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July 1955

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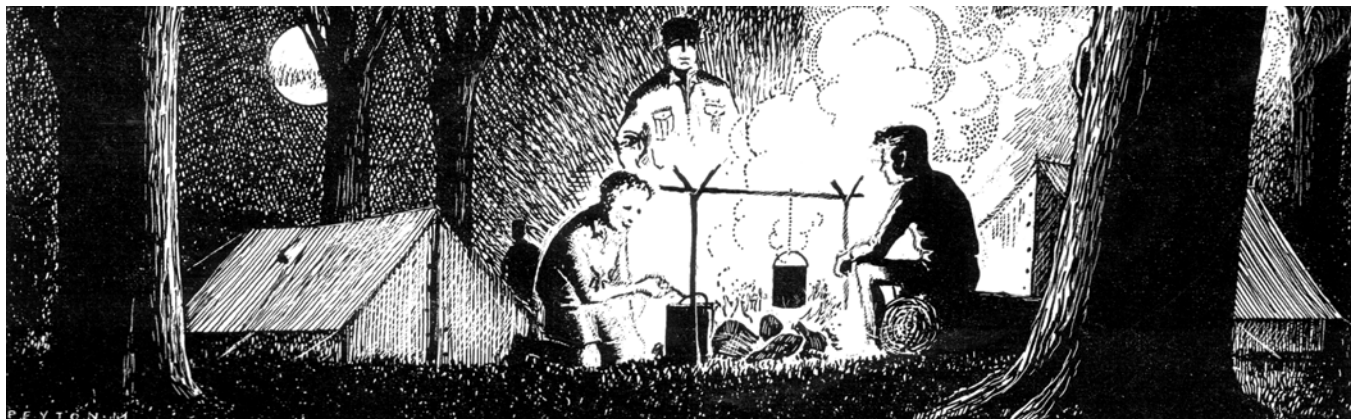
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THE OUTLOOK

By THE CHIEF SCOUT

Yet another stalwart has "Gone Home." Sir Herbert Stanley had the unique distinction of having been Chief Scout for four separate territories - Ceylon, Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia, and the Union of South Africa. Few men have lived a fuller life than he, or have given more richly of their talents to the Commonwealth and Empire, of which he was so distinguished a servant. After leaving Eton and Balliol, he was Private Secretary to the British Minister in Dresden, and British Vice-Consul there, Assistant Private Secretary at the Admiralty, Private Secretary to the Lord President of the Council. He went to the Union of South Africa as Private Secretary to the Governor-General, and was later Secretary to the Resident Commissioner in Southern and Northern Rhodesia, and Imperial Secretary, South Africa, Governor of Northern Rhodesia, Governor of Ceylon, High Commissioner in South Africa, Governor of Southern Rhodesia and on retiring a Director of De Beers and other great Mining Companies, President of bc H, and an active and wise Chief Commissioner of the Union before becoming Chief Scout. A friend of B.-P. and an ardent disciple, as a result of practical experience of Scouting in so wide a field, nobody would have realised the distinctions he had borne with such modesty, so quiet in his ways, so humble and so wise in his approach to life. He will be sadly missed in Africa, where the problems are so great and growing every day, but the foundations he laid were sound and those who succeed him will follow along the path which he followed with such steadfastness.

I wonder if people realise an aspect of Scouting which was brought home to me the other day. I received a letter from a mother and father in Ceylon, whose boy, a Queen's Scout, had joined the Ceylon Air Force and was over here for training with the R.A.F. The parents told me in this letter that he had been taken to a hospital for a very severe operation and while they knew he would be well looked after they felt that, so far from home, he might be lonely, and could I do anything to help him? A message to I.H.Q. brought back the news that he had been transferred to another hospital, and that he was getting on as well as could be expected in view of the severity of the operation. The District Commissioner was very fully occupied, but his Assistant went at once to the hospital, saw the boy, found he was a Roman Catholic, informed the Priest, who was Group Scoutmaster of a local Roman Catholic Sponsored Group and visited the hospital at once, arranged for his boys to visit the young fellow daily and kept in touch with the parents by air letter. It was all so easy for us, because we have the contacts and the wide coverage, and above all, our people are willing to go to the trouble to do this sort of thing. But what an immense difference it must have made to those parents. The Brotherhood of Scouting at work!

To turn to a less pleasant subject, some of you may have seen an account in the papers of a young Rover who appeared in the Courts for impersonation which led to the illegal alteration of a passport. It all started very simply. In the Rover Crew to which he belonged it was apparently the custom to take the names of Arthurian Knights, a practice which for years we have frowned upon as being stupid and sentimental rubbish.

From this the young fellow began to call himself a prince, and in order to impress others altered his passport to conform with this new dignity. In the end it was found out, he was very properly brought before the Courts, and luckily for him, was only fined. This stupid habit, which might seem on the surface harmless, so preyed upon the weak mind of the Rover concerned that it got him into trouble and brought discredit to the whole Rover section. When are we going to see an end of these follies, and make Rovering the virile branch it ought to be, and is in so many cases?

The other day we had yet another example, at a Rover Moot, of wanton and senseless damage perpetrated by a lot of hooligans who wear our uniform. THIS MUST STOP and stop immediately. They are only a few, but they are a noisy gang of adolescents - one might almost call them infants - who seem to have nothing better to do than to travel round Moots and Conferences making a nuisance of themselves, and I hope that all Rover Scout Leaders and Commissioners will take steps to have them removed and not only removed but kept out of any contact with Scouting in future. Some at least of them have never been in the Troop but have come direct into the Crew, but let us admit we have failed with the others who have come up through Scouting, and cut our loss.

On many occasions B.-P. deplored the similarity of Rallies which he attended in different parts of the country and the world, and pled for something fresh. I have been more lucky, and nothing could have been a greater contrast than the two Rallies I attended at the Whitsun week-end.

It was interesting going back to Tawd Vale and finding the splendid progress that had been made in developing and beautifying this site near Liverpool. The theme was a very simple one, just "Scout Camping" and Scout Camping of a very high order, although, of course, there were one or two which did not reach the level of the best. There has been a great deal of planting of trees during the past twenty-five years and for normal week-ends there is now an ample supply of home-produced firewood, but with several thousands in camp this supply would have been severely strained, and very wisely they were asked to bring primus stoves. Another example of commonsense applied to special conditions.

The other Rally, at Chatsworth, was on a much bigger scale and here the theme was "Adventure in Scouting." The camping was good on the low ground by the river, and the Cubs were in luck. There were five hundred of them coming from Derby in a special train, which of course was cancelled owing to the strike. Things looked black, but a local removal firm mobilised their transport and brought them all along free of charge. And more than this, the Chief Constable of Derby was afraid that holiday traffic might delay them, and sent a police escort to see them through. Do we ever realise the number of good turns that people do to us in this way? After the Cubs, a most imaginative and excellently carried out Pageant of the twelve Senior Scout Pioneers. Derbyshire always seem to go in for craftsmanship - perhaps the Rolls Royce Works have something to do with it! - at any rate, Drake had a magnificent fleet of galleons to defeat the Spanish Armada.

These were carried into battle on the shoulders of one or two boys with canvas straps to support them. Quite a number of them were real works of art on which immense trouble had been taken. Each of the Patrol Pioneers had a little scena - excellently produced and very well rehearsed - to himself. The Rocket for George Stephenson was another really beautiful model. And then at the end I presented some fifty Royal Certificates, standing on a dais with a huge portrait of The Queen as a background. The weather was perfect, no more beautiful site could be imagined, and the crowd was immense, stretching right up the hill behind the arena.

A short time ago I received a letter from Mrs. Rigby, Honorary Secretary, Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons, Sellans, Vache Lane, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks. Perhaps it will make it easier if I quote from the letter:

As you know, the Guides International Service started this Adoption Scheme several years ago when they were in Germany and we have now taken it over from them, but many Guide Companies, Rangers and so on have "adopted" a family of D.P.s or a girl of Guide age, etc. One District has even adopted a girls' school in Germany in which they have formed a Guide Company. This is of tremendous help for the children in the Camp who live in great poverty and have very few outside interests. There are several groups of boys for which I would be very grateful to find similar links England.... It is specially for boys between the ages of thirteen and fifteen that we are anxious to find help and interest; the D.P. child who has finished elementary school has very little opportunity of continuing his studies and most often remains idle until he is fifteen and can start working. The atmosphere of the Camp during that all-important age can make a very lasting impression on these children, while some occupation during these critical years may be just what they need to see them safely over that difficult period.

This is a tremendously worthwhile job, and the Committee are particularly anxious that Scouts in this country should be aware of this need and do what we can to help. There are already a number of Scout Groups in the camps, recognised by the German Scout Federation. Would a Scout Group in this country be willing to link-up with them? Perhaps a District could get in touch with Mrs. Rigby and adopt a number of young boys in one of the camps, correspond with them, perhaps provide them with food parcels from time to time, or show their interest in some other way, sending old clothing, boots, and shoes. There is endless scope for this work, and there are a number of Guide Companies and Districts which have undertaken it already. Think what a difference it would make for these boys living under such circumstances, to feel that after all there was somebody who cared. I do commend the idea to you, and hope that many of you will write to Mrs. Rigby and give her what help you can. She will be delighted to send you details and suggestions for ways in which you can help. The Scout and Guide International Relief Service did a great job at the end of the war, but I am afraid many of us have forgotten that there are still thousands of people who need our help and for whom friendship can bring fresh hope into their lives.

And here is a story to end up. Scene: the roundabout where the Staines, Windsor and London roads meet. The traffic was completely jammed by an ancient car which had broken down in the middle of the road, lots of People blowing their horns. Four Senior Scouts, big, hefty chaps, in a bus; one glance showed them the problem, they jumped down from the bus, practically lifted the ancient car on to the grass verge, went quietly back on to the bus and the traffic moved again. This story was told me by General Spry, the Director of the International Bureau. No fuss, the job was done. The finished product in action.

ROWALLAN

OUR DISTRICT *By A.D.C.*

I was considerably bucked to get the letter from Colonel Dashwig asking me to speak to the County Rovers on Sunday afternoon, because last year they had a frightfully important man from I.H.Q., and the year before one of those Everest fellows.

It was true that Dashwig rather spoiled the effect of the honour by making it clear that I was only being asked because somebody else had dropped out at the last moment, but I still looked forward to the event with great pleasure. A good Rover audience is about the most repaying of all audiences. They usually manage to appreciate at least a few of your jokes, and, better still, do not mind you being serious if you have any sort of message for them. I think I take more trouble in preparing talks for Rovers than in preparing any other sort of talks, for "within their bones the Great Age sleeps sepulchred, for them and theirs to roll away the stone" and the right seed dropped upon that fertile ground may yield an hundredfold.

So I wrote a note to Dashwig telling him that I would be delighted to perform as requested, and set off for the nearest pillar-box, only to run into old Hankin at the corner of the street.

"I was just going to call round at your place," he said, "because I've got a job for you. You remember Sandy, I suppose?"

Certainly I remembered Sandy. When the 98th closed down last winter Sandy was one of the few Scouts left in it, and I took him along to Hankin, who was so pleased with him that quite soon Sandy became Second of the Owls. Then the Owls had a Patrol Camp, and the P.L. sprained his ankle at the last moment and couldn't go, so Sandy took charge, and when Hankin visited the camp on Sunday morning he found Sammy Tuke being sick, and it transpired that Sandy, having won a box of fifty cigarettes in a raffle, had in a moment of supreme idiocy taken them to camp with him and shared them round. Hankin took his stripe away, and the proud Sandy, unable to stomach the humiliation, had left the Troop.

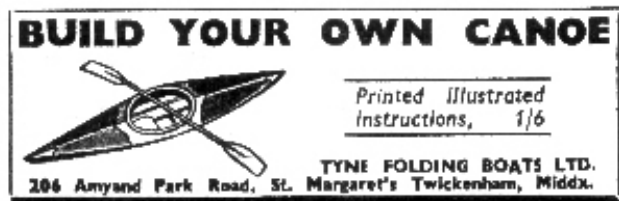
It would not have been so tragic, perhaps, if Sandy had not been such a good chap. He had won a place in the local Grammar School despite an appalling home background, and until this mad lapse had an immaculate record.

Sandy is in hospital. Ran into a car last Saturday when he was delivering groceries on a bike. He'll be quite fit again in a few days, but his mother came round to see me yesterday and begged me to go and visit him on Sunday afternoon. He's got in with a rotten gang, apparently, since he left the Troop, and she reckons he's going to the dogs. She thought if I went and visited him I might persuade him to come back, and I'd do it like a shot, but I'll be working away on a job, so I want you to go and have a yarn with him instead."

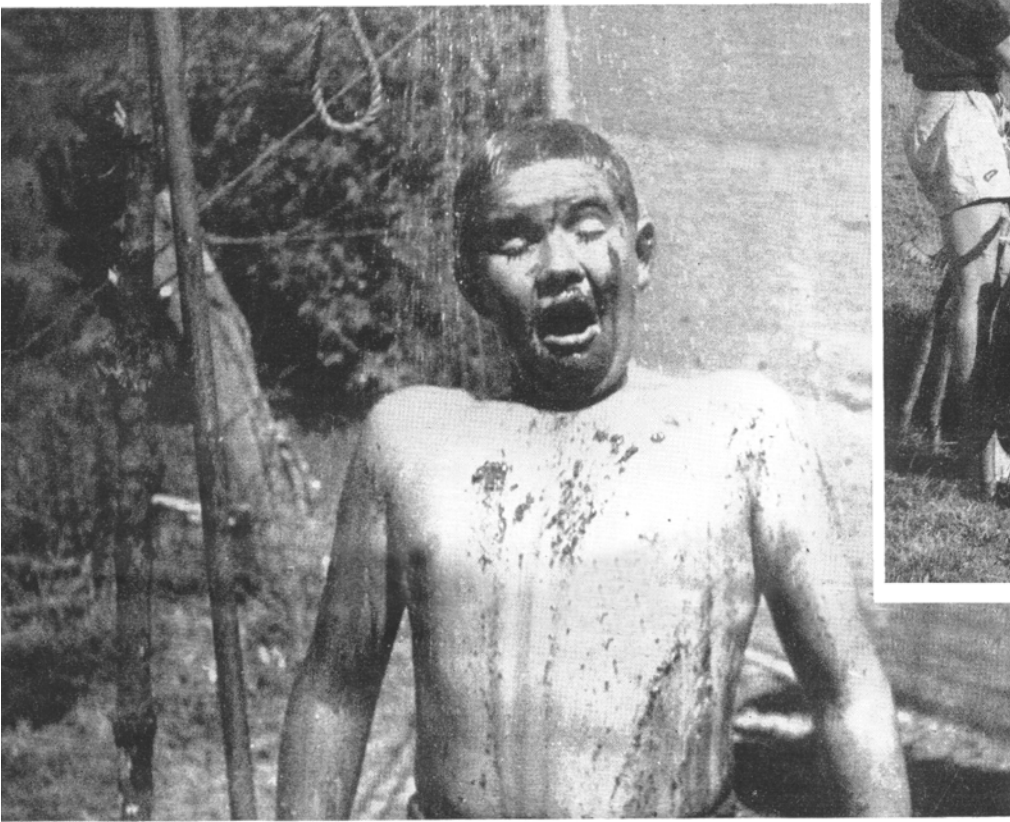
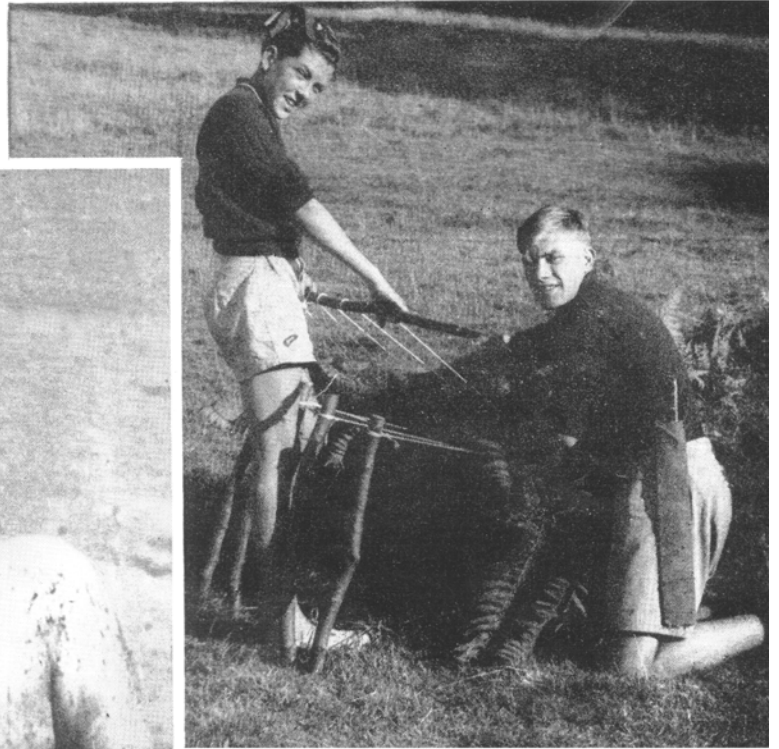
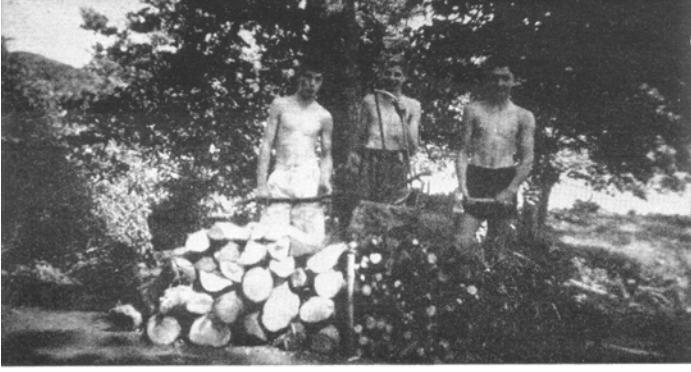
"Can't it wait," I suggested, "until he comes out of hospital?" He shook his head.

"We ought not to risk it," he said. "A boy does a lot of thinking when he is lying on his back in hospital, and it is a chance too good to be missed. You can tell him the Owls have come bottom in the Patrol competition since he left, and that we shall be having the best summer camp ever this year. He'll have to wait a bit to get his stripe back, of course, for the sake of discipline, but you can tell him that I know it was just a fit of madness and still want him in the Troop..."

I felt a bit like Sidney Carton as I went home to write a refusal to old Dashwig, but I had no doubt about my duty, for though I might speak with the tongues of men and angels to those Rovers, I knew that in the sight of God my eloquence would be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal compared to the few quiet words I would be privileged to speak to my friend Sandy in the decisive hour of his struggle towards the stars.



DAYS OF ENCHANTMENT



MAKOGAI ISLAND

Many Scouters have heard me tell the first part of this story, but I have never before put it on paper. I only do so now because of the sequel.

In 1951 I paid a short visit to Fiji at the invitation of the Governor, who had at one time been a neighbour of mine and a District Commissioner in Central London. When I got there, he instructed me - in the way Governors have - to visit the island of Makogai (pronounced Mowkonai, so far as I remember), about 3½ hours by launch from the main island. My heart sank when he told me that the island was a leper settlement, with no inhabitants except the patients and their attendant doctors and nurses.

I had a beautifully calm crossing in the small launch, cared for by native engineers. That was more than Harald Dahl did when he crossed a few weeks later!

On rounding a little point, I saw the settlement, the shore crowded with people and the jetty white with doctors and nursing sisters. I was clearly an event. Swallowing hard, I stepped ashore and was very warmly greeted. Without a moment's pause, I was taken to the open-sided assembly hall, and found the whole population sitting on the floor, waiting - for what? For me to speak to them, said the Medical Superintendent. The usual few words which most Commissioners keep up their sleeves did not seem very useful at that moment. What I said I cannot in the least remember, but it was translated to the assembled throng, and they seemed to like it. A visitor from the outer world was a rarity, and they would have taken anything, I expect.

