

# THE SCOUTER



*August 1955*

*9d*



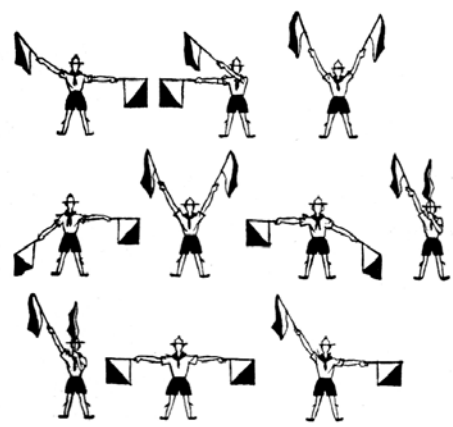
**A SET OF NEW BULLDOG PEGS IS THE ANSWER TO HAPPIER CAMPING**

Whatever the weather or ground condition, keep your tent firmly guyed with Bulldog Metal Tent Pegs. Made of corrosion-proofed steel, they are extremely durable and strong. What's more, they're most convenient for carrying because of their light weight—and they nest together to fit in the smallest corner of the rucksack. Obtainable in seven sizes, from all Camping Equipment Dealers.

The makers of "BULLDOG" Tent Pegs believe them to be the World's finest Tent Pegs. It is important that they should be properly used. Do not drive into the earth with a hammer or mallet, as this tends to damage head or ears. Holding the peg at a slight inclination, gently insert into the ground, pressing home finally with the ball of the foot—the ears should not project more than an inch.

- LIGHTWEIGHT
  - DURABLE
  - COMPACT
- BULLDOG METAL TENT PEGS**

A Product of THE HAMPTON WORKS (STAMPINGS) LTD., TWYNING RD., STIRCHLEY, BIRMINGHAM, 30 (Trade enquiries only)



R9A

It's a long time till Christmas, but not too early to reserve your copy of these two famous Annuals now!

**SCOUT ANNUAL**

Edited by Rex Hazlewood

Not a year's copies of the *Scout* bound as before, but with all new material: adventure and scouting stories, articles on Scout craft, puzzles, verses, cartoons, etc. There are about 200 line illustrations throughout 256 pages of text, some 16 pages of photographic illustrations and a brilliant three-colour jacket.

10/6 net. 11/- post free

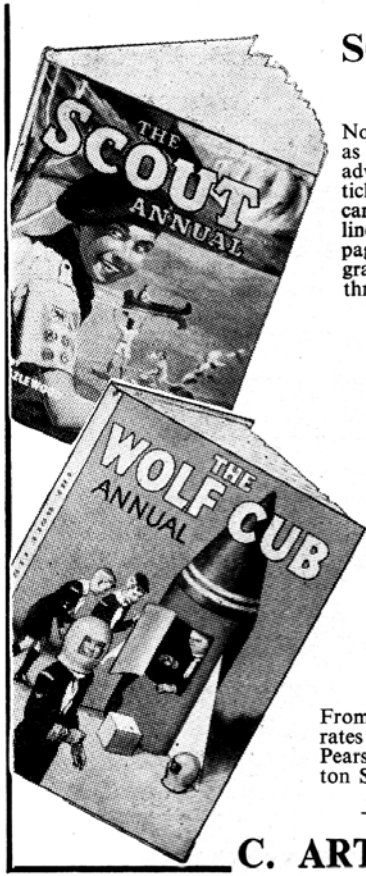
**WOLF CUB ANNUAL**

Full of Cub adventure, puzzles, ideas for things to make to gain stars and badges, etc. Lavishly illustrated. An ideal present for the younger boys in the Movement.

6/6 net. 7/- post free

**Both Annuals for publication on 1st September.**

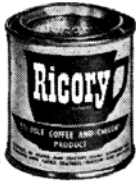
From your Scout Shop or at post free rates on publication from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.



**C. ARTHUR PEARSON**

Do you ever feel like a good hot coffee drink? A coffee drink that tastes grand and bucks you up? A coffee drink that can be made in a jiffy with no trouble at all? A coffee drink you can pack easily and take anywhere with no fear of spilling or breakage? You do? Then here is a message for you. You must try RICORY

**Ricory**



Ricory is a soluble coffee and chicory product composed of the soluble solids from coffee and chicory, powdered with added dextrins, maltose and dextrose.

**2'6**  
MEDIUM SIZE

THE NEW COFFEE AND CHICORY DRINK BY NESTLÉ'S



## THE OUTLOOK

By **THE CHIEF SCOUT**

I can now reveal to you that once again the Census shows that numbers are up but, unlike last year, Seniors are down.

I do hope you will all try to follow up those who have left the Movement and find out why? Is it because of Certificate Exams, of Night School, Games, or just because they didn't get what they expected when they joined? Senior Scouting with all its adventurous activities and the Queen's Scout Badge and Royal Certificate at the end of it is, in most cases, doing a really magnificent job and producing young men fit to take their place in any company, but too many fail to find in Scouting anything but just another School activity out of school hours when they could be doing something better. Some at least of this drop is due to boys never reaching the Senior Troop at all.

I have lately been having correspondence with a fellow who was at school with me and whom I haven't met since we left Lin 1914. He is out in St. Vincent in the West Indies. He was badly wounded in the First War, but wherever he has been he has run either Cubs or Scouts. Now he is running both. He was telling me various stories about them. He has just started a completely new Group of which the Cub Pack is just a year old, and so I am sure he won't mind me quoting from his letter: "I hope to see a few Leaping Wolves in the near future as seven have the First Aider Badge and should have the House Orderly one by tonight and are well into the home stretch with their Second Star - not bad for only a year's work. The older Scouts are grappling with First Class Ambulance and after that - tomorrow, I hope - won't have much trouble with the rest: while the younger generation are walking into the Second Class like good Scouts." Life isn't easy, and there are many problems which he has had to solve, but when we were playing passage football Charlie Markham used to get his head down and go straight through. Well, it looks to me as if the years have not dimmed his enthusiasm and his Scouts and Cubs may be counted lucky.

The Rallies I have attended since I last wrote have all been in fine surroundings and been enjoyed by everyone, not least myself. Chester with its Noah's Ark and the Cub animals giraffes, elephants, camels, moles, tortoises; what hours must have gone into the making of the papier-mâché heads! But what fun! The fly-past in various formations, by Old Scout pilots in jet lighters, and the enormous crowds of Scouts and Cubs and public gave me a great thrill. Then Bramham Park with its lovely rolling country and first class Camp Fire, the camp fire circle with its sea of faces, keen and eager, and at both Rallies the Jamboree Contingents, good examples of the best products of Scouting. The annual Birmingham Rally with its tens of thousands of people enjoying the fun of the Pageants and the Sea Scouts' Rocket rescues and boating. Yes, there was a lot of fine Scouting there and a lot of fine men and women giving up their leisure week after week to make men.

But I always seem to have a grouse. Of course, there are still lots of T.L.s with only their Second Class in spite of all I have said and written and all the Camp Chief has said at Gilwell and elsewhere. This rank is not a normal one for every Troop.

It is specially provided for the fellow who has got everything he can get out of Patrol Leadership, to give him a chance for further responsibility and leave a vacancy for, another fellow to gain the practice which leadership of a Patrol gives him. Until he has his First Class he can't possibly have given his Patrol what they have the right to expect from their P.L. and, of course, standards will be low as they always are in these Troops. For goodness' sake let's finish this once and for all! Will Commissioners please make clear to their S.M.s that the time is coming when I shall demand someone's head on a charger!

But more serious by far is the number of boys with the Leaping Wolf who still have not passed their Second Class after one, two or even in some cases three years in the Troop. These boys have proved their keenness in the Pack and are the potential Scouters in a few years' time, but through sheer lack of interest are being sickened of Scouting. Can we wonder that there is leakage when that sort of thing not only exists but is common. First and Second Class Tests are the basic training for manhood, and when you allow these keen young boys to free-wheel through their Scouting you are killing their enthusiasm and have a tremendous responsibility for turning them into DRIFTERS. Make demands on them and they will respond. Give them a job to do and make sure your P.L.s feel ashamed of themselves if these things happen in their Patrols. In a team the fellow who doesn't play his best, who is always lurking outside half asleep, is not much use to the side, and if they are all like that that team has a pretty poor record.

All Scouts are not blessed with brains, they can't all learn things quickly or easily, that is why B.-P. always insisted that it was not the final result, but the effort the boy had put into achieving it, that mattered in passing all tests except the Public Service Badges. Here is where the B.-P. Guild can do so much to help. Give them a job to do to help the fellow who is lagging behind, use them as badge instructors and badge examiners. You can't do it all yourself. But for goodness' sake get on with the job, make sure no one is kept waiting as some boys have been to my knowledge for MONTHS to pass a test. I heard of one Group the other day where after the Troop or Pack Meeting a boy can always wait behind to be tested. That keeps them on the move. Order badges in good time so that no-one has to wait more than a day or two at most for his Badge when he has won it. Get each boy to mark on his record card in pencil a date for his next test or his next badge and see he keeps to his schedule. I remember years ago taking a card from a boy's pocket in which he had planned his course right through to King's Scout, with a date in each case, in pencil, to pass each particular test. The only one in ink was his Tenderfoot which he had just completed, but I am quite sure he has reached his goal by now.

I do beg of all Commissioners and Group Scouters to pay attention to these points and make sure that they are in order, and that the grand material which comes up from the Packs is not wasted as it is too often wasted today.

**ROWALLEN.**

# DEAR EDITOR

## The Scout Year

DEAR EDITOR,

I thoroughly agree with Mr. Chapman that April 1st is a very bad date to start the Scout year. As far as I can remember at one time the Scout year ended in September. This month is normally the "dead season" for Scouting. The camping season is over and one looks forward to the winter training to start in October. I fail to see any reason why March 31st should end the Scout year, and it would be interesting to know why the change was made. April is a very full month for Scouters, there is ~"Bob-a-Job," St. George's Day, and perhaps an Easter Camp to fit in. Why not go back to September 30th?

**A. C. B. MOLONY,**

*Asst. County Commissioner, Yorks., North Riding.*

## Finance

DEAR EDITOR,

Most interesting is the article on "Finance" pages 140-41 of the current (June) SCOUTER. The financial position is so clearly set out that it is much easier to understand than an official balance sheet; that is to the uneducated financial mind. The only point where I got lost is where the figure goes into millions.

It is extremely timely when I turn to page 149 and find a first-class letter by David Withey of Crosby on sound finance.

Bob-a-Job is a very fine effort and we hope it will last but in my opinion all organisations should be on a sound subscription basis and the plan laid down is a sound one.

Of course we know that the figures quoted appear a lot until Mr. Withey brings us to earth in showing the amount per week and to illustrate it still further not the price of a cigarette. Surely the denial of one cigarette a week can be arranged and apparently we shall get our income. On the other hand if we subscribed 4/- per head to I.H.Q. for Bob-a-Job week we should get the answer, but of course this may not be lasting.

It is possible that the amount earned per Scout is about 10/- so an increase to I.H.Q. would not be a hardship. On the other hand a subscription is the sound policy and Bob-a-Job for the little extras. Scouting is worth 7/6 a year, although of course it costs us Scouters more. Remember the figures quoted by Mr. Withey represents one little cigarette which goes up in smoke (per week). For the same amount you are "paying your rent" on earth by keeping Scouting on the moving stage.

**CHAS. R. SANDERS,**

*District Commissioner, Millom.*

DEAR EDITOR,

I write as a Wolf Cub Widower who handles the Pack Accounts. Mr. Egerton's speech reported in the June SCOUTER gave me furiously to think and I offer the following observations as an outsider.

Total expenditure of approximately £100,000 per annum could be met by investments in the region of £2,500,000. I notice from the 2nd Thornton Group Accounts that the Scouts and Cubs raise 7/6-8/- per head during Bob-a-Job week of which 2/- per head goes to I.H.Q. Assuming that this is a reasonable average it would appear that the I.H.Q. contribution could be increased to 4/- per head on the understanding that the additional 2/- per head be invested in an accumulating fund. If 2/- per head shows £45,000 net after expenses are paid there should be about £50,000 to invest every year. At 4½ per cent a fund of £2,500,000 could be raised in less than thirty years.

This may sound grandiose and may take a lot for granted but it is feasible on paper at any rate. Perhaps you will invite your readers' opinions. I have ignored the Income Tax aspect assuming that the Association will be exempt. If this is incorrect the scheme would, of course, last much longer.

**J. MASHER.**

DEAR EDITOR,

Having read the letter by D. E. Withey, SM. of the 11th Crosby Troop, in the June edition of THE SCOUTER, we would like to add that if a policy of a "Membership Subscription" was mooted we would give it our wholehearted support.

"Bob-a-Job" has produced fine results in the past and we both sincerely hope that it will continue to produce them in the future, but surely a stable income is also needed as well as the income from "Bob-a-Job"?

Scouting provides, for boys all over the world, a terrific opportunity for acquiring many valuable standards for their future life. Scouting also demands the least financial contribution from the boys themselves.

With the costs of running our organisation increasing, it is time our funds increased proportionately to obtain a balance in hand to enable further schemes to be put into operation for the betterment of our Movement. We feel that by introducing a "Membership Subscription" the Scout Movement will be more able to stand firmly upon its own feet without depending on the public for all of its main support, and to keep "Bob-a-Job" in existence to supplement the stable income.

The subscription should be administered and allocated as the "Bob-a-Job" funds are now proportioned between the Group, the Local Association and the I.H.Q. We think that if 1/6 per head per year was allotted to the I.H.Q. from the annual subscription of every member of the Scout Movement in the United Kingdom, the extra income would have many benefits.

We suggest that the Finance Committee should look into this proposal of our Brother Scout as we are sure that his method would prove in the end one of the most popular and economic ways of easing the Association's financial difficulties. We are also sure that there are many other Scouters besides ourselves who would be interested to learn of the Finance Committee views on this proposal.

**J. F. PARKS,**

*S.M. 8th Banstead,*

**&**

**C. B. WILLIAMS,**

*SAL 11th Wembley.*

DEAR EDITOR,

At a recent Scouters Council in this District the question of Bob-a-Job was discussed at some length, and in view of our conclusions it was decided to enquire through the medium of your correspondence columns, what the general opinion of SCOUTER is on this subject.

We feel that the original conception of the scheme has been lost in the desire to raise money. Bob-a-Job was first introduced to earn one shilling per head to help finance I.H.Q. and the service administered by I.H.Q., but now, throughout the country it has developed into a vast fund raising project. This has now reached the stage when we believe that the goodwill of the general public towards the Scout Movement is in danger of being alienated by the annual visit of Cubs and Scouts to all households seeking jobs. The first year or two, the public imagination was fired by the idea of these young lads working to raise money for their Movement, but now, when it is seen how much over and above the two shillings required by I.H.Q. is being earned by individual boys, people are beginning to ask why it is necessary for such large sums to be raised by this method, which is becoming to be regarded by some people as a form of begging.

There is also the other side of the question - the Scout side. In this District, as no doubt in many others we get the two extremes of small Cubs and Scouts being given jobs which are really beyond their capabilities, such as spending a whole day carting barrow-loads of stuff and being paid sixpence or a shilling; and on the other hand, of a boy being paid half-a-crown for running an errand taking only a matter of minutes. Both of these are bad for the Scout (and of course, in the case of the first example, parents also feel strongly).

This year some parents whose sons had been exploited in this and similar ways have said that they will not allow their boys to take part in another Bob-a-Job Week). Fortunately, cases of exploitation are comparatively rare, but there have been many cases of paying considerably more than the job is worth.

We are of the opinion that if Bob-a-Job is to be continued, then boys should be asked to earn the two shillings required by 1.H.Q. and no more. Most lads could earn this by performing tasks for their neighbours and relations, and thereby obviate the necessity of visiting each household in the District. It is realised that Group and District funds have benefited enormously from Bob-a-Job but surely the goodwill of the non-Scouting public is more valuable to the Movement than money which, after all, can be raised by alternative means.

**A. H. WARREN,**  
*SM. 1st Dovercourt; Acting Secretary,  
Harwich District Scouters' Council.*

#### **Forty years on!**

DEAR EDITOR,

As I have just completed forty years in Scouting, I thought it might be of interest to record some impressions of the Movement as I see it to-day.

Since I have come to live on Gilwell's doorstep, I have had many opportunities of seeing Scouts and Scouters in action. I have no hesitation in saying that the general level of efficiency and of camping has never been higher, and the spirit of Scouting is as strong as ever. In referring to camping, I am not thinking so much of camps run by Scouters as of the many Patrol camps (mostly of London Scouts) that are held here every week-end. This is not to suggest that all is perfect; how could it be? The Tenderfoot still has to learn by experience as well as by precept, and each of us has his off-moments, but, by and large, it is true to say that there is far less now to criticise than there was in the earlier days. The all-round standard is certainly higher.

I have witnessed two large gatherings of Queen's Scouts at Gilwell, and it is difficult to convey my admiration of these products of present-day Scouting. A Movement that can train boys to become such upstanding and efficient young fellows, full of good fun and of the right spirit, has little to worry about. I have also seen something of the problem of having to select representatives to go to other countries; I do not envy those who have to make such decisions. For every one chosen, a dozen or more could be selected without hesitation.

I have often been asked how Wood Badge training compares today with the earlier courses. This is a matter that deeply interests me as I served under the first and the second Camp Chiefs. A Scouter who took his Part II at Gilwell, say thirty years ago, and who joined a course this year, would immediately feel at home. He would find that the same general methods and principles are being still applied; he would soon discover that the same spirit is being evoked. Of course there have been changes in emphasis and in some details, but such adaptations to meet fresh needs have been going on ever since Wood Badge training began, and often at the suggestion of B. -P. himself; had it been otherwise, the whole system would have become ossified and of purely antiquarian interest.

I note also that problems remain the same. A good deal of concern is felt about losses of Cubs and Scouts; that is an old story that we have all had to consider from time to time. It is right that such difficulties should be discussed periodically; weaknesses may be revealed and some holes stopped up. The present danger, as I see it, is that statistics may be taken too seriously. Figures solve nothing; they cannot get to the heart of any problem because we are dealing with human beings with all their diversities of gifts, limitations and potentialities. New schemes and incentives may be of help, but ultimately it is the quality, personality and vision of the Scouter who trains the boys that counts. As far as I can judge, the present Scouters stand up well to their predecessors.

Scouting is doing a fine job; of course it could do a finer job, but that is true of past as well as present, and will be true in the future. Provided we don't get complacent (and I see no signs of that) the Movement will do an even finer job in the future.

As an Old Hand, I thought I would like to say all this to encourage the Scouters of today in the splendid work they are doing.

**E. F. REYNOLDS.**  
*Gilwellbury.*

#### **The World Movements**

DEAR EDITOR,

My wife, small son, and I have been given a table for meals on this ship with an American couple, also with their son. On taking stock we found that we mustered one Ranger Captain, one Commissioner, and one Wolf Cub for the British Commonwealth, and one Assistant-Scoutmaster, one Patrol Leader, and one Den Mother for the United States. So we were soon talking!

**A. E. DOUGLAS-SMITH.**

#### **New (or Old) Curates**

DEAR EDITOR,

I appreciate the concern of your June contributor with regard to creating an appreciable interest in Scouting in the Theological Colleges.

I have had the privilege of visiting some thirteen Anglican Colleges, some on several occasions, and one is encouraged to find men ready and willing to receive help which will assist them when they take up their parochial duties.

Ordinands should be aware of the Promise and Law and Duty to God courses which are arranged from time to time, and one thing that Scouters in Theological Colleges can do is to see that a copy of THE SCOUTER is available in the Common Room.

**A. V. CALL,**  
*Assistant H.Q. Commissioner (Church Army),  
D.C.C. attached Gilwell Park.*

DEAR EDITOR,

The experience of both writers in having a Rover Crew in their respective colleges was most fortunate. Many new curates have to go into parish life knowing Scouting only as a name. I had that as my own experience. Where a Crew is in existence in a college, there is the distinct advantage that while the majority may not appear to be very interested, and may be even faintly amused by it all, they will see something of what Scouting really is. They will at least go into parish life aware that a Scout is something more than someone who wears a big hat, carries a pole, and lights fires. Another thing that we have to bear in mind about the clergy is that they are as varied in their outlook and type as laymen. Some clergymen are suspicious of a uniformed movement, and believe that their best approach to young people is through a parish guild, while others put their trust in an ordinary club. The way of approach to these people is to tell them of B.-P.'s outlook and purpose, with stress on our incomparable Law and Promise, and get them to read, "Scouting, Religion and the Churches." A copy of this pamphlet might with advantage be sent to every theological college in the kingdom.

