

The SCOUTER



August 1956 *9d*

JUBILEE JAMBOREE

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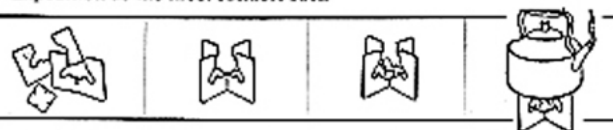
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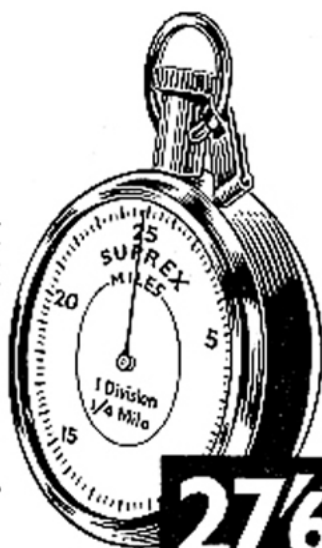
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The SCOUTER

August 1956

Vol. L. No. 8.



THE OUTLOOK

By THE CHIEF SCOUT

The Buckinghamshire Rally fully maintained the progress I have noticed elsewhere. The Cubs put on a forty-year Pageant of important events culled from each year, not only concerned with Scouting or Cubbing. This, as may be imagined, provided plenty of scope for fun and dressing up, as did the Scout scenes, one of which was the weighing of the mayor, an old ceremony to ensure he doesn't do himself too well during his term of office. These old traditional ceremonies form an important part of our heritage and it is splendid to see that we are not allowing them to be forgotten in this more material age. Lord and Lady Burnham, at whose house the Rally was held, added still further to the debt that Scouting and Guiding owe to them.

I have often spoken and written of the quite extraordinary which, week after week and month after month, the value of Scout training manifests itself not only at home but overseas as well. We are so apt to think "Nothing ever happens to me." Gurdial Singh of Malaya, a Queen's Scout, of course, may well have thought that till he found a small boy in danger of drowning in a river. He pulled him out, gave artificial respiration and quickly restored him. A few months later there was a serious accident to a military truck and one of the soldiers was badly injured. Gurdial Singh, of course, was there and took charge, giving efficient first aid and organising his removal to hospital. Another few months and a lorry crashed into a post carrying a power cable. The cable fell on two Chinamen. Once more, there was Gurdial Singh! He used his turban to insulate his hands, managed to pull both of them clear, treated the severe burns of one of them and the shock to both and saw them safely away to hospital. All this in one year! There was no great danger involved to a fellow who knew his job as he did, but without his training he could not have tackled it and might have lost his own life as well as those of the victims.

Lee Po Keung, a Troop Leader, 18 years old, was with four other Scouts. They heard a police whistle in a neighbouring street and ran towards it. It was a hut ablaze. The door was closed and cries of children were heard inside. People were waiting, not knowing what to do. Lee did not wait. He burst open the door. The inside was an inferno, but into the flames he went and pulled out a young girl. He tried to go in again but it was hopeless. His hair was singed with the flames but he did not go off for treatment, remaining to help the police to control the crowd and the fire brigade to prevent the fire from spreading. In this work the other four boys played their full part. A worthy winner of our Silver Cross. But it is not only overseas that courage and devotion are to be found. But it is not only overseas that courage and devotion are to be found. Miss Swindells is a young lady Cubmaster.

But it is not only overseas that courage and devotion are to be found. Miss Swindells is a young lady Cubmaster. It became necessary for her to have her leg completely removed, a very severe operation indeed which prevents the wearing of an artificial limb. The shock of being faced not only with great pain and suffering, but with such a terrible disability might well have broken the bravest spirit. But through it all she kept in touch with the Cubs even from her hospital bed. Since she returned home she has entered fully into the life of the Pack and the District, first in a wheel chair, then on crutches. She intends taking her Wood Badge. She already has one of the very best Packs in the District, and her courage in facing the terrible situation in which she found herself has been an inspiration to all. Such stories as this make one feel very humble.

Certainly all the Scouts in Scotland and his great number of friends among Scouts in other parts of the country and overseas, will have been delighted to see that Her Majesty was pleased to honor Lord Glentanar in appointing him a Knight Commander of the British Empire in the Birthday Honors list. Lord Glentanar was appointed Assistant Commissioner for Scotland in 1923 and Chief Commissioner from 1930 to 1953. During that time he devoted himself wholeheartedly to the development of Scouting throughout his territory. He was sub-Camp Chief at Arrowe Park in 1929, and had many contacts with Scouting overseas, particularly in Norway. I personally owe him a deep debt for showing me its international significance, and for the constant help and encouragement given to me through my years as District and County Commissioner, and as President of the Scottish Council. But his services were not confined to Scouting, for, apart from his business interests, his forestry and agricultural activities have been of immense value, and his support of research and his practical interest in its application have done much to further development, not only in his native Aberdeenshire but throughout Scotland. It was a great encourage-

ment to us all that in the citation Scouting should have been given first place and our good wishes and congratulations go to him in full measure.

The Old Wolves' week-end was every bit as good as I expected it to be, in spite of the rain! I put down my failure to keep it fine to the hereditary capacity as a rainmaker of Peter Baden-Powell. I was told that this was the fourth occasion on which the huge marquee has been up and the first time it has been used. Now we know it works, so we can keep the sunshine in future. It was a really splendid gathering. The amazing thing about it all was the age of experience from those who have given their lives to the Movement to young girls fresh from receiving their Warrant. This is surely a tribute to the unselfish spirit of Cubbing for it was an



occasion which no one would have wished to miss. The singing in the marquee was excellent, the demonstrations by two Packs up to the standard of the best I have seen. Yes - it was a great occasion, and as always the administrative arrangements, in the hands of the I.H.Q. Commissioner and Ted Hayden working with the Camp Chief and his staff, could not have been bettered.

I write this Outlook news has just reached us that Mr. Thomas J. Watson, International Commissioner of the Boy Scouts of America, has "Gone Home." We shall miss him at our gatherings. It was he who fitted up the Hall at Niagara with the simultaneous interpretation apparatus which saved so much time. He was head of International Business Machines but we shall remember him as a very humble man, who believed that Scouting was, after a Faith in God, the most important thing in the world.

Ripe in years, but still young at heart, his great wealth meant nothing to him personally: he was only deeply grateful for the power it gave him to help others. Our sympathy goes out to his family and the Boy Scouts of America who have lost such a leader and such a friend.

ROWALLAN, *Chief Scout.*

I'M BIASED

Yes this article does affect you, for although it is principally 'intended for Air Scouters, it is hoped that the opinion expressed, whilst not original, may help or at least suggest another "approach" for "Land," Sea or Air Scouters.

"What ARE Air Scouts?" "I didn't know there were any" - these are statements that one too often hears, and not exclusively from outside the Movement! What is Air Scouting? It is the game of Scouting with an air bias.

Oh, yes, we've got them on our Group Committee too. The "wenever-had-all-these-frills" and the "we-used-to-have-our-summer-camp-four-miles-from-home, and-pushed-a-trek-cart" type of people. The game of Scouting has always held an appeal to the boy who seeks adventure, and adventure it was to our respected types described above. The Scouting methods have, perhaps, been too widely accepted. Schools run camps and trips abroad, whole families go "camping," our methods have been widely accepted by the nation as a whole, and we have to provide adventure in additional (not other) ways.

Often have we heard Air Scouters say, "We are concentrating on Scouting and hope to improve our 'Air training' later on." These Scouters will be disappointed! A boy joins the Air Scouts expecting something different - that extra "appeal." Scouting can, and does, hold a great number of boys without air or sea "extras." Here is an opportunity to attract and keep interested some of the many air-minded boys of this modern age. We can then endeavour to make them into Scouts in keeping with the aims of the Association. If a boy chooses to make his journey by air or sea, what matter. We are all striving toward the same destination.

Air Scouting is the game of Scouting with an air bias. A game is something which you play voluntarily. The boy that comes along to join does so of his own free will. The boy that comes because "Mum" wants him to join either "fades out" after a few meetings, or becomes enthused, so that we are always left with those who want to be Scouts.

What does our volunteer expect of us? B.-P. once said that the best way for a Scouter to save his brains was by using his ears, but knowing what the "customer" expects is not the complete answer-serious thought has to be given to programme planning that will take our Scouts through a "syllabus" that will not only lead them to Second and First Class standard, but that will, at the same time, train them for badges that are of particular interest to the branch that they have chosen to join.

"Scouting" and "Air subjects" should no more be separated than the other more widely accepted activities of Scouts, for air training *is* Scouting, which brings me back to Scouting with an air bias.

Space allows only a few suggestions but perhaps these will provoke similar avenues of exploration in your programme planning.

Our volunteer does not wish to be lectured on any subject, but he will absorb the "lessons" he learns in games, activities and stunts, and this must be our technique - To relate "test work" to its aeronautical application, and serve it up in small attractive portions.

The first introduction that most boys get to Scouting is through the Tenderfoot Badge work. How is this tackled in your District or Group? Are the knots tied in frayed portions of string and the uses learned parrot fashion from a grubby Tenderfoot card? The air bias here can be to show how these knots are used in glider launching equipment. Our old friend the reef knot is invaluable for joining a glider tow wire; so let's tie it in wire - as well as bandages. All the other Tenderfoot knots, with the exception, perhaps, of the sheep shank, have like aeronautical application in glider crewing or the picketing of light aircraft.

Second Class tests can similarly be applied - Observation - if Kim's game is used the twenty-four articles need not always be the contents of Skip's pockets. It is not difficult to find twenty-four well assorted articles each with an air flavour. In pioneering the trestle could have other uses than bridge building, light aircraft could be 'jacked up' on pioneering trestles - Exploration - compass and map; the approach to this subject should be through wide games and stunts with an air story.

First Class training should be a graduation from Second Class. The Emergency first aid requirements give a wonderful opportunity to stage incidents with an air flavor and with a stress on the type of injury that might be expected in aircraft accidents or parachute mislandings.

Observation - estimation; the link here is obvious. To be a good pilot one must have an ability to judge height when landing - is this not estimation?

Sheer lashings are required for First Class pioneering. The Scouts could construct a support to fly a wind cone. The Exploration test is the opportunity for the D.C. to prove his interest by setting a journey with an appropriate air bias. One of the objects of the journey could be to select possible landing fields for light aircraft or gliders. A log of aircraft seen, their approximate heading and altitude might be reasonably asked for, and if a boy is required to estimate the height of the church tower, let it be with the object of lighting it as a possible obstruction to low-flying aircraft.

Special Proficiency Badge training should be likewise tackled. The Air Apprentice Badge requires, among other things, that the Scout shall know the airfields within a ten miles radius of his home. The intention here is, I am sure, that he should visit them; not just be able to recite their names. This must of necessity mean that the Scout will absorb the conduct he must adopt - another requirement. He will see aircraft of given types landing and taking off, and subconsciously note the length of landing run - yet another step towards the badge. He will see chocks used, the wind direction indicated and other signals displayed in the appropriate area; and any boy with a minimum of imagination can then visualise how these things can be improvised.

Supplement this with your stunts, indoor and outdoor. For example, tell the P.L.s that an aircraft is circling and obviously wishes to land on your local "open space." They are to prepare a landing strip; indicate wind direction, etc. Your Scouts will then return from their Air Apprentice Badge examination and tell you "It was easy." Easy? Yes, because they had absorbed the information without knowing they had done so.

The training possibilities of a "basic lost aircraft plot" are endless. Games by night or day, simple location or more complicated location plus first aid, rescue, etc., can bring into practice much test work. Apart from games and stunts, Air Scouting knowledge can be absorbed from the decoration of the meeting place, providing it is changed often enough.

It requires time and imagination it's true, and formal instruction is easier, but the enthusiasm of the customers makes the extra trouble more than worth while - but then, I'm biased.

LAURIE BITTLESTONE



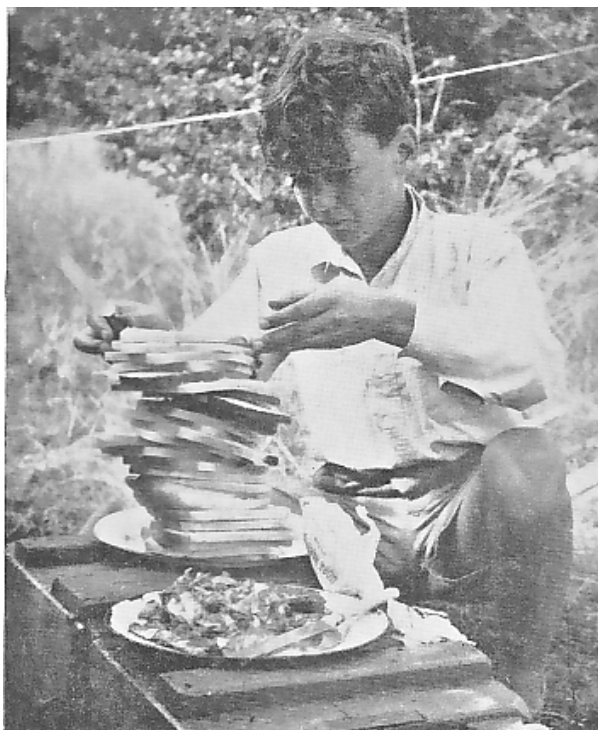
J. J. I. M. M.

By the time you read this there will be less than a year to go before J.I.M. is upon us, and yet there are still many members of the Movement who do not know the first thing about it. Every week we get a few letters asking, when and where the Jamboree is to be held? Who can attend? Will it be open to the public? and all manner of other questions. It will not be amiss, therefore, to reiterate a few facts, which, we suggest, might be extracted and pinned to the Group Notice Board. First, dates: August 1st to 12th, 1957 (although contingents will be arriving two days before the Jamboree and dispersing two days following the Jamboree). Second, place:

Sutton Park, Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham. Third, visiting days: the camp will be open to the public every day from August 1st to 12th inclusive, from 12 noon each day, and it is strongly recommended that early arrangements are made with regard to transport, because it is estimated that up to 1,000,000 visitors will want to get to Sutton Park during those twelve days.

It is our intention to keep the Movement completely in the picture, although in such a small space it is impossible to give very precise details of the organisation of the various sections of the Jamboree, but I think we might mention one or two items at random. For instance, the organisation of the camp police force is well advanced and, in this respect, we have the help of various Scouters who are experienced in police routine and consequently are able to work very closely in co-operation with the Warwickshire Constabulary.

In such a vast undertaking and with so much valuable material about, the camp fire service is another item which has had to have particular consideration, and here again our plans are nearing completion with the Warwickshire County Fire Service. There will be a separate Scout camp fire brigade and we are fortunate in having an experienced Scouter fire precautions officer to head the staff.



The Camp Postal Service has been planned in detail with the co-operation of the Head Postmaster of the Birmingham area, and likewise the Birmingham Regional Telephone Manager and his Staff are going to a great deal of trouble to see that all our requirements are met, even to the extent of allocating a separate Jamboree exchange code dialling system if it is at all possible.

We are most grateful to the local Scouts who have cleared something like 25 tons of stones from the arena site.

Car parking is another big problem; plans have already been made for dealing with anything up to 12,000 cars and coaches per day.

The production and distribution of the camp newspaper is in itself a major undertaking, as this necessitates a round-the-clock programme to have the 35,000 copies of the paper ready each morning for sale in the various Sub-Camps by local Scouts, who will be expected to complete their task before the main daily programme starts.

With regard to the less spectacular jobs, refuse and litter collection is no small matter and it has been necessary to prepare a plan of collection and disposal which would be comparable at least to that in use in any medium size town.

Space permitting, we hope to be able to give some more interesting facts from month to month, but I think we must mention the very colourful sets of eight poster stamps which have been prepared and are on sale at a shilling per set - plus 2d. postage. These are now available from the Scout Shop and we suggest you use some of them on your notices. They are most attractive.

It is now six months since we gave a list of countries which are planning to send contingents to the Jamboree and the following is the return as at the time of going to press. You will notice that some countries have increased the size of their contingents and a number of new names appear on the list.