It so happened that a Scout Troop had just been started on the island, by the efforts of a newly-arrived nursing sister from New Zealand who had run Cubs there. The first ten boys had taken their Promise a week before. Two natives, who were themselves lepers, had been found to become Scoutmaster and A.S.M., and the Governor of Fiji had entrusted me with their warrants to present. So, after dark, I met the Scouts round a camp fire in a hut - for it was raining outside - and after some familiar songs (beautifully sung, for all the islanders are natural musicians) it was my turn to tell them something of Scouting in the wider world that most of them would never see. Then I asked the two Scouters to make their Promise, in just the same way as you and I are accustomed to. I confess to having had a very large lump in my throat, especially when I remembered that I was not allowed to shake them by the hand.

The next morning, just before I left, I had the great pleasure of asking the Medical Superintendent to take the Scout Promise in front of the little Troop, whose joy at this unexpected event was delightful to see.

I have often wondered since how they had fared. Here is the sequel, which I found by chance in the quarterly journal of B.E.L.R.A. (the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association). It was taken from the Auckland *Star* of June 12, 1954.

"When the Governor-General, Sir Willoughby Norrie, visited the leper colony on Makogai Island last month, he was greeted by a pathetically brave and proud guard of honour. Standing rigidly to attention were about 60 Boy Scouts, Wolf Cubs and Girl Guides - all leper children.

"His Excellency was obviously moved, as was I and all his entourage. The Scouts' Founder, Lord Baden-Powell, would have been proud of these afflicted boys and girls, many bandaged but wearing their uniforms and badges as symbols that they are part of the world's greatest youth Movement.

"The Makogai Boy Scout Group has 17 Senior Scouts, 20 Scouts and 22 Wolf Cubs. Of these, 10 are Fijians, 19 Gilbert Islanders, 12 Indians, 3 Cook Islanders, 7 Samoans, 3 Europeans, 3 Tongans, 1 Solomon Islander and 1 Rotuman.

"Like most things at Makogai, the equipment which keeps these 60-odd leper children interested in Scouting and Guiding - and helps them to keep their minds off their disease - comes from New Zealand.

It was donated by the Dominion's Scout Commissioners and Scout Troops.

The birds don't sing on Makogai, although there are plenty on the island. It's too hot for them, a sister told me. But the leper children sing. And it's because they are happy - and hopeful that one day they'll get better and be able to go home - home to sunbaked Niue Island or the sugar-cane fields or banana plantations of Fiji."

It is a good sequel, isn't it? Another oak from another acorn. I count it one of the great events of my Scout life that I was privileged to play a small part in its growth. I went to the island with some feeling of depression, but that vanished when I got there. Quite unexpectedly, I found a spirit of happiness instead of misery and self-pity - and yet another proof that Scouting will succeed anywhere if it is given a chance.

J. F. C.

WOODSMOKE AT TWILIGHT

Woodsmoke at twilight: what memories bringing
Out of the past, whether distant or near,
The great days of youth, so quickly returning,
We are young in a flash, the scene is so clear.
A streamlet, a meadow, the background is woodland,
A circle of tents, a flag flying high.
Tonight is the night of our very first campfire,
The thought of it brings afresh light to our eye.

With infinite care the wood is all gathered,
Ash for quick lighting, pine for fine scent,
Oak for long burning, beech for bright flaming,
A handful of twigs, kept dry in the tent.
Cunningly laid by the hand of a master
Making a pile just as high as a boy,
Seen in clear sunlight the heap, of dead timber
Gives no hint of its forthcoming joy.

A way in the west the sun, slowly sinking,
Leaves the blue sky to countless stars bright,
From out of the shadows small figures are creeping,
For once glad to see the advent of night.
Loudly proclaimed the old incantation,
To the dry tinder a match is applied.
The flames give a flicker, the smoke gently curling,
The wood starts to crackle and spark upward ride.

The flames to their highest are rapidly climbing,
Dancing, and jumping, and laughing with glee.
Sparks leaping skyward, smoke surging upward,
Hissing and crackling new life in the tree.
Making a bowl in night's deepening blackness
Ringed by young faces, eyes shining bright,
Lustily singing songs of the backwoods
Once more in "the countries of pure delight."

In the midst of the revels, the beacon collapses,
Millions of sparks join the stars in the sky.
The flames leaping upward with renewed vigour
Drive back the shadows, which retire with a sigh.
'Tis a glorious moment when the wood is all glowing
Red embers giving a warmth to the scene.
Now the young voices so softly are singing
Thanking our God for a life fresh and keen.

Soon to grey ashes the embers are fading,
Darkness descending, the circle departs,
Away to their tents the youngsters are moving,
Silently storing the scene in their hearts.
The fire, though then dead, forever is living,
It's magic we treasure, what'er may transpire,
In our nostrils for ever the scent of the woodsmoke
And deep in our hearts is the warmth of the fire.

F. V. FLETCHER.

LOYALTY AND LEADERSHIP

(A talk given at the Worcestershire County Scout Conference, October, 1954)

By J. S. WILSON

Some twenty-five years ago I gave a paper on "Discipline" at the National Scout Conference in York and another on "Duty to the King" a few years later at the Manchester Conference. Both suffered the same fate and were reproduced as I.H.Q. pamphlets and were subsequently included in the book *Gilcraft Gleanings*. Now I have been asked to speak on "Loyalty and Leadership." It would have been easy for me to give a potted re-hash of both these papers, but I have refrained from even looking at them lest I am accused of being out of date. I am quite prepared to call myself a "has-been," and did so at Gilwell Park a month ago, but Discipline and Duty, Loyalty and Leadership are fundamental matters, the true meaning of which can never be considered out of date.

Curiously enough perhaps, in that most fundamental of all books for Christian people, the Holy Bible, there is no single mention of Loyalty or Leadership as such. The words themselves and by themselves are probably too abstract. There are many references to acts of loyalty and to leaders. Two out of five concerning the latter contain warnings to us: "The leaders of this people cause them to err" (Isaiah ix. 16) and "They be blind leaders of the blind" (Matthew xv. 14). There are also references to Duty, of which the most potent is in Ecclesiastes xii. 13: "Fear God and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

We can base our loyalty on that command, and also take to heart Jesus Christ's words: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." (Matthew xxii. 21).

That helps us to distinguish between loyalty on the spiritual plane and loyalty on the temporal plane. The former and highest loyalty is a matter of conscience. I leave it to each one of you to determine its application to yourself, remembering that injunction from Ecclesiastes.

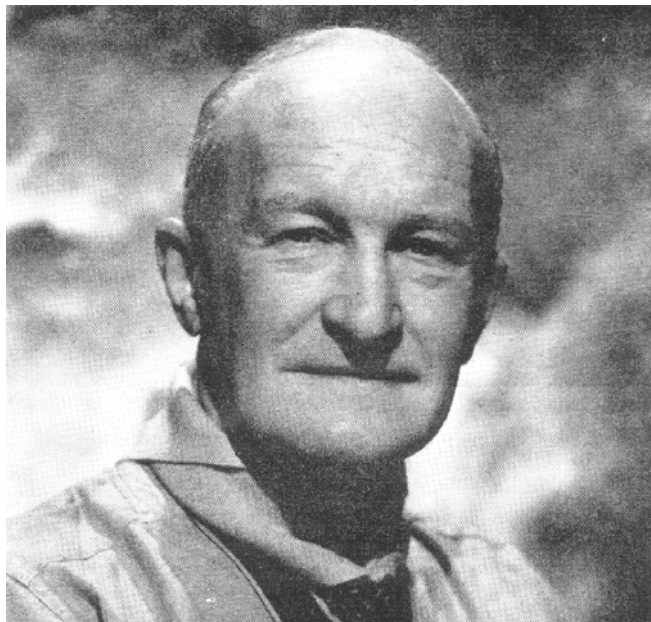
On the temporal plane loyalty ranges far and wide - in home and neighbourhood, school and college, factory and office, games and recreations (including Scouting) - to nigh every aspect of local and national government. All these can be translated into personal terms - parents and friends, prefects -and teachers, stewards and managers, team captains, Patrol Leaders and Scouters right up to the Queen's Majesty and those set in authority under her.

Conversely the specific of loyalty can be applied to the younger members of the family and to other children, to those studying, working or playing under us, and to our fellow citizens. Our Founder B.-P. pointed this out in the Second Scout Law.

Loyalty is a vitally important factor in life. Someone once said, "An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness." Treat others as you would that they should treat you. Unless you have a sense of loyalty, success in whatever form you wish to see it is not likely to be your lot in life.

But principles are more important than persons, and loyalty does not necessarily imply complete subordination to any one person or group of persons. That way lies fascism and communism. In Scouting we believe implicitly in the freedom of the individual to think and to act as he chooses, provided he remembers that every single thing he does affects others and that individualism is apt to become mere selfishness.

The Deputy Chief Scout of Canada, a man of great experience, sagacity and understanding, who has been of great support to me in World Scouting these last seven years, many years ago addressed the members of the Montreal Technical Institution. "Nothing," he said, "is worse for the man in charge of work than to have men under him who agree with everything he says and hide their real opinions. State your views with courage and politeness, but when the Chief reaches a decision, put your back into the job and endeavour to carry out loyally what is expected of you."



J.S.W.

This represents, perhaps, the essence of democracy. I would remind you, however, that the voluntary basis of Scouting does not imply that each one of us can go his own sweet way. We have voluntarily subscribed to the Scout Promise and Law and by so doing to the rules and must expect to abide by them. Of Rules and Regulations B.-P. wrote: "There is a world of difference between the two. Regulations are restrictions imposed upon subjects to prevent them from following their own bent. Rules, on the other hand, are guiding lines for playing in a game."

Now I wish to quote from what my County Commissioner in Kent said in his last annual report - I am a lay member of his County Scout Council. "We should help our Scouts," he wrote, "to understand what we mean by patriotism. I sometimes feel that in our keenness to be a brother to every other Scout, regardless of country, we may run the risk of giving precedence to the fourth Scout Law over the second, which imposes loyalty to our own. We promised first of all to do our duty to God and the Queen, and, if we keep this promise in our minds, we can be even better brothers to the Scouts of other nations, because we remember each one of us has promised loyalty to his own country."

Count Paul Teleki, Premier and Honorary Chief Scout of Hungary, said much the same in 1940 when a Hungarian Scout Conference was discussing the abolition of the fourth Scout Law, Shortly afterwards he gave his life out of loyalty to his own country.

I leave the subject of loyalty there - on that note of self-sacrifice - and turn to that of leadership, for, as you will have understood, one is influenced, almost governed, by the other - and you can take that whichever way you like.

Our Founder, as usual, has the rights of it. "The essentials of leadership," B.-P. wrote, "might, in telegraphic brevity, be summed up as Comradeship and Competence." In his book, *Soldiers and Soldiering*, Field-Marshal Lord Wavell quoted Socrates: "The general must know how to get his men their rations and every kind of stores needed for war. He must have imagination to initiate plans, practical sense and energy to carry them through. He must be observant, untiring, shrewd; kindly and cruel; simple and crafty; a watchman and a robber; lavish and miserly; generous and stingy; rash and conservative. All these and many other qualities, natural and acquired, he must have. He should also, as a matter of course, know his tactics; for a disorderly mob is no more an army than a heap of building materials is a house."

The substitution of "Scouting" for "War" as a background, and the omission of, say, five of the apparently less desirable qualities, might easily transfer the General into a Scouter.

In terms less than 2,000 years old we might say that the primary requisite of leadership is character. A leader knows what he wants, and has courage and determination to get it. He has a genuine interest in, and a real knowledge of, humanity. In our case this means the genus boy or, as I would prefer to state it, boyhood.

At the close of last year's International Scout Conference in Liechtenstein I was bold enough to quote something written of my father, when he retired after serving for twenty-one years as Dean of the Episcopal Cathedral and Diocese of Edinburgh - it is a family habit to do more than one job at the same time! - "When a position is sun-clear to him he always stands out boldly and courageously on what he conceives to be the side of truth and equity. He is no compromiser, no friend of subterfuge, no maker of questionable bargains. He knows his mind and declares it; and men have followed him because they have felt always that he gave them upright and honourable leadership, leadership based on principle and not subject to the wavering winds of opportunism and ignoble compromise."

Perhaps that may help you - as it has helped me - to determine what kind of a leader you want to be.

One last thought under both headings of Loyalty and Leadership, for if either remains negative or static they die away.

Is it enough to do one's duty to God and the Queen? Should we not try to do more than merely our duty? Should not every good citizen strive to be a still better citizen? Should we not have the urge to improve not only ourselves but also to help to improve social and other abuses, to help to spread sound ideas? Is not that just what Scouting stands for?

Our Movement is not a goal in itself; it is only a means to an end. The Movement must set itself to serve boys and others. Did not B.-P. choose that as the more important part of the motto for older Scouts? Our Founder most positively had the intention to place the Game of Scouting on a higher level than a jolly outdoor recreation.

THE BUILDING OF THE BOAT

By **DEREK WILLIAMS,**
S.M., 1st Aldborough

It was decided to form a Sea Scout Section to 1st Aldborough Hatch Group (Ilford East District) and some method of obtaining a building in which to build a boat was discussed. The building of our own boat would prove more educational and the boys would have a lot more pride in the craft on completion. After the formation of a Section in July 1953, a summer camp was held at Dartmouth and there a camp meeting was held. It was decided there that we would not mind spending an evening per week, plus the weekends, in building our boat.

The Vicar of the Church gave us the choice of three places in which to build the boat and eventually we built the boat behind the Church Hall. Firstly, we built brick piles, two sets of three piles, three feet apart, so that when we bolted the timber to them, we had two pieces of timber running parallel three feet apart, all given by parents concerned. Booms were loaned, on which the boat was built. The tubular steel structure was given by a firm as were also the tarpaulins. The foundations of the boat were brick piles and the tarpaulins were the cover under which we built the boat. We had nothing to work on, so built a bench and this took us a fortnight. All the timber for the bench was given by friends and we actually made a bench worth £20 for 10s.!

At the end of September 1953, work commenced on the boat. We realised from the start we were going to have a big problem in bending the wood to shape so we built ourselves an efficient steam box. We made this out of planks of wood measuring 20 ft. x 1 ft. x 4 in. We had to provide the steam for this box by building a typical camp oven, using an oil drum as boiler and building a wood fire underneath. From the oil drum a piece of hosepipe went into the steam box. We found by this method that we could provide enough steam to heat the whole of the box.

This box could not be touched by hand and old gate-posts were used for firing.

We mounted the box on an iron framework so that it was waist level and the right height for easy working, to get the wood in and out easily. It took us a fortnight to make these. The first job on the actual boat was to build temporary frames which governed the shape of the boat so they had to be very accurate and strong. These were then mounted at intervals in their relative positions on the foundation of brick piles.

Our rota system was approximately three boys per night. The keel was laid on the frames, heavy English oak. These pieces of timber had to be chiselled to shape and this took another fortnight of hard work. The keel was 18 ft. long and had to be steamed to shape and mounted on the frames. We then had to shape the stem, fit into position and also the transom to form the stern. At this stage, we now had the basic framework of the boat and checked for alignment and so on. The wood for this actually arrived just before Christmas, the boards being 20 ft. long x 21- ft. across, in plain wood. We had to cut the planks out of them and plane them up by hand. The boys did this themselves. The boys also cut the planks out, planed them and glasspapered them smooth, for fitting to the boat. It was at this stage that we had trouble because we found that not only had we to bend the planks along the grain but also across and they kept splitting. It took us a week to overcome this difficulty. We found that the steam box was at fault as we were not getting enough heat, so we made a bigger boiler which meant that we managed to get the planks really hot and steaming right the way through. We found after this that we could get them into place quite easily. We found that the art of steaming the planks was to get them really very hot and bend to the boat as quickly as possible. We had no professional advice but learned it all by groping our way along. We knocked the time of getting the wood out of the steam box and on to the boat down to four seconds. This meant, of course, that the plank was still very hot and we managed to get it into place without any splitting at all.

We next found that as soon as the second plank was on to the boat we had to rivet it to the first plank and so on, all the way. We had ninety rivets in each plank and twenty-four planks, twelve on each side. The boat, of course, was being built upside down at this point. It was continuous repetition all the time and really hard work. The boys had to do nothing but continually cutting up planks, planing and riveting and this went on for over three months and the boys working through **90** below freezing! We cut planks up whilst it was snowing outside and the snow blowing in on us. We used to work in greatcoats, with gloves and scarves on. Our aim was one plank every two or three days and it seemed to be that we never got the plank out of the steam box until about 9 p.m. and of course once it is steamed and put on the boat, it must be riveted at once and sometimes we were all working until 12 o'clock. When these planks were put on, we had to use four boys and each boy had his own job to do. For instance, one would have to hold the plank on to the stem in its correct position, another would have to fit the forward end of the plank into the bow, and the other two boys would support it in the centre and then it would have to be clamped into position and holes drilled and rivets put in to hold it in place. It would have been impossible to plank the boat without the aid of the boys, and to do this they had to be really quick and accurate and no panicking. Obviously, we had to rehearse before we actually started on the planking work and we used to have quite an audience to see the drilling. We had to use mackintoshes to keep the planks really hot until actually on the boat. We finished the planking in 21- months, early in March. The boat then had to be turned over to do the remainder of the work inside her.

We had nine or ten parents to help in turning the boat over. The next problem was to steam the ribs into the boat. These should always be put in afterwards in small dinghies and the same system was adopted with the steam box as with the planks. We had to bend some of the wood nearly 1200. It was English oak and also very, very strong.

The planks were of mahogany. Up to the time we finished putting in the ribs, there was close on 3,000 copper rivets in the boat.

We next had to fit the decking. An interesting point occurred here as in the decking there was a mast thwart which measured in sections 7 in. x 21- in. wide to bend round the jib. The teak had to be steamed about four hours to get it soft enough.

Having got the mast thwart in position, we dovetailed the rest of the deck timber in position, this also having to be steamed to the camber of the decking, and then to form the deck the deck boards were covered by planks j in. thick, the whole deck then being canvas covered. We fitted the thwarts and centre-board case and side benches which completed the interior of the boat. The remaining task was to make the rudder, tiller, mast, boom, etc. The mast presented a particular difficulty because the piece of timber measured 30 ft. long and the finished product had to be hollow. This necessitated cutting down the bulk of timber straight down the centre, splitting it into two and gouging it out to make it hollow and also a secondary groove to take the sail.

These two pieces of timber had to be married together again, glued to form one piece before the mast was put together and we had to cut slots for the pulleys, thread the wires through because the halyards for the sails run up and down inside the mast.

