

# *The* SCOUTER



*June 1955*

*9d*

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**STRAIGHT**



**FROM THE PACKET!**



## THE OUTLOOK

By THE CHIEF SCOUT

It seemed quite strange when the old familiar refrain appeared on my desk once more: "Your Outlook is required by May 9th." I was just beginning to lie back after the Windsor Parade, the County Commissioners' Conference and the Queen's Scouts Reception at Gilwell.

Well, well, all good things come to an end and I am most grateful to all who have made this long holiday possible and given me a chance to make a full recovery. Sir Rob Lockhart relieved me of "The Outlook," and how much I have enjoyed reading it rather than writing it. Everybody at I.H.Q. has cut my mail to a minimum and I am fully recovered.

The County Commissioners' Conference was full of good stuff and at it we gave the new Chief Commissioner for Scotland a good try-out in the chair. His ancestor fought at Bannockburn and he conquered the English again and made firm friends of all who heard him. Of course the interim Report on Leakage could not be expected to be more than an Interim Report, but when Dennis Smith, who is the Chairman of the Committee, said no revolutionary changes appeared necessary, I could not help thinking that a revolutionary change at heart would do a lot of good. That change would be that we should stop talking about the Patrol System and the Group System, and start to use them in our Scouting as B.-P. told us to do, and as everybody who has kept his boys successfully has done. Look again at the figures of Troops where separate training is given P.L.'s, where P.L.'s meet with their Patrols apart from Troop meetings, and where the Group Council meets regularly and often.

Last year I wrote about the Competition for an adventure journey or activity for a prize given by two grand Scouters.

I wrote about it several times and so did others. What was the result? One entry from South Africa, one from Liverpool. What nonsense it makes of all our talks about adventure, doesn't it? It has been decided to have a break of a year and then try again in 1957, the Centenary year. People come along with ideas to help us and we give them a slap in the face. The only entry from all our Seniors! Is it just that nobody heard about it or that nobody cares? There are a couple of raspberries and I hope they splash you!

But there are lots of Scouters who are doing a really magnificent job: for example, the ones who trained that splendid band of young fellows who on a glorious afternoon marched past their Queen and in St. George's Chapel renewed their Promise. At long last we seem to have eliminated the clever boy of 15 years and one month who can pass almost any examination on his head. People have realised that the Queen's Scout Badge, the summit of achievement, cannot really be earned by those who by their lack of experience must lack the maturity, spiritual, mental and bodily, which we should be able to find in one who wears the Queen's Insignia.

There is no doubt whatsoever that the Movement is gaining immensely in prestige by this change, and no one could fail to be impressed with those who made such a brave show this year.

The West window of St. George's was never so lovely as when, with the sun streaming through that curtain of colour, it formed a background to the character on the faces of those young men.

This same maturity was markedly evident at the Queen's Scouts Reception at Gilwell when 900 were present.

Not only were they physically fine specimens of Scouting, but after Brig. Bernard Fergusson, of Chindits' fame, had finished his talk and asked for questions the bowling was so fast and accurate that most of us would have had our stumps shattered first ball. That he was able, on the spur of the moment, to give satisfying answers to questions such as "Is modesty a necessary quality in a Leader?" is a tribute to his ability. He was not satisfied that he had really answered them all as he would have liked to do and has offered to expand those answers in an article for THE SCOUTER. We shall all look forward to reading it. Col. Spencer Chapman last year, Brig. Fergusson this: where do we go next?

One of those who was representing me in the distribution of the Royal Certificates and was tremendously impressed said to me that the thing that really amazed him, apart from that maturity of which I have spoken, was the way the programme was arranged to an exact timetable which worked. Of course when you start with 900 Queen's Scouts it does help a great deal, but what a magnificent job those responsible for this weekend did and how much more punctual, and consequently courteous, the Scouts were.

Yes, we are making progress. We are finding more and more Scouters who put B.-P.'s ideas into practice. If only those who I say "But my boys are different" I would give "Scouting for Boys" a trial we should really "go places."

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There are some people whom once seen you can never forget. Such a one was the Earl of Gowrie.

His slim, erect figure and outstanding good looks were familiar to those who attended the St. George's Day Services since the war. As a young officer in the militia he won the Victoria Cross in the Sudan in 1898, served through the South African War, was A.D.C. in Australia, served again with great distinction and bravery in 1914-18, was Governor of South Australia and New South Wales and finally one of the best-loved Governor-Generals that the Commonwealth of Australia has ever known. He knew B.-P. and was one of his most fervent admirers and supporters of Scouting both in Australia and in this country to which he returned as Deputy Constable of Windsor Castle. He took the salute himself one year when none of the members of the Royal Family could attend and genuinely looked forward to the Parade and each year marked with delight the progress that was made. He has "Gone Home" but we shall remember "a very parfait gentle Knight" whose charm and courtesy matched his courage and his bearing.

Yet another true Scout has gone, Sir Ralph Mortimer, who for over 30 years was a much beloved County Commissioner in Northumberland. A fine cricketer, he played for both Leicestershire and Northumberland County Cricket Clubs, and there was hardly a good cause in the North of England which did not find in him a staunch and active supporter. It was wonderful to see him among the Scouts. He seemed to know them all and they loved him to the end. For the past year or two he had been in ill-health but he still loved, when he was able, to be present at the Gang Shows and other big occasions. When he retired he was appointed Hon. County Commissioner and one of my own Chief Scout's Commissioners so that he should never feel he was out of it all.

To the Countess of Gowrie and to Lady Mortimer we send our prayers for God's comfort at this time, and our gratitude for their loving care of those two great servants of their country and Scouting whom we shall always remember with thankful hearts.

ROWALLAN.

## FINANCE

*A speech made at the County Commissioners' Conference*  
By S. J. L. EGERTON, Hon. Treasurer, Boy Scouts Association

It is felt that the Movement would be interested to know the membership of the Finance Committee.

The Chairman is Mr. P. A. Godfrey Phillips, himself a District Commissioner and Chairman of a world-famous firm, and the other members in alphabetical order are:

Mr. S. J. L. Egerton, Chairman of Coutts Bank and a Director of the National Provincial Bank.

Sir Harold Gillett, an ex-Sheriff of London, a Chartered Accountant, and a Director of many large companies.

Mr. C. C. Goodhind, Administrative Secretary at I.H.Q.

Mr. A. W. Hurl, Chief Executive Commissioner, I.H.Q.

Mr. Harold Legat, I.H.Q. Assistant Overseas Commissioner.

Mr. W. J. H. de W. Mullens, a member of the Council of the Stock Exchange and the Government Broker.

Mr. P. B. Nevill, a Chartered Accountant, and H.Q. Commissioner for Grants.

Mr. E. G. Rodman, a Senior Executive of Marks & Spencer Ltd.

Mr. J. V. Sheffield, a Director of many companies.

Mr. W. C. Williams, a District Commissioner, Company Director and Senior Partner of a well-known firm of estate agents.

It is I think appropriate that Finance should be the subject of this Session in this particular room, since Bishop Partridge, -after whom it is named, has established for all time in Church history a reputation as a financier of great ability. It was through his efforts and foresight that Church House came to be built. For this reason and as a compliment to the Bishop the architect has incorporated in the flintwork in the outside of the building a partridge, which you can see on the right of the door as you go out.

After considering what particular aspect of the Association's finances would be most likely to be of general interest to you, I have thought it well to confine my remarks to answering the following three questions:

- (1) From whence does our income come and how is it spent?
- (2) In what further way can I.H.Q. help the Movement and the Movement help I.H.Q.?
- (3) What should be the Movement's future financial policy in regard especially to help from outside?

It should be borne in mind, however, that any figures which I shall give you must of necessity be only approximate owing to the impossibility of producing accounts so close to the end of our year.

First then, our Income - this amounted in the year just ended to £91,000 and came from three main sources: (1) Rob-a-Job £45,083 net (i.e. after deductions), (2) Equipment Department £21,835, and (3) Investments and Rents £12,750.

Since the Rob-a-Job provides the Movement with just over half its income, it seems hardly necessary to stress the importance of it - I will be referring to it later on, but meanwhile as Treasurer I would like to say how tremendously appreciated is the hard work and energy displayed by you gentlemen and all those Scouters and Scouts under you in organising, year after year, this great work drive which results, as it does, in so notable an addition to our resources.

Now a word about the Equipment Department - our second source of income. Under the able management of General Walsh this is rapidly becoming, indeed has become, an important trading organisation.

In eight years its sales have doubled, having increased from £155,000 in 1946 to £300,000 in 1954. While 1955 promises to be another good year, General Walsh points out that any increase in turnover above £300,000 (and he is hoping for such an increase), will prove a great strain on his existing staff of 70 and the very limited space at his disposal.

Thirdly, our income from investments and rents.

The book value of our General Fund Investments as at March 31st last was £161,527 and the market value £180,955. These are disposed as follows:-

Fixed Interest Bearing Stocks..	..	58 per cent
Ordinary Shares .. ..	..	42 per cent

and I hope to increase this 42 per cent in the coming year.

At this point I would like to acquaint you with the good news heard a few months ago, that the Trustees of the King George VI Memorial Fund have given us £50,000 to be used as follows:

£5,000 for Overseas Bursaries (i.e. to send Scouters to the Commonwealth countries to enable them to study and work with Branches of the Movement there and to gain experience).

£2,500 - Short-term grant to be spent at £500 per annum.

£2,000 to be spent on training equipment for Gilwell.

£500 to be spent on training equipment for Fordell.

£40,000 - Long-term grant for permanent investment.

The income from the long-term grant, plus £500 per annum from the short-term grant, is estimated to provide £2,100 annually, and this sum is available for helping Leadership Training Schemes for Scouters and potential Scouters.

Of the £40,000 mentioned above, £30,000 has been invested in equities and the balance in fixed interest.

Rents from Equipment Department for their premises in Buckingham Palace Road and Clapham and interest from our Endowment Funds amount to about £3,000.

From what I have said above, it will be seen that, of our total income of £91,000, these three sources (Rob-a-Job, Equipment Department, and Investments and Rent) provide £79,000, to which must be added grants and subscriptions of £12,000.

Now how is this £91,000 spent?

In the year just ended, £47,000 was expended under the heading "Administration." This includes salaries, pensions, national insurances, provident fund, postage, telephone, stationery, audit fees. By far the largest single item in the above heading is that of salaries, which amounted to £31,750 for the year just ended, an increase of £1,690. The fact that over and above the normal increments the figure for last year includes some very modest increases for certain appointments approved by the Committee of the Council last December is a matter of particular satisfaction to me.

That they have been improved, albeit at a cost which will increase over the years, is to my way of thinking most right and proper. The fact that 88 people receive between them £31,750, i.e. an average of about £360 per head, surely supports the view that the Movement's money is in no way being squandered.

The second heading under which our income is spent is that of "Maintenance." This includes such items as rent and maintenance of properties, sinking funds, light and heat, repairs and renewals, and amounted to some £6,000 for last year.

The third and last heading is "General Expenses." These are likely to come to about £41,000. Of this £41,000, the salaries and expenses of twelve Field Commissioners and Travelling Commissioners take £15,000. For the current year this figure will be exceeded owing to the appointment of an additional Field Commissioner.

Then comes Gilwell and the training of Scouters which takes £10,000. This figure also will be exceeded for the current year owing to the appointment of an Assistant Camp Chief.

The remaining items on which our income is spent are:-

	£
International Bureau	2,600
Camping Grounds	5,500
Queen's Scout Receptions	1,000
Publicity - pamphlets, etc...	3,000
Indemnity Insurance	<u>3,500</u>
	<u>£15,600</u>

In what further way can I.H.Q. help the Movement and the Movement help I.H.Q.?

With regard to the first part of this question, no doubt you gentlemen can, and I hope will, make suggestions. I would mention, however, that there are a number of Special Funds from which grants can be made and, in case their existence is overlooked, this seems a good opportunity to give you details of them. The funds are as follows:

*Win. Johnson Yapp's Fund:* Available for boys to go to Jamborees, Meetings, Camps or other functions outside the United Kingdom and for the improvement of camp sites in the United Kingdom under the direct management of the Boy Scouts Association.

*Benevolent Fund:* Available for benevolent purposes.

*Carmarthenshire B.S.A.:* Income to be used for promoting of Scouting in Carmarthenshire.

*Charles Guy Knight Memorial Fund:*

To be used for the benefit of those who wish to attend training courses for Scouters and are not able to afford the full fee.

*Forster Memorial:* Interest to be used annually to help an individual Scout, if possible a Surrey Scout, in his training for a career.

*Lord Hyde Memorial:* To be used to enable Scouters who could not otherwise afford to do so, to attend training courses at Gilwell.

*Poor Groups Fund:* To assist poor Groups.

*International Friendship:* To assist United Kingdom Scout Groups acting as hosts to foreign Scout Groups.

To assist United Kingdom Scout Groups and individuals camping abroad.

*Marion Maude Robinson Fund:* To send Scouts overseas to places other than the Commonwealth, to promote friendship.

*Loans:* To help Groups start up, e.g. help in building huts, up to £300 may be loaned.

I see no merit in keeping large funds unused.

With regard to the second part of the question, How can the Movement help I.H.Q.?

I mentioned earlier that we rely very largely on the Equipment Department for our income.

Last year the Equipment Department increased its sales to the extent of £20,000. This was achieved thus:

	£
Wholesale to agents in the United Kingdom..	9,500
Export to agents overseas .. ..	.. 7,300
Own shops and retail post trade .. ..	.. 3,300

By reason of the discount, by no means negligible, which the Equipment Department has to allow its agents, it will be appreciated that if more Scout equipment could be bought through the I.H.Q. shops greater benefit would accrue to the Movement.

Therefore, in order to help I.H.Q., please buy as much Scout equipment as possible direct from I.H.Q. shops.

What should be the Movement's financial policy in regard to help from outside?

From our perusal of the Income and Expenditure Account, you will have observed that for last year no less than £79,000 out of a total income of £91,000 has been earned through our own efforts. You will have noted also that, after due consideration, the Committee of the Council is of the opinion that we should no longer look to the public to support the General Funds of the Association through periodic national appeals and that our policy should be one of self-support.

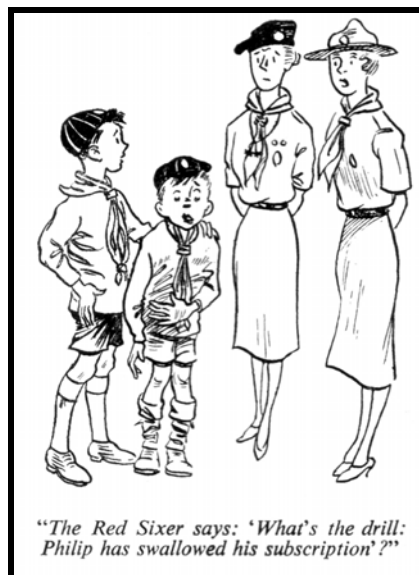
While I think it possible that the public would respond most readily at the present time to any appeal for funds which the Association might make, I doubt very much that it would continue to do so if called upon year after year. Many and varied are the calls on the pockets of all of us, and often it is that we have to decline to support the most deserving of good causes. If one large drive for funds from the public was envisaged let it be not forgotten that we should require £1,125,000 if we were to manage without Rob-a-Job.

It seems to me, therefore, to be rash to the point of folly to rely more than is absolutely essential on the charity of the outside world.

And not only unwise - it seems to me most inappropriate that an Association which professes to teach its members to be self-supporting should be content to rely on others when it comes to the question of financial support.

That we need outside help to a certain extent is as true as it is regretful and many and good are the friends who support us. Let us not, however, ask for one penny more than we really need, but strive instead to do our utmost to become self-supporting.

In Bob-a-Job we have a money spinner which, provided it is properly organised, as I hope and believe it is, should go far to enable us to pay our way. With continuance of effort from this source and increased support for and by our Equipment Department, I feel confident that it should prove possible in the years ahead for our budget to attain a balance.



# THE TOAST IS “THE MOVEMENT”

*Proposed at the Commissioners’ Dinner on April 22nd, by the Rt. Hon. Derick Heathcoat Amory, P.C., B.A., M.Y.,  
Her Majesty’s Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, and a Chief Scout’s Commissioner.*

I was delighted when I got this invitation from Fred Hurl to come and join respectable company for once. I did say in horror “What, me?” when he gave me the invitation, because I did wonder why in the world I should propose the toast of The Movement, and then I remembered the technique on these occasions and how useful it is to find a really black sheep to come and testify. Of course, then my past history came back to me in a flash and I remembered that after twenty years or so of comparatively harmless service in the Scout Movement I lapsed into politics.

Then as I went farther and farther down the slippery slope I was rescued by the formation of an Old Scout Branch in the Houses of Parliament, and so I am to testify to you this evening about my rehabilitation. I will testify, but I also want to do a bit of congratulating; and, you know, there is nothing we politicians like more than a chance of congratulating and saying nice things to people and trying to make them happy, particularly on the eve of a General Election! I hope I shan’t give you by mistake (this is the second speech I have made today) my Election address!

The Chief Scout tells me that you have no Press present tonight, which is an enormous relief to me because as a Minister one does find it a little inhibitive. It is not that they report you inaccurately: they unfortunately report you painfully accurately and when you read it in the paper next day it does look so different.

I heard a story of a Bishop who landed in New York the other day from this country. He was met by a group of reporters and the first question to him was, “Say, Bish, are you going to any Night Clubs while you are in New York?” The Bishop said, “Are there any Night Clubs in New York?” The headline in the paper next day, “The first question Bishop asks ‘Are there any Night Clubs in New York?’”

Well, now, Chief, I may as well come clean and tell my story. I first became a Scout Commissioner thirty-two years ago, and I want to tell you how it happened. It may sound familiar to some of you. The D.C. came to me and said, “I am going shortly to have a vacancy for an A.D.C., - mark you, a vacancy. “I have known you all your life and I would like you to have that vacancy.” Then he, of course, went on to say:

“It will mean very little time, very little time indeed. No technical knowledge is necessary at all. Your job will just be to select Scouters (mark you, select) and then just go and look them up occasionally. They will be delighted to see you.” I said, “Yes, well, I am very very busy indeed: I may not be able to get round and see them, but I suppose I could write to them.” Then this dear old gentleman said, “No, I wouldn’t advise you to write; Scouters can’t read or write.” Then he laughed in his merry way, I remember; but it was only later that the awful truth dawned on me that that is a fact. Then, I remember, he said, “You will get mad keen on it and in a few months’ time you will find yourself running a Troop.” I did find myself running a Troop in a few months’ time, but it wasn’t primarily because I was mad keen!

Time went on and the County Commissioner summoned me one day and said to me, “I want you to be my heir and successor.” The old gentleman was extremely well off. I was very much touched by that. I closed instantly. It was only a little later, when he told me that there was only one formality, would I call at the bank and sign the guarantee which was traditionally signed by the County Commissioner for the County Scout Funds, that I discovered he meant his heir strictly within the purview of P.O.R.

I wonder whether the technique is the same today of getting Commissioners. I would be very interested indeed to know. This was the thin end of the wedge with a vengeance. In those days, 1923 vintage, and that is going back some time, all the rage in the Scout Movement was the emphasis put on anti-militarism. It was of course soon after the end of the 1914-18 war. I remember we were told that we must at all costs make ourselves as unlike soldiers as we possibly could.

We succeeded beyond our wildest dreams. I think it has taken the efforts of all three Chief Scouts since then to restore the standards.

Well, now, some of my friends sometimes say, “You politicians do lead dogs’ lives.” Well, that is true. “And how in the world do you endure it?” And then I pull myself up and say, “I went through a Wood Badge Course and that taught me to endure anything.” I emerged from it fine-tempered steel.

What’s more, I once did a Sea Scouter’s Training Course. I was County Commissioner for Devon and I had a very keen A.C.C. for Sea Scouts at that time and he reminded me that in a County that had produced Raleigh and Drake it was quite essential that all Scout Commissioners should be, at heart at any rate, Sea Scouters. I fell into the trap, I remember, and we arranged a Training Course on one of the estuaries and we all assembled there one afternoon (on the edge, I was going to say, but there must be a more nautical term for it than that). There were I remember a row of galleys drawn up and all the Commissioners of Devon went aboard and there we sat in rows on thwarts (I think that is the word). We then rowed up and down the estuary all day. I don’t know how many banks of oars there were: the sides of the boats were so high we couldn’t look over them. I remember in the stern of the boat there was our mild A.C.C. standing there as a man possessed shouting “In, out,” and that sort of thing, as we went along. Later on I was a prisoner-of-war for some time but nothing I went through then approached the rigours of that Sea Scout Training Course.

I have tried to explain, Chief Scout, how I became hardy enough to be able to put up with nine years in the House of Commons. Now, in the evening of my life I am an Old Scout and we have in the Houses of Parliament a branch with over 100 members (you are a member, Chief Peter\* here is another) and we all get along very well. We are after all following the old Chief’s notion that when you start a Troop go to the place where the need is greatest. If you feel sometimes we interpret the Scout spirit in rather an odd way in the things we say to one another in the House, well, think how much worse we would be if we were not members of the Old Scout Brotherhood. At the moment all of us M.P.s have got very much in the forefront of our minds the Scout motto “Be Prepared.”

I have had two other associations recently with the Movement. I am glad to say the Chief let me go down and open a Jamboree for him last summer in the south-west of England, at Torquay, and I thoroughly enjoyed that. I felt rather like Rip Van Winkle, for there were some of my old Scouters of twenty years ago still soldiering on, and that did really make me feel what a wonderful Movement we have got, and how many staunch and loyal Scouters there are who year after year go on running their Troops and sticking to it through all difficulties and keeping steadily on their way. I saw there one of my comrades in the chain gang I have referred to, who was on that original Wood Badge Course.

My other association with the Movement, and still is (and here this may be the result of this Sea Scout Training Course), I now have a yacht on the Medway and I very often have Senior Scouts coming out to crew for me, and dam good crews they make too. I believe that the job of crewing on a boat is absolutely first-rate training for youngsters of about 16 and 17. My crew I have had for the last year or two have now mostly been called up, but if any Commissioner anywhere near the Medway has got any boys that he doesn’t want ever to see again, send them along and I shall be delighted to take them as crew, sometimes on Saturday afternoons and Sundays in the summer or during the summer holidays, because really I am amazed at how quickly they take to that game, and I believe it is good experience.

