fun, and there is something quite wrong with it if it isn't; but you don't have to tell them. You just get on with it your own way, beginning at the beginning by building up a cheery type of discipline based on the Law. A small boy's idea of fun differs somewhat from ours, I discovered. My well-meant remark in those early days with the Pack lost me much ground and sent me home with a thoughtful frown more than once.

For the fun was at my expense! Sometimes it took the form of climbing in and out of windows. On one memorable occasion our fire extinguisher "went off." Then taps were turned on in the cloakroom and overflowed generously all over the floor. As for the main electric light switch - how heartily I wished it under lock and key!

We settled down, however, when the Cubs had tried everything once and got under my guard a few times more with that wretched switch.

I began to learn that an Old Wolf's interpretation of making Cubbing "fun" for the boys is - seeing that they thoroughly enjoy their work, and not just letting them play about all the evening. Relay formation was our most popular pattern, and soon we established our Six corners quite successfully. The circle remained a sore point until I bethought me of chalking one. That was a real help. The Cubs knew where they were with a chalked circle, and the Sixers liked marking it out.

Then one day we had our first really important visitor. He came sooner than I would have chosen, but one cannot always have things as one would like. He was a Scouter from Persia visiting London, and he particularly wished to see Cubs in action, because at that time they had not started Cubs in his country, though Scouts were very popular.

I do not know how much he learnt from our Pack, but I do remember what a happy evening it was for the Cubs. Happy because we were as willing to learn from our visitor as he from us. When we showed him our newly acquired gym mat, he had his coat off in a twink, and somersaulting began in earnest. It was hardly surprising that Akela's call of "Pack!" did not go down as well as usual when the time came, but our visitor knew all about the importance of discipline, and I would like to pass on to you Old Wolves whose Pack circles may still be a bit wobbly and not 100 per cent "on the dot," this tip which the Persian Scouter gave to us when he paid us that memorable visit.

"Boys," he said in immaculate English (which was a surprise to some of them - and incidentally their first lesson in the application of international Scouting) "when Akela calls 'Pack' of course you stop everything and listen. Now let me see you run around again shouting, until you hear that call. Then show me how still you can be." Of course they loved doing this, and what a help it was to me!

Next he made them form the Pack Circle and each Cub was solemnly detailed to note the exact spot on the floor where he stood, and just who stood next him on either side.

"Look at a beam in the ceiling - look at a mark on the floor or wall - anything that will tell you just where to go next time," the visitor went on. The Cubs took stock of their surroundings, as never before! We then let them go again and gave the Pack calls, first for silence, then for the circle. It was positively thrilling to me to see them pounce back into their former positions. An absolute tonic.

Do try it if ever you feel a bit jaded. It is to be specially recommended when introducing a new recruit into the Pack.

You' know the sort of thing - "Now, Cubs, let's show Terry and Peter how to answer the Pack calls, and how to form a Pack circle!"

Too often new recruits are left to pick these things up for themselves, only half understanding what ifs all about, especially if a Pack has become a little slack in responding to Pack calls.

Showing new recruits how the Law works helps to keep the wheels greased, and if you add a few other signs to the Pack calls, such as the signs for sitting down, standing up, and relay formation, it becomes as splendid an "alertness" test as the favourite "O'Grady." and provided we don't use it as a sort of exercise too often, the Cubs will enjoy showing their paces.

Yes, our symmetrical leanings show themselves strongly in the organisation of a Cub Pack.

We have the reds here and the greys there, and the whites and browns in their opposite corners, and we form them up into straight lines, or fan them out into a circle, and so long as they keep like this we know where they all are, and all is well.



The trouble begins when they “come loose” and you can’t count them any more. Then, suddenly, out go all the lights, and you can bet your bottom dollar it’s that Bobby Blinkers again!

The pattern is very necessary - but we cannot keep boys in a pattern all the time. It’s nice for us, but asking too much of them. That is why “letting off steam” games are an essential part of the programme, and also the reason that B.-P. warns us not to keep small boys “at” one thing for too long. So the Pack Meeting should be arranged to be as varied as possible, providing something of interest not only to sport-loving boys, but for the more thoughtful ones, the handy and practical ones, boys who like acting, and boys who want to progress with their tests.

Our programme sets the pattern of the whole Meeting, and is therefore very important.

It is, however, Akela’s secret weapon, rather than common property, and should not - except under special circumstances - be pinned up on the wall of the Den.

That robs the evening of half its surprises, and, unless the Old Wolves are quite ruthless, or the boys not Cubs but cherubs, it is extremely difficult to follow it faithfully.

A Pack that is a real “happy family” knows, without any programme on the wall, that each week someone will pass some part of his tests, there will be a hearty Grand Howl, one Six (each hopes it will be his) will get top marks for inspection and a tidy lair, one of the Old Wolves will have a good yam to tell them, and if they do not always learn a new game, they will certainly play one old favourite. For the rest?... .Ah!

For Akela’s Notebook

36. BANNERS FOR THE PACK

For many months we “Old Wolves” of the Pack have tried to think of some way in which we could make our hall have a real jungle” atmosphere about it. We are very fortunate in having a good hall to use for our activities but like a lot of other Packs cannot fix up any pictures, etc., and hope to find them still intact when we next meet, as the hail is used by other organisations of the Church. Should these items of interest be of paper, through them being continually handled they get damaged and have to be continually replaced so causing a permanent expense, so to overcome all these difficulties we have developed the following idea.

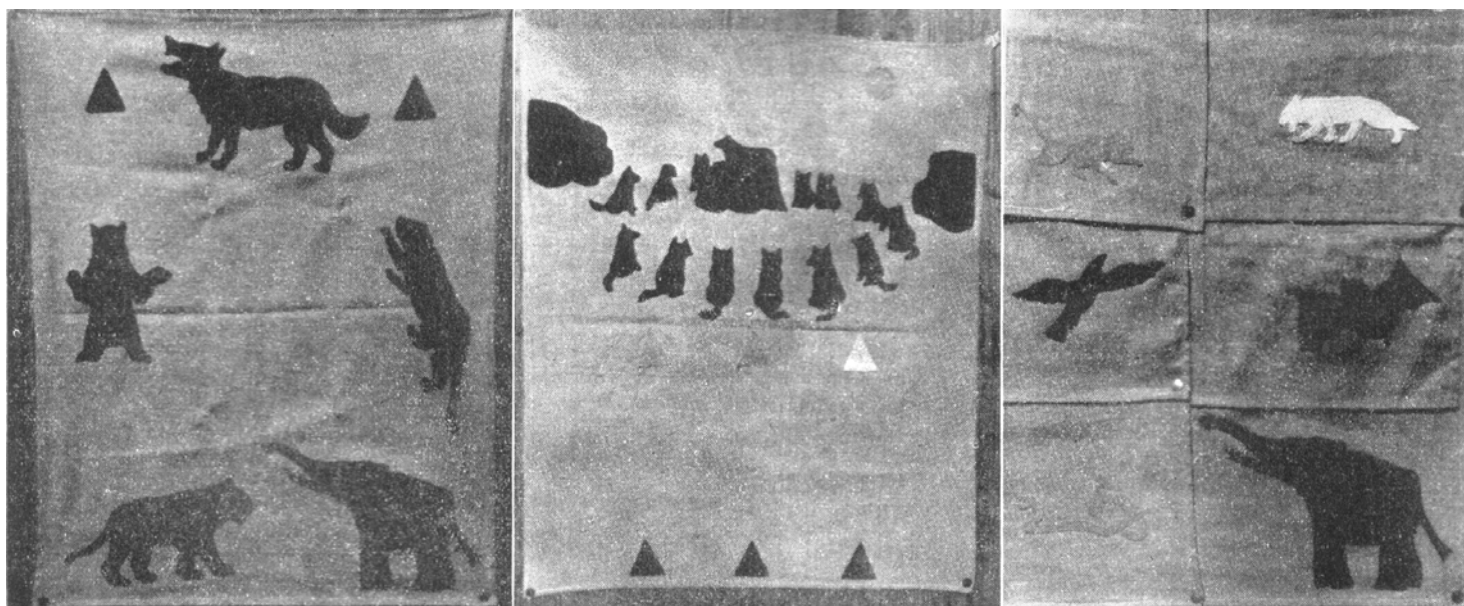
The first initial outlay will no doubt cover all future expenses. We feel that the idea will be of use and value to other Packs placed in similar circumstances.