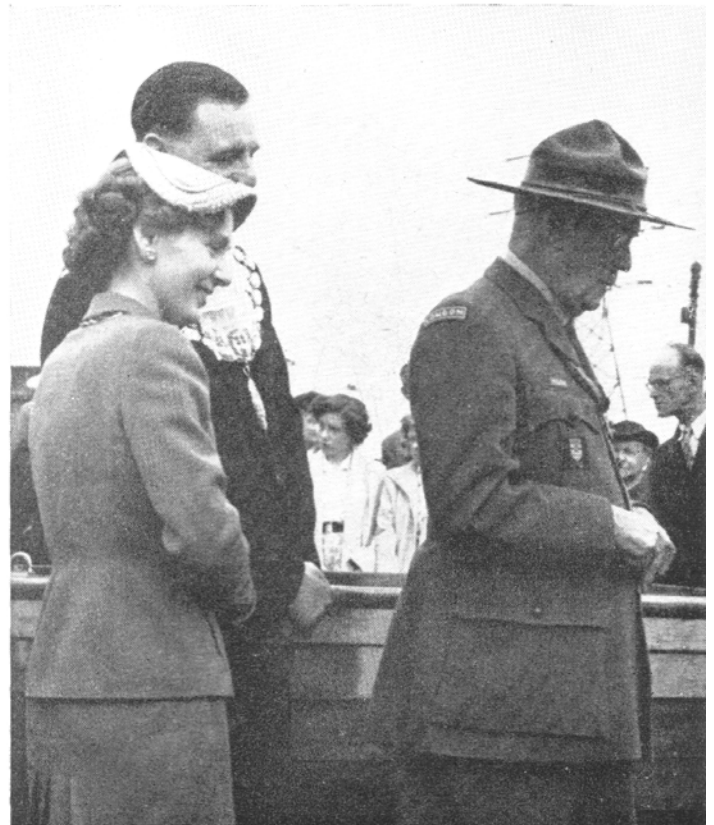
During the gluing operation, we used thirty clamps to hold it together whilst the glue dried to ensure the timber was lying on an absolutely flat bed and not twisted in any way. We now had a square bulk of timber with a circular hole inside.

The next job was to round the mast outside and four or five boys with chisels and mallets chipped off until it was roughly circular. During this time of the final finishing off of the boat, all the bending and finishing was carried on by the boys.

The mahogany planks were varnished by them. The sails, we felt, were really a job for the expert so we did not tackle these and had them made.

The final finish of the boat was done in front of the Church Hall seven days before the launching. Each night boys slept in the boat to safeguard her.

The boat was finally launched on July 31st, 1954, and is now lying at Leigh-on-Sea, Essex. Sir John Shea named our boat for us Eagle, which was the name of the Patrol of 1st Aldborough Hatch who became the Sea Scout Section.



THE BOAT IN PREPARATION: THE BOAT AND SOME OF THE TROOP; AND SIR JOHN SHEA AT THE LAUNCHING

BE PREPARED

The seventh 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."

When first thrown into contact with their sons' Scoutmaster, parents are apt to behave like fastidious but affable visiting donors to a Salvation Army soup kitchen

There is a hint of the wrinkled nose, and the sly side glance at each other, above their tolerant smiles. The Scoutmaster is doing a worthy work, a fine work, they seem to be thinking, but he must be a peculiar character, and they're thankful they needn't mix into his grotesque little world very often.

At least this is how it has sometimes seemed to one admittedly irascible Scoutmaster, viz., me. I recall being shown into one home where I was to give a boy a Tenderfoot Test, and finding the father lying on the sofa reading the newspaper. We had never met. "Dad, this is Mr. Cochran, the Scoutmaster," the boy said. His father cocked an eye at me, and nodded without moving. "Good," he said. "You can use the back room."

I met another pair of parents for the first time, when I drove their son home from camp in my car. They came out to the kerb, favoured me with the same fleeting smile they might have bestowed on the driver of a school bus, then kissed their son and unloaded his knapsack from the trunk of the car. They started up the walk, but as an afterthought the father turned back and thrust a hand in his pocket. Then he saw me staring at him ominously. He paled, and withdrew his hand without a coin. "Uh-okay," he said, "I guess you can go now." He did not add "my good man," although I had expected him to.

Our Troop gives an annual dinner for the parents. This custom antedates my entry into the Troop. At the first of these banquets I attended, the chairman of the Troop Committee and his wife happened to enter the building at the same moment I did. He helped his wife out of her fur coat, removed his own topcoat, and handed both garments to me with a friendly nod. "Check these," he instructed me. Being unable to phrase a neat rebuke, and unwilling to make myself colourful by dropping the coats on the floor, I checked them.

As the result of a few such encounters during my first year as Scoutmaster, I automatically froze into hauteur whenever approached by parents, and treated them more condescendingly than they treated me. I recall one lady, the mother of two Scouts in my Troop, who gushed in my face about how dutiful and deserving I was because I often took the boys swimming and hiking. "Madam, it is merely a fortunate circumstance for your boys that I happen to enjoy the kind of activities that are beneficial to them," I said coldly. She looked startled, and retreated out of range.

At first I made no effort to involve parents in affairs of Scouting. My Troop Committee was a collection of figureheads which never met. Occasionally some difficulty arose which I could see might be overcome with the aid of parents, and I asked the Troop Committee chairman to secure this aid. Nothing happened.

More difficulties kept arising, and I kept getting no help. My dudgeon eventually boiled up to the point where I complained to Reverend Stone. "Why should I knock myself out for these kids when their parents won't move a muscle to help me?" I said.

"Maybe they haven't been asked," he said.

"I've asked until my teeth fell out. I've asked the Troop Committee Chairman...."

"He isn't a parent."

"Well, I made an announcement at the parents' banquet, and I put an item in the church bulletin, and I sent a mimeographed notice home with every Scout. Nothing works."

"Oh, 'ye of little faith! I still maintain parents will help if they're asked" hard enough and specifically enough. Sit down, and let's see what we can figure out."

After some mulling, we drafted a letter which was sent individually to every father in the Troop:-

DEAR MR.----:

A serious situation has arisen affecting your son's membership in the Boy Scout Troop.

Will you meet me to discuss it next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in the rectory?

Sincerely,

REV. CLARENCE STONE.

The morning after the letters were mailed, Reverend Stone began getting telephone calls from fathers. "My wife just got me home from work," one of them began. "She said, 'Theodore, you'll have to come right home. Teddy's done something awful.' So now I'm home, and I see this letter. What's my boy done?"

"Your boy has done nothing," the minister told this parent and many others who phoned that morning. "The situation is serious in another way."

"What way?" everyone asked. "What's this all about?"

"I'm sorry, but I cannot discuss it over the phone," Reverend Stone replied firmly to everyone. "Please try to be in my office Wednesday evening. No, I shan't be able to see you any sooner."

On Wednesday evening, the fathers of nineteen of the Troop's twenty-six members converged on Reverend Stone's office. I was there, too, of course.

After we had moved into a larger room and found enough chairs, Reverend Stone began. "The serious situation I mentioned in my letter is that we are in danger of losing our Scoutmaster, which would probably mean the break-up of the Troop."

There was a murmur of sympathy and alarm. I felt flattered. I had feared that the fathers might consider themselves hoaxed.

"Mr. Cochran feels that he can continue only if he receives much more help from the parents," the minister continued.

There was a chorus: "We've never been asked! What needs to be done? Why didn't you let us know?"

My mistake in the past had been, evidently, that I couched all my pleas for assistance in general terms. I had asked for "men to serve on the Troop Committee" or "telephone calls from anyone willing to help with the Troop." This time, warned by Reverend Stone, I did not repeat the error. I was armed with a list of specific chores which needed doing. Within the hour, fathers had undertaken every item on the list, and had also agreed to constitute themselves a new Troop Committee which would meet with me monthly to ponder whatever Troop problems I laid before it.

In all the years since then, I have never had any serious lack of help from parents. By taking care to fill the agenda of every Committee meeting with problems for the members to sink their teeth into, rather than precooked decisions for swallowing, I have managed to make the meetings lively if not always harmonious. Between committee sessions, whenever I need any kind of assistance, I can usually find some parent who responds to a telephone appeal.

"THE SCOUT" COMPETITIONS

Each month there are interesting and amusing training competitions which any Cub or Scout may enter. The closing date is two months from the date of the competition's opening. For example the July competition set by Jack Blunt appeared in "The Scout" of July 1st (and will be repeated as a special favour for the convenience of your Cubs and Scouts in the issue of August 5th - in which the August competition (set by Delta) will also appear). It is the duty of every Scoutmaster and Cubmaster to interest their boys in these competitions and to try to gain the honour of a winner in the Group!

PATROL ANIMALS AND BIRDS

XIX - THE HERON

By MICHAEL BLACKMORE

Wherever there are rivers, lakes or ponds in the British Isles you may expect to see the heron. It is easy enough to recognise as it wades in the shallows on its long thin legs or stands patiently at the water's edge - a gaunt figure in distinctive grey and white plumage with black-crested head. The heron is one of our larger birds and measures three feet from beak to feet. Although it has a slender body its broad wings convey an impression of great size when you see it in flight.

Because the heron is so conspicuous naturalists are able to keep a fairly accurate account of its annual breeding population in England and Wales. This seems to remain constant at rather less than four thousand pairs. It is interesting to find that the species manages to maintain its numbers in spite of the fact that many water-bailiffs and owners of fish-hatcheries continually harass it. They have no love for the bird owing to its fish-eating habits but they seldom realise that trapping or shooting often defeats its own ends. Herons feed on eels far more than on trout and young salmon and should therefore be regarded as allies rather than pests on preserved waters. Even if you ignore sentiment altogether and consider hard economic facts it stands to reason that anglers have much to gain by encouraging a bird that kills hundreds of eels which are notorious destroyers of trout ova and fry.

I can speak from personal experience about this after fishing for several years along a mile of river where herons were daily visitors. They kept the eels under control and although they also took a few trout it made no appreciable difference to the stock. But in the upper reaches of the same river the owner of the fishing rights decided to destroy herons systematically in a mistaken effort to improve his water. A couple of years later I was not surprised to hear that his stretch of river had become infested with eels and that the trout had deteriorated in quantity and size. The fish that had managed to survive the early stages of their existence were having to face too much competition from eels in their search for food.

However useful herons are on a stream I cannot deny that they may be a nuisance if you happen to have a goldfish pond. A friend of mine once spent a lot of time and money making a small pool in his suburban garden and when it was finished he put some very fine golden orfe in the water. All went well for a time until a heron started to pay a few visits. The bird caught most of the fish within a couple of days, somewhat to my friend's surprise because he lived in a built-up area and had never seen a heron there before. Evidently it had noticed the pool while flying to and from its regular feeding grounds several miles away. Before introducing a new supply of golden orfe the owner took the wise precaution of stretching a criss-cross of fine wires just below the surface of the pond. After that he had no further trouble.

It is a mistake to think that herons feed exclusively on fish. Frogs, young birds, small mammals and insects are readily taken as well as vegetable matter and you will often see the birds wading among rock-pools on the seashore searching for shrimps and small crabs. One specimen I watched at the mouth of an estuary in Northumberland last year flew far out to sea on a straight course after feeding and did not return. There is nothing remarkable about this because herons are well-known wanderers. A small proportion of British-hatched youngsters disperse to the Continent in late summer and there is also a marked influx into this country from other parts of Europe. But generally speaking most of our heron population seems to be resident throughout the year.

The heron is an early breeder. In February when the trees are still bare the males take possession of nesting sites in the upper branches where they stake their claims and wait for the females to join them. Like rooks they breed in colonies though you may occasionally find a solitary nest.



There are also several records of ground-nesting specimens in the British Isles but they do not appear to be very numerous. On the Continent, however, the heron often breeds in thick reed-beds and in 1954 I saw a single nest near Berne in Switzerland in a large thorn-bush on a slope overlooking a river. Over here the species generally chooses a situation at least fifty or sixty feet above the ground.

After taking over their nesting sites in the heronry the males perform an elaborate ceremony of wing-flapping and neck-stretching accompanied by a variety of harsh squawks. The general impression is rather grotesque to a human observer as he watches the great birds balancing themselves precariously on their stilt-like legs and swaying in the breeze. Their curious display postures are designed to attract the females who take the initiative in choosing a mate. In this respect herons differ from most other birds. Normally one expects the male to play the active role of persuading the female to accept him.

Eventually each female selects a mate who then spends much of his time gathering sticks and presenting them to her. She either adds these to an old nest or makes an entirely new one, and if you visit a heronry you will notice that the nests vary greatly in size according to the number of times they have been used. Some that I have seen measured over a yard across owing to the successive annual additions that had been made to the original structure. Their ability to withstand strong winter gales over a period of several years shows that they are very solidly constructed.

Both sexes share the duties of incubating the bluish eggs (usually three to six in number) and feeding the youngsters. When the parents arrive at the nest they disgorge the prey from their gullets in response to vigorous tugging at their beaks by the hungry chicks. Sometimes the adults will also disgorge food when alarmed by a human intruder. This reminds me of a rather disconcerting experience I once had when visiting a large heronry in June. One of the old birds alighted near a nest and then noticed me standing underneath. Uttering a raucous *kr-a-a-rk* it coughed up a slimy eel which came hurtling down and narrowly missed my head!

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

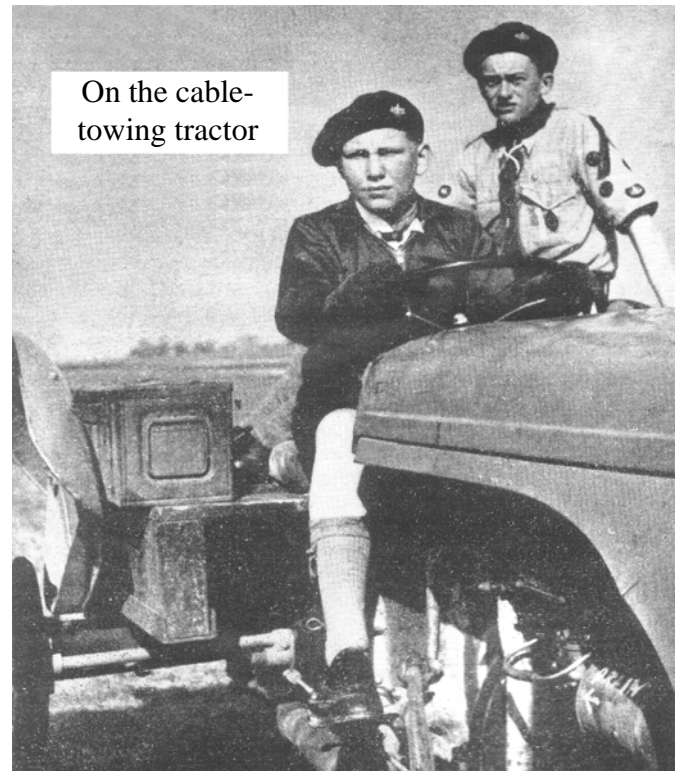
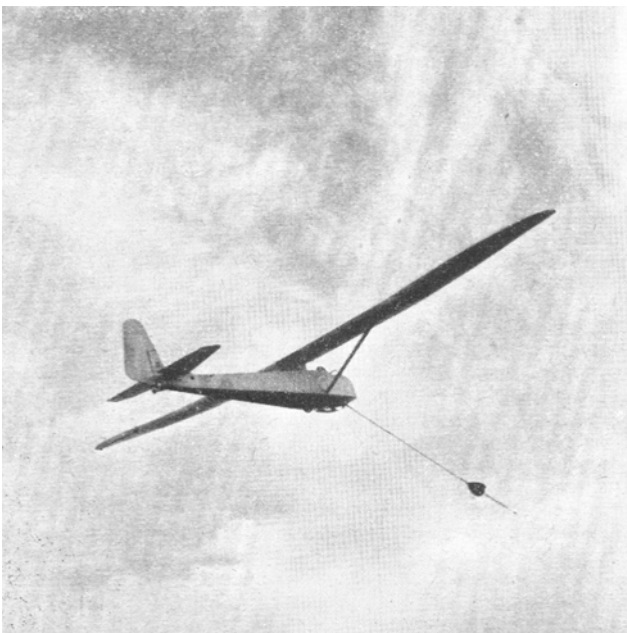
It was the last night in camp and I lay in my sleeping bag at the end of a very full day with that feeling that we are occasionally privileged to experience - the feeling of something accomplished.

Snatches of the boys' conversation came to me across the still evening air, unusual sentences for a Scout Camp: "and then she stalled" - "so I did a steep turn to port" - "Greeno landed near Guildford after two hours' soaring." Yes, usual bedtime chatter from Scouts but the past week had in always been most unusual. It was the first ever Scout Gliding Course at Lasham Airfield, Hampshire, that was now drawing to its close. "Here's real adventure at last," was how the Chief had described it in his message to us.

Two years had passed since our first meeting to investigate possibilities at the Headquarters of the British Gliding Association. That initial meeting had not been very encouraging. We had been told that "gliding was a full-time hobby," that "gliding club members finance their clubs in much the same way as do Scout Troops, and were, therefore, unlikely to be able to offer facilities to anyone unable to take a full share in the fund raising activities." We had, however, gleaned hope from the encouragement of Philip Wills, one of Britain's foremost gliding enthusiasts: he had advised a personal approach to an individual club. Eventually contact was made with another well-known figure in British gliding - Mrs. Ann Welsh, who, at that time, was chairman of the Surrey Gliding Club.

The next step was a visit to the Club, which led to encouraging discussions with the Chief Flying Instructor. Back at I.H.Q. ambitious schemes for owner membership were drawn up, investigations of the possibility of grant aid from the King George VI Memorial Foundation were made but our plans proved too ambitious for help from this source. Plans were revised, the problems of cost were discussed with those of length and size of the course. A compromise was evolved, a training programme agreed and a letter outlining proposals was sent to various Air Scout Troops inviting comment. Sufficient support was promised to enable approval to be obtained to organise two experimental courses this year. Details were published and applications and enquiries began to arrive.

Nineteen applications were received from sixteen Air Scouts and three Scouts. The first twelve Air Scouts to apply were selected and on the Saturday nearly a week ago they had arrived from Berkshire, Essex, Hampshire, Kent, Norfolk and the Isle of Man, enthusiastic and expectant, to camp together for a week and to learn to fly.



On the cable-towing tractor

This they did with equal enthusiasm and success.

Now, looking back, the things which stand out are necessarily different from those of the boys - that night after prayers when the "To think over" passage in *Bible Reading Fellowship Notes* provoked a theological discussion that went on far too late. Of the boy who, while very keen to fly, was not so ready to manhandle aircraft so that others could get into the air - the passing comment, "you know . . . you're a bit lazy" and his "extra mile" the following days.

The comments of the Scouts taking their turn as the "ground handling crew" when one of our embryo pilots misjudged his approach and landed halfway up the airfield which meant pushing the glider back to the launching point. The adulation afforded to the first of our number to loop - he held the "course soaring record" of 47 minutes, and his main impression of this trip seemed to have been the delight at seeing a Hunter fighter pass below him.

There is Paul, the course flying instructor - in the air and on the ground his patience and understanding gave encouragement and confidence to the Scouts who were now able to fly circuits without assistance from the instructor accompanying them.

Impressions, too, of all the Scouts in their varied "flying clothing" off-loading themselves from the cut down armoured car known as "The Beaver." The B.B.C. cameraman filming activities for an edition of Children's Television Newsreel. Of fourteen-year-old "Hotpot" teaching his brother Scouts to handle the tractor so that they might take their turn at retrieving the cables after a winch launch. The indelible "picture" of one of "our" gliders against the evening sky, of the glorious weather and faces tanned by sun and wind.

This is really Air Scouting: what a pity more do not experience it. The increasing interest of Scouts in air subjects is proven by the number of Air Spotter and Air Observer badges issued in the past few years (1952, 264; 1953, 828; 1954, 1,092, and already this year over 500 lists of aircraft required for these badges have been issued on request). For those boys who are so interested why not an Air Scout Patrol attached to your Troop? With the use of a little imagination much of the existing Scout test work can be given an air bias. How I wish Scouters and D.C.s would encourage these air-minded Scouts to pursue that interest.

If a Scout on his First Class Journey is required to estimate the height of a church tower, let it be with the object of lighting it as a possible obstruction to low flying aircraft.

One of the objects of such a journey could be to select landing fields for a glider or given type of aircraft, and the boy's log might reasonably include a list of aircraft seen - but this is a pet subject of mine and I digress - but who doesn't in the twilight before sleep.

Favourable comments on the wonderful spirit of the boys have come from the gliding club members. The past week has developed initiative and qualities of leadership, yet, at the same time, has done much to foster the important team spirit. Significant, too, is the fact that all those showing above average leadership qualities gained a similar assessment for flying aptitude.