The answer to this problem, as with the problem of putting Christianity across, is that you believe in it fervently yourself. The important thing for any prospective Scouter is that he has a love of young people, that he is sympathetic with our aims, and that he is willing to learn. The man, clerical or lay, who does not have these qualities is better left out of Scouting.

**E. C. BURGOYNE,**  
*A.D.C., Port Talbot and District.*

DEAR EDITOR,

May I beg to quote you in reply to Mr. S. P. Gandon's letter in the June issue of THE SCOUTER?

Mr. Gandon, you will remember, is replying to a letter from the Rev. C. Hendy, disagreeing with the "new curate" about the response to the Movement by the men of their respective colleges. Surely your note of over-solemnity would apply equally well to Mr. Gandon? Yet, I can fully sympathise with him as I underwent a similar experience as he.

At College our routine really forbade the formation of a Rover Crew, nevertheless had this been possible I sensed from the general attitude of the college that there would have been little response. However, an occasion did arise for me to give a short talk on Scouting - its principles and general organisation.

During this little talk, as previously and subsequently, there was sufficient banter for someone who was being over-solemn, or who was taking himself too seriously, to think that the whole Movement was being derided. Yet I am quite prepared to suggest that there was not one member present who, as a "new curate" of the near future, was not prepared to give serious instruction in at least the Law and the Promise if called upon to do so.

Scouting, as we are so often reminded, is a great game and must be kept as such. And although those of us who are Scouts will feel very strongly about the potentialities of our Movement, there *are* other methods of training the youngsters!

Whilst training for the priesthood even the keenest Scout has little time for Scout activities. Therefore, rather than push himself and the Movement onto others he would be of much greater service to Scouting if he remained simply prepared to chat with anyone who wanted help, and to see that there was sufficient literature, etc., in the Common Room - for others to peruse when nobody else was looking!

**H. F. GRIBBLE,**  
*C.M., 5th Leyton.*

DEAR EDITOR,

The letter from the London College of Divinity seems to call for some comment. I would suggest that the attitude of the students is due to a faulty, and all too familiar, conception of the part that Scouting can play in the work of a parish. Briefly:

1. Scouting is a means of education, a method of teaching.
2. The ideals inspiring the method are good.
3. Therefore the Scouting method can be used by the Church in the task of education in citizenship of the City of God.

The trouble is that so often Scouting is treated as an optional appendage or even as a bait to get youngsters into Sunday School. The Scout Group can, if the Vicar and the Scouters work closely together, stand upon its own feet as a good means of religious education, and should be regarded as being on an equal footing with any other work with children and young people in the parish.

Theological colleges cannot include everything a parson ought to know in their courses, but in view of the importance of the national voluntary youth organizations - Boys Brigade, Scouts and Church Lads Brigade and the equivalent organisations for girls - some introduction to their methods ought to be given in the course of instruction in voluntary religious education if such is given.

The main point is that the new curate should know that Scouting has a really serious purpose behind it. I am sure that both the County Chaplains and I.H.Q. would be happy to co-operate with the colleges in providing lectures to give such an introduction to the nature of our work.

**R. S. C. BAILY,**  
*Hon. Secretary, London Diocesan Scout Council.*

#### **Why we lose boys**

DEAR EDITOR,

Please may I be allowed to express an opinion.

My son Barry has been a Wolf Cub over a year now and has only missed one attendance because of sickness. He was so looking forward to having his First year Star. Can you imagine his disappointment when he went to Cubs yesterday and still with no Star?

Several boys have dropped out because of this delay and lose interest. They work hard as does my own son but have to wait so long for their reward. Please will you print this so that Cubmasters can see why members leave. Nothing can stop my son from going to Cubs but I would like to see a star on his uniform after all these months of regularity and patience.

**MRS. ANN SUTTONN,**  
*Colchester.*

#### **Wearing the Uniform**

DEAR EDITOR,

I read with some interest the article in the June issue entitled "The Toast is 'The Movement'," and can only agree with the writer when he deplores the fact that the Scout uniform is seen only too rarely under normal circumstances. With our jubilee year approaching us, it occurs to me that it would be a suitable tribute to our Founder if for one day of each year all members of the Movement should be encouraged to wear normal uniform throughout the day. The date which would appear to be most suitable would, of course, be February 22nd, and it would, indeed, be interesting to hear the views of fellow Scouters in this matter.

**F. A. MOGRIDGE,**  
*A.S.M., 41st Oxford.*

DEAR EDITOR,

Could an alternative *summer* uniform for Cubs be officially approved, e.g., instead of the present woollen jumper and knee socks, why not a substitute cotton shirt or blouse and ankle socks? We recently took our Pack on an outing on a sweltering hot day, and by the time we reached our destination we were all perspiring freely. I feel that the boys would have been more comfortable if regulations permitted them to wear the above suggested uniform modifications.

**J. F. B. STRAW,**  
*A.C.M., 3rd Bexley.*

#### **Old Hankin**

DEAR EDITOR,

May I assure SM. Finlayson that Old Hankin makes all promotions within the Troop, as he suggests should be done, on the recommendation of the COil.? I imagine this is invariably the custom in mature Troops, and when Hankin said that "he" promoted Sandy, my only reason for not adding the words on the recommendation of the Court of Honour" was that great economy of words is needed to get a story into a single column.

I am glad SM. Finlayson wrote his letter, however, because others may also have been misled, and I suppose more Troops decay through failure of S.M.s to give proper status to the C.O.H. than from any other cause.

**D. H. BARBER**  
*("A.D.C.")*

#### **Shoulder-Knots or not?**

DEAR EDITOR,

I am in complete agreement with A.S.M. Crotty in his suggestion for the abolition of Shoulder Knots, and replacing them by Shoulder Patches same as for the Senior Section. The Shoulder Knots are considered too feminine nowadays and do not conform with the modern trend of eliminating gaudy uniforms. If it was considered more appropriate for Senior Scouts (our most modern section) to wear Shoulder Patches, why should not Scouters, at least, be similarly treated. I think it is about time this anomaly was removed.

Another usage in the Movement, which causes some irritation, is the wearing of Scout medals. Whilst other Movements such as the St. John Ambulance Brigade wear their medals on the left, we are instructed to wear ours on the right, and it very often happens that one may have the Service Medal of the St. John Ambulance Brigade and the Scout Medal of Merit. The former will be worn on the left and the latter on the right; therefore I think that Scout medals should be put on a par with those of the St. John Ambulance Brigade and worn on the same side.

**EDWARD TORTELL,**  
*G.S.M., 1st Sliema, Malta.*

## **St. George and the Dragon**

DEAR EDITOR,

It seems a pity that Mr. Butters did not get the facts right before he started writing about St. Alban.

(1) St. Alban was not burnt at the stake; he was beheaded, outside the city of Verulamium.

(2) It is quite wrong to state that "the name of Verulam was changed to St. Albans in memory of Duke Alban who became St. Alban." Alban was not a Duke, and the name of the city was not changed; a new city was built to the north-east of ancient Verulam. According to the Venerable Bede, writing in the eighth century, during the persecution of Christians under Diocletian (AD. 305) Alban was living at Verulamium, of which he was a native and to which he had retired after serving in the Roman army. Though not a Christian at that time himself, he sheltered a priest, Amphibalus, and being struck by his piety, was converted. As this was discovered by the authorities and Alban refused to recant, he was executed. About a century later the Romans withdrew their soldiers from Britain.

There was a Christian community at Verulamium however, and a church was built over the tomb of the Saint where the present Cathedral now stands. This church was destroyed, probably by the Danes, and a second church and monastery founded in AD. 793. Meanwhile the city of Verulamium had fallen into decay. In AD. 948 Abbot Ulsinus (or Wulsin) first laid out the market place of St. Albans on the lines which it follows today, and encouraged traders to settle there. This is north-east of the cathedral: the remains of ancient Verulam are situated in the south-west.

**CHRIS D. LAVEY,**  
*Rover Scout.*

DEAR EDITOR,

I am of the opinion that shoulder patches should be used in preference to shoulder-knots, as they will give smartness to the uniform and also prove economical in the long run. It is also true that once patches are decided upon, the colours or designs will present no great difficulties. Such a step will definitely be an improvement to the Scout uniform.

**K. S. SAMPATH,**  
*Asst. District Commissioner, Maduraj (S. India).*

## **Rovers**

DEAR EDITOR,

At a L.A. meeting recently it was said that Roving was a waste of time, that Rovers were dead.

How little is known and understood about Roving and Rovers.

Roving is not a matter of putting on a uniform and attending meetings. It is service not only to the Movement but to the community, and as much service is probably being done now as ever there was in the Roving field. In one country Rovers have given service at a county level, assisting at the Polio Fellowship, escorting the blind to and from their clubs, spent week-ends escorting children to places all over the country under the Country Holiday Scheme, given assistance to the police at various State functions. These are but a few of the co-operate jobs of service quite apart from the individual jobs done by Rovers.

The District Commissioner of the L.A. concerned, which has ten Groups but only three Crews, has repeatedly refused to appoint a leader of any kind at District level for the Rover Section, stating his reason for not doing so was the fact that as we have only three Crews he did not think that it justified the appointment of an A.D.C. or a D.R.S.L. In my opinion the reason we have only three Crews in this District is because there are no leaders.

The District Commissioner stated that the trouble with a District with small Groups was that boys became of Rover age one at a time and the consequence was it was impossible to form a Crew.

This in my opinion is ridiculous. When a boy becomes of Rover age he should be sponsored by the D.R.S.L. and invested as a Rover by the A.D.C. He can afterwards continue to work in his own Group, but being invested as a Rover will give him the right and the privilege to attend all Rover functions.

Then when the next boy becomes of Rover age he can receive the same treatment. There we will have a nucleus of a Crew and so can build up on this nucleus. But if the start is never made with the first lad how can you ever expect to build up a Crew. This in my opinion is far better than transferring the odd boy to another Crew on a temporary basis when his loyalties are obviously with his own Group.

The D.C. further criticised Rovers by saying that they played table tennis in the Den. Is this a crime? The Crew and the Den are not places that one goes to in order to do Roving. They are places which one goes out from in order to do Roving. The Crew should be the place where the young Rover can learn how to be of service to the community and the Crew programmes should be planned with this in mind. After the programme for the evening has been completed what is wrong in a little relaxation?.

I think the trouble with Roving today lies not so much in Rovers themselves but in the apathy, somnolence and ignorance of District officers to all things relating to Roving. B.-P. said that "Roving is the crown of the Cub's career." This is as true today as it was when our Founder first said it.

**BILL WARRY**

**Mark Sutton**

DEAR EDITOR,

You may have heard through official channels that Mr. Mark Sutton has gone home! We of the 1st Dagenham Group have for some years been proud to say that we had the oldest G.S.M. in the country. Last September we gave him a party to mark his 90th birthday.

On Sunday, July 3rd, a Memorial Service was conducted by the Rev. Marshall at St. George's Church, Dagenham. In his address the Rev. Marshall said that among Mark's many outstanding qualities he was sincere and carried his Scout ideals into every walk of his life. He was loyal and had an air of keenness in all things. He was a Man of God. He was friendly to all and seemed in a perpetual state of happiness. Many other places besides Dagenham were better for the life of Mark Sutton.

Having already completed more than his share of community service - as a Sunday School teacher for many years - in 1914, when the 1st Dagenham Troop was left Scouterless, he agreed to keep things going for the duration. The Troop grew, for Mark had no use for waiting lists. Eventually it split in two and as the great L.C.C. Estate spread so "splinters" of Mark Sutton's village Troop started new ones. Practically every Troop in Dagenham was started or has been helped by one of "Mark Sutton's Boys." By 1939 he had still got a First Class Troop, but he was past camping and outdoor Scouting. Once again he was left to carry on almost alone and again he brought the Group through.

I trust he has earned a mention in THE SCOUTER.

**R. B. CHISHOLM,**  
*C.M., 1st Dagenham.*

## **Service for Seniors?**

DEAR EDITOR,

John Sweet writes in THE SCOUTER "What will your gang be up to, I wonder, or is it a secret?" Must Seniors be always hiking through bogs and up mountains in the middle of the night? It's no secret what our gang are doing. They were taking some of the burden off the Scouters last Whitsun, by organising and running the Camp at the County Rally, for the whole Troop.

**A. J. MILLER,**  
*G.S.M.*

# THE ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of The Boy Scouts Association was held at Imperial Headquarters on Wednesday, July 20th, at 11 a.m. There were present:- The Lord Rowallan, K.B.E., M.C., T.D., LL.D. (*Chairman*), R. A. Banks, The Lord Barnard, C.M.G., O.B.E., M.C., T.D., Colonel C. F. Birney, D.S.O., H. L. Bullock, Major-General The Lord Burnham, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., T.D., D.L., Sir Ronald Campbell, G.C.M.G., C.B., Brigadier W. E. Clark, C.M.G., D.S.O., D.L., J. F. Colquhoun, O.B.E., Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., D.S.O., S. J. L. Egerton, Lieut.-General The Lord Freyberg, V.C., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., S. N. Furness, M.A., Lieut.- Colonel R. Gold, The Lord Hampton, D.S.O., D.L., A. W. Hurl, C.B.E., Harold Legat, C.M.G., General Sir Rob Lockhart, K.C.B., C.I.E., M.C., D. Francis Morgan, O.B.E., M.A., LL.B., P. B. Nevill, O.B.E., F.C.A., D. P. Papillon, M.B.E., T.D., D.L., J. Hood Phillips, M.A., P. D. Power, J.P., General Sir John Shea, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Sir George Beresford Stooke, K.C.M.G., Graham Wallis, J.P., Sir Harold West and Colonel J. S. Wilson, C.M.G., O.B.E.

The Minutes of the Annual Meeting held on July 28th, 1954, having been circulated, were taken as read and were fling approved and signed. The Secretary read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the Association's auditors.

Apologies for absence were read from Vice-Presidents and embers of the Council.

The Chief Scout read a message from the President of the Association. H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester:- *I much regret that a previous engagement in the country on Wednesday will prevent me this year from attending the Council Meeting.*

*Had I been present I should have liked to say in the first place how pleased I was when I heard that the Chief Scout, after three strenuous tours abroad during the past year, had at last been persuaded to take a little rest, and how very glad I am that he is back again refreshed and fully recovered.*

*I see mention made in the Report of the very generous grant of £50,000 from the King George VI Memorial Foundation, and this recognition of the value of Scouting must be a great encouragement to all who work so hard in the interests of the Movement.*

*Then I would like to congratulate the Movement not only on its continued increase in membership, but also on having raised a contingent of no less than 1,000 members from the United Kingdom to attend the 8th World Jamboree in Canada next month. I send my best wishes to all those boys who are lucky enough to be going to Niagara to take part in this great gathering which will certainly be a most interesting and memorable experience for them.*

*In wishing all possible success to the Movement during the coming year, I would like also to thank all Scouters for the splendid contribution they are making to the Community; they can give no finer service than this to the men of tomorrow.*

The Council recorded its gratitude to the President for his continued and active interest in Scouting.

The Chief Scout then moved the adoption of the Annual Report, referring briefly to the outstanding events of the year. Of the Census Figures he said the membership continued to rise but unfortunately most of the increase was at the Cub stage; there was a small rise in Boy Scout numbers and a small decrease in Senior Scouts. Although there was an increase of 8,000 overall, the Movement was still losing too many boys. The last year had been a year of progress and a year of recession, a year of promise and a year of disappointment. Undoubtedly the great triumph of the year had been that a thousand chosen Scouts had raised £130,000 for the great air lift to the Canadian Jamboree. "We go on to the coming years, aware of our weaknesses, but determined to overcome them, with undiluted faith in the work to which we have set our hands, going out with courage to get, out of the rut (if we are ever in it), and to serve the boys of our own country and the Commonwealth and Empire to grow to a wise and responsible citizenship worthy of the heritage they have received from generations past."

The Honorary Treasurer, Mr. S. J. L. Egerton, seconded the adoption of the Report, referring briefly to various items in the accounts and paying tribute "to the magnificent, really magnificent response of the Movement to the Chief's appeal for two bobs for two jobs." He thanked the Chief Executive Commissioner and all his staff at Imperial Headquarters for their constancy and devotion to the Movement which deserved the highest possible praise. The Report and Accounts were then adopted unanimously.

Details of the formal business transacted will be found under "Headquarters Notices."

Finally, the Council reconsidered the proposals for the Reconstitution of the Council and the Committee of the Council which had been referred back to the Committee at the Council's Annual Meeting of last year. In brief, lucid and persuasive speeches Mr. D. P. Papillon proposed and Mr. J. F. Colquhoun seconded the motion, which, after some brief discussion, was carried unanimously: that the necessary steps be taken to secure the amendment of the Charter, the Council, and the Committee of the Council along the lines that have been laid down.

Before the meeting commenced, at the request of the Chief Scout the Council stood for a moment in silence in memory of those members of the Council and of the Movement who during the year had Passed to Higher Service.

After the meeting had ended, Sir Harold West, on behalf of the Council, wished the Chief Scout and the Canadian contingent every happiness and success in their exciting expedition.

Finally, the Chief Scout himself added his own tribute to the permanent staff at Imperial Headquarters: "the work they do for us goes far beyond what they are paid for."

**REX HAZLEWOOD.**

## JUBILEE JAMBOREE 1957

THE EMBLEM



This is the badge that will be worn by the many thousands of participants in the Jamboree (and combined Rover Moot and Scouters' Indaba) which is to take place two years from now at Sutton Park, Warwickshire.

Two of the main purposes of this great event will be to proclaim the Fiftieth Year of Scouting (1907 to 1957) and to celebrate the Centenary of the birth of our Founder (B.P. 1857-1957).

The reason for the choice of the Tudor Rose of England as the basic design of the badge is fairly obvious. England has the honour to be the country where Scouting found its birth, and to all intents and purposes Warwickshire, where the venue of the Jamboree is situated, is in the very heart of England.

The celebrated Sutton Park of 2,400 acres with its 75 acres of water was once a Royal hunting forest. It was presented to the Corporation of Sutton Coldfield by Henry VIII in 1528 in the town's first charter of incorporation. The inclusion of the Tudor Rose in the Coat of Arms of Sutton Coldfield is in allusion to this historic fact, thus providing an added reason for the Jamboree Emblem taking the form it does.

The combination of the Tudor Rose and the arrowhead design of the Scout Badge (sometimes referred to as a fleur-de-lis) is a happy one, for both these emblems in varying forms have frequently been used in the armorial bearings of many great men in our country's history.

**KEN STEPHENS,**

*Organising Commissioner..*



# BE PREPARED

The eighth 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."

My nocturnal walks with various Scouts *en route* home from Troop meetings were educational in many ways. I never knew what self-revelatory announcement a companion might make. One small Tenderfoot named Max Bellini told me proudly one night, "I'm pretty smart about sex. I've found out all about it."

"That's fine," I said. "Or at least it's remarkable. How did you happen to learn?"

"I've seen the movie."

"Really?" I said, with ill-suppressed curiosity. "Which movie was that, Max?"

"Why, the movie they show at adult education classes. You know, for young married couples? I sneaked into the school auditorium one night, right after they turned out the lights to start the picture. Boy, I saw the whole thing! So now I know about sex."

Sex is a subject on which my Scouts seem to have a large store of academic information. However, there are many other subjects which interest them. Some of the boys, in spite of their normal affinity for picture magazines and comic books, have dipped unpredictably into library shelves. One night I was walking home with a group when we passed a front-yard flower bed of lilacs.

"When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed,"

I quoted, mostly to myself. One Scout looked up from his yo-yo in surprise, and remarked, "I didn't know you read Walt Whitman." My opinion is that a fairly impressive panel of Quiz Kids could be recruited from any average cross section of twelve-year-olds. I have heard a group of my Scouts in casual conversation, popping bubble gum and kicking one another's shins while dropping names such as Earl Fallon, Roderick Dhu, and Chinese Gordon. I have listened to a trio of ukulele players sitting in a tent at camp, idly picking out a tune together, and I have recognised it as the *Malaguena*. I have seen a Scout repair a door lock that baffled me, and I have heard one speak extemporaneously for several sentences in Latin. Several of my boys can name the winner of every World Series since 1920 and every heavyweight championship fight since the turn of the century. Some have corrected me embarrassingly, in the hearing of other adults, when I made slight errors in discussing the municipal election returns, the Johnstown flood, or the symptoms of botulism.