Now, I would like to say, more seriously, how delighted we superannuated Scouters are at the continued progress of the Movement. It is, of course, a tremendous tribute to the Chief here the way the Movement goes from strength to strength. How lucky we were to get him and how lucky we are to have him as head of the Movement today!

*\* The Present Lord Baden-Powell*

His name is known and greatly respected right throughout the Commonwealth and in many foreign countries too, and I do hope that we shall have the luck to keep him at the helm for as long as we possibly can.

And then our old friend Fred Hurl, who has been friend, guide and mentor to several generations of Scout Commissioners now. I remember in the early days whenever I was in a difficulty I used to write to Fred Hurl. I used to get a letter back, awfully polite and nice saying: "Thank you for writing. It was nice to get a letter from you and hear from you. Actually the answer to your question can be found in . . . of P.O.R." I never got a worse telling off than that.

I marvel at the way that, with all the present distractions that there are - and there are more and more every year, more and more alternative forms of occupation and enjoyment - the Movement maintains its hold on boys. I was reading the Report for last year and your figures, and I know figures aren't everything, and they aren't everything to the Chief here who rates standards much higher than numbers, but those numbers make most impressive reading. The whole way along, in every column, the figures for 1954 were a little bit up on 1953. I must say it made the Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food green with envy. I would like to borrow one of your statisticians for a short time to tell us how those sort of statistics are come at.

You know, this continued progress really is a tribute first of all, I am sure, to the genius of the old Chief. Every year that goes by emphasises how great and clear that genius was, and it is a great memory to have had the honour and pleasure of meeting and working under B.-P. But it is also a tribute, as I have said, to the outstanding success of the present Chief.

Thirdly, it is a tribute to the staunchness and loyalty of past and present generations of Scouters, and it is there I want to take off my hat to the present generation of Scouters of all ranks. I have been especially delighted with several developments as an old Scout Commissioner.

First of all at the development of the Senior Scouts. I used to think in days gone by that we attached not quite enough importance to the different age groups of boys. Well, now you are attaching importance to that and it is very nice when you see Senior Scouts about. I am still surprised at one thing (I have said this before many years ago) - I am surprised that you don't see more Patrols of Senior Scouts on cycles going out on cycling expeditions and camping expeditions. I would have thought that that was something that was a jolly good activity for them. Perhaps they do it and one just does not see them.

Secondly (and here before I say it I am going to make sure the Chief hasn't got his mallet with him any longer as he will probably hit me on the head), I personally am delighted to see the decline and fall of the Scout hat. I know it had some use. I think it was to ward off a mad dog or something. I have always, and I have never been ashamed to say so, even to the present Chief, been beret-minded, although I have never worn one myself.

I hesitate to make any suggestions at all, but as far as things sartorial go, now that boys have got more cash and that sort of thing, would it be possible to have something in the way of a coat a little more standardized - a windcheater perhaps or something like that? I think it would help to improve the appearance of a bunch of Scouts when they appear in public. Incidentally, it is a pity that one doesn't see more Scouts in uniform. That is not a criticism, it is just one of those things one wishes. It seems to me the number of Scouts you see does not bear any relation to the number of active Scouts that there are, quietly doing their stuff: the public too seldom see them.

Two bits of advice I have to offer, if I may humbly do so as layman now. First of all, let us never give up our independence as a Movement under any circumstances to anybody. For that I think is one of the essentials of the Scout Movement. Secondly, let's guard and value and develop the Patrol System because that, I believe, again is one of the real fundamentals.

What I would have liked to have done was to have given some advice, not to you active Scouters, but to retired Scouters like myself. I am going to give a bit of advice to myself, therefore. What I think we ought to do more than we are doing is to go out and remind the public of what the Movement is doing for the youth of our country.



"You meet some queer types in these places!"

I am sure we are not as articulate as we ought to be on that. Secondly, I think we ought to tell the public, and employers particularly, that they really ought to think a little more of the chap who, in addition to doing his ordinary job efficiently, is also doing a Scout job efficiently, than the chap who is just doing his ordinary job alone. The third thing we ought to do is to tell young people we come across that there are few jobs in this world better worth doing than service in the Scout Movement. Now, as far as the young people go that I run across today, I must say I think on the whole - and I am talking about young fellows of about National Service age - that they are more sensible, more knowledgeable, and better balanced than young fellows were of twenty or thirty years ago. The National Servicemen in the Services have earned since the war a first-rate reputation, particularly, the chiefs of the Services tell us, when you get them abroad away from the distractions of week-end leave and have them away on their own. Commanding Officers tell me that then they can develop their initiative and can keep them happy and occupied and they do a jolly good job.

Don't let's get depressed in any way about the youth of today. Clearly we must put every possible emphasis on two things. First of all, on loyalty to responsibilities and obligations undertaken. That is a thing I think very often young people dismiss too lightly. Secondly, on the development of robust qualities through robust activities. Those are two things that the Scout Movement is admirably capable of doing.

I believe, Chief, this evening you have got representatives here from all over the country, even from far away Scotland, I am told. I heard a delightful story the other day of a small Scots boy who was heard saying his prayers and he said, "Good-bye, God, we are off to London tomorrow." I really think that was a bit rough on London.

And now, in conclusion, I want to focus my last two or three words on the toast I am here to propose. You will all agree that the really big dangers that face us in the world today are selfishness, materialism and apathy. As to apathy, I always like these words which I read somewhere the other day: "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men should do nothing." The Scout Movement is setting a shining example in countering apathy.

The longer I live the more I feel that two things are more important than anything else. Those are truth and kindness. I like these words:

"From simple homes and first beginnings  
Out to the undiscovered ends.  
There's nothing worth the wear of winning  
But laughter and the love of friends."

There is nothing cynical or shallow about those lines, and if we cast our net of friendship widely - and that is what we in the Scout Movement are taught to do - there is a lot of truth in them. I know that laughter and the love of friends are two of the abiding memories of my sixteen years of active Scouting.

And so, Chief, and Brother Scouts, it is with very great pleasure that I have the honour of proposing the toast of The Movement tonight linked with your name, and I would like to wish you all the very best of luck in the grand work you are doing in the best of all possible causes.

# BE PREPARED

*The sixth 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."*

As years passed, a slow change occurred in the part of town where my Troop met. Even in smaller cities, neighbourhoods have a way of ageing. A community's population swells, and a once-quiet district is congested; to escape the clangour, families in easy circumstances move farther out, one by one, and the genteel shops follow them; less fortunate people and cheaper stores filter in. Almost imperceptibly the houses grow older and dimmer, the streets noisier. Thus it was in the area around Reverend Stone's church, where my Troop met. The Troop altered with the neighbourhood. However, it did not decline; it grew stronger.

Middle-class boys are fun to be with, but lower-class (financially speaking) boys are even more fun. They seem to be vivid in every aspect of character: warm-hearted, hot-headed, resourceful in the face of known perils, panicky before unknown ones. They strike me as blithely unsanitary, senselessly brutal, magnificently loyal, and pitifully ill educated. Almost any man would enjoy having them for friends.

As my Troop changed, its yeastiest elements became Negro and Mexican boys. I felt that this was a fortunate factor. During preceding years, I had come to think highly of youngsters from these groups as I had watched them in summer camp and in other Troops.

One summer, a Troop from a down-at-heels Negro district had been in camp the same week as my Troop. At first everyone liked the coloured boys, whose gaiety was infectious. But as the week progressed, Troops began to miss fishing poles, swim fins, hunting knives and other prized belongings. The Negroes owned no such luxuries; their Troop was the only one which lost nothing. The whole camp drew the obvious deduction, the white Scouts stopped speaking to black ones.

The camp director was a shrewd detective - many camp directors have to be - and he finally collared two Negro boys in the act of filching an alarm clock and Scout Handbook from one of the tents of my Troop. He took the Scouts to their own Scoutmaster, a Negro, who turned on them. "You disgraced this here entire Troop," the Scoutmaster said. "What the camp gonna think about coloured Scouts now? What the city gonna think?"

The camp director asked the pair if they had stolen anything else. They nodded sadly, and led him up into the hills to a sizable cache of loot in a small cave. Everything which had been missed during the week was there.

He talked to them awhile, about prestige and friends they had lost by their dishonesty. This put tears in their eyes; every boy values the respect of his fellows more than anything else in life. The director reminded them that if they were thieves in future life they would have few friends worth having.

At last he said, "Well, go pack your gear. As soon as colours is over I'll drive you down to the village, and put you on the bus for home."

"You mean we can't be Scouts no more?"

Perhaps unwisely, he told them that this was out of the question. "I'll pick up your badges this afternoon," he finished. "Get packed, then stay in my cabin until time to leave."

The two boys sat alone in his cabin, sometimes crying quietly and sometimes talking a little, all through the long afternoon. The camp director entered once, on some errand. One of the boys asked him, "Can we go to colours this afternoon?"

He said they could if they cared to. At five o'clock they were on the parade ground, out of uniform, standing lonesomely to the side as the Troops marched in and took formation.

The daily camp ceremony of lowering the Flag is always somewhat tinged with emotion, no matter how many times those present have seen it. The stillness in the ranks of boys; the lengthened shadows along the grass, and the breeze whispering in from the lake; then the clear, slow, serene call of the bugle; at last the unhurried descent of the Flag down the slender white flagpole, with four youths waiting

to receive it and fold it as two generations of boyhood have folded it on their same field - it is a moment which subtly unites everyone in a spiritual closing of ranks.

Tonight, at the end of this moment, while the camp director made certain routine announcements, the two Negro boys walked forward alone across the parade ground until they faced him. He finished speaking, and stared at them.

"Can we say something?" asked Sully, the elder of the two.

The director hesitated, then nodded. The two boys turned to face the massed, silent Scouts.

"Me and Frank jus' want to say good-bye," Sully said haltingly. "Guess you know what we did. We stole from you. So we goin' home now, and we can't be Scouts no more. But we like to tell you one thing."

He choked, and could not go on. We waited.

Finally he said brokenly, "We jus' want you to know, it was only me and Frank who stole. So please don't hold nothing against other coloured boys. Us two did it all."

My senior Patrol Leader that year was John Ballard - a boy with a slow tongue but an understanding heart. This time in our momentary paralysis he found the words that most of us were groping for.

He took a pace forward from the ranks and saluted the camp director. "Anybody who's man enough to say what they said, ought to be Scouts," John said.

"I think you're right," the camp director said.

"We think so, too," called the Negro Scoutmaster from his post with his Troop. "Come on back here, you two!"

Sully and Frank ran across the parade ground to rejoin their Troop, while a cheer that was almost a sob rose raggedly from everyone. Sully and Frank stayed out the week, and the following summer came back again, to everyone's satisfaction. Eventually they became Eagle Scouts. They were good ones.

The neighbourhoods around my Troop grew-steadily shabbier. With some palpitations, I admitted a few downright delinquents to membership - boys who had been in jail for car stripping, purse snatching or worse. I reminded myself of the axiom laid down by, I believe, Father Flanagan of Boys' Town: "The best thing a man can do for a boy is to love him." I nerved myself to try to love these boys, and pumped myself up with a sort of benign afflatus before each meeting, but no situations seemed to arise to make this useful. The juvenile delinquents were no more fearsome, nor less so, than scores of other boys.

Like a lion tamer who dares show no flicker of anxiety in the cage, I took care not to betray any feelings that these boys might be untrustworthy. I went out of my way, for a while, to demonstrate that I was not worried about them. I handed them money and asked them to do shopping errands for me, or made them custodians of Troop funds during money-raising drives. However, as I say, Troop affairs went ahead unspectacularly. To all appearances, my delinquents had forsaken the primrose path, and certainly they carried out every responsibility I gave them.

Eventually I was able to browbeat a friend of mine, who owned a ranch in Arizona, into giving my four most accomplished ex-criminals a summer job on his ranch. He was to pay them almost nothing, but would feed and house them, and give them afternoons off to roam the range as they pleased. It sounded like paradise to the boys, who had never spent more than a week in the open at one time. The only difficulty was that they had no money for transportation to the ranch.

I invented some business errands for myself in that vicinity, and drove the boys to the ranch. I arranged to make another business trip at the end of the summer and pick the boys up again, on the understanding that they would then share my automobile expenses for both trips, out of the pittance they, earned on the ranch.

This arrangement sounds like something only Scrooge could conceive, but my theory was that the boys would lose self-respect if they accepted any charity from me. Most of the money they earned on the ranch would revert to me for their travel expenses, but they seemed happy about the deal. En route to Arizona we drove at a leisurely rate, stopping off for an afternoon or evening at each locality worth seeing, and our journey was something of an education to them.



At the end of the summer they were bronzed and brawny, and we made the homeward trip in high good humour - until the next-to-last day. That afternoon Toad McCoy, whom the quartet had selected as treasurer, knocked on the door of my hotel room after we had established ourselves for our final overnight stop. "I got bad news," he said mournfully. "I lost the rest of our dough."

I studied him. Toad had been in jail for car stripping before he joined the Troop.

"I'll find it, though," he said. "You won't be out nothing."

"How much was it?" I asked.

"Sixteen dollars. Had it inside my shoe, but it musta fell out when we undressed to go swimming this noon."

"That was a hundred miles back. So I guess you can't very well find it, Toad."

"Nah, you know what I mean. I'll find some more." He looked at me meaningfully.

"Now, wait just one little minute," I said hurriedly. "Take it easy, Toad. No funny business. I don't mind losing

He was on his way down the corridor. "Quit racin' your engine," he called over his shoulder. "I won't get in no trouble."

"I mean it, Toad!" I yelled. "Don't take anything that doesn't belong to you. . . ." He had vanished before I finished.

It was nearly suppertime. I put on a necktie and hurried to the room the four boys shared. There was no answer to my knock. I made a quick check of the hotel dining-room, then returned to my room and waited for them to call me, as they usually did.

This time there was no call, and no answer when I phoned their room. I finally dined alone.

I spent the evening in my car, cruising the streets of the city, hoping to sight the quartet before they went into action. At one a.m., having found no sign of them, I returned to the hotel. Then I got a fresh idea and began telephoning all-night movie houses and lunchrooms. No one like my four boys had been seen there, according to the operators.

Uncertain whether the group would attempt car stripping, a burglary, or some more swashbuckling expedient, I finally telephoned the police department. There was no news of them there - nor of any depredations that night, so far. However the department flashed the description to all police cars, and warned patrolmen to be on the lookout.

At eight o'clock the following morning I ate a solitary breakfast in the hotel dining-room. The manager unlocked the boys' room for me, and we found that the boys had apparently not been there since the previous afternoon.

Shortly after ten, as I paced my room, the four boys appeared. They looked tired and woebegone.

"Well, start talking," I said.

"We're still two dollars short," Toad said. "We cased the town around suppertime last night, looking for a joint where we could get some money, and finally we found an all-night bowling alley. So we set pins all night, but we only earned fourteen bucks."

I sat down. "I'll trust you for the other two," I sighed.



THE SCOUTMASTER'S OPPORTUNITY

# “MOTLEY’S THE ONLY WEAR”

By **NORMAN WILKINS**  
Town Commissioner, Croydon  
Chairman, Uniform Board



Let me say right away at the beginning of this article that I am not going to discuss the merits of our present uniform, or when the uniform should be worn, or when it should not be, but only what you wear and how you wear it. What follows in this article applies chiefly to Scouters, and the term very definitely includes Commissioners.

Now it must be admitted that *FOR* gives you a great deal of latitude in your choice; but before we discuss this, have you ever read *P.O.R.* 276 which says: “Whenever uniform is worn in public it must be correct and complete”? A little farther on, in Rule 283, *P.O.R.* tells you all about the colours you may wear, which are four in number; but colours are mentioned again, for you will notice that in discussing the outdoor wear in Rule 283(2), bright colours or loud patterns are not allowed. Of course, we may not be able to agree on what is a bright colour or a loud pattern, and I wonder in how many Troops the boys and the Scouters all wear the same style and colour of lumber jacket or battle blouse as suggested in that paragraph. Well, then, still searching in *P.O.R.* and possibly finding these things for the first time, you may on appropriate occasions wear a khaki uniform coat or tunic or, if an Air Scouter, a grey uniform coat or tunic as described. Finally, you are permitted to wear trousers, shorts or breeches, but while the actual colour is not mentioned, there is no mention of grey flannels as being appropriate for wear with a khaki shirt. So while there is considerable latitude of choice in *P.O.R.* there are also reasonable instructions and Rule 276 is quite definite in its terms.

Let us consider for a moment how you exercise this freedom of choice; and before we get to the shop counter we ought to consider what sort of a uniform we are going to buy. Appendix “C” of *P.O.R.* has some beautiful drawings of Scouters in uniform and possibly some of us envy their beautiful figures and handsome appearance! What we ought to consider is whether a uniform which suits the slim figure of a boy is entirely suitable for an adult whose figure is no longer boyish. So a few minutes’ reflection “studying form” might not be amiss. But having overcome this difficulty and made our decision as to style let us think for a moment of what you buy when you want a new uniform. Do you in your Group, Scouters and boys, all go to the same shop, whether Headquarters or a local outfitter? This is more important than you may be aware of from the point of view of colours and type of material. It is difficult to get khaki of the same shade repeated, nor is it easy to get shorts and shirt to match, and the subject of colours is one which in the past has received a very great deal of attention from the Uniform Board; other colours, too, have their own difficulties in supply. But you do stand a much better chance of getting matching colours if you all go to the same shop, and I am suggesting that you start out with the idea of matching your khaki or green with that worn by other members of the Group and with that already in your possession. Certainly all the Scouters in a Group should agree to try to wear the same colour uniform. So often in a Group one sees one Scouter wearing shorts of one colour and another clad in a completely different shade, and often they are of different materials.

At Filey the outstanding shorts were a pair of wonderful crushed strawberry colour which does not appear to come within the limits of colour described in *P.O.R.*

Then there is that outside garment of bright colour or loud pattern to which I have already referred. No one doubts that Scouters of limited means can hardly afford to buy the drab khaki garment now on sale, and yet many of them do, in fact, buy lumber jackets, wind-cheaters, etc., of almost every conceivable colour.

I remember being told by a Scouter quite indignantly that he could not possibly afford one of the I.H.Q. pattern “most expensive” outer garments, only to meet him a fortnight later in a dazzling leather jacket which I could not possibly have afforded and which was singularly unsuitable for wear as part of his uniform. When we are making our purchases of private clothes, which perforce will have to be worn with our uniform, can we not consider just a little more this question of colour and suitability for wear with uniform? It may seem a little hard to have to do this, but what may not be out of place on the golf links or in the cycling club may be a bit strident when worn with Scout uniform. This question of warmth in winter is difficult and many of us seek to secure protection unobtrusively by the addition of pull-overs and sweaters under our shirts. So far so good, but it is quite common to see the polo or rolled collar of a sweater showing above shirt and Group scarf and this really looks horrible. I have also seen on more than one occasion the long sleeves of a sweater below the short sleeves of the shirt - a most untidy business. That school blazer with its magnificent crest on the pocket may well distinguish us from other and lesser men, but is it not a garment of “bright colour or loud pattern” within the meaning of the Act? Surely it is always unsuitable for wear with uniform. I suggest very strongly that we Scouters ought to give more consideration to the colour and style not only of the items of uniform which we purchase, but also of the additions we make to it.

Next, how we wear our uniforms, and in this connection two pictures come to my mind - one is at the Filey Conference where on the Sunday two Commissioners were wearing the jackets and trousers of their ordinary suits, blue in one case and brown in the other, with khaki shirts and, I regret to say, Gilwell scarves and green berets. Probably this is not completely contrary to *P.O.R.* though hardly, I think, in accordance with the spirit of the thing, and certainly not in accordance with those excellent illustrations of uniform referred to above. My second picture is of two fairly corpulent figures seen in Whitehall recently one Saturday morning. When national sporting events are being held in London we do meet some rather queer costumes in Whitehall, but these two in ordinary trousers, overcoats and heavy scarves would not have excited my interest in the least, nor figured in this article, had it not been that each of them wore a green beret with hat plume and they were, presumably, Scouters. Whitehall was a very cold place that morning and I do not blame them for wearing plenty of warm clothing, but why this one visible piece of Scout uniform? Why mix their uniform and civilian clothing in this way? Why not, I thought, an ordinary cap and thus be indistinguishable from the passing Civil Servants in their Saturday morning uniforms? Well, these are just two illustrations of how the hundreds of daily irregularities in the wearing of our uniform are quite contrary to the terms of Para. 276 quoted above.

Passing from these sartorial horrors to those of us who are correctly clad, is it not a fact that sometimes our uniforms look soiled and crumpled? If we have played “British Bulldogs” in them, or have just returned from a week-end camp, they are bound to require attention before we next wear them, but there are times when I suggest that some Scouters look as if they are coming from a continuous session of “British Bulldogs”!

Shorts need pressing, shirts need washing and ironing, belts need polish (when did you last do yours?) and, above all, the scarf.



Some of us tell our boys at their investiture that the Group scarf should be our pride and glory, and without entering into the controversy of whether it should be worn on the lines of our Victorian grandmother's shawl or reduced to the attenuated dimensions of a Teddy boy's tie, it can be clean, well folded and tidy. Do not waste postage on letters to tell me that it can be used as a bandage because that is only in an emergency, or in games as a blindfold because I suggest that your Patrol or games box might be equipped with triangular bandages for first-aid practice and with a few old scarves for games. Whatever the condition of our uniforms by the end of an activity we can at least start with them clean and tidy and be well turned out. Shoes and stockings - stockings straight and the shoes clean - do put a finishing touch to the general appearance. We have fortunately, I think, passed that era when draught board stockings or football stockings were absolutely the only wear although there are times now when colours are not always suitable.