I have made seven banners of green denim and on them have sewn felt cut-out animals in the colours of the Sixes, a black banner for the Black Six, etc. The six banners are as photo No. 1. The size of all the banners being roughly 24 in. x 18 in., the edges of which are hemmed to prevent fraying. Each six banner has the same main four animals, Akela, Bagheera, Sheer Khan and Baloo. and their respective triangles as shown, but at the bottom right-hand corner is placed a different animal for each Six as shown on photo No. 3, the animals being Banderlog, Tabaqui, Chil, Mang the Bat, Kaa and Hathi, and by ha’ ing these other animals depicted so, it means that it embodies all the jungle animals spoken of and I trust used in our Pack activities. The banners are hung by small loops made of tape sewn to the two top corners, and you will find that the weight of the material lets the banner hang very well. By fixing the tapes for the purpose of hanging it does prevent the corners from wearing and getting frayed by continually fixing the banners with drawing-pins.

The drawings of the animals I have taken from the booklet *Jungle Animals*, by The Camp Chief, price 2d. Not being a very good artist myself I reproduced the pictures and enlarged them to the size, about six or seven inches, by the “square system,” so if you are not a good artist don’t let this item deter you from producing this useful asset to your own Pack. The “arts and craft” felt can be procured from most good drapers in practically any colour you require, and in any size. One word of warning - when you do buy your felt, do make positively sure that you do buy enough of the one colour to make ALL the animals you are going to place on one of the banners, if you don’t you’ll find that in most cases you will be unable to match up again. When the drawings are completed you can trace them on to the felt by using carbon paper, the only colour you won’t be able to, is the black.

To obtain your black cut-outs you will need to trace your animals on to cardboard, cut these out and then trace round them in yellow crayon. Secure the cut-outs to the denim by using the same coloured silk or cotton as the colour of the felt, with blanket stitch. The blank space in the centre can be used for the six records, a sheet of paper secured by paper clips passed through holes made in the denim, but do make sure you button-hole stitch the holes to prevent wear and fraying. Photo No. 2 is a banner used at the “Rock Circle” end of the Den on which is placed the names of all the boys of the Pack. The particular drawing shown is one reproduced from a drawing made by one of my Cubs, it is in black felt with a yellow moon and the respective colour six patches of all the Sixes in the Pack.

G. W. COLLINGS.



VISUAL YARNS

4. PERFECTLY FIT

By Rev. E. J. WEBB

Introduction

A quiz is sometimes given on the parts of the body - a box (chest), two trees (palms), churches (temples), etc. But the body is actually made of things far more wonderful than these. Marvellous machines have been invented, yet none excels or even equals the human body. No wonder the Scriptures declare that we are made in the image of God. Let us look at some of the things the body comprises. If you put this collection of objects on a table, and said, "Here is a human body," how the boys would stare!

1. A Camera

The eye is a camera. The lens of the eye is a genuine lens, but being elastic it can change its shape and thus do far more than a manufactured lens. What pictures the eye photographs! No camera can catch all that the eye sees. Even "moving pictures" are made up of many static pictures. The eye takes them all the time. Thank God for sight. Remember the blind.

2. A Telephone

The human ear is the most perfect telephone there is. The real ear is the brain. All that the outer ears catch they remit to the brain. How wonderful that Beethoven's music - some of the most wonderful music in the world, was written after he was deaf. Yet he heard that music and made it possible for others to hear it. We must be most grateful for hearing. It is said that deafness is a worse calamity than blindness; that blind people are usually cheerful and self-reliant, but deaf people find it much more difficult to appreciate life.

3. A Musical instrument

What musical instrument compares with the human voice? Yet it has only two strings. And the voice-box, or larynx, is always in other use for breathing. And think of its range - a good singer has a range of two octaves or more. With the voice we can speak and sing the praise of God.

4. A Wireless Set

The brain gives out and receives endless numbers of messages. Made up of thousands of millions of cells it is the most marvellous thing in the world. What a miracle it is! It helps us to understand how we can speak to God in prayer and how He can reveal His Will to us, when we think of the receiving and transmitting powers of the brain.

5. A Mill

In modern mills you cannot always see all the processes in one mill. But you can, in older mills, see the dirty wool go in (straight from the sheep's back) and follow through the processes, and see the woollen scarf come out in the finish; or you can see flour go through many changes and emerge as the biscuit. Our teeth and our digestive organs work a miracle for us, turning the raw materials supplied into the many parts of the body which are constantly being renewed. We sometimes say that we do not appreciate our health until we have lost it, but we all do know what it is to enjoy good health, to play, to work, to be healthily tired, and to have our strength renewed by rest and food. We thank God for the Mill in the body that makes it all possible.

6. A Pump

The heart is a pump, tirelessly working, beating 70-80 times a minute. It really consists of two pumps, the left side getting the pure blood and sending it to the body, the right side getting the impure blood and sending it to the lungs.

Because the heart is so essential to life, we speak of it as if it were all we consisted of! When God says, "My son, my daughter, give me thine heart" (Proverbs xxiii. 26) He is saying, "Give me your life, your all."

Conclusion

Imagine going through life without giving a thought to the miracles by which we live. "My name is Legion!" A motor-car may contain 12,000 parts; the body 12,000 times 12,000. When a footballer kicks a football it is the result of a wondrous tying together of more than 200 bones, the result of the labours of sixty thousand million bone builders!

What a perfect window-blind and screen the eyelid is; what a perfect filter the lung, with its 2,000 square feet of surface; what roofing is better than human hair, although in some it may be sparse and in some non-existent!

"Bless the Lord O my soul (and my body) and forget not (nor be blind to) all His benefits!"

Read Psalm 139.

THE R. H. SCARF

To the new generation of Scouters, Stanley Ince, if he is known at all, is but a name. He had been a friend of Roland Philipps, one of our Movement's pioneers, and was intensely loyal to his memory. He died in 1940 at the end of twelve years as Warden of this House. In the latter part of this period he had borne with courage the strain of a long and painful illness. For his services to the Movement, his leadership and his fortitude in suffering he had earned much gratitude and praise and many awards and finally the Cornwell Scout Badge. He took an important part in introducing this House to the Movement on a nation-wide scale. It was he who devised and introduced the Roland House scarf. Its emblem and colours are taken from Roland's family coat of arms ("Argent a lion rampant sable ducally gorged and chained or.")

Scarves are presented ceremonially in the Chapel from time to time by the Warden to residents who, in the opinion of the Court of Honour, have earned them by the quality of their service in the "family" and to East London Scouting. Its close relationship to Roland and his House make it a reminder of a great tradition of which those who wear it are always conscious. The scarf remains the property of the House and is handed in by the resident when he leaves.

A presentation of scarves is an appropriate occasion for saying something about the origin and objects of the House, the faith it demands from all who are associated with it and the service it should continue to provide. The brief address which follows was given at a presentation in December 1953:- "On a day in November this Settlement attained the age of 37 years. It was born in the first World War and wounded in the second, but survived. In the years between it grew and prospered and since the last it has completed its biggest programme of extension. The place and its aims were originally inspired by a young man of vision. His successor founded its traditions. These have been cherished and strengthened by all those who have given it their time and skill and leadership during four decades. Let us remember that we Who live here to-day share the responsibility for maintaining these traditions. Whether in the running of our Troops and Packs, on Committee, or in the part we take in the day-to-day life of the House, we have been set an example by those who served it and under whose guidance it developed in earlier years. We are the trustees not of the property itself but of its reputation and have been chosen to spread the spirit of Scouting in East London and keep it alive and filled with meaning. This is a special responsibility which it is a privilege to carry but very difficult to live up to. We can and should do our best to think out our own problems and deal with them, and we can follow a good example. But we cannot carry this responsibility alone and we should not try. We should turn to the only true source and get help by prayer and rededication. The award of this House scarf, carrying as it does Roland's badge and colours, provides an opportunity for us to rededicate ourselves to the cause which he served with such brilliance and which has had so great an influence on our own lives. This influence we in turn are charged to pass on to the Scouts whom we are called upon to train.

"The wearing of this scarf shows you to have been admitted to the small company of those members of the Movement who, since 1916, have for a time made Roland House their home and while here have pledged their Scout service to the East London boy.

"I wish you success in this venture and the happiness which comes always to those who give of their best in service to their fellows in any day or age."

ERIC FLAVELL.

BOOKS

CHRISTIANITY

Christian Faith To-day, by Stephen Neill (Penguin 2s. 6d.).