One of my Scouts named Leo Sharp even undertook, at the age of fourteen, to begin writing a book. He was reticent about it, and never revealed the subject or title of his opus, although the other Scouts questioned him persistently. This led eventually to the retirement, in disorder, of one of the most troublesome adults who ever infested my Troop meetings - a certain Archibald Bowles.

The man of whom I speak was a district commissioner - a volunteer Scout official supposed to supervise, or at least to counsel, all the Scoutmasters in the district. This commissioner did more supervising than I liked. Soon after taking office he began attending all my Troop meetings, and expected to be a prominent part of the programme. Whenever I yielded the floor to him, he treated the Troop to long "chin-chins," as he called them. Sometimes he would tell interminable stories about a depraved boy named Bill, who played cards and swore and eventually came to a bad end, and a contrasting paragon named Joe, who was antiseptic in action and thought. Other times he would deliver thundering reproofs to the Troop for not listening to him more pensively.

He did not forbear to rebuke me either, whenever he thought I deserved it. Once he swept into the meeting room, called a halt to the game we were playing, and lectured me for allowing the boys to be so noisy that he could hear them from the street outside. Another night he took command of a first-aid practice we were having, and instructed me to reorganise it so that the first-aiders would be required to give and receive instructions by Morse Code, thereby adding greater educational value to the practice, in his opinion.

Mr. Bowles was a churchly man, and once interrupted me, when I was talking to the Troop, to warn me against sacrilege.

Why Scoutmasters' wives grow weary



"You mean to say you're not IN the Movement"

I had been so indiscreet as to begin telling, in his presence, a "brain twister" designed to test the wits of my Scouts; it was a brief enigma about a churchgoer who fell asleep in church, and dreamed an odd dream. Unfortunately, in ad-libbing the details, I hypothesised that the man fell asleep because the sermon was dull. "Be careful!" Mr. Bowles roared at this point in the narrative. "Careful there, Cochran. You're dangerously close to blasphemy."

The other Scoutmasters in the district found Commissioner Bowles as burdensome as I did. He invaded every Troop's meetings to countermand, hector and preach. We tried various stratagems to rid the district of him. Once, in lecturing a group of Scoutmasters at a training course, he declared that we had disappointed him so grievously that he had determined to resign as our commissioner. Instead of pleading that he reconsider, as he obviously expected us to, we nodded courteously and sought to finalise his announcement with such corroboratory remarks as "Don't blame you a bit. We've seen it coming for some time.... Sorry you feel that way, but of course we accept your decision... It'll be hard to find a successor. Any suggestions?"

That evening, to nail Bowles into a corner from which he could not escape, we persuaded a local newspaperman to telephone and ask him to "enlarge upon" the announcement of his resignation. Bowles denied that he had the faintest idea of resigning. He continued his visitations at Troop meetings, and if any Scoutmaster made so bold as to remark, "I thought you had resigned," he quickly parried, "The other Scoutmasters finally talked me out of it."

Several of the leaders, myself included, had about decided that if our commissioner didn't resign we would, when my youthful author Leo extricated us from our predicament.

Mr. Bowles loved to bear down upon a group of Scouts after meeting, and ply them with genial questions. Had they been good Scouts since last week? What good deeds had they done that day? Whom had they forgiven for sinning against them? If they should die that night, did they expect to go to Heaven? What were they studying at school, and how did they expect to put it to use? What plans for a worth-while adult life had they laid?

One evening there was a District Court of Honour, attended by all the Troops and their Leaders, and many parents.

After it was adjourned, while the auditorium was still filled with clusters of chatting parents and Scouts, Mr. Bowles bucked his way jovially into a group of my boys whose mothers were helping them on with their jackets. "Well, little men," he boomed, "what's the good word? Who's accomplished something worth while lately?"

"Leo has," one of the Scouts said slyly. "He's written a book." Mr. Bowles turned his full beam on Len. "Well, well, well, my young genius! A book, indeed! Ha, ha, I'll bet the publishers are fighting for it! Tell me, what is the title of this masterpiece?"

Leo was obviously irked. We could see that he had no more intention of telling Mr. Bowles about it than he had of telling us.

"It's a secret," he snapped.

"Oh, ho! You use a pen name, no doubt?"

"Yes, my pen name is Waterman," he said grimly.

The sarcasm was lost on Mr. Bowles. "Come now," he pressed, "tell us at least the title of your book. We're all dying to hear it. Aren't we, ladies?"

He turned a mock-appealing look upon the mothers, and they smiled and bobbed their heads.

Leo stood there defiantly. I sense that he was searching his mind for some crushing reply, but I did not dream what he would concoct. Finally he answered slowly, "It's just an historical monograph."

"Indeed! That's bully! Delightful!" exulted the commissioner, with a humorous side glance at the ladies. "We have a real scholar in our midst tonight."

Quite a crowd was gathering around us now, as other parents and Scoutmasters saw young Leo being baited by the commissioner. "Don't keep us in suspense, Leo," went on Mr. Bowles. "What phase of history have you laid bare for the experts? What is the title of your monograph?"

"The Position of Women under King Henry the Eighth," Leo said. Mr. Bowles never showed his face at another Scout gathering in our district. I have always wondered about the real title of Leo's book.

*(A final extract from "Be Prepared" will appear in our December issue.)*

## THE HALL OF RESOLUTIONS

Last night I lay me down to sleep, and as I slept, I dreamed I a dream. I saw myself in a great hall where I read these words,

"This is THE HALL OF RESOLUTIONS."

And behold, as I dreamed, I saw a Procession of men who entered, one behind the other, and they walked toward a dais where stood a flag of green, bearing the emblem of a Golden Fleur-de-Lis.

First came a County Commissioner, closely followed by a District Commissioner. Behind this second man there walked a Scouter, and then a fourth, a Rover. They walked with dignity and uprightness toward the dais and, reaching it, knelt.

From the other end of the Great Hall, behold, I espied three boys. A Senior Scout, a Scout and a Green-jerseyed Cub, intently watching the quartet of Men in the scene before them. And in my dream I heard each Man speak. The Boys must have heard them too for they were smiling happily. As each Man knelt and said his Resolutions, thought I, "Oh verily there be much wisdom in some of these things." So I wrote them down in a Big Book, that Others might read the words I heard; the words that brought such joy to three small Boys.

Thus spake the Men:

### THE COUNTY COMMISSIONER:

*On my Honour I Promise* - That every Boy in my County shall know my name and what I look like.

That I will form a Patrol of my six nearest County Commissioners, thus preventing myself - and them - from becoming parochial.

That I need not frown to wear long trousers with my uniform because I may have reached the years of discretion when I must decide whether I wish to be an Example to my boys or an Exhibition.

### THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER:-

*On my Honour I Promise* - That in future I will make use of the many hours I waste telling People how busy I am.

That the Torch I carry for the Movement will be used as a Light and not to hit somebody over the head.

To give as big a Welcome to my Scouters as I would welcome if I were worried.

To remember I AGREED to be their D.C. and am therefore a Use to be Used for Their convenience.

Not to grieve if I be looked upon as a "dogsbody" because if a dog serves his master in dog-like devotion, he is a great pal, therefore this makes me the Perfect D.C.

Not to class every piece of Paper as "bumf." SOME of it might be good for Scouting and even good for Ms.

### THE SCOUTER:

*On my Honour I Promise* - To remember always that I am a SCOUTER and therefore I will not clutter up the Rover Den because I must realise the Crew should be made by Rovers and not Scouters.

I will form, with my Brother Scouters, a Scouters' Club, and thus let some fresh air into the Rover Den.

I will help a boy to PLAN his life but I will never try to LIVE it for him.

I will school myself to believe that when I can talk to my boys about God as easily as I can talk to them about a Camp Menu I shall be doing more than I have ever done to cut down any leakage.

### THE ROVER:

*On my Honour I Promise* - That if I haven't finished my Apprenticeship in making myself a Good Citizen at the age of twenty-five, I will admit I couldn't have been trying.

I will not FEAR the B.-P. Guild but take such Pride in its Membership as befits an Old Boy of a Good School.

I will not expect any preferences over a Cub or a Scout who ACCEPTS the "going up" at a stated age.

I will realise that "going up" means GROWING up and by doing so I shall avoid becoming a Peter Pan.

That my Rover Den shall be a Man-Training-Establishment and not a Hide-out for playing Nursery Games.

These words I heard and, ere I woke, I saw again the listening Boys. Each one gave forth a sign. Not with Three Fingers raised in a Salute but something strange which, first, I did not know. I strained to see and then I saw it plain. Three boys with smiling faces - and the Sign? It was "THUMBS UP."

### RALPH READER.



*"I wish it wouldn't keep saying 'We be of one blood'."*

# AN EXERCISE IN PLANNING

## THE PLANS AND WHAT WENT WRONG

The problem, you may recall from your May (1954) SCOUTER, was straightforward enough: four people, five weeks in the mountains: what would you take? Rations, equipment and the rest. Well, here, with a few notes, is what we did take. In fact, only three of us went but we had planned for four and the plans were not changed when one of us had to stand down.

The baggage problem was to keep each container down to sixty pounds, to have everything handy as required, and to make sure things were secure. We had rucksacs, five tin trunks, each to hold about fifty pounds of stores, a kit bag and four strong drill ration bags as our containers.

Our camp consisted of two Black's Bungalow tents, complete with fly sheets and ground sheets, total weight 44 lb. We found the metal pegs bent a bit in the very hard ground, but there were plenty of good-sized rocks to keep the guys down. Two of us lived in one tent, I had the other which was also used for cooking and messing. We took also a small hike tent which our camp helper very proudly erected for his own use. All the canvas could be slung on the mules in odd corners.

The rest of the camp gear, which packed into one tin box consisted of:- Two Primus stoves, complete with spares and a funnel.

One gallon methylated spirit, in a screw top tin can.

A 1½ pint boiling set (used for the early morning brew and carried on the march for a mid-morning snack).

Three inter-fitting dixies.

One small frying pan.

Two bowls.

One small 2-pint boiling bowl.

Tin plates, mugs, knives, forks and spoons. One each.

Spare tent pegs.

Two toilet rolls.

Two tins DDT, against bugs.

A small supply of drugs.

First Aid: mainly dressings and antiseptics.

Glacier cream and insect repellents.

Cleaning rags and dish cloths (we did most of our washing in mountain streams).

The second box contained what we called our basic rations:

that is items which conveniently could not be packed or subdivided on a weekly scale:-

20 lb. sugar: our only rationed commodity.

1,000 saccharine tablets.

4 lb. biscuits (all we could buy).

24 lb. of chocolate sent out from home, which melted each day and set hard each night!

A 3 lb. tin of dried egg.

Two 3 lb. tins of corned mutton, of which we became heartily sick. . . we invented several ways of cooking it!

Cornflour, custard powder, mixed herbs, Bovril and Marmite.

A pound of good coffee and good tea for special occasions.

4 lb. ghee. . . vegetable cooking fat, in a tin, 4 lb. of rice, and

3 lb. of lentils, in ration bags.

4 lb. of tobacco, five packets of pipe cleaners, three packets of razor blades . . . a tennis racket press, two bits of plywood and masses of blotting paper completed this box. There is no prize for guessing what the last items were for. There was a sack with 40 lb. of flour which travelled on the back of a mule between two of the trunks.

The rest of the food was packed in five weekly packages carried in the remaining boxes. Each weekly supply consisted of:-

Soups: Two Knorr and two Symingtons (we used the lentils to add body. . . to say nothing of the corned mutton).

Vegetables: Six 2 oz. packets of Swell, two packets of Pom.

Meat: 12 oz. corned beef, 1 lb. sausages.

Fish: Two tins sardines, one of herrings, one of kippers.

Cheese: One 1 lb. ex-U.S. Army tinned.

Very high. One box of Kraft. 12 oz. Guava. . . a fruit. . . cheese.

Milk: Three 2 oz. tins powdered milk. One tin evaporated. One of condensed.

One 1 lb. tin of butter, 1 lb. marmalade, 1 lb. jam.

One 1 lb. tea, 1 lb. of cocoa, 4 oz. coffee extract.

A tin of fruit and a tinned pudding, and, to eat on the march, two bars of mint cake, two bars of fruit-nut cake. . . both excellent. A small tin of lemon-barley crystals. 20 oz. porridge oats.

We wanted more meat but local supplies, usually plentiful, suddenly vanished and we could do nothing about it. We had two 1 lb. tins of Pemmican... and no idea of what to do with them, no instructions on the tins.. . but we thought it would be fun to try it! The three pound tin of corned mutton was a problem: once opened it had to be eaten quickly.. . it was pretty repulsive, very filling . . . two ounces at a sitting was more than enough. We could not feed the surplus to the muleteers . . . they won't eat tinned foods. . . so I fear some went to the mules, and even they took not at all kindly to it! We were able to supplement the rations with some eggs, very little fruit, once we got two or three pounds of very poor spuds, and, in the early stages we could get milk. In three weeks, too, we got four chickens, two of them very small indeed. The atta we made into chappaties, and all the varieties of twists and dampers you can think of. Once or twice we were entertained by village people to a meal. We found that the rations enabled us to do ourselves very well. The rations were planned for four and had the fourth bloke come we would have been in a bit of a state if we struck more than a week or so without being able to supplement the rations at all.

We had a jerrycan with five gallons of paraffin. This was too much, but we ran very short of meths.

Bedding: all of which we packed into the kit bag: sleeping bags, and air beds.., the latter a great thing when the ground is often very rocky, always hard and frequently very cold.

Personal kit: limit 30 lb. each . . . a personal matter. We walked in boots, took chappies for camp wear, wore bush jackets and shirts, took a spare set and several bars of soap and did our own washing in the streams. A warm pullover, a waterproof and good socks . . . the rest was up to the individual. I found room for a typewriter, Cliff. for Shakespeare's Comedies., John for some more tobacco and a sketching block. Add cameras and films and we were more or less organised.

All this stuff went on three mules. We had: too, a camp helper, one Camel Face, who had been with us last year. He made the chappaties and did various odd jobs: in particular we could leave him in the mornings once the packing was done to see to the loading of the mules: a job which always seemed to take at least an ho~... whilst we got ahead a bit. Camel Face we had to feed: rice and atta was his main diet. he scorned our tinned Christmas pudding but fish and cheese he went for in a big way: and as for sugar, he'd break any quartermaster's heart.

The planning was great fun and when we set out we thought we had done all we could to make sure that the five weeks went really well. Our permits to enter Hunza had at the last moment been refused, but we had our papers in order for Gilgit and it was all to be very successful.

We were to fly to Gilgit. Snag one: the aeroplane had engine trouble, both of them.., the spares were a thousand miles away. When they arrived they were the wrong spares. Then the weather broke and planes were grounded. After three days hanging about on the airfield, it was a hundred and ten in the shade, we set off to walk. A car took us to the mountains and then we had a nine day trek. And when we got into the Gilgit Agency we were calmly told our papers were not in order. The next seven days we spent incarcerated in a Government rest house in the Indus Gorge: only a hundred and five here, in the shade, only there was no shade. Our cameras and films were confiscated: we got the cameras back but not the exposed films, so we have no pictures of the trip. Then the local officials found that our papers were in order after all. But that was not the end of our troubles: that is another story: sufficient to say that we had to terminate the holiday a fortnight early and fly out back to Rawalpindi.

As our future was very uncertain we kept to our ration scale up to the very end: everything was going well: we were going to run out of cooking fat but that was all.

In the event we were living in considerable heat, our food had been planned for much colder weather and had we been longer on the snow we might well have made a much bigger hole in our rations. But in spite of the unexpected ending of the trip it was all very enjoyable and well worth while.

We've two tins of Pemmican left over... can anyone tell us what to do with the stuff? In Gilgit we met a member of the Cambridge University Group just off to climb some real mountains: they were, we have since heard, turned back at about 23,000 ft. by adverse weather conditions. We asked him about the Pemmican "What," we said, "does one do with it?"

His only comment was.... "Avoid it like poison."



SCOUTS OF THE 1ST KHORMAKSAN TROOP IN A TUG-OF-WAR AT SHEIK OTHMAN, ARDEN

"SOCKS."

## HURRYING FEET

### 6. SIGNALLING

By W. L. BROWN

*D.S.M., Salford (N.E. Division)*

THE SCENE: Troop Headquarters.

TIME: Instruction period of any normal meeting.

ACTION: The S.M. stands before a group of intelligent young boys; their eager faces turn to him expressing their never-ending thirst for knowledge - he speaks:-

"Well chaps, tonight our subject will be 'the means of transmitting intelligence to a greater or lesser distance by the agency of sight or hearing' - or, to put it in a simple word of three syllables, signalling." (Great applause and a chorus of "Wizzo's," "Super-sonics," "Just the Job's" and "Smashing's.") Is it your Troop? - I must admit it isn't mine.

I never seem to get beyond the first syllable of "that word" before some bright eleven-year-old suggests an instructional game such as "British Bulldogs" or "Hiding the Stave," - my boys thirst for water, tea and "pop," but not for knowledge.

I appealed to their better instincts - a sheer waste of time: I tried driving it home with a good-sized mallet - didn't even raise a bump, finally I had to sit down and think.

My thoughts, actions and the results I now set down, not with any claim of originality - everything has been done before - but serve as reminders should you ever be faced by a gang such as mine.

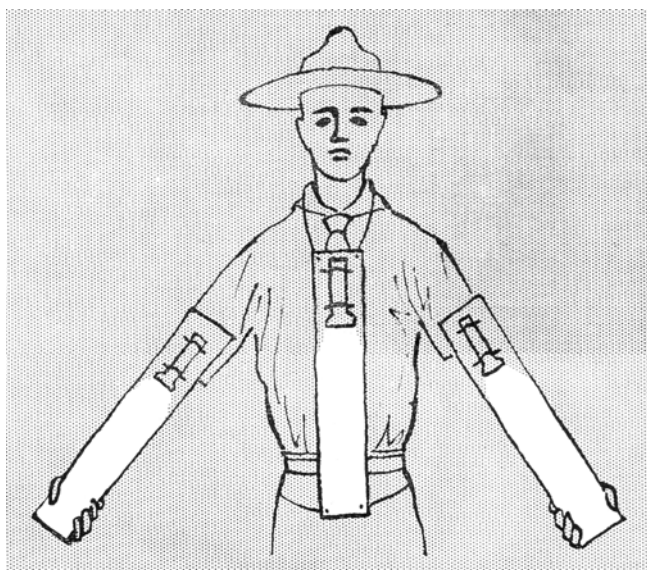
I thought it would be a good idea to give them a short history of signalling, but when I mentioned "that word" coupled with an unpopular scholastic subject, the audience reaction gave me food for further thought.

At great personal risk, I pressed on, weaving a tale of the ages - jungle drums in darkest Mrica, flashing mirrors in the Khyber Pass, bunting in the breeze off Trafalgar, Napoleonic war news relayed by south coast semaphore Sitting Bull's braves and their smoke signals; and on stations, into the twentieth century - that legendary military signaller's error: "Send 3s. 4d. we're going to a dance," shore to ship radio, transatlantic cable laying and damaged bombers being talked down by R/T.

Wonders never cease; this talk stimulated a mild desire for active signalling so I arranged the Troop in teams of five, gave the semaphore signal for each letter of the word SCOUT and away we went on a signal relay race - by interchanging positions each boy became acquainted with five letters of the semaphore alphabet.

For the Morse-minded Seniors who considered semaphore more suitable for children, the R.S.L. and I called at the offices two large shipping companies, each of which gave a poster showing the pride of their fleet. These posters we mounted on cardboard, fixed a torch bulb to the wing of the ship's bridge on each poster, wired up to a battery and Morse key and left the boys to it in a darkened room; it keeps them quiet for hours.

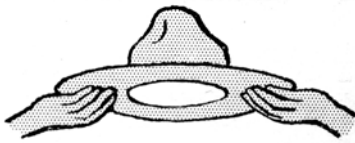
Meanwhile, the Scouts had discovered how to use a neckerchief or tie as semaphore arms - this method of signalling will be found most relaxing!



Whenever possible we practise outdoor over long distances for only in this way will boys learn how to take up a point of vantage and give some thought to the background before they start wagging flags.