Aden	28	Japan	12
Armenian Scouts	100	Kenya	52
Australia	500	Kuwait	16
Austria	1,140	Lebanon	150
Barbados	44	Liechtenstein	50
Bechuanaland	4	Luxembourg	660
Belgium	1,500	Malta	52
Bermuda	25	Mexico	96
Brazil	115	Netherlands	2,000
British Guiana	18	New Zealand	300
Brunei	8	Nigeria	30
Canada	1,353	Norway	650
Ceylon	50	Nyasaland	14
Chile	28	Pakistan	150
China (Taiwan)	14	Peru	19
Cuba	50	Philippines	32
Denmark	1,650	Portugal	100
Egypt	100	Rhodesia, Northern	50
Fiji	7	Rhodesia, Southern	91
Finland	120	Sarawak	3
France	450	Sierra Leone	13
Gambia	5	South Africa	531
Germany	2,600	Sudan	10
Gold Coast	18	Sweden	700
Greece	140	Switzerland	1,050
Hong Kong	23	Tanganyika	20
Iceland	100	Trinidad	40
India	270	Turkey	26
Ireland, Republic of	500	Uganda	20
Israel	10	United Kingdom	8,750
Italy	2,400	U.S.A.	1,600
Jamaica	67	Venezuela	42

The present total of nearly 31,000 is steadily approaching the maximum figure of 35,000 and a number of countries have still to make a return.

W. JOHN RAPLEY, Deputy Organising Commissioner.

DEAR EDITOR

Time-table or Programme

DEAR EDITOR,

So much sound comment has followed the publication of Richard Fox's most interesting letter in the January SCOUTER that I have hesitated to join in, although doubly interested because I know Mr. Fox for a very good Scouter and we scout in the same county. I am not sure, however, that you have had anything from those Mr. Fox feels to be painting too bright a picture of the Scout's eagerness to progress, and as I may perhaps be in his target area I make this offering. Before doing so I had, by your favour, the opportunity of reading the many letters for which you could not find space, as well as those published. I would like to go back to what Mr. Fox himself had to say.

The core of his letter seems to be:

(i) that Scouters are unfairly blamed for not letting P.L.s lead and not satisfying the boys' wish to get on with Scouting.

(ii) that the average boy does not *want* to think for himself and is quite content to make a comfortable little niche and stay there until he is forcibly dragged out.

(iii) that someone should answer the question "how can we train our boys to *want* to think for themselves."

With regard to (i) the charge is a fair one against some Scouters, but the experience of Richard Fox and others shows that good Scouters who try to do these things do not get always the response they feel they have been led to expect.

If it is true that some of us have made it all seem too simple when urging the application of the essentials of the Scout method I hope we shall be forgiven and that we may in future better prepare our hearers for the difficulties they will surely meet.

Even so, one cannot dish up every problem on a plate with an infallible "School answer."

The Scouter has to bring his own gifts of personality and imagination to the job, and one of the prime functions of Scouter Training in all its forms is to inspire him to do just that.

It is worth a dissatisfied Scouter's while to consider whether he has tried to go too far too fast. In so far as (i) means that some of us are suspected of having 1908 minds and of being unaware of today's realities I take it upon me to plead "not guilty" for all concerned.

Neither (ii) nor (iii) is a new problem. Let us clear our minds. There never was a golden age when ideal S.M.s trained 100 per cent responsive boys. Let the Scouter who is a bit irritated by being recalled to the Founder's principles withhold his wrath and consider this from *Scouting for Boys*, First Edition. "You must be prepared yourself for disappointments at first, though you will as often as not find them outweighed by unexpected successes. You must from the first be prepared for the prevailing want of concentration of mind on the part of boys, and if you then frame your teaching accordingly you will have very few disappointments. Do not expect them to pay great attention to any one subject for very long until you have educated them to do so. You must meet them half-way and not give them too long a dose. . . they have not learnt the art of switching their mind where they want it to be and holding it There. This making the mind amenable to the will is one of the important inner points in our training." It is worth our while to give heed to these words in 1956.

I am not suggesting that the society in which we work and of which we form part is identical with that of 1908. There were then areas in which, as an old hand said to me the other day, the Troop H.Q. was the only spot where some boys had a decent place to sit down in or play a game in. There was then unemployment and poverty and social insecurity in a measure which many Scouters today have not witnessed. In their place we have now the common insecurity which comes from international tensions stretching to the possibility of physical annihilation, and an increase in the personal insecurity due to broken homes. We have not only the achievements of education, but its setbacks and inadequacies in quality and quantity of staff and accommodation, due to war and other causes. We have the problem of the years between school-leaving and National Service when the boy needs



helping and preparing for that Service and for getting the best out of it and putting the best into it. We have to recognise that for many boys easy cash, easy entertainment, and the fact or the prospect of a reasonably comfortable existence, without striving to excel, all encourage what for many seems a sufficient objective, an untroubled life among the ruck. We have also what *Citizens of Tomorrow* calls "the fatal notion that because a child should be allowed to express himself, any attempt to bring him up in the way he should go necessarily involves his repression or frustration." (I know a schoolmaster who, having attempted to secure a minimum of discipline and attention from a boy was visited by his father who said, "I've told my boy that if you tell him to do anything he doesn't want to he isn't to do it!") Let us first restore our sense of proportion by recalling that an enormous number of parents do their job magnificently and an enormous number of boys do well in their Scouting, their jobs and in life as a whole. Now let us turn to those who, when we have them, are adversely affected by such influences as are described above, some of which I think must have contributed to the unsatisfactory experiences Richard Fox describes.

I am not sure what Mr. Fox means by the "average" boy. Those above the "average," presumably, *are* prepared to do some thinking for themselves those below the "average" are no more prepared to do so that the "average," so we have the proposition that a *majority* of boys do not want to think for themselves. I believe this overstates the case, and there is always the possibility that some of those who turn away from Scouting as they experience it do so because they *have* thought for themselves. But granting that an appreciable number do *not* want to think for themselves, and that it is an objective of Scouting to produce a self-reliant individual, what can we do about it? Mr. Fox has given part of the answer by implying that the inert boy *can* be "forcibly dragged out" of his comfortable niche. I am afraid there is no alternative to studying our Scouts individually and adapting our treatment to their needs, and for some a bit of "forcible dragging out" is indicated.

Consider as an illustration the boys Richard Fox describes who after two or three years have made little progress towards their Second Class Badge. There is no suggestion that these veteran Tenderfoots are mentally retarded. They are just bone-lazy, prepared to take what they enjoy, probably a bit flattered secretly when a fuss is made about them, but not prepared to make an effort to see whether they enjoy practical Scouting. What I don't understand is how a boy *can* have been in a Troop for two or three years without having camped a bit, or how he *can* have camped, otherwise than on a board-and-lodging basis, *without* having shown himself able to do about half his Second Class, and without having been got through the rest. Obviously these Scouts are beyond the powers of the P.L.s on whom they are inflicted. When that is so there is only one thing for it, the Scouters must handle the laggards.

This is not going counter to the Patrol system. Scouting is a method of training, and that includes training the P.L.s who do not spring fully-armed from the head of the C. of H. and S.M. who appointed them. The P.L. has his whole Patrol to lead, and if he's got a "do-nowt" beyond his capacity the S.M. (or one of his A.S.M.s) steps in, or if one is lucky, a tough T.L. or by arrangement a Senior Scout. If we are to get anywhere with the chronic "inert" we have got to persevere with him and put the pressure on, even to the point of an ultimatum. If he values his membership at all (as apparently he does, for whatever reasons, since he hangs on), he will probably pay the price. (let him over the Second Class hurdle, by shoving if necessary, and that may start the first glimmerings of satisfaction in achievement.

Suppose we do nothing. Will the 13 or 14 year old who has been "drifting" for two or three years in the Troop still be drifting there at 16? I hazard that he will have drifted out.

There remains the question of the appalling set of Seniors, most of whom Mr. Fox says they lost a year or so ago because he made it clear 'that, although he was prepared to help and advise, the planning must be left to them. No one else can enter fully into knowledge of the precise relationship between another Scouter

and a particular set of Seniors. One does not know their history, how long they had been in the Troop, whether it was there or elsewhere that they developed their nonchalant and selfish attitude, whether they were too suddenly confronted with the facts of Senior Scout life after too indulgent treatment, and so forth. My impression is that they were certainly enjoying tormenting their Scouter. There is a limit to that sort of thing and as they were invincibly intractable to the influence of their Scouters the only course was to show them the door before they influenced adversely those younger. The "departed" might at least learn one lesson from that, that not every adult exists to indulge their whims and be their butt. Was it a failure? Yes, but success may not have been possible. One does one's best (*really* one's best) and if that isn't effective one should not overdo self-reproach, or contend that Scouting is not what it is cracked up to be. Scouting is not a magic wand and it is not the only good influence in boys' lives. It is unjustifiable to assume that because we get now and again one, or on rare occasions a party such as Mr. Fox described, with whom we can do nothing, their departure from us is necessarily a stage on the road to ruin. B.-P. was once moved to tell us not to take ourselves *too* dashed seriously! No one suggests we take failures light-heartedly. But failure is a field in which I have experience, and I have learnt that by careful study of one's blunders one can improve one's technique.

What else can an old-timer say to any younger Scouter who has had the patience to read so far? One watches Scouters of Groups with sympathy, interest and admiration for their devotion and ability, and it verges on presumption to offer advice. But one must speak the faith that is in one. Experience does show, and many of your correspondents attest it, that the essential Scout method of awards for achievement, of giving responsibility to Scouts for themselves, and for others as Seconds, P.L.s, T.L.s, and Courts of Honour, *does* work. But I think it is not always realised that you don't put the maximum load on at once. You do it by increasing doses as they learn to take it, and the rate varies with individuals. You let them even make mistakes, within limits, and learn from them and from your own advice and help. It is a fascinating business which is of the essence of the art of Scoutership. Like the rest of Scout training it is a long term job and you yourself learn by trial and error as well as by all the tips you can get from all forms of training. Just one thing more about Scoutership - don't worry about popularity with Scouts and don't think your first job is to win their affection. Your first requirement is their respect. Their regard will follow, with everything else that goes to make up the spirit of a good Group.

Surum Corda!

E. G. NEATE C.C., Surrey

[This correspondence is now closed. - R. H.]

British Bulldog Substitutes

DEAR EDITOR,

Until recently I was S.M. of the 37th Brighton. The H.Q. had a stone floor and projections from the walls which rendered such games as British Bulldogs dangerous. The search for a substitute to enable the boys to let off steam occasionally resulted in the evolution of several popular games and as one or more of them may be of interest to any of your readers who are similarly placed, I describe them below.

1. FORTS.

This is a basic game from which much can be adapted to suit local conditions and current crazes. The equipment consists of a number of ping-pong balls. Two forts, simple and consisting of only a limited number of chairs should be set up in the middle of opposite walls. One patrol, or team, then occupies each fort. The ping-pong balls are then distributed as ammunition. When each team, and the umpire, is ready the two teams simply let fly at one another, and if hit have to leave the fort. They should then be allowed to knock stray pieces of ammo back to their own fort. The winners are the team which knocks all the others out first. In my own case, I was frequently the only umpire available, and therefore a 'boy was considered dead if I *thought* he had been hit, regardless of what actually happened. The training value of this

need not be emphasised, in view of the current tendency to argue things out with the ref.

2. A MORE PURPOSEFUL EVOLUTION FROM THE ABOVE.

The room is divided by a rope into two, and two forts are again built, this time in opposite corners of the same end of the room. The opposite end also has two simple barriers erected. Any Scout test can then be utilised to get boys to leave the shelter of their fort, in which in the first stage of the game they are safe and cannot be killed. Ammunition can only be thrown from inside the fort. Boys should be allowed to leave the shelter of the fort to collect stray ammo, but if hit are out. In the first stage, boys who have been hit should be sent back occasionally either on a time basis, or by pairing. The object of the game might be, for example, for each team to tie, in front of the examiner, who stands at the other end of the room by the barriers which can be used as shelter, a specified number of knots, no boy being allowed to tie more than one on each trip out. It may be desirable to confine the team or Patrol Leader to the fort to direct operations. When the first team to complete the specified test has done so, to the examiner's satisfaction, it may bombard its opponents in their fort, no more being allowed back, thus bringing the game to a speedy conclusion. If the second team also finishes the required test, they should of course be allowed to retaliate.

There are endless variations to this game, in which all the Scout tests can with imagination be utilised.

For just one more example, two copies of an identical map should be set in front of the examiner, and the object is for one man at a time from each team to dash up, look at a section of the map, and return to the fort to describe it to the P.L. who may not himself leave the fort. As the satisfactory completion of the map is the prime object, the second stage should be omitted, but the game played to a time. Only the P.L. may use a pencil.

3. AIR FORCE.

The object of this game was, originally, to test the capability of a couple of P.L.s in a new situation. Such a tense atmosphere was built up, however, that it was apparent that the boys were all thrilled with the game, and it was played frequently, and proved to have a marked effect on the authority of the P.L.s.

As before, the room is divided into two by a rope, and two areas, each just large enough to accommodate one team, marked off, one in each area at the same end of the room. While in these areas the boys, who are considered to be aircraft, are on the ground. They can only leave when ordered to do so by the "ground controller" (P.L.). Each P.L. takes it in turn to give movement orders, in the following terms:

"Aircraft one. Three paces north." (The "aircraft" having been previously numbered and a theoretical north determined.) The object of the manoeuvres is to take each aircraft to the other end of the room and bring back one at a time a specified number of objects. Barriers should be placed so as to force the routes towards the ropes at points. Any aircraft can be taken up at any time subject to each P.L. giving movement orders in turn. Only one direction at a time may be allowed in the movement order. However, a "firing order" can be given at any time, to any one aircraft, regardless of whose turn it is to give a movement order. The ammunition is made of paper darts, and only three may be carried by each aircraft which may be allowed to replenish its stocks, if necessary, on returning to base. The firing orders should include the number of the aircraft and the number of missiles to be fired. As before, any aircraft shot down should be brought back into the game, either by pairing or

by some other method.

The beauty of these games is, of course, in the simplicity and cheapness of equipment. The ping-pong balls used in the first two last a surprisingly long time, for they can be used even if squashed, though one should never expect to use them for table-tennis again. I also found them to act as "letting off steam" games, and they were best played by numbers of up to a dozen in each team, but not so well with more.

R. A. JEZARD.

The Broads

DEAR EDITOR,

The very interesting article on the Broads holiday three years ago ("Ideas and Things," June 1956 SCOUTER) prompts me to write and tell you that the Seniors of the 4th Don and Dearne (1st Mexborough) Troop, in charge of two young A.S.M.s (twelve in all) had a splendid holiday yachting on the Broads during Whit-week this year. For weeks - may months - prior to the great day my house was the scene of great activity after Troop Meetings when discussions on menus, travelling and lessons on sailing using a model yacht loaned by one of the younger end, were the order of the day.

The boys themselves made out the daily menu, albeit slight amendments were made - after all, peaches and cream would considerably add to the cost and rhubarb is cheap!

They travelled in two cars - four in each - and the remaining four (railway workers) went by train. The cost of travelling, hiring and insuring two yachts, and food, were shared equally and came to £7 per head.

The boys enjoyed every minute and will not lack a topic for conversation for many years to come! The work and responsibility taken on by the two A.S.M.s were well worth while. Incidentally this holiday will not interfere with the annual Troop Camp.

HILDA. B. WARD (Mrs.),
Secretary. Group Committee.

The cost of Scouting

DEAR EDITOR,

While I must compliment G.S.M. H. G. Bradfield-Dovey for his courage in restarting a Group, I feel I must beg to differ with the views expressed by him in the June SCOUTER and also with the methods adopted by him in reforming the 7th Northolt.

It is, to my mind, quite the wrong policy to have such a large number of newly founded Groups. The expense is considerable at the best of times, but the cost of equipping a Group of such dimensions sufficiently to take the Scouts to camp is naturally going to be high. Apart from this, if the whole of the intake is new to Scouting, and especially camping, the standard of proficiency cannot be very high.

I would also remind Mr. Bradfield-Dovey that Scouting is a Worldwide Movement, and that District and National events play a large part and a valuable part in our Scouting framework, which I presume G.S.M. B.-D. participates in and appreciates. Therefore is it not reasonable that he should pay his affiliation fees? I would also think that with a number as large as fifty-one Cubs and Scouts and three Scouters, it would only need an average of 10s. 7½d. per head in Bob-a-Job money to cover his expenses and his contributions to I.H.Q. and the L.A.

If I might support my claim that his intake was too large: my Troop was formed six years ago and at the first intake we had sixteen Scouts and three Scouters. These boys were all trained to become P.L.s and Seconds covering a period of two years. After one year another sixteen boys were added, giving



us four Patrols of eight. The following year a further sixteen were admitted, so that we then had eight Patrols of six split into two Troops, with all the P.L.s and Seconds with real Scouting experience. We had sufficient equipment to camp right from the start, due to the hard work of the Group Committee, the sound financing of the G.S.M., and the blokes working hard at Bob-a-Job and other money-raising schemes. In this time the standard has been reasonably high: we were able to have the honour of being asked to nominate one of our Seniors - a Queen's Scout - to go to Canada last year.