Tonight after our final "sing-song" in the "Club house" one of the boys having discovered I worked at 25 B.P. Road commented: "I cannot imagine you as coming from I.H.Q., - I wonder what these lads imagine I.H.Q. staff are like. Ah well - to sleep - for tomorrow we must return to our homes and everyday occupations but the friendships formed here will not be forgotten and perhaps we may all be able to return another year and those over sixteen should quite easily go solo, gain "A" and "B" Gliding Certificates, and with them the "Air Glider" Badge.

Yes, it has been a wonderful, worthwhile week, and it is quite impossible to describe one's feelings as with a metallic clang we closed the hangar door tonight for the last time and shut out (or in) gliders until August when the next course of Scouts will enjoy the adventure that awaits them in the sky above Lasham.

L. J. BITTLESTONE,
Training Department, I.H.Q.

DEAR EDITOR

A New System of Tests

DEAR EDITOR,

We are all aware that far too many boys never get First Class, and far too many never even get Second Class. It's the better boys who get Second Class and the extra keen and better endowed boys who get First Class. Otherwise, we'd measure the numbers of First Class Scouts by hundreds in a large District, instead of in dozens. The ordinary boy doesn't make it, unless he's in an extra good Troop. Year after year the training figures show that the ordinary boy in the ordinary Troop with ordinary Scouters doesn't even get Second Class. The road to that badge is for too many a slow, dreary crawl. Stunts, competitions, targets, schedules, articles in *The Scout* and *THE SCOUTER* - with all these, the same tale has to be told of boys leaving because they don't get on. Laymen as Second Class examiners - fine. But still they are lost, these ordinary boys. The system, with good Scouters, good lay supporters and all the rest could work wonderfully. Some Groups make it work wonderfully. But most of them don't, so let's scrap the system. End see if we can't devise something that just ordinary hard-working, devoted but sometimes tired Scouters can make work.

Instead of three steps, Tenderfoot, Second Class and First Class, let's have six - Tenderfoot, Fifth Class, Fourth, Third, Second and First Class, and keeping the Tenderfoot standard as it is now, and the First Class standard as it is now, grade all the tests accordingly in the intermediate grades, so that the Scout does a little of each at every step, but so that the difference in standard between one step and the next is reasonably small. No need here to dwell upon whether or not this or that test ought to be superseded by something different, upon the merits or otherwise of learning semaphore and so on. But it might be as well to work in the following amendments to some tests which do seem a little lop-sided to one Scouter anyway. Cut Tenderfoot knots to three and introduce at least three new knots at each grade, so that the First Class Scout will know more than he does now.

Introduce signalling much more gradually - let the boy have his Fifth grade when he knows the alphabet signs, even if his sending looks like something Out of Mr. Pastry's adventures. Above all, introduce swimming as early in the grades as possible, if it's only to see a boy can swim five yards by the time he's been in three months or so.

I've come across many cases where a boy has not been encouraged to learn to swim until he comes up against the First Class test at the age of fourteen or thereabouts. Often by that time he is such a stranger to the water that he has extreme difficulties and even fear to overcome. I've lost boys that way - good boys who wanted only to be able to swim to become First Class Scouts. Medically there was no reason why they should be excused, and they were courageous boys; they still ask after the old Troop's doings when we meet. But I lost them because I let the early days go by without doing anything about introducing them to the water. Step up First-Aid standards.

That will do for amendments, for me.

Now an important point. Let the boy get one Proficiency Badge for every grade he steps up - yes, let him get one as soon as he is a Tenderfoot if you like. He'll still only get six by the time he's First Class, as he does now, but he's had some encouragement sooner. And we'll also get away from the situation where a boy gets Second Class and then goes all out at once to get his six badges as per quota, leaving aside his general efficiency tests for First Class. This delays the date when he gets First Class, and putting off this is another cause of folk losing heart in some cases.

We don't need a multiplicity of badges for the grades. Use Tenderfoot and First Class as now, but use the present Second Class for the Fifth Class, and then add bars (like the Senior Scout bars) for the Fourth, Third and Second Class. These can then be traded in as usual to the Troop when they are no longer wanted.

This more gradual grading might also encourage lay examiners to have a go more often. I've got some very good ones, but some Troops have difficulty because Dad looks at Second Class signalling which he passed himself thirty years ago and says "No - couldn't manage that speed myself." But he might manage Fourth Class speed, and so the Scouter would end up by having to take fewer boys himself, for shorter tests.

In the past nearly fifty years of Scouting, it's certain somebody has suggested this before. But the old system is still with us, still not working. Tradition is all for the present system, and I am always deeply sorry to see tradition flouted. And the scheme outlined here must have its snags - but will somebody kindly point them out to me? I'm not one of the brilliant Scouters myself and I think I'd do better with these more frequent encouragements to hold out to a boy. I think others would too, for when I did a Badge Secretary's job once for a year, I sold nearly a hundred service stars for every Second Class Badge I could sell. Not a true guide, but revealing, I think.

I wonder if somebody can think up something in time for Jubilee Year?

C. S. GEE,
G.S.M., 4th Bournemouth.

Courtesy

DEAR EDITOR,

In your "Luck of the Month" for May, you remarked sadly about the lack of courtesy in Scouts. The word, I hope, was not in italics, for I have just had some excellent proof of the courtesy of Cubs.

A Pack recently acted an old play of mine, and subsequently every Cub in the Pack wrote to thank me. The letters, needless to say, made wonderful reading; some of them retailing their favourite bits of dialogue, which I had some difficulty to recognise for my own, but it was, of course, the thought behind the good turn which counted most high.

Obviously the thought was Akela's, and it gave me to wonder if all courtesy must not be started from the top, and that, even with boys of Scout age, we can hardly expect instinctive courtesy unless the Scouter gives them an example, both by precept, and reminder and, when necessary, a hefty push in the right direction.

HAZEL ADDIS,
Asst. H.Q. Commissioner for Wolf Cubs.

Back room boys and girls

DEAR EDITOR,

Having read the letter of Scout-Master's Wife, Cub-Master's Wife and Cub-Master's Father, may I say a word for the Mother of a Lady Cub-Master. My background from day to day was very similar to C.M.'s father, with all necessary tools and equipment for Cub displays, camps, etc. Despairing of ever being able to keep a tidy house, I have handed over one room for the C.M.'s use. I should not like to describe the chaos of this room.

Summer activities of camp, nature studies, outings all finished - one hopes to settle down to a little peace and quiet. But No. A play must be put on for "Parents Night" and mother is asked to convert old curtains, table cloths, etc., into costumes, first dyeing the same various colours to suit different characters, with a reminder that a few cakes would be most acceptable.

Promotion to District Cub-Master brings more work: typewriter taps furiously and request comes to 'lust fold and put these papers in envelopes and stamp please,' so I close the book I was hoping to enjoy for awhile and help with correspondence. But the climax comes with promotion to A.D.C. Cubs, and I am asked to entertain to lunch and tea the visiting examiners for the various competitions. I would gladly take the advice of C.M.'s father to emigrate in search of peace and quiet, but as I am in my eightieth year and love this old country, and should really *MISS the CUBS very badly* I will be content to remain

The long suffering mother of an
A.D.C. CUBS, *Hampshire.*

Rovers

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very sorry to read in the May SCOUTER of the views expressed by the new I.H.Q. Commissioner for Rovers at the County Secretaries Conference, on the question of having an upper age limit for Rovers.

He made the implication that senior Rovers were turning Crews into "a sort of Scouting club." However, from his address I could see no actual proof that this is the position in general. My own personal experience definitely refutes this.

Recently I analysed the Rovers in Suffolk and found that approximately 50 per cent were warranted, and if this is the result of "Scouting clubs" surely the more Crews we have the better!

May I give the "make-up" of the Crew to which I belong, one which I think is an average one with a large proportion of senior Rovers:

Under 23 years: 2 - 1 on National Service.
1 attending night school.
Over 23 years: 10 - 1 Commissioner. Warranted.
2 G.S.M.s. Warranted.
1 A.S.M. Warranted.
1 County Rover Secretary.
1 Group Committee and Group
Council Secretary.
1 Organiser District Scout Sports.
1 in the Services.
2 no special jobs.

From this it will be seen that of the Rovers over twenty-three years seven are directly helping the Movement. In addition the Crew of course helps their own Group in various directions. The younger Rovers are at the moment unable to attend Crew meetings.

If Group Captain Lumgair found "a niche" for these older Rovers our Crew would cease to exist, and how would the Movement gain? I just cannot see how by losing supporters you gain strength.

The Commissioner concluded by stating that bringing in an upper age limit would make it easier to deal with Rover problems; it might, but I feel it would raise more problems. For example, loss of Rover assistance, difficulty to form Crews due to numbers, lack of "back-bone" to a Group.

I agree with him in his hope that we should solve our problems and put aside our prejudices, but it would appear that he has prejudiced himself on the upper age limit.

Let us have inspiration not liquidation from I.H.Q., please.

D. SKEATES

The H.Q. Commissioner for Rover Scouts writes:

"I have every sympathy with the writer of this letter. The Crew he describes is typical of many. I am sure that each of the ten members over twenty-three is doing an excellent job of service, and enjoys a little relaxation in the friendly nostalgic atmosphere of the Den. Good luck to them.

"At the same time, as the writer has mentioned liquidation, may I suggest quite seriously that this Crew has already in effect liquidated itself. It only has two youngsters in the Training Stage: one in the Forces, one unable to attend because of night school. So the training function of the Crew has in effect ceased to exist. But the Crew is a training section of the Group: if it has no one to train it might as well close down. A Cub Pack can't be said to exist if it consists merely of Old Wolves. no more can a Crew if all its members are in the Service stage - with certain notable exceptions, such as Service Crews attached to permanent camp sites.

"There may well be good reasons for the lack of young Rovers in this Crew, either those to which I alluded in my address at the County Commissioners Conference, or others. Whatever these reasons may be, I suggest that the Crew might do worse than put itself through a little self-examination. No Crew that has ceased to train young Rovers can sit back and feel proud of itself."

DEAR EDITOR,

I read in the April SCOUTER the extract from a Rover Scout's letter in "The Outlook," and feel I must write and tell you that he is the Leprosy Control Officer in Ashanti; what is more in my humble opinion I feel THE SCOUTER is responsible for his being there.

It is a fairly long story, but no doubt you will be interested. Almost twenty years ago to the month an article appeared in THE SCOUTER asking for help at a camp for crippled boys at Farnham, Surrey. called "Woodlarks." I read this, was interested and went along. Here I realised was a wonderful opportunity for Rover Service and during the winter months persuaded my district to go along and work on the place. The following summer I again helped at the camp, and by this time I was really interested. The need of help at this camp was pretty desperate, and I realised something must be done. So I approached the Surrey County Rovers, and they agreed that we might have a Service Crew attached to Woodlarks.

Gradually the thing spread and other counties wanted to join us. So it was that one day Peter came along. He was a real glutton for work, and certainly got the bug. There is no doubt in my mind that this started the feeling of wanting to help his fellow men, and finally when he applied I think it was the fact that he had worked at Woodlarks with Spastics that helped him most

It has not ended there as only recently I had a letter from another member of the Crew saying that he too has joined the staff of B.C.L.R.M.

We now have a Group attached to the camp which allows for Seniors and lay members, and I have over 200 names in my register - all are not active I am afraid. However, we are running three camps a week each this year.

LESLIE T. WILLIAMS,
G.S.M., 1st Ottershaw Group.

"An exhibition of an Idea"

DEAR EDITOR,

Again we owe you a debt of gratitude, this time for preserving for us in the May SCOUTER the words Lady Baden-Powell spoke at the opening of the Selfridge Scout exhibition. There can rarely, if ever, have been anything better said about Scouting.

May I repeat them for those who did not read them. Speaking of the exhibition she said, "It is unique in this way, that it is an exhibition of something quite intangible, an exhibition of an idea which came to birth in one man's mind and which became an astounding and living force for good in the lives of men and women all over the face of the world and continues as such a force in the lives of boys and girls of today and will do in the lives of boys and girls of tomorrow, as they follow the magic trail my husband blazed for them so many years ago."

“An exhibition of something intangible, an exhibition of an idea.” I am particularly interested in this definition because it was the very reason why our own Crew last month decided not to start a Branch of the B.-P. Guild for its “inactive” members. (Please! I am not entering the Rover-Guild lists, though I do suggest that here is a diagnosis of the problem David Lumgair aired at the Commissioners’ Conference.) We finally decided that Rovering was an Idea, and that Idea we felt we could not transfer to a Guild Branch. It was entirely a domestic decision, but I dare to think that the solution of the Rover problem depends upon whether Rovers have an Idea, and what that Idea is.

But to return to our text, and that is the object of this letter. Yes, Scouting is an idea: or better, an Idea. And as pagan thinkers found two and a half millennia ago, an Idea has an eternal form. Like the vision, which is something seen - seen with the eyes of the soul. Where there is no vision the people perish: and where there is an Idea the people may live!

Many (perhaps most) of our problems, though remaining, become tolerable if we remember that Scouting is the expression of an Idea, of the intangible. Then we can at the same time take ourselves more seriously and less seriously. Forget that it is an Idea, and we are in danger of becoming idolators; certainly of becoming bores. Forget that the Idea must be clothed in adventure and fun, and we become moralisers.

If we cease to search for the Idea we are lost; but if we think we have found it, we have lost it! It is in the Scout Law; yet it is not the Scout Law. It is certainly in the Scout Promise; yet it is not the Scout Promise. It is in the laughter of boys; in their faithfulness; and in their unfaithfulness.

It is in the scent and colours and sounds of camp. It is in the wood smoke by twilight; in the courage of physical endurance; in the mad things we do. It is in the uniform we wear; in the left-hand shake; and in the peculiar gift of Scouting for friendship. And yet it is none of these things.

Probably the most important thing that has happened this century is the climbing of Everest. For man has climbed the highest height and yet is no nearer his quest. Yes, an Idea is a vision of an ideal.

And an ideal is unattainable: yet man will not rest until he has attained it.

Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges. Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!

But there is always another range behind *that* range - except behind the *last* one! You would not wish it otherwise.

Perhaps this other poet has an answer. And I, for one, believe that Scouting can help to clothe even this.

*O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee.*

If Lady Baden-Powell envied the Chelsea Pensioners because they had known B.-P. a few years longer than she had known him, have not many of us who knew him not, a greater cause for envying her? No! Not if she says things like this!

E. J. ROWLAND (REVD.),
*G.S.M., 9th Hastings,
Christ Church, St. Leonards-on-Sen.*

Scouts Going to Work

DEAR EDITOR,

The writer of “Scouts Going to Work” in your May issue drew attention to the need for Scouters to think of the problems facing their boys in industry. The B.-P. Scout Guild is trying to form branches in factories to help in this matter, and there are already several in existence. One General Manager told me that his branch was invaluable; the wearing of the badge at work by members gave Scouts, and other youngsters, the feeling that there were men about to whom they could take their troubles, and whom they could trust.

Scouters can help us in this if they will encourage the formation of branches where their boys work. If they can find an ex-Scout in the works who **is** willing to make a start, we will, of course, tell him just how to set about it.

F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN,
Hon. National Organiser.

LET’S HAVE A LEAKAGE OF SCOUTERS!

There was a National Conference at Filey early this year. Amongst many things that came out of that week-end there were two main topics of conversation from our Scouters when they got back.

One was “The Wingate Patrol” and the other was “The Leakage.”

Ever since then we’ve had to listen to reasons why boys leave the Scout Troop. We’ve seen graphs and pamphlets. Now it’s beginning to seep through this mass of evidence that most boys chuck in their hand because they’re bored.

So far nobody has seen the parallel between “The Wingate Patrol” and “The Leakage” - the fact is that in the play there wasn’t a Scouter in sight!

Significant, isn’t it? Especially when you recall that Scouting started with boys and the Scouters came along later.

Nowadays the horizon is cluttered with hat plumes looking for sons. Seems to me that the salvation of the Movement might well be a determined drive to have a Scouter leakage and let the boys get on with it on their own.

A generation or two ago boys were carefree to run a meeting anyhow they wished - then they very foolishly sought some adult advice and got the adult instead.

Now don’t get me wrong. I’m not against Scouters. In its time Scouting has known some tremendous fellows, very big hearted Scouters with generous quantities of humility. There are others.

Scouting has grown round the world like a vine - it sought out the grown-ups rather like the first signs of life seeking a foothold on something solid. It found it and could have grown into a very beautiful vine enhancing the beauty of its foothold. But no.

Grown-ups not content with being used as an anchor hold decided to have a hand in showing the vine which way to grow no sonny, not that way . . . this way . . . B.-P. wouldn’t have liked that... B.-P. wouldn’t have liked this. . . and you know what . . . the boys fell for it. ... It isn’t until you get to reading about the life-story of B.-P. that you realise what a regular fellow he was. He wasn’t always an old man you know. He was once a nipper, a very nippy nipper too.

Consequently we now find ourselves surrounded by an army of indifferent adults in Scout uniform . . . still laying down the law....

I think we should have a jolly good spring clean - somebody should protect us from the whims and fancies of these chaps. For instance how many Scouters in your Troop have ever been on a Wood Badge course. I’ll bet there’re precious few. Further, how many Scouters kid themselves into thinking that the Court of Honour thoroughly ventilates itself. Do they really consider the world-wide possibilities of the Group system when they look at a new Cub?

Some of our Scoutmasters get too small-minded at times. It’s tough enough to realise that you belong to an international brotherhood without having a Scouter grumbling about the district running too many events.

The only remedy I can think of is to minimise the Scouters we could at least try... after all if we don’t succeed we can always round ‘em up again . . . but it would give us enough breathing space to see how we’d like Scouting to develop in this atomic age. . . . Down with the Bowmen.

ERIC CHISMAN,
G.S.M., 2nd Sudbury (Middlesex).

FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

This month's *Headquarters Notices* contain some important amendments to P.O.R. relating to the transfer of *Scouts*. Many felt that the existing Rules implied the transfer of a Scout from one Group to another within the same District or, at the most, a fairly small area and did not provide for moves far a field. However, these amendments make it clear that G.S.M.s have a responsibility whether a Scout moves to another part of the District, county, or country, or to another part of the world.

The transfer of a *Scout* from one Group to another is a simple business if everyone concerned will play his part. The main characters seem to me to be the *Scout* himself; the L.A. Secretary, and the G.S.M. at the departure end; and the D.C. and the G.S.M. at the receiving end. Obviously, the *Scout* himself is the leading character; not only because we hope he wants to remain in the Movement and we certainly want him to do so, but if he does not tell his Scouter he is leaving the neighbourhood, or where he is going, there is not much that can be done to help him. It is important that our *Scouts* and their parents should realise machinery exists to link them up with Scouting in their new surroundings. Then there is the L.A. Secretary; he should have copies of the Transfer Form - T.1, readily available. Supplies can be obtained from I.H.Q. on application, free of charge. Having obtained the form from the Secretary, the G.S.M. will complete and forward it to the D.C. at the receiving end. If the name and address of the Commissioner of the new District is not known, the form should be sent to him via 25 B.P. Road for forwarding.

As soon as the D.C. receives the form he forwards it to the nearest suitable Group, and it is to be hoped that the G.S.M. who receives it will lose no time in getting in touch with the newcomer.

If everyone plays his part there should be no difficulty in this linking up being effected quickly. Undoubtedly, if more attention can be given to the business of transfers the less we will hear of a *Scout* being lost to the Movement because the family moves its home.

For most Boy Scouts and Senior Scouts this is the really exciting time of the year - the eve of summer camp and I hope every Scouter will take advantage of the opportunity the annual camp offers for training. An aim might be for every Scout to pass at least one part of the Second or First Class.