Let us go to the other extreme and discuss the head covering. I am not going to enter into any controversy regarding the merits of hats versus berets, but there are still some venerable and cherished hats with drooping brims and greasy stains to be seen. Can we not dislodge the stuffed fish from the glass case and substitute for it the hat that fanned a thousand fires? But the much more common use of the beret means another set of problems. Here is what one of my Scouters wrote in his Troop magazine: "What shape will the beret assume? Leaving aside the smart chap we can picture the shrunken flannel pulled taut over a dome-like cranium, the feminine touch with hat on the back of the head and a lot of forelock badly in need of cutting, and a lopsided creation yanked down over one ear." It is safe to say that the majority of Scouters wear their berets wrongly and there is much evidence that the boys now starting to wear them in increasing numbers are also wearing them badly. Styles, of course, vary. There is the tea-cosy method, there is the flap-over-one-ear style, there is the take-Time-by-the-forelock with the latter showing, there is the devil-may-care on the back of the head style and there is, of course, the under-the-shoulder-strap, not-on-the-head-at-all, method. You may take your choice but there is only one choice, I suggest, if you study once again the diagrams in Appendix "C" of *P.O.R.* Here are one or two practical suggestions:-

- (1) At first you can only put it on successfully if you stand in front of a mirror.
- (2) You must get it dead straight across the forehead.
- (3) Don't pull it down too far at the back of the head. (I am quite certain about this one, for an L.H.Q. Scouter criticised mine on these grounds the other day.)
- (4) See that the badge is above the left eye. (Eyes seem to grow in curious parts of the head nowadays, and the mirror may help you to locate yours accurately), and
- (5) Only when all these points have been observed can you pull it to the side.

The beret can look quite smart (it needs brushing occasionally!), but it can also look quite atrocious, and at this particular time with its use becoming daily more and more common we must try seriously to get it worn correctly. This particular question was, in fact, the *raison d'être* of this article and still remains, despite its wanderings in other directions, the subject of its principal plea.

Have I been too unkind or too critical of my brother Scouters? I know that there are hundreds of Scouters who do take a pride in their appearance, do use care in the selection of their uniforms, but equally there are at the moment too many others who, quite obviously from their appearance, give it very little thought. Can I appeal to them to read this article carefully, not to feel offended if it seems somewhat pointed, and to try to follow its suggestions? It is not a question of being able to afford expensive, well-cut uniforms; it is a question of doing the best with what we can afford.

"We know, Mr. Weller - we, who are men of the world - that a good uniform must work its way with the women, sooner or later." You will have noticed that so far I have refrained from writing about the uniform of women Scouters and I am not going to be tempted into a discussion of the latest "lines," etc., and their effect on the uniform of lady Cubmasters.

I am glad to pay a tribute, in fact, to many of them who quite obviously give this question much more thought than their male counterparts. What I do suggest, however, for their consideration is that high-heeled shoes are not the most sensible footwear, and outside coats of brilliant hue with large and comforting fur collars, while they cheer up our drab winter scenes, are not altogether suitable as part of a uniform, and with that I can probably leave the matter to their own good sense. It would be unwise for me to try to write about the merits of the Scout hat enthroned precariously upon a mound of hair as against a beret set at a positively ravishing angle.

As I said earlier this article is primarily for Scouters, written to try to make us all uniform-conscious, but a brief word about the boys in connection with the purchase of their uniforms might not be amiss. When a boy joins a Pack or Troop he longs to be like the others and to get into uniform at once, and probably he worries the life out of his parents until they purchase it. They, poor things, hurry off to that shop which advertises Scout uniforms and are assured by the assistant, who has probably never heard of them before, that "this is the uniform worn by the 99th." When the boy appears at Troop parade his uniform does not match those of his fellow Scouts, to his own horror, and to the detriment of the appearance of the Troop. May I suggest that this could be avoided if, when a boy joins, you send a leaflet (or take it yourself, which is better) to the parents which gives them some general information about the Group - the nights on which the sections meet, something about subscriptions, church parades, summer camps and any other information, brief but useful, and also states quite boldly "Please do not buy uniform until we ask you to, and when you do we shall be greatly obliged if you will go to Messrs. - who are the official outfitters to the Group and who know exactly what uniform is worn"; or, as well, you could briefly add details of the uniform and its colours. I am sure something of this kind will help to keep the uniform standard in your Group as well as being of real assistance to the parents. The only other thought on this particular aspect of our subject is one which has been expressed many times, and that is, that it is not necessarily the Troop of boys whose parents can afford to buy uniform which looks well turned out - it is the one which, however worn and mended the uniforms are, takes trouble to see that they are clean and well put on, and takes a pride in its appearance.

If you have read so far you may be wondering why all this is being written. First of all, as I said above, I do feel that we have got to make an effort to get the beret worn properly. The next thought is that 1957, our Jubilee year, approaches and we shall probably all be very much in the public eye. As a matter of fact, every time you put on your uniform to walk down the street to your Pack or Troop Meeting now you are in the public eye, wearing the uniform of a great Movement. The public, rightly or wrongly, judges very largely on appearances, and your appearance may either antagonise them or arouse their interest and their support. Thirdly, we can put out all the pamphlets in the world on Smartness in Scouting in an endeavour to get our boys to be smart, but we shall never succeed in this until we, the Scouters, are ourselves correctly uniformed and well turned out. If the Scouter sets that example his boys will follow and soon a valuable Pack or Troop tradition will be built up which will do much of the work for you. *P.O.R.*, as I remarked above, gives great freedom of choice, but in doing so confers on us a great responsibility - the responsibility, in fact, of being sensible about our uniforms, of not abusing our freedom and of avoiding eccentricities of dress.

Looking in a book of quotations for something suitable with which to conclude this article I felt that while we might agree with Jaques that in the forest "Motley's the only wear," my first choice was this one from Bruyere: "Too great carelessness, equally with excess in dress, multiplies the wrinkles of old age, and makes its decay still more conspicuous," but on second thoughts I think Cicero gives us all we need when he says, "We must present an appearance of neatness, not too punctilious or exquisite, but just enough to avoid slovenliness."

# DEAR EDITOR

## The Scout

DEAR EDITOR,

I wish to congratulate you on the present *Scout*.

I must admit that when it first came out I was most disappointed and gave up my regular order. However, at Easter camp I was shown some back numbers by one of the Scouts, and I realised how much I was missing.

You may now claim me as one of your converts as I have again placed a regular order with my newsagent, despite the extra price!

I would be pleased if you would include my name on the Swops List for County badges (a very good idea indeed).

**KEITH GODFREY,**  
*A.C.M., 20th Wembley.*

## Second Class Badge

DEAR EDITOR,

Mr. Hurl's reference to Old Scouts and Seniors acting as examiners for the Second Class Badge tests prompts me to mention how well this system has helped Scouts in our Group. We have found the Seniors only too willing to return to the Troop Patrols they once led to help with Scouts at every stage.

But this alone cannot be the complete answer to those thousands of keen Scouts who take years to complete the badge, and never get much further in the bargain.

Let's face it, the Second Class Badge is the average standard of the majority of Scouts, even though the Group may have Queen's Scouts in its ranks.

Many Scouters feel that this problem is one reason for the leakage from the Movement of boys, 13-14. Others feel boys of that age group get tired of working for the Second Class Badge. It takes the average Scout at least six months (though our Group intend to try the twenty weeks system published in Tim Scour recently).

May I offer a suggestion? Base the badge on the same system as the Senior Scout proficiency badges. A division of the tests into three parts with the actual badge awarded after the first, and bars issued for the remaining sections. For example:

Section one. - First Aid, Rules of Health, Six Exercises, Kim's Game, Six Common Trees, and Pioneering.

These are the obvious tests the Tenderfoot aims to pass before attempting the more out-of-door tests. He will not have been to camp to try his hand at cooking or axemanship in any case. Badge awarded after this section is completed.

Section two. - Compass and Map, Firelighting, Cooking, Signalling, and Axemanship.

A coloured strip or bar could be added to the Second Class Badge. One usually finds Seniors who have gained a proficiency badge are only too willing and anxious to gain a gold bar to their badge.

Section three. - Public service and re-pass Tenderfoot Tests.

A second bar might be added to the badge.

In this way the long wait for a second badge which sometimes turns the boy against the Scout system of training would be alleviated.

I should be interested to hear any other Scouter's views on the badge and the unfortunate results it can have if Troop programmes are not well planned.

May I, as a journalist, congratulate you on an excellent publication. What would we young Scouters do without it!

**TONY ALLEN,**  
*S.M., 143rd Sheffield (St. Aidan with St. Luke).*

## New (or Old) Curates

DEAR EDITOR,

I am writing as Acting R.S.L. of our College Rover Crew in reply to the Rev. C. Hendey in the March issue of *The Scouter*.

Whilst agreeing with the spirit of his letter, his statements are not borne out by our experience in this Theological College.

The great majority of students have no interest in Scouting, and will not join the activities of the Rover Crew, the main purpose of

which is to introduce non-Scouts to the Movement so that they will be able to go to their Curacies with some clue at least of what Scouting is all about. Scouting, however, is looked upon by the main body of students as a huge joke, and one can foresee difficult situations when these men as "new Curates" are faced with a Troop.

If any readers have any suggestions as to how this state of affairs can be remedied, I for one would be most grateful. I know from my own experience the great value of a Scout-minded Curate in the work of the Parish.

**J. P. GANDON,**  
*London College of Divinity.*

## Leave nothing but your thanks

DEAR EDITOR,

It was a lovely afternoon last Saturday. I was out walking along one of the most beautiful stretches of the Thames, near Pangbourne. The hills rose up on either side and in the meadows cowslips were beginning to bloom. By the river's edge willows were showing a greenish tinge, and then there was Old Father Thames himself, quiet, content, and peacefully rolling along, with only a solitary person here and there to enjoy this early spring feeling of new unstained life. Suddenly a launch appeared in the distance; as it approached, I could see many Sea Scouts aboard, and Skipper at the wheel. As she chugged past, a very young Scout suddenly emptied a huge bin into the midstream containing cans, tins, egg-shells, potato peelings, and many other things too. The launch was soon out of sight, leaving the beautiful scene marred by this horrible, polluted mess, floating slowly downstream.

**D. TUSON,**  
*A.S.A.L, Reading.*

## The Scout Year

DEAR EDITOR,

The last few weeks have once again shown to many of us in Plymouth Scouting how increasingly difficult it is to cope with an official year, which begins - most appropriately as we see it - on April 1st.

When we consider this from the angle of, *Scout* training and activities, this year ends at the midway point in our programmes whether at Pack, Troop, Group, or District level. Correspondingly, those who compile the Annual Report of the L.A. are faced with a struggle between the claims of strict chronology on the one hand, and common sense on the other. For example, are they to report a Gang Show held in April 1954, in the 1953-54 report published in May 1954, or wait until May 1955, by which time a 1955 Gang Show will possibly have been held, and, we may hope, will be fresh in everyone's memory? The argument, we find here, applies to some four or five activities, some of which tend to reach their climax just after British Summer Time brings the benefits of the extra hour; and one at least, the L.A. Boxing Tournament, cannot be fitted into our programme earlier because of the rival claims of the National Schools' Boxing Competition.

Then again, let us look at the problem from the angle of the L.A. Hon. Treasurer, and those who audit his accounts. In how many L.A.s with a census strength of 300 or over, I wonder, would we find these important posts *not* held by Accountants or Bankers? And yet we ask them to tackle the annual audit, when the Inland Revenue conspires with their clients to throw at them their heaviest burdens of the twelve months.

There may be many excellent reasons for I.H.Q. ending its year on March 31st, but so far as L.A.s and Groups are concerned - and I venture, Counties - a more logical date might well be September 30th. The training year has only just begun for the Groups, while L.A. and District activities are merely gleams of apprehension in the eyes of the L.A. Hon. Sec., the D.C., and their friends. And above all the L.A. Hon. Treasurer and his auditors not only have a reasonably clear time to set about their respective jobs, but also can present a picture of the L.A.'s finances which will be more coherent and more easily understood by their laymen colleagues.

**C. H. CHAPMAN,**  
*D.C., Plymouth.*

## St. George and the Dragon

DEAR EDITOR,

Last week I had the privilege of giving the address at the High Wycombe District Boy Scouts and Girl Guides Associations' St. George's-tide Service. Having talked about St. George and other saints, I was particularly interested in Anthony Masters' article on "St. George and that Dragon."

I think the most important point to put over to Scouts is that St. George, as one of the saints, represents a life of service to mankind, a life devoted to Christian ideals. It is worth noting that at the time of St. George's martyrdom, during the Emperor Diocletian's persecution of Christians, we had, virtually on our doorstep, a man who, without the glory of dragon killing, showed equal fortitude, courage and self-sacrifice. Though one of the greatest pagans in England, he sheltered a defenceless Christian from his Roman persecutors and declared himself a Christian, with the result that he was burnt at the stake. So the name of the place where he lived, Verulani, was changed to St. Albans in memory of Duke Alban who became St. Alban.

Such true stories of local interest are more likely to be appreciated than those doubtful ones of fire-breathing dragons. Let the emphasis therefore be on what St. George stands for, a life of Christian devotion.

**S. BUTTERS**

*(Hon. Scouter).*

## Cubs in Borneo

DEAR EDITOR,

One of the bothers of living 9,000 miles from England is that THE SCOUTER always arrives so late - the December issue arrived just before I left Betong a week ago. I would often like to enter the lists and fight for or against some cause in your correspondence columns but my letter would arrive about four months after correspondence on that subject had closed! A thing that has interested me very much is the question of stiffening-up the Cub programme. I was amused by (was it?) Miss Douglas's comments about Cubs not being allowed clasp-knives - she says the rule should merely exclude sheath-knives. That would trouble our Cubs! Every Cub has a whopping great knife (dukus) eighteen inches to two feet in length, which he uses for such different purposes as chopping firewood, cutting grass, sharpening his pencil (the edge is kept like a razor) or cutting his finger-nails (his toenails look after themselves). The day-boys, down to the smallest, come to school with their dukus dangling from their sides like swords. Imagine the horror if Cubs as Cubs were forbidden to wear their dukus because they are sheath-knives!

We treat our Cubs like smaller editions of Scouts, just as every Debak boy is treated as a smaller edition of a man, and expect them to do their share of everything. In camp the Cubs don't play at "helping Akela to cook, - if I am in charge of a Cub camp I give the Sixer of the duty Six enough money and send him to the bazaar. He buys what is necessary and he and his Six without any adult interference proceed to cook the next meal for the Pack.

And as for not allowing Cubs to take part in boating - every Cub can single-handed or with a boatload of other Cubs manage a firan in most kinds of water (not the sea - though they are called Sea Dagale they are 100 miles from the sea up the big river - and are jolly bad sailors on the sea, as I know when taking a boatload to Simangyiny to meet the Chief). But give them a firan to paddle - and leave them to it. If they upset it they all swim like fish.

One way and another I am obviously out of touch with things English (I have only had two leaves in the last eighteen years in S.E. Asia). That came to my mind when reading in THE SCOUTER, of someone visiting a castle (was it?) and admiring the prize collection of heads. I instantly thought of human heads (such as adorn most Dayak longhouses) and wondered idly how in the wide world he had collected them - it was some time before I realised they would be merely stags!

Though oddly enough I had never thought of my own parishioners as being ex headhunters - I thought that exhilarating sport had died out in the times of their fathers or grandfathers.

But my excellent host at the Bariglit Kenenteian longhouse, a man of substance and a pillar of the Church, told me he had gone on three head-hunting expeditions as a young man.

It is odd that these youngsters of mine here, these nice young Scouts and Cubs, are probably all sons of head-hunters - and certainly grandsons. Yet these same boys in the evening love to sit round while I tell them - of all things - English fairy tales. Last night I told them "Red Riding Hood" and "Aladdin, - telling the old tales in Dayak gives them a new twist and I enjoy it as much as the boys do.

**ERIC H. SCOTT.**

## Bob-a-Job Week

DEAR EDITOR,

May I take up a little of your space to tell you of the special stunt for Job Week here in the Naval Base. Determined to counter-balance the increased amount per head levied by the Singapore H.Q. the Seniors decided to run a fish and chip stall nightly, near the Naval Base Cinema. Permission to do so was given by the authorities and co-operation on the part of Group friends produced "fish-fryers," baskets and other implements needed for such a project. Altar fires were used having extensions upwards, to carry the fryers. The fuel was charcoal and the cooking fat was peanut oil. Grease proof bags and paper, newspaper for outside wrappings, salt and pepper shakers plus a vinegar bottle made it all seem "like home." Brisk trade on most nights produced a profit of \$250 (Straits), i.e. just over £29 for the week.

Altogether the Group earned about \$900, a good effort by all.

I always look upon this Group - the 27th Singapore-as a practical example of the fourth Scout Law. Their membership is made up of Chinese, Indian, Malay and British boys whilst their Scouters are from Southern England, Scotland, Northern Ireland, China and India. The language used is English, and the spirit is that of Scouts everywhere.

**H. N. HUTCHINGS,**

*A.D.C. North District, Singapore.*

DEAR EDITOR,

At the close of "Bob-a-Job" Week my thoughts have not unnaturally been directed towards the general finance of our Association. There's no doubt the annual work week brings in the money, but quite apart from any controversial points concerning the method, is this a stable basis for the income of I.H.Q.? Together with the trading profits of the Scout Shops, Bob-a-Job week accounts for some £60,000 of the annual budget.

This large sum should not be at the mercy of vagaries of trading and all the imponderables which beset Bob-a-Job. However unpopular it may be to many Scouters the time has come for us to introduce a membership subscription; whether or not this should be passed down to the boy could be left to Groups to decide, but a fixed amount, say 3s. from Cubs, 4s. 6d. from Scouts and Senior Scouts and 7s. 6d. from Scouters should be paid over at the time the Census return is made. These amounts may look formidable at first sight but they are, respectively, approximately 3/4d., 1d. and 1 3/4d. per week.

It should not be impossible to pass back part of the money so received to County and District level. In fact I would even propose that the subscription should be so fixed to enable this to be done.

We hear a great deal at conferences and the like urging us "back to B.-P." in our Scouting. With that I am heartily in agreement, but while our basic principles should remain unchanged it seems nonsensical to continue to use makeshift means of administering the Movement. If we are to return the goodwill of responsible persons we must show that we are businesslike and efficient. At a time when our numbers (I write without knowledge of 1955 census) are rising it seems illogical that I.H.Q. should be forced to follow a policy of retrenchment. We need more facilities in all directions. Let the membership provide the main income and let such things as Bob-a-Job put that little extra into the Treasury which will enable us to carry out many of the schemes otherwise impossible for lack of funds.

**DAVID H. WITHEY,**

*S.M., 11th Crosby Troop.*

### Shoulder-Knots or not?

DEAR EDITOR,

I read with interest the remarks of A.S.M. Crotty regarding shoulder-knots and I heartily agree with all that he wrote. I was so impressed that I read his letter at our last Court of Honour in order to get the opinion of the lads and they too unanimously agreed.

The old question of "Stars" being made of material and sewn on permanently instead of the present type of metal star to which there are so many objections, could also be put on a par with the suggestion of shoulder patches.

The alteration to the type of star would also save expense within the Troop as well as the wear and tear on uniforms.

F. DOVEY  
(A.S.M.).

### Handball

DEAR EDITOR,

Recently my Scouts, including Seniors, have played handball with other Scout Groups in different parts of London, and it does seem that each part of London and Middlesex has its own set rules.

May I suggest that a set of rules be published in *The Scout* and THE SCOUTER if possible, to make the game more uniform and ask Scout Groups to abide by them.

It is rather hard on teams and referees when each side and also the referee has different ideas on the game.

Hoping that you will assist in sorting out the various differences of this game.

R. D. ALLEN,  
S.M., 8th Lambeth Group.

## BLOWERS

Now it is up to you to experiment and design your own stove." That phrase from the article "Letters from

Canada" in the January issue of THE SCOUTER - dealing with charcoal stoves - rang a bell with me. For such stoves were designed and made by primitive methods and with makeshift materials (ideal for Scouts?) twelve years ago in Italian P.O.W. camps.

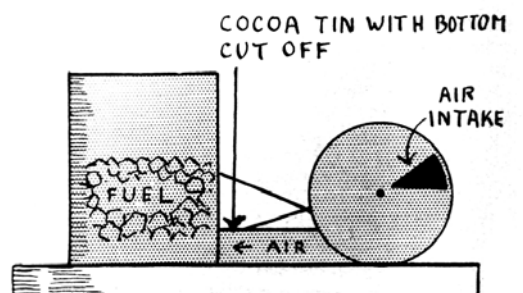
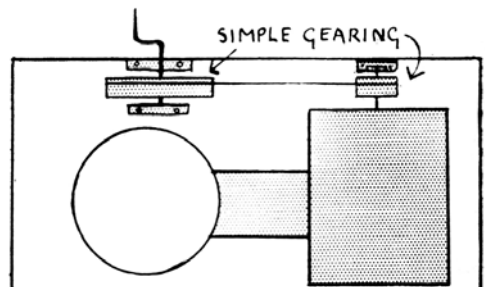
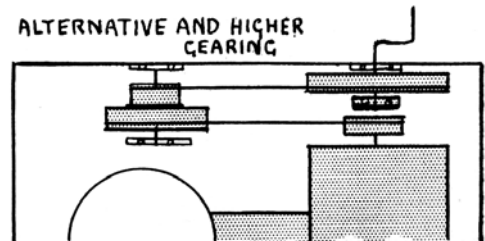
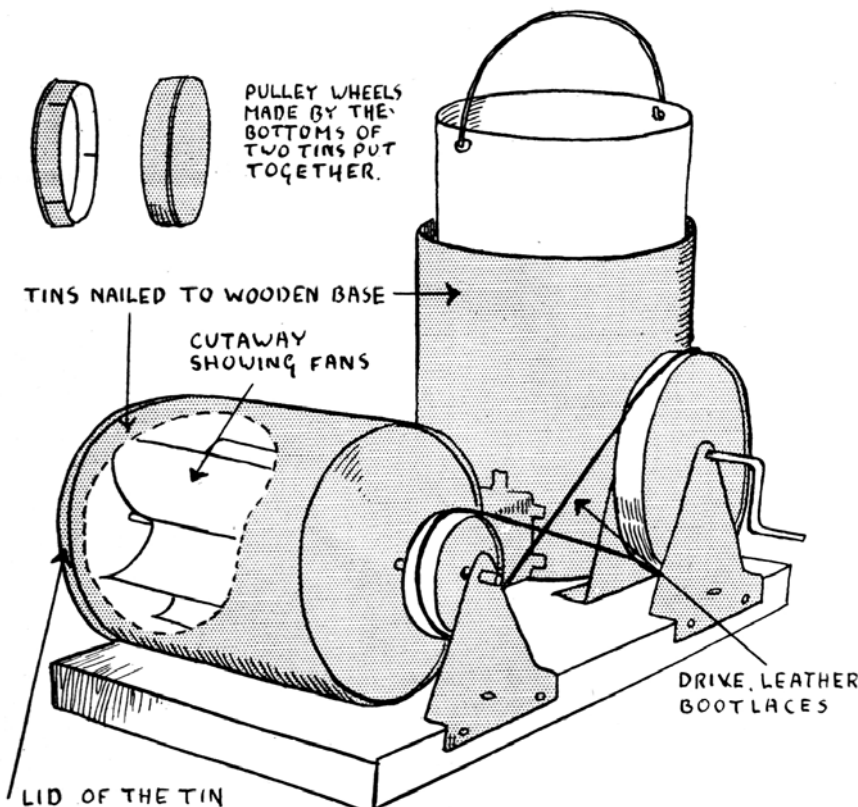
These stoves - Blowers, as they were called, appeared shortly after we received the first Red Cross parcels which contained, above all things, tea. In a matter of days every bit of burnable and movable wood, from match-sticks to sentry-boxes, had been moved and burned. it was when the resulting timber shortage was at its worst that the Blower appeared. It would burn almost anything - leather, cinders, webbing, bits of blanket and charcoal. And I found out later that it appeared simultaneously in widely separated camps all over Italy. The demand was there to be met, and the conditions and materials available were much the same in every camp.