The Christian Duty of Happiness, by C. A. Alington (Faber 7s. 6d.). Penguin Books perform a useful service when from time to time they produce a scholarly book about religion very cheaply, and Bishop Stephen Neill's *Christian Faith To-day* in their Pelican series may well be much appreciated by thoughtful readers even if they find it hard going at times. This is perhaps due to the great width of the author's experience. Lie was for 20 years a Missionary in India and so throughout the book he is enabled constantly to compare the faith of Christians with that of the great Eastern Religions. Further, he has been a teacher of Theology at Cambridge and so to our Western minds it seems natural also to find him settling his argument alongside the classical tradition of Greece and Rome. Indeed he tells us that much of what he has written was first delivered as a series of Cambridge Divinity Lectures. In addition however Bishop Neill is an outstanding figure in the Ecumenical Movement and the development of the World Council of Churches owes much to him. It is not surprising, therefore, that the word Unity finds a big place in his book, only for him it conjures up a vision much deeper than just the uniting of Churches.

It is to be hoped that Scouters who pick up this book will persevere with it until they reach the middle chapters. They will find for instance the chapter entitled *The New Community* valuable, for it contains something which is often in the minds of young people. Bishop Neill puts their problem in the form of a question – "I love and honour Jesus Christ but must I join the Church?" Few readers will fail to be moved by the fair and realistic answer he gives. For this chapter alone the book is well worth half a crown.

Scouters who read Dr. Alington's little book may well find it reminds them over and over again of B.-P. Indeed there would appear to be much in common between the philosophy of the former Headmaster and Dean and the soldier who founded a world with brotherhood of boys. To give just an instance: When Dr. Alington quotes the saintly Bishop King as saying "The Christian life is 'er simple the lose of God and the love of man. That is perfection." one instantly thinks of the statement in Scouting for Boys "Religion seems a very simple thing. First Love and serve God, Second Love and serve your neighbour." Dr. Alington would like to see Christianity presented as a religion of Happiness before it is presented as a religion of Duty for he believes that by showing the Happiness of the Christian Life we are most likely to convert our generation. He does not however fall into the error of suggesting that a religion consisting of an Endless succession of good turns is sufficient but he does point out that if as B.-P. said, Happiness is obtained by giving out Happiness to other people, this should be reflected in our worship also for our Duty to our neighbour is inextricably bound up with our Duty to God.

If one more comment may be added: this book is quite remarkable for its quotations which range from Lieutenant Hornblower to Tertillian.

EVERARD SAMPSON

TECS AND SCI-FI

Death and the Night Watches, by Vicars Bell (Faber 10s. 6d.), brings us the fourth detective adventure of that nice entomologist Dr. Baynes. "How pleasant to know Dr. Baynes" - countryman and Christian a little high-Church, perhaps?) an inquisitive, discriminating companion.

Mr. Bell's prose is distinguished and his plots well contrived: but best of all in his books one meets real people in a real countryside behaving as normally (or abnormally) as ordinary people do. Mr. Bell is among to-day's masters of the craft. Read him.

Fellow Passenger by Geoffrey Household (Michael Joseph 12s. 6d.) is an excellent, not-to-be-taken-very-seriously pursuit story which, good as it is, doesn't quite live up to its opening sentence: "There is satisfaction in being imprisoned in the Tower of London."

I think the book's defect is, that while delighting in his ingenuity, yet at no time does one care tuppence whether its hero, who tells the tale, escapes his pursuers or not.

I suppose the classic story of this type is the Thirty-nine Steps and here from the start one's sympathies, one's whole heart, are given over to Hannay. Indeed that is true, too, of Mr. Household's magnificent story *Rogue Male*, which no doubt you will wish to re-read when you have finished *Fellow Passenger*.

A *Dying Fall* by Henry Wade (Constable) is a traditional-English slightly old-fashioned skilfully-composed story with a hunting and "county" background. It starts slowly but the pace quickens and it should be read to the last full stop. Literally! Quite admirable.

Grand Prix Murder by Douglas Rutherford (Collins 10s. 6d.) gets full marks for atmosphere and background, the murder being almost incidental, however. Plenty of interest. Promising.

The Icarus of the Cornet, by John Christopher, belongs to a new series of 'Novels of Tomorrow' 12s. 6d. each) which Michael Joseph is publishing Science fiction can be divided into two categories: one, where the stories, however odd, stem logically from man's present situation, tendencies, weaknesses and woes and the other, which however odd, are merely modern day fairy tales for adults. Mr. Christopher's stories belong definitely to the first class. He has invented, to follow capitalism, world rule by a number of vast corporations and this 'managerial' era is the setting for his stories. (You will find some of these excellent stories in *The Twenty Second Century*, published by Messrs. Grayson, and one in *Best Science Fiction Stories* (3rd Series) by the same publishers.)

Now we have a full-length novel dealing with the same times. The plot is nothing extraordinary, dealing with a struggle for power, but Mr. Christopher convinces us that it happened (it must happen). So many writers in this genre merely invite a gentle derision: but Mr. Christopher's gadgets are entertaining, his people varied, his world possible, even if I shouldn't want to live in it, This is an exciting and beguiling tale.

The second of the series *The Bright Phoenix* by Harold Mead belongs again to the first class I mentioned above and has strong affinities with Orwell's 1984 and is almost as depressing to read. Yet it should be read, for here again is a vision of life state-controlled: its drudgery is done by 'reconditioned' human beings, i.e. men and women who, having 'deviated' slightly in one way or another, have their personality washed out of them. As with Orwell's story, this is the story of a man and a girl who rebel and what befalls them: it is a dark, fierce, moody tale with an eerie excitement about it.

Best Science Fiction edited by Edmund Crispin (Faber 15s.). There are not assembled here all the best of the Science Fiction stories I have read: but fourteen stories among the best by Mr. Crispin from those he has read. They are of good standard, excellently written (which is not always so with S.F.) and you should remember them for holiday hours. The Editor's introduction is penetrating and personal.

R. H.

OUR DISTRICT *By A.D.C.*

I happened to be away from home this year during Bob-a-Job week, but the local D.C. fixed me up with a card, and I went in search of work, and was lucky enough after quite a short time to find a lady who said she could keep me busy all day. A grey-haired rather frail little lady who seemed, so far as I could gather, to have a rather unsatisfactory sort of husband.

"You might start," she said, "by getting some coal in for me. It's really my husband's chore, but he has been out every evening this week, and he's overlooked it. I've done it myself the last three days, but it's a job I hate."

As the coal-shed was quite a distance from the back door I couldn't blame her.

"Then there are two taps need re-washing," she said, "they've been dripping for a long time but it seemed silly to call in a plumber, because my husband is quite an expert at that sort of thing. It's just that he hasn't been able to get round to it ..."

They hadn't got TV, but there was quite a nice radiogram in the sitting-room, and she asked me if I knew anything about radio.

"It's been squealing dreadfully the last fortnight," she said, "and I haven't been able to use it. As I'm alone most evenings I miss it badly. My husband is very clever with radio, but I don't know *when* he'll find time to see to it, so if you can do anything...."

Luckily it happened to be a model that I understood, so I was soon able to put it to rights, and the grey-haired lady began to think I was quite clever.

"I've got some other jobs you can do," she said, "but we'll knock off for a cup of tea."

We had quite a heart-to-heart talk over that cup of tea, and she told me a lot more about her errant husband.

"I expect you'll think it wrong of me to discuss him with a stranger," she said, "but I'm so much alone that it is quite a relief to get a few things off my chest, and you might even be able to suggest something to help. George and I have been married thirty years, and at first when I had the children to occupy me, I did not mind his neglect so much. It's only since they grew up and got married that I've really got sore about it."

I began to feel rather uncomfortable, and wondered what was coming next.

"He's out at least four nights a week," she said, "and in summer he's away camping almost every week-end. How silly of me, I thought I'd *told* you he was a Scoutmaster! Of course I'm all in favour of the Scout Movement, because I was a Cub-master myself years ago, and it was at a Scouters' social that we first met. After we were married he cut down to two nights a week, and then later on when he got a reliable A.S.M. he cut down to one night a week, but since the children grew up and got married Scouting has ceased to be a hobby with him, and become a disease. He's been appointed D.S.M. and runs practically everything in the District, and he seems absolutely to revel in committees. What ought I to do about it?"

Of all the multifarious jobs she found for me to do that day the only one I did not earn my bob at was answering that question, in a way to give her any satisfaction. When I said that she might talk the whole thing over with him she just said that obviously I wasn't a married man, because if she had it out with him he'd certainly go to the other extreme and give up most of his Scouting engagements and stay at home looking like an aggrieved martyr.

The only real solution, of course, is for this man (and all similar Guilty Men up and down the country) to realise that Scouting, like charity, must begin at home.

DEAR EDITOR

Windproof Trousers

DEAR EDITOR,

Whilst admiring the excellent photograph used as the cover of the February SCOUTER, I cannot but feel that the economy which banished "colour" from same was a blessing in disguise, for I hate to contemplate the delicate shade of blue which would have represented the knees of the stalwart Senior Scouts on Scafell Pike.