During our week-end camps the Seniors practised night signaling with morse lamps and so that the Scouts - who learn semaphore - wouldn't feel neglected, we arranged that they, too, should have night-signalling. For each signaller three pieces of hardboard 18 in. x 3 in. were painted white on one side. A torch was then tied to the end of each board so that the light one on the white paint. With a piece of cord round the neck and waist of the signaller one of these boards was fixed to his chest, the others were held in the hands as shown in the sketch. found it possible to read these signals over two hundred yards provided that the signaller remembered to keep his boards flat-on to the receiving station. We had hoped to try heliograph signalling but encountered an almost insurmountable difficulty - no sun. We avoided complete defeat by cutting discs of white cardboard to fit inside a Scout hat, then with the brim held between fingers and thumb of both hands and a twist of the wrist the white surface would be seen by those receiving the message.

Next on our list is smoke signals - we have lots of blankets and smoky fires at our camps so it should be a pushover. After that, who knows, we may go on safari and try jungle drums - if we can find a suitable jungle.



## 7. KNOTTING

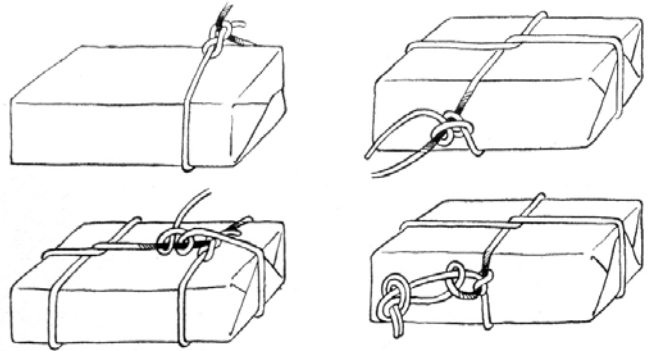
By W. T. INGLIS

*L.A. Sec. (Salford), A.D.C.C. (S.E. Lancs).*

I suppose there must be hundreds of books and thousands of articles written about Knots, and it's difficult to find something to say which has not already been said by somebody, somewhere. When you look at the tests in Scouting this is not to be wondered at. In 1st Star and 2nd Star - Knots. In Tenderfoot, 2nd Class, 1st Class - more Knots, and in the qualifying badges for the Queen's Scout Badge—still more Knots. Cub -training, to my mind, is the beginning of a long trail, a trail which, with your help, will bring Tommy of the Grey Six to his possible goal of Queen's Scout. So you see, Cubmasters, you have a very important job. You are laying the foundations of our future Queen's Scouts. Now too many Scouters are content to teach the mere mechanics of twisting a rope or cord into a specified shape. This isn't enough. Someone once said that the seven wonders of the world were - I wonder Why, How, When, Which, Where, Who and What. And boys have curiosity to the Nth degree. They want to know Why, How, Where, etc.

Take the Reef Knot to begin with. According to the book, it's a simple knot with no complications, used for tying parcels and bandages. I've still to see a Cubmaster or a Scoutmaster demonstrating with a parcel or a bandage. No, they use a piece of cord or rope and tie the ends together. That is the sole purpose of the Reef Knot - to tie two ends together, whether it be string, cord, rope, OR bandage. Why? Because it's easy to tie, easy to untie, firm and flat. Talking about parcels and the tying thereof, I've tied thousands in my day and never yet used a Reef. For a small parcel, run a clove hitch round the standing part, pull tight and fling a hitch round the end. For bigger packages, use a Figure-of-Eight knot round the standing part making a slip knot that won't give easily, then a hitch to secure before completing the job.

Of course you cannot use the Reef every time you want to tie two ends together. Try it with a thick rope and a thin one. Let your Cubs and Scouts try it and see what happens. If you make the difference big enough its bound to slip! A Sheet Bend is called for and there's the reason before their very eyes.



There are many ways of making this knot, and you may have your own particular fancy, but see that the ends come out on opposite sides. Why? Because the end of the thin rope is trapped between the two standing parts, and the more you strain the firmer it holds. One thing the boy will notice (if you point it out to him!) is that to make the knot he first made a loop, and the obvious conclusion is that the Sheet Bend is the knot to use to tie a rope to a loop.

Next on the list is the Clove Hitch, a knot used to tie a rope to a spar. The spar can be upright, horizontal, free end or closed end. If upright, then pass the end round the spar and UNDER the standing part. This leaves both hands free to do the same thing again and also ensures that the standing part is coming from underneath the whole knot to begin the lashing. If horizontal, it doesn't matter which side you go, BUT keep the rope going round in the same direction.

With a free ended spar you can throw two hitches over the end one at a time. Another use is to haul a heavy spar upright. Throw the first hitch round a holdfast, pull till the spar is in position, then throw the second hitch. When using the Clove Hitch to finish off a lashing, pull your first hitch tight into the angle of the frapping turns before making the second. Many a trestle has come unstuck through the final clove hitch wandering round the spar.

Then there's the Bowline. What adventures and excursions you can have practising this knot - up and down a well, a cliff, a quarry, or any old hole you can find. One thing to remember, it's a rescue knot, and speed may be essential. Find the quickest way to tie it and practise, practise, practise, not always round your own waist, but round someone else.

Final wonder. Why tie knots at all? Do we want a generation of rope tyers, or what? Scouting is to develop character. Knotting needs thought-concentration, co-ordination of hand and mind - and perseverance, all helping to train a young mind yet getting fun at the same time.

*[End of series]*

## To Keep You Thinking

The best things are nearest: breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

**ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.**

# OUR DISTRICT

By A.D.C.

I spent a delightful few days with Hankin's Troop in camp in the Lake District. To be a guest with a really vintage Troop at their summer camp is perhaps the happiest lot that can fall to mortal man, and Hankin's camps always seem to run themselves without any effort on his part. His P.L.s are real leaders, having learned the art of leadership from their predecessors and assimilated the hard-won tradition of "doing things properly" built up over long years.

A cheerful gang helped me carry my kit to the station when I reluctantly departed on the excuse of "business." Actually I had no very urgent business on hand, but I was a Scoutmaster myself long ago, and I remembered that though an A.D.C. may be bearable (even an asset) for a couple of nights, he can be rather a nuisance if he stays too long.

I broke my journey at Smokechester, a great and prosperous Midland city, booked a room at a decent hotel (reflecting sadly that a night at a hotel costs about ten times as much as a night in a Scout camp, and is less comfortable), changed into a lounge suit, dined, and then went for a stroll.

It happens that I spent my young manhood, and did most of my Scouting, in a charming but distinctly unprosperous part of East London, and perhaps for that reason I always find the poorer parts of a town more interesting and attractive than the richer parts. Those who spent their best years in country places (I am told) find memories of their lost youth flooding back when they suddenly catch a whiff of meadowsweet. The hot smell of frying fish and chips has the same nostalgic effect on me, because the best meals I ever tasted were consumed out of newspaper at a little fish-and-chip shop two doors from the Mission where I ran my first Troop.

I was no Hankin, and my Troop certainly never seemed to run itself.

In the early days one of my Friday meetings was a long battle of wills between my inexperienced self and thirty young Cockneys who had not yet quite decided whether it would be more fun helping to build up a Scout Troop or helping to wreck it.

When (occasionally) victory had been mine, and I had dismissed the Troop with dignity, I would adjourn with the older boys to this delightful emporium, and as we shook the vinegar over our two-and-one we would talk of the marvellous camp, our first ever summer camp, that we were going to have next August at Shalford.

As I wandered round the slums of Smokechester I realised with a shock that even in this Welfare State at a time of full employment there are still boys to whom Scouting could give even more than it can give to luckier boys. If you have a comfortable home and good parents a Scout camp is an adventure and a nice change, but if you live in a back-to-back house with a shared lavatory (outside) and a father who drinks or is a cripple, and a mother who has given up trying, a Scout camp is just heaven, and the Scoutmaster such a hero as you will never meet in after life.

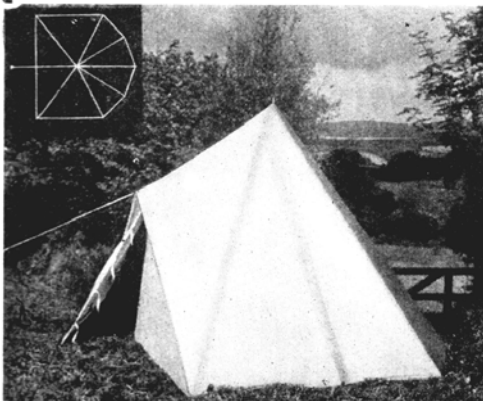
In those slum streets of Smokechester I saw a lot of shabby boys who looked as fine types as my old Scouts, and some of them, the older ones, were dressed as Teddy boys, but I saw no Scout badges. Not one.

Just bad luck, of course, for I know that there are some very good "down-town" Troops in Smokechester, but I think there ought to have been one attached to that grim-looking church on the corner, whose old vicar is heroically fighting Christ's battle in this, one of the last outposts of slumdom. I wish some Rover with a taste for real adventure would call on him, and offer to start a Troop from scratch... and not only in Smokechester but in many other places, because though many other good ideas are emerging for ridding us of Teddy boys, I am sure that Scouting is the best idea of all.

## CAMTORS

TRADE MARK

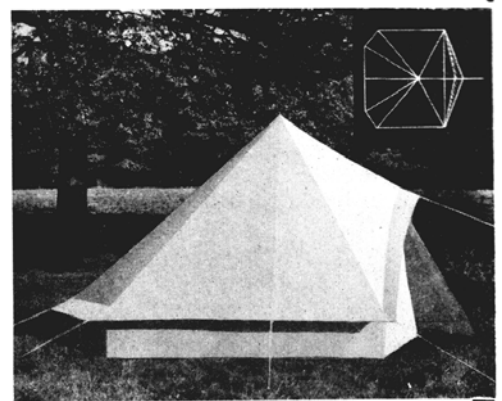
famous "ITISA" TENTS



"MK. II" (left): One Pole—One Guyline:  
7 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 9 in. deep, 5 ft. high:  
With alloy nesting pole (3 lb. 6 oz.) £9 3 6  
With outside inverted Poles (4½ lb.) £12 0 0  
Flysheel, with pegs (2 lb. 6 oz.) £6 2 6  
Groundsheet, rotproof (2½ lb.) £3 2 6

"SENIOR" (right): 7 ft. wide, 7 ft. deep,  
5ft. high, 1 ft. walls:  
With alloy nesting pole (4½ lb.) £11 3 6  
With outside inverted poles (6½ lb.) £14 0 0  
Flysheel, with pegs (2½ lb.) £7 0 0  
Groundsheet, rotproof (2½ lb.) £3 2 6

These are but two of the "tailored" tents illustrated and described in our comprehensive Catalogue listing all types of tents and equipment. Send to our Head Office for your copy.



CAMP & SPORTS  
(CAMTORS) LTD.

Head Office and Factory:

1-2, HARDWICK STREET, LONDON, E.C.1  
(Terminus 4760)

Shop and Showrooms:

16, BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD., VICTORIA,  
LONDON, S.W.1 (Victoria 4755)

# HANDBALL LAWS

*Mr. John Elvin (S.M. 13th West Ham N.) who has been organising a Handball league for his District suggests that the following rules be adopted by Scouts.*

## 1. Field of Play

Hall space. Dimensions as available. A centre mark. Circle at 3 yards radius of the centre. Goal 6 ft. x 3 ft. Goal area 3 yards. No corners (but penalty may be given against a player persistently putting the ball over his own goal line).

## 2. The Ball

Circumference not more than 28 in. size 4 or 5 football.

## 3. Number of Players

Six, not less than 4. Substitutes not permitted unless the referee (after consultation with the opposing captain) permits it.

## 4. Players' equipment

Soft shoes must be worn. Slippers, plimsolls or canvas shoes; nothing that will endanger any other player.

## 5. The Referee

He shall:-

- Enforce the rules and decide on any disputed point.
- Keep a record of the game and act as timekeeper.
- Be permitted to stop the game for any infringement, and have power to terminate or abandon the game whenever he feels that such action is necessary.
- Be permitted to caution any player guilty of misconduct or un-Scouting behaviour and suspend him from participating further in the game if necessary. Such action to be reported to the G.S.M., D.C. and the Sports Committee in writing.

## 6. Duration of Play.

Twenty minutes' play (ten minutes in each direction), interval not to exceed five minutes.

## 7. Start of Play

Team is lined up on the goal line. The ball bowled to the centre underarm, the play starts on the blast of the whistle. After a goal has been scored the game is restarted by a centre placed hit.

## 8. Ball out of Play

The ball is signalled out of play:-

- When it has crossed the goal line, or touched the goal line boundary.
- When it is fixed in a fitting, or article of furniture, or spectators.
- When the game has been stopped by the referee.

## 9. Methods of Scoring

When the whole of the ball has passed over the goal line between the goal posts, and under the cross-bar providing it has not been kicked or propelled with two hands.

In the event of there not being a cross-bar the referee's decision will be final.

## 10. Fouls and Misconduct

All penalties are indirect free hits. It is not permitted to:-

Kneel, kick, strike with or propel with two hands, jump at an opponent, trip, scoop, raise the ball above knee height, hold or push an opponent, charge in a violent manner, move backwards whilst in possession of the ball, charge from behind unless a player is obstructing, charge the goalkeeper or sandwich an opponent.

Join or rejoin a team during play without the referee's permission and then only at a stoppage.

Play in a manner likely to be considered dangerous.

Be guilty of un-Scout-like conduct.

The goalkeeper must play on his knees and may not advance more than 5 yards.

## 11. The Free hit and Goal hit

All players must be 3 yards from the ball. At any other stoppage the game shall be restarted by the ball being grounded between two opponents who will stand with both hands behind their backs an equal distance of 1 yard from the ball. The whistle will signal the hit.

# SENIOR SCOUT CEREMONIES

The following ceremonies for use under the new Senior Scout rules will replace those printed in "Over 15."

When a Scout is passing up into a Senior Troop the Advancement Ceremony may be used if desired, but where he already holds the First Class Badge, or where he is remaining in the Boy Scout Troop, this ceremony is unnecessary.

In either case, he should be invested as a Senior Scout when he has passed the Initial Test or holds the First Class Badge, and the Investiture Ceremony shown below will be used.

## ADVANCEMENT CEREMONY

Scouts assembled in double horseshoe, i.e. Boy Scout Troop form one horseshoe and Senior Troop form the other. Bases towards each other, but with ample space between. In centre stands G.S.M., S.M., S.M.(S.), or A.S.M.(S.), and Troop and Senior flags if available. Candidate is brought forward by S.M. and stands before S.M.(S.).

S.M.: "I bring you 'John Smith' who has been a member of our Group for - years. Will you accept him in the Senior Scout Troop?"

S.M.(S.): "I am prepared to accept John Smith as a member of the Senior Scout Troop. John, you are now 15. Are you willing to become a member of our Senior Scout Troop?"

Candidate: "I am."

S.M.(S.): "Are you prepared to continue working hard for your Initial Test or to complete your First Class in order to be invested as a Senior Scout?"

Candidate: "I am."

G.S.M.: "As a member of our Group you have today taken another important step forward. I have watched your progress in the past and I know I am going to be proud to see the success you make of your Senior Scouting in the future."

S.M.(S.): "On behalf of all the Senior Scouts I welcome you to our Troop." (Shakes hands.) (Introduces Candidate to his P.L.)

## INVESTITURE CEREMONY FOR SENIOR SCOUT

Before Investiture the Candidate must have passed the Initial Test or hold the First Class Badge.

The Troop will be drawn up in horseshoe formation. The Candidate comes forward unaccompanied.

"'John Smith,' do you wish to be invested as a Senior Scout?"

Candidate: "I do."

S.M.(S.): "Do you understand that in becoming a Senior Scout you will be expected to continue to set a high example, especially to the younger members of the Group, and to show progress in your Scout life, and in your understanding and practice of the Scout Promise and Law at all times?"

Candidate: "I do."

S.M.(S.): "Are you prepared to renew your Scout Promise realising your new responsibilities as a Senior Scout?"

Candidate: "I am."

S.M.(S.): "Repeat after me." (He administers the Promise and the Candidate repeats it after him - phrase by phrase. They then shake hands) "I trust you on your honour to do your best to keep this promise and may God help you in your endeavours." (Fastens Senior Scout epaulette & on Candidate.) "You are now a Senior Scout in our world-wide Brotherhood. I wish you many more years of adventure and happiness in Scouting."

(He may be given a Senior Scout Enrolment Card and his Senior Scout buttonhole Badge by the S.M.(S.).

The Candidate turns and salutes the Troop.

The G.S.M. and other Scouters congratulate him and shake his hand. He then rejoins his Patrol.

(In the case of a Candidate who will be joining a separate Senior Scout Patrol, the P.L. presents him with his Patrol Patch.)

*Note: Where there is no separate Senior Scout Troop - for S.M.(S.) read S.M.*

## FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

At the beginning of last month, I visited a County campsite' and had the pleasure of meeting the thirty-seven Patrols who had finished their camping competition. Fortunately, I was in time to join them at their Scouts' Own, one very pleasing feature of which was that the Lesson was read by a Rover Scout from the County who was undergoing his period of National Service and was on leave for the week-end. It was grand to see this young man in such close and active touch with his Scout friends.

On my way home, I could not help wondering whether every Group maintains that same close link with their serving Scouts during this period. From conversations with some of these fellows, news from the Group is very much appreciated and there is no doubt of the value of the close touch from the point of view of the future leadership of Scouting. We know that these Scouts make many new friends in and through the Services but they are still interested in their friends at home and what they are doing. And we want to encourage that interest as, when their period of service finishes, these fine young men are the very type we want in our Groups as A.C.M.s and A.S.M.s.

From time to time at meetings of Scouters, one hears complaints that the National Service period restricts the recruitment of Scouters from the Senior Troop and Rover Crew because many do not return to their Groups at the end of this two year "break," as I have heard it called. When this sort of remark is made one cannot avoid wondering whether this sad state of affairs may not be due to the lack of interest shown in the serving Scout by his old friends in the Group; and it does not seem a particularly good start to think of the National Service period as a break. In the good Group, a Scout on service is just as much a member of the family during that period as he was when he was in the Group room week after week. Letters and Group news are sent to him regularly and he is as closely in touch with affairs as he would be were he seeing his Scout friends every week. The result is that it is quite natural for him when he has some leave to visit the Group room at the first opportunity and, when his National Service is a thing of the past, to settle down to a job of service with that lot he is so proud to call "Our Group."

So, if you feel a little more could be done to keep in touch with your chaps on National Service how about making it a matter for discussion and action at the next meeting of the Group Council. But do not confine the action to Scouters; it is a pleasure in which every Senior and Rover can take his share.

A leaflet giving details of the Scout Migration Scheme to Victoria, Australia, is now available free of charge from the Overseas Department at I.H.Q. It will be remembered that brief details were published in THE SCOUTER a few months ago.

The scheme, which is approved by Her Majesty's Government and the Federal Government of Australia, is open to any Senior Scout of 15½ and under 17½ years on the date of sailing who is recommended by his G.S.M. and D.C. The cost to a Senior Scout migrating under this scheme is £5 towards the cost of his passage and one guinea for a medical examination.

Although the Scout will become the legal ward of the Minister of Migration on arrival in Australia, all arrangements for his reception, placing in suitable employment and supervision until he becomes of age, will be carried out by the Victoria Boy Scouts Association. Parents can be assured, therefore, that their boys will be well looked after. Every encouragement will be given to the Scout to study and to improve his position and reports will be called for from time to time to ensure that his health and general well-being are being looked after.

This scheme provides a first-rate opportunity for a Senior Scout who wants to settle in another part of the Commonwealth, and I hope that any Scouter who knows some of his Seniors may be interested will lose no time in writing to the Overseas Department for full details so that his Scouts may know that there is this special Migration Scheme for them.

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

## THE GILWELL LETTER

I'm very anxious to add to our Service Patrol strength for the coming winter and I cordially invite Rover Scouts in particular who live within reasonable reach of Gilwell and who would like to put in a weekend once every month or six weeks to let me know. We shall be happy to welcome Scouters, male and female, who wish to join our service Patrols but, obviously, warranted service is more important and Scouters would be invited to come to Gilwell on the clear understanding that they have the extra time to give and that it would not in any sense affect their work with the Troop or Pack except, I hope, to give them a few new ideas.

The organised Work Days planned for the winter, when all will be welcome, are:-

Sunday, October 30th, 1955.

Sunday, November 27th, 1955.

Sunday, February 26th, 1956.

Sunday, March 25th, 1956.

If you are within working distance of Gilwell, please come along.