The materials required were, or are, two largish round tins, one with a lid, and a square one to connect the two, also a piece of wood for a base, some leather bootlaces and some other round tins to be cut down and used as fans, supports and driving wheels. I cannot for the life of me remember how these fans fitted together, but I have no doubt that any technical type will get over this. We had to use octagonal pencils for the spindles which were far from satisfactory, but we had to make the best of it. Naturally anyone making one now can make a much better job of it, as you can use proper tools and get hold of many things that we couldn't - proper pulley wheels, belts instead of laces, screws and bits of Meccano, etc. But the principle is the same and a well-made blower will go like a bomb.

In any case, if you are going to Canada and you take a Blower along I assure you will have boiled your billy while the rest are just thinking about it.

M. PEYTON.

## THE BLOWER



# CHRISTMAS COMPETITION

## RESULTS

For the Delta Quiz Competitions I get hundreds of entries. Last year a Quiz I had taken two years to assemble was inadvertently destroyed: and rather than go competition-less at Christmas, I invited Scouters to imagine that like Alf the button, they could have six wishes, all to be confined, however, to desired changes in Scouting. But only a handful of Scouters responded - so I'll do my best to give you a Quiz next Christmas! Meanwhile I've decided that only two lists were worth prizes, those of

1. M. G. Hinton, A.S.M., 3rd Lancaster, and
2. "A. Tiro" (S.W.13)

and to abandon any thoughts of publishing complete lists (or awarding half-guineas) but to publish a selection of "wishes" chosen by the Deputy Chief Scout and myself. They may interest you as "talking points," and some at least are worth discussion.

**R. H.**

Let's get rid of the term "Scoutmaster" and substitute something less reminiscent of the schoolroom.

If attendance at a P.T.C. were made a condition of issue of a warrant the general standard of Troops would be raised.

Keeness would be fostered if proficiency badges could be issued as soon as the Scout had passed the test of the examiner and Court of Honour. Present delays can be considerable and rather disheartening.

Strive towards uniformity of uniform. At present there are 32 official combinations of shorts, shirt and headgear for Boy Scouts. If these basic items were more standard there would still be plenty to distinguish between Groups, but the basic brotherhood of us all would be emphasised.

B.-P. designed our uniforms to be sensible and useful. Therefore let us abolish garter-tabs. They are merely the fossilised relics of a desire to have darned wool available, and they are more easily lost than any other part of the uniform.

Let us abolish the Six Exercises as a test. They were intended for a generation which did not do P.T. at school. Ours does.

Let us award the First Aid and Ambulance badges for one year only. Rusty first-aid is quite as dangerous as no first-aid at all.

Let the Chief put aside a few weeks each summer to go on tour of camps in Great Britain without announcing his itinerary. And let him say what he found in "The Outlook."

Add to every warrant application form the following: "Do you subscribe to the religious policy of the Movement as defined in P.O.R. and are you prepared to accept its personal implications?"

Changes in the Scout uniform which will enable the cost to be considerably reduced. The high cost of uniform and camping equipment will soon mean that either Scouting will only be for rich boys or the poorer boys will have to be assisted to purchase these things, which tends too much towards charity and would be undesirable.

The Cyclist and Despatch Riders' badges to include practical road test based on the methods used when examining for driving licences.

The complete reorganisation of the whole Scout Brotherhood upon a real Patrol System. This would involve confining the functions of the Court of Honour to its original idea of a court to deal with matters which affected the honour of Scouts, not a half-baked committee allowed to interfere between a P.L. and his Patrol. It would also involve the abolition of Scouters of every rank with the partial exception of Cub Scouters (Old Wolves).

The only grown-ups allowed in the active brotherhood would be grouped as Examiners, Instructors and Wardens. Examiners and Instructors would only function as and when requested to do so by a P.L. Wardens would be on a regional basis and their job would be to try to keep adventurous P.L.s and Scouts as far as possible out of Courts of Justice, hospitals and the clutches of other interfering or narrow-minded adults. Troops, Groups, L.A.s and I.H.Q. would also be abolished. All other adult Scouts to join Old Scouts Guild. Old Wolves (one to 12 Cubs) to count as Wardens. Amend P.O.R. Rule 203 to provide for the election of the Group Committee at the Group's Annual Meeting and remove the job from the duties of a G.S.M. Members should serve for two years and then have a year's rest. Half the Committee to retire each year.

The Secretary and Treasurer to be appointed for as long as they are willing to serve.

Have a uniform uniform for "land" Scouts. I would like to see all Scouts wearing green berets, green shirts, navy shorts, navy socks with green-banded tops and black boots or shoes. Scouts who already wear this combination look practically as smart as Air and Sea Scouts.

A scheme to enable Senior Scouts and Scouts over 15 to obtain a Queen's Scout badge although severely handicapped by homework and/or evening classes. Allow them part exemption for examination success or attendance at "approved" subjects at evening school and, I feel, the 15-plus leakage would decrease.

The Thrift test to be deleted from the Cub curriculum. I have never yet encountered the Cub who could honestly say he understood the meaning of thrift!

No intending Scout/Cubmaster or non-Scouter be allowed to form or join a Troop/Pack before undergoing the appropriate Training Course. Therein lies the remedy for the many badly run Troops and Packs to-day.

The person responsible for allowing a morally "bad hat" to join a Group before checking up on the latter be dismissed from the Movement. Such a flagrant disregard of P.O.R. (of which there are regrettably numerous cases) must be unforgivable.

An enforcement of the P.O.R. ruling on the size of Wolf Cub Packs. There's far too many of these 40 and 50 strong packs about. 36 and

**NO MORE!**

The potentialities of the cycle are not sufficiently recognised in the tests, etc. (too many Commissioners with cars?), so I would give to all the hikes, except the Venturer and Hiker badge hikes, a cycling alternative.

Compulsory training before Officers are allowed to teach boys. This will ensure the right type of person entering the Movement as leaders: people willing to learn their job thoroughly before being entrusted to instruct young boys of an impressionable age.

Lady Cubmasters to wear one standard uniform to encourage smartness and uniformity on District Parades, etc.

Test in leadership for Queen's Scout badge. In addition to present badges also must lead a Patrol Camp, a series of Patrol meetings and Patrol expeditions, making all his own arrangements.

Result - better leaders, and we would be going back to B.-P.'s idea of Scouting - by Patrols.

The uniform. A national Scout "shirt" (I suggest grey) for all ranks. Other differences - hats or berets, neckers, shorts still to be allowed. Result - a much better appearance on District and County Parades, and would surely bring down the cost of this shirt.

The present practice of "putting a spotlight" on the Queen's Scout is dangerous. We believe that too much emphasis is being put on the achievement of this badge at the expense of the true Scout spirit. There are thousands of excellent Scouts who never progress past the First Class Badge because of outside study, helping the Patrol to pass their tests, etc. etc.

Abolish the Scout stave as a part of the uniform. We consider that it is an embarrassment to boy and Scouter, and certainly a nuisance to the public on buses, trains and crowded thoroughfares. It now has little if any value in the country on hikes and should be kept purely as a part of pioneering equipment.



**I WASHED IT LAST NIGHT AND I  
CAN'T DO A THING WITH IT !!!**

## FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

The organisation of that big gathering in Sutton Park in 1957 to celebrate the Centenary of our Founder's birth and the Jubilee of Scouting has taken a big step forward by the appointment of Mr. Ken Stevens, the Camp Chief's Deputy at Gilwell Park, as Organising Commissioner and Mr. John Rapley, one of our Field Commissioners, as his Deputy. I am quite sure everyone will join me in wishing all success to the Organising Commissioner and his Deputy in the immense task with which they have been entrusted.

They have got down to work quickly and the Directing Committee, which will be responsible to the Chief Scout and Committee of the Council and will be composed of the heads of the various Departments of the Jamboree together with some members of the Committee of the Council, will have had its first meeting before you read this.

The Jamboree will open officially on Thursday, August 1st, and will close on Monday, August 12th, and it is expected that every part of the world where there is Scouting will be represented among the thirty-five thousand participants. It is too soon to say how many places will be available for the United Kingdom, but as soon as we know the size of the various visiting contingents an announcement will be made. It is important to remember, however, that whether every Group will be represented at the Jamboree or not, a great many will be directly concerned as we know that many of the visiting contingents will tour Great Britain before and after the fortnight at Sutton Park. I know every District will be ready and eager to welcome our brother Scouts from over the seas. When it is known what places the different contingents want to visit, Counties and Districts concerned will be told so that plans can be made to make these occasions such that they will provide the happiest of memories for guests and hosts.

The exhibition of Scouting at Selfridges ended its successful run on St. George's Day. During the eleven days it was open it is estimated that it was visited by 45,000 members of the public.

As you will have read in the last issue of THE SCOUTER, the exhibition was opened by the Chief Guide and during its course was honoured by the presence of the following distinguished Scouts and Old Scouts:

The Chief Scout; the Deputy Chief Scout; The Lord Chancellor; Lord Baden-Powell; Colonel F. Spencer Chapman, D.S.O., who will be remembered by the Queen's Scouts who attended the Reception at Gilwell last year; Brigadier E. E. Mockler-Ferryman, Acting National Organiser of the B.-P. Guild; Ralph Reader; Colonel Arthur Young, Chief Commissioner of the City of London Police and Chairman of the Committee of the Council of the B.-P. Guild; Richard Murdoch, of B.B.C. fame; and Gordon Pirie, the great athlete. Each gave a short talk and the Lord Chancellor's references to the early days and his knowledge of *Scouting for Boys* were an inspiration.

In addition to the many attractive displays, every day there were demonstrations of Highland dancing and piping, first aid, Hindu crinoline spinning and bench demonstrations including puppet-making, toy-making from scrap, bamboo pipes, fancy rope work, aircraft modelling and model aero engines, homemade camping equipment and clothing, plaster casts, model pioneering and the construction of a soap-box car. A cabinet displayed Scout films throughout each day.

There is no doubt that a great many members of the public know a lot more about our Movement than they did before the exhibition.

We are very grateful to the Directors of Selfridges for making available three thousand square feet of floor space on the third floor of their store and, in addition, providing fittings, furniture and the help of their display staff, to make this exhibition possible. Nor must we forget the splendid work of our Publicity Secretary and his staff. It was a grand piece of team-work.

**A. W. HURLL,**  
*Chief Executive Commissioner.*

## THE GILWELL LETTER

We have two Open Days this year and I want to give you just a brief note about them.

1. Parents' Open Day. Gilwell will be open to parents who I know like to see something of the place, from 2.00 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. on Sunday, July 3rd. We shall be very happy to arrange for tea to be served and tickets may be obtained by Districts bringing organised parties.

2. Wolf Cubs' Open Day. On July 17th, from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m., we know we are going to be invaded by Cub Packs, some coming from very far a field. Gilwell will be open from midday and the programme of events will start at 2 p.m. We are hoping to have an Inter-Pack Cricket Championship and displays by Local Packs. Tea will be available for Old Wolves and, of course, plenty of "pop" in the Providore for the Cubs. Cubs must be brought by Old Wolves; we cannot have them coming under their own steam. The Camp Fee of 3d. per head will be payable, which will help to defray some of the cost of what we hope will be a grand day. Entries for the Cricket Championship should be sent to me by July 10th.

The Care of Tents. When you buy a brand-new motor-car you will, naturally, "run it in" as suggested by the makers, at any rate you would be very foolish to drive a brand-new engine at a high speed. It is quite obvious, though, that many Scouters when they buy new tents, which are expensive these days, make no attempt at all to "run them in." They buy a tent, drive it hard and harshly, and when it breaks down, as inevitably it will, they complain to the maker or the supplier.

A new tent needs care in regard to pitching, and these are the points to which I would specially draw your attention:-

1. Pitch a new tent and leave it standing for two or three days before taking it to camp. Surely somebody connected with the Troop has a garden?

2. Make sure that guy ropes are fixed and pegged in direct lines with the seams of the tent. This is not merely a matter of appearance as to do otherwise places unnecessary strain on the canvas and may stretch the weave and damage the structure of the cloth and thus cause spraying in wet weather.

3. Guy ropes on new tents require more frequent adjustment than do those of an old tent. Rain, dew, or even a rapid change of temperature will affect the new rope.

4. Just as you would carry a tool kit with your car, carry an emergency repair set with your new tent. Accidents happen even with the utmost care and first aid to a tent is sound economy.

5. If it is necessary to strike the tent in wet weather make sure it is given a chance to dry as soon as you get it home. The places to watch particularly are the thick seams, the double eaves and the sod cloth, all of which will hold water far more than the single surface of the main part of the tent.

6. Have special containers for wooden pegs and all accessories. Remember that wooden pegs can hold a great deal of moisture which will be absorbed into the canvas if packed with it.

7. Do not allow unguarded candles to be used in a tent. Don't think it can't happen to you; it happens to dozens every year and usually to the people who have not insured their equipment! There is nothing particularly backwoodsman-like about a candle unless you first kill your bear! If it is any consolation to you, Gilwell now uses electric battery lamps, and the absence of paraffin fumes and the smell of candle grease is appreciated by all.

8. Train your Scouts in tent-pitching, tent-packing, and the cleaning of wet and muddy tents, etc., and train them in these things before they go to camp.

9. The ideal is a Patrol Tent for which the Patrol Leader is responsible to the Scouters.

Finally, I would not be writing all this if it was not necessary to do so. The Movement has never had more money, thanks to "Bob-a-Job," and that money comes from the public. There was never a greater need to practise thrift with the expensive equipment we are so lucky to have.

**JOHN THURMAN,**  
*Camp thief.*



# LUCK OF THE MONTH

By THE EDITOR

**April 25th.** - Flooded with letters telling me all about the special Scout salute made by early holders of the Silver Wolf. One correspondent is amused that presumably the Editor doesn't know his Scouting for Boys! As I've proof-read and revised every edition of it for the last ten years, and abridged (at the Committee's request) the Boys' Edition, I think I can say I know Scouting for Boys - but not, of course, every edition. When I seek inspiration I go to the fortnightly parts - ah, there is the real magic! - and the Silver Wolf sign does not appear in any of these. But thank you, one and all. I know that "a Scout who has the 'Silver Wolf' honour is entitled to make the sign with the first finger and thumb opened out, the remaining fingers clenched, thumb upwards." this reminds me of my old friend and wisest of colleagues

"Tiny" Chamberlain, who used to give a talk on "Back to Scouting for Boys (4th Edition)."

**April 26th.** - From last Saturday's Bookseller: "If the weather and putting the clock on haven't already done the trick the appearance of the Boy Scout in search of jobs for bobs is a sure sign that spring is with us."

**April 27th.** - For the Scouter's notebook: The Westminster City Council has placed a bronze plaque in the pavement of Trafalgar Square behind the statue of Charles I to mark the official centre of London from which all mileages are drawn on the O.S. Maps.

**April 28th.** - Daily Sketch featured the other day a nice story headed "Bobby the Wolf Cub." Bobby had merely taken a Wallet he had found to a policeman: there were ten LI notes inside and a cheque for well over £2,000. The Daily Sketch went on: "That eminent philosopher and Scientific Humanist, Bertrand Russell, recently said that we would all be thieves if it were not for fear of the police. We would all steal if we could get away with it.

"But the small boy wasn't a Scientific Humanist. He was a Wolf Cub. When a Wolf Cub finds something valuable, he doesn't dodge the police. He goes straight to the police and hands it over. He knows the police are as honest as he is.

"We are living in a world that is a stricken battleground of rival faiths.

The victory will be won by the better men with the better ideas. On the high level of philosophy it is the Kremlin versus Cambridge. Where can we find the better idea? Maybe neither in the Kremlin nor Cambridge. Maybe in the Wolf Cubs."

**April 29th.** - A Bob-a-Job story I liked, told me by the Scouter who wants it all to be anonymous:-

"During a football match on somewhat uneven turf, at Easter Camp, one of our P.L.s (of the Foxes to be exact) stumbled - hence a fractured tib. and fib. His greatest concern, apart from the inevitable pain and discomfort, was his inability to lead his Patrol through Bob-a-Job week. He was detained in hospital until Easter Monday afternoon and, of course, had to spend the remainder of the week indoors, and it was virtually impossible for him to earn anything. Another member of the Patrol (of eight) was, for family reasons, unable to earn anything as well. Things looked black. However, last night at Troop meeting, who should turn up but the P.L. of the Foxes aged 14 years, by car, complete with leg-length plaster and crutches, only ten days after the accident. He called his Patrol to the "Alert" for inspection, occupying his usual place (complete with crutches). At the end of the meeting, Bob-a-Job results were announced as far as known. Of the Foxes' eight 'men,' one (the P.L.) had earned nothing, another (through family reasons) had we supposed earned nothing as he was not present, and a third had not paid in. The result of the remaining five was £6 16s. 6d. between them. I can't describe the look on the P.L.'s face."

I believe it's called "response to a challenge" - words every Scouter should repeat once every day.

**May 2nd.** - Two familiar quotes:

(a) "The leakage of Scouts which we deplore, and which everyone must seriously consider (etc. etc.)

(b) ". . . it is said that a young Patrol Leader, or Second, is not competent to instruct. As a matter of fact, his competence usually depends on the competence or incompetence of his Scoutmaster."



NATURE SCRAPBOOK: (9) JUNE MEADOW

The first is the voice of Dr. C. W. Emlyn, the second of the Hon. Roland E. Philipps; the date is the same - December 1913.

**May 3rd.** - Delighted to hear that Mont. Garrett, D.C. Twickenham, is this year's Mayor of the borough. Hearing it, I recalled vividly happy days spent in his company going to and returning from the Moisson Jamboree and the magnificent job he did for the prestige of British and Commonwealth Scouting in the Display Arena there, afternoon after burning afternoon.

**May 4th.** - At the Walthamstow L.A. Annual Meeting the Badge Secretary, Mr. G. H. Hancock, gave his report as usual. I say, as usual, for he has been Badge Secretary for 38 de voted years.

**May 5th.** - Sudden thought: how many "good turns" are cancelled out by one "bad turn"?

**May 6th.** - Came on a way of playing Kim's Game new to me (but, I expect after my Silver-Wolf-salute.'experience, known to everybody else! nevertheless here goes!). Troop sit in circle. Twenty-four articles passed round from Scout to Scout, starting at given point. Each Scout looks at and handles each object, passing it on as Scouter counts slowly, goes from one number to the next, handing out objects as he counts. A.S.M. or T.L. collects them as they arrive at the last boy in the circle. As soon as Scout has had the 24th article through his hands, he goes off, face to wall, and begins to write his list.

**May 9th.** - Only one reply to my Backwoodsman Badge query:- John Mimer, D.C. Stowmarket, confirms that Suffolk Scouts use pigeons, usually grilling them over the fire rather than baking them in clay.

**May 10th.** - Saw an enchanting film "A Kid for two Farthings" which you should see. It's about a small boy who believes his little goat-kid is a unicorn. Set in the Petticoat Lane district of London, it has a lovely piece of playing by David Kossoff as the old Jewish tailor and the playing of the boy (Jonathan Ashmore) is as natural as lark's song. All of you who are young in heart will love it.

REX HAZLEWOOD.

## LETTERS FROM CANADA - III

With so many Scouts coming to this country in August, I thought it would be interesting to tell you some of the everyday customs and methods which are peculiar to this part of the world.

There is one church which is distinctively Canadian - and that is the United Church of Canada. As its name implies it is a church which unites some denominations, the Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. Although there is still a sizeable Presbyterian Church, the United Church represents the largest protestant body in the country, with more than two million members. Next largest protestant body is the Church of England, which for the past several years has been engaged in exploratory talks with the United Church with a view to organic union some time in the future. It has nearly two million members. This, at least, would seem to be a step in the right direction. Incidentally, 43 per cent of the population is Roman Catholic.

It is amazing how many things in Canada are completely opposite to their counterpart in Great Britain. Of course, you all know that traffic goes on the "wrong side" of the road, e.g. the right. It is surprising how confusing and frightening this can be at times. So far as I can see this is the only standard traffic rule across the country since traffic regulation is a Provincial concern. In some provinces it is a case of the survival of the fittest, in others everyone drives by the letter of the law - or else and you can even be fined on the spot if you jay walk. You will quickly learn in which category Ontario comes.

In Ontario at traffic signals traffic may - after stopping - turn right on a red light.

Pavement is the road, while the place where the pedestrian walks is the sidewalk. Lorry is an unknown word - this vehicle is known as a truck, whilst what you would call a truck is known as a freight car. To turn on the electric light you switch UP - but don't let this bother you: this may be the Jamboree of New Horizons, but we have not gone so far as to equip tents with electric lights. The doors to the majority of stores open outwards only - I sprained my wrist several times before I remembered this.