Seriously though - knowing those parts very well and having assisted on various Scout climbing activities I feel it cannot be too strongly emphasised that shorts are not - repeat not suitable attire for the mountains when such conditions prevail.

Especially in winter time the weather can change with amazing rapidity and daylight hours are short.

It is no exaggeration to say that in winter time if the weather turns sour, windproof trousers may well make the difference between safety and disaster.

Perhaps you can find an opportunity of stressing this point in a future issue.

Kind regards and congratulations on an excellent magazine.

DENNIS FLETCHER,

A.C.C. Training, East Cheshire

Shoulder-Knots or not?

DEAR EDITOR,

With the changes of Uniform which have taken place in recent years there is something which has been overlooked which I think could be improved. I refer to the shoulder-knot.

We have both Cubs and Senior Scouts provided with shoulder patches which look extremely smart. However, Boy Scouts retain the shoulder-knot. Now, I think that the shoulder-knot should be replaced in the Boy Scouts by a shoulder patch for the following reasons.

First of all, the shoulder-knot tends to fray at the ends quite rapidly and after a time presents quite a ragged appearance even if it is pressed from time to time.

A shoulder patch could be sewn on permanently and since the dyes are fast would not run in the wash.

Secondly, there is the question of cost. Shoulder patches are cheaper than shoulder-knots and this would represent a saving to Troops on badge expenses at a time when badges are quite dear.

I see no problem about arranging the patches suggested. Boy Scouts could have their colours in two vertical bars while Seniors would be distinguished by their maroon border and diagonal division.

Last of all, it would solve the eternal problem of shoulder-knots being torn from shirts in such games as British Bulldog.

I feel that such a move should be taken to improve smartness in the Boy Scout section and to cheapen the cost of badges.

I should like to know if any other Scouters have similar ideas on this subject.

J.J.CROTTY

A.S.M. 14th Lewisham Scouts

Dits and Dahs

DEAR EDITOR,

I have read with interest the article on signalling, "Dits and Dahs," in the January SCOUTER, and although only an amateur signalman, I would venture to disagree with the writer's advocacy of the buzzer as being better than the lamp for teaching Morse.

Of what practical use is the buzzer? None, unless the two stations are wired together, or you want to listen to Morse on the radio. The lamp, on the other hand, is the only practical means of night signalling, and is eminently useful. When we are out with the rocket apparatus at a shipwreck in a gale of wind and rain, what could we do with a buzzer? But the lamp gives us immediate contact with the wreck. Also, what about night stunts out of doors with the Troop? There is much more incentive to learn if what you teach has obvious practical use.

It must be remembered, too, that training the ear to read the buzzer does not at the same time teach the eye to read the lamp.

So I would urge concentration on the lamp from the beginning, and regard the buzzer as merely a fancy accomplishment for later on.

In practising with the Morse lamp indoors it is best to have a very small light to avoid eye-fatigue; a cardboard diaphragm with a small hole in it serves the purpose; and a better idea of distance can be obtained by signalling into a mirror at the far end of the room and reading back from it.

As regards the point about the buzzer-reader being able to read and write at the same time whereas the lamp-reader cannot, this is easily overcome by providing the latter with a scribe.

I wonder if the writer has ever practised Semaphore on the face? The nose is the pivotal point, and the letters are made by putting the fingertips on the appropriate points on chin, cheeks and brow. This can be carried on in two armchairs and requires no space, besides being good fun and excellent practice.

It is quite a good idea to have a large poster with a picture of a ship on the wall, puncture a small hole at the masthead and wire up behind it a lamp connected to the Morse-set.

Another point; when are we going to get some uniformity into our procedure? Scouting is an International Movement, so surely we should adopt the International Code as our standard. Call up in Morse with a succession of A's in pairs, answer by a succession of T's, and end of message AR. Call up in Semaphore by waving the flags in the position of letter U, answer C, end of message AR.

Forget YE altogether, except to be aware of it as a possible call-up by somebody who does not know the International Code.

Also, when sending a letter in Semaphore which involves holding a flag vertically over the head, e.g., D and T, it is a common and erroneous practice to bend the elbow of the vertical arm instead of holding it up straight. The flag is meant to be seen, so why not hold it up as high as possible? The elbow should never be bent in Semaphore.

J. BRUCE WILLIAMSON.
A.D.C., South Wight.

Queen's Scouts

DEAR EDITOR,

Are we to assume from previous correspondence that the majority of us are in agreement in carrying out our Senior Scout training in the under 15 section in order that we may have the possible distinction of gaining a Queen Scout on his fifteenth birthday or as soon after as possible. No doubt we could all make exceptional cases, but if these are likely to be as common as is being suggested, is it not time I.H.Q. raised the standard.

Comparison has been made with the King Scout badge in the days before the Senior Scout and the present badge system were evolved. In view of the changed conditions and standards, this cannot be a fair comparison. Bushman's Thong in those days was a rarity and not a qualification for the King Scout badge. I never remember seeing a King Scout certificate presented though I was connected with a troop that gained several King Scout badges.

These letters praising the gaining of a Queen Scout badge at an early age are a grand opportunity for those who wish to start Rovers at 16, Seniors at 13. Why not raise the Wolf Cub age and do away with the Boy Scout section. The Scouters so released can then be used to alleviate the shortage of Officers in the other sections. While we are at it, we can abolish the Second Class badge - thousands never get it - and so have more time to devote to higher badges.

M. ELDERS,
Badge Secretary, Gareshead.

Leakage

DEAR EDITOR,

The question of leakage has interested us a great deal since we lost only one boy in 1954 from the 70 Cubs that make up our three Packs, yet we were losing 75 per cent between 11 and 12 years.

We held our own inquiry and have tried to stem the loss and have had a great deal of success. Perhaps the two greatest moves were to send up the Cubs in batches and to put them in a special Patrol for the first few weeks and then to draft them out as they passed their Tenderfoot.

This got over the trouble of the Cub feeling lonely in his first few weeks. Secondly, we do not send any Cubs up during the six months preceding the Scholarship exams, thus they do not get an" later nights until they have sat for that important examination, and thus we have kept more when they do go up.

Is one thing we have done which is perhaps peculiar to our Group that we are starting a Boy Scout Troop in addition to our two Sea

Scout units so that a boy gets a choice of three nights and two forms of Scouting, as we found that we lost quite a number to a neighbouring Boy Scout Troop.

ERIC J. HORSEY,
Cubmaster, 1st Ilford North

"The Scout"

DEAR EDITOR,

I last wrote to you about *The Scout* on 18th September last, and my remarks were far from flattering! I also informed you that I was discontinuing my weekly order.

In all fairness, I must write again to you now to compliment you on the great improvement that has taken place recently in this magazine, and that on the strength of "sneaked" glances at several recent issues, I placed a new order with my newsagent two weeks ago.

I can honestly say that the paper, as far as I am concerned, has "regained its character," and is again a truly Scout magazine-and jolly good value - even though it's now 6d.!

Believe me I'm really glad to be able to write like this now, as I really was very disappointed in the "new" *Scout*, in the first few months of its existence. It really is a tip-top paper again on its present showing. Good show!

D. W. RIVERS
(a Scouter).

[Perhaps other Scouters would help the Movement, the boys - and "The Scout" - by having a look at a current number, and if they feel as Mr. Rivers does, might follow his fair and excellent example. - R.H.]



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D. W. RIVERS

(a Scouter).

Miss Bulman

DEAR EDITOR,

I feel I would like to pay a tribute to Miss M. B. Bulman, whose obituary notice you published in the March issue.

I first met her in June 1922 on a Course at Gilwell. She was already middle-aged and as I had my bed next to hers I was able to see how very tired she was at times and how pluckily she worked to keep up with us younger Cub Scouters. Although she was an experienced Scouter, and had done quite an amount of camping, she was not accustomed to camping without herself using a camp bed and folding chairs, etc. I am sure Camp Chief Gidney would have granted things for her greater comfort had she asked, but she scorned to ask favours. I am middle-aged myself now, and I realise, as I did not in 1922, how hard young Scouters can make things for the older person, though without any intention of hurting.

But Miss Bulman was no softie; she was tough enough to try out the most difficult things. She was a wizard with boys, and although no seeker of limelight or exhibitionist she was a person of whom one can feel that life was the richer for having known her.

At her passing I salute a very gallant gentlewoman.

E. M. JACKSON (Miss),

Hon. Sec., Southwark L.A.

Oji River Leper Settlement

DEAR EDITOR,

Some months ago you kindly published my letter asking for emblems for our Camp Fire Robe.

The response was beyond all expectation. We have had nearly two hundred from the British Isles, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

It looks as though much of our work in the robe will be covered with emblems. We are sending a letter to every one who sent their names and addresses (copy enclosed). There were however a few who inserted names only. Would you therefore please say, thank you, "Nдалu" through your column.