There is no doubt that the busy camp is the happy camp. I have heard of one Troop which will be camping on Dartmoor that has offered to spend a bit of its time dealing with the litter problem in the neighbourhood. They assure me that they are not proposing to become scavengers for a fortnight, but their Scouter thought it was no bad thing to include in the programme a couple of half-days to tidy up the place a bit. It is a useful piece of public service and has the added value of making the Scouts realise the disgrace of this litter business. Some of you who are camping near places which are frequented by the public may like to think about giving a hand.

Of course, quite a lot of us will be camping in other lands, and I was delighted to learn from the International Department that the number of Troops and Patrols camping abroad this year is as large as ever. They are in addition to our one thousand strong Contingent to the Eighth World Jamboree. It is a great tribute to Counties, Districts and Groups that this fine number of Scouts from the United Kingdom will be joining their brother Scouts from other parts of the world at Niagara-on-the-Lake next month. It was no small task to raise £130 to send each Scout, but the challenge was accepted and everyone concerned is to be congratulated on this splendid achievement. From those I have seen, we shall have a fine Contingent, and I know everyone will join me in wishing them well. A great welcome awaits them in Canada.

Wherever you are camping and whatever you do, may I wish you a camp you will be able to look back on with nothing but happy memories.

A. W. HURLL,
Chief Executive Commissioner.

THE GILWELL LETTER

The Headquarters Commissioner for Senior Scouts and myself have been concerned recently at the various reports received referring to bad language amongst senior boys. It is quite apparent that there is a lot of loose talk amongst Scouts of Senior Scout age who ought to be setting the highest possible example, but let me be quite clear that this is not a Senior Scout problem as such.

I believe that in the avoidance of the use of bad language Scouts can quite deliberately, and to their own advantage, be different from the ordinary run of boys. After all, bad language shows a poor vocabulary, lack of self control, and a decided weakness of character. Up to a point I suppose it is understandable that as young men grow up and go out to work, they should hear a certain amount of loose talk and sometimes filthy talk and should think it is the thing to do and is a sign of being grown up, but I believe that if they do think that, then we in Scouting have failed in part in our leadership. Instead of inculcating good qualities into our Scouts we have only touched the fringe and we have left them susceptible to the first unpleasant wave that approaches.

Well, what can we do about it? Bad language is as infectious as the measles and just about as unpleasant. The first suggestion I would make is that we check on our own example. The second suggestion is that we have the moral courage to talk the matter over with the Court of Honour and, if necessary, with the whole Troop, and the third suggestion is that we resolve to deal with any outbreak of bad language the moment it occurs.

In the early days of Scouting the Court of Honour awarded B.-P.'s punishment of a mug of cold water poured up the sleeve of any Scout who broke the Scout Law in this way. Well, it is not a rule and never was, but it used to be effective and it might still prove to be effective. I do not believe that bad language is a thing we can be complacent about or should lack the courage to deal with, and I hope you will think likewise.

29TH ANNUAL GILWELL REUNION

The Annual Reunion of the 1st Gilwell Park Group will be held over the week-end September 10th/11th 1955.

Arrangements will be as usual, that is, Members of the Group will camp, making their own arrangements for tentage and meals.

The Providore now contains a full range of groceries and, apart from fresh meat and fresh vegetables, it is possible to purchase everything required for the week-end. Orders sent in advance will be made up and ready for issue on arrival.

Tea will be available each day at a cost of Is. 6d per head and previous ordering does help the catering staff.

Camp Fire Items from counties will be welcome. (It is more than time that some of the Home Counties gave a concerted item.)

The Chief Scour hopes to be present throughout the week-end.

Group Subscriptions are due and will be collected at the Reunion. Those unable to come are asked to send their subscriptions.

Bulbs. Last year I suggested that those who came to the Reunion might like to bring a bulb (not electric!). The response was grand and you all seemed to enjoy doing it: if you would like to do the same again this year you will find the receptacles ready!

I shall be in the U.S.A. when you read this - wish me luck. I'll try to say 'Wolf Cub' and not 'Cub-Scout' when I get back!

JOHN THURMAN,
Camp Chief.

LUCK OF THE MONTH

By THE EDITOR

May 12th. - I often get invited to Group Shows, but the difficulties of late night travelling (or of getting home at all) usually prevent my attendance. I was delighted that I treated myself to the 12th Ealing's neatly-produced revue, well planned within the (very considerable) talents of the members of the Group, and written by themselves. A really pleasant evening. The S.M., Mr. F. A. Norris, has written a sequel to the late Douglas Berwick's much-played and very popular "Eric or Little by Little" which should be equally in demand. By his kindness and generosity he's letting me reproduce it in The Scout in the early autumn. (You've no idea how good The Scout is these days!)

May 15th. - A great moment! The thunder rolling, the lawn daisied with hailstones, a green woodpecker happy in the garden where, in their Victorian velvet, the primulas are glowing around the apple trees.

May 20th. - To try to see through the eyes of the boy should be, as Scouters, our constant pre-occupation. Only in one way can we never succeed: in seeing adults (ourselves and others) as the boy sees them. All experience goes to show that the unlikeliest adult (in our eyes) can inspire a boy for ever.

May 28th. - Today received letter offering me eleven shillings from two just-discovered collecting boxes "for the sale of Coronation programmes"!

June 1st. - Delighted to have a new King Penguin, The Picture of Cricket, highly individual text by John Arlott, with sixteen pages of plates, mostly in colour. Lovely little book.

June 5th. - A nice addition to my Silver Wolf sign enquiry from our old friend Ernie Mills of Canadian Scout Headquarters: talking of his Scottish days he writes:

"I recall one contact with one of those wonder boys. This happened shortly after my entry into Scouting in 1910. We were putting on a show called 'Mi Baba or Harlequin Ganem and his clever Boy Scouts.' We toured East Lothian with it and raised quite a considerable amount of money. Well, came the day when we were putting on our show at Dunbar. Someone told us that there was a Patrol of Scouts from Edinburgh camping at St. Abb's Head and that the P.L. was a Silver Wolf, no less, also that they were coming to see our show in the evening. They came, and they had all their gear with them as they were taking the late train to Edinburgh. Of course, everybody was anxious to see this superman.

We did, but his stock took a terribly big slump when we saw that his gear was lashed up with rope and that more than one knot was a granny. This to the eyes of boys who had learned knotting from fishermen and the members of the local Coast Guards was to say the least dampening to the Edinburgh laddie's prestige. Incidentally, he wore his Silver Wolf in all its glory!"

June 6th. - A reminiscence of Sir Charles Maclean's at the recent County Commissioners' Conference should not be allowed to fade into oblivion:

"Many years ago," said Sir Charles, "as a small boy I was on our ferry which takes me across to my island home, and as we passed our home (my grandfather was then living) I waved frantically and he was waving back, and an unknown gentleman came up to me and said: 'Do you know the people who live there?' I said 'Yes,' and this unknown gentleman said to me:

"What is your name?" I was rather cheeky and I said: 'My name's Charles Maclean but my friends call me Chips. What's yours?' He said: 'Well, my name's Baden-Powell, but my friends call me B.-P.'"

June 7th. - Delighted to hear that the freedom of Stirling has been presented to Major F. M. Crum, one of the great pioneers of Scouting in Scotland. B.-P. appointed him Chief Commissioner for Scotland in 1913 and from then till his retirement in 1947 he was the personal friend of every Scout in the County.

June 8th. - Overheard: one P.L. to another: "In our Troop, the Court of Honour is just an extended 'Notices-Session'."

June 10th. - Delta-ism for today: it's the bad Scoutmaster whose boys are different from other boys.

June 11th. - Fleeting Visit to Gilwell, looking lovely. Should like to see a real scarlet rhododendron behind the Bronze Buffalo (any offers to the Camp Chief!). And there isn't a mulberry tree anywhere. There *is*, however, a most impressive new Notice Board (made by the French "Frossager" technique) on the Training Ground.

June 13th. - I wonder when you last gave a yarn on our Scout Motto to your Troop (meaning you, Skip)? The emergency some of our French brother Scouts at Le Mans had to face in the matter of minutes - tragic and horrifying to sight and senses - should remind us all that neither our motto nor the badges Scouts wear as a token of proficiency are meant to be jokes.

June 14th. - To the Albert Hall to see *Boy Scout* once again. Difficult to recapture one's first thrills, of course, but the great moments - for me the surging, seemingly endless entry of the Indians, the boy and his Patrol Leader walking through the dream figures to be invested - remain great. There are two minor moments which always move me: the boy coming out of his tent on his journey to kneel in prayer before he sleeps; and earlier, just the appearance of the Troop on the dais ready for the Investiture. That circle of Scouts pictures the Movement for me as nothing else can. This year the pageant ends differently: after a Camp Fire song or two the recorded voice of B.-P. is introduced, and the Old Man's voice, resonant and vigorous and music to our ears, leads all Scouts present in a renewal of their Promise. Quiet and satisfying.

June 15th. - Heartened by some words of B.-P. from his "Outlook" of May 1929: "A pretty thankless task is that of Editor and one which is like that of a channel swimmer. No sooner is the wave of this month's issue successfully behind than that of next month comes rolling in - and beyond that the next and the next. Nor are they always easy waves. You may get a smack in the eye from a bit of spray, or a gulp of salt water in your mouth as you make your way along. I have had to sit on the boat and hearten many an Editor in such a"

Pleasure to meet the Chief Scout Executive from Finland, Aarre Uusitalo, who said "You edit the best Scout Leader's paper in the world."

Rex HAZLEWOOD.



THE CHRONICLES OF ZIZERA
III - THE NUDISTS!

Mr. Ticklefoot leaned back with a sigh of relief and tossed his desk diary into the drawer. Three weeks. Three whole weeks and not a Scouting engagement in sight. All Troops at camp. Packs closed down to give the Pack Scouters a chance to regain sanity for the autumn period and the Seniors lost somewhere in the wilds of Scotland harrying the haggis or pelting the pibroch. Dining off slices of the caber - or whatever it is they do in the Highlands. Mr. Ticklefoot was no Scot. Only a large, happy man with the prospects of three weeks' holiday before him.

Then the telephone rang.

"John Ticklefoot here. Hello!" he listened.

"Oh! Hello, Akela," then, in a voice expressive of the deepest astonishment that started as a rumble and ended as a squeak he exploded, "You want me to WHAT!" a pregnant pause and three deep breaths. "Take your CUBS to camp! No! No! No! Ten thousand million times No! I don't care if you've got black-water fever, ben ben and . . . and housemaid's knee - I don't know anything about Cubs, I don't want to know anything about Cubs. I haven't got the nerve, the strength or the deep-seated guile necessary to control the little varmints. I'm scared of 'em, they make me lose weight and they make unpleasant noises on my doorstep and insist on doing me 'good turns.' I'm sorry that Rob has scarlet fever and I realise you can't go to camp and I know the Troop is away. I appreciate that your Bagheera and Baloo and Kaa can do all that is necessary and that all the arrangements are made and Mr. Ticklefoot paused for breath. The voice at the other end of the line took charge.

Mr. Ticklefoot wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a large red handkerchief and blew gustily into the mouth-piece.

"All right! All right, come and see me. Come and talk me to death. Come and bully me, beat me and bash my brains out but I'm not, I repeat formally, finally and explicitly, I am not taking Cubs to camp or anywhere else, so sit that on one of your germs and disinfect it!"

Ten days later Substitute Akela John Ticklefoot, two day's Cub camp safely behind him and only two more to go, sat on a large box and studied several detailed sheets of instructions thoughtfully provided for his guidance by Akela. "Let me see," he cogitated, "Thursday P.M. Weather permitting, good turn for Host."

He read the list of suggestions, none seemed to fit. He scratched his head thoughtfully. Swiped at a fly - and missed it, then lumbered to his feet.

He turned back his instructions - "To assemble the Pack call 'Pack' once, this will cause all activity to stop" - Mr. Ticklefoot never ceased to feel amazed that this bit of magic really worked - "Call Pack! Pack! Pack! and the Pack will assemble." Taking a deep breath he exploded "Pack!"; the leaves on the distant trees shook in the blast. A horse in the next field raced for cover and small green-jerseyed gnomes appeared from most unlikely places.

"Pack! Pack! Pack!" and a yelling horde descended. Slightly unnerved by the sudden noise and equally sudden silence that followed it, Mr. Ticklefoot looked round the circle of grinning, grimy, faces.

"Now, my Wolves. I have a ploy. A dank, drear and dangerous duty, to be performed only by Wolves of the most wolfish type - to whit, a good turn for our Host" The Cubs stopped grinning and put on their best "Good Turn" faces. Mr. Ticklefoot turned and ambled down hill to the lower corner of the field. The Pack scrambling and jabbering all round him.

Mr. Ticklefoot stopped at a rather wet and soggy basin in the field. The Cubs squelched experimentally.

"You will note, my Wolves, that to the south is a small spring." The Cubs turned north unanimously. "I said south, my embryo navigators." He pointed. A small voice said: "That's west according to my compass, 'Kela."

"Hum! Let's call it south-west. Anyway, it's a stream, it runs out in delta formation and floods the field in this area."

"What's a delta?" Mr. Ticklefoot started to explain but was stopped by one Cub who, picking a particularly soft and slippery patch, sat down!

"Now, still! Listen to me. This is what I want you to do. We are going to make a pool for the horses. It's a Scout job really, but I think you can do it."

"Take these four long logs." He indicated some six-foot timbers lying beside the hedge. "Lay them in a square, where I stick these pegs." The pegs were inserted, making a square with the spring in the middle of the upper side. "Then all you have to do is get the spades and dig out the mud until you have made a hollow for the spring to run into. Put it on the outside of the logs and build up a sort of embankment." Mr. Ticklefoot looked round proudly then a doubt struck him.

"You may get muddy" - an understatement if ever there was one. "All of you put on your bathing costumes then it won't matter. I will return in a few minutes and supervise the operation."

Our optimist turned and wandered down the field to where the three assistants were busy preparing for tea. He addressed Baloo. "I'm taking the Pack on a good turn job for our host and will keep them occupied until tea-time." Baloo looked up from her task, building vast mounds of bread and jam. "If they spread it all out to dry, we can burn it before we go," and then she added: "Don't forget . . ." but Mr. Ticklefoot had wandered off in the direction of his charges.

"What are they up to?" inquired Kaa.

"Pulling ragwort, I think; we promised to get it all up before it seeded."

"Well, they can't get into much mischief doing that job. I hope Tick remembers that it is parents' day!"

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Ticklefoot arrived at the excavation. The work was well under way; he had, unfortunately, forgotten his spectacles, but even to his rather short-sighted eyes there seemed to be rather a lot of mud about. Black, sticky mud in which the Cubs seemed to be rolling like a litter of puppies.



Several seemed to be excavating mainly with their hands, throwing large dollops over the logs and over one another. Little of the Cubs' natural selves was now visible, each had assumed a negroid aspect, and when a flying lump of mud landed on his head he decided that possibly this particular job was not quite suitable for a Cub activity.

There was no magic this time in his cry of "Pack!" Mud continued to fly and it took him some time to line up the literally "muddied oafs" preparatory to returning them to their normal condition.

Meantime, over the slight hill, Baloo and her colleagues were greeting an influx of parents. She had explained that the Pack was busy on a "Good Turn" and was escorting her retinue of proud mothers and fathers over to "See the Pack at work" when, halfway to the pool, Mr. Ticklefoot and the disastrous result of his experiment hove in sight.

First Mr. Ticklefoot, splattered with black mud, and behind him, twelve - no, thirteen - small objects. Quite unrecognisable and of a nearly uniform black from head to toe they left a clear trail behind them as the thick mud slid in gluey dollops from their persons. The ensuing scene is nearly undecipherable. Female parents screamed, male parents had words with Mr. Ticklefoot and for a few minutes all was chaos - and mud!

At last a solution was reached. The small band were chivvied along to the garage and lined up along the car-wash. Thirteen small figures, squealing and wriggling as the spray from the hose removed the worst part of the mud.

At length the normal Cub started to appear, to be claimed by its parents as soon as it was recognisable. Almost at once it became apparent that Mr. Ticklefoot had not only forgotten the parents, but also that, as the site did not present bathing facilities, the Cubs had no bathing costumes. Being Cubs and remembering their thrift instruction and having no inhibitions anyway they had, most sensibly, though rather unfortunately in the circumstances, performed their exciting task in a state of nature!

Kaa didn't know whether to laugh or cry, she just kept on counting the wriggling row, but could not get the total right. Twelve only, she was certain of that: but the count gave thirteen. One much smaller than the others, just as black, just as muddy, but definitely surplus to requirements.

The hose completed the story. The thirteenth was the gardener's five-year-old daughter - a small and cheerful Eve amongst a dozen Adams!

The fall, however, was unquestionably Mr. Ticklefoot's!

ZIZERA.



CUBS OF THE MARGUERITE HEPTON HOSPITAL GROUP WHO HELPED TO RAISE £3 DURING BOB-A-JOB TIME, ALTHOUGH THE GROUP NUMBERS ONLY EIGHT BOYS

'KELA'S COUNCIL

It's all very well, 'Kela,' said Chil of the Fourth, "But to teach thirty-odd wild and woolly infants of Cub age handicrafts is impossible!" Akela's blue eyes sparkled and her trim little figure stiffened. "Impossible? Nonsense - no such word. Take 'difficult' in our stride, 'impossible' merely takes a little longer, that's all!"

Kaa, a somewhat plump and intense young woman pushed her green pancake further to the back of her head, it looked even more like a halo, to which she was certainly not entitled and with a snort exploded. "Noses! I tried 'scumble' painting, paste and colour combing to make patterns and they painted their noses all different colours. It wouldn't come off. Some parents got quite huffy!"

Mao giggled. "Mine carefully varnished a chair with glue - and Mrs. Morphew-Pendleton stuck!" The recollection of the universal chairman rising to make her standard dignified speech at the Mothers' Meeting - with chair attached - was too much for her and the meeting suspended activities while she was slapped and shaken back to coherence.

Akela produced a large box. With the air of a conjurer who was not quite sure whether the trick would work, exhibited the contents. A sheet of tinfoil, some cotton wool, several narrow strips of cardboard, a jam jar and a packet of plaster of Paris. "Cubs seem to love pouring plaster into rubber moulds, and colouring the result; the trouble is, of course, that they have nothing to do with the making of the original mould - it doesn't really need any skill. Here is a stunt that may be useful - and it needs very little gear. It is messy enough to be interesting but not too bad when it comes to clearing up. You will need something to model; I have a few old leaves here. Plenty about at the moment - if they are rather dried up and curly, dip them in water and press, but don't put any weight on top, you want the veins as prominent as possible. The process is simple. Lay the leaf - or what have you - anything with a raised pattern will do provided that it is not too deep - on a firm surface, lay a piece of foil on top and rub firmly with a pad of cotton wool. The foil will conform to the pattern and when you peel it off you will have a perfect cast indented in the foil. Then join the ends of a strip of cardboard and make a little wall, a box without a bottom with sides about a quarter of an inch high - depends on what you want the cast for. Lay the foil on top of the box, and without touching the impression in the middle, press the spare foil down until it makes a sort of mould, the cardboard on the outside to support the edges. If it is a deep impression you will find it useful to support the edges and leave the impression free otherwise you may lose some of the design. A tray of fine sand is useful. It conforms to the impression without flattening it out.

"Fill the little box with plaster - let it set - and there you are. When dry you can colour with water paint from your paint box, and if you want to make it very special - give it a coat of varnish.

"You will find that you can make casts of coins and leaves and various badges - if the badges have pins or the like on the back, press the pin into a flat slab of Plasticine until the design is level with the surface. If you sprinkle a little dusting powder on the Plasticine surface the foil will not stick. You can make collections of all sorts of things, try leaves and coins first; if you want to try another medium besides plaster, melted sealing wax is good, particularly for coins and medals; you can trim the casts up with sandpaper. You can buy the foil in rolls at about half a crown, it's made for wrapping food and one roll will do hundreds of casts. Cigarette packet foil is much too thin and will not take the strain of casting. Just one word of warning - plaster of Paris sets in a few minutes but does not become hard for some hours - it is always safest to leave it for a night before you try to remove the foil."