Those of you who read the American crime fiction will be familiar with the Drug Store - it's a chemist shop plus - plus whatever the owner sees fit to sell.

The majority certainly have a snack bar - here you can get an alkaseltzer for that over-loaded tummy or a bromoseltzer for a ditto head. Or surrounded by powders, lipsticks, pink pills and utensils you can balance on a high stool and chaw away at hamburgers, ice cream or what have you. You can also buy candy here (not sweets - they are beautiful young things - or a course at dinner). Biscuits - cookies - crackers, will get you mixed up but I mustn't spoil all your fun by saying too much. Incidentally, if you want 'chips' ask for French fries. How such a basic English dish could come by such a name is beyond me. Talking of French - you will have equal fun in that language - there are as many traps in Canadian French as Canadian English. Pomme de terre will bring screams of laughter - patate is the word to use.

One of the hardest obstacles visitors will meet will be the cost of purchases in Canada. The rate of exchange is very much against sterling countries. At the time of writing 272 cents go to the pound. So very roughly 1c. equals a penny but it has by no means the same purchasing value. Most daily papers cost 5c. A hair cut costs 85c.- yes, have it shorn off before you leave! A bottle of pop will cost you 10c. with 2c. back on the bottle and a small choc bar 10c. also. Cuppa tea? 10c. and that will probably introduce you to the tea bag. A ride on a bus or streetcar is different. They are all single deckers and have automatic doors controlled by the operator. There are no conductors - just an operator who drives and sits by a jackpot device in which you drop the fare. Fares vary a little (10c.-15c.) from city to city but in any one city there is only one fare, whether you travel 100 yards or right across town, it is all the same. If it is necessary to travel on more than one conveyance to complete your journey, you ask the operator for a transfer ticket. This is handed to the operator of the next conveyance instead of paying again.

Well, there it is fellows. Spending that hard earned pocket money may cause some pain but it is necessary to know that these are the normal prices in this country. That in charging these prices nobody is rooking anybody and certainly as far as the Jamboree itself is concerned, everything possible has been done to keep cost of canteen purchases down to a minimum compatible with reasonable quality.

*(Continues on P.25)*



**CANADIAN SCOUTS MEET THEIR SPECIAL SPEAKERS**

Dr. Cyril F. James, left, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill, and Chief Justice W. B. Scott, meet Laval West Scouts, Eric Turcotte and Jack Crawford, who were among those given Queen's Scout Certificates at Moyse Hall, McGill University, Montreal, on Saturday, April 2nd. Chief Justice Scott and Dr. James addressed the gathering.

# PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS: XVIII - THE GANNET

When I was a boy I often used to go out with the local fishermen in their boats during the herring season. I was not very interested in catching herrings myself (which can be an uncomfortable job in rough weather!), but these expeditions gave me a wonderful chance to watch seabirds at close quarters. That was how I first came to know the gannet - a splendid bird with long narrow wings, spear-like beak and glistening snowy plumage.

When the boats were about a mile off shore the more experienced fishermen always used to keep a sharp look-out for gannets because if a group of them happened to be circling over a particular stretch of water it was a fairly reliable sign that the largest herring shoals would also be there.

My friends liked to shoot their nets in such places, and while we waited until it was time to draw them in I used to watch the graceful movements of our competitors flying overhead and cleaving the air with their powerful black-tipped wings. Even at great distances it was impossible to confuse them with gulls because the dazzling whiteness of their plumage made the palest gull look dingy in comparison.

The gannet is the largest of our British sea-birds. His streamlined body is designed for speed and offers little resistance to the air. Watch him as he dives from a height and you will notice that he holds his wings near the body while he hurtles down in a headlong or oblique stoop. Then just before he enters the water he presses them tightly against his flanks and disappears below the surface sending up a cascade of spray. I never tire of watching this magnificent performance with its thrilling moment as the bird strikes the waves with a resounding smack. The noise is quite loud at a distance of over a hundred yards and you may wonder how the gannet manages to make his terrific power-dive without injuring himself. Nature has provided him with several folds of loose skin in the region of the breast, and when he stoops he inflates them with air to form a cushion against the sudden impact. A further point of interest in the gannet's structure is the absence of external nostrils so that water cannot enter his nose as he submerges.

Except during the breeding season gannets spend all their time at sea following the movements of fish such as herring, mackerel and pilchard. I do not think that anyone has yet discovered how deeply the gannet can dive, but it must be well over 30 feet on occasions. One writer has recorded dead specimens as having been taken from nets set at more than twice this depth, but it is uncertain whether the birds were trapped before or while the nets were being drawn out. Standing at the edge of a cliff I have watched gannets plunging into clear water so that it was possible to follow their movements below the surface, but if you have ever tried to estimate the depth of a submerged object from above you will know what a difficult task it is!

During autumn and winter the gannet has a habit of wandering far from its breeding stations. The most southerly of these (in the British Isles) is on the Welsh island of Grassholm off Pembrokeshire, which gives you some idea of the minimum distance that must have been covered by the birds when you see them hunting along the south coast anywhere between Land's End and the Isle of Wight. Those seen farther east have probably come from Scotland. At this time of the year many gannets cross the English Channel to the coasts of France and Spain or move south-eastwards across the North Sea to Dutch and German waters. We do not yet understand a great deal about the significance of these movements, but according to the distinguished ornithologist, Sir A. Landsborough Thomson, who has studied the results obtained from ringed specimens, it seems that mature gannets rarely travel beyond Europe.

On the other hand young ones in their first year show a definite tendency to migrate as far as the west coast of Africa; then as they become older this migratory instinct gradually decreases.



Even when they are breeding, gannets will sometimes range for food at distances of over 150 miles from their nesting sites.

It is a fascinating if somewhat noisy experience to visit a large gannetry, to use the name by which the breeding colonies are known. Dense masses of birds nest side by side on the ground incubating their chalky eggs or feeding their downy youngsters on regurgitated fish. As you approach them they show their annoyance by joining in a chorus of harsh squawks and staring at you with their menacing eyes. But all this is mere bluff; despite their show of defiance the old birds soon flop off their nests unless you move very slowly, in which case they will often let you inspect them at close range.

A pair of gannets will rear only one chick each year as a rule. The youngster grows extremely plump on its fishy diet and when it is fledged its parents desert it. After a period of starvation it finds its own way down the perilous cliffs to the sea and relies on its reserves of fat to keep it going until it learns how to fend for itself.

In 1939 Dr. Gwynne Vevers and my friend James Fisher organised a census of gannets. They estimated that the total breeding strength in the world was about 167,000 of which 109,000 nested in the British Isles. The largest gannetry of all is on the St. Kilda group of islands in the Outer Hebrides where 16,900 pairs were counted, the second largest being on Little Skellig off the coast of Kerry in Ireland which had about 9,500 pairs at the time of the census. Next comes Ailsa Craig, a huge rock nearly 2,000 feet high at the entrance to the Firth of Clyde, about ten miles west of Girvan in Ayrshire. The breeding population here was estimated to consist of over 5,400 pairs.

Scotland has more gannetries than any other country. Perhaps the most famous of these is on the Bass Reck (in the Firth of Forth) from which the bird derives its scientific name *Sula bassana*. In case you are interested in the origin of words the old Norse for gannet is *sula*, from which we get *solan*, the alternative English name often used by the older naturalists when writing about the bird. Many of them called it the *solan* goose because it has a somewhat goose-like appearance when seen at rest, but the gannet really forms a connecting link between the cormorants and petrels.

**MICHAEL BLACKMORE**



## “CHILDHOOD’S PATTERN”

RICHARD - being a normal, healthy, high-spirited three-year-old - is all of the headaches I encountered as a Cubmaster and many more besides, all rolled into one.

Motherhood certainly teaches one a salutary lesson in humility. When I am confronted by a mutinous Richard trying the wings of his defiance; or by a five-month-old John, a stiff arc of protest against the introduction of bone broth into his diet; when I wrestle with their opposition and retire (not infrequently) baffled and defeated, I wonder how I ever had the temerity - nay, the effrontery - to take on anyone else’s children in a Cub Pack, much less as an Akela Leader to tell other people how to take them on! I blush with shame when I reflect how glib I must have sounded.

How frequently has one said “If a boy begins to play up in Pack Meetings, try to get at the *cause*. It may be that there is a new baby at home, and he is wanting to draw attention to himself...”

How true, yet how incomplete! For who, not having observed it at first hand, can begin to appreciate the emotional upheaval experienced by the older child when mother is suddenly withdrawn from him and, for long periods of each day, concentrates on this boring new arrival? A dear little baby brother? The kid’s a dead loss as a companion for months and months - aeons of time in a child’s estimation.

Yes, indeed. Two young sons have caused me to see the task of the Cubmaster in an entirely new light; have caused me to examine the validity or otherwise of our methods and pronouncements. Admittedly, I am seeing things through the eyes of a three-year-old and not a boy of eight or nine, but so much that I am learning will still hold good in five or six years’ time.

There is the essential *rightness* of B.-P.’s *positive* creed: “A Scout *is*”; not “A Scout shall not.” There are days when one starts saying “No,” “Don’t” and “You mustn’t” at a quarter to six in the morning and carries on until bedtime. The words come automatically and, as automatically, one realises that they are having no effect whatsoever. One pulls oneself together and makes a conscious effort at something positive. Not “Don’t leave your tricycle slap in the middle of the kitchen; put it away” but “Come on, Richard, let’s put your car in the car park. Mr. Plod the Policeman will be after us if we leave it in the middle of the road.” It works like a charm - but, oh, the effort of imagination required to avoid constantly “making an issue” of things!

There, however, is the imaginative power we seize upon to train the Cub through Kipling’s “Jungle” code. The imagination is there from infancy; only the focus shifts. The Cub is a space pilot; Richard has been a tractor, on and off, for the past six months. It’s amazing what tractors live on: rice pudding, scrambled egg, tomato sandwiches. No miracle is impossible with a story!

The most unruly Pack can be brought to order by the promise of a yam; the most recalcitrant three-year-old can be weaned from his mischief by the magic words “Once upon a time.”

How he will drink in every word of your story - but, oh, when being reproved, how he can close his ears! It is a peculiarly male characteristic, I think. It is already established at two or three; it is well developed at Cub age; it survives even in husbands!

“Richard, are you *listening*?” I demand in exasperation.

“No, Mummie.” He is at least honest.

How true, also, that what you enjoy is not necessarily the Cub’s cup of tea - or Richard’s! We can walk in two directions from our house. We can slip out through the garden into the woods and the common. Here is Nature and - more important - it is a reasonably *level* walk with the pram. But at present Nature leaves Richard cold unless it is something really interesting like a dog-fight or a dead rat. He prefers the other direction: down one of three precipitous descents (one “made,” the other two “unmade” and flinty) all of which lead to the Brighton Road, the Fire Station, the Ambulance

depot, the endless traffic, the petrol fumes and (utter bliss!) the laying of new mains, which undertaking has had the road up for months, with all the attendant joyous confusion of concrete mixers, steam shovels and hydraulic drills.

Boredom is the child’s worst enemy, the twin fount (with fatigue) of his naughtiness. Find a restless mob of Cubs and a meeting out of hand; what are the odds that Akela is inefficient, the programme unplanned and no work being done? Give Richard a duster and the polish tin, ask him to assemble the vacuum cleaner or stir the custard and he is supremely happy; tell him just to “go away and play” and he is bored after five minutes and in trouble after six.

Like all young creatures, he is interested in and inquisitive about anything and everything. The questions begin as soon as a child can talk and mount with the years.

“Mummie, what is that?”

“An oak tree.”

“Why is it an oak tree?” Why?

He must constantly be learning new things. Like the Cub, he learns them from the adults with whom he is in contact. The Cub mirrors Akela in himself.

“Cor, marvellous, isn’t it!” says my woman-what-does.

“Cor!” echoes Richard as his tall structure of bricks wavers precariously; or bathes his teddy with the carefully observed detail of mummie bathing John; or stands proudly on the bonnet of the car “helping” daddy to wash the front window.

Yes, indeed, I am learning daily and, when I sink exhausted into bed each night, I am now no longer shocked and surprised that many outside the Movement consider us a bit queer to take on up to thirty-six other responsibilities in addition to our own! Yet when, in the light of my own two boys, I see the lively faces of a Pack of Cubs: grubby, grinning, gap-toothed, freckled Cubs; snub-nosed, red-haired, tousled, eager, questioning Cubs; above all, happy and *responsive* Cubs, then I consider that no sacrifice of time or energy or spirit is too great for them - or for Richard and John.

MARY SMITH.

## SPECIAL PACK MEETING: VIII. THE STORY OF ST. ANDREW

The whole of this activity revolves round one central figure, that of a fisherman. The Pack are all squatting in a circle when into their view comes a “stranger.” He is dressed in blue jersey, thigh boots and a sou’wester. He approaches slowly, with dignity, to the centre of the circle and raising his hand in salute begins his story.

“Greetings to you, my friends, greetings. I am Andrew, a fisherman, and I come to you from long long ago to tell you my story. It started when Christianity was born in the days of Jesus of Nazareth. I loved and followed Him, my Master, until there came a day when they seized Him and nailed Him to a Cross. Then, my heart filled with despair, I wandered afar to a place called Achia where the people were kind and listened to my words. And then, one day, whilst walking alone, there came to me a voice, the voice of my Master, saying, ‘Andrew, Andrew, go you to a far distant land where live a cruel people, for Matthew your brother has need of you.’ What should I do, leave my friends and a mission that prospered or stay where I was happy and safe? I hear that you have a Law which tells you to obey your Leader and not give in to yourself. Show me how well you learn and obey.”

The fisherman pauses in his story and an Old Wolf stands up and there follows a *Tenderpad Test* between the Sixes.

The test over, the fisherman continues... “Your lesson is a good one. I too was tested, but my Master’s voice could not be ignored. And so, saying farewell to my friends, I gathered food and went to the shore to search for a boat. ‘What, lend you a boat when you may never return! Away with you!’ they said, and lonely and sick of heart I wandered by the sea too despairing to pray. And then in a little bay I found a small sailing craft rocking gently on the waves and I knew my Master was with me. Entering, I set sail and went upon my mission over the blue waters.



By day I steered by the sun, and at night by the stars, but they tell me today you steer by a wonder box called a compass. Show me what you know of this wonder." Then . . . *Compass Test* in competition form.

The fisherman continues .. "And so I sailed on until one night there came a storm such as I had rarely met before. The wind howled and the waves raced by and I ran before the gale. Then did I need all my knowledge of sea-craft.

Could you have lashed the helm and reefed the sail in such a storm? What do you know of ropes and their uses?" Then *Knotting Test* as competition.

The fisherman goes on.. . "But the storm passed and I sailed on until at last I saw before me the shores of a strange land. My Master had guided me well and before long I stood before the king, a cruel and unjust man. My brother Matthew was in prison and near to death, but I reasoned with the king until, at last, relenting, I was given charge of Matthew nursing him back to health. Then, there came to me again the voice of my Master, saying, 'Thy work is done, return to Achia, and teach my words.' But my boat was gone. And so I climbed a headland and by the smoke of a fire attracted the attention of a passing ship and I was taken aboard. They tell me today you move your arms in a wondrous way and send words over the sea and land. Show me what you know of this wonder."

Then *Signalling Competition*.

"But the voyage of the ship was long and weary, and when at last I returned to Achia the people had forgotten me and mocked at my teaching. I rebuked them, but they, in anger, seized me and taking me to a hill showed me a Cross, glistening white against the deep blue sky. What do you know today of crosses? They tell me you have woven them into your flags, please show me."

Then *Flags and Symbols Competition*.

"My story draws to a close, for they tied me to that Cross and left me. But my story lived on after me and came at last to the ears of the people of Scotland. They listened and remembered, then wove my white Cross into a blue flag, saying, 'This Cross shall mark the true paths of safety over the stormy blue waters. Henceforth shall this fisherman be our Patron Saint, and he shall be called Saint Andrew.'

"And now I must leave you, but when you see the flag of Scotland remember my story. Farewell, my friends, farewell."

The fisherman walking with dignity passes from the Cubs' sight but he is never forgotten.

*Note:* This Pack activity has been tried most successfully in several Districts after its initial trial at an Essex Akela Pack.

The continuity story is easy to learn and the five tests are prepared beforehand by an experienced Old Wolf, all taking any form that is most practical. Saint Andrew is dressed as a fisherman of present times to show his story and spirit are still true today.

**BALOO,**

*Asst. Akela Leader, Essex.*

# THE GAMES CHEST: CUBS

MISCELLANEOUS

## 8. VISITING THE EARTH

*Gear:* None.

*Purpose:* To create an interest in Semaphore.

Cubs become Spacemen visiting the earth. They form a long link by holding the hand of the boy in front with the right hand, and the boy behind with the left. They tread warily, walking slowly. Old Wolves are humans on this earth. At a sound signal - either a clap or whistle - Spacemen stiffen - danger is ahead - and face the sound. The human who made the sound then semaphores one letter from the first circle, the Spacemen must disguise themselves by making themselves into an article - living or dead - commencing with the signalled letter. They do this singly. For instance, if "C" is signalled they may become a cat, crocodile, cradle, etc. If the earth dwellers are not satisfied with the result, they remove the Spaceman and place him in captivity. (O.W.s will find that the first seven letters of semaphore are quickly learnt and remembered.)

**DAISY HYDE.**

## 9. TREASURE HUNT

*Gear:* Signalling flags. Paper and pencil for each Six.

*Purpose:* Signalling practice.

Clues can be signalled by Akela and written down in a list by each Six, or messages can be signalled clue by clue, in which case each Six should have its own sender.

Lists of leaves for collecting can be sent in either of these ways; also flowers and natural objects.

**ERICA GRAHAM.**

## 10. KIM'S GAME

*Gear:* Signalling flags.

*Purpose:* Semaphore practice.

The items required for a Kim's Game can be collected by Semaphore, the Six bringing the object first having the privilege of its being included in the Kim's Game which follows.

**ERICA GRAHAM.**

## 11. FLYING SAUCERS

*Gear:* A piece of chalk.

*Purpose:* Nimbleness, alertness.

Draw a chalk circle in the centre of room to represent the Master Saucer. Do not close the circle; leave a gap about a foot wide between your starting and finishing point.

Inside this Saucer, draw a number of smaller circles - one less than the number of Cubs (Saucermen) taking part in the game.

Saucermen may walk about the earth which is anywhere outside the large Saucer, or may be lined up against a wall. At Akela's signal the Saucermen scam into the Saucer; there is only one way in - through the narrow opening.

They stand on a small Saucer - the Saucer-man who does not get a Saucer is "out."

(In this queer world, he is not "out" but "in," because again at a signal, all Saucermen excepting the one who is "out" take up positions outside the Saucer, but he enters and stands on a Saucer and remains there for the rest of the game.) The game proceeds as before - each time the Saucerman who is "out" occupies a Saucer and stays on it.

The game continues until all Saucers are occupied. The winner being the one who gains the last Saucer.



# THERE'S A HOLE

IN YOUR BUCKET,  
DEAR LIZA!

Cheerful boy noises echoed across the site as the "First" prepared for their well earned night's repose.

"If you've got to kick me in the ear, you might take your great clod-hopping boots off first!" from the Owls.

A howl of indignant wrath. "Who put this blinkin' corpse in my kit?"

"Oy! Don't you chuck that out, it's my mole. I'm going to skin it and make a woggle!" "Well. It stinks, it's not stopping in here!" noises of a struggle from the Curlews then, "This is a tent, not a mortuary," in satisfied tones, indicative of a job well done. Plaintively, "Beast! Anybody got a torch, it's my woggle!"

"That's young Sharp, first annual camp. Told him to bury it, been dead about a fortnight!" said the S.M.

"Who? Young Sharp?" Thomas, the junior A.S.M. inquired slyly.

"No, you clot - the mole! Stinks to high heaven. I'll murder him!"

"Shouldn't worry. P.L. seems to have dealt with the occasion quite effectively. Sharp's searching half an acre of field with a box of matches!" said the S.M.(S), squinting over his pipe across the field.

"Now, look Tubby, shove over a foot, you take more room than Tick!" from the Pigeons.

Mr. Ticklefoot beamed. "Tent capacity. Eight Scouts or one Ticklefoot. It fits!"

"You don't, you know, Tick," this from Harry, the latest recruit to the ranks of the Scouters. "You need a marquee. Tent no good."

Mr. Ticklefoot beamed again and settled himself more comfortably on his log. "Young Harry, if it wasn't too much trouble, I'd spread you across my lap and spank you!"

"You couldn't!"

"Oh! And why not?"

"No lap!"

"Stop wrangling you two!" A long, lank figure appeared out of the darkness.

"Mugs ready. Mud up!" The G.S.M. tipped the lid off the Dixie - and burned his fingers.

"Anyway, it's hot!"

Harry stirred the remains of the campfire and added an armful of brush. The flickering flames joined with the glow from the western sky and illuminated Mr. Ticklefoot, a jovial goblin sniffing at his enormous mug.

"What's this? Cocoa or coffee?"

"What's it taste like?"

"Paraffin mostly!"

"Then it's cocoa. Coffee tastes like turps," Thomas added, rudely.

"Jolly good cocoa," said the G.S.M. "Curlews made it."

"Oh! Mole juice!" said Thomas, "Or they forgot to clean out the stew."

Mr. Ticklefoot took a deep draught of cocoa. "Don't think it's mole, or stew, tastes more like frog, got the water out of the pool I shouldn't wonder!" He viewed the brown liquid contemplatively. "I've been thinking."