We are indeed grateful to you all,

A. F. C. SAVORY, J.P.,

Regional Scout Commissioner

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

I.H.Q. APPOINTMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

Appointment

Headquarters Commissioner for Schools - Brigadier G. P. Crampton, O.B.E., M.C.

Resignations

Headquarters Commissioner for Education - J. Hood Phillips, M.A.
Assistant Headquarters Commissioner for Education - Brigadier G. P. Crampton, O.B.E., M.C.

The Committee of the Council places on record its deep appreciation of the outstanding contribution which Mr. Hood Phillips has made to Scouting.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY SCOUTS' OWNS

At this time of the year, I.H.Q. receives many enquiries from Groups and Districts for advice about Scout funds which might benefit from collections at Scouts' Owns.

Special objects which are suitable for these gifts are: Roland House, the B.-P. Memorial Fund, the Benevolent Fund.

Roland House is particularly deserving of consideration this year.

BLAZER BADGE

An official Scout Blazer Badge has been authorised by the Committee of the Council, and is now available on sale, through Badge Secretaries, at a price of 3s. 6d.

C. C. GOODHIND,

Administrative Secretary

NOTES AND NEWS

APRIL COVER

This month's cover is by Peter Pridham of East Molesey and was taken by the River Wey at Guildford. (Compare January cover.)

HELD OVER

We regret that owing to shortage of space we have been unable to include "Hurrying Feet" and "Dits and Dahs - III" in this issue. We hope, however, they will appear next month.

NATIONAL SOAP BOX DERBY 1955

If your Group has entered for this event of course you and every other member of the Group will want to come along to the Semifinals and cheer your car to victory.

But if your Group is not racing a car your Scouts will enjoy seeing the fun.

Here are the dates and places of the Semi-Finals:- June 11th Midlands Semi-Final at Nottingham.

June 18th Northern Ireland Semi-Finals at Bangor, N. Ireland.

June 25th London and Home Counties at Crystal Palace.

July 2nd North-West Area Semi-Finals at New Brighton.

July 9th South-Western Semi-Finals at Weston-super-Mare.

July 16th North-East Area Semi-Finals at Leeds.

Racing starts at 2 p.m. and there is nothing to pay. Why not make up a coach party and bring your Scouts, their parents and friends to one of these events.

By the way, there is still just time for your Group to send in an entry for this year's Soap Box Derby. The closing date for entries is April 30th.

And, if you have entered, you will make sure your car is ready in time, won't you?

FARMING CAMPS

Concordia (Youth Service Volunteers) have just published their summer programme of Farming Camps for 1955. Volunteers wishing to attend these camps should be between the ages of 16-25. Camps are being held in various agricultural areas of Great Britain and Europe.

Any members of the Movement requiring further information about these camps can do so through this Headquarters or by writing to The Recruitment Officer, "Concordia," 38a King's Road, Sloane Square, London, S.W.3.

TRAINING HOLIDAYS

The Central Council of Physical Recreation has a National Recreation Centre at The Royal Hotel, Capel Curig, which has been made possible by the King George VI Foundation.

The Centre will accommodate 50 and is very comfortable. Instruction is given in hill-walking, climbing, mobile camping and canoeing, etc. The cost is £6 10s. 0d. per week which covers full board and instruction.

Certain holidays are for 15-18 age group and some for 17-30 age group.

Full details of Training Holidays in Snowdonia may be obtained from the General Secretary, The Central Council of Physical Recreation, 6 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

"LET'S RUN AN EXPEDITION!"

The series of articles under the above title which appeared in THE SCOUTER last year has now been reproduced in a booklet which can be obtained from M. M. Dybeck, Brathay Hall, Ambleside, price 1s. 3d. post free.

I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS FOR MAY

1st	Jersey
7th	Flintshire Annual General Meeting
7th/8th	Suffolk Cub Palaver, Felixstowe
14th	South Staffs Annual General Meeting and Scouters' Conference
14th/14th	Bristol Rover Moot
14th/15th	South-East Lancashire Annual Meeting
21st	Monmouthshire Scout and Guide Rally
21st	Surrey Annual Meeting
22nd	Midland Counties Rover Moot, Kidderminster
28th	Band of Hope Centenary Celebrations, London
29th	Liverpool County Camp, Tawd Vale
30th	Derbyshire County Rally

B.-P. Guild Visits

14th Sussex Annual General Meeting, Brighton
22nd Suffolk County Meeting.

CHRISTMAS CARD COMPETITION: RESULTS

Class A

1st Prize £6 6s. 0d.: Rowland Acres, 93 Uvedale Road, Ennfield, Middx.

2nd Prize £3 3s. 0d.: Miss Betty F. Hopkins, 42 Ringwood Avenue, West Croydon, Surrey.

3rd Prize £1 1s. 0d.: Mrs. Marguerite Howarth, Appletreewick, West Byfleet, Surrey.

Class B

1st Prize £6 6s. 0d.: D. Young, 1 Axtane, Southfleet, Gravesend, Kent.

2nd Prize £3 3s. 0d.: Mrs. V. Hope-Smith, 12 Scotsdale Close, Cheam Village, Surrey.

3rd Prizes £1 1s. 0d. each: NI. J. Levitt, 36 Hathersage Road, Lambwath Road, Hull; Miss Margaret Foulds, 103, Briarhill Road, Prestwick, Ayrshire, Scotland.

Class C

No entry received sufficient points to qualify for a prize.

BRITISH SCOUTS IN WESTERN EUROPE

It is proposed to hold a "Get together" camping weekend at Gilwell Park on 17/18th September for all Rovers and Scouters of British Scouts in Germany and British Scouts in Western Europe.

Will anyone who is interested and can spare the time, please turn up and enquire for the camp site.

COUNTY EVENTS

April 30th	Wiltshire Annual Rover Moot, Devizes.
May 7th/8th	Huntingdonshire Cycle Hike.
May 21st	Huntingdonshire Scout Rally.
June 4th/5th	Huntingdonshire Camping Competition.
June 11th/12th	2nd North-West Kent Rover/Ranger Conference.
June 25th	Huntingdonshire Wolf Cub Rally.

BADGE COURSES

The following courses have been arranged at Chalfont Heights Scout Camp during 1955:- Mapmaker April 30th/May 1st. Fee 1/6.

Weatherman	May 7th/Sth. Fee 1/6.
Meteorologist	May 14th/15th. Fee 1/6.
Pioneer	June 4th/5th and June 11th/12th (two WE.). Fee3/-.
Observer/Stalker	July 9th/10th. Fee 1/6.
Tracker	July 16th/17th. Fee 1/6.

All applications should be addressed to the Bailiff, Chalfont Heights Scout Camp, Denham Lane, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

HISTORIC CHURCHES PRESERVATION FUND

During the war almost all the work of maintaining our old Churches, of whatever denomination, had to be suspended, and the fabrics have deteriorated rapidly. The Historic Churches Preservation Fund, under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, has been formed to raise at least £4,000,000 over a period of ten years to supplement what local people can do to collect funds for this excellent purpose. Already, over four hundred churches have been helped, but it is estimated that nearly 2,000 historic parish churches still need help.

The Chief Scout is sure that many Scout Groups will like to take the opportunity to send a contribution for this object. A national campaign is to be launched during the week commencing May 2nd. If any Scout Group would like to make a contribution during that week or at any other time, from their Bob-a-job fund or by making a special effort, the money should be sent to The Historic Churches Preservation Trust, Fulbam Palace, London, S.W.6.

AWARDS FROM 30th DECEMBER, 1954, TO 26th JANUARY, 1955

“CORNWELL SCOUT” BADGE

J. M. Lamb, Senior Scout, 6th Stockton (St. Paul's Church): E. W. Walls, Scout, Lord Mayor's Own, York.

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

CERTIFICATE FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT

B. S. Gower, Scout, 1st Home. Malza. G.C.

“In recognition of his courage, cheerfulness and devotion to duty despite a great handicap.”

GILT CROSS

Ahmad Nunsu bin Mahali, Scout, Kent College Training Troop, North Borneo.

“In recognition of his gallantry in saving a child from drowning in a river and applying artificial respiration, Tuaran, North Borneo, 5th September, 1954.”

H.J.Spencer, Scout, 16th Southampton (St. Denys).

“In recognition of his gallantry in attempting to rescue a youth who drowned in the River Itchen, Southampton, 26th September. 1954.”

R. F. Zelli, Scout, 25th Croydon (St. Josephs R.C. College).

“In recognition of his gallantry in saving a Scout from being swept over a weir and drowned, Riter Dart, Buckfast Abbey, 2nd August, 1954, and on a previous occasion assisting a non-swimmer who was swept out of his depth..”