All settled down happily to making foil casts of various small articles and were quite surprised at the results obtained and so Akela promised to show them how to make moulds from foil to their own designs if they found their Cubs interested in the first stage.

BURA-SIR.

48. THE RUNNING OF A SENIOR TROOP

No one can be dogmatic about the best way to run a Senior Troop. Firstly, because no one has had sufficient experience of the section over a sufficient time to know all the difficulties involved, and secondly, because the needs of individual Troops vary so greatly. However, there seem to be certain basic principles which emerge from our experiments in Senior Scouting and from a knowledge of the wider field of adolescent group work generally.

Needs. - There has been much exaggeration in the past of the difficulties that boys encounter in going through adolescence. Most boys go through this developmental stage quite happily and successfully without any special supports or aids outside their usual environment. Therefore, Senior Scout Troops must not be regarded as therapeutic groups of problem children who need assistance. They exist because there are many boys of this age group to whom certain aspects of the Scout programme (albeit somewhat neglected in the past) have a strong appeal. These aspects are activity together with people of their own age and maturity, yet at the same time opportunity to explore by themselves or in small groups special interests about which they may need advice and encouragement. There are needs also for satisfying a growing social conscience and for running a show of their own with a maximum degree of independence. The unique contributions which Scouting can make at this age level are a continuance and development of a previously learnt ethic and a programme of activities already broadly familiar, but capable of expansion and specialisation up to the most rigid demands of a Senior Scout. In addition many other activities not previously handled by the boy as a Scout must come within the legitimate ambit of the Senior Scout programmes.

Recruitment. - This will be almost entirely from within the Movement. It may sometimes happen that a really good Senior Troop will attract boys from outside, but this is relatively uncommon although it should not be discouraged provided the recruit understands that he is joining to become a Scout and not just a mountaineer or sailor or whatever the Troop's particular interest may happen to be. Not to make this point clear is unfair to the recruit and will certainly lead to trouble in the Troop as a whole. A good boys' club is not a good Senior Scout Troop, even if the reverse does not hold.

Members will thus come from the Group's own Scout Troop or other Troops, and it is obviously important that S.M. and S.M. (5) keep in mind that although the sections are distinct, the boys are the same and there must be no inconsistencies. The aim ought to be a smooth progression with a basis of familiarity to which is added the wider outlook appropriate to a Senior Scout. Especially important is that there must not be two attitudes to the Law and Promise. The time for going up ought never to be laid down in rules, except as a most general guide and the matter is one for the closest collaboration between the two sections, and will depend not only on the boys' maturity but the nature of the respective programme.

Organisation. - While it is usually found convenient to divide a Senior Troop into Patrols, these units must not be regarded as the *sine qua non* of senior organisation as they undoubtedly are in the Boy Scout Troop. In fact, the Boy Scout Troop is "made up of" so many Patrols and not "divided into" them, whereas the latter is a more appropriate description of the set-up in a Senior Troop.

There is great variation in the use of the Patrol System and all practices are best under particular conditions. It is a matter of local needs and indeed the most suitable arrangement will often be found only by trial and error. If the Patrol System is used as in the Boy Scout Troop, that is, the essential unit of all activity being the Patrol; one of two things is likely to happen. It is unreasonable to expect that a Patrol of Seniors, randomly selected, will have most interests in common. At this age interests are extremely diverse and the urge to experiment with peculiar activities very strong, so that clashes are inevitable and a compromise by the Patrol usually ends up with nobody really doing what he would like. Alternatively, if Patrols are formed of people with common interests (a near impossibility in practice, by the way, unless you have Patrols of one) the members'

horizons become considerably narrowed and the Patrols tend to drift apart causing a loss of that unity in diversity which is such a satisfying feature in a good Senior Troop.

As in most things, the *via media* seems to work out best for most Troops. This means in practice that the Patrols are the units for Scout activities of general appeal, for ceremonies and general administration (Troop subs., etc.), but that extensive use is made of ad hoc groups formed for a particular activity or occasion which may be large or small according to its appeal. Depending on the use of the Patrol System, the Patrol Leaders will be responsible for good order and discipline within the Troop, but it must be clearly understood that at this stage the prime responsibility rests with the individual Senior Scout. If this is not achieved then it is not a good Senior Troop, and this is one of the few points in Senior Scouting on which I am prepared to be dogmatic. Any form of organisation or programme which is not encouraging the individual boy to attain self-discipline and self-respect is a bad one.

It follows that the organisation of a Senior Troop must be:-

- (i) *flexible, and*
- (ii) *in the hands of the boys so far as is legally possible.*

(i) Flexible. - It is to be hoped that Senior Scouts will have interests outside of Scouting; this includes girl friends. The amount of time an individual is prepared to spend on Scouting will vary and our organisation and programmes must recognise this fact. The "you must attend everything except for some good reason" attitude is to be deplored. The fact that he "doesn't want to" is a very good reason and must be accepted. Not to do so is to invite a falling of membership and being left with a Troop of people who are either too lacking in initiative or too one-tracked to be doing their proper share of looking wide. Of course, every good Troop will have its "occasions" in which all members will be expected to take part, but every ad hoc activity must not be made one of these.

A wise programme will fit most of the needs of the boys but will never fit the lot, and he who tries to make it do so will learn the hard way. A sense of obligation to the Troop can be overdone, and a constant appeal to it shows either an unreasonable programme or an unwillingness of the Scouter to see his boys grow up in independence, or both.

(ii) In the Boys' Hands. - Responsibility can never be taught unless it is given. Senior Scouts can at times be the most impractical ditherers on earth, but at other times will surprise you with their sense of fitness. Whether the Court of Honour or the Troop in Council, or both, do the work of planning and conduct, depends on your mode of organisation, but whatever it is, the boys must be allowed to manage their affairs without interference, short of their Scouters becoming criminally liable for their actions! It is a sore temptation to interfere, but it must be resisted. If you are the right type they will willingly seek your advice and ideas once they have learnt to trust your judgment. The Troop will often need help especially in the carrying out of some exotic activity, but let the request come from them, don't volunteer too much or you will spoil the pleasure of it being their idea anyhow.

The Senior Troop is frequently the place where leaders blossom forth, and the *ad hoc* Groups are splendid places for those who may not be P.L.s to test their prowess.

This boy responsibility ought to extend to administration as well as to programme conduct. The Secretarial work and the Troop finances are the legitimate provinces of the Troop Scribe and Treasurer, and many Senior Scouts are better Chairmen of meetings than their Scouters.

Programme. - There are only three limitations to what may form part of the Senior Scout programme: the Law and Promise, the laws of the land, and common sense. The subject of programme planning has been touched on already and a list of activities would serve no useful purpose here as it would be too long and not meet individual needs.



One word of advice, however: suggest by all means, but don't be upset if your suggestions are not accepted, and make sure the programme is not one-sided. There are many facets to Scouting and to life; try to see that 'most of them are at least exposed to the judgment of the Troop. Finally, every Scouter must at some stage say, "I don't know"; do it gracefully and you'll be respected the more, but you must always know where it can be found out.

The Senior's Future. - If the Senior Troop is a good one it will have very little leakage. A few will leave because of geography or vocational requirements, and some will become less active as studies and other activities make their demands, but interest should remain. As the boy approaches 18, several things may happen to him, none of them necessarily for the worse. He may join a Rover Crew a few months before going to National Service, he may go into National Service straight from the Senior Troop and later join a Rover Crew, or he may go out into society with the equipment we have provided to tackle it and not continue an active member of the Movement.

Some will be horrified at this third possibility and suggest that the Senior Troop has failed if this happens. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It seems necessary constantly to repeat the truism that the job of the Movement is to train boys for citizenship and not to be Scouters (or for that matter, Rovers). If we have not, by the time he is 18 years of age, inculcated in a boy those qualities of citizenship which we deem desirable, it is very doubtful whether we shall do so thereafter. By all means let the boy join a Crew if he can find a good one, and is anxious to have further experience in Scouting practice, but be proud also if he chooses to leaven the world with his ethics. Remember it takes a very good Rover Crew to attract the product of a good Senior Troop.

Please don't talk him into being a Scouter unless he shows spontaneous enthusiasm - at least, not yet. It is not fair to a young man without experience of life, and with study obligations, nor to the Troop or Pack he will be with, to impose on him responsibility for which he is not yet ready. Keep in touch and when the time is ripe, and if he is the right material, you'll get your Scouter, and a better man he'll be for the waiting. It has been found, however, that some Seniors make splendid helpers and instructors and develop a real enthusiasm for the job. By all means foster this interest as seems best in the individual case, and a warrant may be the appropriate way of doing so.

Oddments. - I have not written about the badge system as applied to Senior Scouting as there is much good material already available and its functions seem evident enough. I would enter just one plea - for relevance. If Seniors are to be First Class, holders of the Bushman's Thong and Queen's Scouts, it must be because what they have learnt in gaining these is a practical help to them in playing Senior Scouting or in gaining interest, and are not just ornaments for prestige.

The qualities and functions of a Scouter (5) are subjects too extensive to be included here, but it has been suggested, and I would not disagree, that these pearls ought to be entitled "How to be run by a Senior Troop."

Finally, there are many more aspects of Senior Scouting which could profitably be mentioned and discussed, but they have not been included partly through the need for brevity, but mainly because of the incompleteness of my knowledge.

JOHN STURROCK,
D.C., New South Wales.

The Rover's World
9. THE 27TH
INTERNATIONAL SCOUT
CLIMBING COURSE

The R.A.F. holds many courses that are open to National Service airmen but, unfortunately, they haven't yet organised an International Scout Climbing Course. When I showed the advertisement for the 27th Climbing Course to my brother members of the 1st Wahn (British) Rover Crew they all agreed that it would provide a wonderful Scouting holiday for some lucky person but we would have to drop the idea of going as it would be impossible for us to get the time off. Miracles can happen though and midway through July three of us were informed that we would be representing the 2nd Tactical Air Force at the Course and that we would be detached to Kandersteg on August 13th.

On arrival at the Scout Chalet we found we were a day early, which rather pleased us, as it gave us a great chance to look round the beautiful little town of Kandersteg and, also, survey the mountains that we hoped to conquer during the ten-day course.

Sunday afternoon, August 15th, found us outside the chalet, meeting our fellow course members and having our climbing kit inspected. I must admit that I was rather disappointed when I found that the course consisted of nine English Scouts and two Swiss Scouters as I had hoped to be climbing with a party of mixed Scouts who had come from all parts of the Continent. After our guide had politely informed my companions and I that our shining, precious "bulled up" R.A.F. boots would have to be studded with climbing clinkers, two Patrols were formed, named after the Chamois and Bear, and we adjourned to our Patrol rooms to prepare for the morrow - the first day of the course. The 27th Climbing Course had commenced and all intended to make it the most unforgettable event of their lives.

Due to the fact that some of us had our boots at the cobblers Monday was spent mountain walking and at 9 o'clock our party, minus the guide, left the chalet for a day in the Gasterntal. The rain fell quite heavily all day and those of us in shoes managed to wet our feet but on our return to the chalet, exactly six hours after our departure, I wrote in the Course Log Book that it had been a very enjoyable day and everyone was itching for the time when we could commence to climb and enjoy the views and scenes that we knew were awaiting us.

Before I tell you what happened on our second day let me introduce you to the course. Our guide was the one and only Fritz Ogi of Kandersteg, the friend of every Scout that has slept in or camped near the Scout Chalet. Flody, our leader, came from Zurich and no one believed this charming, always smiling Swiss Scoutmaster when he told us that his civilian profession was a police detective inspector. Flody couldn't speak English so it gave us French speakers a great chance to brush up our knowledge of the language. The Bear Patrol consisted of Dick and Brian from Northampton, John from Birmingham, another Brian who originated from Shrewsbury, and the baby of the course, Eric from Manchester. In the Chamois Patrol we had Eric, a non English speaking Rover Mate from Geneva, Ken of Leeds, Cliff from Mitcham, Trevor the Terror from Halifax and finally me, Jacko, who has the honour of coming from London - Wood Green to be precise.

Tuesday began in great style with a ride on the Gemini Stock, the steepest ascending cable railway in Switzerland. After leaving this behind us Fritz kept us greatly interested with tales and stories of the mountains, as we slowly made our way along a well-worn mountain road. At lunch time we turned on to the green slopes and were given instruction in knotting, rope work and the fundamentals of climbing.

After dinner we roped together in four parties of three and began to diagonally cross a wide expanse of scree, all the time progressing further upwards toward our objective - the ridge that would finally lead us to the summit of the Gellihorn.



THE SUMMIT OF FRUNDENJOCH, 10,000 ft.

An interesting piece of information came out whilst Fritz was giving us some useful tips on how to carry a rope. He happened to mention that on the whole he didn't like a frame rucksack for mountaineering as not only did it make your back sweat but it was also cumbersome when it came to ascending chimneys in the rock. We still don't know if Fritz did it to prove his point but the final lap to the ridge of the Gellihorn took us up a long chimney and we all noticed a crafty little chuckle coming from above as in turn our rucksacks became caught on the rock.

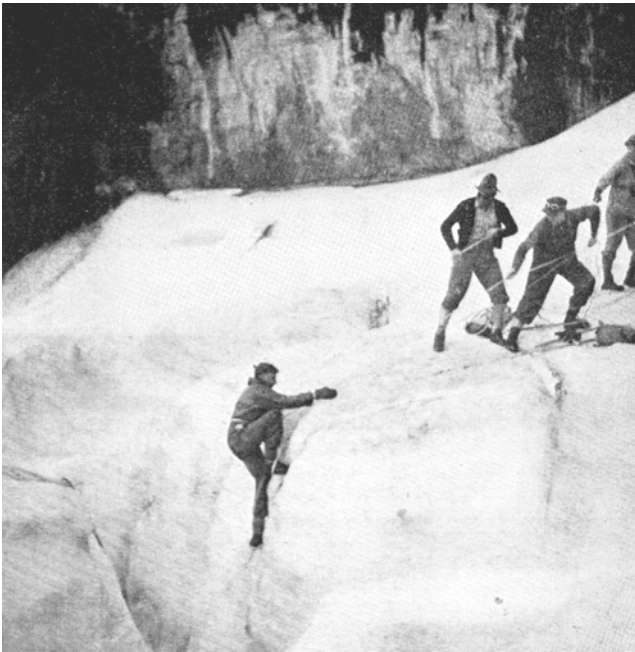
We made the ridge though and after twenty minutes of tightrope walking along the edge we came out on to the summit and sighed with wonder as we stared at the marvellous scene set before us.

The next morning we set out for a two-day climb with intentions of conquering the Frundenhorn. First of all we enjoyed a trip on the chair lift and then we joined the mountain path and in single file, with "Captain" Fritz at the front, we slowly zig-zagged our way upwards. A five-hour climb brought us to the Frunden Hut, the small log hut that has been built by the guides for the use of people who wish to spend a night or have a meal at that spot. We wanted both but before climbing on to the straw mattresses Fritz took us on to the first part of the Frunden glacier and supplied us with more useful mountaineering information. If it hadn't been for a violent thunderstorm that blew up whilst we were out on the ice we might have learnt how to lower a person down a crevice but the weather compelled us to return to the cosy little hut.

The storm raged and the wind moaned all night and as a result we were unable to make a start until 1000 hours next morning. Fritz decided that it would be too dangerous to attempt the Frundenhorn so the Frundenjoch became our aim. The climb through the thick snow was very slow but what with the sun shining down on us and the experience of cutting steps in thick ice, in the middle of August, everything was well worth it. At the top we had another fantastic view and once again Fritz delighted us with his yodelling.

The descent was extremely enjoyable especially when I slipped, pulled Trevor and small Eric with me, then lost my ice pick and the three of us slid downwards for about 100 feet. It was frightening at the time but when we had finally managed to stop ourselves the three of us lay there, wet through, and had a jolly good laugh. After we had retrieved our ice picks Fritz showed us how to stop when slips like that happen.

Due to our hard work the previous day we were allowed Friday morning to ourselves and then at 1400 hours we packed our kit once again and set off for another two-day expedition. Once again we began our hike with a trip in the Gemini Stock cable railway and on reaching the top progressed along the same mountain road that we had followed on our first day.



FRITZ AND CUFF PULL BRIAN OUT OF AN ICE CREVICE

On reaching a suitable rock Fritz gave the order to drop rucsacs and for a couple of hours he gave us some practical abseiling practice. With the aid of a carabena we found abseiling very easy but when Fritz pocketed it and made us descend the rock face with the double rope only, we began to find difficulties. No one came to grief, though, although Trevor attempted to descend head first.

Friday night was spent in the Schwarenbach Hut and everyone was sent to bed at 8 o'clock with the horrible reminder that we would be called at 0200 hours. 0700 hours came and we were still in bed and, on peeping out of the small attic window, we found the reason why. The rain was falling in torrents and the mist had become extremely thick. Breakfast came and went and then dinner-time arrived and still the weather prevented us moving, but finally at 1400 hours we pulled on our rucsacs and set out into the mist. A steady hour's climb brought us to the well-known four peaks and although they are no great height the mist prevented us seeing the top.

Fritz told us to leave our kit in the dry and after donning gloves and balaclavas we moved off to reach the summits of these four peaks. After our only being gone two minutes the wind rose and the rain began to lash at us, soaking every bit of clothing and blowing any loose end of groundsheet or anorak over our heads. One great dash was made for the kit and we then began two hours of descending through this semi-blizzard. By the time we reached the chalet we were wet through to the skin and also voiceless after having sung every song possible in an attempt to forget the weather.

Sunday was the official rest day and this gave us a chance to dry out all our clothes and sort ourselves out generally. In the afternoon I've all made a little trip over to the camping ground and, after inspecting the old kitchen, we gathered together and with a wonderful speech in English Flody presented each one of us with a handsome, blue, beautifully embroidered Climbing Course badge.

On awaking on Monday we found that the weather was worse if anything, but Fritz, smiling as ever, told us not to worry as he would get us doing something. This something turned out to be another walk to the Gastern Valley where for a whole afternoon we practised every type of abseiling possible. Nothing special happened except when Swiss Eric wandered off, got himself caught in a crack and had to be pulled out bodily by Fritz.

Tuesday, of course, was the last active day and believe me it certainly was active. Up through the Gastern Valley we walked once again and then, striking off to the right, we commenced to climb steadily upwards leaving the mist behind us.

On reaching the snow level Fritz called a halt and lunch was "served." We had just managed to open our rucsacs and pull out some food when the rain started to fall in buckets.

There was only one thing for it and that was to forget about eating and continue on our way. The rain fell heavily and the snow was thick. Each of us used the same footsteps and by the time it was the turn of Flody, who as usual was at the back of the file ensuring that no one came to grief, to take another step onwards he found the steps were about three feet deep. Onwards we went though and then at approximately one o'clock we reached the beginning of the glacier, and as if to congratulate us on reaching that far the rain disappeared and the sun came out.

Off came the surplus clothing and on went the sun protection ointment and goggles. Roped together in three parties of four we started off again, a much happier party, and between watching the many avalanches and making sure we did not fall, we had some time to take in the fabulous view and scene that was set out around us.

Eventually we struck the Roman road that had been used many centuries ago by the Roman armies. We couldn't see much of the road as the snow was so thick but it was obvious by the way it continued that it had been used as a road. This old Roman road led us to the summit of the Pass where we found a small deserted hut and a large cross that denotes the border of the Roman Catholic and Protestant areas.