In September we shall be publishing the Gilwell Diary of Training Courses for the next twelve months, and I shall be happy to send a copy to anyone who asks for it. It will also be available for distribution at the Reunion.

There are one or two innovations which I think are worth mentioning:-

**1. TRAINING AND TESTING FOR FIRST AND SECOND CLASS.** - We shall be holding two courses of this type, combining the two Badges. One course begins on Friday, November 11th and the other on Friday, January 27th, assembling in the evening and thus having a full day's work on the Saturday. The courses disperse at tea-time on Sunday.

I would like to make one point about this course: We are bound to be handicapped if people who apply expect to be taught the content of the Badges themselves. What we try to do is to make the presentation of these badges interesting, objective, and effective and also to offer what we believe are worthwhile methods of testing the content of the badges. I am sure you will appreciate that in one week-end there just isn't the time to deal with a Scouter, however willing he may be, who cannot tie the First and Second Class knots himself or who cannot recognise and identify a dozen trees, and teach him all that plus showing him how to train and test his Scouts. I am not asking for a fantastic standard of knowledge, but it would help us if those who apply for these particular courses are reasonably competent: I will not put it higher than that!

**2. PATROL ACTIVITIES.** - You know how much I believe in the Patrol System and I am convinced that for success it depends upon having a variety of worthwhile objects available for Patrols to carry out. Well, here are two courses brimful of those ideas (December 10th - 11th, 1955, and March 17th - 18th, 1956). They will offer a wide variety of Patrol activities to you, the Scouter, for onward transmission to the Patrols.

**3. SCOUT AND SENIOR SCOUT TRAINING COURSES.** - We shall be offering a wide range of Badge Courses for boys, and I am glad that we are able to do this once again. Now that the staff position is eased by the appointment of a Training Instructor we can venture back into the field from which we had to withdraw three years ago.

I know that the demand for places on these courses will be greater than we can hope to meet. We cannot take more than two boys from any one Troop. I am determined not to overcrowd the courses and it must be a matter of "first come, first served." The dates of all courses will be published in *The Scout* and in the Gilwell Diary.

*N.B.* - These are Training Courses: we do not award Badges: that is the job of the L.A.

**4. PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS' COURSE.** - On the suggestion of the Education Advisory Panel and with the support and approval of the Headmasters' Conference we are offering a course over the period Monday, April 16th to Sunday, April 22, 1956, which is



primarily for boys in Residential Public Schools who are in their last year at school and who may become interested in leadership in Scouting as a voluntary service when their school days are over. The course will not be limited to Scouts nor, indeed, will it be limited to non-Scouts.

I am determined that this particular venture shall be a tremendous success, and those of you who know boys in their last year at residential schools might breathe a word about the course and try to persuade them to come to Gilwell and sample its delights.

JOHN THURMAN,  
*Camp Chief*

## LUCK OF THE MONTH

By THE EDITOR

**June 19th.** - Have been reading a long and excellent article. "Pourquoi les jeunes quittent .. ." (Leakage to you!) in our excellent little contemporary World Scouting which far too few Scouters see. The article is based on discussions at a Conference in Paris. The summary of the article which follows seems to me so outstanding and wise that I am quoting it in full:-

"1. It is natural for a boy to get restless and try first this, then that he is always searching for 'New Horizons.' We must allow for this in our programmes by providing variety, fresh ways of doing old things, etc.

"2. The Scout may feel that there are not enough openings for his initiative and his desire for responsibility - though he will not talk like that; he will just say he is 'Fed up!' The Patrol system, when properly used, provides for initiative and responsibility. Often there are special or private difficulties, e.g. cost

"3. (family circumstances), awkward dates and times, clashes of personalities, etc. It is the business of the Scouter to find out these things and remove the difficulties when possible. A trifle to an adult may be a big thing to the boy.

"4. Sometimes the drabness of the meeting-place may put a boy off. Each Patrol needs its own corner and every encouragement should be given for ingenious decorations.

"5. Perhaps the Pack or Troop is run on lines that are too much like the school. The greatest possible difference in method is essential.

"6. A rigid, arbitrary discipline and routine will soon dishearten a mettlesome boy; thus, in camp, long fussy inspections are wearisome. The Scouter can get good order without using a heavy hand.

"7. As he gets older the Scout may get bored with Scouting if he goes over the same old ground again and again. This calls for imaginative and special activities with the freedom of personal responsibility and trust, plus opportunities for achievement.

"8. It is inevitable that as he gets older the Scout must apply himself more seriously and give more time to his studies. We must not hamper his preparation for examinations, but encourage him. This calls for elasticity in Troop arrangements.

"9. The quality and personality of the Scouter is the decisive factor, plus his knowledge of each boy and of his parents."

**June 22nd.** - Delightful occasion: tea (with strawberries and cream!) on the terrace of the House of Commons by very kind invitation of the Parliamentary branch of the B.-P. Scout Guild.

**June 24th.** - Donald Low, Warden of Danemead (Chingford District Site) writes :- "I have just completed a Backwoodsman Badge Course at Danemead-Chingford District site, and can report that the boys used both rabbits and pigeons. The rabbits were tame ones, obtained through the local butcher, and were rather expensive.. The boys, however, were given the option with the result that 50 per cent chose rabbits and 50 per cent pigeons, the former at 7s. 6d. each and the latter at 1s. 3d. each.

"A week ago I was asked for my opinion on this test by a Scouter from another District, who told me that another District with which he was acquainted allowed the boys to cook chops in clay. My own personal opinion on this is that the boy will be disappointed with the chop - a rabbit or small bird is much more glamorous, and of course it is the whole animal or bird and not a very small part. Incidentally the boys on the Course preferred cooking in clay to roasting on a spit or grilling.."

**June 30th.** - Letter from the lively and always welcome Scott Patrol of Christchurch, New Zealand, telling me about the Silver Wolf salute: they add "Did you also know that a First Class Scout having all rounds cords is entitled to sign his name with a Stafford Knot!?" Did you?

**July 1st.** - Honoured to drink sherry at the invitation of the Director of the International Bureau, Dan Spry, with the President of the Boy Scouts of the Philippines the Hon. Jorge Vargas, and His Excellency the Philippine Ambassador, lively and charming representatives of a most likeable people.

**July 2nd.** - "Unbirthday" presents are always the nicest. The 1st Cringila Pack of New South Wales (bless their hearts) sent me some Australian stamps with this message from their Akela "We hope that these will help you with your new stamp collections. Many thanks for the help we receive from THE SCOUTER." All over the world unseen friends hold out their hands of friendship - all because of a man we call B.-P.

**July 4th.** - You may have missed this, quoted by Atticus of the Sunday Times recently, from the Czech paper Cesta Miru:-

"Five members of the former Boy Scout organisation were sentenced to terms of from six months to four years by a Liberec court today on charges that although the registration of members for the Scout movement was no longer allowed, they continued to be active and to exert a harmful influence on young people. They could not reconcile themselves to the idea that the Scout movement built up by the British general Baden-Powell, which is still providing England with cadres for the intelligence service, has no longer a place in this country."

**July 5th.** - Interested to hear that the Guide Headquarters will in future be known as Commonwealth (instead of Imperial) Headquarters.

**July 6th.** - In our contemporary, The Guider, came across this in a most sensible article by Elizabeth Hartley: "The French say 'The British go to camp to make a home. We go to camp to have adventure'." Miss Hartley goes on to ask: "Is the French comment fair?" What do you think?

**July 8th.** - Hazel Addis tells me the story of a Cub called Jeremy Manton of the 2nd Lymstone Pack, who was in Oslo during Bob-a-Job week, so he donned his uniform and earned the equivalent of 10/-. (Senior Scouts, Rover Scouts, and all other elder Brothers, please note.)

REX HAZLEWOOD.



## ACROSS NO MAN'S LAND

The theory is simple and straightforward enough: the eleven-year-old Wolf Cub will be anxious and avid to leave behind the tender vines of the Cub jungle and to enter boldly into the adventure that the Scout Troop offers him. The practice does not always quite work out in that way. Not all Cubs want to go up; the figures show conclusively that many Cubs when they get up do not like it.

Now I am not one of the ostrich-like people who feel that we should keep all boys in Scouting all the time; I am concerned only that we keep more boys for a little longer. I believe that one of the things we need to look at personally and as a Movement is this transition period from Cub to Scout, which is what I propose to deal with now, and, indeed, all those periods of transition between one section and another.

Suppose we try to look at it from the boy's point of view.

A high proportion of the Cubs who go up will be Sixers and Seconds. If they have been Cubs in a lively, well-run Pack they probably have two Stars and anything between four and eight Proficiency Badges, and that is really quite a deal of display material for a 4 ft. 8 in. boy and he is naturally very proud of it. Additional to the outward display he is also something of a fellow; he knows that Akela places some reliance on him; he probably has some responsibilities, collecting the subs., marking the progress board; he has attended Sixers' Council Meetings, and he has been allowed to go to the District Sixers' fandangos or Two-Star-Cub-Only outings. He is something of a privileged person. What is more, he knows Akela, Baloo, and Bagheera, he is used to them and he likes them and, in fact, he is quite comfortable in the Pack. Suddenly, for no real reason that he can follow, he ceases to be no end of a fellow and finds himself No. 8 in the Rattlesnake Patrol. It is all very well to tell him that it is better to be the tail of a lion than the head of a mouse, but his unspoken reply will be "It's me that is having to make the change, not you."

If the boy really feels out of it, discarded by the Pack and not really welcomed into the Scout Troop, then it is small wonder that he leaves and, in fact, great wonder that any stay. Yet the truth is that if we can teach him to go from the top to the bottom and start again we are giving him one of the finest pieces of training for life that he is likely to get anywhere.

Let us begin by considering the going-up ceremony which, to my certain knowledge, varies from Group to Group between not happening at all and happening in such an elaborate fashion that it is terrifying to the small boy concerned.

I think the going-up ceremony should be a sort of family party, an occasion for rejoicing, never one for weeping. If Akela must weep then let her do it privately in the small hours of the morning, and if the Scoutmaster must weep at having to take in yet another ex-Cub then he, too, must choose a time and place where it will not be noticed. Of course there would be nothing to weep about if our Scout Groups really acted as families instead of, as sometimes happens, disconnected units joined together by P.O.R. Yes, this going-up ceremony should be an occasion for rejoicing, the Pack proud of the achievements of the Cub who is about to become a Scout and the Troop eager to receive another worth-while recruit from the Pack. It is my hope that one day every Cub will be invested as a Scout on the same night that he goes into the Troop, and only then shall we have done away with "No Man's Land" that horrible, daunting piece of human country in which so many boys get lost.

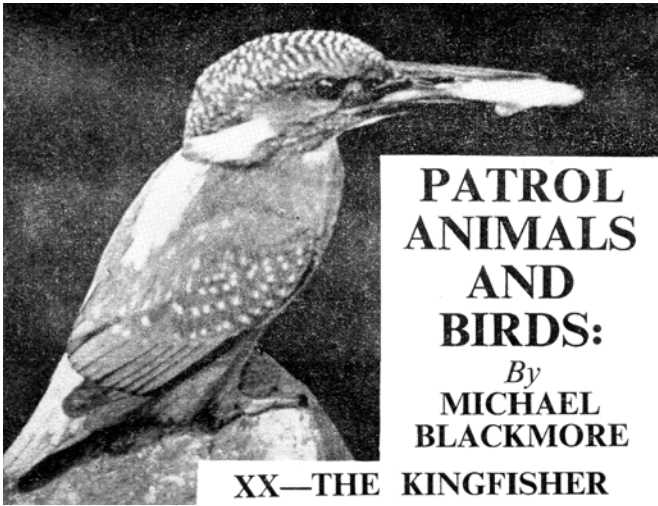
Before you pick up your pens and write to me wrathfully I will say at once that I have no use at all for the Cub learning to pass his Tenderfoot Tests through the instruction of the Old Wolves. What I do suggest is that during the last couple of months of his time as a Cub the Scoutmaster should visit the Pack once or twice and have with him the Cub's prospective Patrol Leader. That Patrol Leader will train the Cub in the Tenderfoot Test. Truth to tell, it is not going to take very long for if the boy is any sort of Cub he will know four of the six knots and I cannot believe that a Two Star Cub will take more than a minute and a half to learn the woodcraft signs. The Scout Law is going to take a little longer, but not all that long.



UP AND OVER!

The important thing surely is that the Cub and his future Patrol Leader are getting to know each other and weighing each other up in the way boys do. Just before the going-up ceremony is fixed, the Cub will be tested by one of the Scouters and, I hope, will pass with flying colours.

If this has been done then it opens the door for the investiture to be held on the same night as the going-up ceremony. Very briefly I suggest that the ceremony should be carried out in this way:- The leave-taking ceremony of the Pack with the Troop drawn up quietly at the other end of the meeting place. Personally I would cut down tremendously on the hand-shaking farewells; my observation tells me that small boys do not like shaking hands and their normal method of greeting is either vocal or consists of a dig in the ribs or kidneys. The important thing is that the Cub takes part in the Grand Howl for the last time, makes his Cub Promise to Akela and that everybody realises that he is "going up" not going down, out, or away. The Cub is then taken forward by Akela and I hope is presented first to the Group Scoutmaster, the fellow who is so often overlooked and whose real function as I see it in relation to the boy is to provide the continuing link between the various stages of Scouting. The Cub will receive a friendly word from the G.S.M. who was probably there when the Cub made his first Promise, and then on to the Scoutmaster who by this time is no stranger but someone the Cub is anxious to get to know even better. At this point the Pack should be taken into another room, and this is an opportunity for Akela to give a yarn which will keep the Pack quiet whilst their ex-member is invested. The Pack should certainly not be present during the Scout investiture for this is a secret ceremony reserved for those who are Scouts. As soon as the Pack is away then the boy should make his Scout Promise, and it does not require very much ingenuity to arrange for his uniform to be there or, at any rate, his shirt with the Scout Badge, his hat or beret, and his Patrol shoulder knot. He is welcomed into the Patrol and then the Pack come back to see not a Cub looking strangely wrong and apparently standing in the wrong place because he is dressed differently from his neighbours, but a new Scout, No.8 in the Rattlesnake Patrol and mighty proud to be there.



**PATROL  
ANIMALS  
AND  
BIRDS:**  
*By*  
**MICHAEL  
BLACKMORE**

**XX—THE KINGFISHER**

Last month I visited a large lake in Surrey because I knew that it was a favourite haunt of the kingfisher, our most brilliant native bird. It was a hot summer afternoon and as I had been walking for several miles I sat down on the bank to enjoy a short rest. In any case one always, has a better chance of seeing wild creatures if one sits down and waits quietly in some sheltered spot.

There was plenty to occupy my attention. Flocks of swifts and sand-martins were hawking for flies in the bright sunshine and on the lake itself a pair of great-crested grebes, looking magnificent in their chestnut breeding plumage, were swimming among the water-lilies followed by their family of four youngsters. While watching them I heard the sound I had been waiting for - a shrill but quite musical whistle - and then two kingfishers flew out from some willow trees about a hundred yards away and began to chase each other in play. They skimmed over the lake in circles, twisting and turning so close to the surface that it was difficult at times to distinguish the burning orange of their breasts from its reflection on the water. No wonder that natural history writers in search of a poetic phrase have sometimes called the kingfisher "a living jewel." The vivid blues and greens of their upper parts, which changed in intensity according to the way the light fell on them, reminded me more of the brilliant tropical butterflies one sees in glass cases than of any bird.

The kingfishers' game was over in less than a minute. After flying to a perch in the willow trees they settled down to the serious business of hunting. It was fascinating to watch them as they sat on the overhanging branches a yard or two above the water and stared intently into the shallows waiting for small fish to show themselves. At regular intervals one of the birds would make a sudden plunge (so fast that the eye could scarcely follow it) and return to its perch with a minnow or roach about three inches long. If the prey struggled it was given a sharp tap against the branch and then the successful hunter would vanish for a few moments round a bend in the lake where there was evidently a nest of hungry youngsters. Altogether I counted over twenty dives in the space of half an hour and the kingfishers were still fishing busily when I left to catch my bus home.

One does not normally expect to find a shy species like the kingfisher in the midst of towns but it is quite surprising how often it occurs on streams and ponds in built-up areas. Until six years ago a pair nested occasionally on a canal within six miles of central London. Since then a new housing estate has been built on some adjoining land and the birds have moved elsewhere. As a general rule kingfishers visit towns mostly during the winter months, for at this season they have a habit of venturing many miles from their breeding haunts.

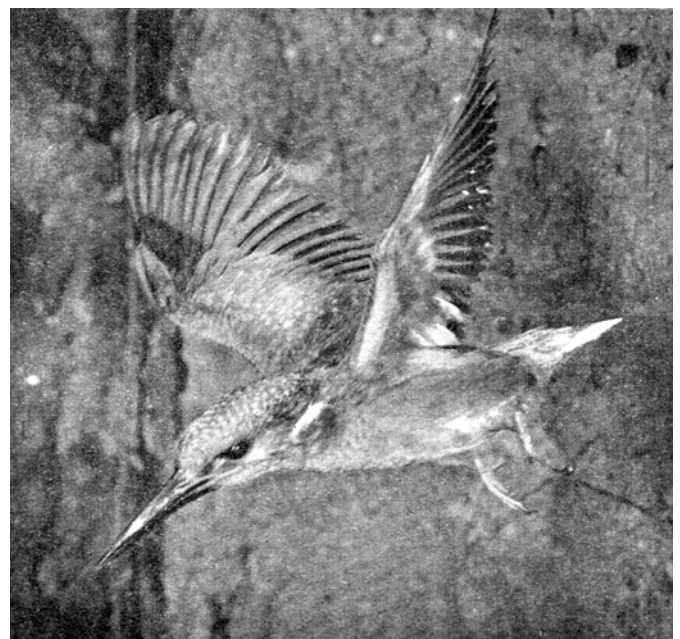
I can think of at least three well-populated districts in southern England where I have recorded odd specimens between October and February. The most unexpected place in which I have come across one was under a main bridge in the centre of a busy city.

Traffic crossing the river at this point was often very heavy but the kingfisher became so accustomed to it that it used to perch on one of the supporting piers while cars, buses and lorries thundered overhead less than twenty feet away. If I had not happened to look over the parapet I should never have suspected that the bird was there.

Kingfishers do not necessarily confine themselves to fresh water throughout the year. If you live on the coast you can expect to see them occasionally (again in winter as a rule) on estuaries and beaches where there are plenty of pools containing prawns, shrimps and whitebait. Just before the breeding season starts these shore-visiting kingfishers move inland again, either following the course of a river up stream or flying over land from one stretch of water to another. In mentioning this habit I do not mean to imply that every kingfisher leaves its freshwater habitat in winter. Many stay on the same lake or river for life and the odd birds one sees on the coast are often juvenile specimens without any defined territory. With some experience you can distinguish a young kingfisher from the adults owing to its duller plumage.

The ancient Greeks were so impressed by the kingfisher's beauty that they invented a special legend about the bird. In the same way as Orpheus the poet was supposed to charm all wild creatures by the entrancing music of his lyre so was the kingfisher reputed to subdue the wind and the sea by its magical colours in order to rear its young ones safely in a floating nest on the ocean. But if the story-tellers of old had known what a kingfisher's nest was really like they might have had rather a shock because it is not a very pleasant object. The bird excavates a tunnel in the bank of a river or lake for a distance of two or three feet, and having hollowed out a small chamber it lays about six round eggs on a pile of rotting fish-bones and scales. As time goes by more partly digested bones are added until the nest becomes extremely foul-smelling, at least to a human being. Birds do not seem to have a highly developed sense of smell which is just as well in a case like this.

The kingfisher's egg is pure white and the absence of colour is not just a haphazard occurrence. It is quite usual among species that breed in dark places. The eggs of swifts and woodpeckers are also laid in holes and therefore nature has not provided them with any markings or dull colours. These act as a camouflage and become necessary only when the nest is visible to a potential enemy such as a crow, jay or magpie. The wood-pigeon and turtle-dove are exceptions in that they both build in the open and lay conspicuous white eggs. It is probable that these species originally nested in holes (like their close relatives the stock-dove and rock-dove still do) but have gradually broken away from this ancestral habit' before the slow process of evolution has had time to bring about a change in the colour of their eggs.



## 10. EXCERPTS FROM THE LOG OF H.M.S. OCEAN'S DEEP SEA ROVER CREW

Our first camp in Japan was held near Hiroshima at a place called Kanokogaishi. We started off through the small town of Kaidaichi which was a purgatory of dust and smell. As we passed a small cafe we gave a cheery wave to the proprietor who smiled broadly and went inside and put on a record of Sir Harry Lauder singing "Loch Lomond."