No, Scouting is not pricing itself out of existence.

D. F. MORTON,
110th Leicester.

DEAR EDITOR,

I have never been a Scout or Scouter, but for some eight years have held down the job of L.A. Treasurer. After reading Mr. Bradfield-Dovey's letter in your June number, I feel appalled at the inadequacy of the manner in which I appear to have carried out my duties.

In my ignorance, I imagined that my duty was to aid and abet the L.A. Committee, not in drumming money out of the Scouts, but out of almost anyone else with the object of spending it for the general benefit of Scouting in the District.

However, now I know how wrong I was - or was I?

HOWARD HALL.

"A Badge to Honour"

DEAR EDITOR,

When I was, in Denmark in August 1954, I visited a Danish Jamboree in the Lyngby Division and noticed that Danish Scouts and Scouters wear a metal badge above the shirt pocket; and when I asked the meaning I was told that the Scouts guard the badge with their lives, for they are issued when invested, and the badge is marked with their name, and if they get into trouble or do wrong it is taken away and they never get it back. Consequently, they cannot join the Scouts again for they have disgraced themselves and the Movement. The result is that the quality of Scouting in Denmark is of high standard.

Why can't a similar idea be adopted in this country? But I do not suggest a metal badge but of cloth, for a metal badge could be dangerous. What do other Scouters think about this?

The latest Amendments

DEAR EDITOR,

Wot! No signalling? Ah well, the boys never use it, only to greet other Scouts passing at a distance or in cases of emergency as I and countless others have had to do.

When are we going to do away with the knots? We never use them outside Troop Meetings, except in camp, on hikes, and in emergencies when we may be helping others.

How long do we have to put up with First Aid when everyone is on the National Health Service?

Is our accident rate so low on the roads today that it is no longer necessary for us to encourage Scouts and Cubs to know their Highway Code?

As you may have realised I totally disagree with the decision of the Committee of the Council to delete signalling and the Highway Code from our Tests. I don't believe we can afford to do away with either until our roads are so safe that there is no need for any Highway Code at all, and I.H.Q. issues Walkie-Talkie sets or installs Bush telephones on every bush!

I. J. B. DAVIES
S.M., 1st Gowerton.



DEAR EDITOR,

The deletion of "Signals" from normal Scout Training seems to me a blunder which requires some apology or explanation from those responsible. No doubt I shall get scragged for saying so; but in spite of the fact that our Scouts find no undue difficulty about the First and Second Class Signalling tests, we are about as average a Group as you could find, with no claim to super-intelligence or higher education: so I was particularly interested to note the reaction of two of our Scouts who might have been expected to welcome the latest decision from I.H.Q. (I Should mention, that as disciples of Captain Morse, we find "lamp work" a very suitable winter pastime, and are apt to let signalling go altogether during the summer months, as the sea real ready crowded out with so many other Scouting interests. Anyone who fails to pass Signals by about March, must therefore wait six months or so before having another chance.)

Last winter, as usual, a number of boys passed their First or Second Class signalling tests before the light evenings arrived, but (also as usual) there were at least two who just Failed to make the grade; Scout A, aged 16, who has only two other tests to pass before putting up his First Class Badge; and Scout B, aged 12, who is in the verge of Second Class. In both cases, therefore, the new H.Q. ruling practically makes them a present of their Badge; but on being told the "joyful news" both boys, so far from saying "Thank you!" expressed strong disapproval and disappointment; the Senior saying at once "Well! I shall go on and pass it, anyway!" The rest of the Group seem to be equally disgusted at this strange decision, judging by the remarks I have heard so far. If, as we maintain, the object of Scouting is to achieve self-discipline, character and citizenship, can we afford to abandon almost the only "Basic Test" which still demands any real mental effort on the part of the boy? (for the year already carefully shielded from this at school!). Recent correspondence in THE SCOUTER shows that this requirement of effort is the chief complaint against "Signalling"; but is the modern Scout really so weak and weary? I do not believe it.

L. GEOFFREY HAYWOODG
S.M., 1st Woodbridge.

DEAR EDITOR,

The Old Wolves of this District have joined in a unanimous and sustained howl of dismay. They just cannot understand these drastic alterations to the Second Star Tests and I certainly cannot think of a sensible explanation with which to appease them. Doubtless this will be one of hundreds of letters from Scouters and all will explain exactly the same obvious reasons why signalling and Highway Code should remain in the Second Star Tests. Will someone please explain why they should not?

The increase to three Badges for the Leaping Wolf will be generally welcomed, but what is meant by three special Badges? P.O.R. has always referred to two special Badges but these have

never been named and Leaping Wolves have always been awarded to Cubs with the Second Star and any two Proficiency Badges. It would be an admirable step forward to name special Badges that must be won to attain the Leaping Wolf, but until this is done the Collector, Team Player, etc., will still be accepted to qualify a Cub for the award.

Finally, will someone please define a "hand stand" as required for the Athlete's Badge? It is doubtful if Roger Bannister can maintain an unaided hand stand, so please let us know if our athletes are allowed to use a wall or have their feet held.

H. E. RAY,
A.D.C. Cubs, Thanet South.



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SIGN OF
GOOD TASTE

NOTEBOOK FOR A YEAR

25. By HENRY J. G. COLLIS

A.C.C., S.E. Area Sussex, D.C. Eastbourne

January

The month of mighty feats in eating! There is prompt disposal of sandwiches a Skipper, doughy buns stick-jaw and jellies galore of every shade which parents can concoct. These Christmas and New Year orgies always amaze me by how little is left by so many in such a short time. What a debt Groups owe to the bands of helpers who rally round to get things ready and then somehow face the shindy itself for the pleasure of washing up afterwards. The crowning delight is when Akela comes in fancy dress and sits on a balloon. Talking of balloons, I shall always remember the Cub going home from one of these parties proudly carrying the balloon which he had preserved through many a scrummage after tea. A young thug on a street corner who thought it clever to smoke lounged up to him, took the cigarette from his mouth, used it to burst the balloon and then leered at the Cub until he saw the latter's face of utter contempt. As he slunk off the Cub threw the bits of balloon after him and they landed square on his head looking like a kind of absurd fool's hat with the string hanging down as a pigtail. The 9-year-old never said a word but his face said it for him.

Scouters could well take more advantage of New Year Resolutions to encourage their Troops and Packs in the way of more and better test work. For example, as some of you know, I am a great believer in mnemonics and I am sure that a little jingle learnt by heart can help to welcome in another twelve months. Here is something very simple:-

I will try to Persevere
And get far better Results
By firmly Overcoming snags
And always Going forward.
For this I must be Resolute
And brim full of Enthusiasm,
Not forgetting Smiles for all
And thoughts of Serving others.

February

At the beginning of my visit to one Group a boy rushed in and announced that the "Commissionaire" had arrived. This title did not worry me at all but I do wish that, except on very formal occasions, there need not be look-out men waiting to shout "cave" when we are sighted. It means that a D.C. seldom sees things as they really are. At the end of the same evening the G.S.M., having heard I had another call to pay, made a comment which has helped me ever since - "The great thing about the D.C. is that he never stays long." There is something in that to mark, learn and inwardly digest!

March

The time of colds and snuffles is with us and a few Akelas are very much "Cubbing and Going" as they battle on through one handkerchief after another. Quite frankly I wish some of them would give up just a little sooner so as to be less lavish with their germs and give Baloo a chance on her own.

It was about now that somebody said to me that he very much doubted if our boys had any real and useful idea of Duty to God "so why waste time on the Promise?" To put my mind at rest I got thirty-six Cubs and Scouts to write down what they honestly believed to be their Duty to God. No names on the papers, but just some indication of age and they could disguise handwriting as much as they liked. Here are half a dozen of the answers, *not* because they are different from what any other Scouter in the world would get, but because they give the lie to our critics and are a proof positive to ourselves:-

"To say my prayers" (a 9-year-old).

"To obey the orders God gives me" (a 10-year-old).

"Not to tell lies, cheat or be unkind" (an 11-year-old).

"To go to church every Sunday, to trust in God and to trust people" (a 12-year-old).

"To obey my parents and help the ill" (a 13-year-old).

"To keep my word and wear the Scout badge with thought" (a 14-year-old).

After this I went into a huddle with myself and tried to get my own ideas down on paper. I found it a very salutary exercise.

April

Bob-a-Job and all its excitement is well worth the effort and good for us all, as well as for our Scout pockets. We had good fun as the photographer of Children's T.V. Newsreel came down to see us earning an honest ship's shilling in helping to "polish" and "launch" the local Lifeboat. A put-up job you say. I ask you - is it likely? Anyway it hit the headlines as well as the water.

Three of us went to the Commissioners' Dinner in London and certainly surprised one small boy who, on seeing our shorts in the Strand, turned to his father and said in amazement "Daddy, are Boy Scouts - men?"

May

The merry month of May except for A.G.M.s which have been aptly described as the invention of the devil. Anyway least said soonest mended and may next year's speakers think the same.

June

District Sports and great buzzing round to check the knots in the Cub Relay. What a tonic to hear of the Cub who had longed to take part, would be too old next year but missed being selected because he did a wrong knot in the practice; his comment was "O.K. Akela. It's the Pack that counts." Admittedly there were tears in his eyes but there was courage in his heart.

July

Great preparations for camps and much last-minute completing of forms P.C., but I wonder how many Scouters also study the Country Code first published in 1951 by H.M. Stationery Office. Here are some main headings of the Code:

GUARD against all risks of fire.
KEEP to the paths across farm land.
FASTEN all gates.
AVOID damage to fences, walls and hedges.
LEAVE no litter.
SAFEGUARD water supplies.
PROTECT wild life, plants and trees.
GO carefully on country roads.
RESPECT the life of the countryside.

August

Everybody very much in holiday mood and revelling in the real place for Scoutcraft - the open air. There can be no better tonic for the slower tempo of winter meetings than memories of a good camp, specially the warm glow of the camp fire embers, with those moments of quiet companionship and sudden confidences. I heard of a school which has Scouts and Cubs and, believe it or not, use the passing of tests as a form of punishment for school offences, e.g. "Were you out of bounds Smith?" "Yes Sir" (Scout honesty). "Well you will pass a test a day for a week or else..." What an extraordinary conception of the spirit of Scouting and I am only glad that I have forgotten the name of the school. The trouble is that I may put my foot in. It the next time I run into any School Group with arms weighed down with badges! On the other hand I am sure the "wages of sin" school must be unique.

A good month for the B.-P. Guild with their Jumble Sale to raise funds for needy Troops and Packs. Everything was snapped up at once - even before any previous owners could arrive to claim back treasured garments snaffled while they were out at

work. A respected helper put his cap down for a minute while he gave his wife some change and turned round to find it had gone for 3d. One of the chief organisers had a tricky moment with that cycle. He offered it to an interested party for 15s., whereupon a lady standing by spoke out in high dudgeon that she had just bought it for 17s. 6d.! Despite all the anxieties, excitements and dust, a tidy sum was raised and, as soon as everybody had got his breath back and had had a cup of tea, they all felt it had really been rather fun.

September

What a splendid cartoon in that motoring magazine. It was of a small Scout at a corner stopping a prim lady driver to break the news that her flashing indicator had just spelt out a really shocking swear word!

The District Swimming Sports usually happen about now and are a great event - quite without compare for noise and splash. The most popular item was the Rescue Race when one "drowned" Scout swam far harder than his rescuer.

October

This is the ideal month for an indoor Camp Fire and the Rovers are the ideal chaps to run it. Parents enjoy coming along and it is real fun to watch their faces during some of the yells. Their expressions start by being agonised, soon become comprehending and finish up wreathed in smiles.

It was this month that a Scouter told me of his trials to get one boy to learn his Promise. At long last he gave up in despair and told the boy so. That night he was sleeping the sleep of the Just when he was woken by banging at the front door. He threw open the window with some feeling to be greeted by "Skip, I know my Promise now." It was just after 11 p.m.

I was so glad that the County Commissioner awarded his Letters of Commendation to two of the B.-P. Guild stalwarts who had also done so much good work over the years in other lay capacities. It is all too easy to overlook these lynch-pins of the Movement to whom we owe so much. A Thanks Badge given years ago sometimes needs another instalment of recognition.

Incidentally one of these stalwarts distinguished himself in the games which followed the B.-P. Guild Annual Supper by challenging the D.C. to a race with a lighted candle and attired in a night shirt! The D.C., a man of bulk, got mixed up with a sleeve and split his night-shirt from top to toe. Result: D.C., tattered and dishevelled, snuffed out and disqualified. A very heart-rending business altogether.

November

Laying a Remembrance Day wreath on the local War Memorial can bring its moments. I dressed up as best I could, hat and all, and stepped forward from the crowd at the right moment, wreath in hand. As I advanced with what I hoped was measured and impressive tread I heard a youngster break the silence with "Daddy. Look - there's a cowboy." More than at any other moment did I wish I was wearing a beret.

December

I was shaken to see a mother in Regent Street clutching the hand of her 14 year-old son and dragging him along like a toddler. Admittedly the Christmas crowds were beginning, but then he was wearing a Scout badge in his buttonhole.

The Christmas card from Gilwell was sheer delight because it had the Inset photographs of all the instructors just like the eight of a boat race crew, with Skipper John Thurman in the middle to steer the course. No crabs caught for the Providore!

I had my first visit to the "Gang Show" and I only hope it will not be my last. I have never been to anything so slick and so buoyant. The moments of pathos were all the greater because one knew they would be followed by some brilliant touch of humour. For example the stillness of the passing of Mr. Chips was broken by the gay clamour of the "cheer-ups." What a lesson too for each to carry away in "A Christmas Carol" when the stage was filled with characters from Dickens and then suddenly the author himself came in their midst, but he was a stranger to them. The curtain line was "Lots and lots of people and they don't seem to know their Creator." There are certainly lots and lots of us in the Scout Movement who honour and applaud the memory of our Founder, but do we sometimes forget that central figure who came into the world and it knew Him not?

Good luck to you all.



MY SCOUTING STORY - VIII

By P. B. NEVILL

On July 7th, 1918, our East London Commemoration Meeting, as we then called it, was held at the People's Palace for the first time. Sir Alfred Codrington, the Commissioner for London, was in the chair, the Rev. J. Holyoak, Commissioner for Woodford, was the speaker. An interesting report of this meeting appeared in the local press. The writer saw the Scouts filing into the Palace and ventured to follow to see what was afoot. He was very impressed by the gathering and wondered why we had not invited parents and public to be present. He thought it was wonderful that a General, with a large array of ribbons on his breast, should, when he rose to address the boys, start with "Brother Scouts." "I tell you," he wrote, "I felt that I must think hard, when an old veteran can call a lot of boys with drums and sticks, "Brother Scouts," there must be more than meets the eye." We were proud too on this occasion to have two Silver Crosses presented to two Poplar Scouts for saving life, and three Gilt Crosses to Bethnal Green Scouts for services rendered during a very severe air raid.

In June, a special meeting of the Council of the Boy Scouts Association was held, and Colonel de Burgh put me up to open a discussion on Senior Scouts. There were two lines of opposition to be met. There were those who felt that we had failed in our attempts to retain the Senior boys, and thought that we should therefore admit our failure and agree to hand over all our Scouts over 15 to the Army Cadets, while others took the line that the Association was never intended to be more than a boys' Movement, and that we should not therefore keep anyone beyond the age of 18.

The first argument was easy to demolish, for had not B.-P. always considered Scouting was for boys up to 18 years of age? And even if we had in a general way failed to retain as many Scouts as we should have liked to do, we had quite a number of Scoutmasters who were exceedingly good with the upper age group, and we could learn from them and so aim at steadily improving the position.

The other contention was perhaps the more difficult: "We were a boys' Movement and should not bring young men into it; the Boys' Brigade had not done so and why should we?"

But the Royal Charter made it quite clear that we could take adults into membership, and all that was necessary was to see that these did not swamp "the boy" who was, according to our name, the main reason for our existence. My suggestion was that as long as we looked to the Senior Scouts to supply us with leaders in the future there was little danger of this, as the more leaders we had the greater the number of boys we could train as Scouts. Much to our relief that Council accepted our point of view, and gave their approval to the Scheme going ahead.

B.-P. thought that the term "Senior Scout" was not the best name for the new section, and he asked Colonel de Burgh to collect together suggestions for an alternative. A list was prepared and sent to B.-P. and in August he announced that he had chosen the name of "Rover Scout." I have often wondered whether B.-P. would not have been better advised if he had stuck to the term "Senior Scout." It might have saved the Movement from having to solve quite a number of problems!