A halt was made for a snack but we were just as lucky as we had been for dinner - this time it hailed. The descent was much quicker than the ascent and it didn't seem five minutes before we were walking through the valley en route to the railway station. We had crossed the Lotschberg Pass and now we were to travel by train through the Lotschberg Tunnel, nine miles long and a much quicker way of reaching Kandersteg.

Wednesday dinner-time saw the end of the course and big thank yous were presented to Fritz, for being such a great guide, and to Flody, for being such an incomparable leader. So came the end of the 27th International Scout Climbing Course, and I am sure that the ten of us who took part will treasure the souvenirs and photographs for all our lives, and when we see published in THE SCOUTER advertisements for the 55th and then may be the 100th Climbing Course we will breathe heavily and sigh "Happy Days."

JOHN JACKSON.



ABSEILING!

ROVER ROUNDABOUT

The Old Alleynian Rover Crew has produced a "Lanyard Scheme" within their Crew in an endeavour to arouse interest in the Rover Plan workings. It entails:

- (1) Serving as an Assistant for at least six meetings in one of the sections of the Movement and then to take an active part in the running and organisation of a programme which would give him, if satisfactory, a certificate from the Scouter in charge.
- (2) He must have six months' experience of an approved organisation such as a drama group, Toc H, Round Table, etc.
- (3) Study and have a working knowledge of two of the following:-
 - (a) Parliamentary or Local Government or political party and their aims, or the Press, its history and effects, or the government of three foreign countries or British Empire.
 - (b) The life of a great man or woman approved by the R.S.L.
 - (c) The City of London, its history, or Local Borough and its history, or the Scout Movement, its history and effects.
 - (d) Comparative religions (at least three).
 - (e) Art or Drama.
 - (f) British justice.
 - (g) Hobby approved by the R.S.L.
 - (h) Other subject approved by the R.S.L.

Produce either a log or talk to the Crew on the subjects chosen.

- (4) Camping and open air:
 - (a) Plan and set with written instructions a First Class hike for Scouts with approval of Scouter.
 - (b) Demonstrate methods of packing and carrying kit for a seven-day hike, justifying choice of kit to experienced Rover.
 - (c) Demonstrate a reasonable camping standard for a 24-hour camp, cooking a complete meal for three with one hot course, plus a hot drink. No tinned food. Camping and cooking to be approved by R.S.L. or Rover Mate.
- (5) Carry out for a minimum of six months some form of voluntary service approved by the R.S.L.
- (6) Pass one of the following: Rambler or Rover Instructor Badge, St. John's or Red Cross certificate, Bronze Cross, Wood Badge, or Public Service training certificate approved by R.S.L.
- (7) Partake actively in one outdoor sport with membership of Club or organisation.

- (8) Be recommended for Lanyard by Crew Council.

Such a scheme should be just the job for the Senior Scouts who come up to a Crew. With such an active life they could not go wrong.

This time of the year is the season for hikes and competitive logs, and on reading through the list of observations made by an adjudicator of one of last year's competitions I was struck by one paragraph: "State your purpose and aim at the beginning and deal with it. . . ." How often we get in the instructions, tabled at the front of a log, the purpose and aim, and how many times do we search in vain for any mention of either in the log as we read through it. Now this to me is a reflection of modern life and one which the Rover should be on his guard against. We enjoy the hike, the weather, the companionship, the food and all the other incidentals but miss the purpose and aim all too often. But on the other hand there are those, whose aim and purpose is brought well forward to the right audience, be it by writing, in a log or article or at times by word of mouth. At the right time, in common language "playing to the gallery" is the not too complimentary term, and how easy it can be to fall into that trap. I was reminded of this only this week when I read an article by Alan Taylor, whom many of you will probably remember as an outspoken member of a television panel. He was writing about the politicians and their likes and dislikes of personalities and nations which changed according to the conditions in which they found themselves, and closed with this last paragraph.

"Do our leaders ever mean what they say? I suppose they do while they say it. But as soon as something else comes along, they forget what they were indignant about yesterday and get angry about something else. No doubt they know their own business best. But they ought not to complain that we are apathetic. Maybe it is important that the politicians should be in power and make speeches, though I'm doubtful about it. There is certainly something more important: Truth.

"We shan't get anything worth while in politics or religion or anything else, until people really believe in it - and feel that their leaders believe in it too."

"And them's my sentiments too," as one of Dickens's characters says.

JACK SKILLEN



THE SWIMMING POOL, BROADSTONE WARREN CAMP SITE.

BOOKS

EAST AND WEST

Into the Blue: The Lake Tana Expedition, 1953, by Lionel Ferguson (Collins, 16s.).

Here is a book that will be an inspiration to Rovers, especially perhaps university Rovers. The earth, felt the author, abounds with interest, and for the greater part of his life he would be cut off from it, but "here was a chance to see what kind of life the peoples beyond the sands lived."

This is a straightforward account of an expedition by five Cambridge undergraduates to Ethiopia by car during the summer of 1953. Their object was to make a survey, for purposes of a degree thesis, of the country and people round Lake Tana. They met with the inevitable difficulties of frontier red-tape and mechanical breakdown, but they also had help from many high places and from business firms. "We were a mixture of Boy Scout, gipsy, scientist and artist. With our oily hands we were mechanics. Our tripods, maps and camping kit must have likened us to army surveyors."

The party were not allowed to motor through the Sudan and had a slow journey by boat down the Red Sea in the heat. In all it took them sixty-five days to reach the Lake, and they stayed a month in Ethiopia. They shot and cooked their food, beside collecting all kinds of specimens of flora and fauna. They went out by way of Gibraltar and home by Istanbul.

The book is a record of an adult version of the First Class Journey, and it makes first-class reading. I hope the travellers all get first class in the trips.

J. HOOD PHILLIPS.

The Wise Man from the West, by Vincent Cronin (Rupert Hart-Davis, 18s.); *The Day Lincoln Was Shot*, by Jim Bishop (Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 18s.); *Man of Everest*, by James Ramsey Ullman (Harrap, 18s.).

Here are three most interesting books about three distinguished - and how different - men.

I first came across Matteo Ricci in what was to become one of my favourite books, Maurice Collis's *The Great Within*, and ever since I have wanted to know more about this most remarkable man. Now Mr. Vincent Cronin has produced the sort of book I have hoped for. Fr. Ricci went to China as a Roman Catholic missionary in 1582. He died there twenty-eight years later true to his faith, true still to his purpose, accepted by the mandarins and scholars of Peking. During these years he had learned the language, studied the nine classics, and become recognised for his scholarship and humanity. Mr. Cronin paints with great skill the China of these days as a background to Ricci's adventurous expedition. It is well for us to remember that the Chinese were a great people, civilised and cultured however strange their ways of thought and their pattern of life may seem to us from the West. Ricci's life at the Chinese court is a tale of compelling interest. From his letters and reports (and from other contemporary sources) Mr. Cronin has been able to give us an authentic, brilliantly written biography of a man worth knowing, and of a time and an age as remote from ours as an enchanter's tale.

Lincoln is one of the great men of all time, and there is no scarcity of books about him. Mr. Bishop has spent many years assembling facts about the last day of his life, April 14, 1865. He does not believe that his book "presents all of the facts, nor anywhere near all of the facts," but it seems doubtful if the remaining facts will ever become known. No one certainly could have been more painstaking in a labour of love which is also a piece of outstanding historical detection. He sketches in the age, the events, the personalities: and the details he has amassed leave one quite astounded. He has produced a book of great interest about an event that still has power, all these years after, to shock. This is a murder story with a difference. Among his acknowledgments and thanks is one "to Gayle Peggy Bishop, age ten, for facing thousands of pieces of carbon paper in one direction." Lincoln would have liked that.

Man of Everest is the autobiography of Tensing, a charming and courageous man of our own time and a world figure, told to an American journalist who (one would judge) has most conscientiously tried to blot out his own colourful personality and present the Sherpa as he is. To ghost for such a man cannot have been easy. Tensing is a fine and simple person, a great mountaineer, a dependable companion. This will be one of the most widely read books of the year and rightly so: it is a true education to read the life of any man who is religious and brave and modest and who can say, towards the end of this book, "And that is what I want also for myself: that I should belong to all, be a brother to all men everywhere, and not merely a member of some group or race or creed." I think most Scouts would understand a man who talks like that. As for the book itself it deals with Tensing's early days in almost unknown Nepal and with all the great days he spent in expeditions to the Himalayas and to Everest above all. Many great names gleam and glitter in these pages - Ruttledge, Shipton, Tilman, Smythe, Mallory as well as Hunt and Hilary.

These three books are fine reading indeed and enrich our days. All have a number of well chosen photographs: many in Mr. Ullman's book (*four in colours*) are quite lovely.

R.H.

Smoke Over Sikaniska, by John Stafford Gowland (Werner Laurie, 15s.).

Roving at will in vast forested peaks is inexpressibly exhilarating. John Gowland, who has done just that, says so in two hundred and twenty-four pages, and I find no quarrel with him. The days he spent in the Canadian Rockies were days full of toil, excitement and of the unexpected in a land offering at once serene beauty, extreme bounty and unrelenting cruelty. His life there was rough, tough and not for the delicate. There were compensations, in unforgettable moments of pure delight, for the long months of harsh winter, but the many elemental problems call for rugged determination and sturdy independence of spirit.

The author's style is deceptively casual. His pages lead at no mean pace through a series of adventures depicting the chores and chases of a Canadian Forest Ranger's daily round. Some of Mr. Gowland's anecdotes are delightful thumbnail sketches of wild life, others, as for example his frantic race for self preservation after a mid-winter tumble through the surface of a frozen lake, are warnings of the swift punishment which may follow lack of vigilance on the part of those who dwell in wild places.

L. A. W.

THE WREN

The Wren, by Edward A. Armstrong (Collins: New Naturalist, 30s.).

Two hundred and eighty-four pages devoted to wrens is probably rather more than any but the keen ornithologist can manage. For him there is, in addition, a fifteen-page bibliography at the end of this dignified volume if he still remains unsatiated. However, it must be remembered that the wren is a world citizen and Mr. Armstrong, a naturalist whose previous books have given great pleasure, is right to assemble and annotate, in a monograph as this, all that is known about this attractive little bird. Distribution and habitat, migration, behaviour, territory, songs and calls, seasonal display and habits and so on, through to victimisation by the cuckoo and mortality are considered in turn, and show not only the author's great knowledge of his sources but his own vast experience.

There are eight plates and a number of diagrams. Altogether a work of charm and erudition which again adds distinction to this distinguished series.

R. H.

"COLOURED COUNTIES"

A Pictorial Guide to the Lakeland Fells. Book One, "The Eastern Fells," by A. Wainwright (Henry Marshall, 12s. 6d.).

This is a remarkable and unique book. In the first place the typesetter has had no hand in it, and all the script is in the author's handwriting, each page being set as a line block.

LEISURE READING

It is the first of the seven volumes in which Mr. Wainwright hopes to describe the Lake District, and it deals with the range which runs from the Kirkstone Pass in the south to the Keswick-Penrith road in the north, with Helvellyn in the centre. At the beginning a simple map shows the relative positions of 35 peaks ranging in height from 1,425 to 3,118 feet. They are then taken in alphabetical order. There are maps on a scale of 2 inches to the mile, based on, but better than, the Ordnance Survey, which is out of date, and shows as main tracks many that are now little used while omitting some of the most frequented. Mr. Wainwright's maps show good footpaths sufficiently distinct to be followed in mist, intermittent footpaths difficult to follow in mist, and recommended routes where there is no path. There are also notes about the danger or safety of the various routes in mist. Walls and broken walls, fences and broken fences are all shown differently. In addition there are ingenious "diagrams of ascents," which are nearly maps in the vertical as opposed to the usual horizontal plane, but not quite as some slight perspective is introduced. Outlines depict the panoramas from the tops, and there are also many delightful sketches.

On most pages there is a map, diagram, or sketch, and some text describing points of interest or commenting on the various ascents. Since the type area measures but $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, it might be supposed that the walker using only the maps in the book will have to do a good deal of page turning, but in fact he will probably do less than with an ordinary map; for example, if he walks over Helvellyn from Thirlmere to Glenridding, he will have to find a new place in the book only once.

Some Scouters may object that such a book makes things too easy at least for Scouts at the Venturer Badge stage, who should be able to find their way and identify their panoramas with no more than the ordinary Ordnance Survey map. True, but over most of the country they will still have to, and I am sure that nobody can fail to benefit from contact with the work of such a skilful, original, and devoted cartographer. It is a labour of love, twenty years in the making, written with no thought of financial gain, but "carefully and with infinite patience for my own pleasure." It is a piece of real craftsmanship, a rare thing in these days of mass production and perpetual hurry, and a work of art that should delight the possessor as a great painting or piece of music does.

T. T. MACAN.

Salisbury Plain by Ralph Whitlock; *The Wirral Peninsula* by Norman Ellison (Nomad) (Robert Hale: The Regional Books, 18s. each).

These two latest additions to this most welcome series have much in common. They are written by practised writers; both men have lived in the region they write about most of their lives and have come to know every corner over the years; both knew well the literature of their regions; both are men of enquiring minds and wide sympathies. (One might add that both are notable broadcasters and countrymen.)

Mr. Whitlock gives us a brief historical survey; then chapters on village life and crafts, dialect, the military occupation and wild life before taking us over the plain, valley by valley, village by village.

Mr. Ellison divides his region into chapters and takes us through them one by one: he has an additional chapter on "some old Wirral customs" and an Appendix (place-names of Wirral; National Trust Properties; List of Hilbre Birds; the bombing of Wirral in the Second World War) which seems to me an idea worth copying in later additions to this series.

Both books refer to Scouting, though Mr. Whitlock's is merely a line or so. Mr. Ellison has two or three pages on Birkenhead's connection with Scouting, particularly in 1929.

The many interests of both authors and their kindly tolerant attitude towards their fellows, ancient and modern, make these books admirable reading.

Both are well illustrated with good photographs.

R. H.

Myth or Legend? (Bell, 10s. 6d.).

Many people will remember the excellent series of talks given in 1953-54 by expert archaeologists and historians, who examined a number of the famous stories of folk-lore, such as Troy, Lyonesse, Glastonbury, Tristan and Isolde and others; sorting out fact from fiction, -and trying to assess, in the light of modern research, which are mere myths without any underlying substance of truth, and which are legends founded on a basis of historical fact. A good many of these talks were, of course, published in the Listener; but now we have them all collected together and published in a single volume, with excellent plates. It is a book which was well worth publishing, for the talks are all extremely interesting, and deserve proper preservation. Perhaps the most delightful aspect of the book is that on the whole it does remarkably little debunking. None of us like to have our favourite stories demolished, and although the book was compiled by experts in a true spirit of scientific enquiry, their conclusions on the whole allow quite a good deal of truth to the old stories; it is perhaps significant that modern archaeology finds more truth behind the legends than would have been allowed them a century ago. P. T.

TECS, ETC.

The End of Time, by Evelyn Berckman (Eyre and Spottiswoode), 9s. 6d.) is well written, depending on atmosphere rather than incident; post-war Germany and missing art treasures. Just right for a lazy day.

White August. by John Roland (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is the third of the publisher's "Novels of Tomorrow," and very unusual it is. One July evening snow begins to fall all over England. it is radio-active, radio-transmitted and controlled: it is a new form of warfare. The Prime Minister and a scientist save Great Britain at the last moment from annihilation! It may be absurd and a bit sketchy, but you can't put it down.

The Riddle of the Sands, by Erskine Childers (Rupert Hart-Davis: Marners Library No. 29. 10s. 6d.), is a classic story of espionage. It is a story of the German secret service during those years before the First World War when Scouting was in its childhood. I read it many times when I was a boy and have read it again now with a nostalgic enjoyment. It has become a period piece: it remains a wonderful story. If you've never read it you've denied yourself a treat.

Queen's Bureau of Investigation (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), features Ellery Queen in eighteen short short stories which are almost anecdotes in deduction. But very good. Queen remains King! (Try reading one or two up to where the solution arrives for Seniors or Rovers and let them try their hands at getting the correct solution.) R. H.

UNITED NATIONS CHILDREN'S FUND

In the July 1954 SCOUTER, an invitation was published from U.N.A. to help in a national campaign to publicise the work of U.N.I.C.E.F. and to raise funds on its behalf. A number of Scout Groups were able to give help in this direction, and a letter of thanks has been received by I.H.Q. from the United Nations Association of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

It appears that about fifty organisations helped with this appeal, with the result that five million homes were visited, and told the story of some of the things that U.N.I.C.E.F. is doing for under-privileged children throughout the world.

In June 1955 Mr. Danny Kaye was presented, on behalf of U.N.I.C.E.F., with a cheque which brings U.N.I.C.E.F.'s own share of the appeal to £122,000. Mr. Danny Kaye expressed, on behalf of U.N.I.C.E.F., his very warm appreciation of this fine gift, and his personal admiration of all the work that these organisations, including the Scouts, combined so effectively to do.

I.H.Q. has pleasure in passing on these sentiments to all the Groups which took part in the effort.

It may not be generally known that Danny Kaye undertook a very arduous tour of 40,000 miles through India, Burma, Thailand, Hong-Kong, Korea and Japan, as Ambassador-at-large for U.N.I.C.E.F. A twenty-minute film in Technicolour has been made of this journey, and bears the title of *Assignment Children*. All the proceeds are being given by Paramount to the Children's Fund. Scouters are recommended to find out from their local cinema managers whether the film is to be shown in their neighbourhood, and to go and see it if they can.

JFC

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

B.-P. SCOUT GUILD

At the Annual General Meeting of the B.-P. Guild of Old Scouts National Council held on May 21st, 1955, it was decided to change the name of the Guild to the B.-P. Scout Guild.

TRANSFERS - AMENDMENTS TO P.O.R.

The following amendments to *P.O.R.* should be given immediate effect:-

P.O.R. 88. - *Add at end:* "See also Rule 90(u)."

P.O.R. 90(ii). - *Commence with:* "It is most important that

P.O.R. 199. - *To read.* "(i) When a *Scout* moves to another area and consequently has to leave his Group, his G.S.M. should complete form T.1 and forward it to the new D.C. In case of doubt as to the address of the new D.C. the form may be sent to I.H.Q. for forwarding.

"(ii) Forms T. 1 should also be used for *Scouts* going to live in another country and should be sent to I.H.Q.

"(iii) No boy may be accepted as a member of a Group within two months of his leaving another Group or recognised boys' organisation in the same area, unless he has the written approval of his former G.S.M. or of the proper authority of the other organisation.

"(iv) In case of dispute as to a transfer the matter must be referred to the D.C. for decision."

AUGUST HOLIDAYS, 1955

Imperial Headquarters and the Scout Restaurant will be closed from 5.30 p.m., Friday, July 29th, until 9.30 a.m., Tuesday, August 2nd. The Scout - Shops will be closed from 1 p.m., Saturday, July 30th, until 9 a.m., Tuesday, August 2nd.

C. C. GOODHIND,
Administrative Secretary.



VISUAL YARNS

7. THE WAY TO GROW UP

by REV. E. J. WEBB

Introduction

Every week for years, an advertisement appeared in a religious paper that I read. It was in what we might call the Personal or "Agony" column. Here it is:

"Be Taller! Quickly! Safely! Privately! Increased my own height to 6 ft. 3¼ ins. [You will notice he doesn't say what from!] Ceylon client [he has chosen one far enough away], age 20, gains 8 inches! Thirty-six years continuous successes. [He ought to be about 10 ft. tall by now.] Send 6d. in stamps. Height specialist."

Now people like to be tall. By all means make the best of yourself. But do not worry about the inevitable. You cannot add a cubit to your stature. Very well. Be little and good! Note, too, not to swallow what every advertisement says. Analyse and think about the things you read.