The road crossed the railway twice before we reached the mouth of the valley we were to ascend. It was not a big valley; about a mile wide where it joined the plain, and it rose in steps on either side of the stream which flowed down the centre. Each step was a rice field whose elevation was so adjusted that the water from the central stream farther up the valley could be tapped off into irrigation channels, where it drained from one paddy field to another until it reached the main water-way again.

We had walked about three miles by the time we reached the middle of the valley, and we agreed that now we were free to climb out of strict uniform and assume hiking rig. Our shirts were sodden by this time so we donned bush jackets or towellette shirts (of indeterminate age and debatable colour) and fastened the original shirts across our packs to dry.

As we set off Alan and I stowed our berets away and produced a couple of peaked caps which kept the sun out of our eyes though we looked more like American tourists; the only one who went the whole distance properly rigged was Dave.

We had lunch near the bottom of the valley and pushed on into what proved to be the most exacting part of the hike. By now there was scarcely a breath of wind to stir the valley air and the heat of the sun beat down upon us to make us even hotter. Sweat poured off us in never-ending streams: our eyes smarted with the salty sting of it. The road became steeper and more narrow, the packs seemed to increase in weight and the effort to keep moving became more and more painful. All the while the swift-flowing stream in its wide bed chuckled happily and seemed to be laughing at us.

Tom and Dave were setting a cracking pace and when we reached the half-way mark we found a little waterfall with several feet of water below it so we decided to down packs and dip.

Trunks were quickly donned and in no time we were reclining in that heaven-sent pool. Soon the heat passed from our bodies and gaiety returned to the party; after fifteen minutes a Crew Council was convened with due solemnity and in three feet of water.

The map we were using was made during the war from aerial photographs, so in a very short space of time we found streams miles out and hills that were not even marked.



It seemed impossible to reach our intended destination before nightfall so we decided to press on for a couple more hours or so until we came across a reasonable camp site. This we did, and after another hour we were startled to find a new white dam about thirty feet high and behind that again an even bigger one still under construction. The space between the dams being about one hundred feet and full of water.

A short distance above the upper dam was a patch of clean sand sheltered by an embankment, a few yards away a pebbly stream of clear, cool, fast-running water (I had some purifying tablets which we used as an extra precaution). We viewed it from all angles and decided that it was an ideal site.

Our triumphal entry to the site was marred by the undignified manner in which Doc decided to take a bath: Tom stepped off the plank which crossed the stream just as Doc reached the middle of it. There was a strangled yell, and a big splash and several thumps as various articles of kit came to earth. The delighted locals gathered up the gear as Doc crawled out of two feet of water and we carried on up the stream to the camp laughing, if undignified.

We made camp and settled ourselves in, then collected firewood. Dry bamboo was easy to come by so we made a huge pile as it burns very swiftly, and supper was soon consumed though not without comment and usual remarks about the cooks. As we had no tents we slept in lightweight sleeping-bags on ground-sheets with mosquito netting over the top. We rigged these, had a last dip in the dam and then retired feeling that we had earned our rest.

Next morning we breakfasted in style alongside the stream and filled ourselves with eggs, bacon, and fried rusks. Before long we began to feel the heat again so we decided on a cold lunch. How the day passed it is difficult to say in detail; several trips were made to the dam on swimming expeditions, exploring the bamboo forest and finding a site for the next camp. We talked with a student from Hiroshima University who was working through the holidays; we chatted on many interesting subjects and learned much of each other's way of life. At 16.15 we struck camp, said our farewells and started on our way. What a difference from the previous day's toil! We slowed up a little for a couple who had rubbed their heels on the rocks while getting firewood, but how much easier it was to go downwards than upwards!

We swung along to the strains of old Scouting songs and reached the station with time to spare, though we did stop near the bottom of the valley for a last swim and final dress up. As we passed through the town again a local policeman looked at us as if we were mad; he was probably right!

Our second camp in Japan was a really well-organised affair. The Crew split into two sections of four and each section obtained three days' leave: Section A was to start its leave p.m. Thursday, August 21st, and Section B were to start theirs p.m. Saturday, August 23rd. By this strategy we managed to spend one day in camp together, and relieve the congestion in our two tents by only having to double up for one night.

Promptly at half-past twelve "Chief," "Nobby," Tom and Bert nipped smartly over the side and started hurling gear into the "Land Rover" which was to convey it and two members of the party to the camp site. "Chief" and Tom having kindly volunteered to risk the journey in the "Land Rover" "Nobby" and Bert were left to make their own way.

We ("Nobby" and Bert) caught a train from Kure station to Kaidaichi where we started the hike of about six miles to the camp. Whether conditions were easier than on the previous hike is a debatable point, "Nobby" and I holding firmly to the view that our youth told. Anyhow we reached camp by about 17.00 hours and found the other two still moving in.

The site they had chosen was situated on a hillside overlooking a stream and the ground covered to a large extent with scrub and fern and surrounded on three sides by trees. The "Land Rover" had been able to approach to within a few hundred yards of the camp and the equipment and food had been conveyed over the remaining distance with the aid of a regiment of highly intrigued small boys whose efforts we rewarded with ship's biscuits. We erected our two tents and settled in to the strains of "Tales from Vienna Woods" played over a loudspeaker by the Japanese dam workers; though whether this was a kindly gesture to us we were unable to decide.

# ROVER ROUNDABOUT

It seems quite likely, for the local people were always very kind and helpful to us.

Before we retired for the night Tom brightly pointed out that there were still occasional bears and other wild animals wandering freely in the surrounding woods. It was, he said, not advisable to pet or feed any strange objects which might be found wandering around the camp at night. Despite this wandering we slept the sleep of the just and innocent, and our only visitors were a few sociable mosquitoes and a mild-looking toad which Bert found nestling at his feet in a friendly fashion the next morning.

The next morning we spent in improving the campsite and furthering international relationships. This complicated procedure which the United Nations find so difficult we achieved by swimming with them and showing them photographs of England and of our families.

In the afternoon we were joined by "Tug," Alan, Cedric, and "Bish" who with their usual low cunning arrived just in time for tea. At first we thought they were trying to persuade the natives that they were American tourists, but we learned later that it was only their version of camp dress that they were wearing.

As all our water had to be carried up from the stream we decided to rig sheer legs on the cliff and thus lighten our task. So after supper we turned to and by the time we had them rigged it was quite dark, so we had our "camp fire" and cocoa, and retired to our tents.

The night was very hot and some of us feeling restless and unable to sleep went for a stroll down the valley. The night was cool and pleasant and the small noises of the night carried clearly on the still night air, and in the banks and hedges around us the pale lights of glow worms and fireflies hung like moonbeams trapped in crystal globes. Looking down the valley we could see an occasional lighted window and the coloured lights on the railway track across the mouth of the valley. Farther away lighthouses flashed their kindly warning across the Inland Sea and the lights of the fishing boats dipped and gleamed on the swell.

We walked slowly down into the village; the world was ours. We saw not a living thing, nothing stirred and we found ourselves talking in hushed voices one uses in cathedrals and similar places. We walked to the bottom of the valley and then walked as slowly back again to the camp, arriving just as dawn began to lighten the sky. After an unsuccessful attempt to start a fire with Japanese matches, which are at their most temperamental at that hour of the morning, we decided that the others could do without their early morning cup of tea and turned in.

By the time we made our appearance the rest of the crew had washed and made themselves semi-presentable and a mouth-watering odour of bacon and wood smoke was pervading the camp. After breakfast we split up into swimming, climbing, and exploring parties, etc., until dinner time.

"Chief" performed marvels of culinary wizardry ably assisted by his acolyte "Nobby," and a camp stew followed by tinned fruit and cream vanished with such speed that even "Tug" had no time to speak. While the second party washed up the mess-tins the others had a last swim and prepared to depart. They left us at about 16.00 hours accompanied by "Tug" and Alan who went with them to the village.

That night was cool and dry and our increased proficiency in erecting anti-mosquito defences together with the additional space gave us a much more comfortable night.

The last day we spent in swimming and striking camp. We eventually left, rather reluctantly, after having given all our surplus food to the workers on the dam who presented us with a water melon in return.

We all voted the camp the most enjoyable we had yet spent and were very sorry to leave. We had made many friends whom we will most certainly revisit should we return to Japan. This, we decided, was positive proof of "looking wide."

**A. G. VIRGO,**  
*Rover Mate.*

When my copy of the National Trust Year Book arrived recently I was surprised and pleased to find a loose sheet extolling the virtues of that fine body, with an illustration by a man whose work I know quite well, one Norman Mans-bridge. His little sketches are a joy and the man whose job it is to illustrate the Crew log would be well advised to look out for them; their simplicity and effectiveness are just the thing for putting it across in pictures. This was a reprint of a page which had appeared in *Punch*. We of the Movement owe them much for by their good works there is preserved for our delight over a thousand properties covering 213,000 acres, and a Crew would do well to explore their local N.T. properties: as a theme for a Ramblers' Badge it has much to commend it. A Crew with property locally could do quite a lot to help in the upkeep with voluntary help, especially after a weekend horde had finished with their paper bags and ice-cream cartons. If you can spare a matter of twenty shillings for a year's subscription I suggest it is money well spent.

London Rovers have been busy just lately and their efforts have received recognition from the highest circles. In the first place for many years there have been a team of about a dozen whose job has been to officiate at the doors of Westminster Palace at the State Opening of Parliament, and this year the Secretary received a letter of thanks from the Lord Chamberlain.

Again, during the rail strike an appeal was received from the Police Commissioner asking for evening help in the canteens. Over 100 fellows answered the call and their evenings were spent washing up, cleaning up the tables and premises, and cooking. A letter delivered by a policeman Scouter came to London office from Sir John Nott Bower, the Police Commissioner, followed by others from the Assistant Commissioner and the Superintendent of the Police Canteen service. One of the officials said he had never had such a willing team of helpers: they didn't mind what they did and their cheerful demeanour did a lot to help out the busy periods and long hours which everybody had to endure at that time.

Notes from Herts tell of a Rover/Ranger trip down London's River and a view of the Maritime Museum at Greenwich where they were shown round by a friend of mine who certainly qualifies for Rover status as two years ago he sailed single-handed across to Holland for his holidays, no mean feat for one man. They also gave notices of Rover/Ranger co-operation in a cycle ride, barbeque, and a demonstration lightweight camping evening. I have spent a day at their County Rover camp and the influx of Senior Scouts shows itself in the faces of the audience at all places and here indeed it was very marked.

A helper from another Crew camped one week-end with me, during the time we judged a Senior Scout Competition and this week he sends me a Forces Bulletin from H.M.S. *Collingwood* Crew which makes good reading, and if any of your fellows get a posting to this place make sure that they team up with the D.S.R. Crew Secretary, Robin Blackwell, 160c Mess, and he will see that they are welcome.

Another Rover stalwart, Percy W. Blandford, has written to tell me of a Rover Wood Badge course, the first to be held outside London since the war. Thirteen candidates met at Rough Close near Coventry and the course was spread over three weekends. There were nine R.S.L.s and four Commissioners with an average age of well over 40 (I presume these fellow Rovers could at that age be trusted to run the sections programmes with a minimum of interference from the theorists). Thank heavens there are these keen types willing to give their spare time in an endeavour to benefit their younger brothers. A splendid end to this course was their attendance at the Annual Service of rededication held by Coventry Rovers in one of the surviving crypts of the blitzed Cathedral with the service conducted by the Provost.

I know from experience that those weekends will remain a very happy memory for those men and the friendships made an encouragement in the days to come.

The South Eastern Counties Rover Moot begins to take shape. Gilwell is to be the venue and next Easter the date.

Our friend John Thurman has been most helpful in the preliminary arrangements and a programme is in course of preparation with all considerations made for both the time and place. Here indeed is a wonderful chance for some of our young men to sample the atmosphere, that Gilwell has: its associations and fitments make an impression on me each time I go up the lane from the main road to this home of Scouting. If you don't camp with your Troop at Easter, or take your Seniors on an expedition, do come with all your Crew for a weekend's inoculation of Rover Spirit distilled from the vat of Rover Brotherhood! Be seeing you.

JACK SKILLEN.

## “ON SLEEPING OUT”

By MICHAEL PEYTON

Having my tent washed away was one of the best things that ever happened to me. I was in the Lakes; every beck 'was a torrent, the bodies of sheep floated through the towns, roads were under water and it was my first camping holiday. With my kit - what I had considered the absolute, bare essentials - drastically and irretrievably reduced I had one of the finest holidays ever. When I cooked it was over fires, and for shelter - I had either to find it or make it. Since then, over fifteen years ago, I have never carried a tent or a Primus in my rucksac.

My system is simple. If the weather looks doubtful I look for shelter, and it is suprising how much you can find and what you can make. If the weather is fine a tent is no loss, and if my weather forecasting is proved wrong I roil up my sleeping-bag and walk through the night. The advantages I have found in doing without a tent (besides the obvious one of travelling light) are many and various.

Once two of us were on a canoeing trip. We had bedded down in a small wood and were just dozing off when we heard some one approaching in the darkness. Only when it was obvious that the visitor was going to walk over us did we sit up. The man turned and fled, leaving two dead rabbits behind. Obviously he was a poacher and the wood, although we did not know it at the time, was private. If we had been in a tent he would have avoided us. As it was, we cooked and ate his health the following day.

Another time when sleeping beside a dyke on the Thames estuary two of us were awakened by the sound of a car slowly bumping its way over the rough track that led to a groyne. This groyne was a long narrow pier with a fort on the end of it; it had been built during the war to stop E-boat attacks but now, except for the occasional bird-watcher, it was unused. We were a bit surprised to see a car in such a spot and more so when it drew off the track and switched its lights off., For a time we lay watching it, then as no one got out we dozed off, thinking it was none of our business. But later we were awakened again by a lorry which came along to the end of the track. The three occupants got out and started loading something on to it. They had just finished their task when the first arrival switched on its headlights and some policemen stepped on to the scene. After a little chat they all left together. There was no argument, but it was an arrest all the same. It seems that the groynes, wired during the war, had been stripped of all their cables. The thieves had been relying on the loneliness of the spot to get away with it. We saw it all but nobody saw us; a tent would at least have prompted the request, “Move along, please.”

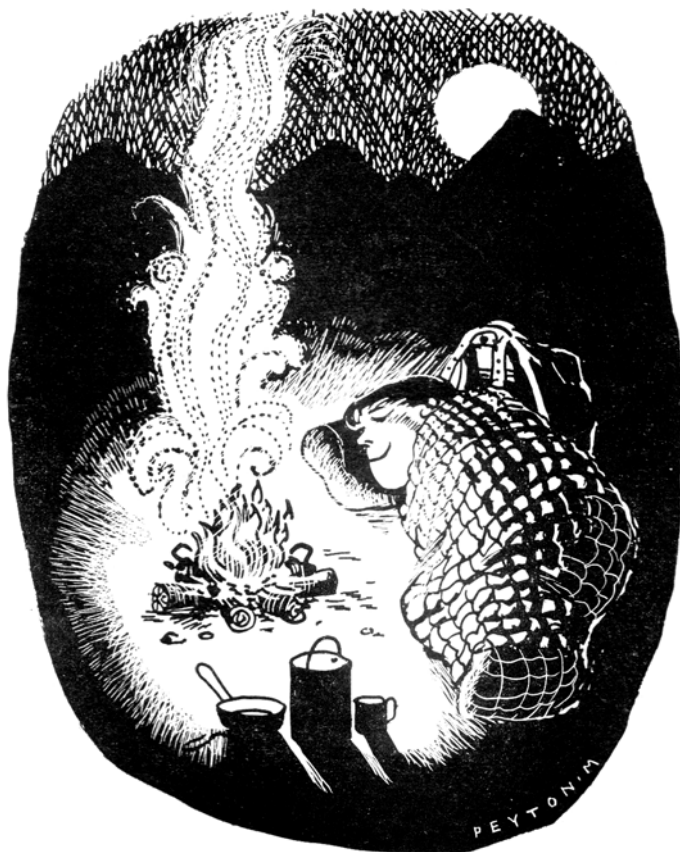
Often I have been awakened by animals, generally squirrels, and I have been able to lie and watch them. Once in the Black Forest I woke up to find a deer browsing nearby, and another time in the Jotunheimen in Norway, after spending most of the previous day trying unsuccessfully to get close to a herd of reindeer, I woke to find them all round me. If I had pitched a tent they would never have come so close.

Again when I lived in London I often took a sleeping-bag and slept in the parks on the hot summer's nights - it made a change.

But without a doubt the best place to sleep out is in high hills, and I can think of few better places to wake up on a fine summer's morning than on a mountain. And it need not necessarily be summer as long as it is dry and you have a good sleeping-bag.

One New Year's Eve two of us were staying at Bryn Hall Youth Hostel. We intended to walk over the Carneddts the following day but after supper the night promised so well that New Year's Eve saw us plodding up the Carneddts in the moonlight. Shortly before midnight we were making ourselves at home just below the crest of Carnedd Llewellyn. Making ourselves at home was a simple matter: a windbreak of stones and the rucsac, and our boots wrapped in our anoraks for a pillow was quite sufficient. Once down out of the wind and into our sleeping bags we were quite snug. Below us we could see the faint clusters of lights that marked the coastal towns and the faint sound of the hooters that were welcoming in the New Year came drifting up to us. I remember thinking at the time that I couldn't think of any better place to be.

I am not denying that sleeping out has its disadvantages, but compared with the pleasures and experiences I have got out of it I feel they are easily outweighed. Finding or making shelter becomes a challenge and the more meagre the materials the more satisfaction you get out of a successful bivvi. With a tent it is just another camp site; without one your imagination is exercised and your ingenuity stretched, at times even strained. But you always seem to manage. At least, I always have done up to now.



# CAMPING? - WHY THIS IS PLANE SAILING

Bang, bump, bump, bump, - would this bouncing beastie never settle? At last it did, and I loosened the safety belt, hopped out of the sailplane and waved a reassuring hand towards the top of the Downs, where my instructor was timing me.

The last few minutes were the climax of nearly four days' training with a primary glider. I had arrived at Dunstable Downs one Sunday evening in May of 1936, after a somewhat tiring journey. I was allotted a type of "cottage" tent which was to be my sleeping quarters for the next few days, and given a meal in the clubhouse of the London Gliding Club. I was then made a member and told the general arrangements for the week. The clubhouse was a long narrow building not unlike the buildings around an aerodrome, and it was there that I messed with the thirty or forty others who were attending the training course in primary gliding.

After I had settled in I wandered around to see how the others were getting on, but found them returning with the gliders, so had to be content with a view of the machines. Weird things they appeared to be. They reminded me of the first successful aeroplane of the Wright brothers, all wires and sails, but instead of a propeller a strut projected us front and on it a pilot was strapped, his feet on a rudder bar and a joy stick between his knees. By pressing with his right foot the tail of the rudder turns right and the glider turns to starboard, and similarly by pressing with the left foot the glider turns to port. The control column, or joystick, working on a universal socket, controls both the elevators and the ailerons.

Monday morning brought with it a glorious day and a happy band of air explorers, some busily engaged in drawing into position airworthy gliders by means of light tractors, others occupied in preparing large elastic ropes for the launching teams. These elastic ropes were attached to the nose of the glider. Two teams of five took up their position, each team holding one half of the rope, and making a V with the pilot. Then, on the instructor's word of command, the two teams started to move with rope until they were running. Next, those holding the plane were told to release and off went the glider. The elastic rope dropped to the ground when the strain eased. At first the launches were little more than "slithers" along the ground on the skid, but as soon as the pilot proved that he could keep the plane in an upright position the launches were increased in strength, the plane took the air and completed what is known as a ground hop. Gradually the ground hops increased in length and with each the instructor gave instructions for the pilot to follow.

An experienced mountaineer, who was amongst us, said that it was more thrilling for him to be a few feet off the ground in a glider than to look down from 10,000 feet. One evening, when the sailplanes were in their hangar, someone spotted a plane circling above the landing ground.

This provided matter for speculation until it became known that a model glider enthusiast had been waiting for two hours for his glider to land, during which time no loss of height was apparent!

Each day passed too quickly, and each launch provided its thrill often for both pilot and onlooker. Thursday came, and I learned that I was to be launched from the top of the Downs in an attempt to gain both A and B Certificates. This entailed staying more than 2½ minutes in the air and make a successful landing. Sometimes 2½ minutes can seem a very long time.