All through this year I carried on a voluminous correspondence with Colonel de Burgh on Senior Scout matters. He was very busy getting his Rules for Rover Scouts ready for the press, and in August he sent me the proofs to go through. I raised a number of points with him but in particular I did not like the suggestion made for Rover shoulder-knot, which was to be red, blue and green. This I thought odd, so I suggested yellow - the Cub colour, green - the Scout colour, and red - the colour which was being adopted as the Rover colour. To this the Colonel replied, "Very nice, I quite agree, I have put it in the Rules." He was very interested in his "Rules."



PARTY OF "BEARS" ROVER CREW OUT ON A HIKE

As a matter of fact, they were not really rules at all, they were mainly a collection of ideas and suggestions which had been received from all over the country and in due course a Part 2 was added.

The red shoulder tabs were still being worn, and it was not until after an unofficial conference of Rover Mates and others on January 5th, 1919, at I.H.Q., that they were changed to green with the word "Rovers" thereon.

About this time I was elected to the "Executive" Committee of the London Scout Council. I don't think that it remained an "Executive" committee for long for its name was soon changed to "General Purposes Committee."

As the year advanced, Scout activities seemed to crowd one on the other. There was another Commissioners' Conference, in London this time. At this B.-P. was urging everyone to get organised for peace, a subject he frequently referred to at this time. In doing this we were to "aim high and lay low." I have always found this a useful motto, it was one that my mother constantly impressed on me, and no doubt I noted it down when I heard B.-P. use the same phrase. Another interesting note I made at this conference was that Labour was asking for an addition to the Scout Law to the effect Employers should be loyal to their employees. This suggestion was quickly taken up and the second Scout Law extended to cover the point.

During the Conference a "Meeting and Display" was held at the Albert Hall. This was the first time that we had put on any kind of show in this great hall and it took the form of a number of Scout displays and the singing of a number of Arthur Poyser's Scout songs, led by a choir. These songs seem to have quite died out; it's a pity for "The Road to Maresfield" and "Over the Bills and Far Away" and others are too good to be forgotten.

On the back of the Albert Hall programme was an interesting note about air raids. It informed the audience that arrangements had been made for any threatened raid to be notified to the Hall by the military authorities. On receipt of the notice, the audience was to be informed, so that any who wished could leave. However, all went well and no alarm was received.

Troop shows were getting quite common and as District Commissioner I received many invitations which I always endeavoured to fit in. Then Enfield put on a display which meant some attention to my old District. I was still running the 5th and 1st Enfield Troops with the help of their Patrol Leaders, although I was able to draw out of these commitments gradually, when Haydn Dimmock returned from hospital and took over his old Troop, the 5th.

Then there was the Scouts, Soldiers and Sailors Club in Victoria Street which had to have some attention. Either I took the chair at some entertainment, or there was the night in October when my Rovers, "The sears," gave a concert, and the opening chorus "The Rollicking Rovers" was my own composition. I did quite a lot of concert-party work in these days and helped several East London

Troops run their own shows, writing the words of some of the songs - generally parodies - and sometimes the music.

East London was progressing well and the year's report showed progress all along the line, particularly in Cub work, while six Rover Troops, as they were then called, had been formed. I was very particular about allowing these new sections to be formed, and I urged everyone to be careful to see that everything that spells success was there before permission was given.

One last date in 1918 will be forever memorable, and that is November 20th. B.-P. had written to me to ask me to get into touch with a Mr. de Bois Maclaren, a District Commissioner from Scotland who had offered to provide a Camping Ground for the poor Scouts of London. At that time there was real poverty in East London and I suppose that, although there were other poor areas in the Metropolis, mine was probably the largest. I invited him to come and have dinner with me at Roland House on that date.

Maclaren explained to me his desire to do something to help the under-privileged boy, and asked me if six hundred acres of land in the Ashdown Forest area would be of any use to us, as he could obtain this for a sum of £10,000. It sounded wonderful, but I had to tell him that it would be too far away to be of any real benefit to our Scouts.

If you would refer to one of our earliest schemes for the development of Roland House you will see that we had included as our last requirement a Camping Ground for East London Scouts. It was admittedly "aiming high" when we wrote that scheme, but it had provided us with something to dream about and we had made up our minds what we really wanted. Our dream Camping Ground was to be a comparatively small acreage of land alongside either Epping or Hainault Forest. What would it matter if we were a bit cramped for space when we had the whole Forest on our doorstep for our Scouting, and if you could not afford the penny bus fare, it was quite possible to walk!

All this I was able to explain to Maclaren and he very quickly saw that this was what was wanted, so he told me to go ahead and find the site we wanted and he would buy it for us.

Well, it was not quite as simple as all that. I reported my interview to B.-P. He saw that this Camping Ground could serve more than just one District of London, but no one could have had the least idea of what this centre of Scouting was to mean to the whole world of Scouting. A committee was set up at I.H.Q., of which P. W. Everett was chairman. Amongst the other members were Rev. J. Holyoak, Commissioner for Wood-ford, John Hargreaves, then Commissioner for Camping at I.H.Q. and myself. Agents sent us particulars of properties for sale and we visited at least one of the more likely ones. At every available opportunity I got on to my motor-bike and toured all round the Forest area to see if I could find anything.

Then one night I was in Bethnal Green at their Local Association meeting, when I told them of the fine offer which had been made by Mr. Maclaren.



OPENING OF GILWELL PARK, 1919

After the meeting an Assistant Scoutmaster named John Gayfer came up to me and asked if I knew Gilwell Park. He had come across it in his rambles round the Forest, the estate had been unoccupied for many years and had become a veritable bird sanctuary.

The next Saturday I was out there climbing over fallen trees across the drive and exploring the grounds. In wandering about I came across an old notice-board, which had collapsed on to the ground with age, and from this I was able to decipher the name of the agents.

I wrote to Holyoak asking him if he had heard of Gilwell Park, and when the agents were approached we found that there were just under sixty acres and the price asked was £10,000, the exact sum mentioned to me by Mr. Maclaren. B.-P. went down and very quickly summed up the possibilities of the place. Twelve miles from the centre of London, with the Forest of Epping bordering on one side, in a delightful rural setting. But B.-P. saw more than a camping site, he saw in the old Hall and the grounds immediately surrounding it the ideal place for his training centre for Scoutmasters. Maclaren, however, was not best pleased with B.-P.'s enthusiasm for training. His only interest was in the camping site, and it was with some difficulty that he was brought to agree to the use of Gilwell for the purpose. That he did eventually agree is shown by a further generous gift of money to help with the cost of repairing the old Hall, which was in a sad state of decay.

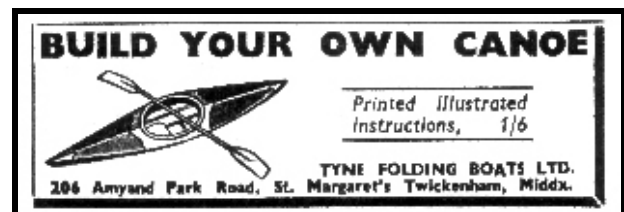
Much thought was given as to whether the old buildings should not be pulled down and rebuilt. If this had been done a good deal of money might have been saved in the long run for the cost of keeping such an old building in repair is heavy, but its interesting historical associations and picturesque appearance adds greatly to the whole atmosphere of Gilwell. I am glad, therefore, that it was decided to keep the Hall.

The completion of the purchase took some time as some of the signatures had to be obtained from abroad, and as Easter 1919 approached, I asked the committee if permission could be obtained to my camping there with my Rovers, the vendors' solicitors were communicated with and consent obtained.

On the Thursday night we arrived, in the dark and in pouring rain. It was not the sort of night that you wanted to put up lightweight hike tents if you could avoid it, and I remembered that I had seen an old shed round by the orchard, so we went groping our way through the undergrowth till we came across it. Exploring the inside we were delighted to find it dry, although it had a concrete floor. It was very dirty, as can be imagined: old boxes, pots and earth lying about - it had evidently been the gardener's potting-shed. After clearing up a bit we were able to make ourselves comfortable. This building is now known as "The Pigsty." How it obtained this name I know not, for it could never have been used as such. I suggest a far more suitable name would be "The Pioneer's Cabin."

On Good Friday morning the weather had cleared and we were able to pitch our tents, which we did in the old orchard.

After the purchase was completed the committee asked me to keep an eye on the place, and this I did by going down as often as I could at week-ends, and we soon had a number of Troops coming out to camp, helping with the work of clearing away the dead and fallen trees. This work I continued to supervise until the appointment of our first Camp Chief - Francis Gidney.



NEWS FROM 25 B.P. ROAD

Judging by the correspondence in THE SCOUTER for July there seems to be more than a little confusion about the temporary changes in the basic tests. And I want to say right away that I think we at I.H.Q. contributed to the confusion by omitting the word temporary from the "Headquarters Notices" notifying the changes officially and by not publishing an explanatory note in the same issue of THE SCOUTER. As many of you know, these efforts to try to find out if signalling in particular and the number of tests in general prevent Cubs and Scouts from making any real progress in their Scouting emanate from Scouts of Tomorrow (the decisions of the Committee of the Council arising out of the investigation into the loss of Scouts). It was felt that, in addition to the pamphlet, the temporary changes should be announced officially under "Headquarters Notices" and, unfortunately, many of you saw THE SCOUTER before the pamphlet, thus missing the reasons leading up to the decisions. I am extremely sorry this should have happened, but on the other hand some of the authors of the letters have seen Scouts of Tomorrow, so perhaps the absence of an explanatory note does not matter all that much as it might not have convinced them any more than the pamphlet has done.

How can they be convinced? Is it nothing to us that every year for some years past we have lost about 100,000 Scouts and Cubs before we should have done? Are we not concerned that 73 per cent of the Scouts who left the Movement during their thirteenth year, and 43 per cent of those who left during their fourteenth year had not gained the Second Class Badge? Do we realise that 87 per cent of the Cubs who left Scouting before they went into the Troop had not a Second Star? (60 per cent had not even First Star). Can we feel content that this year's census shows 182,000 Scouts between 11-15 only 40,000 or 22 per cent of whom have got beyond the Tenderfoot stage?

We are told the Movement has not been consulted. Three years ago one Group in every ten was consulted about the grave loss of Scouts and they most kindly co-operated by answering the many questions put to them. It was those Groups - not I.H.Q. - who supplied the devastating information in the report on leakage published two years ago. I.H.Q. set up a committee of active Scouters representing all Sections of the Movement to consider this information and, in turn, that committee set up sub-committees of Pack and Troop Scouters to consider the basic tests; the majority view was that:

(a) There should be a substantial reduction in the tests, and (b) Signalling was the test that prevented more boys from gaining their Second Star and Second Class than anything else and the sooner fewer boys were frustrated and more retained in the Movement to sample its joys the better. Let us not forget this is no new thing. In passing, signalling is not the rock on which Scouting was built; it was not in the original Second and First Class tests; it was added in 1910. In 1931, a London Scouter recommended the removal of signalling from First as it bored the older Scouts. After a lot of research amended tests were drawn up and submitted to B.-P. who wrote:

Personally, I am in favour of an alternative test to signalling. Further ideas for improving the tests were considered and B.-P.'s comment on the re-draft was: I am all for bringing the standard more within the reach of the average boy, and for making it more attractive by cutting down the number of subjects and the more unpopular ones. In 1937, a supplement to THE SCOUTER entitled "The Revision of Scout Tests" was published. The result - a spate of letters similar to those in THE SCOUTER for July.

Unfortunately those who would have welcomed the change did not write, so there was no change. And many Scouts continued to remain at the Tenderfoot stage and, after a while, depart.

After the war the matter was raised again by Scouters at conferences, courses and the like and then came the leakage report - you know the rest.

So, to sum up, may I remind you that signalling has not been removed from Scouting - any Troop can include it as a normal activity and there are still the Signaller and Leading Signaller badges: I have little doubt, if it remains out of the basic tests after 1958, there will be a Cub Signaller Badge, too. Secondly, the views of the Movement will be sought on all the Badge Tests after J.I.M. and if it is found that signalling and the other tests which have been temporarily removed from the basic badges are wanted then I have little doubt they will be restored. In the meantime, give the experiment a trial. I do not think floods of boys will leave because they do not have to do a signalling test but, who knows, we may find more of them gaining their Second Star or Second Class and remaining in Scouting to enjoy all the splendid things it has to offer. And, if they do, won't you be pleased? I will.

A.W.HURLL,
Chief Executive Commissioner.

THE GILWELL LETTER

The Owls on Course 246 covered themselves with glory, and nearly with a lot of other stuff, too. They had the task of taking the dead top from a sycamore. Time was running out and the saw was jamming when I went to see how they were getting along. They had a rope fixed above the cut and it looked to me as though with a little heaving the dead part of the tree might snap off. Away went the Owls to heave on the rope and, as it happened, they had to go to the other side of a lane and behind a hedge. They pulled with great success, and the glory lies in the fact that they did not break the tree where it had been weakened but pulled up the 40 ft. sycamore by the roots!

I hasten to add that the Owls had a certain amount of brain to mix in with their brawn, and I also assure you that we wanted the tree down in any case but had planned to take it down in instalments.

On Course - 247 we had two fellows whom I think are worthy of special mention. One was a local association chairman who had no previous experience of Scouting. He felt that if he was to do a thorough job as chairman he ought to find out a little more about it. He came on the Course and obviously enjoyed it thoroughly. I think his local association is going to find that its chairman is not only enthusiastic but very knowledgeable. It might be an idea to encourage a few other chairmen to come along.

The other Scouter proved to be a tremendous inspiration to the whole Course and, in particular, to his own Patrol. Blinded during the war, he has overcome his disability with courage and considerable success. I was interested when he made the comment that the Gilwell estate had too few straight lines and too many curves, but his Patrol quickly remedied the fault by fixing strings from the tent to the dining shelter and from the shelter to the kitchen, and so on. Of course, on the Blindfold Trail his Patrol appointed him Patrol Leader and they had a notable success; in actual fact they completed the course in just under half the time that I have known it take previously.

This particular Course will be notable because it was attended by two men from overseas who knew they would be concerned with Scouting but had no experience of it before they came on the Course. Both became so enthusiastic that they asked to be invested as Scouts before the Course ended, which gave their Patrols an extra spare time activity in teaching and testing them for Tenderfoot.

JOHN THURMAN,
Camp Chief

REMEMBER!
30th Annual Gilwell Reunion: September 1st/2nd.

LUCK OF THE MONTH

By THE EDITOR

June 26th. - Spoke at most admirably conducted, admirably organised Annual Meeting at Leicester. It was held in the Council Chamber with the Lord Mayor in the chair; all business was despatched with clarity, the reports were brief commentaries on a circulated report: before nine o'clock a meeting, which began at 7.30 and included my own thirty-minute or so address, was over and the 220 people present were enjoying coffee and chatter in another room.

July 3rd. - "What qualities do you expect from a P.L.?" I asked the Movement (including you, dear reader) and doubted whether I'd get any replies. Actually eight came - although the topic is one that any self-respecting Scouter's Council could well have discussed for its enlightenment - considering the leakage figures of 50,000 Scouts leaving the Movement yearly without even a Second Class Badge - its very necessary enlightenment.

As to the replies, for which I'm grateful, surely it's begging the question to say "the ability to lead"? Or isn't it? One Scouter suggested only "stickability" was needed - but that's a view I don't hold anyway. Three good lists were:

One, personality, ability, toughness, reliability, originality, life (i.e. spirit and vitality);

Two, enthusiasm, integrity, common sense, ambition tempered with unselfishness;

Three, sufficient self-confidence to make up his own mind, enough humility to learn before and after making mistakes, imagination to appreciate Scouting is not only Pioneering, loyalty to Patrol and Troop to ignore the blandishments of Diana Dors at the Odeon (and his own personal Diana Dors or Marilyn Monroe!) every Troop night.

I still think this subject is of paramount importance.

July 4th. - Came across a proverb new to me: "The dogs bark but the caravan passes."

July 5th. - Thought for today: "Every Scout in uniform or very badge in his buttonhole is a Public Relations Officer for Scouting!"

July 6th. - Thought from a friend: "I find at forty that I know all the things I learnt about good camping at the age of twelve - which I could never have learnt at the age of forty."

July 9th. - Thought from another: "A Troop whose Scouters don't study The Scouter and whose boys don't read The Scout is like a car missing on one cylinder."

July 10th. - The other day I came across two excellent quotations in a book I was reading and foolishly forgot to make a note of the title or the author and for the life of me I can't remember who it was. But meanwhile I pass on the quotations which I think are relevant to us in our work:

"There are two educations, one of formal tuition, and the other of unconscious influence, and the second is by far the more important."