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GALLANTRY)

P. H. Gough, Scout, 61st Glasgow (St. Margaret's).

“In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in saving a boy from drowning in the Pollokshaws Baths, Glasgow, 13th October, 1954.”

W. Richardson, Wolf Cub Sixer, 57th Hackney.

“In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in assisting to save his younger brothers and sister when their house caught fire. He received severe burns on the hands in trying to control the blaze. Clapton Park, London, 9th October, 1954.”

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT

Yorkshire Central. - G. W. G. Cast, D.C., Harrogate and Nidderdale District, G.S.M., 17th Harrogate; E. C. Little, D.C., Leeds North Vvesl:

R. D. Milner, A.D.C., Leeds South West; in. A. Robertson, A.C.C.

“In recognition of their further outstanding services to the Scout Movement.”

MEDAL OF MERIT

Imperial Headquarters. - F. A. Allan, Bailiff, Frylands Wood; Sir Charles in. Hambro, K.B.E., M.C., President, Bank of England Scout Society; J. Olden, Office Manager, Publicity Dept., I.H.Q., G.S.M., 4th Boreham Wood; G. H. Powell, Senior Clerk, Warrant Dept., I.H.Q.; K. H. Stevens, Camp Chief's Deputy, Gilwell Park.

International.

Luxembourg. - G. J. Kremer, Commissioner, Echternach.

“In recognition of their outstanding services to the Scout Movement.”

Bristol. - A. W. Bryant, Chairman, Downs; M. G. Phillpott, D. C., Ashley Road.

Cheshire East. - F. L. Haworth, Chairman, Stockport, County Chairman.

Derbyshire. - Mrs. J. M. Camp, CM., 125th Derby (Littleover Methodist); Mrs. D. M. Greasby, CM., 14th Chesterfield, D.C.M., Chesterfield; T. W. Ordish, SM., 35th Derby (St. Alkmund's), D.S.M., Derby and District; C. F. Wilkins, G.S.M., 99th Derby (Dunkirk).

Devon. - Rev. E. in. Blackmore, D.C., No. 7 District.

Hampshire. - Miss M. Bainbrigg, SM., 6th Eastleigh (1st Chandlersford).

Herefordshire. - G. B. Coombs, G.S.M., 1st Bromyard; Miss E. M. Griffiths, CM., 4th Hereford; Rev. S. W. E. Jones, G.S.M., 4th Hereford; G. W. Russell, Chairman, Hereford City; R. S. Thomas, D.C., Ross.

Jersey. - P. W. Grinstead, formerly D.C., Jersey District. Lancashire **North East.** - J. C. Jennings, CM., Duckworth Street Congregational, D.C.M., Darwen and District.

London. - E. R. Amies, G.S.M., 20th Finebley, D.S.M., Finchley; in. C. Glander, G.S.M., 13th West Ham (West Ham Church); W. C. Hewitt, A.D.C. (Senior Scouts), Finebley; T. D. House, A.D.C., Finshury; S. A. Mitchel, G.S.M., 12th Camberwell; Rev. D. A. Rooke, M.A., G.S.M., 45th West Ham; Miss L. M. Searle, CM., 6th Enfield (St. Luke's).

Northampton. - Miss N. M. Brewster, C.M., 18th Northampton (St. Sepulchres); E. M. Cherry, G.S.M., Weedon, D.S.M., Daventry and Weedon; Mrs. V. L. Farrell, C.M., 30th Northampton (Abington Avenue); H. Lovitt, G.S.M., 6th Northampton (Admitt Road); W. in. Roberson, G.S.M., 1st Towcester; G. H. Winter, G.S.M., 4th Kettering (London Road Church, Stockburn), A.D.C., Kettering District.

Northumberland. - W. Bolt, A.D.C., Seaton Valley; R. W. Dyer, G.S.M., 1st Westmoor, D.S.M., Benton and District; N. Harris, Hon. Secretary, Borough of Tynemouth; E. Hart, G.S.M., 1st Cramlington (Modern School), A.D.C., Seaton Valley; A. E. Hendry, G.S.M., 51st Newcastle upon Tyne (Bushy Park); G. W. Kirkup, G.S.M., 5th Hirst (St. Andrew's); G. Newton, G. S.M., 1st Seghill (Colliery), A.D.C., Seaton Valley; in. T. Potts, G.S.M., 4th Ashington (St. Mary's); G. L. Rickaby, G.S.M., 14th Newcastle upon Tyne (St. Paul's); H. S. Simpson, AstS. Commissioner (Rover Scouts), City and County of Newcastle upon Tyne.

Nottinghamshire. - W. in. C. Parker, D.C., Nottingham (Walesby Forest Division) Asst. D.C.C.

Sussex. - L. D. Holman, S.M., 2nd Crowborough; Miss E. M. Kelsey, C.M., 1st Wadhurst; G. R. Lane, G.S.M., 1st Horam; Rev. G. MacKenzie, M.A., M.B.E., T.D., A.D.C., Chanctonbury District, County Chaplain.

Yorkshire Central. - Mrs. D. E. Bowtle, Hon. Secretary, Harrogate and Nidderdale District; E. H. Dewhurst, D.C., Leeds North; W. H. Jackson, S.M., St. Joseph's, D.C., Castleford District; Mrs. V. Jobbins, C.M., 1st SE. Leeds (Bourne Methodist).

Yorkshire

North Riding. - H. K. Thurston, D.C., East Cleveland; Cal. H. W. L. Wailer, D.S.O., M.C., A.C.C. (Rover Scouts).

Yorkshire East Riding. - W. Fox, G.S.M., Salvation Army (South West Hull).

Wales.

Cardiff. - C. E. Boobver, A.C.C.: T. E. A. Evans, D.C., Cardiff North East; R. F. Grandin, G.S.M., 64th Cardiff (1st Fairwater); H. Walpole, A.C.C.

Scotland.

Berwick-on-Tweed. - R. S. Holmes, D.C., Berwick-on-Tweed District.

Glasgow. - W. B. Beith, A.D.C. (Scouts), Southern; H. Burnside, G.S.M., 34th Glasgow, D.S.M., South Eastern; in. C. Holland, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Eastern; T. C. Johnstone, S.M., 60th Glasgow (St. Barnabas), D.S.M., Eastern; N. McEachran, D.C., North Eastern; D. Robertson, Hon. Secretary, Southern.

Lanarkshire. - Miss S. T. Atkin, C.M., 90th Lanarkshire (2nd Coatbridge), A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Coatbridge; Mrs. S. M. R. Moore, C.M., 36th Lanarkshire (3rd Shotts, Erskine Church), A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Shotts and District.

Morayshire. - R. M. Low, D.C., Eastern District.

Perthshire. - P. M. Simpson, A.S.M., 24th Perthshire (Stanley), A.D.C., Perth Landward (North); D. B. Taylor, G.S.M., 64th Perthshire Invergowrie.

Ross and Cromarty. - D. Strachan, G.S.M., 2nd Ross-shire (St. Duthus, Tam), D.C., Easter Ross.

West Lothian. - R. in. Mitchell, C.M., 16th West Lothian (Whitburn, St. Andrew's).

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

AWARDS MADE BY THE CHIEF SCOUT OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE TO THE CEYLON BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION.

SILVER CROSS

Beligaha Mullege Piyaratana, Patrol Second, Vidyaloka Vidyalaya.
"In recognition of his gallantry and resourcefulness in constructing a raft and making flee trips in dangerous floods to rescue a woman and four children marooned in their home, Kadjugasduwa, Ceylon, 28th May, 1954."

SILVER ACORN

Sir James P. Obeyesekere, MA. (Cantab.), D.C., Gampaha.
"In recognition of his specially distinguished services to the Scout Movement."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT

R. C. S. Cooke, D.C., Jaffna; A. L. Dassenaike, A.D.C., Gampaha, Assl. Chief Commissioner (Rover Scouts).
"In recognition of their further out standing services to the Scout Movement."

MEDAL OF MERIT

C. B. A. Azoor, A.D.C., Colombo; A. P. Cosmas, A.D.C., Kurunegala; in. L. T. E. Dassenaike, Headquarters Commissioner; L. H. flangantileke, J.P., U.M., A.D.C., Anuradhapura.
"In recognition of their outstanding services to the Scout Movement."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GOOD SERVICES)

W. Balasuriya, J.P., D.C., Matura; C. Devasagayam, D.C., Kalutara; H. Goodchild, G.S.M., St. Paul's, Kandy; V. Jayaratnam, Field Commissioner, Northern Province; F. A. S. W. Perera, D.C., Galle; E. C. Prematileke, Hon. Secretary, Kandy District; in. E. Rajakarier, Hon. Secretary; R. A. Robin, D.C., Hatton-Nawalispitiya.
"In recognition of their good services to the Scout Movement."