So, after lunch, we linked a glider on to the motor winch, which took it to the top ridge of the Downs. There must have been an excursion of some kind there that day, for we were soon surrounded by a large crowd of grown-ups and children. As I was to catch an early bus to London, I was to make the first attempt. Down below me were nesting amongst the orchards as. the local couplet says:

"Wing, Tring and Ivanhoe;  
Three little villages all in a row."

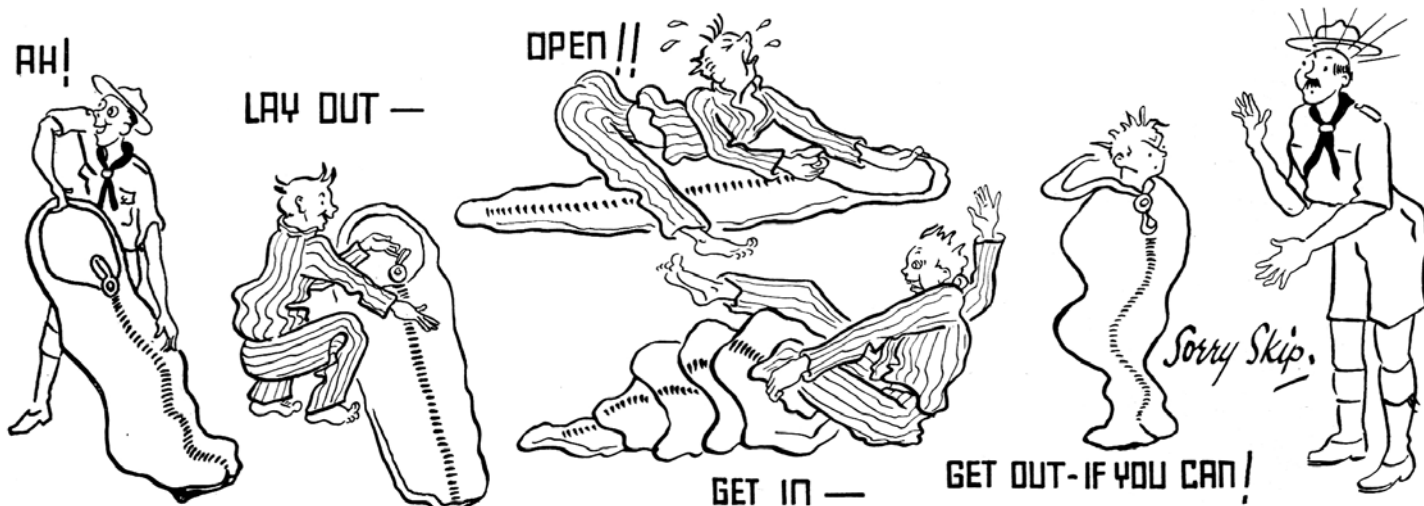
Ivanhoe Beacon, made famous by the exploits of Boadicea was on my right, whilst Whipsnade Zoo, with its white lion cut in the chalk hill to warn aircraft not to fly low, lay to my left.

I climbed on to the strut and fastened the safety belt around my waist, all the while trying not to look nervous. A final word from the instructor and I was in the air. I swept over the steep Down edge, and then seemed to slow up. I checked on my joy stick to make sure that I had not pulled it back, for that might mean a stall, the dread of every pilot. Each machine has a flying speed and to fly below that speed spells disaster. I had to gauge this speed by the wind on my face. However, I was safe and soon realised that I was climbing on an air current caused by the wind beating against the straight face of the Downs. I climbed so high that I began to think of electricity pylons not far away - and the clubhouse not so far away either. But I did not need to worry, for as I got away from the sheer edge I commenced to air toboggan, that is, to lose height gradually.

It was a wonderful few minutes and much more thrilling than cycling or swimming for the first time. Down towards the clubhouse I went, the wires of the sailplane singing in my ears, but I could not see the glider without turning my head and I did not feel up to that. Indeed, I felt that my position must be very similar to that of witches on one of their broomstick flights.

I now realised that I was losing height so rapidly that I could not reach the clubhouse, so prepared next for the thrill of landing. With the dread of stalling ever present in my mind, I came down to ground fairly fast, with the result of the bang, bump, bump, bump, aforesaid. There was no spill, however, and I felt I could congratulate myself on a "happy landing."

G.R.B. BELL.



# VISUAL YARNS

by REV. E. J. WEBB  
8. DONKEYS CO-OPERATE

## Introduction

People can be laughed out of wrong-doing. They can see human follies in cartoons and in jokes. Humour is a great gift. One of our most imperative issues is that of peace and war. Humour may help here. A lady once asked me whether I was a Co-operator? I answered, that I trusted so. Then I realised that she meant, did I belong to a co-operative society! Our story is of two brothers who learned how to live together, and we shall show how they came to co-operate, in this series of pictures.

### 1. Picture of Enthusiasm

Two brothers were once tied together. Wherever one went, the other was sure to go. One day they found something good. One found it in one place, one found it in another. That's right! They were donkeys! They found two heaps of hay. (There is heaps of good in the world!) The donkey brothers were keen on hay and enthusiastic about getting it. They sniffed their enjoyment of the sweet-smelling hay. (Not all Christians look as if they had found the pearl of greatest price.)

### 2. Picture of Selfishness

They then started acting like human beings! Adolphus was determined to get his and Neddy was equally determined to get *his*. So, there was a big tug-of-WAR. You can get a war with two people - with two donkeys. Adolphus did not succeed, neither did Neddy. (Neither did Hitler, nor Alexander the Great, nor Caesar, nor Napoleon. How many of the world's great men have been failures!)

### 3. Picture of Vengeance

Neddy, being as obstinate as his brother, retaliated. He meant to get his own back. That proved to be no good also. They may have suffered from a lack of brains and of brotherliness, but not of strength. See how wrong and stupid vengeance is. Neither wins. I have always felt a tinge of regret that Sir Richard Grenville's little ship was called *The Revenge*. He was not a revengeful man, but as he showed in the fight, and as is revealed in the poem, a Christian gentleman. Vengeance defeats its own ends.

### 4. Picture of Reconciliation

Now the brothers sit down, having arrived at an impasse. They now mean to think things out.

They had a round table conference (without a table!) and soon a peace treaty was agreed. One wonders why they did not start thinking before fighting!

Human beings ought to remember that each nation has its own viewpoint and its own needs. Let us try to see the other point of view.

### 5. Picture of Co-operation

At last the two brothers see that by working together both can get what they need. "Men should brothers be, and form one family the wide world o'er." One nation is complementary to another, as one human being is to another. Peter and John went up to the Temple to pray - together (Acts iii. 1).

They possessed such differing personalities, but they were united in worship and service.

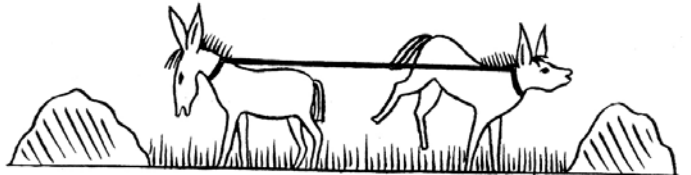
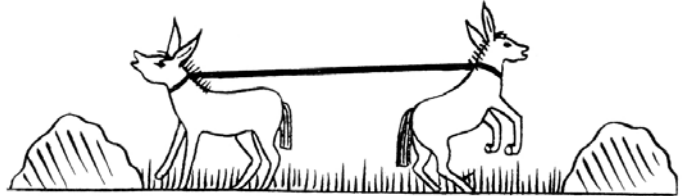
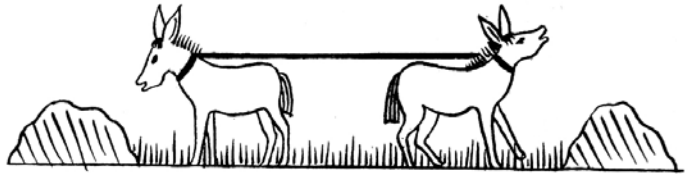
### 6. Picture of Goodwill

Having co-operated and found their way to the first heap they can now turn to the one on the other side. This you might call making the best of both worlds!

Surely we can be as intelligent as this? Given goodwill and a willingness to share, there would be "enough for each, enough for all, enough for evermore."

Shall we hurt or shall we help?

Read Isaiah ii. 1 - 9.





# BOOKS

## WATER WAYS

*Scouting on the Water*, by Percy Blandford.

After thirty-five years spent in small ships and smaller boats I thought that there was very little that I didn't know about this delightful pastime, but how wrong I was. This book fills a gap in yachting and boating literature, and although it is written primarily for the Scout who wishes to spend his time, like Water Rat, messing about in small boats, it contains much that is of interest to the yachtsman and the small boat expert. I have always known Percy Blandford to be a canoeing expert and a lover of small boats generally, but I now know him to be a writer and student in the art of getting the most out of the joyous and health-giving pastime of boating. I recommend this book to all who love the water.

HUGH BROWNING.

*The Angling Times Book* (James Barrie, Ltd., 12s. 6d.).

The Angling Times Book is the sort of inviting reading that I like to find beside my bed when I go visiting. It is one of those charmingly compiled, attractively produced, and adequately illustrated books which the best publishers in this country seem to do so well.

Many books on angling I think fail because they are snobbish about one type of fishing in relation to another, but not so this book; it despises neither the game fish nor the coarse fish. It has something to say about the traditional and fashionable angling haunts but it comes very near to my home and, indeed, to my heart when it includes an admirable chapter on the Reservoirs of Walthamstow.

Yes, this is a good earthy book and a pleasant one; in an effective and non-technical way it covers the whole field and, in fact, in some respects covers fields I had not thought about, such as those of the Water Flea, the Shrimp, and the Snail. The contributors to the book are all experts and enthusiasts, and a very able job each has done.

You may well ask what all this has to do with the Scout Movement and wonder why we should be concerned with angling. Well, the more I know and learn of B.-P. the more convinced I become that angling was one of his greatest loves, and I am sure that he would have been well to the head of the queue with his 12s. 6d. for this particular book. The Scouter who did not know B.-P. personally probably has as good a chance of getting a true insight into his philosophy by reading this book as by any other way. Anyway, whether it is Scouting, Angling, or just pleasant reading, this is a book which wins on any score.

JOHN THURMAN.

## THE WORLD OF NATURE

*The Observer's Book of Weather*, by R. M. Lester (Warne, 5s.).

An addition to the excellent series of Observer's Books is usually to be welcomed. These small, low-priced volumes fill a need often felt by intelligent people for elementary but accurate information on a variety of subjects.

Unhappily, the latest addition, The Observer's Book of Weather, falls far short of the usual high standard we have come to expect of this series. The author, Mr. R. M. Lester, a meteorologist with thirty years' experience, has attempted to provide an up-to-date guide to the weather for amateur observers. He has given a non-technical, but nevertheless somewhat obscure account of weather phenomena. In addition to this, certain statements in the book seem misleading and it is often difficult to decide which of these are due to errors of commission and which simply to errors of syntax.

It is regretted that this book cannot be recommended for the Troop library.

C. G. A.

*The World of Small Animals*, by T. H. Savory, M.A., F.Z.S. 160 pp. (University of London Press, 15s.).

The book is written for a beginner who is proposing to study natural history fairly seriously. The author's praiseworthy purpose is to deflect his readers from the popular groups such as butterflies and moths to neglected ones in the belief that thereby "they will get most enjoyment and the most worth-while results from their natural history." In the first ten chapters he sets out to provide the sort of information lack of which deters many would-be naturalists from studying ill-known groups. He writes about names, classification, collection, preservation, contact with other naturalists, literature and many other topics. In the chapter on literature there is mention of the Linnean Society's synopsis but not of the Royal Entomological Society's handbooks, though among them may be found a more recent and cheaper key to the dragon-flies than either of the two listed. One wonders, too, why the Linnean Society's "Bibliography of key works for the identification of the British fauna and flora" is not mentioned. These ten chapters, however, do present fairly and clearly the information that the beginner wants.

There follow twelve chapters which are "intended to be read as short introductions to the study of twelve typical groups of 'small animals,'" and that aim is admirably achieved, too. Some of the drawings are not accurate; for instance, Fig. 20(a) A is not what the legend says it is, and Fig. 20(b) shows a mosquito larva with a thorax unlike that of any British species. Such drawings would have been better omitted, for there is a photograph of the same things seven pages earlier. However, this is a minor point and it may seem captious to mention it at all, but some other reviewer will and then those who have not will appear guilty of the unforgivable sin in an author's eyes of reviewing a book without reading it right through.

There are a number of photographs most of them of high quality. In short, a good book recommended to all serious but inexperienced naturalists.

T. T. MACAN.

## RELIGION

*The Prayers of Peter Marshall*, by Catherine Marshall (Peter Davies, 12s. 6d.).

Presumably this has been issued in an English edition by reason of the deserved popularity of the film "A Man Called Peter." Peter Marshall, an immigrant from Scotland, was Chaplain of the United States Senate for three years, and his influence in America has become something of a legend. Whether that influence was such as to warrant the publisher's blurb is another matter! After all, it is saying a great deal in the age of Albert Schweitzer, Kagawa, Bishop Berggrav, and Martin Niemoller to affirm of Marshall "Perhaps no other person in our time has communicated so much of our Christian heritage."

That the book will be a success in the United States, and minister to a real need there, one has no doubts at all. But this is a book for the American public, not the British. A collection of the prayers used in public, in his own congregation and in the Senate, by an American minister, and built to express the needs of the people he served, in the nature of things must be remote and academic to us, living in a different form of society. Granted that there are far too many cliches in English public prayer - the alternative for most of us is not the crudity that would say to Almighty God "Save us from the sin of worrying, lest stomach ulcers be the badge of our lack of faith" (p. 138).

But when all has been said, those who penetrate beyond an annoying tendency to confuse the Persons of the Trinity, and a willingness to use Prayer as an indirect means of preaching to a congregation, will find in Peter Marshall's approach to God a warm devotion, a satisfying freshness, and some penetrating insights into human need.

WILFRED WADE.

*Put on the Armour of Light*, by Freda Collins (S.P.C.K., 15s. 6d.).

Freda Collins is known to many of us as a most gifted playwright, with a genius for developing a sense of drama in children. This, her latest book, is offered as a tool for the teaching of early English Church History in schools. Within a restricted circle it will make a strong appeal. Its advice on play-construction and presentation is first-rate, and many who are working with the Cub and the Brownie age-group will find the plays themselves attractive and practicable.

None the less, one sets the book down with a sense of disappointment. As a technique for the teaching of Christian history, Miss Collins' method is excellent - but some of the material is very dubious history, and more of it is trivial. The opening chapter makes a valid link between the Acts of the Apostles and the Church in Britain; but it is fair to say that the Faith the "Acts" speaks about has a solidity and a relevance rarely indicated in these dramatisations of the early English saints. One much indebted to Miss Collins for her earlier writings can only regret his inability to wax enthusiastic about this.

WILFRED WADE.

## YOUNG OFFENDERS

*By Courtesy of the Criminal*, by C. A. Joyce (Harrap 8s. 6d.).

Mr. Joyce tells here of his experiences in the prison service and particularly as Headmaster of the Cotswold School at Ashton Keynes, which he started in 1941. Once again we can appreciate the importance of personality in the holders of this sort of vital and delicate job, since it is not so much anything very new in method that gives the Cotswold School its flavour and has led to its success, but the wisdom and kindness of Mr. Joyce.

A thoroughly readable book, with some excellent pen-portraits of young offenders. Quite apart from the pleasure *By Courtesy of the Criminal* will give to Scouters and Rovers, it is to be hoped that the reading of it may induce some of them to investigate the possibilities of the Prison Service as a career, for the "Scouty" attitude to life and to humanity seems ideal for this tough but rewarding job.

D. H. B.

## ART

*Teach Yourself to Study Art*, by D. Talbot Rice (English Universities Press 6s.).

It is often the case that the man with a profound knowledge of a subject is not the best suited person for writing a popular introduction in general terms, and it must be admitted that Professor Talbot Rice is a case in point. One cannot help feeling that a reader with little prior knowledge using this book, would end up with some rather muddled impressions. Moreover, the selection of material included in the book is a little strange. Why does Professor Rice devote a good deal of space to Byzantine Art, which is almost totally inaccessible to people in this country, except in reproduction, yet omit to mention the one aspect of Byzantine Art which is most likely to help a would-be art-student: the particular elements in Byzantine art which influenced later painters, such as Giotto and El Greco? Also, one might have expected a few words of advice on the practical side of art appreciation; but there is very little in the book about either technique or composition, and one looks in vain for references to such matters as golden section in echo forms.

However, the book is nevertheless very interesting. Professor Rice's comments on abstract art are particularly helpful. Equally valuable is the warning against allowing ourselves to become obsessed by big names, so that we ignore lesser painters. Professor Rice reminds us that the great Masters often nodded, and that their inferior paintings are often less deserving of attention than the very best paintings by comparatively minor figures. Finally, we are reminded that beauty is not the ultimate criterion of a work of art, and that a painting need not be beautiful at all, yet can still be a masterpiece.

P. T.

*Art Fakes and Forgeries*, by Fritz Mendax, translated by H. S. Whitman (Werner Laurie 18s.).

This is, perhaps, primarily a book for the specialist, but it is delightfully written and very amusingly illustrated, and has much to offer to the general reader. It will appeal to anyone who has a taste for Sherlock Holmes, and problems of deception and deduction. Quite apart from anything else, it sheds much light on the kind of lives the great artists lived, and the kind of world which surrounded them. Fritz Mendax does not confine himself to forgeries of paintings and sculpture, he also includes a few literary forgeries as well, and his chapter on the famous Ossian hoax gives an engaging glimpse of Dr. Johnson's England. It is remarkable that a German author should dwell on the extent to which Goethe was duped by this particular swindle. The book is written in a most amusing style, often bordering on the realms of phantasy. One suspects that the author sometimes touches up his stories with a liberal allowance of poetic licence; perhaps he has got so carried away by his interest in deceptions that he has practised one or two on his own account; however, this is all to the good, as the reader is able to enter the game himself, by spotting which of the stories of fakes are fakes!

P. T.

## FICTION

*Take These Men*, by Cyril Joly (Constable, 15s.).

Those who were in the 8th Army in the desert will want to read Colonel Joly's long and interesting book and relive those terrible days of desert warfare. Despite all the heart-breaking setbacks so vividly recorded, and all the frustrations and withdrawals, it is a story of triumph and victory. Not only in the military sense, but also it was a personal victory for all the men who lived in appalling conditions and by their courage and fortitude carried on when weaker men would have fallen by the way.

I imagine that everybody who reads this has a fine war story worth telling - whether in the Services, the Home Guard, or in carrying on their daily work during the bitter days of war. The Desert Rats are famous and they have in Colonel Joly a writer who does them justice.

There is one irritating feature for me and that is in the manner in which the author portrays every Other Rank as speaking atrocious English and using an unprintable word so often that many sentences are composed of dashes. We all know that bad language was used, but surely this was not confined only to those who were not officers. Nor can it be assumed that only officers were capable of speaking correct English.

But this is a relatively minor point and should not outweigh the true merit of this exciting study of a Tank Officer's war.

G.F.W.

*Sweet Witch*, by Richard Llewellyn (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.).

This is a very different type of story from Mr. Llewellyn's previous novels, being a romantic and highly-coloured story of smuggling off the coast of South-West Wales in the days of Napoleon.

The story centres round the dashing, daring Lady Sarah, a girl of 19, who returns from three years at a school in Brussels, to find her native village threatened by invasion from Napoleon's fleet which is anchored just outside the harbour.

Rounding up the village women in their red cloaks and high-crowned black hats, she defeats the invasion, takes the French soldiers prisoners, and claims the prize money for the captured ships on behalf of her female army.

In and out of the story, weave bands of smugglers, Hussars, Militia, a mysterious witch, and the Johnny Onion boys. Lady Sarah finds time to fall in love with the Chief Smuggler.

In fact the book would make a stupendous film, all done in glorious Technicolor.

M. L. W.

# NOTES AND NEWS

## COVER PHOTOGRAPH

The cover photograph by R. B. Herbert is of an East Anglian Scout in the harvest field.