"Try to give every boy the possibility of what, for want of a better word, may be called self-discovery. By self-discovery I mean the realisation by the boy that in certain directions he has a definite skill or power. This process of self-discovery carries with it a feeling of emotional satisfaction, which brings with it a sense of harmony and well-being."

July 11th. - Saying of the month: "People are primarily citizens and not just workers with a bit of private life., - H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

July 12th. - Pleasant evening at the Albert Hall, where the London Scouts and Guides went gay in Mr. Reader's bright, well-dressed production Voyage of the Venturer which has at least two memorable tunes and one quite lovely one. Unfortunately (or so it seemed to me) the story got shipwrecked half-way! Perhaps the real trouble was Boy Scout haunted one's thoughts and this pretty simple show didn't touch one's heart and mind quite in the same unforgettable way. Nevertheless it must have given great pleasure.



LUCK OF THE MONTH; BARN OWL

July 13th. - Speaking of his Troop, C says "Eight of them are real Scouts - nothing would stop them, they're always keen, always there: the rest come to Troop meetings because their friends come, because it's something to do - or because they get a jolly good evening for 3d.!"

True, I should say, of most Troops.

July 14th. - It doesn't seem like twelve years since that great man who won all hearts in Scouting, our dear Chief, Arthur Somers, passed to Higher Service, but it is twelve years to the day. He never made the mistake of confusing Scouting with its accessories - the colour of the shirt, the shape of the hat, the detail of the badge. His belief was that whatever in the Law and Promise is good for each generation of boys, for each generation it should be done. Throughout those all too brief days as Chief Scout, ill and in pain, he nevertheless did his utmost to give all of us something of the vision he saw with B.-P.'s eyes and the courage never to be afraid to blaze a new trail.

July 16th. - His many friends are delighted more than they can say to see Glad Bincham about again, and to hear that rich West Country voice in the rooms of I.H.Q. For, much recovered in health, he has just been appointed Deputy Assistant Organising Commissioner, International Relationships - an additional source of joy, not only because 1957 celebrations without Glad's humanity and vision would be sadly lacking, but also because on February 11th next Glad enters on his fiftieth year of Scouting!

Fifty years ago a boy in a Somerset village heard a man who believed in "happifying" call to boys of his sort everywhere and answered the call like many others. Glad's still answering it - as a Chief Scout's Commissioner among other ways - fifty years on.

July 18th. - Not being one possessed of any easy flow of light conversation I at once felt sympathy with the four-year-old nephew of Gwendolen McBryde (who edits Letters to a Friend from M. R. James) "who, when told to entertain his guest at tea, said 'I would talk if I had anything to talk'."

REX HAZLEWOOD.

THE CHOICE

By DEREK BOURNE-JONES

Four boys, waiting in the Troop Den, eyeing all the oddments which spelled for them one word—Adventure,” saw from the battered camp clock that the Scoutmaster was two minutes late. They gazed around at the tea-chests full of camp gear, at the library of Scouting books, at the framed and signed Camping Certificates going back several years. They noticed the large painting of B.-P. on the wall over the fireplace, taking all these things in with an anticipatory thrill, for soon they were to be part of all this. After all, an interview is hardly a real test! So they argued! They would just be told in a word or two about doing their best to be good Scouts, whatever that may mean, and with an appropriate “Yes, sir,” in the right place, there should be little difficulty. How very little these four aspiring Cubs understood the purpose and standard of Scouting in this Troop!

The S.M. came up the stairs and they stood up, making various unintelligible sounds of greeting. After all, what did one say at a moment like this? At once they felt that this “interview” was not going to be such a walk-over after all. Nor, in fact, did the Scouter intend that it should be. To him this was the most vital part of the Tenderfoot training. At this all too short a meeting, he had to size these fellows up and decide whether or not to accept them, while they too were to have to make a decision. They were to have to ask themselves, “Do I really want to become a Scout?”

As the S.M. had walked towards the Den, he had asked himself, as he always did, how much one should expect from the eleven-year-old. How could he really be expected to understand one quarter of what was meant by such pregnant words as “ideals,” “duty” “trust” and “tradition”? As he looked down at those four faces radiant with keenness and expectation he almost felt that his task of training them; as he intended every Scout in his Troop should be trained, a task which he believed to be so very essential, was a cruel one. He was going to add to their cares, and goodness knows, a child should dwell as long as possible, he felt at times, in a world where he knew no care.

He started the ball rolling by looking at their cards to see that all the other tests were passed, and then threw at them a few miscellaneous questions drawn from these tests, as if to satisfy himself. Next came a carefully woven story, to which they listened eagerly, Andrew sitting very properly on a chair, Nigel perched with legs drawn up on the low table, Anthony cross-legged on the floor and Paul leaning against a tea chest. They heard of the panorama of Scouting, starting from Mafeking to the Founding of the Movement, Scouts and their deeds in the war years, of Jamborees and Rover Moots and finally to the place where the Troop, to which they were seeking admittance, fitted into this picture. They were told of the history of the Troop and of the tradition behind it. The story ended. One or two questions were asked and then on to the next item on the agenda. Did they know by heart the Scout Law and the Promise? Confident nods greeted this question, and in turn and in order they recited the Laws and the Promise. But more important still, “Did they really understand what the Laws meant?” The Scouter knew that they certainly did not, but asked them nevertheless. Nigel, impetuous, said that he did, Paul and Anthony demurred and Andrew said that there were some he understood and some he didn’t. Even if they had all replied in the affirmative the Scouter would have adopted the same course as he now did. Each Law was taken, considered, ideas exchanged and explanation made in the simplest terms. Active, everyday examples were given; and by this means the full meaning was brought home to each of the boys as to the way in which the Law affected *him* personally. They came to the fourth Scout Law. “A Scout is a friend to all...” “You have many friends, haven’t you?” “Yes, sir,” “Do you find it easy to be nice to them?” “Oh, yes, sir.” “Would you do *anything* to help them should they need your help?” “Of course, sir.” And so the catechism went on. “Are there any boys you don’t like very much?” A pause, then - “Well sir, one or two.” “Yes, I’m sure there are. Now, would you be prepared to take even more trouble

over helping them than over your friends? Would you go to great lengths to be nice to them *because* you don’t like them?” “Well hesitation here; just what was he driving at? This was really a most extraordinary interview! The S.M. resumed, “For if you are to be a true Scout that is exactly what you will have to do. Who said, ‘Love your enemies’? Who said in the greatest moment of pain, ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing’?” “Jesus did, sir.” “To love your enemies means to wish them well, to go out of your way to change them for the better, mainly by your example, and help them to overcome the fault which makes you dislike them. You see, the ten Scout Laws are just another way of putting the Ten Commandments. . . . B.-P. didn’t just sit down and write the Laws out because he felt that rules are a good thing for others to have to obey; he saw that Scouting was to be a help to the Christian and he simply put the Commandments into Scout language, which is the reason why we must go on trying to keep them.. To be a Scout is only to do things by halves. In this Troop, as in many others, we try to be Christian Scouts, that is, Scouts who practise their religion, not only when they are in uniform, but every day of their lives, wherever they are. We don’t just take ‘duty to God’ as a part of Scouting, but we take Scouting as a means of doing more fully our duty to God. And so being a Scout should help us very much in doing a very difficult job. After the death and resurrection of Christ, the Apostles formed together into a band, a Troop if you like, and went out in ones and twos all over the world to teach about God, by word, but more, by example. Do you remember how St. Stephen died? As he was being stoned to death, he, too, asked for forgiveness for those who were so cruelly treating him. ‘Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.’ He was keeping the fourth Law, and the eighth too, for he looked *smiling* up into Heaven. You will, I feel sure, not have to endure anything like that. But every day in a much smaller way the same thing happens to you and to me. Someone may cheat you, or make fun of you, or say hard things to you. As a Scout, you must be different, and to be often means to be in trouble, as St. Stephen was. He died for being different and because he wanted others to be different too. Now, I know that this is a very very difficult life to undertake, and I shall not be surprised if you go away and try to join another Troop where not so much is expected of you. The choice is yours. Do not be afraid of *failing*. We all fail, and the more we do, the more effort we must put into our job after each failure to make up for The faces of the four showed that their eleven-year-old minds were struggling to grasp all this. The Scouter did not expect that they would, but he knew that the seed had to be planted, the seed that would be slowly and carefully nurtured all the while those boys were members of the Troop.

Scouting from the earliest times—XI



“Where’s that mallet?” (Reported to be the original S.M. whose tent collapsed under him.) Woodcutting, Ely.

The whole essence of their Scouting was shown to them in the prayer that had come to be known as the "Troop Prayer" through constant use. They were to serve God as He deserved, to give and not to count the cost, to labour and not to seek for any reward except that of knowing that they were doing His Will. They were then acquainted with the other obligations that would be theirs once they were Scouts: to attend church regularly, all Troop meetings and the annual summer camp, and to make the First Class Badge their aim while in the Troop.

Yes, indeed, these four small boys, on the eve of Investiture as Scouts in the world-wide Brotherhood of Scouts now realised that the decision to be made was a far graver one than they had realised ninety minutes earlier. Not to become a Scout now meant being able to renounce all this, to avoid the difficult path, to be "normal" as they had been before this interview. To become a Scout meant to take up a challenge.

Rising to his feet the Scouter said, "Go away now and think about these things," adding, as he gave them the left handshake, "Come to see me tomorrow morning, one at a time, to give me your answer, I don't want it now. Goodnight." A chorus of "Goodnight, sir," came back at him.

Returning to the Den, he sat down and slowly filled his pipe, thinking in turn about each of the four. He knew instinctively what the answer would be on the morrow. Glancing up at a picture on the wall, he felt he could ask no less from them and hoped that he would be able to keep them enough. It was the picture of a young Scout, about eleven, kneeling with hands joined and lifted, hands which were enfolded by another and larger pair, in the centre of which were marks of wounds, and below were the words of the oath of fealty, "I acknowledge Thee as my Lord, and I will be for ever."

Rising, the Scouter laid out on the table of the Den four Scout scarves and four hats.

INASMUCH

Amidst the wintry sunshine of a Sunday afternoon in February, I have found pain and disease - and amidst pain and disease I have found smiling faces and children's laughter and a Vision Splendid.

We drove down a long avenue of trees - four Boy Scouts journeying to visit a sick brother - and suddenly the road curved and we saw in front of us the Orthopedic Hospital and knew we had arrived at Journey's End. It was our first visit and we were strangers in a strange land, but having parked the car, we laid our course by the sound of boys' voices, and there, round the corner of the building, we found them.

Their beds had been pulled out on to the broad forecourt, that they might drink of the fresh air and of the bright rays of the sun. Many were strapped down on to spinal frames - some were lying face downwards - others had their heads fastened lest they should mistakenly do themselves an injury by a sudden uprising - and some of the more fortunate ones were propped up on their pillows, or even hobbling about with their legs encased in iron supports.

We seemed to be the only visitors - for the hospital was not easy to get to, and most of the children were of parents who would find rail and bus fares hard to spare - so that our arrival was something of an event, and we were greeted with friendly smiles, and nods and "Hello's."

A hand waved excitedly to us, and a face that outshone the sun made our long journey immediately worth while - and then we were at the bedside of our young friend and chattering like magpies, all at the same time, so that nobody was listening, yet all were well content.

Soon I was aware of heads turned towards us - of ears straining to catch our chatter-of eyes that smiled a little wistfully on him who was so lucky as to have four visitors all to himself. So I detached myself quietly and began a series of impromptu visits -

first to this bed, and then that, then another, thinking to do a little "happifying" as B.-P. used to express it.

But bless my soul! Those youngsters could teach me more "happifying" than I had ever thought to learn. They were either "Very well, thank you, Sir," or "Doing grand," or "Getting better, thanks" - despite the strappings and hard beds which they had endured mostly for months, and in some cases, for two years and more.

Of course, they would rather be at home - but the Matron and doctor and nurses were very good to them - and they had lots of books, and sometimes roly-poly for dinner, and "talkies" once a fortnight, and lessons every day - and the dentist would be coming on Wednesday to examine their teeth.

As I lingered by the bed of one boy, who was lying on an inclined frame, so that his head was lower than his body, a shower of snowballs descended on us - followed by delighted chuckles. One of the patients who could hobble round had been quietly supplying, with ammunition, those of the others who could use their arms - and they had all fired at once.

My threats of dire punishment only served to make them laugh all the more heartily, so that, as I looked at them, there came into my mind these lines of Henry Charles Beecher:

"God who created me
Nimble and light of limb
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim;
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy."

They were neither "nimble and light of limb" - nor could most of them look forward to running or riding or swimming - but their faces glowed and their eyes shone like stars from the hearts of joy within their wasted bodies.

Brave young souls! Would the girls be as full of their high courage, I wondered, and walked over to the adjoining block to find out.

They were a little shyer, but they, too, whispered that they were getting better - but they had had the mumps and had been separated from those other girls "who had to have it yet" - as if mumps were a compulsory part of the treatment.

Molly, with her right arm padded and held out from her side on a framework of cane, attached herself to me as chaperon, and solemnly addressed me as "Mister" as she introduced each of her young friends. This was Alice, who had come from Southend-on-Sea - "and Alice smiled at me and said it was nice to be here. And this was Ivy - who giggled and hugged a teddy bear - "And this is Iris, Mister, but she's only two years old and she won't speak to you Mister, because she doesn't know you." Poor little Iris - to be away from your Mummy and only two years old. Yours was the only solemn little face I saw - and yours the only eyes that would not look at me.

All too soon it was time to say "Good-bye" and we took farewell of our brother Scout and his cheery companions.

Before we turned the corner that would hide them from view, I looked back and there beheld the Vision Splendid.

Only a young nurse in her grey uniform and white cap, bending over the cot of the baby who would not smile. Only two childish hands uplifted to her - only the sunshine, now tinged with gold - "like a vesture wrapped about them, like a garment round them thrown."

A long look, and we turned the corner; the hospital drive unwound itself behind us, and, as we turned the car towards home, there came a new note into the song of the engine, and the wheels on the, road sang with it

"What-so-ever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and low-est,
That thou do-est unto Me."

H.FLETCHER,
A.C.C., Derbyshire.

THE CUB SCOUTERS' WEEKEND

The Cub Scouters' Fortieth Anniversary Camp at Gilwell over the week-end of June 16th and 17th will, with Arrowe Park, go down as one of the biggest mud baths in Scouting history.

But it was terrific!

It rained without ceasing all Saturday and most of Sunday, the ground was churned into chocolate blancmange (except for the grass inside the great marquee, which seemed to be made of damp green cement), and it was one of the happiest week-ends that many of us can remember. This apparent contradiction in terms was due to that indefinable but almost tangible factor the Cub Spirit, which is distilled from, but no less potent than, the Scout Spirit.

The Chief was there all the time, the Deputy Chief was there, Lord Baden-Powell was there, and so were 1,800 Cub Scouters. The absence of the sun was comparatively unimportant. They came from all parts of the United Kingdom, and there were thirty-five most welcome guests from the Commonwealth and Overseas, and it is to them and their indomitable determination to make the best of it and to enjoy themselves that the credit is due.

Gilwell stood up to it with its usual serenity; if its hospitality and staff work were strained to capacity, they showed no sign of cracking. The organisation of Ted Hayden, Assistant to the Training Secretary at I.H.Q., superimposed on this perfect background, ticked along like clockwork. Admittedly the programme tended to run late, but this was due to the slowing-up effect of mud and was illustrative of the need for elasticity in any Cub programme.

The Opening Ceremony, performed by the Chief, started us off on the right foot, and Peter Baden-Powell, true son of the Founder, held us enthralled with memories of his early days, which made us realise how Cubbing had been designed from the beginning to suit the boy, a process in which Peter claimed the of Chief Guinea Pig! The boy of today, he said, is the same at heart as the boy of forty years hence; it is only the details on the surface that change. If we can do our best to help these boys to become fine men, what a force for World Peace our Movement can become. He urged us to look forward to next year's Jubilee celebrations in this spirit, while at the same time making them a fitting tribute to the Old Chief.

Dennis Smith, H.Q. Wolf Cub Commissioner, introduced our distinguished guests ("Historic Old Wolves," he called them), who were indeed representative of the forty years of Cubbing: Vera Barclay, the first Cub Secretary at I.H.Q., whose charming personality is known to most of us only through her books and the trail which she blazed so unerringly; Mrs. Dodds (Raksha), who has recently retired from Scottish H.Q. after forty years of service to Scouting; Koko, H.Q. Cub Commissioner for many years, among his many other offices; Miss Neame (Chil), pre-war Asst. H.Q. Commissioner; Mrs. Melville Smith (Rikki), until recently I.H.Q. Cub Secretary - all well-known names and well-loved figures. It was good to have them with us. Col. Boyle, Miss Engleheart and Miss Lee were

regrettably absent through illness, thus breaking the continuity of forty years of leadership.