WOOD BADGE COURSES 1955

In all Courses, age limits for the appropriate Warrant holders are as follows:

Pack Scouters, Eighteen years and over.
Troop Scouters, Twenty years and over.
Rover Scouters, Twenty-One years and over.

In each section, probationary Scouters of the appropriate age may be accepted.

Gilwell Park

Cub Courses

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

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 Course

No. 13 Saturday, July 9th—Saturday, July 16th
Applications to: Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, Chingford, E.4. London (Gilwell Park)

London (Gilwell Park)

Cub, 3 W.E. May 14th
Cub, 3 W.E. July 2nd
Cub, Cont. August 8th—13th
Scout, Cont. August 13th—20th
Scout, 5 W.E. Sept. 17th
Apply: The Secretary, London Office, 3 Cromwell Place, S.W.7

Scotland

Cub, 4 W.E. May 21st (Rowallan)
Cub, 4 W.E. June 4th (Fordell) (omitting June 11th/12th)
Cub, Cont. July 25th—30th (Fordell)
Scout, Cont. August 6th—14th (Fordell)
Apply: The Secretary, Boy Scouts Association, Scottish Headquarters, 44 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

Bedfordshire (Milton Ernest)

Cub, 4 W.E. May 14th (omitting Whitsun)
Scout, 5 W.E. May 7th (omitting Whitsun)
Apply: Capt. S. H. Starey, The Home Farm, Milton Ernest.

Birmingham (Yorks Wood)

Cub, 3 W.E. June 11th
Apply: (Cub) J. W. Hawtin, 31 Gilloit Road, Birmingham, 16.
(Scout) C. Raeburn, 36 Innage Road, Birmingham, 31.

Bristol (Woodhouse Park, Almondsbury)

Cub, 3 W.E. June 4th

Apply: A. C. Hone, 6 Greenacre Road, Knowles, Bristol.

Scout To be arranged.

Apply: W. G. Webber, 2 Ableton Walk, Sea Mills, Bristol.**Cheshire W. (Overelsurch)**

Cub, 3 W.E. May 14th (incl. Whitsun)

Apply: J. P. Hindley, 10 Warwick Drive, West Kirkby, Wirral.**Cumberland North and East (Grange-in-Borrowdale, Keswick)**

Scout, Cont. June 25th—July 3rd.

Apply: J. S. Dawson, 13 Cumwhinton Road, Carlisle.**Durham (Brancepeth)**

Scout, 5 W.E. June 4th

Scout, Cont. August 6th—14th

Apply: C. Rogers, Woodcroft, Seaview Park, Whitburn, Co.**Durham.**

Cub, 3 W.E. July 9th

Apply: A. Knox, Laureldene, Park Road, West Hartlepool.**Herts (Well End)**

Cub, 3 WE. June 11th

Apply: Harold Warren, 27 High Street, Ware.**Kent**

Cub, 3 WE. June 4th (Tovil)

Apply: O. C. Simmons, 127 Upton Road, Bexley Heath.

Scout, 4 W.E. April 30th (mci. Whitsun) (omitting May 14th/15th,

(Sevenoaks)*Apply:* F. J. Peters, 22 Warren Wood Road, Rochester.**Lancashire S.W. and Liverpool (Bisplam Hall)**

Cub, 3 W.E. May 7th

Apply: P. Walmsley, 52 Haishall Road, Birkdale, Southport.

Scout, 5 W.E. June 4th

Apply: C. E. Booth, 21 Fullwood Park, Liverpool, 17.**Manchester (Ryecroft)**

Cub, 3 WE. August 6th.

Apply: W. H. Banning, Gaddum House, Queen Street, Manchester, 2.**Middlesex**

Sea Scout, 3 WE. June 3rd (Osterley)

Cub, 3 W.E. 4th June (S.A. Youth Centre, Sunbury)

Scout, 3 W.E. May 6th (Elstree, assemble Friday evenings)

Scout, 3 W.E. Sept. 16th (Fistree, assemble Friday evenings)

Rover, 3 W.E. June 4th (Elstree)

Apply: J. A. Walter, Selwood, Cornwall Road, Hatch End.**Norfolk (Old Lakenham Hall)**

Cub, 1 long W.E. May 27th (Whissun)

Apply: W. J. England, 17 Churchill Road, Norwich.**Northumberland (Gosforth Park)**

Cub, 4 W.E. June 11th

Apply: Miss G. Peel, "Ullathorne," 9 Eaglescliffe Drive, Newcastle upon Tyne, 7.

Scout, 5 WE. Sept. 3rd

Apply: D. M. Paulin, Boy Scout Camps, Gosforth Park, Newcastle upon Tyne, 3.**Nottinghamshire (Walesby)**

Scout, Cont. June 11th—19th

Apply: J. N. Davey, B.S.A. Headquarters, Shakespeare St., Nottingham.**Shropshire (The Wrekin)**

Scout, Cont. July 30th

Apply: F. Tippet, Ellesmere College, Ellesmere, Salop.**Shropshire and North Wales (Weflington)**

Cub, 3 W.E. May 7th.

Apply: C. W. Berry, 98 James Way, Donnington, Salop.**South Staffordshire**

Cub, 3 W.E. Sept. 10th—11th (indoors at "The Mount," Penn Road, Wolverhampton).

Appls: Miss B. Overton, 92 Lower Villiers Street, Wolverhampton.

Scout, 5 W.E. August 27th—28th (omitting Sept. 10th—11th), at "Gay Hills," Lower Penn, Wolverhampton.

Apply: J. K. Davies, Chequers, 29 Patricia Avenue, Goldform Park, Wolverhampton.**Surrey (Bentley Copse)**

Cub, 2 W.E. May 21st (incl. Whitsun) Assemble 4 p.m., 27th

Apply: Miss R. Guggisberg, Trenowan, Tupwood Lane, Caterham.

Scout, 3 W.E. June 10th (assemble Friday evening)

Apply: J. L. Moore, 28 Campden Hill Court, W.8.

Scout, Cont. July 9th—16th

Apply: Rev. L. E. Whitlock, The Vicarage, St. James Road, Purley.**Sussex (Brighton)**

Cub, 2 W.E. May 28th (incl. Whasun)

Apply: C. H. Goddard, 48 Milton Drive, Southwick, Sussex.**Warwickshire (Rough Close)**

Rover, 3 WE. June 11th

Apply: P. W. Blandford, Newbold-on-Stour, Stratford-on-Avon.**Worcestershire (Kinver)**

Scout, S W.E. June 11th (omitting July 2nd)

Apply: David Fleming, 24 St. Peter's Road, Pedmore, Stourbridge.**Yorkshire Central (Bradley Wood)**

Cub, 2 W.E. May 21st incl. Whitsun)

Apply: Miss G. Barker, 17 Victoria Mount, Horsforth, Leeds.

Scout, 5 W.E. August 27th (omitting Sept. 17th)

Apply: John E. Wilson, Grinkle Dene, Linton, nr. Wetherby.**Yorkshire South (Hesley Wood)**

Cub, 3 W.E. May 7th

Apply: Miss M. Stephens, 3 Victoria Crescent, Barnsley.

Scout, 4. W.E. June 11th (assemble 10 a.m. Sat.)

Apply: J. Dorgan, 1 White Lane, Chapeltown, Sheffield.**Wales S.W.**

Scout, 5 WE. June 4th (Silver Cross Camp, Penllergaer)

Apply: Frank Thomas, 57 Glanmor Road, Swansea.**Northern Ireland**

Scout, 3 WE. June 3rd—5th (assemble Friday) Cub, 3 W.E. August 13th—14th

Apply: Ernest Moore, Northern Ireland Scout Council, 50, Dublin Road, Belfast.

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

Welcome to Wiltshire for the Annual Rover Moot, April 30th—May 1st, at Devizes. Many new speakers; all meals provided. Programmes from R. T. Kemp, 31 Brittox, Devizes, Wilts. (S.A.E. please.)

Bristol Rover Moot 1955, May 14th/15th. Tod Sloan, Cecil Potter, Ron Holman, H. L. Bullock, etc. Meals catered for. Applications to D. Chandler, 452 Fishponds Road, Fishponds, Bristol.

Midland Counties Rover Moot. This will take place at Spring Grove, Bewdley, Worcestershire (adjoining Rhydd Covert, Kidderminster), on May 21st and 22nd. Applications to Scout Office, Bank Buildings, Cross, Worcester, by May 1st.