## BADGE COURSES

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

**Backwoodsman** September 17th/18th and 24th/25th. Fee 3/-.

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

**Venturer** December 10th/11th (Parts 2 and 4 only). Fee 1/6.

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

## PATROL LEADERS' TRAINING COURSE

A Training Course for Patrol Leaders of the Senior Troop will be held at Gilwell Park over the period Friday evening, September 23rd, to Sunday, September 25th. Applications are invited from P.L.s who are sixteen years of age and over and who hold the First Class Badge. The Course fee will be 10/-. Not more than one P.L. will be accepted from any Troop.

Applications to and full information from The Camp Chief, Gilwell Park, Chingford, E.4.

## COMMISSIONERS' COURSES 1955-56

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

- |         |                          |                                  |
|---------|--------------------------|----------------------------------|
| No. 96  | 15th/16th October, 1955  | Bristol                          |
| No. 97  | 12th/13th November, 1955 | Warwickshire (Stratford-on-Avon) |
| No. 98  | 3rd/4th December, 1955   | Gilwell Park                     |
| No. 99  | 25th/29th January, 1956  | Sussex (Brighton)                |
| No. 100 | 18th/19th February, 1956 | Glasgow                          |
| No. 101 | 17th/18th March, 1956    | Imperial Headquarters            |
- Courses commence at 3.30 p.m. on the Saturday and end at 4.15 p.m. on the Sunday.

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

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

- |           |   |
|-----------|---|
| 3rd/4th   | All Wales Rover/Ranger Conference, Prestatyn                  |
| 17th/18th | Four Counties Rover Moot (Berks, Bucks, Oxon, Wilts), Banbury |
|           | N. Ireland Cubmasters' Weekend                                |
| 18th      | Hampshire County Scouters' Conference                         |
|           | Nottinghamshire Rover/Ranger Conference                       |
| 24th/25th | Isle of Wight Rover Moot                                      |
| 29th      | Loughborough College Scout and Guide Club                     |

## 12-NOON FELLOWSHIP

"12-Noon Fellowship." What does it mean? And why is it mentioned in THE SCOUTER? Just because it concerns Scouters and Rovers, as well as all who are in any position of responsibility for young people.

12-noon is a suggested time when those who seek to guide young people may pray for God's blessing upon one another and on the work they are doing. Where there is the will, it has been found quite possible, even in the midst of the hurly-burly of shop, street, factory, school, or wherever one may be, to tram oneself to pray.

The leadership of young people is one of the most responsible jobs any man can be called upon to attempt, and such a habit of thoughtful prayer helps also those who practise it to realise that they are not alone but are part of a world fellowship of men and women who have been called by God to their work. And what better "good turn" can leaders do than quietly and sincerely to think and pray for each other?

An illustrated card for desk or mantelpiece will be sent, gladly and free of charge, to any who may write for it to the Church of England Youth Council, 69 Great Peter Street, London, S.W.1. It would not come amiss if a stamp were enclosed for the return postage.

## KENYA YOUTH APPEAL

The Youth Department of the British Council of Churches has promised to raise £3,000 to help with youth work in Kenya. As the appeal says: "Youth in Kenya is at one of the dramatic crossroads to be found all over Africa, and they need sympathy and help from youth of other lands."

Scout Groups which have funds available for such a purpose, or which are seeking a good object for the proceeds of a Scouts' Own, are asked to consider sending a contribution to the Kenya Youth Appeal, do The Secretary, Inter-Church Aid and Refugee Service, 10 Eaton Gate, London, S.W.1. Cheques should be made payable to Inter-Church Aid and Refugee Service and crossed "and Co."

## SCOUTS' NATIONAL SOAP BOX DERBY

On Saturday, September 3rd, some seventy Soap Box cars, from all parts of the country and from Northern Ireland, will race at Morecambe to decide the National Champions for 1955.

This year the Championship prizes in all three classes - Wolf Cub, Scout and Senior Scout - will take the form of Scouting equipment presented by Vauxhall Motors Ltd. In addition there will be trophies for the runners-up presented by the Scout Shop and the Boy Scouts Association. Handsome prizes of Scouting equipment will also be presented to the car of Best Appearance and Best Construction, while a Speed Trophy and a money prize will go to the car putting up the highest speed on the day of the finals.

This year a special trophy, to be known as the Haydn Dimmock Trophy, will be presented to the Group whose car shows the greatest ingenuity in design. This trophy will now be offered annually in memory of the late F. Haydn Dimmock who inspired the Soap Box Derby in this country.

Racing will commence at Morecambe at 2 p.m. and it will be on the Promenade. There will be nothing to pay, so, if you live near enough to visit Morecambe for the day, come along with your Group - members, supporters and friends - and see the fun.

## 1955 PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

- Scouts in action throughout the year.
- Cubs in action throughout the year.
- 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.

## COUNTY EVENTS

Sept. 2nd/4th. South Staffordshire Summer Expedition.

## FOUND

A camera was found lying in the Competition Field at Downe Camp Site over Whitsun, and the owner may apply to the Bailiff, who will be pleased to return it to him.

## WOOD BADGE COURSES 1955

### Gilwell Park

#### Scout Courses

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)

Scout, 5 WE. September 17th

Apply: The Secretary, London Office, 3 Cromwell Place, S.W.7.

### Scotland

Cub, Cont. August 29th - September 30th

Apply: The Secretary, Boy Scouts Association, Scottish Headquarters, 44 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

### Devonshire (Holcombe Burnell)

Scout, Cont. October 8th - 15th

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

### Middlesex

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

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

### Northumberland (Gosforth Park)

Scout, 5 WE. 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 Dene, Linton, us. Wetherby.

### Western Germany (Y.M.C.A. Conference Centre, Bunde)

Cub, Cont. 30th August.

Apply: C. P. Carter, British Centre, Die Brijeke, Hanover, B.A.O.R. 5.

## HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COUNCIL

The Forty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Council of the Boy Scouts Association was held at Imperial Headquarters on Wednesday, July 20th, 1955.

### VICE-PRESIDENT

The Lord Glentanar, D.L., was elected a Vice-President.

### THE COUNCIL

The following were elected members of the Council:- The Lord Baden-Powell, Major Sir Charles Maclean, Bart.

### THE COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL

The following members of the Committee of the Council who had retired by rotation were re-elected:-

J. F. Colquhoun, Esq., O.B.E., Lt.-Col. R. M. Gold, J. Murray Napier, Esq., O.B.E., P. B. Neville, Esq., O.B.E., D. P. Papillon, Esq., M.B.E., J. Hood Phillips, Esq., M.A.

### I.H.Q. APPOINTMENTS

Assistant Headquarters Commissioner for Relationships:  
A. T. Smalley, O.B.E.

### CHIEF SCOUT'S COMMISSIONER

Lieut.-General Sir Edmond Schreiber has resigned his appointment as a Chief Scout's Commissioner.

## ST. GEORGE'S DAY, 1956

The Chief Scout has decided that Scouts shall celebrate St. George between Saturday, April 21st, and Sunday, April 29th, 1956, both dates inclusive.

## BOB-A-JOB WEEK, 1956

The Committee of the Council has decided that the National Bob-a-Job Week for 1956 will take place during the week April 2nd to 7th (Easter Week). In special cases where a Group or members of a Group are unable to do their jobs during the actual Bob-a-Job Week, they may do them immediately before or after, but in no circumstances after April 14th, 1956.

## PRESENTATION OF QUEEN'S SCOUT CERTIFICATES

The Chief Scout will hold three receptions for Queen's Scouts over the following week-ends in 1956:-

May 12th/13th Gilwell Park

October 6th/7th Edinburgh

November 17th/18th London

Further details will be published in the January, 1956, issue of THE SCOUTER.

## SENIOR SCOUT CEREMONIES

Attention is drawn to the two new Senior Scout Ceremonies which appear on page 205 of this issue of THE SCOUTER. These ceremonies are for use under the new Senior Scout Rules and will replace the ceremonies printed in the "Over 15" pamphlet.

## FIELD COMMISSIONER APPOINTMENT

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

(a) Full appreciation and knowledge of the aims and methods of Scouting.

(b) Experience as a Scouter of Group and District work.

(c) Ability to address meetings of all kinds.

(d) Ability to organise and conduct training courses for Scouters.

(e) Willingness to serve in any part of England or Wales.

The appointment is on a salary grade of £500 - £800 per annum and is pensionable.

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

C. C. GOODHIND,

*Administrative Secretary.*

## 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, Keils Lane, Gateshead, 9, Co. Durham.

**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., Banbury, Oxon. Phone c/o Banbury 2574.

**9th Annual Isle of Wight Rover Moot**. September 24th—25th, 1955. Fee £1 inclusive. Applications to S. Daish, 116 Pyle St., Newport, L.W., with 10s. deposit, closing date September 10th. Speakers: Col. R. Gold, International Commissioner; Dr. Kurt Hahn, Founder, Gordonstoun School, Morayshire. Demonstrations. Camp Fire. Scout Shop. Theme - "Saving."

**South Yorkshire "Roveree"** - Hesley Wood - 24th/25th September. The Rover Moot with a difference. No speakers! No Sessions! Open to older Seniors. S.A.E. to Rover Secretary D. Cooper, 459 Staniforth Road, Sheffield, 9, for full details.

**Scouters' Weekend**, Avon Tyrrell, Hampshire, 29th/30th October. For all Scouters (with wives, husbands or intendeds), Lay Officers, Members of Group Committees, etc. Theme - "The Group Show." Charge 17/6, which includes meals from tea on Saturday to tea on Sunday. Applications to R. Hoar, L.A. Secretary, 37 Hillcrest Road, Moordown, Bournemouth. (Tel. Winton 3451).

**Beckenham Rover Moot** at Shortlands, book the date, October 1st/2nd. Further details from F. Street, D.R.S.L., 102 Kingsway, West Wickham, Kent.

**L.O.B. Rover Moot** 1955, 1st/2nd October at "Greenwoods," Stock, Nr. Billericay, Essex. Programme includes General Sir John Shea, Rex Hazlewood and Ralph Reader. Potted sports in which all are invited to take part. Information can be obtained from Bert Reynolds, 80 De Vere Gardens, Ilford, Essex.

**Rover/Ranger/Senior Scout** Conference at Birkenhead, 29th/30th October. Apply at once for details, etc. Miss P. Bartley, 21 Canterbury Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

#### ACCOMMODATION

**12 Hans Road, London, S.W.3** (KENSington 5951). Ten minutes from Victoria, and ideally situated for sightseeing and shopping. Rooms (some with private baths) and breakfast, nightly from 17/6. Special weekly terms. Further particulars from Miss Adeline Willis Wanted - a lodger to live as one of the family, consisting of wife (Guider), husband (Scouter) and two children aged 1 and 3. Terms moderate. Shackleton, 43 Tyrrell Road, S.E.22.

#### EMPLOYMENT

A Career in Insurance. Please note that the commencing age with the Legal & General Assurance Society is 16 and not 15 as stated in the advertisement in the July issue.

**The Chinch 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.

**Handyman/Gardener required** at small boarding home for boys. Wage £7 5s. 8d. for a 44-hour week. A small cottage is available at a weekly rental of 10/-, the tenant to pay for rates and other services. Permanent superannuable post subject to satisfactory medical examination. Apply by letter to: The Warden, Nortonthorpe Hall, Scissett, Nr. Huddersfield.

**An interesting job** is to be had in a small botanical drug firm. New product in train. No clerical work. £8 per week with steady increase if earned. Arnold, 43 Pollard Road, Morden, Surrey.

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

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

**Rover has been able to arrange with Lloyd's Underwriters** specially reduced premiums for private and commercial motor insurance for warranted Scouters. Rover Scout Mills, 123 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.

**Theatrical and fancy dress costumes.** Artistic, fresh, colourful. Moderate charges. Black Lion Costumes, 25 Sommerville Road, Bristol, 7. Phone 41345.

**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.

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

**For your next Group Show** why not do "The Story of Mike," by Ralph Reader. Full set of scripts, music, etc., £4 4s. Od. Write to: S. A. Adams, 50 Adderley Road, Harrow Weald, Middx., for full details.

**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.

**"Scout-inK" Christmas Cards.** Send now for 1955 list (ready Sept.). Fully illustrated cards, calendars and gift lines. Stacy Ltd., 99 Kingsland High Street, London, E.8.

**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.

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

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

#### FOR SALE

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

**Bargain Offer** - Government Surplus Navy Blue Serge Battle-Dress Blouses, small sizes, as new, cleaned and pressed. Ideal for Scouts, etc. Price 3s. 6d. each delivered, for a minimum quantity of ten. Sample 4s. 6d. Cash with order. S. & M. Myers-Ltd., 97 Wentworth Street, E.1.

**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.

#### DUPUCATING 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.

**Duplicators/Typewriters.** Mod. terms. H.P. 2yrs. Exchanges negotiated. Delivered free. Verney Clayton, M.C., Market Rasen, - Lincolnshire.

**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.*

To prevent leakage see that all your Cubs and Scouts read

#### THE SCOUT

6d. weekly

NB. - Coming on September 16th "Eric Goes to Camp," the sketch you'll need for your next Group Show.

Order now.



# a clear case for Cash's

**WOVEN NAME TAPES**

Ask your retailer for  $\frac{1}{2}$ " shoulder titles in both one and two lines of lettering.

**CASH'S OF COVENTRY**

## BOY SCOUT PENCILS ...

**will solve  
your FUND  
RAISING  
problems!**

Top Quality British Made Pencils beautifully finished in any of eight different colours printed with YOUR OWN SLOGAN or TROOP DETAILS and the BOY SCOUT BADGE. All Pencils attractively tipped in contrasting colour. Write now for FREE SAMPLES and Price List to:

**AIREDALE PRESS LTD.,**  
Producers of Fine Publicity Pencils

Dept. 'C' P.O. Box 60, Mossar Street, Bradford 3.

## IN NEED OF FUNDS?

*Of course you are!*

**This year you MUST sell  
Christmas Cards**



Write or phone now! Dept. 'S'  
**THE HARRIS DISTRIBUTING COMPANY**  
32, Rosoman Street, London. E.C.1.

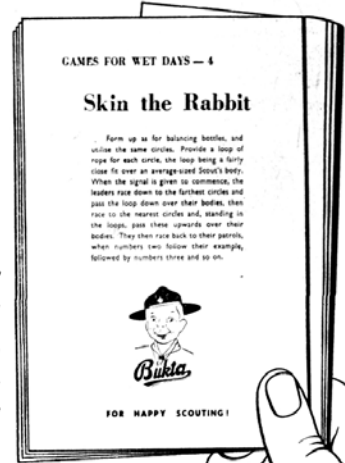
## RAISING FUNDS?

Our range of eight different packets of assorted XMAS CARDS are available on credit terms. Selling prices range from 1/- to 4/8d. per packet. Generous discounts. 'Sale or Return' basis first order. Maximum value in each selection. Write now for full details. Calendars and Private Christmas Card Books also available.

**T. E. WEBB & Co. (Dept. 12)**  
1, Rutland Road • Birmingham, 17

# Scout Games for Wet Days!

Have you had your copy of The New Scoutannica Booklet of Scout Games and Scout Kit for Wet Days?

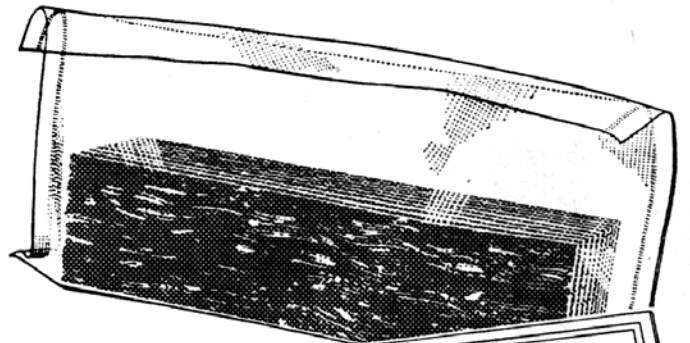


Obtainable from your local officially appointed "Bukta" stockist, or in case of difficulty write direct to:—

The Publicity Manager

**STOCKPORT • CHESHIRE**

*In the new Polythene pouch*



**Keeps fresh to the last flake**

**and never burns the tongue!**

**4/1 per ounce**

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

We can arrange a

# First Class Journey

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

## LONDON—

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

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

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

**CONTINENTAL  
EXPRESS**



PASSENGER  
DEPARTMENT  
5 HOLBORN VIADUCT  
LONDON, E.C.1

Please mark your letter  
"for the attention of  
G.S.M. Marsh."

## In ancient Babylon



Babylonian clay tablets of 4,000 years ago record commercial loans made against the security of the harvest of sesame, the valuable Eastern oil-bearing plant.

Nowadays, trade in every known raw material is facilitated by the banks, whose credit facilities are based on the character, ability and experience of their friends engaged in exporting or importing.

## MARTINS BANK LIMITED

London District Office: 68 Lombard Street, E.C.3

HEAD OFFICE: 4 WATER ST., LIVERPOOL, 2



### Introducing

## The Primary Boot

A high quality boot of rigid construction with stout uppers of brown grain leather. Produced with the co-operation of a leading firm of boot manufacturers, we are able to offer these at an extremely keen price, with an alternative of clinkers or Itshide Commando soles.

#### PRICES

Unnailed	£2 12 6	Clinker Nailed	£3 15 0
Fitted with Itshide Commando Soles			£3 15 0

Other Nailings to customers' own patterns undertaken

## SKI

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

*Please call or write for further details of moderately priced equipment for sale and hire.*

## JACKSON & WARR LTD

Specialists in Camping, Hiking, Mountaineering and Ski Equipment  
25 BURY PLACE, LONDON, W.C.1  
(Opposite British Museum)

Phone CHAncery 6996

Late closing Fridays 7 p.m.

# BOOKS!



## SCOUTER SERIES

- |   |  |           |
|---|--|-----------|
| 1 | 100 Ideas for Troop Meetings<br>by Delta & Theta | Price 1/- |
| 2 | The Court of Honour<br>by John Thurman           | Price 1/- |
| 3 | The Man and the Boy<br>by J. Dudley Pank         | Price 1/- |
| 4 | 100 Ideas for Pack Meetings<br>by Valerie Gale   | Price 1/- |
| 5 | It's Troop Night Again<br>by Delta & Theta       | Price 1/- |
| 6 | Special Pack Meetings<br>by Quopus               | Price 1/- |
| 7 | Handicrafts for All<br>by Martyn Lamb            | Price 1/- |

★  
Postage on the Scouter Series is 2d. each or 4d. for the complete set. An extremely useful series for the benefit of Scouters everywhere.



# BOOKS!



## INSTRUCTIONAL

- |   |                |
|---|----------------|
| Running a Scout Group<br>by J. F. Colquhoun         | 8/6 (Post 6d.) |
| ★<br>Standing Camps<br>by D. Francis Morgan         | 6/- (Post 4d.) |
| ★<br>Tales of a Troop<br>by S. F. Braham            | 4/- (Post 4d.) |
| ★<br>Outdoor Cooking<br>by "Lone Wolf"              | 4/- (Post 4d.) |
| ★<br>Camping Abroad<br>by Glad Bincham              | 4/6 (Post 3d.) |
| ★<br>Working the Patrol System<br>by E. E. Reynolds | 9d. (Post 2d.) |
| ★<br>Aids to Scoutmastership<br>by B.P.             | 3/6 (Post 4d.) |

★  
These are just a small selection from our Book List. They will, perhaps, remind you of a book you particularly need. So order NOW!

*introducing*

THE  
BADEN-POWELL STORY

by Geoffrey Bond

Lord Baden-Powell, the founder of Scouting, was also a grand humorist, a fine writer, a clever artist, and a brilliant soldier. All these facets are shown in this story of his life. Price 6/-. Postage 5d.

*also*

*Coming  
shortly*

3 NEW SCOUTER SERIES

- |         |                                |     |
|---------|--------------------------------|-----|
| No. 8.  | 100 Outdoor Ideas for the Pack | 1/- |
| No. 9.  | 100 Ideas for Crew Meetings    | 1/- |
| No. 10. | 100 Ideas for Senior Scouts    | 1/- |
- Postage on each of these new books is 3d.

IMPERIAL **Scout Shop** HEADQUARTERS

25, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

50 MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2 ●

62 THE HEADROW, LEEDS ●

20 WORKING STREET, CARDIFF

183 CLAPHAM MANOR STREET, S.W.4 ●

20 RICHMOND STREET, LIVERPOOL ●

104 HINDES ROAD, HARROW

19 GREEN LANES, PALMERS GREEN, N.13 ●

Also at Local Association Shops and Agents

5 TACKET STREET, IPSWICH