After a damp process of settling in, meeting damp but cheerful friends and eating a damp supper, the Camp Fire had to be transformed into a sing-song in the marquee, which was anything but damp. It was run by the Camp Chief, supported by Mac of Gilwell, in their inimitable style. The Chief said it was one of the best he had ever witnessed - and what more need be said? Excellent items were contributed by Bristol, East London, Manchester, Northern Ireland, Wales and West Yorkshire. There was some restless stirring when Hazel Addis, Asst. H.Q. Commissioner for Cubs, began her yarn with: "Once upon a time there was a good little Cub called Sam and he had a nice kind Auntie Mabel. . ." What *had* happened to the author of *Akela's Yarn Book*? But a shrill piping of "Akela!" from the back of the marquee, and the appearance of Dennis Smith as a large and irrepressible Cub, in diminutive cap and outsize Wellingtons, revealed it as a "stunt," and their cross-talk brought the house down.

Sunday morning began with a record attendance at the three early services. This alone, as an act of Thanksgiving and Dedication, is a thing which will be remembered.

The Scout's Own, led by Koko, was a great act of worship, when with one voice we joined in the service of prayer and praise, after the Rev. Peter Morley had opened it with the words of the hundredth Psalm: "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing." And it was indeed a joyful singing of the first hymn: "Praise my soul the King of Heaven." There followed the special prayer composed by Hazel Addis for use this year by Cubs throughout the land, asking God's help that we may do our best; and 'special prayers for the occasion of our anniversary. The Deputy Chief Scout read the Lesson (Joshua I, vv. 1-9), and the Chief Scout led the reaffirmation of the Scout Promise, followed by the hymn, "O Jesus, I have promised.."

Peter Morley's magnificent and inspiring address showed a sincere understanding of Cubs and of the deeper implications of the Jungle Story. Quoting the passage "Akela! Akela! Let the lone wolf show his strength!" he pointed out how Mowgli was only able to control the Pack through a power outside his own body - in his case the Red Rower, fire. So for our Leadership we need God's refining fire. Physical power declines but spiritual power grows. "Wait upon the Lord and He shall renew thy strength." The Service closed with John Addington Symonds's magnificent hymn "These things shall be."

After the service the Chief spoke to us. As his great voice filled every corner of the marquee, so his great personality enveloped us. His understanding of Cubs, of our difficulties and our delights are things which we shall long remember, as though he had been speaking to each of us with individual encouragement. He illustrated the world-wide scope of Cubbing by telling us that in 1954 he heard the Grand Howl in sixteen different languages. The joy of slaughtering Shere Khan is the same whatever the language and whatever the circumstances, even if Mowgli, as in one case he quoted, be encased in plaster from the waist down. He stressed the innate chivalry of boys, and the privilege it is for Akela to start the boy on the road to manhood. Like Peter B.-P., the Chief reminded us of the enormous possibilities for good of our wonderful Brotherhood.



THE CHRONICLES OF ZIZERA

V. LOST BOYS!

In the early afternoon Cubs invaded the Camp, wading happily through the mud and bringing with them a gleam of sunshine. At short notice, and without demur, they agreed to do their performances twice, in order that more people might see more of the show, which was indeed worth watching. The 25th Chingford Packs (for there are two of them) produced a typical Parents' Evening, the "parents" providing delightful touches of humour to which the Cubs reacted in a most natural way. The Cubs of Kent then provided us with a circus which was quite delightful from the moment the band, with plenty of brass, led the procession around the arena, to the grand finale around the flag. Both these performances were so simple and Cub-like that they will have provided useful ideas to everybody who enjoyed them. It represented a deal of hard work in preparation by many Old Wolves, and for this good turn we are indebted to Miss Trimby, Ak.L. for Essex, Mrs. Mizen, Akela of the 25th Chingford, Owen Simmons, A.C.C. (Cubs) for Kent, and Mr. N. Coles and A. W. Camburn (A.D.C. (Cubs, Sittingbourne), producers of the circus.

As Spare Time Activity during the week-end (with the usual paucity of spare time!) there was a Gilwell Quiz, organised by John Sweet, which aroused great interest and was won by the 9th Chingford. There was also a splendid handicraft display, organised by Martyn Lamb, assisted by Chips Maclean, Peggy Bailey and Leslie Wolters, who were kept hard at work at their demonstrations. The display was most attractively laid out; the handicrafts themselves were commendably simple, all well within the scope of any Cub's ability, and (an interesting feature) many could be carried out during the Pack Meeting and would not require a special session.

As a more static display there was a collection of "Ideas for a Pack Den," produced by Mrs. McNelly. Very helpful and delightful ideas they were, from Jungle decorations to nature exhibits, all most practical, useful and ornamental and all easy to transport and to arrange in any Den, be it a sumptuous I.H.Q. or a bare parish hall. There was also an exhibition of "The History of Cubbing," collected by Hazel Addis, to which many people had kindly contributed their trophies.

During the week-end a new Lady Cub Scouter's uniform was displayed by Miss Leslie Morris, a C.M. from Purley, and both stood up well to a battery of eyes and questions. The dress is designed by Hardy Amies, which is a recommendation in itself, and it received unanimous approval. Full details will appear in THE SCOUTER as soon as possible.

And so, all too soon, we came to the Closing Ceremony, which provided the first opportunity to introduce Sunday's special visitors: Fred Hurl, Chief Executive Commissioner, who in turn introduced Colonel J. S. Wilson, known to so many as former Camp Chief at Gilwell, and now Hon. President of the International Bureau. In that capacity he brought us greetings from Cub folk of other lands, and as an Old Wolf of great wisdom he filled his five minutes with more than five minutes' worth of great value.

Dennis Smith had a difficult task to sum up such a week-end, but he succeeded magnificently in gathering our kaleidoscopic impressions into a whole, pointing out the message which had been accumulating throughout the week-end: that Cubbing is for boys, and that Cubbing for Boys is indeed a wonderful and a worth-while thing, with its great potentiality for good. But, as Duty to God is the first part of our Promise, so none of our work will be lasting or really effective unless it has a sound spiritual foundation.

Long after we have forgotten the rain and the mud, and the striking of wet tents and the long trek home, we shall remember that message, and the fellowship and the fun which, as Dennis Smith says, "is synonymous with the name of Cubbing."

MAO.

John Ticklefoot moved his bulk uneasily. The gadget on which he was seated groaned ominously. "This hole and peg business may suit some, but it does not fit my particular style of beauty."

"Did you say 'beauty,' Tick?" enquired the S.M. "First time I have heard it called that - though I must admit - it is!"

"Is what?" enquired the victim unwarily.

"A beauty - must be the widest in the Association - if not in the County."

Mr. T. glared. "Well, I'm sitting on it anyway and this new French pole and hole furniture definitely does not suit me. The young rip who made it picked all the knobby sticks he could find for the seat. Knobs that find all my most tender spots. I'm heavy," he announced pathetically, "heavy - and old - too old for these new-fangled contraptions." He paused and gazed steadily at the A.S.M. who was comfortably basking in the Den's only arm-chair. "Still - the young must be served. The future is for them. Our time is.. ."

The A.S.M. rose. "All right, Tick. Take it - I'll suffer. . ."

"Thanks boy," said Mr. Ticklefoot as he lowered himself into the coveted chair, "Wouldn't like to hint or anything. It's nice to find the younger generation considering the old so spontaneously!"

The A.S.M. made no rejoinder - he was, just for once - speechless!

"Fortieth next year," Mr. T. said after a short silence. "What you doin' about it, Sammy?"

"Fortieth what?" asked Sammy, the C.M.

"Fortieth anniversary of your noisy little brats. They started their howling in 1916. 1956, special Cub year."

"Dunno, haven't thought about it. Mostly District, I expect." Mr. Ticklefoot ruminated for a while and then - "Date's wrong, you know. Started junior Scouting two or three years before that."

"Well, there was an experimental period before the formal introduction of the Packs, but I never heard of anything much earlier than 1916."

"Don't expect you have, Groupie, you were more interested in scrumping apples and dodging the school attendance man in those days. It's a long time ago. Was only about eighteen myself. No. I don't suppose you ever did hear about it - it was not exactly a success. I ran it."

Mr. Ticklefoot accepted the resultant laughter of the assembled Scouters coldly, "Bally hyenas! Laugh your blooming hats off - if you call those weird green pancake things you wear nowadays hats!"

"Berets, Tick, berets, green, Scouters for the use of - official issue. Better than that delirious switch-back nightmare you fit on your pate on official occasions!"

The G.S.M. stepped in quickly to kill the rapidly developing debate on hats v. berets with "What about all this prehistoric Cubbing?" The big man rumbled on "Berets - yes that's what you should do with 'em. Bury 'em. Bury 'em deep!" The G.S.M. persisted, "Cubbing, Tick, you were going to tell us about your early experiences."

"Buckets of blood! Pieces of eight! Pirates, Indians and Lost Boys!" He paused a moment and then repeated softly, "Buckets of blood! Little blighters picked that up and made it a sort of war cry. Greeted the vicar with it on his first official visit. I suppose I had better explain - " this in a tired, reluctant sort of voice, belied by the twinkle in his eye. "You see, even in the early days we had trouble with the youngsters - I mean the eight to ten year group - we took 'em into the Troop at ten. I suppose there was a proper age limit, but somehow or other they crept in - numbers were the important thing at that time. We had about two hundred and fifty in all. Five nights a week, fifty a night. A to B Troops. Not so bad as it sounds, to-day they would merely have been five Troops meeting in the same H.Q. Sort of miniature L.A. It was the little

'uns that caused the troubles, just didn't fit, of course, so we segregated 'em and formed a sort of junior Troop - sevens to eevens. My job to organise 'em.

"Of the first meeting, least said, soonest mended. Forty odd turned up. We managed to break the flag in formal style without too much trouble. After which we had a fifteen-minute riot in game form. If I remember correctly the score was four bloody noses, two grazed knees and a couple of torn shirts against two black eyes, three noses and a mildly sprained wrist. Honours more or less equal.

"We then tried to separate them into sections - beetles, butterflies, ants and so forth. Ten to a section with a chief beetle, or what have you, in charge. After five minutes we gave it. up - for obvious reasons. They had had a taste of blood and refused to listen to our chatter.

"Then we made our last and fatal mistake. We let them all get out of sight. At the time we had the whole of the Y.M.C.A. cellars as our H.Q. Some sixteen rooms, mostly full of junk, coal, broken furniture and so forth. The idea was for ten boys to vanish and hide and for the rest to try to find them. They vanished all right. It was well after the official closing time when we unearthed the last couple - in the coal cellar (we never saw them again, I don't really think the parents quite approved!). So ended my first - and last - unprogrammed hope-for-the-best, something-will-turn-up meeting! I wept!

"The next week we turned up with the whole scheme on paper. Romantic background - we chose a sort of cross between *Treasure Island* and *Peter Pan*. Had 'Homes' in place of Patrol

Dens and 'Home Leaders' who were intended to act as P.L.s.

For names we had 'Lost Boys,' 'Pirates,' 'Indians' and so forth.

One 'Home' we tried to call 'Fairies' but had to compromise with 'Cowboys.'

"I was 'Captain Hook' and my two non-Scout helpers - who had come in out of the goodness of their hearts - and now wished they hadn't, were 'Long John Silver' and 'The Bos'n.'

"Our first move was to issue to each 'Leader' a carefully detailed programme for the meeting. Scout style with a period for 'Homework.'

"Someone had given us a stuffed parrot which we adopted as our totem, he didn't last long for the Indians extracted most of his tail feathers before we were aware of what was going on!

"All went well - more or less - until the homework period - then we discovered that most of the Leaders could not read. Even the odd one that could had not the slightest intention of 'leading' anyone. Still, we had split one large riot into five smaller centres of mayhem and with much persistence - and perspiration - we finally taught about half the gang to tie the reef knot!

"Then came our first success. The 'Bos'n' told a yarn. A shortened version of *Treasure Island*, and for the time things began to look organised. Appearances are quite deceptive. During the yarn he quoted the famous 'Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, - the pirates' chant, and for some reason or other used the phrase 'Buckets of Blood.'

"Our second meeting closed with a feeling that we are getting somewhere - where was not so obvious, but at least we could make ourselves heard part of the time. The third and fourth meetings gave us more confidence and for the fifth week we felt that we were ready to display our prowess - and invited the vicar to inspect.

"Opening - good. First game not too bad - at least, no particularly serious injuries. We marched and drilled a little and several boys managed to tie a reef knot more or less correctly, then came the high-light of the evening. A yarn by the vicar. A somewhat ponderous prelate of the late Victorian era, with certain very decided opinions - particularly in respect of small boys and their behaviour.

"He spoke. Too long and much too heavily, still, discipline was maintained up to a point.

Then he came to his fourthly or fifthly - I forget which, reached his peroration and stood back beaming.

"Then it happened!

"Quite spontaneously the whole gang started to march round him, singing softly - we had done something very similar previously during the drill period - but we had not sung the pirates' 'Yo! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum!' nor had we anticipated the positively fiendish yell that terminated their performance - 'Buckets of Blood! Buckets of Blood! Buckets of Blood!'

"Some two years later, after careful preparation and study of the newly published *Wolf Cub's Handbook* twelve small boys and one Akela held (although they did not know it) the sixth meeting of our 'Juniors.' Their successors met here tonight, forty years later." Mr. Ticklefoot sighed, "and they're just as darned noisy as ever!"

ZIZERA.

A JOURNEY INTO SPACE

Being tired of barbed wire, guns and restrictions we decided to get away from it all at our District Cub Meeting and take a Journey into Space.

Just over eighty Cubs gathered including English, American, Armenian, Greek and Turkish, plus about twenty Old Wolves Rovers, Guides and other kind helpers.

We met on the Junior School football pitch in the late afternoon of Saturday, June 9th.. The shadows were lengthening and cool breezes were starting, encouraging us to rush about, intent on visiting the planets.

Cubs were divided into eight groups, and the groups made space ships with a Scout stave per group, and a rope per person, which had to be "clove-hitched" to the stave, and "bowlined" round the respective waist. When the ship and passengers were assembled, they flew at about a billion miles per hour to earth, where they had to earn a ticket to a planet by completing some task connected with Cubbing, such as naming characters from the *Jungle Book*, drawing Highway Code signs, signalling Wolf Cub, singing "God Save the Queen," etc., etc. There was -a plan on earth showing the approximate position of the planets spaced round the field with natives (old Wolves) ready to receive the tourists. A certain Mercurian gentleman was to be seen sporting a very fine silver paper helmet!

On arrival Cubs were told very briefly about the planet they were visiting and then they played a planet game before returning to earth by ship to earn another ticket to a different planet.

Here are some examples of their activities.

At Saturn they were told about the rings to be seen round the planet and then they played a game with hoops. On Mars they heard that the name was derived from the god of war and their game was Dodge Thunderbolt (ball) and finally on Mercury, because he was messenger of the gods, they played a Message Relay Race.

Cubs thoroughly enjoyed themselves and soon were making appropriate space-ship-noises to help their craft to go well. Occasionally a minute wee Cub was to be seen literally flying at the back of the space ship when his larger companions went too quickly for him.

The clock worked overtime and we hardly seemed to have started when the afternoon was over and space ships had to be dismantled before we gathered for a final Grand Howl and returned unwillingly to the realities of this unhappy island.

J.M. WILSON
D.C.M., Cyprus.

ROVER ROUNDABOUT

I am writing this whilst on holiday in Cornwall. Yes, no camp this year. Wife, dog and old jalopy have migrated to a real country area to stay with old Scouting friends, who have become almost natives. It's a lovely area, just about half-dozen houses, with pieces of ground large enough to keep one really busy surrounding them, then small farms down in the numerous hollows, their roofs just visible. My friends before they came here were working in Handicapped Scouting and, of course, one always looks around for the possibilities for lads, but it seems that the only hopes would be to have a Patrol in a village and to gather them together as a Troop every now and then in one of the larger villages, and have a Scouter who could visit the Patrols periodically. How about it, some of you exiles? Rovering? There just isn't any worth speaking of. The young man of Rover type either gets out to a place that gives him greater scope, or does his farming with all the power he has, working long hours on his own ground after finishing his farming job.