Manchester/S.E. Lancashire Joint Rover Moot, May 21st/22nd, at Philips Park, Prestwich. Programmes from S.E. Lancs County Office, Gaddum House, Queen Street, Manchester, 2.

1st Braziers Park Group Reunion, June 4th/5th at Youlbury, Berks. All Wood Badge holders in Berks, Bucks, Oxon and Wilts are entitled to attend, also any who took Part I at Youlbury. Particulars from Miss H. R. Shelah, 165 St. Peter's Rd., Reading, before May 20th.

Come to the 2nd N.W. Kent Rover/Ranger Conference, June 11th/12th. Information and hooking forms from W. Hunns, 45 Percy Road, Bexleyheath.

Somerset County Rover Moot, June 18th/19th. S.A.E. to P. Merriman, Officers' Mess, R.A.F. Locking, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset.

"Moot on the Move," June 25th/26th. Gloucestershire invites you to their Annual Moot. True roving Rovering. Programmes available from Moot Secretary, W. B. Rhodes, 14 Cheltenham Rd., Winchcombe, Glos.

The 1955 Northumberland Rover Moot will be held at Blagdon, Northumberland, July 2nd and 3rd. Further details from S. Cox, 83 Appletree Gardens, Newcastle upon Tyne, 6.

Eastern Counties Rover Moot, July 16th 17th, Hallowtree, near Ipswich, Suffolk. Apply Don Skeates, 88 Westfield Road, Ipswich.

Senior Scout Expedition run by Oxford University Rovers, Darimoor, July 30th—August 13th. S.A.E. to N. Napper, Hertford College, Oxford.

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.

Cornaa Beach and Valley camp sites. Every amenity. Particulars from Shimmin, Glen Mona Stores, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

Camping. City of Nottingham Boy Scouts Association camp site of 250 acres woodland and open country, near Sherwood Forest. Particulars from the Warden, Walesby Forest, Nr. Newark, Notts.

Camping? Come to Hopehill, the Gravesend and District Camping and Training Ground, situated on the North Downs at Meopham, Kent (51/637642). Good camping in beautiful surroundings. Ideal for map reading exercises, wide games, badge work and nature study. Cub camping. Enquiries welcomed by the Warden, A.D.C. H. Bennett, ("Skipper"), 5 Moscow Road, Gravesend, Kent.

Young S.M. requires accommodation in the Birmingham area. preferably phone and garage. Box 202, THE SCOUTER.

Scouter, 23, urgently requires homely accommodation S.E. London area. Away most week-ends. Write Box 203, THE SCOUTER.

EMPLOYMENT

Full-time resident Warden, male communicant C. of E. required for country Youth House, Scotland. A responsible post in a Christian atmosphere. Apply to Secretary, R.C.C., 13 Drunisheugh Gardens, Edinburgh, 3.

The Church Army offers a Free Two-Year Course of Training, with small allowance, to suitable keen Christians, between the ages 18—33: Church of England Communicants. After training, a salaried post is found as an officer in the Church Army (Mission Vans, Parish Workers, in Youth Centres and Men's Hostels, etc.). Apply to Captain J. Benson, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

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

Resident Supervision Officer (single) required for Ashbourne Lodge Remand Home, Winchester (max. 24 boys). The duties are to assist the Superintendent in training boys. Candidates should be interested in games and hobbies and should be able to instruct in Handicrafts, particularly woodwork. Salary: £410 x £15-£470 p.a. less £108 pa. for board and lodging. Application forms from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

Handyman/Gardener required at small boarding home for maladjusted boys. Wage £6.15.2. for a 44 hour week. A small cottage is available at a weekly rental of 10/-, the tenant to pay for rates and other services. Permanent superannuable post subject to satisfactory medical examination. Apply by letter to: The Warden, Nortonthorpe Hall, Scissett, Nr. Huddersfield.

London—Assistant priest wanted. Industrial suburb. Scouter particularly welcomed. Parish Communion. Diocesan scale with N.H. Insurance, and telephone. House free. Box 201, THE SCOUTER.

PERSONAL

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

Cord Shorts by Dover have been reduced in price for the next 3 months to enable you to buy now ready for the season ahead. S.A.E. for patterns to Ossie Dover, "The Cycling Tailor," 160 Kensington, Liverpool, 7. Phone: Anfield 1683.

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If you are camping on the shores of Morecambe Bay this summer, we have Branches at Silverdale, Arnside, and Grange, and can cater for your needs. Inquiries invited to Carnforth Co-operative Society Ltd., New Street, Carnforth, Lanes.

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

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When camping in the Launceston area, Cornwall, why not let an old C.M. supply your needs in Groceries, Provisions, etc. We shall be pleased to hear from you. R. W. Allen & Son, 5 Newport Square, Launceston.

Talking Film Shows. With reference to our advertisement in the March issue please note change of address: F. Burton, 8 Overton Court, Overton Drive, Wanstead, E.11. Tel.: Wanstead 6202.

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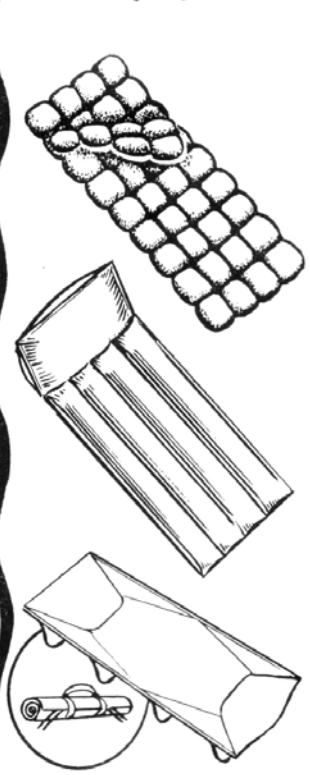
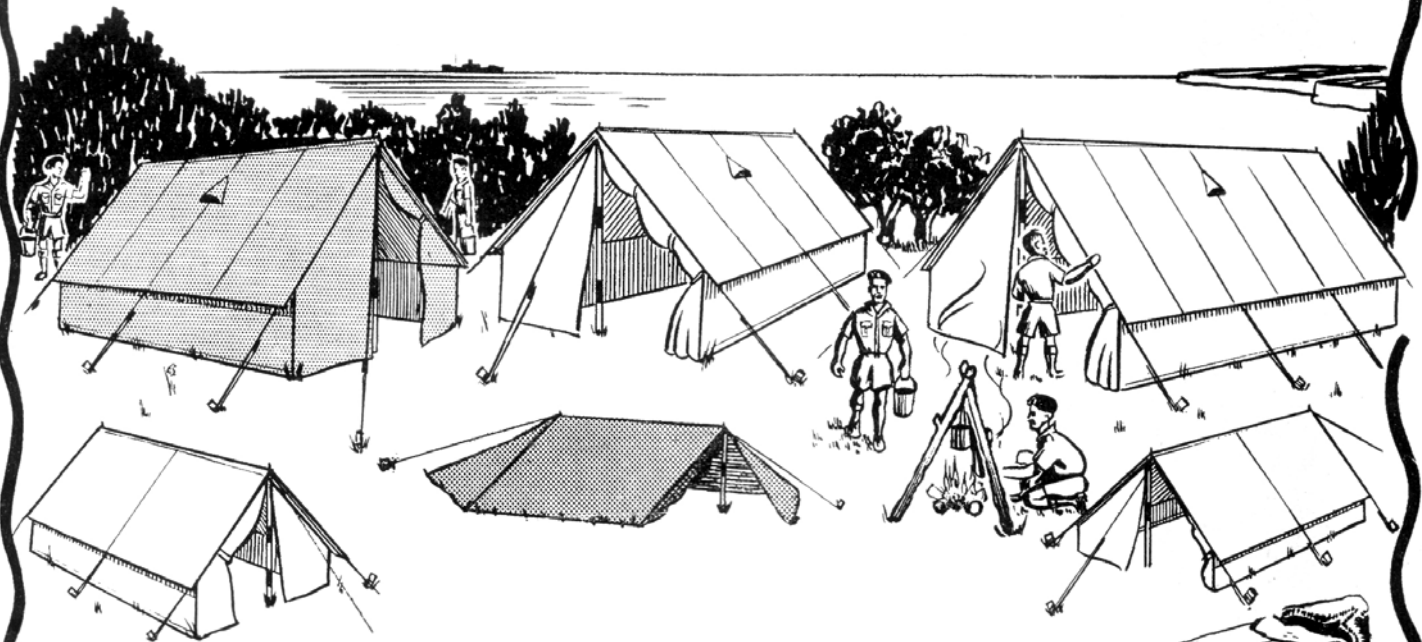
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