1. Quickly?

All growth is slow. People say "He is growing so fast: you can see him grow." That is because they cannot! A shack can go up in a few hours; a cathedral will take hundreds of years. Jesus was thirty years preparing for His life-work. They are called the Silent or Hidden Years. If you are going to live the Christian life, remember that it will take time - a lifetime.

The epitaph on J. R. Green's memorial, at his own request, is, "He died learning." He was one of the greatest historians of his time, yet he was still learning at an advanced age. Do not stop growing. Grow in grace. Take Christianity seriously and make a life-job of it. B.-P. taught boys to say, "I am yours from top to toe."

2. Safely?

If a client increased his height by 8 inches, by artificial means, could he do so without damage to his other bodily organs or to his general health? Can we not "out-grow our strength"? All life and growth involve risks. Growing up is a dangerous business, and that applies not only to physical growth but to mental and spiritual growth as well. We must warn you of the many pitfalls as well as the many adventures.

You do not enjoy even a game if it is too easy. We had better say at once, it is not easy to be a Christian. There is nothing soft about it. If you are inclined to think so you had better read the story of our Lord, or of St. Paul or of David Livingstone (still exploring after 27 fevers), or some other Christian who has really lived the life. It is not easy, but it is worth everything.

3. Privately?

This, I think most wrong of all. What would your friends say, if you hid away somewhere, and emerged 8 inches taller? If you want to be tall, and to be proud of it, why seek to do it secretly, privately? If ashamed, why do it at all?

Have you ever heard of Christians called "secret disciples"? One cannot be a private Christian. "Be thou not ashamed of the Master, or of me, a prisoner for His sake.... I am proud of the Gospel of Christ," St. Paul would say. See Romans i. verse 16 and 2, Timothy i. verse 8.

Conclusion

But of course we should grow up, slowly, not being afraid to live dangerously, courageously, that is, and letting our light shine. We should not be spiritual Peter Pans, nor be stunted like Japanese miniature trees. Grow up, be your age! Do not be "Little People" - they are dwarfs!

An old man is said, when 70 years of age, still to have been saying, for his evening prayer, what he had learned at his mother's knee: "Bless Thy little lamb, tonight." Some lamb! We must get beyond the milk stage to that of strong Gospel meat!

NOTES AND NEWS

JULY PHOTOGRAPHS

This month's cover is by Peter Pridham, of East Molesey. The photographs on page 169 are by: top left: W. V. Cowan of Dunbartonshire; centre: J. L. Campbell of Highgate and G. F. A. Benham of Southampton; bottom: P. B. Halket of New Milton and Peter Low of Stonyhurst College, Blackburn.

WARINGTON BADEN-POWELL TROPHY RACES

The fifth annual races for the two Silver Bowls presented in memory of her husband by Mrs. Warrington Baden-Powell will take place on the Thames at Teddington on Saturday, September 24th, 1955. Entries are restricted to members of the Sea Scout Branch of the Movement.

Entrants for the Junior Trophy must be over 15 but not 18 on the day of the race single-seater PBK 15 canoes will be used. Competitors should, if possible, supply their own canoes but a small pool of craft may be available locally.

The race for the Senior Trophy will be open to Rover Sea Scouts over 18 but not yet 24 on the day of the race, using Middlesex/Surrey 12 ft. sailing dinghies single-handed. Competitors may use their own craft or arrange to borrow from a pool of dinghies which will be provided. Camping facilities will be available.

Entry forms are obtainable from the Training Secretary, Imperial Headquarters, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Eric L. Ebbage, 82 Eden Street, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, will provide advice and further information, and will be glad to receive offers of help as stewards, etc., and the loan of suitable craft for the pool.

I.H.Q. SPEAKER'S VISIT FOR AUGUST

27/28th South Staffordshire Rover Moot C. F. Maynard

1955 PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

- A. Scouts in action throughout the year.
- B. Cubs in action throughout the year.
- C. Portraits of Cubs and Scouts.

Outdoor and indoor photographs of Cub and Scout games, projects, activities and moments worth recording. The less customary in game or project and the like will be particularly welcome. For the better known and commoner activities an unusual angle, a different presentation is sought.

Photographs should not be less than quarter-plate size and larger if possible.

Entries for the competition, bearing the sender's name and address on the back and marked "Competition," may reach the Editor, at 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, any time before, but not after, September 30th. A stamped addressed envelope or appropriate packing must accompany entries for their return.

Prizes will be awarded in each section as follows: *First*: 7 guineas. *Second*: 5 guineas. *Third*: 3 guineas.

The Editor reserves the right to use any photographs submitted in either *The Scouter* or *The Scout* but copyright remains with the photographer: payment for these will be made according to the usual reproduction rates. The Editor's decision is final.

ORGANISING COMMISSIONER - NIGERIA

Applications are invited from experienced Scouters holding the Wood Badge. First appointment for two tours of 18-24 months each; first-class passages; £50 outfit allowance; free accommodation and medical treatment; salary from £750 to £950 p.a. according to age and experience. Application forms obtainable from Overseas Secretary, Imperial Headquarters.

ERRATA

We regret that the acknowledgment to the photograph on page 160 of the June issue was incorrect. It should have been to J. F. Greenhalgh. Mr. E. Collier was the man in the space suit!

The dates of the Backwoodsman course announced in the June issue should read September 17th/18th and 24th/25th. There is no course in November.

FILM LECTURE SERVICE

Will interested Scouters please note that the address of the Film Lecture Representative of A. Wander Ltd. is now 8 Overton Court, Overton Drive, Wanstead, E.1 1, and not as given in the May SCOUTER. Also at the present moment the service is only available for London and the Home Counties, although later on it is hoped to have a representative who could go to any part of the country.

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. 139 Monday, August 8th—Saturday, August 13th

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

Scout Courses

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

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

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

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

London (Gilwell Park)

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. August 29th—September 3rd 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, 4 W. E. October 8th [Plymouth.

Apply: C. Chapman, "Farndale," St. Martin's Avenue, Peverell,

Durham (Brancepeth)

Scout, Cont. August 6th—14th

Apply: C. Rogers, Wooderoft, Seaview Park, Whitburn, Co. Durham.

Manchester (Ryecroft)

Cub, 3 W.E. August 6th

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

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. September 3rd

Apply: D. M. Paulin, Boy Scout Camp, Gosforth Park, Newcastle upon Tyne, 3

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.

Yorkshire Central (Bradley Wood)

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

Apply: John E. Wilson, Grinkle Dane, 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 4th MAY TO 25th MAY, 1955

CERTIFICATE FOR MERITORIOUS CONDUCT

R. J. Lea, Wolf Cub, 9th Aintree (304th Liverpool, Fazackerley Methodist).

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in entering a room full of gas and steam and helping his grandfather who had collapsed from a heart attack, Liverpool, February 15th, 1955."

J. M. Leach, Patrol Second, 27th Reading (1st Berks).

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in assisting to save a boy from drowning and applying artificial respiration. Being physically handicapped at the time he instructed a companion how to carry on while he sought further assistance. He has been commended by the Chief Constable for Reading, August 5th, 1954."

D. N. Sansom, Patrol Leader, 1st Hampreston (Ferndown).

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in assisting to save a girl from drowning and applying artificial respiration, River Stour, Ferndown, April 19th, 1955."

GILT CROSS

J. C. Monday, Patrol Second, 1st Hampreston (Ferndown).

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a girl from drowning in the River Stour, Ferndown, April 19th, 1955."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GALLANTRY)

J. Ridgeway, Wolf Cub, 45th Birkenhead.

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in saving a child from drowning in a canal, Vron, Wrexham, April 10th, 1955."

SILVER ACORN

R. B. N. Everett, Chairman, Par District.

"in recognition of his specially distinguished services."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT

Devon. - Rev. E. A. Jullian, G.S.M., 1st Whimble.

Loudon. - J. W. Young, A.D.C., Fuiham.

Manchester. - J. J. Nelson, D.S.M., Gorton; W. F. Parker, G.S.M. (All Saints, West Gorton).

"In recognition of their further outstanding services."

MEDAL OF MERIT

Bedfordshire. - H. J. Petty, Badge Secretary, Luton and District; P. A. Ridgeway, A.S.M., 80th Bedfordshire (St. Saviour's, 2nd Luton, Blue Foxes).

Berkshire. - E. W. Cooper, S.M.(S), 90th Reading, Asst. Hon. Secretary for Handicapped Scouts, Reading and District; Miss G. M. Lee, C.M., 77th Reading (Collegiate School), A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Reading and District, Asst. Ak.L.

Birmingham. - L. G. Margetts, Hon. Secretary, South West.

Hampshire. - A. I. Breeze, G.S.M., 1st Fareham, A.D.C. (Scouts), Fareham and District, Asst. D.C.C.; F. T. J. Smith, S.M., 3rd New Forest (East), Dibden Purlieu; H. J. Underwood, C.M., 55th Bournemouth (Victoria Home).

Kent. - T. J. Elliot, Chairman, Bromley.

Lancashire South East. - D. A. Coomber, G.S.M., 15th Eccles (Monton Sunday School).

London. - J. W. G. Overy, G.S.M., 19th Barking.

Manchester. - Mrs. F. E. Ganley, C.M., 22nd Manchester (2nd Chorlton).

Middlesex. - S. W. Findell, A.C.C. (Wolf Cubs) and Asst. Ak.L.; A. F. H. Morton, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Willesden.

Norfolk. - G. Browne, G.S.M., 27th Norwich (New Costessey).

Staffordshire South. - Rev. F. Thewlis, formerly Hon. County Secretary. **Suffolk.** - W. H. Chivers, Hon. Secretary, Stowmarket; R. W. Hiron, Badge Secretary, Stowmarket; R. V. Revett, G.S.M., 1st Ipswich (All Saints); Miss J. M. Ryde, A.C.M., 13th Ipswich.

Surrey. - A. H. Cooke, Badge Examiner, Woking and District; E. F. Emery, Hon. Secretary, Esher; Mrs. J. B. Haynes, C.M., 2nd Cheam. D.C.M., Sutton and Cheam; C. A. Pegg, SM(S), 1st Cheam; G. A. Shoosmith, A.D.C. (Senior Scouts), Sutton and Cheam.

Sussex. - Miss E. M. Chamberlin, C.M. and G.S.M., 7th Hastings "Ore"; L. J. March, formerly SM., 8th Hove (Hove County School); B. W. Paice, SM., 3rd Hastings (Central); F. A. Riley, G.S.M., 12th Hastings.

Yorkshire Central. - A. Young, SM., St. John's (Deaf), Wetherby.

Wales.

Glamorgan, West. - Mrs. I. B. Moore, formerly C.M., 1st Mumbles.

Scotland.

Dumbartonshire. - R. A. Johnson, G.S.M., 6th Clydebank.

"In recognition of their outstanding services."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GOOD SERVICES)

London. - A. E. Hails, Hon. Secretary, Barking.

"In recognition of his good services."

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

Durham County Rover Moot, Raby Park, August 27/28th. Rovers from other Counties welcomed. Details from F. J. Venner (A.C.C.(R)), 2 Beaconside, Kells Lane, Gateshead, 9, Co. Durham.

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

Extra Special!!!! 3rd South Staffs. Rover Moot, Beaudesert, August 27/28th. Speakers Chas. Maynard, John Sweet. Amateur Film Making - Judo. Moot fee 3s. 6d. Applications E. W. Pitt, 46 Arundel Street, Walsall, Staffs.

Four Counties Rover Moot (Berks, Bucks, Oxon, Wilts), Sept. 17/18th, at Banbury, Oxon. Meals catered for. Interesting programme arranged. Apply B. P. Leigh, 245 Warwick Rd., Danbury, Oxon. Phone c/o Danbury 2574.

ACCOMMODATION

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 Nevil Road, London, N.16.

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.

Baker/Confectioner. 4 a.m. start. Accommodation arranged. Reliability essential hence Old Scout preferred. F. W. Harris (Bakers) Ltd., Sawbridgeworth.

Strong, trustworthy House-porter required for Hostel in Bayswater. Comfortable accommodation and all meals. Salary £5 10s. weekly, uniform supplied. Good post for man interested in welfare of Colonial students. Immediate application to Housekeeper, British Council Residence, 35 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

Wanted a young man with wide interests and practical ability as Assistant at Abbey Wells Children's Home, near Newbury. Able to distinguish freedom from licence and enjoy children, gardening, chores and all country activities. Take charge in Warden's absence. Salary: £350 x £15 - £410 p.a. less £108 p.a. for board and lodging. Application form from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

Young Assistant wanted for our Buckingham Palace Road Shop. Apply Camp and Sports Ltd., 1 - 2, Hardwick Street, E.C.I.

Young man with some office experience required for a special position on our staff. Some selling experience an advantage. Camp and Sports Ltd., 1 - 2 Hardwick Street, E.C.I.

A Career in Insurance. Legal & General Assurance Society Ltd. offers progressive appointments at the Head Office in London and at Branches throughout the United Kingdom to boys leaving school. Applicants should be of General Certificate of Education standard with at least four passes at Ordinary level, including Mathematics and English Language. Permanent appointments will be granted after satisfactory period of probation. Commencing remuneration in London £230 per annum at age 15, thereafter by age and merit. Opportunities for promotion and advancement to official appointments both at home and overseas which are made from within the organisation. Excellent conditions of service and Superannuation Fund. Five-day week at the Head Office, also Staff Restaurant and Sports and Social facilities. Please write giving details of education and age to the Staff Manager, 188 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

PERSONAL

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

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

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

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

Wanted. Good secondhand bugles. Send all details to M. Brown, Dormers, Partridge Green, Sussex.

Scoutmaster required for large Direct Grant boarding school. Assistance with games and some junior classwork. Apply Headmaster, Ashville College, Harrogate, Yorks.

To old and new friends camping near Midhurst, Sussex, we offer a special discount for Scout camps, etc. T. C. Merritt & Son, Butcher, West Street, Midhurst.

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.

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. Take Note!! P. & R. Publicity cater, for novel and attractive posters for your Group shows, sales, fetes, etc. Send NOW for full details of our Special Scout Poster-Service. You are assured of our prompt and careful attention at: The Broadway, Pitsea, Basildon, Essex.

FOR SALE

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

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

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

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.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING

All classes of duplicating and typewriting neatly and accurately executed by Guider. Prompt delivery, special terms to Scouters. Alert Typewriting Bureau, 1 Peasemars, Gillingham, Dorset.

Advance Duplicating Service. Prompt accurate work. Mod. charges. Scouters 10% discount. 5 Warwick Av., S. Harrow, Middx. Byron 4730. Guider undertakes all classes of Typewriting and Duplicating at reasonable prices. Mrs. Cox, 121 London Road, Ramsgate.

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

Classified advertisements, 4s. per line. Box Nos. 1s. extra. Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths included under "Notes and News" for a like fee.



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Anyone can make *real* coffee—
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CONDITIONS

Only open to officially registered Groups. Monthly prizes will be awarded on certificates signed by the Scouter I/C Group. The first monthly prizes will be for collections completed up to 31st August and thereafter at the end of each month on a cumulative basis—that is to say, the quantity collected during August will be carried forward to September and so on until the 31st January, 1956. Certificates must be received by J. John Masters & Co. Ltd. not later than the 7th of the month following the end of the month in question.

Only one monthly prize will be awarded to any one Group throughout the duration of the scheme as this will allow the maximum number of Groups to win prizes.

Certificates stating the total number of COMPLETE sets of labels Nos. 1/30 collected over the six months must be received by J. John Masters & Co. Ltd. not later than the 11th February, 1956.

The award of the final prizes will be under the supervision of the Company's auditors, whose decision is final. J. John Masters & Co. Ltd. reserve the right to verify all prize winning certificates.

Prize winning Groups will be notified by post and results will be published as early as possible in "The Scout" and "The Scouter".

HERE'S HOW TO DO IT

During the period from August 1955 to the end of January 1956, the makers of PUNCH matches will award each month cash vouchers to eight Scout Groups in each of the eight

areas indicated below, who collect the highest number of complete sets of the special "Scout Movement" labels, Nos. 1-30, from PUNCH match boxes. No less than sixty-four Groups every month for a period of six months must win one of these prizes:

1st £10

2nd £6

3rd £4

5 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £1

Additional prize vouchers will be presented to the "champion" Groups who make the highest cumulative collections over the complete period of six months.

1st £250

2nd £100

3rd £50

20 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £5

The areas in which this attractive scheme applies are:

AREA 1: Northumberland & Durham.

AREA 2: Cumberland & Westmorland.

AREA 3: Yorkshire.

AREA 4: Lancashire & Isle of Man.

AREA 5: Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Leicestershire & Rutland.

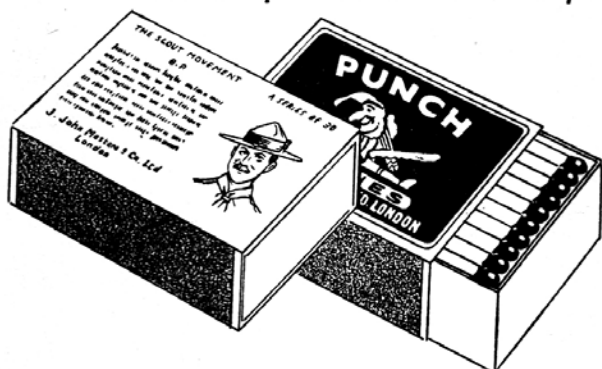
AREA 6: Cheshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire & Shropshire.

AREA 7: Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Herefordshire & Gloucestershire.

AREA 8: Wales & Monmouthshire.

START COLLECTING NOW

All prizes will take the form of cash vouchers spendable at The Scout Shops.



J. JOHN MASTERS & CO. LTD

Haddon House, 66a Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3. ROYal 1234

Camp the Wisest Way

PIONEER TENT

A stalwart of the 1929 World Jamboree. Made from strong proofed cotton duck. Supplied with jointed upright and ridge poles packed in valise. Tent with all accessories packed in a separate valise. Size: length 10 ft., width 8 ft., height 7 ft., with 36 in. walls.

£24 19s. 6d.

Throw over flysheet £7 12 9



THE DOUBLE FOUR TENT

Another tried and trusted favourite that we offer with absolute confidence. The tent for the larger Patrol of eight Scouts. Special feature is its extra length (12 ft.) with specially strong ridge pole for the long tent. Size: length 12 ft., width 7 ft., height 6 ft., with 36 in. walls. Tent and accessories packed in valise. Poles packed in separate hessian valise. Weight complete, 76 lbs.

PRICE £26 9s. 6d.

Throw over flysheet

£9 17 6

PATROL TENT

A hardwearing tent at a truly economical price. Made from strong 8 oz. green "CerTent" proofed cotton duck. Supplied with jointed upright and ridge poles packed in valise. Tent with all accessories packed in separate valise. Size: length 9 ft., width 7 ft., height 6 ft., with 36 in. walls.

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Throw over flysheet £6 14 0

RUCSACS



Over a dozen different types of strong rucsacs to choose from, varying in price from Unframed 23/7d. to 38/2d. complete and Framed from 59/5d. to 168/6d., straps extra.

SLEEPING BAGS



GRAMPIAN 6' 2" x 2' 6" tapering to 1' 10". PRICE £4 10 3.
PAL-O-MINE 6' 6" x 30' tapering to 18". PRICE £4 19 11.
SLEEPING QUILT easily made into bag. 6' 3" x 5' PRICE 63/-.

SUMMER UNIFORM

LIGHTWEIGHT "CUB" JERSEYS

These popular Scout Shop jerseys are stocked in Green or Khaki. Now that summer is on its way, Cubs will find these lightweight jerseys a welcome relief from the heavier winter jersey. Take advantage of our mail order service and post your order today.

Chest sizes 26 in. 28 in. 30 in. 32 in. PRICE for all sizes 6/9d. (Postage 7d.)

Whatever you need in the way of camp equipment or uniform, if you want the best

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