But on Saturday last we took a trip to the nearest town on a shopping expedition and parked in about the only place vacant, and there in front was a car sporting a Scout Badge, plus a driver with a buttonhole Badge, Rover at that. Holiday or not, this was an opportunity not to be missed, and so now I'm off to visit a Service Crew at a local Naval Air Station of which more anon.

The local folk here are a little surprised at what has been achieved in a relatively short time by my Scout friends, but in my mind it is the early training which gives as a natural bent an orderly and planned life, and working as a team, of course, one can accomplish much more than the ordinary folk.

Much midnight oil has been consumed talking about our old boys and Scouting friends: has the spirit changed? are the boys as keen? are the Scouters as willing to give their time and talents as in the good old days? and as one of the trio was my A.S.M. when I was a Boy Scout, you can guess we went back some. But through all the years his belief in Rovers and their ideals haven't changed: he doesn't seem to feel that the new rules will help us and, after all, his experience is a longer one than mine. We'll leave it at that.

A note from an Acton (London) Rover tells me of two members of the Chichester District Rover Crew who cut short

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be
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(Scouter Series 11)
1/-

And here Rovers on camp sites can influence the boys quite a lot. I've seen some pretty horrible example on occasions. "Can't be bothered" isn't good enough for Scouts of any ages.

their week-end camp when recently the forest fires were on the go. They volunteered their help in fighting one of these fires at Graffham Common and the authorities welcomed their aid, and they were the only volunteers who came forward out of hundreds of gaping onlookers. Who were hampering operations by getting in the way. In my travels I have felt what a tragedy these fires have been, and when the undergrowth has been burnt hundreds of bottles, tins, etc., are exposed to view. I suppose in time all the many Old Scouts will make a difference to the terrible untidiness of the population. How much better it would be if the milk bottles which they have 'had to carry out with them we taken home.

Have we forgotten our Founder Chief's wise words, "Leave nothing behind but your thanks"?

Roving Comments, the Hertfordshire Rover publication (subscription 2s. 6d. per annum to Tom Lloyd, 4 Western Mansions, Gt. North Road, Barnet), is full of news again with "extracts from service chaps' letters" high in interest. Their County Rover Motor Rally Point-to-Point increases the entries each year, twenty teams taking part this time, with about a quarter of them motor cycles. With a lot of the course through Buckinghamshire I do hope that they were advised of the invasion.

A few weeks back I spent a greater part of Sunday evening listening to a Rover Log, entered for a District competition.

Yes, that's right, "listened." It was in the form of a decorated record folio holding ten discs with explanatory notes, drawings and photographs between them. The first disc told of the idea and introduced the Crew, telling of their desire to make Rovering up-to-date. Their first set told of a visit to a Police Court, with a drawing of the Court interior; the second of a talk and discussion with a member of the Inter-Planetary Travel Society, with a drawing of a space travel station; and then lastly the recording of their impressions during a visit to an art exhibition held in a local library. The last disc expressed the Crew's thanks to sundry people who co-operated in their effort and announced that although the log was on discs, their original idea was that tape recording was the log of the future, and that they had used the present method only because they knew that few people had the means of playing the tape back at present. This has kept the Crew busy for many weeks, dubbing a musical background, experimenting with the different voices, making contacts with people (and once the project was known, getting plenty of help). Other Crews in the area made as their entries for the competition a canoe and sundry articles of furnishing value, produced a stamp collection (hobbies section), made an amplifier and five-inch telescope and produced a written log in each case. These District competitions are great incentives if based on Rover Training, and the younger fellow is quite as capable of doing this sort of thing if only led to the starting-point.

How about letting somebody else reap the benefit of your bright ideas? Send me a few notes on your District and their attempts at the new scheme or the workings in your own particular (or even peculiar) area.

The Third Tuesday Club, which meets on that day in each month at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, London, has decided that there is nothing that will stop any Rover - Scouter - Yellow Peril or Old Scout (B.-P. Guild) member from attending their meetings, so long as they come clean and are prepared to pay nine-pence (in return they get coffee and biscuits). They may or need not wear uniform but they must be willing to talk Scouting and take part in Rover-type activities (indoor, bar August) and we of the Committee promise a speaker of interest and the delightful contact with brother Scouts from many different places. These are the only conditions, and if you are in town on the third Tuesday in any month why not come and meet us?

JACK SKILLEN.



SCOUTS OF TOMORROW

Some thoughts on a booklet of vital importance

HUBERT BLORE

I have just read *Scouts of Tomorrow* and set it down with a feeling of shame. Shame that in this tiny corner of Scouting, in spite of the efforts of a team of many talents, so much remains undone, and so little that is done is of superlative worth.

If this feeling of shame can extend to all the districts in which it is being read - possibly with greater justification, in some cases - this little book may well prove to be the most important publication to issue from I.H.Q. for many years. It is a heartening sight to see the greatest voluntary Youth Movement in the world turn its back on its undoubted amazing triumphs in order to study its failures.

In such an approach to the future lies true greatness.

Doubtless many copies will be tossed into a drawer unread by the unteachable, or read with a pitying smile by those who think they know it all. Doubtless it will be read most earnestly by those who need it least.

It represents a mass of work and thought and care by those who hold the Movement dear, and out of respect for this fact it should be read by all who have accepted a Warrant from the Chief.

If readers get no further than the Foreword their time will not have been wasted. On that page stand out three ringing truths.

"Too many of us suffer from moral cowardice these days in every walk of life."

"Every time we shirk what we know to be our duty, we deprive Scouts of their opportunity for the true adventure of life. Is it really right to save one man's feelings at such a cost?"

"In the light of this report excuses stand condemned."

There is nothing in the ensuing pages which we cannot do if we have a mind to it, but a hundred excuses we can find for not doing it. So the Chief neatly chops them all away before we begin reading.

There are things which as individuals we may regret. I personally am very sorry to see signalling deleted from the First and Second Class Tests, because I had great fun with Morse as a Scout and later as a Scouter. It always seemed to me a fascinating subject capable of so many adaptations, and so intensely interesting. But I am told that the Scouts and Scouters of today do not like it - or would it be more true to say that the Scouters do not like the trouble of learning the Morse alphabet?

Anyway, the omission of signalling is an experiment for two years, and in 1958 we shall be asked for our views as to whether it shall be restored. In the meantime, if your Troop likes signalling, it can go on doing it as a Troop activity. All that is altered is that it is no longer a compulsory test.

Surely many of these "odd forms of activity" masquerading as Boy Scout Troops exist because of a timidity on the part of Commissioners, and a fear of saying "No" and giving offence to Scouter, layman, or sponsoring authority.

As the Chief's representatives we are here to lead firmly, and not to defer to committees or be wheedled by gentlemen who rather care for this, but are convinced that the other will not work in their peculiar circumstances.

The chapter "Recruitment of Scouters" reveals our greatest weakness. Why, if we have one Scouter to every nine boys, do we have these ghastly progress figures that 73 per cent of Scouts leaving in their thirteenth year, and 43 per cent leaving in their fourteenth year, have not even a Second Class badge to show as a result of probably two years in the Troop?

We D.C.s should know the answer well enough - if we in turn are doing our job properly. How many grand chaps are there in our Districts who should be in this thing, and why will they not come in? How many good, well meaning chaps in the Movement would be better out of it, and in some less exacting

form of service? And what are we doing to get them in - and out?

One of my G.S.M.s who is a headmaster finds that his school Troop only appeals to boys in his A and B stream. If that is general, and I believe it is, what is the use of giving an A stream boy a C or D stream Scouter? So our success as D.C.s may depend as much on those we manage to prise out of Scouting, as on those we entice into it. A year devoted to weeding our Scouting garden might well be our greatest contribution to the 1957 celebrations.

Fewer and better Troops and fewer and better Scouters might well mean more and better Scouts.

For boys such as these nothing but the best is good enough, and even our best at times falls short because we are old, worried, preoccupied, or stale.

Let us be honest with ourselves, and when we realise that we no longer have the energy or will, let us take our bow and vacate the stage.

Scouting is hard work and a young man's game. It must never become an old man's club. As you turn the pages of *Scouts of Tomorrow* this becomes apparent to you.

OUR DISTRICT

By A.D.C.

"I'd be glad," I said to Hankin, "if you'd accompany me tonight on a round of visits I'm making to all the Troops that are off to Summer Camp tomorrow. It's a pity so many Troops still have to travel on the Saturday before August Bank Holiday, but when that is the only time the Scouter can take his own holiday it can't be helped."

I knew that Hankin's own Troop was off to camp next day, but I knew also that he has everything so streamlined that his presence would not be needed for the final evening of packing-up.

I called for him at his H.Q. at 7.30, and found his A.S.M. and the P.L.s busy taking a last look at tents and cooking-gear and latrine-screens and all the other impedimenta of camp. There was no bustle or confusion. Everybody seemed to know his own job, and to be capable of doing it properly.

We had five Troops to visit, and it was amusing and instructive to compare their demeanour, and especially the demeanour of their Scouters, on the eve of the most important event of the Scouting year.

"All the old Chef's writings and ideas," as Hankin remarked, "would have been forgotten long ago by most people if it hadn't been for the Brownsea Camp, and the Summer Camp is still the kernel of Scouting."

The first Troop we visited was an ordinary sort of one, neither very good nor very bad. The S.M. had evidently intended to leave the A.S.M. and the P.L.s to do their own jobs, but he did not quite trust them at the last moment, and was fussing round and giving advice where it was probably not needed. Even so, it was clear that the Troop would have a good well-run camp and would satisfy the farmer and the visiting Commissioner.

"We'll see young Smith next," I said; "it's his first Summer Camp, and I expect he's in a bit of a panic."

If he was, he did not show it, and we were very impressed, not for the first time, by his thoroughness. On the large Troop notice-board were about fifteen different notices dealing with various aspects of camp life and its preparations. Everything had been planned in the minutest detail, and young Smith must have burned much midnight oil to ensure success.

The Troop was very young, and though they had enjoyed a good Whitsun Camp and several week-end camps, even the P.L.s had an oddly immature look about them. They were terribly keen and terribly in earnest and rather clumsy as they re-folded the almost new tents but Hankin and I both rather envied Smith and his youngsters. There is a glamour about a Troop's first Summer Camp that can never be repeated. For the Scouts it is the greatest of all adventures, and for the young Scouter in charge it is one of the big testing-times of his life.

"Smith will manage all right," said Hankin as we came away. "His heart is in it, and he's got sense."

The third Troop was an old one, as good as Hankin's own.

The walls of the Skipper's Den were covered with photographs taken of past camps, going back twenty years, with only a gap for the war, when the Scouter was otherwise engaged. He and Hankin exchanged a few rude remarks to conceal their respect for each other, and we passed hastily on to the fourth Troop, run by Bludgeoner, a hearty type who has his own ideas about everything, and thinks them better than B.P.'s.

He was reading a novel while his P.L.s sorted out the camp gear, which did not seem to have been used since last summer, and had been put away wet.

"Their own fault it was put away wet," he said. "I didn't interfere, because boys only learn by experience. I don't even prepare a list of things to be taken to camp. If they find they've forgotten something it'll teach them a lesson, and they won't forget again. That's how leaders are trained."

It isn't, of course. A boy must learn much by experience, but he needs to be taught, also, from the experience of others. Striking a balance between coddling and neglect is the secret of the Scoutmaster's art.

The fifth Troop was a good one, but had left things a bit late, and the S.M. was shouting orders in much too loud a voice, so we withdrew, and on the way home Hankin invited me to spend August week-end with his own Troop.

"I mean things to be just perfect this year," he said, "and I'm pretty sure we haven't overlooked anything that will help to make it so. I've never had a better A.S.M. or better P.L.s, and..."

He painted things in such glowing colours that I suspected that for once he had allowed himself to become just a trifle smug. Smugness is a disease few escape. At times I have even been accused of it myself.

I was quite glad, just as I was off to catch the train to camp on Saturday evening, to get a telegram from Hankin, who had travelled with the Troop in the morning.

"Forgot to pack my own little tent. Please collect and bring"

FORTY MILES OF HEATHER

By **BILL COWLEY**

(who farms 207 acres at Goulton Grange and is D.C. Yarm)

If you look at a map of North-East Yorkshire (Bartholomew's Half-inch Sheet 36, or O.S. 1 in. 91,92,93) you will see a ridge of high moor stretching from Mount Grace Priory near Osmotherley eastwards to the sea at Ravenscar. It is thirty-five miles as the sea-gull flies from the grey Carthusian cloisters to the cliffs where Ubba the Viking landed with his raven banner. As you walk, it is forty of rough heather, rock, scree, bog and bracken.

Goulton Grange is on the boulder clay of the Cleveland Plain at the Western end of this range. We look up at the moors, but are not of them. But we have another small farm deep in the moors at Glaisdale Head. I was cutting peat above there one day when it occurred to me there were twenty miles of moor to the West and twenty miles of moor to the East, and what a magnificent walk it would make. A somewhat casual challenge to do it in twenty-four hours was taken up by the York Mountaineering Club (which of course includes an old Scout or two). I hadn't had any intention of doing it myself, but couldn't keep out. Both they and I spent weeks conning maps, noting times, and reconnoitring various sections. The army, who spread a firing range across the route, had to be consulted (the Brigadier and I hurled map references at each other amicably over the telephone for a week or so).

And at last one bright October Saturday we met at noon round the starting point - a triangulation pillar on Scarth Wood Moor near a very twentieth century television booster station. To span the centuries, our goal was the Raven Hall Hotel, site of a Roman signal station long before the Vikings came.

The night before, the telephone had rung and a young voice inquired about the walk. It was a Senior Scout who had camped on my land - he had a lot of homework to do, but he thought a friend and he might try this walk. "Well, yes," I said - "if you think you can manage it." I was more than dubious, but he said he'd done a lot of walking and climbing - and sure enough, there they were at the start, three years younger than anyone else, David Pearson and Bill Dell of the 15th Middlesbrough (S), complete with rucksacs, compass and other professional paraphernalia of the fellsman and mountaineer. Quite independently they had worked out for themselves the best route, and both completed the journey. David was with an Outward Bound School man and myself throughout, to return the fastest actual walking time of thirteen hours.

We started along an old alum miners' path, traversing the long lovely line of the Cleveland Hills, with the plain spread out below in a patchwork quilt of pasture and stubble fields. Beyond Botton Head (1,489 ft.) all was bleak moor. We were deep in heather, amongst soft deceiving contours, and all our concentration was required to find the easiest and shortest way through.

We struck an old smugglers' causeway, its stone flags now heaved crazily about by the heather roots. Then for a fast and easy mile or two we followed the old railway track that used to bring iron ore out of Rosedale for the blast furnaces of Middlesbrough. There were two more moors and another bit of ancient causeway; Bronze Age barrows and medieval crosses:-

"Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places, Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor, Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanquished races, And winds austere and pure."

Darkness was about us as we topped Shunner Howe and saw the lights and tents of our bivouac (taken by a mechanised support party) round the ruined moorland inn of Hamer. We had done twenty-one miles in seven hours, including one hour for meals.

It was 3.30 a.m. when the real testing time of this walk started. Before us was the wild stretch of Wheeldale Moor with never a track across it. Just four miles of knee-deep heather till we reached the Roman highway at the other side. The moon was hidden by clouds and the light was most deceitful. A deep valley would yawn at our feet, and prove to be only a dip in the heather.

Every five minutes we checked our course by David's compass. Startled grouse exploded from beneath our feet and nattered away into the night. Once for an instant a far away light suggested a slight alteration in course - and suddenly an intake wall loomed up through the darkness, we crossed the crazy paving of a Roman road, and soon were sitting on the stepping stones over Wheeldale beck, the wide stream a subdued silver between rustling trees. There was another dark climb through rocks and bracken, and a slow reluctant dawn saw us threading our way through some bogs before climbing another ridge to reach the old salt track over Fylingdales Moor. Brown Hill, Bloody Beck, Helwath, are engraved on our morning memories, and the last few miles of rough heather were a trial to weary limbs and blistered heels. The sun was just dispersing the mist above Robin Hood's Bay and the sea was showing through as we reached the end at 11 a.m. with an hour to spare - and before the bar opened!

To Keep You Thinking

"Granting what is theoretically possible, that the earth can be made to produce food enough for 25 billion people, it is still a comforting thing not to have to stand up when one is eating. Space is after all a basic natural resource.. It is proverbially the youngest baby in the family who raises the most hell, and man is nature's youngest. Repeatedly he has wrecked his home, repeatedly he has been spanked, but stubbornly he persists in having his own way which he calls 'The Conquest of Nature.' It is my own suspicion that it is time for him to learn the House Rules."

THE HUT THAT BECAME A CHALET

By CARLTON TINN

We have just completed at Fordell, Scotland's Wood Badge Training Centre, a new Headquarters building, to be named The Richmond Chalet, after Sir John Richmond of Ayrshire, whose magnificent gift to Scottish H.Q. made it all possible.