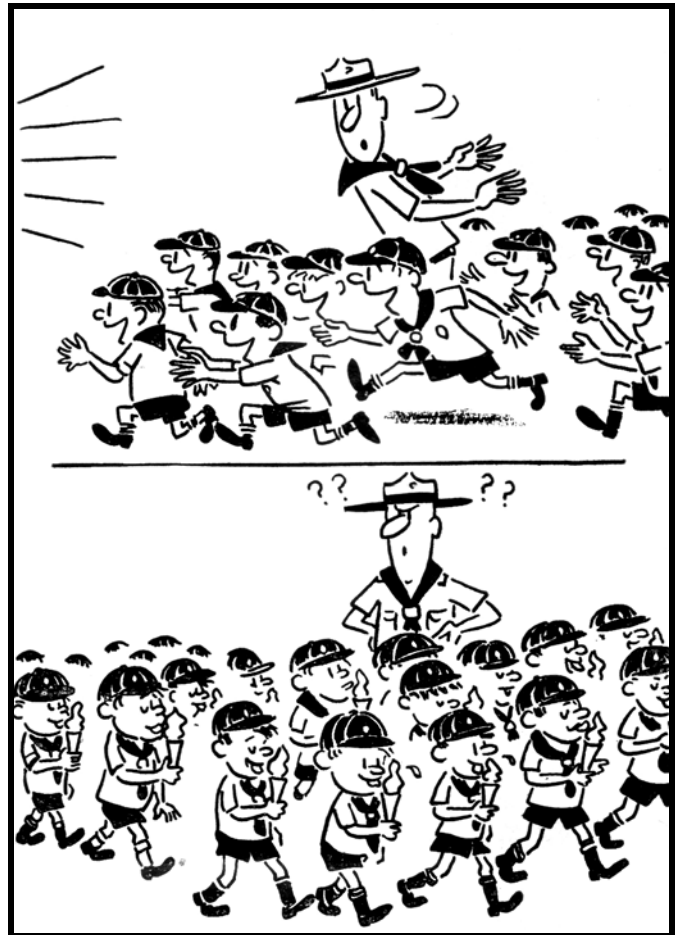
"So that's what it was," said the G.S.M., slightly peeved about the general opinion of his little lambs' culinary efforts.

Mr. Ticklefoot fell for it, "That was what?"

"That rasping noise, you thinking, thought it was a night-jar. Better be careful Tick, too much cerebral activity bad for the blood pressure."

"You leave my blood pressure alone, it's a remarkably good pressure. Doctor's very proud of it. But seriously, I was wondering how many of the present gang will be with us next year. Most of the young ones I expect, but I'll bet it's the last camp for most of the fourteen-fifteen group."

The little group fell silent. The fire crackled and something moved in the adjacent bushes.



A startled blackbird flashed across the clearing giving its alarum cry and the vivid scarlet streaks from the setting sun blinked out one by one.

Mr. Ticklefoot started to sing, very quietly, so quietly that the words were inaudible.

"What's that Tick? Dear Liza?"

"Well. Yes, in a way, same tune anyway, but its a version I just thought of. Fits somehow," and he sang more clearly:

"There's a hole in your Movement dear Scouter, dear Scouter, there's a hole in your Movement, dear Scouter, a hole!"

The S.M.(S) answered in a very deep bass.

"Then mend it dear Tickie, dear Tickie, dear Tickie, then mend it dear Tickie, dear Tickie, mend it." Then, in his ordinary voice he said, "That's the rub. Mend it - with what?"

"Adventure, dear Scouter, is the answer to that," Mr. Ticklefoot chuckled. "Adventure me lad, that's what they joined for. If they don't get it - why - they leave."

"Adventure? May be you're right. But what's adventure nowadays. Seems mostly to be space ships and interplanetary warfare. Was cowboys and indians once - then gangsters and the F.B.I. All right for Cubs I suppose, anyway, we don't lose them until they come up to the Troop."

"Space ships and such are modern fairy tales, you don't need 'em. Plenty of adventure. What about making cocoa?"

"What about how much?" said the G.S.M. in astonishment, "Cocoa? Making cocoa an adventure? You going bats, Tick?"

"No," said Mr. Ticklefoot, "I don't think so, no battier than usual. What I mean is that making cocoa on a gas stove is a chore. The same job here, in camp, with all sorts of minor difficulties to overcome and a pretty good possibility of failure if the difficulties are not overcome, is something of a challenge. I'll bet young Sharp remembers his first dixie of cocoa for the Scouters as a real live adventure."

He'll remember it when he's forgotten all about semaphore and such. Just as he was thrilled when he had to tie a bowline round his P.L. and lower him out of the old oak a few hours ago. Sitting on a chair in the club room ain't the same thing by any manner of means."

"It's the same knot wherever he ties it," interpolated the S.M.

"That's just what it isn't," rejoined Mr. Ticklefoot. "A reef knot to tie a parcel is just a knot. Very useful, very safe. Too safe. No adventure. Why the very name, reef, conjures up visions of windjammers in stormy seas. Old salts suspended between sky and water struggling to take in sail. Waves twenty feet high, shipping 'em green. All depends on his knot. It means something, the Reef Knot, adventure, danger, excitement.

"Oh! I know you have no windjammers round the corner, you can't be quite as literal as that. But young Sharp, hanging precariously in the branches of that tree tied his knots a darned sight better, better in both accuracy and speed, than he ever did in the club room - why? Because something real depended on his success - his P.L.'s neck.

"In fiction, adventure just happens, there wouldn't be any story if it didn't. Somebody had to think it up, lots of think needed to keep the story going. The harder the think and the better the imagination - the greater the enjoyment and the stronger the illusion that the author manages to implant.

"Cub room Scouting is one of the holes in our bucket. Might as well try mountaineering in the park or swimming on dry land as to hope for effective - adventurous - Scouting between four walls. You can do a lot of preparatory work in the club room - just as you can learn the use of mountaineering gear without a mountain to climb - or swimming action balanced on a stool on dry land. But these are all preparatory, in anticipation of adventure and thrills. Youngsters will give their full heart and soul to these preparations provided - and always provided - that they have a chance of using the skills acquired in the club room in real mountaineering, or swimming - or real Scouting. You can't play the game of Scouting indoors - you can only prepare in the club room. It therefore stands to reason, if the new chum finds that the Scouting he has imagined, the Scouting that he has been preparing for in the Cubs, the Scouting that B.-P. wrote about - and actively participated in - is, in fact, nothing but a preparation for something that never happens - jam yesterday - jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day as the old tag has it, he will very soon get fed up and leave us to find his own adventure - probably of the canned variety in books or at the cinema or from that latest bane of the lazy Scouter - Television."

"Yes," said the G.S.M. thoughtfully, "I can see what you are driving at, but it really means defining adventure."

"I think I know," boomed the S.M.(S). "We are inclined to give the word too big a meaning. We are dealing with real and not fictional adventure. Books have to exaggerate to be readable, but in our case anything can be an adventure provided that it has an element of reality and is so arranged that it gives the imagination something to work on."

"I think you have about hit the point," Mr. Ticklefoot rejoined.

"Bridge building, for instance, how often have you seen a Patrol very busy making a trestle - indoors. They never finish it, it is merely a pile of sticks tied together. Take 'em outside, build the same thing over a stream or even a muddy path and although you may just see a bunch of lads still tying sticks together..."

"Lashing poles," someone interrupted, "at least we don't use sticks and string!"

"You'd be surprised. I've seen 'em using plant-tye and pea canes. My point is that the lads doing the job are putting a vital bridge across a roaring canyon, or if their reading is up to date, over one of the canals on Mars! Practical application of clubroom practice, with a spice of danger to add interest, even if it is only the danger of getting wet if a faulty lashing gives."

"Much the same with camping," the S.M. remarked. "Older boys soon get a sort of routine attitude to week-end camping. Loses its thrill somehow."

"They will, if their sole object is to cook a few meals and sleep in a tent. They know nothing much is likely to happen, they know, or think they know, all the answers."

"When I was running the Troop," said the G.S.M., "I used to send them out without a tent, had to make their own shelter. They got adventure enough then, especially if it rained!"

"Backwoods cooking," added the S.M. "Good fun, can't come to much harm in twenty-four hours," he cogitated a second and added, "Wish parents thought so!"

"You can always supply standard alternatives. The boys won't use 'em, but it will make the parents happy," said Mr. Ticklefoot. "But you Tom," to the G.S.M. "You indicated another hole in our bucket a second ago."

"Who? Me? What hole?"

"Quote - When I was running the Troop - unquote. Troop. Your first thought. The Troop was your baby, not the Pack or the Seniors. Hence the constant chattering from the Pack. You attend practically every Troop meeting and take an active part in their club-room and camping work. How often do you do the same for the Pack?"

"I don't know much about Cubs. Can't get on with 'em somehow. Anyway, I pop in quite often, the Girls seem all right, making a good job of it." Mr. Ticklefoot struck a dramatic attitude and declaimed.

"Enter the G.S.M. - Pack. Alert! - Pack salute. Good evening Skipper. Hum! Er! Good evening - carry on Pack! All well, Miss er. Akela? Nice bunch of lads you've got. You hang about a few minutes, possibly have a short conversation with one of the A.C.M.s - he prettiest for preference, and then stalk out. Happily conscious of a duty well done, the Pack has been visited." Mr. Ticklefoot paused then raised his voice to a bellow. "Rats! Pale purple rats with little red waistcoats - all you have done is emphasise the division between the Pack and the Troop - YOUR Troop. Junior section. Junior officers. G.S.M. heap big Chief - How! Wa! and other rude noises!"

"Oh! Trim it up a bit, Tick, it's not as bad as that," said the G.S.M. rather uneasily, "I often present badges."

"Exactly - Heap Big Chief! Group Council, what about Group Council?"

"Well, what?" the G.S.M. was getting slightly nettled. "We meet regularly, good attendance."

"Do they get a fair crack of the whip? Is there a real link, a family link I mean, or do they have to listen to Troop business and Troop requirements - and worst of all, Troop demands on joint funds for 90 per cent of the time? Remember your Bob-a-Job returns? The Pack earned half as much again as the Troop, yet the Troop got a new tent and the Pack a few yards of rope. There wasn't enough left for them to have a very necessary replacement for a broken Six box!"

The G.S.M. remained silent and Mr. Ticklefoot continued.

"You are a hole, you know. You and hundreds like you. Practical Scouters. Years of experience. Take the G.S.M.'s warrant because it's ostensibly the senior job, Big Chief complex - mild swank really. What you do in fact, is to continue to run your Troop, override the S.M., to his serious detriment - he never is a pukka S.M. The main job, to keep the Group happy and a consecutive whole gets lost in a welter of Troop Scouting and Troop interests." Mr. Ticklefoot was very serious, then, more cheerfully, "Sorry, Tom, I was thinking generally, merely using you as an example, you do pretty well - though I still think you would be happier with a Troop. G.S.M.s should be fat old buffers like me who can't do anything more active. Well, fire is nearly out, I'm for the hay. Bring your torch, Harry. If I fall you will have to do some real pioneering - sheer-legs - and you won't be able to use pea canes!" Mr. Ticklefoot ambled off into the darkness and they heard him sing as he moved away- "Adventure will mend it, dear Scouter, dear Scouter. Adventure will mend it, dear Scouter. Try it!"

**ZIZERA.**

## 47. ACTION IN NORTH WALES

By B. J. RANKIN, Hon Secretary, Colwyn Bay

Early in 1954 notice was given in the *North Wales Training Diary* that in February 1955, a Senior Scouts "Action and Ideas" Week-end would be held at Colwyn Bay, on the North Wales coast. These "Action and ideas" week-ends have been a regular activity in North Wales for the past five years, and the first of them was in fact held in Colwyn Bay, others taking place in other parts of the area.

Now . . . what is an "Action and Ideas" week-end? Quite simple. . . some action, some new ideas, or old ones dressed up in new garb, with a guest speaker and plenty of fun and games. Generally in the past events, accent has been placed on action and ideas that will be of some use to Scouts and especially Seniors, in their normal Troop or Patrol work.

Then, in October... the Chief wrote about Scouting for the fun of it and outlined a recent visit of his to Torquay when Scouts there did things seemingly just for the fun of it, and at once the theme of the week-end was decided "Just for the fun of it." From then on, the tone was set. . . nothing was to be too absurd or crazy, and it was decided that there ought to be another branch of the Movement, and so the first "space scouts" came into being.

It was decided that the week-end should be a residential one and held at a local Youth Hostel, so numbers had to be limited and the programme was based as for 100 inmates. The guest speaker, Alf Wingrove, had been booked and the gun, so to speak, was ready to fire.

Then . . . with less than six weeks to go, the local Youth Hostel informed the Committee that owing to trouble with the drains, they could not take the Group in! But very soon through the co-operation of local folk, a fresh H.Q. was found. The annexe of the local Secondary Modern School was placed at the Committee's disposal. The School caretaker was seen and promptly co-opted on to the Committee; he in turn offered every assistance and turned out to be a very treasure. Let it be said here that caretakers are a race unto themselves, and if treated with care and respect, generally are prepared to do all they can to assist. This one offered to "do all he could for the Scouts" and of course the Committee were quick to accept.

There was a deal of work to do, as quite a lot of rather odd gear had to be collected in, as the "Ideas for Space Scouts" naturally are rather odd in themselves. Let it be enough here that hundreds of tin cans, cardboard boxes, cardboard tubes and old radio equipment had to be found, odds and ends that had a distinctly "out of this world" flavour.

Once more local people assisted, and a local firm of Radio and T.V. dealers went through their old stock and produced television tubes, valves, and other electrical equipment necessary for a televiewer and electronic device combined. If the Patrols knew anything about electricity, this article could be made to work as various good bulbs and batteries were supplied. Other items of space equipment had to be made, such as an atomic cannon, a direct pinch from Torquay, a space ship and space suits. So much equipment or "junk" was in the end collected that a special dust cart was laid on for the Monday after the event. It was estimated that nearly half a mile of gummed strip was used in the various constructions. Licking this caused the chaps to complain that everything eaten after the projects tasted of horses' hooves.

Feeding was arranged at a local hotel of good quality and the supper of fish, chips, bread and butter and tea on the Saturday was to be an *al fresco* affair at the H.Q.

Then "came the day" . . . bright sunshine but cold in Colwyn Bay, with a great part of North Wales under snow and ice, so it seemed pretty certain that some of the Candidates would not be able to get through, and this proved correct.

Tea time, with a first-class meal at the hotel, and a rather small Senior was heard to remark that he had had a smashing time, just couldn't eat any more. Back to H.Q. for first assembly.

We were off. . . . Flag break followed by a "round the town" wide game "Operation Planet," this being on the "use your eyes" method, normally easy but in the dark a little more dill-cult. The booklet given to each candidate was again produced with the assistance of a local firm on their Gamalith machine and a good job had been done.

The Group were now Space Crews, and each had a local chap with them to assist. The booklet contained over 22 drawings of parts of the town, which had to be identified *en route*. There was a 10 question quiz and a code to be completed. It was reported that a man from space had arrived and was wandering around the town. He was to be spotted and reported on.

The Camp Fire was traditional, and Alf Wingrove gave the yarn. During the Camp Fire the results of the wide game were announced and the Space Man called in to see everyone and extend greetings from Space, and was pursued around the Fire by the photographer much to everyone's delight.

After Camp Fire . . . supper . . . the Rovers armed with baskets of fish and chips in national papers moved among the crowd.

Sunday was even brighter than Saturday, and after Assembly, the Group having done its duty and breakfasted with hosts, "ideas" took the field, these being the projects already mentioned. It is remarkable to report that, as at Torquay, one of the cannons blew up and this too was taken as a sign of success.

Alf then spoke to the boys, as he put it, "on everything from Tenderfoot to Queen's Scouts," even introducing various knots. It was difficult to get the Group away from him even for lunch.

After this, a Scouts' Own at which the speaker was Tom Browne of H.M.S. *Conway*. His talk was right to the boy and not long enough for many.

Then a short break and when the next speaker arose there was a panic and a bloodstained and burned figure staggered into the hall. It seemed that he had been attacked by Space Raiders who had landed in the local park. The invasion had come before expected.

It was reported that the visitors from outer space were ten foot tall, and at large in the town.



The Patrols, at the risk of their lives, were to seek these creatures and approach "Them" with circumspection.

The next three-quarters of an hour were somewhat lacking in organisation but fun was had. The Visitors had very little option other than to accompany the Patrols back to H.Q., as being ten feet tall did not assist them at all. Especially as the extra height was gained with the help of cardboard boxes! Rovers have many uses.

The public must be well used to Scouts, as the way to and from H.Q. was along a public highway, and despite the fact that the Visitors were garbed in "Space Suits" and passed up and down the road, no comment was heard from the Sunday afternoon strollers who were out in force.

Tea time again and twenty-four hours had gone by.

And so ended the Action and ideas weekend, 1955.

And now. . . what? Action and Ideas 1960? Any ideas for a Theme?



# ROVER ROUNDABOUT

Tradition in Rovering counts for much that is good in Crews, and one of the most heartening occasions for London is the Sunday morning in May of each year since the end of the war, when London Rovers hold their pilgrimage to the Cenotaph in Whitehall. This year over 1,100 paraded at 9 a.m., with contingents from Middlesex, Surrey and Herts, and with dignity and reverence marched down Whitehall behind the new A.C.C. Rovers for London, Don Broome (many of you will remember the Transport Officer of both South-Eastern Counties Moots), no band, no fuss, a few moments at the National Shrine, the wreath laid, the order given and back to the Horse Guards Parade for a short address (this year most uplifting and inspiring), the renewal of the Promise, The Queen, and then dismissed. The ceremony being all over by 10.10 a.m. gave time enough for many to get home to their own Churches, and quite a few attended St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Westminster Abbey and The Catholic Cathedral. As the fellows marched by me, many wearing Service Medals, I thought once again of those of my own Crew who didn't return after 1945. Yes, this is something which is an experience for our young men and a privilege for us older ones, a tradition going back to well before the last war. Our thanks to those who have kept it going so long.

The news sheet from Devon Rovers tells of a presentation of the Royal Humane Society Vellum to Peter Turner of the Coverdale Crew, Paignton, given for his part in a rescue while he was on holiday in Cornwall last summer. Those who went were thrilled to see Peter receive his award dressed in Rover uniform. What a nice gesture! Well done Rover Turner.

Another very useful innovation was the list, in their Moot notice, of the Camp Fire songs which were to be used on the Saturday evening, with the pious hope that the new Scout Song Book should be brought along. How many times has a Camp Fire sounded so thin because nobody knew the words and Rover Camp Fires can produce singing worth hearing? I thought of some of the fine efforts I have heard when Eric Robinson said on the television the other evening, "There is nothing quite so nice as the unaccompanied male voices in a good song." I really prefer them to Johnny Ray or Eartha Kitt. By the way, has your Crew used the medium of television as part of your programme this winter? It can be of great service if you keep your eyes on the programme previews. Why not meet away from the Den sometimes? Your D.C. has probably got a set and he is sure to provide the tea and cigarettes. Cultivate him, it might be worth while.

Speaking of contacts, what do you know of your local Youth Council, a most useful and in some cases remunerative body? They have quite a lot of sympathy for the Voluntary Movements and are only too willing to help. We had a Divisional Officer along to yarn to us recently and it proved a very worth-while visit, while Gloucester have kidded the South Western Gas Board to lay on a Bachelor's Cooking Session.

Now here is a bright idea. One of those Rovers would make an ideal partner for a very active Guider or Old Wolf. I visualize a good notice in the local agony column in the near future.

Fulcrum, the D.S.R.S. publication, has come to hand recently and the visit of the Chief is well featured in it. These fellows get a great kick out of their Rovering, and their service work with Troops and Packs is much to be commended, not that it is all work.

## Letter from Canada (continued from p18)

Now to finish on a brighter note. Although when people think of Canada a picture of snow, ice and cold usually comes to mind, vast areas have very high summer temperatures. Niagara has the same latitude as Rome in Italy and the surrounding area is famed for its soft fruit orchards. There will be great juicy peaches and grapes to quench the heat of the sun and, what is more, they will be cheaper than they are in England.

**C. B. STAFFORD,**  
Assistant Executive Commissioner  
for Training, Canada

I notice that there is a lot of Rover/Ranger co-operation on the service and social side, and some of the married couples provide that "home background" which is so appreciated by a lad away from home.

I know they don't want praise for what they consider a privilege, but life is made so much happier by their kindness.

My good friend Ken Cloke has been over to the service chaps in Germany on the occasion of their Easter Moot and sends me the following verse.

### A Modem Pied Piper's Tale

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick, by famous Hannover city,  
The River Weser, deep and wide,  
Army bridge-training does provide,  
But I indite this ditty  
About the Easter Rover Moot there,  
To which from London I did fare –  
Lone visitor (more's the pity!).  
RAIN! Enough to make the site a drain!  
British Scouts in Western Europe train  
Such downpours to endure wholesale  
For their Commissioner's a Gale!  
Their Rover Moot and Marathon  
Was very cunningly laid on;  
Rare flights of fancy found a quarry,  
So a R.A.F. crew won - was the Navy sorry!  
B.-P.'s mud, of Arrowe consistence,  
Didn't stop the lads from doing the distance.  
Much more might I write, until I burst,  
Of Bier that was Best and wurst that was worst,  
But I'll stow my pipe and my uniform pied,  
For by now the rats must be all pie-eyed.

He tells me that everyone he met is just brimful of the Rover spirit and looking forward to coming back to Scouting in this country when they are "let out."

I have had a very short spring holiday this last week and have been so grateful that my Scouting has given me the knowledge to appreciate our lovely country in the spring. An afternoon on the South Downs gave me infinite pleasure and the sea, with the spring moonlight on it, was just something almost out of this world. What was I doing out so late? - Well, I was coming along the coast from Bognor to sleep in Worthing, after an evening with a Crew whose acquaintance I made last summer, rejoicing in the name of "The Terrible Tenth." They had decided that their second birthday required celebrating and so had contacted Rovers in Hampshire and their own County, plus Rangers, Old Wolves, parents and supporters: a grand bunch of people. I had a great evening, with the added pleasure of meeting a fellow slave of the Indaba working party, a lad doing his National Service from a local group run by an old fellow P.L. of mine, a good lady who has five sons in the Group and despite that is willing to help out with eats at such "do's," and added to it all the keen young types on which the future of our section depends.

Those of you responsible, please see that they get plenty of jobs to do. There is always a tendency to keep the "old 'uns" doing jobs that they have been successful in. Give these young men a chance, take your pipe and another couple of old cronies into a corner and thrash out the problems of this wicked world whilst those young in spirit and outlook "have a go." Of course they will want coaxing along a bit, but don't be always dishing out the advice and your horrible experiences. They will make just the same mistakes as you did, despite your giving them "the gypsy's warning" act. And to you young men I would say - take on responsibility: it may be hard and worrying work but it is worth while. Those whom you have known and possibly admired in our Movement have not been the passive types, now have they? And if you are searching for happiness, the Brotherhood has just the sort of activities and contacts that will give it you. You know the busy man is always stepping forward to the horizon; not for him the looking backward to a past that he can't do anything about anyway. Good luck.

**JACK SKILLEN.**

# BOOKS

## OUT OF AFRICA

*Flamingo Feather*, by Laurens van der Post (Hogarth, 12s. 6d.);

*The Story of South Africa*, by Leo Marquard (Faber, 15s.);

*Kabongo*, by Richard St. Barbe Baker (Ronald, 10s.).

In these days, Africa is in a state of social and political upheaval, and recent events in Kenya and South Africa have focused attention on the problems that confront these multi-racial societies. Therefore anything new out of Africa in the world of books will be read with interest by all who are puzzled and alarmed by outbreaks of racial violence and who wish to judge fairly of the causes; as well as by all who are concerned that men of all races should learn to live together in freedom and harmony in countries where they have been thrown together. These three books, though dissimilar in most respects, have this much in common: they write of the relationships between white men and Africans; they reveal a deep love of Africa, the country, and its people; and they bring a critical judgment to bear on the achievements and failures of the white man in Africa.

In *Flamingo Feather*, the author of *Venture to the Interior* has written an exciting adventure story about Africa in the tradition of Rider Haggard, though in a modern setting. The tale tells of a white hunter who, following the trail of the feather, symbol of a dream experienced from time to time by the (fictional) 'Takwena people urging them to political action, discovers a Communist plot in Central Africa for an uprising against the white man, and a secret harbour through which arms are being smuggled. After a, forced journey through a mysterious forest, full of dangers, he and his African friends are able to avert disaster in the nick of time, only to discover in the end that officialdom is sceptical of the existence of any plot at all. He becomes angry and blames "the sudden increase in ritual murder," etc. to "our terrible failure to integrate the displaced, detribalised and bewildered African into our community," and the materialistic approach which bribes him with better wages but denies him honour and human dignity. This is really the message of this book, which is beautifully written, with some lovely descriptions of the African scene, of its "burnished plains and purple mountains" and of the life and mind of its indigenous people. The story itself is highly improbable, but stranger things have happened, and it is interesting to note that Leo Marquard in his book mentions the dream as an incident in the history of the Xhosa people, when they destroyed all their cattle and grain in preparation for a great day when their dead warriors would arise and help them to drive the white men out of the country.

*The Story of South Africa* is a straight-forward historical sketch, scholarly, yet easy to read, and very fair. Mr. Marquard traces the history of South Africa and of its people from the early days of Dutch rule down to the present time. He points out that South Africa was invaded during the seventeenth century not only by Europeans from the south, but by Africans from the north. He discusses, with clarity and understanding, South Africa's twin problems, the relations between Boer and Briton, and between Europeans and Africans. Of the latter problem he says:-

"When South Africa became a Union... she automatically became an Empire whose colonial subjects lived within her borders. The problem of South Africa in 1910 was, and still is, how to deal with her coloured subjects."

And of the former, he reminds us:- The enmity and bitterness evoked by these events (i.e. of the Boer War) were not laid to rest by generous post-war treatment and . . . responsible government; and the question of the relations between Boer and Briton . . . is still unresolved."

He recognises that the racial problem overshadows everything, and concludes:- "Whether South Africa will sink into oblivion, a classic example of a multi-racial society that failed, or become the greatest force for the maintenance of Western culture on the continent of Africa, depends primarily on whether her European rulers can associate their non-European subjects in a truly national state."

This is a very good book on South Africa, and of the three books here reviewed, the most worth buying for the personal library.

Richard St. Barbe Baker is well known as the founder of the society known as the "Men of the Trees."

He has served as a Forest Officer in Equatorial Africa, and worked among the Kikuyu. *Kabongo* is an imaginative story of a Kikuyu boy who becomes a chief, and it ends with the musing of a bewildered old man who has experienced the revolution caused by the coming of the Muthungu or Pink Cheeks. As he sits before his hut, waiting to die, he ponders:- "...Has the Pink Cheek brought good to my people? Are the new ways he has shown us better than our own ways? Something has taken away the meaning of our lives. . . And there is not enough land on which to feed. . . . The young men are learning new ways, the children make marks they call writing, but they forget their own language and customs, they know not the laws of their people, and they do not pray. . . . They ride fast in motor cars, they work fire-sticks that kill, they make music from a box. But they have no land and no food and they have lost laughter."

This is only one side of an involved story and it takes no account of the part Christianity has played in the process of adjustment, but it is part of the truth, and applies not only to Africans.

*Kabongo* is well written, and beautifully illustrated with 20 woodcuts by Yvonne Skargon.

F. H. DAHL.

*The Colour Problem*, by Anthony H. Richmond (Penguin, 3s. 6d.).

Here is a book in its publisher's best traditions - as timely and authoritative as were some of the very first "Penguin Specials."

It is a balanced, careful, well-documented study of the Colour Problem within the British Commonwealth. Here is the legal, factual background to all the injustices and miseries portrayed in "Cry the Beloved Country." The steady avoidance of "purple passages" makes its revelations the more forceful. One felt oneself moderately well-informed about the South African situation - but the degree of cynicism and of viciousness quoted here, from Union legislation, is appalling.

With the memory still vivid of recent controversy in West Bromwich and in Swansea; and at a time when British National-servicemen might quite conceivably find themselves drafted to assist a South African government against a Native rising, Mr. Richmond's book ought to be compulsory reading for every Scouter, and for every Christian in Britain! Quite definitely, this is a document to own, to talk about, and to lend to one's friends. Its three hundred and seventy pages are remarkable value for 3s. 6d.

WILFRED WADE.

*Lightest Africa*, by F. Spencer Chapman (Chatto and Windus, 25s.).

The distinguished author needs no introduction to his brother Scouts who will be conversant with his exploits in war and peace; many of them will have had the pleasure of hearing him talk, and I hope many now have the pleasure of reading his new book. His account of his caravan journey over 17,000 miles of Africa with a wife and three small sons "is confined to what we did and what we saw, and only occasionally to what we heard or read. I have avoided the temptation - sometimes a very strong temptation - even to discuss racial or political problems."

This is praiseworthy but the book would have had more substance had African problems been less firmly thrust aside. What we are given is a hardly disguised diary, with details of roads used, and flowers and beasts seen, guide-book details interesting enough but only occasionally painted with the brushes - vivid, sensitive, intelligent - the author has at his command.

With a wife and young family one cannot invite adventure to stalk one's footsteps - and in a caravan there aren't even footsteps. This is a pleasant enough account of a delightful enough holiday and Colonel Chapman's affection for the natural world shines on every page; the photographs, some in colour, are very fine. But it lacks that touch of greatness, even of immortality, which is possessed by *The Jungle is Neutral* and even by the author's earlier adventures, mountaineering and in Tibet. Perhaps one is a little disappointed because one expected more than the author intended.

R. H.

## HEROISM

*We Die Alone*, by David Howarth (Collins, 15s.).

This book contains the story of a young Norwegian, the only survivor of a small expedition into the Arctic north coast of Norway, wounded, frost-bitten, concussed for a time, and snow-blind, who swam, walked, crawled and was carried secretly a journey of eighty miles over a period of two months, until he reached safety in Sweden. It was an epic story which heartened many of his comrades in 1943 during a dark period of the war. It is a story of individual courage and tenacity, of a determination never to give in. It is a story, too, of the courage of many men, women and even children, who by their planning and silence enabled Jan Baalsrud at long last to reach security and be flown to a Swedish hospital.

I can vouch for its veracity for both the author and the subject of his tale were under my command and are my friends. There is a gruesome account of how Jan, alone and with a not-too-sharp knife, had to hack off all his toes on one foot and all but the little toe on the other. All he had was a flask of brandy to see him through this self-operation which enabled him to save his feet from amputation. Frostbite demands severe measures, but none could have been more severe than this. Now, with special boots, he is able to ski and to dance. I might add that after he returned to the United Kingdom he proved a most useful military instructor and that when V.E-Day came ten years ago he was able to return to Norway and to do arduous and able work in the difficult months succeeding that day when there were tens of thousands of prisoners of war to be seen to and hundreds of thousands of enemy troops to evacuate back to the Continent. Jan Baalsrud was appointed an Additional Member of the Military Division of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire for the outstanding example of courage and tenacity that he had set. His membership does the Order honour.

**J. S. WILSON.**

*The Gates Burst Open*, by Remy (Arco Publishers, Ltd., 15s.).

This is really two books in one. The first deals with the co-operation between the R.A.F. and the French Resistance Movement during the years of the German occupation. Whilst it contributes little that has not already been told in numerous published accounts of war in the air over France, it introduces a new slant on the work of the R.A.F. as seen through the eyes of a rich French industrialist who, at the age of 45, escaped from his country and became a navigator in a Mosquito Squadron. The daring low-level attack by a force of Mosquitoes and Mustangs on the Amiens prison in February 1944 is the subject of the book's second part. Aptly named "Operation Jericho" this raid had as its object the releasing of hundreds of "political" prisoners awaiting death or deportation. With masterly precision the R.A.F. dropped their bombs, demolishing the walls of the prison and completely wrecking the barracks housing the strong German guard. This fantastic coup will always be associated with the name of Group Captain Charles Pickard, D.S.O., D.F.C., who led the attacking force and who lost his life in the gallant and daring exploit.

For me the book holds a nostalgic note. Its foreword is by Air Chief Marshal Basil E. Embry, one of the greatest and most colourful characters of the last war, and one with whom I had a brief but rather stormy altercation eleven years ago. The subject of our lively exchange is now of no consequence save that it had some bearing on the events contained in this book. But I shall ever be grateful to this grand leader for including in his foreword a true appraisal of the value of the skilled work of a comparatively small company of craftsmen with whom I was privileged to serve during the last war. Writing of the contribution to the War effort by the R.A.F. modellers he says: "Indeed many of these operations could not have been successfully undertaken without recourse to target models for planning. Experience proved these models were of inestimable value."

Thank you, Sir Basil!

**E.G. W. W.**

## THE MOUNTAIN WORLD

*The Untrodden Andes*, by C. G. Egeler and T. de Booy (Faber, 25s.).

This is a grand book. Egeler and de Booy are two young Dutch climbers who were determined that their country's flag should be the first to be planted on the great 21,000ft. Huantsan of the Cordillera Blanca range of the Andes. Modest, capable, high-spirited, more or less permanently clutching "this nettle danger," they achieved their objective only after overcoming a thousand problems and perils. They tell their story with cheerful and happy unconcern; it's a fine story of adventure and exploration and achievement that should delight the hearts of all who care for these things. The book is of course well produced and has lovely photographs.

**R. H.**

## TECS, ETC.

*Sky High*, by Michael Gilbert (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.).

Fast-moving, well-constructed thriller with Mr. Gilbert's very individual characterisation and atmosphere much in evidence. Ending too tidy for life. The sort of idle-hour reading that really is difficult to put down.

*Watson's Choice*, by Gladys Mitchell (Michael Scriptor, 10s. 6d.).

If the test of a good detective story is that you can read it again and again then Miss Mitchell's books must be right at the top (as I believe they are, for some of the stories I've read half a dozen times). Her latest story, opening with a delightfully imbecile Sherlock Holmes' party and, of course, featuring the incomparable Miss Lestrangle Bradley (I beg her pardon, Dame Lestrangle Bradley), is intelligent, amusing, ruthless, wayward and a delight. (How nice it..would be if Penguins would publish a round dozen of Miss Mitchell's earlier stories all at once.)

*The Beckoning Lady*, by Margery Allingham (Chatto & Windus, 11s. 6d.), takes us back to the Suffolk scene where too many years ago Albert Campion and Amanda met and had their weird adventures. Now briefly they return but fortunately not to stay: youth cannot be recaptured and they don't seem at home amidst the amazing company of half-wits Miss Allingham has conjured up: "so far round the bend we meet ourselves coming back" as one of the more normal amongst them has it.

The story grows in interest as it goes on and no Cainpion fan will want to miss it (and I began with Campion when he began all those years ago): but it is rather "bald and unconvincing" and needs the "merely corroborative detail" which Miss Allingham has laid on so generously.

*Father Brown (selected stories)*, by G. K. Chesterton (World's Classics, 6s.).

Many people will be glad to have 18 of these Fr. Brown stories in the neat handy size of the World's Classics. These stories have beauty and wisdom as well as wit and ingenuity: there are immortal phrases in them.

Ronald Knox, who made the selection, contributes a rather uninspired introduction.

*Red Pawns*, by George Griswold (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 9s. 6d.).

Agent and counter-agent in the Middle East: plenty of incident, and good background. Third of a series introducing the conceited and overbearing Mr. Groode, sufficiently good to send one to the first two. Ideal reading for convalescence or an idle hour.

**R. H.**

## REMEMBER!

NOW is the time to order *The Scout*, the only Scouting weekly in the world (6d.) in time to begin the new serial (starting July 1st) called "The B.-P. Story" which Lady B.-P., Chief Guide of the World, wants Scout and Cub to read.

# VISUAL YARNS

By REV. E. J. WEBB 6. A BIBLE CAKE

Everybody knows the story of Alfred and the cakes. Does everybody know this Old Testament story in Jeremiah vii. 18:-

"The children gather wood and the fathers kindle the fire and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven"? There is a thing I like and a thing I dislike about this story. I am glad that the whole family shared in worship and helped in it. I am sorry that they were doing it for a heathen goddess. Note the difference between astronomy and astrology. Distinguish between the real and the false.

To bake a cake you must have a recipe. Here is one that makes a Bible cake - turn up the Bible references and let me know what you find. The first one to find the place can read out the text!

## THE INGREDIENTS

1. ½lb. Judges v. 25, last clause.
2. ½lb. Jeremiah vi. 20.
3. 1 tablespoonful I Samuel xiv. 25.
4. Three of Jeremiah xvii. 11.
5. ½lb. I Samuel xxx. 12.
6. ½lb. Nahum iii. 12, chopped.
7. Two oz. Numbers xvii. 8, chopped and blanched.
8. One lb. I Kings iv. 22.
9. Season with 2 Chronicles ix. 9.
10. A pinch of Leviticus ii. 13.
11. One teaspoonful Amos iv. 5.
12. Three tablespoonsful Judges iv. 19. (This verse is really about milk. You never put water in a cake.)

(If you get these right you should have: butter, sugar, honey, eggs, raisins, figs, almonds, flour, spice, salt, yeast and milk.)

## THE INSTRUCTIONS

- Beat 1, 2 and 3 to a cream.  
Add 4, one at a time, still beating.  
Add 5, 6 and 7. Beat again.  
Add 8, 9, 10 and 11, having mixed them previously.  
Lastly, add 12.  
Bake 1½ hours in a slow oven.

You might care to begin this talk with a reminder of the song, "If I'd known you were coming I'd have baked a cake." You knew I was coming to talk to you. Have you baked a cake?

The recipe (receipt, as some call it!) could be written on a black-board.

The familiar hot-cross buns are said to have originated in this worship of the Queen of Heaven, and are reputed to be the cakes here mentioned - the cross would, of course, be the later Christian addition. We Christianised this ancient custom as we have done so many others.

Aren't you glad that We live in Christian days and can be Christians, and that Christian worship is so much purer and nobler than the heathenism of those ancient times?

(Read I Kings xvii. 8 - 16.)

## OUR DISTRICT *By A.D.C.*

"What time did you get here last night?" I asked the young A.S.M. who was in charge of the camp.

"Not till nearly eight o'clock," he said, "that's why the tents aren't up quite right. It was nearly dark when we erected them, and we're a fairly new Troop, as you can see. But we'll get everything ship-shape this afternoon."

"Where are the latrines?" I asked.

"We haven't actually got them fixed up the gentleman who owns the meadow is away for the week-end, and the outside lavatory of his house is open, so we've been making do with that..."

I looked at my watch. It was nearly noon. Two Scouts (using the term in its broadest sense) were cooking a stew over a feeble fire.

So small a piece of turf had been removed that the edges of the remaining turf were already badly burned.

Though it was a warm day both Scouts were wearing full uniform, even to their scarves.

"Where are the rest of the Scouts?" I asked.

"Out on a wide game," he said.

I happened to have met half a dozen of them mooching round the town, with their stockings at half-mast and bored expressions on their dirty faces, but I gave the A.S.M. credit for really imagining that they were out on a wide game.

I inspected the pits, and then, after pointing out that they were badly-sited and far too small, suddenly lost my temper.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but it is the worst Whitsun camp I have ever seen. Whitsun is always a difficult camp for newish Troops, I know, because there are usually a lot of first-timers, but your camp is a disgrace to the Moyement.

Not a single boy should have been allowed out of camp until you'd got things ship-shape. I'll be back at three o'clock this afternoon, and if there isn't yet," he said.

"But a vast improvement, you'll have to break camp and take the chaps home...."

I turned on my heel and left him, and on the way back to the town I told old Hankin what a dreadful camp it was, and asked him if I hadn't been right to make my dire threat.

"Quite right," he agreed. "And unless there's a great improvement when you get back, I hope you'll send them packing."

I confess to being distinctly worried when I returned at three o'clock, for I had a dismal vision of those twenty so-called Scouts arriving at their respective homes in the grim streets of Mulcaster, trying to explain to their irritated parents what had happened.

I was determined, however, to stick to my guns.

The young A.S.M. greeted me at the gate, and took me first to the latrines, a real workmanlike job.

The pits were O.K., the tents were now properly spaced and correctly pitched.

The fire-square was now the right size, and the kitchen roped off. All the Scouts were in camp, and busy erecting gadgets of various sorts.

"You've done wonders," I said. "Sorry I was a bit sharp this morning.."

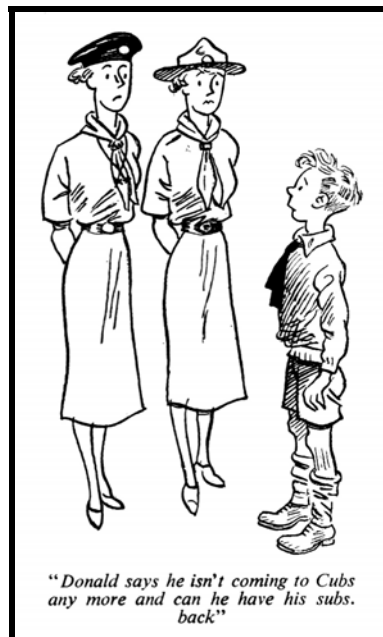
"You were quite right," he said. "The fact is that I'm terribly new myself, and it's only the third time I've been to camp, and when my S.M. went down with pneumonia at the last moment I ought to have scratched the whole thing, but the kids had been looking forward to it so much I hadn't the heart.

It was awfully decent of you to send that old chap along to lend me a hand. I've never met anybody with such a way with boys..."

"What old chap?" I asked.

"He didn't tell me his name, but he had a grim sort of face and a rather old-fashioned uniform and was a bit bald and had a row of medal ribbons...."

Quite a good description, I thought, of Hankin.



# NOTES AND NEWS

Scouters who have camped in or passed through the Liangollen District will hear with deep regret of the passing of Mr. B. G. Cooke, District Commissioner and A.C.C.(Rovers) for East Denbighshire for upwards of 25 years.

## JUNE PHOTOGRAPHS

This month's cover is by P. B. Halket and shows three Scouts of the 6th Penwortham (St. Mary's) Group pointing out a distant landmark near Great Tower to a Swedish friend. The Cub heads on page 157 are by John Annandale of Perth.

## BADGE COURSES

The following courses have been arranged at Chalfont Heights Scout Camp during 1955:-

*Backwoodsman* September 17th/18th and November 19th/20th. Fee 3/-.

*Forester* October 8th/9th, November 19/20th. December 3rd/4th and January 28th/29th, 1956 (four W.E.). Food included. Fee 30/-.

*Venturer* December 10th/11th (Parts 2 and 4 only). Fee 1/6. All applications should be addressed to the Bailiff, Chalfont Heights Scout Camp, Denham Lane, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

## CAMP WARDEN BADGE

A Training Course for the above badge will be held at Gilwell Park from Friday evening to Sunday, July 8-10th, 1955.

Applications to attend should be addressed to the Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, Chingford, E.4.

## I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS FOR JULY

1st	Wycliffe College, Stonehouse, Glos.
2nd	Birmingham Rally.
2nd/3rd	Middlesex Corroboree.
9th/10th	Lincolnshire.
14th	Bow Secondary School for Boys.
16th/17th	Eastern Counties Rover Moot, Ipswich.
23rd	Eastbourne Preparatory School.

## B.-P. Guild Visits

3rd Annual B-P. Guild Weekend Camp, Downe

## ERRATA

We must apologise to all our readers (and to John Sweet) for omitting the caption to his "Jane and Jenny" cartoon last month. It is repeated this month on p. 164.

In Messrs. Black's advertisement in May the Trench Fire Grid should have read 19s. 5d.

## EXPEDITION TO THE SCOTTISH BORDER

The Welsh Scout Council are organising a Senior Scout Expedition to Edinburgh and the Scottish Border, August 10th-23rd. Expedition fee (excluding cost of travel to and from railheads) 75/-. A number of places are available to Senior Scouts from outside the Principality on the recommendation of their Scouters. Further information from Rev. Skene Catling, Ellesmere College, Shropshire.

## COUNTY EVENTS

July 2nd/3rd. The 1955 Northumberland Rover Moot, Blagdon.

July 16th/17th. Eastern Counties Rover Moot, Ipswich.

August 27th/28th. 3rd South Staffs Rover Moot, Beaudesert.

## THE OXFORD CANAL

Sea Scout Troops may be interested in the Banbury Rally being organised by the Midlands branch of the Inland Waterways Association on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 30th August 1st. Further information can be obtained from Mr. C. Jewkes, 54 Arundel Crescent, Solihull, nr. Birmingham.

## PATROL LEADERS' TRAINING COURSE

A Training Course for Patrol Leaders of the Senior Troop will be held at Gilwell Park over the period Friday evening, September 23rd, to Sunday, September 25th.

Applications are invited from P.L.s who are sixteen years of age and over and who hold the First Class Badge. The Course fee will be 10!-. Not more than one P.L. will be accepted from any Troop. Applications to and full information from The Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, Chingford, E.4.

## I.H.Q. FILM LIBRARY

Please note that the I.H.Q. Film Library will be closed during the months of July and August.

## WOOD BADGE PART I

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

## 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. 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. 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)

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, Cont. July 25th—30th (Fordell)

Cub, Cont. August 29th—September 30th

Scout, Cont. August 6th—14th (Fordell)

*Apply: The Secretary, Boy Scouts Association, Scottish*

*Headquarters, 44 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.*

## Devonshire (Blindman's Wood, Plymouth)

Cub, 3 W.E. August 20th

*Apply: Mrs. D. A. Tyler, 41 Connaught Avenue, Mutley, Plymouth.*

## (Holcombe Burnell)

Scout, Cont. October 8th—15th.

*Apply: C. Chapman, 'Famdalc,' St. Martin's Avenue, Peverell,*

## Durham (Brancepeth)

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.*

## Manchester (Rycroft)

Cub, 3 W.E. August 6th

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

## Middlesex

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

*Apply: J. A. Walter, Selwood, Cornwall Road, Hatch End.*

**Northumberland (Gosforth Park)**

Scout, 5 W.E. Sept. 3rd

*Apply:* D. M. Paulin, Boy Scout Camp, Gosforth Park, Newcastle upon Tyne, 3.**Shropshire (The Wrekin)**

Scout, Cont. July 30th

*Apply:* F. Tippet, Ellesmere College, Ellesmere, Salop.**South Staffordshire**

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

*Apply:* Miss D. 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)**

Scout, Cont. July 9th—16th

*Apply:* Rev. L. E. Whitlock, The Vicarage, St. James Road,**Purley Yorkshire Central (Bradley Wood)**

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

*Apply:* John F. Wilson, Grinkle Dene, Linton, nr. Wetherby.**Northern Ireland**

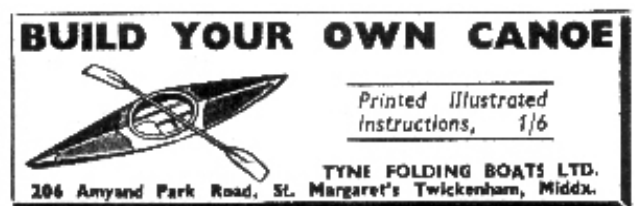
Cub, 3 W.E. August 13th—14th

*Apply:* Ernest Moore, Northern Ireland Scout Council, 50 Dublin Road, Belfast.**AWARDS FROM 24th MARCH TO 4th MAY, 1955****"CORNWELL SCOUT" CERTIFICATE**

D. G. Scott, Wolf Club, 27th Stirlingshire (Jionnybridge).

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

P. C. Turner, Rover Scout, 5th Paignton (Coverdale).

*"In recognition of his gallantry in twice descending a cliff to search for two youths who had been swept from a ledge by heavy seas, Rinsey Head, Helston, 3rd September, 1954."***SILVER ACORN****Devon.** - E. Vosper, Chairman, Plymouth and District.**Hampshire.** - Cot. R. E. Crichton, O.B.E., J.P., President, Itchen Division, Southampton and District; C. N. Anderson, Town Commissioner, County Borough of Southampton and District, A.D.C., New Forest (South) District.**Scotland.****Ayrshire.** - W. Alexander, G.S.M., 71st Ayrshire (Skelmorlie), A.D.C., North West and Cumbracs; J. G. Smith, D.C., North West and Cumbracs.*"In recognition of their specially distinguished services."***BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT****Cheshire West.** - T. Holland, S.M. (5), 1st Winnington (I.C.I. Alkali), Winnington Works.**Kent.** - G. A. Bowyer, G.S.M., 5th Bromley (St. Luke's), A.D.C. (Scouts), Bromley; Mrs. I. M. Harrington, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Canterbury, Whitstable and Herne Bay; Miss F. E. Offord, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Sidcup, Chislehurst and The Crays; G. H. Kent, G.S.M., 8th Bexleyheath (Brampton); R. F. Lee, A.D.C., Bexleyheath and District; R. B. F. Walker, Hon. Treasurer, Gravesend and District; J. Woodhouse, D.C., Bexleyheath and District.**Lancashire South East.** - B. McLachlan, A.D.C. (Rover Scouts), Salford, A.C.C. (Rover Scouts).*"In recognition of their further outstanding services."***MEDAL OF MERIT****Birmingham.** - S. R. Compton, G.S.M., 1st Bournville (100th Birmingham, South West); Mrs. L. J. Dickinson, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Moseley; N. Dickinson, G.S.M., 1st Moseley Athletic (59th Birmingham); R. K. Reeves, A.D.C. (Senior Scouts), South West Birmingham.**Devon.** - R. H. Cross, R.S.L., 21st Plymouth (St. Matthias); L. M. Hosking, S.M., 5th Plymouth; C. E. Norris, S.M., 1st Whisnple.**Hampshire.** - E. M. Hodding, A.C.C. (Training) and D.C.C. **Hertfordshire.** - F. A. Huckle, S.M., 1st Hitchin (Boys' Grammar School), A.D.C., Hitchin and District; S. G. Rainbow, G.S.M., 1st Hitchin (Boys' Grammar School), A.D.C.C.**Kent.** - R. J. Catt, G.S.M., 1st Bexley; R. W. Hollick, R.S.L., 1st Bexleyheath; R. G. Twichen, A.D.C. (Rover Scouts), Bexleyheath and District.**Lancashire South East.** - N. Gray, C.M., 41st Oldham (Failsforth Methodist); Miss E. Hall, D.C.M., Qidham; F. Kershaw, Badge Secretary, Oldham; Mrs. E. Richardson, C.M., 3rd Oldham (St. Paul's), D.C.M., Qidham; G. H. Warburton, G.S.M., 90th Oldham (Honeywell Lane Methodist).**Lincolnshire.** - E. Hames, C.M., 29th Grimsby (Stortford Street Methodist).**Liverpool.** - L. Lloyd, A.D.C., Bootle; T. R. Vivian, R.S.L., 7th Bootle, A.D.C., Bootle.**London.** - E. Blackburn, S.M., 10th Fulham (St. Andrew's), D.S.M., Fulham; I. A. Bowdery, Hon. Treasurer, London Rover Committee; K. A. Bradshaw, formerly A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Lewisham North; C. N. Dent, Rover Mate, 8th St. Marylebone (The Diehards); Mrs. G. A. Drew, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Hammersmith; V. A. Heatheote, A.S.M., 20th Fuiham (The Mohicans); L. Pickford, Rover Mate, 8th St. Marylebone (The Diehards); Mrs. M. I. Thomas, C.M., St. Hilda's (2nd Crofton Park), D.C.M., Deptford; R. C. H. Thomas, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Deptford.**Manchester.** - A. Neill, S.M., 239th Manchester (St. Andrew's). **Middlesex.** - H. North, Chairman, Greenford and District; J. F. Whitehorn, President, Greenford and District.**Norfolk.** - Miss F. Sole, G.S.M., Kelling Children's Hospital.**Suffolk.** - Mrs. H. M. Cooke, C.M., 1st Ipswich (All Saints), D.C.M., Ipawich.**Surrey.** - L. R. Burness, Hon. Secretary, Purley and District; H. F. Hiley, G.S.M., 10th Wallington (Holmwood); L. A. Longley, G.S.M., 16th Purley and District.**Warwickshire.** - Alderman W. H. Wallsgrave, J.P., President, Leamington Spa, Kenilworth and Southam.**Yorkshire Central.**—Rev. A. Briggs, M.A., G.S.M., 155th North Leeds (Roundhay Congregational); J. G. Clark, Chairman, North Leeds; R. Walker, A.D.C., North-East Leeds.**North Riding.** - Rev. E. J. Bromley, D.C., Thirsk District; Mrs. C. C. Thompson, A.C.C. (Handicapped Scouts).**Yorkshire South.** - T. F. Johnson, G.S.M., 210th Sheffield (Firth Park School); P. R. Paramore, A.D.C., Sheffield; Mrs. G. L. Smith, C.M., 15th Rotherham (Badsley Moor Lane), D.C.M., Rotherham.**Wales.****Glamorgan West.** - Mrs. M. V. Griffiths, C.M., 8th Port Talbot (Baglan).**Scotland.****Argyllshire.** - D. H. Wardlaw, D.C., Cowal.**Dumhartonsire.** - D. A. Lang, Hon. Secretary, Mid Dumbarton; J. D. McKerrill, S.M., 3rd Helensburgh (Princess Louise's Own); W. A. S. Scott, D.C., Mid Dumbarton.**Edinburgh and Leith.** - C. Morrison, G.S.M., 48th Edinburgh (N. Morningside).**Inverness-shire.** - A. MacLean, G.S.M., 6th Inverness-shire (Ness).**Lanarkshire.** - Miss F. L. Brown, C.M., 107th Lanarkshire (2nd Uddingston).*"In recognition of their outstanding services."***LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GOOD SERVICES)****Middlesex.** - R. Coplestone, Hon. Treasurer, Greenford and District.**Yorkshire West.** - Mrs. F. Appicyard, C.M., 1st Stanningley (St. Thomas's).*"In recognition of their good services."*

# CLASSIFIED

## COMING EVENTS

**Kent Rover Moot**, 2/3rd July, Dover. Fees full week-end 9/-. Details from H. Reeve, 197 Wilson Avenue, Rochester, Kent.

**Northants Rover Moot**, 1955, August 27th/28th, at Burton Latimer. All welcome. Details: Draper, 42 Union Street, Kettering.

**Nottinghamshire Ranger/Rover** Open-air Conference, September 17-18th. Further details from Miss G. Ward, 5 Hardy Street, Nottingham.

**Rover/Ranger Senior Scout Conference**, Birkenhead, October 29th/30th. Application and details dealt with after July 15th from Miss P. Bartley, 31 Canterbury Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

## ACCOMMODATION

**C.M. and A.C.M. marrying** in September require unfurnished accommodation in South London or suburbs. Box 208, THE SCOUTER.

**Coming to London?** Stay with a Scouting family. Supper, bed and breakfast, 10/- nightly, or 3 gns. weekly including w/e meals. Write R. L. Scriven, 134 Nevill Road, London, N.16.

**For late holidays** you need a mild climate. Book now for a holiday at Normanhurst, the small friendly Private Hotel. September vacancies 5½ - 7½ gns., fully inclusive. Slumberland; h. & C.; two comfortable lounges. Illustrated brochures. Used by Scouters and Toc H members. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Opposite boating, fishing, own beach hut. 'Phone: Hastings 4784.

**Excellent accommodation** (including breakfast and evening meal) in the Leytonstone area offered young man who would be willing to assist with evening and week-end film shows. Box 213, THE SCOUTER.

## EMPLOYMENT

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

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

**Resident Assistant House Father** required for Children's Home (28 children, ages 5-15 years) in north Hampshire. Some experience and preferably Home Office training in the residential care of children required. Salary: £350 x £15-£410 p.a. less £108 p.a. for board and lodging. Application forms from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

**Yorkshire, West Riding.** Boys' Preparatory School requires September a resident Assistant Master to teach mainly French and help with games. Scouter particularly welcomed. Box 211, THE SCOUTER.

**Preparatory School, North Wales,** requires single master to teach either Maths or English to Public School scholarship standard, and take over flourishing Scout Troop. Experience of teaching and as Scouter desirable. Box 212, THE SCOUTER.

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

## PERSONAL

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

**Shorts for summer** in lightweight cords, blue and fawn, 37/6 to measure for normal sizes. Outsizes 5/- extra. From Ossie Dover, The Cycling Tailor, 160 Kensington, Liverpool, 7. S.A.E. for patterns and self-measure form.

**Scouter organising camping tour** of Yorkshire and Lakes from 24th July wants two assistants who are experienced drivers. £1 per day offered if own car used. F. Shaw, 3 Lonsdale Street, Hull.

**Start a circle** of the "Friends of the Children" within your Group and do a good turn to a child in need of help or a friend. Brochure from Eric Dutton, 57 Broadmead Road, Woodford Green, Essex.

**Prep. School Scoutmaster** requires assistance (Scouter, Rover, Senior Scout) with summer camp in Somerset from July 28 Aug. 10th. D. H. Jordan, Knossington Grange School, Oakham, Rutland.

**Canal Boat for hire**, equipped for twelve. Special rates for Scouts £12 per week including fuel, excluding tolls 1/- a mile. Mrs. Knill, Lee-Line Waterway Cruisers, Top Lock, Braunston, Rugby.

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

**A.S. Vaissiere Bugle and Trumpet Makers.** "What," never heard of us? Well, now is the time to get in touch with us in regard to your instruments that need repairs. You will never regret the day. Note our address: 16b Georges Road, Liverpool, 6. Phone: Anfield 3343. Haulage of camping equipment. Licence to carry any distance. F. G. Tester & Son, Ardingly, Sussex. Ardingly 258.

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

**Rover has been able to arrange with Lloyd's Underwriters** specially reduced premiums for private and commercial motor insurance for warranted Scouters. Rover Scout Mills, 123 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. Theatrical and fancy-dress costumes. Artistic, fresh, colourful. Moderate charges. Black Lion Costumes, 25 Sommerville Road, Bristol, 7. Phone 41345.

**Superb photographic processing.** Contacts 3d., postcards 8d. Half-plates 1/3d., etc. Hayden Carr, S.M.(S), 7 Blenheim Place, Brighton. 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.

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

**The Scout Philatelic Gazette**, 3/- per year, for Scouts and Collectors. Box 955, Lennoxville, P.Q., Canada.

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

**Intelligent youth** (19), Scouter, keen on outdoor work, would like to travel for some English company with a branch in Ireland. Apply Box 210, THE SCOUTER.

**Transport for Scout Troops** visiting the Isle of Wight. Contact G. A. Weeks, Mill Cottage, Calbourne, I.W.

**Marquee. For hire**, 45 ft x 15 ft. khaki, sound condition. £6 for one week. £9 10s. for two weeks. Hirer to collect and return. Marquee and enquiries - Mrs. Coke, Jenkyn Place, Bentley, Farnham, Surrey. Bentley 3118.

**Baden-Powell's Memorial** in Westminster Abbey. Real photographs 5½ in x 3½ in. are obtainable by return from the actual photographer at 6d. each or 4/- a dozen, post free. Please write clearly to Mr. A. F. Brown, 187 South Lambeth Road, London, S.W.8, and not to Westminster Abbey.

**Wanted.** - Three Seniors to join S. Patrol, Aug. 24 Sept. 8th. Rome, Florence, Como, Bruges. Cost £25. G.S.M., 81 Oakwood Road, London, N.W.11.

## STAMPS

**Requests invited** from general collectors for approval selection of fine used and mint stamps. Albums, accessories and new stamp catalogues in stock. Approval selections can be sent overseas against a minimum deposit of £1. Prompt and courteous service. P. F. Gray, 4 Old Palace Road, Weybridge, Surrey.

**FOR SALE**

**Ex-Army Nissen** and other buildings available. Also, manufactured buildings. Universal Supplies, Crabtree Manorway, Belvedere, Kent. (Erith 294S).

**Duplicators/Typewriters.** Mod. terms. Warranted machines delivered free anywhere. Verney Clayton, M.C., Market Rasen, Lincolnshire.

**Tents reconstructed** from large government marquees with canvas of very good quality medium weight, sizes 63- ft x 6 ft. and larger. Tents guaranteed waterproof and complete. Full list on application. Paull's Tents, Martock, Somerset.

**Collection new Scouting books** and "Scout Book Clubs" series. All new condition. Sell separately. Write for list. Box 209, THE SCOUTER.

**Map Measurer.** Chrome-plated precision instrument. 2-dial miles, kilos and naut. miles; compass on reverse. 14/6 (post 6d.), 7 days appro. Stacy Ltd., 99 Kingsland High Street, London, E.8.

**Palomine Tent,** little used, good condition. £5 10s. Write: E. Partridge, 32 Hurst Road, Horsham, Sussex. Horsham 1870.

**Tents:** Two 40 ft. x 20 ft., round ends; 7 ft. walls; waterproof: £35 each. W. H. Hughes, Henllyn, Newtown, Mont.

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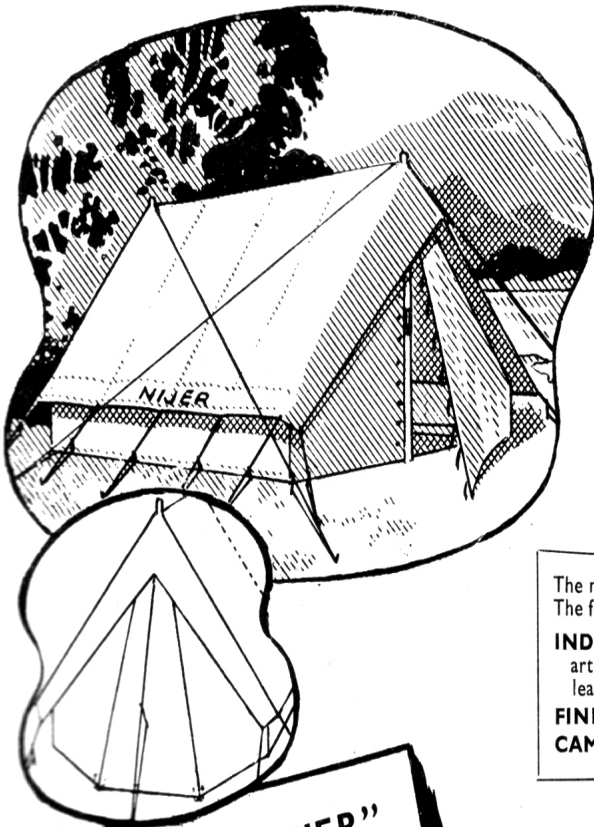
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**Multi-colour photographic** illustrated duplicating for Scouting magazines, programmes, notices, etc. Samples on application. Stourbridge Secretarial Services, 14 Dennis Hall Road, Stourbridge.

**Sheffield Scouters** will type or duplicate song sheets, notices, etc. Any amounts. Mrs. Horrabin, 2 Erskine Drive, Sheffield, 2.

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



# NIJER...*the tent* *with a Future*

and an illustrious past. Many of the original Nijers bought twenty-five years ago are still giving excellent service to Scout Troops. The Nijer you purchase this year will serve your Scouts and their sons! Such amazing value is a factor which should be borne in mind in these days of high prices and canvas shortages. Buy now while the price holds.

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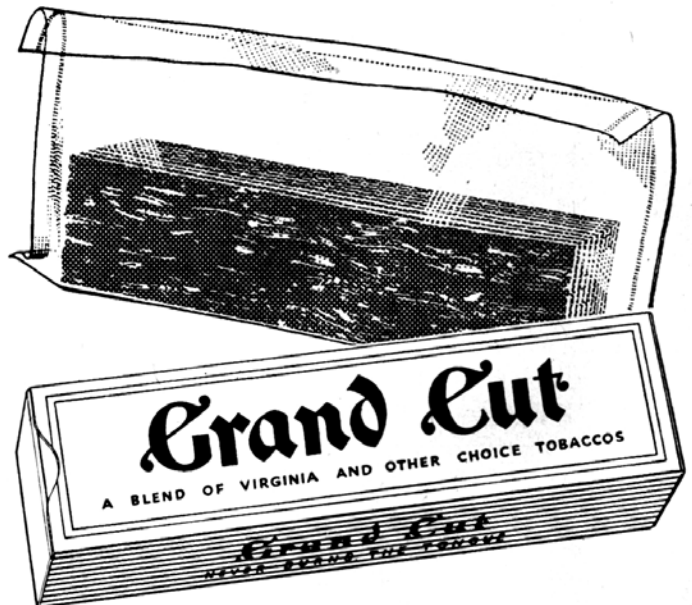
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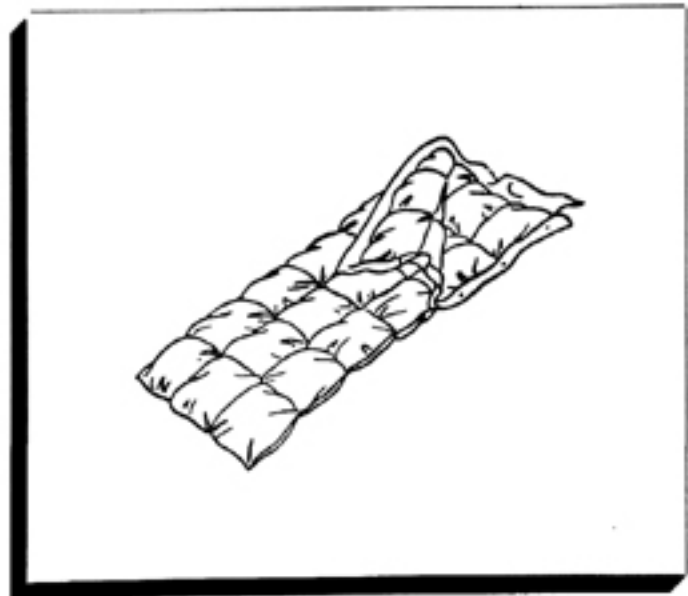
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## price increases

We regret to announce that since our price list went to print some six months ago, there have been increases in costs affecting mainly metal goods, and in some cases it has been necessary to alter our selling prices. Here are some of the items affected.

### STOVES

RADIUS Model No. 20 now 40/6  
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RADIUS Model No. 42 now 36/-  
OPTIMUS Model No. 96L now 39/6  
OPTIMUS Model No. 00L now 44/6  
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### KNIVES

No. 185 now 21/6      No. 968 now 11/3  
No. 213 now 11/6      No. 912 now 9/9  
No. 207 now 21/6      No. 1172 now 16/8  
No. 190 now 13/9      No. 187 now 8/6

### AXES

GILWELL pattern hand axe now 15/2

### AXES

ELWELL all steel hand axe now 26/11  
Felling Axe 2½ lb. now 24/7  
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Keep your Group Catalogue up to date!  
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