Our needs were for a main room some twenty feet by eighteen feet, a work-shop twelve by fifteen feet, a providore ten by fifteen feet, an office and a training gear store. These sizes were juggled around and around until they could be contained within four brick walls and an asbestos roof. The final result was now on a clean piece of paper, and we were all set to move in, after the contractors had finished of course.

Our plan was shown to various contractors. All nodded their heads in approval of the actual design, then quietly mentioned sums much in excess of our means, with murmurs of "Cost of transport," "Labour charges on this will be hefty," etc., so back to the drawing board to

cut off bits and pieces in an endeavour to educe the cost. What was causing this cutting down of this and that - why, labour costs of course. Couldn't we then tackle the job ourselves? Denny could manipulate a saw, hammer and six-inch nails. I knew a bit about brickwork and concrete, Johnny would wield a paintbrush, Andy was handy, and the Rover Crew of H.M.S. Caledonia, whose H.Q. A.F.I.A. Cottage is on the estate were enthusiastic. Along with these sure starters were the odd bods who turn up to try out our autoscythe, or wield the tar brushes, pickaxes, or spades. Costs of materials, facts and figures, building construction manuals were all consulted and the answer was "Yes, we'll do it ourselves."

Just at this stage Denny and I set out for the Hook of Holland to attend a Camp in Voss, Norway. On their way there they explored numerous Scout buildings, Troop Headquarters. etc., in various countries. "That veranda would look fine on the new hut at Fordell." "A log hut like that would be grand at Fordell." "The fireplace at Hallvardbo would just fit in." "These Norwegian basements are a great idea." Back home in Scotland their ideas went down on the drawing board, and eventually there evolved a brick built "basement" built above ground, with a log cabin on top. Two storeys cut down roofing costs, and by omitting a stone gable incorporating a fireplace, we decided we were within our financial target.

While ordering materials a local contractor (liking our idea) quoted us a very reasonable figure for laying the foundations, floors, and brickwork of the "basement."

This price was a little more than we had allocated to the ground floor, but by now we had been given a target date: Wood Badge Reunion 3rd/4th September. Could we be ready? It was now mid-April, so we plunged, took the contractor's offer and said "Yes, the new H.Q. will be ready."

By the end of May the foundations were in, the concrete floors laid, the walls up, the doors and window frames in position. Even while the contractor was still on the site, we were preparing the frame work of the log cabin top storey. Before he left we set the floor joists on the walihead and hoisted the framework into position. It fitted perfectly! In case we got our usual summer, as soon as the wall frames were up, we put the roof on. This was quite a game handling 7 ft. lengths of corrugated asbestos in a high wind, whilst standing on a 3 by 2 purlin. Then started the acrobatics, and calls for sky hooks.

Our ladders were too short and too light to take the weight of a burly Rover and a hefty log, so we sacrificed some of the pioneering poles, drilled them with pioneering in odd pieces of wood and made utility ladders. Even these were too short to reach the roof-peaks! The only stout table in

camp was pressed into service as a platform, and hanging on by eyebrows and faith it was just possible to nail the last logs into position.

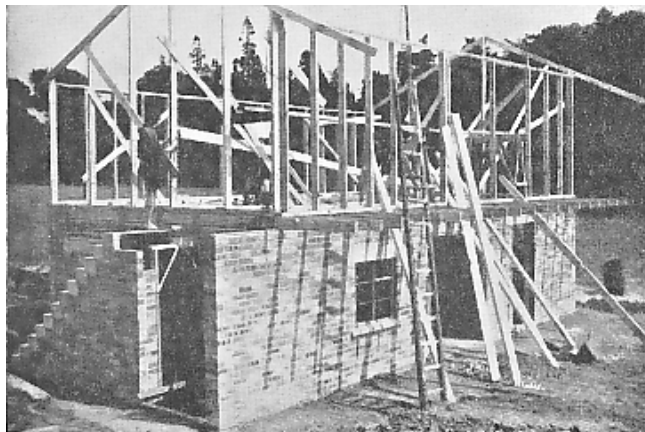
One day Quintin came over from Glasgow to see this new hut he had heard of. Being a schoolmaster, he had long holidays, and his one day look turned into a four weeks' period of hard labour, at the end of which he and Denny, who had been? on the job most of the time, had completed the interior. This is entirely panelled in hardboard. The gang hammered and sawed, planed and screwed, dug and concreted, painted and creosoted, until, by the 4th September, there stood the completed Richmond Chalet with providore, workshop, cloakroom and slave quarters on the ground floor, and in the log cabin upper storey a large well-lit room, two smaller rooms, Training Team office and an adequate kitchen. A few odd jobs, including the plumbing, remain to be done during the winter.

The cost? Well, we still have something left of the original £1,000, and a really substantial building of some 1,200 sq. ft. in floor area. The gang are not available for the moment to put up similar buildings elsewhere. They are too busy with the new swimming pool, Pack Den, Session Circle, entrance gate, etc., all to conform to the standard set by the hut which became a "Chalet."

To Keep You Thinking

You say you believe in the Gospel: you live as if you were sure not one word of it is true.

THOMAS WILSON, Bishop of Sodor
and Man (*Maxims of Piety and
of Christianity*).



WORTH THINKING ABOUT

VIII

RAW MATERIAL FOR TROOP AND PACK YARNS

Do we sometimes act like this? - An old Turkish "noodle" story tells about a fire which broke out in a man's house. A neighbour ran to where the man was working in a field. "Run! Your house is on fire! I have knocked on the door and there is no one at home." "My dear fellow," was the reply, "my wife looks after the inside of the house, while I earn a living outside. It is no concern of mine. Please let her know."

Don't be too sure of your "simpleton,,! - The hero of the last story had a pet lamb. His friends decided to get a meal off it. One day a friend said to him: "The end of the world is coming. It may be today or tomorrow. What use will the lamb be then? Let us eat it." Shortly afterwards another met him and said the same. At last, so many of his friends had told him this that the man got tired of them and agreed to kill the lamb and give them a picnic in the country. They went together, the fire was lighted, the lamb killed. While his friends went swimming in the lake, the man had to cook the lamb. He collected their clothes together and flung them on the fire. When his friends came back feeling hungry, their clothes were in ashes. "Who did this?" they demanded. "What a fuss you are making," said the man, "tomorrow may be the end of the world. What will you do with your clothes then?"

What perseverance will do! - Mr. Nathaniel Charles Rothschild, the banker, left a gift of 60,000 fleas to the British Museum when he died. Collecting fleas was his life's hobby and he possessed a representative of every known species.

Steady service. - Lighthouses don't ring bells or fire cannon to call attention to their shining - they just shine (William Penn).

What' your line? - An American Redskin, describing the behaviour of another called "Hot Bread,, - "because he ate so much of it,, - said: "Ha! he is a big man here" (pointing to his stomach) "but a very small man here" (pointing to his forehead).

Not his line! - Madame Catalini, who died in 1848, was a noted opera singer in her day. She once asked her husband, who was not musical, to have her piano lowered (as the notes were pitched too high). In the evening she found it was still the same and complained. "But, my dear," said her husband, "I had a carpenter here with his saw and made him take six inches off each leg."

The value of utility. - A man had a bow made of black ebony. It was plain but shot strongly and swiftly. He complained one day that it was ugly and, taking it to an artist, asked him to make it handsome and carve fine figures on it. He got it back after some weeks, carved with figures of men, horses and dogs. "Now I will shoot with my beautiful bow," he said. As soon as the bow was bent, it snapped in his hands.

Experiment. - When Edison was engaged on one of his inventions, he told a friend he had made 50,000 experiments and had failed to find out what he wanted. His friend expressed sympathy and regret that he had wasted so much time and energy. "Oh, no," replied Edison, "my time has not been wasted. I know 50,000 things it isn't."

What really counts. - *Marcellus* was the Roman general in a battle between Carthage and Rome. His soldiers fell back in a sudden panic. Afterwards, he had them assembled and said: "I see here many Roman swords, Roman spears, Roman slings, Roman bows and arrows; also, I see many Roman bodies; but I cannot see one Roman."

A good rule for boxing - and other activities. - "If you keep on fighting, you improve. If you let it slide for weeks and months you may improve, but it's likely you won't." (Statement to a reporter by Frank Hough, a noted boxer, when at the height of his fame.)

J. B. GEARING.

WIDE GAMES - V

By TILE CAMP CHIEF

(5) URANIUM STOCKPILE.

The two Wide Games will be identical and will be played over the same terrain: The Reds versus Blues, and Greens versus Blacks. The two games must be played quite separately, however, and players in one game must not interfere in any way with players in the other.

Each team will establish their base at one end of the terrain opposite their rival team. Here, in a given spot, they will deposit their uranium stockpile, consisting of a festoon of old dices, etc.

Players will wear round their left arms and above the elbow a single strand of wool (according to their colour) tied with a reef. When this wool is broken by an enemy, the player must return to base for first aid, after which he will be restored to the game.

Around the area of the game, which is bounded by the hedge in the valley on the North side and the ridge of the hill on the South, a footpath on the East, and a hedge on the West, a number of postcards will be scattered in such a way that they may be seen from a distance of two yards away. These cards will be lettered in red, blue, green, or blue, and numbered.

The Captain of each side will be given a message containing a number of blanks. To complete the message, players must find cards of the appropriate colour and fit them into the message in sequence as they are numbered - No. 1 card in the first blank space, and so on.

The first team in each game to carry out the message to the letter will be declared the winner.

Rules

(1) The game will start with a whistle signal (several short sharp blasts for the reds and blues, and one long blast for the greens and blacks), and will end on the same signals. In any case, it will not exceed beyond 6.15 p.m.

(2) All play must take place within the prescribed boundaries.

(3) The rules of sportsmanship should be observed - two players of one side do not attack a single player of the other, etc.

(4) Players must not interfere with any cards other than their own, but may, if they wish, mount guard over a card belonging to the rival team at a distance of not less than six yards.

(5) Players must drop any cards they carry on the spot on which they are rendered inactive (by the breaking of their wool strand). The cards must be left lying as they fall, but may be collected in the normal way by any player on the same side.

(6) The intention of the game is to encourage stalking rather than to provide an excuse for a rough house, but when the stockpile begins to move, the rule about the wool strands is discarded and it is "every man for himself."

This game is not so complicated as it might appear. What we try to achieve is the maximum of confusion to see how the players arrange contact with themselves and their real enemy. The essence of the game is that there are two games taking place simultaneously over exactly the same area but starting from different bases. I can only add that umpiring in the centre of a show like this with forty people taking part is at once hazardous and hilarious.

Well, that brings me to the end of our little series of Scouting Games. I hope you have not just read them, but that some of you have tried them, and I hope your Court of Honour has looked at them.

I have given you these suggestions from my Treasure Chest at Gilwell, and I have given them gladly, but it has left an empty space in the chest and perhaps some of you would like to do Gilwell a good turn by sending an account of Wide Games you have played with success. If you will do that I shall be grateful and perhaps I can pass them on to others another year.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Boy Scouts Association was held at Imperial Headquarters on Wednesday, July 25th, at 11 a.m.

There were present:-

H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester, The Lord Rowallan, K.B.E., M.C., T.D., LL.D., Sir George Beresford-Stooke, K.C.M.G., Glad Bincham, H. L. Bullock, Brigadier W. E. Clark, C.M.G., D.S.O., D.L., J.P., J. F. Colquhoun, O.B.E., S. J. L. Egerton, Lieut-General The Lord Freyberg, V.C., G.C.M.G., K.G.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., Sir Harold Gillett, M.C., The Lord Glentanar, D.L., The Lord Hampton, D.S.O., D.L., A. W. Hurl, C.B.E., N. C. Jeffery, A.S.A.A., General Sir Rob Lockhart, K.G.B., C.I.E., M.C., D. Francis Morgan, O.B.E., M.A., LL.B., J. M. Napier, O.B.E., E. G. Neate, O.B.E., P. B. Nevill, O.B.E., F.C.A., Hood Phillips, M.A., P. D. Power, J.P., General Sir John Shea, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Admiral Sir Bertram Thesiger, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., Graham Wallis, J.P., Sir Harold West, and Col. J. S. Wilson, C.M.G., O.B.E.

The Chief Scout, in welcoming the President of the Boy Scouts Association, H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester, again expressed the Movement's great gratitude for his continued interest in the well-being of our Association. Our President said:

"Having been unavoidably prevented from attending the Annual Meeting last July, I am very glad to be here to preside today and I thank the Chief Scout for his words of welcome.

"During the past year he has, I know, been as untiring as ever in the interests of the Movement, with a long journey to Melbourne for the Pan-Pacific Jamboree, and visits to New Guinea, Fiji and Tonga on the way home.

"The World Jamboree at Niagara, the first to be held on that side of the Atlantic, was, I am told, an outstanding success, and congratulations are due to the Movement on the fine contingent of nearly a thousand of our Scouts who, despite dollar difficulties, were sent across and made a great impression.

"I hear that everyone who went to Niagara appreciated the excellent and very efficient arrangements Canada had made for this big event.

"The Annual Report is being presented by the Chief Scout in a moment or two, so I won't myself refer to any particular point, except to congratulate the Movement on a further increase in membership, and to thank all those who have contributed to the progress and welfare of Scouting during the past year.

"1957 will be a landmark when we celebrate a double event - the Centenary of the Founder's birth, and the Jubilee of the Movement.

"I hope I shall be able to take part in some of the celebrations which begin, as you know, on February 22nd, B.-P.'s birthday, and culminate in the great World Jamboree in Sutton Park in August, at which I am glad to know that already 32,000 Scouts, Scouters and Rovers intend to be present.

"The celebrations will commemorate the life and service of a great Englishman and the half-century of the great Movement he founded.

The Minutes of the Annual Meeting held on July 20th, 1955, having been circulated, were taken as read and were 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 Members of the Council.

Before moving the adoption of the Annual Report, the Chief Scout paid a brief tribute to Major Crum, Lord Horder, Sir Christopher Musgrave and Leonard Attrill who had passed to Higher Service during the present year. The meeting stood for a moment in silence in their memory.

The Chief Scout read a cable received from Canada: "On the occasion of your Annual General Meeting the Canadjirn General Council extends fraternal greetings and good wishes. More than 1,300 Canadian Scouts are eagerly looking forward to visiting you at the Jubilee Jamboree next year."

In his speech to the Council, Lord Rowallan referred particularly to the great success of the 8th World Jamboree and praised our own contingent to it, to the International Conference which followed it, to the Queen's Scouts' receptions, the Gang Show and The Voyage of the Venturer, to the Census report (about which Mr. Colquhoun will be writing in next month's SCOUTER), to the fortieth birthday of the Wolf Cub section and the Rover Plan. He mentioned the new vitality of the Air Scout branch under its new Headquarters Commissioner, the ever-increasing demand for training both at home and overseas, to the first Public Schoolboys' Course and the awards for life-saving that had been won during the year by Scouts who had learned their job and were ready for the emergency when it came.

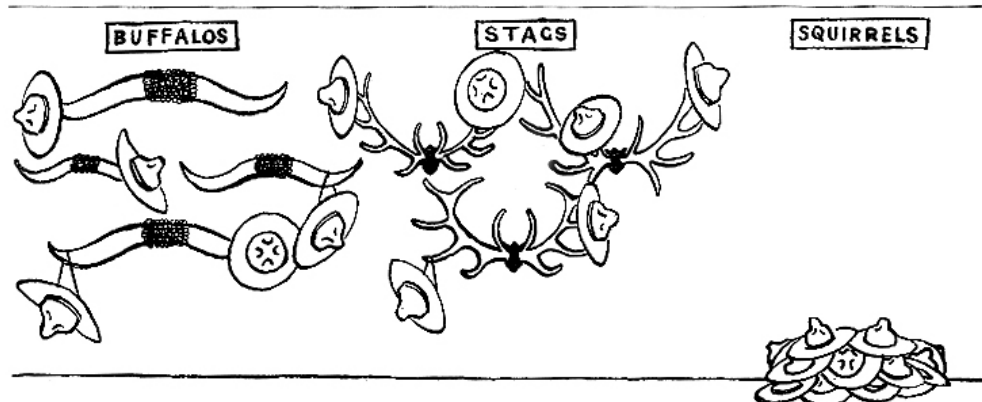
He reported to the Council the latest news about B.-P. House, a site for which has now been acquired and in conclusion paid an enthusiastic tribute to the whole of Headquarters staff who as he said, worked for quite inadequate pay that the work of Scouting might be carried on.

The Treasurer, Mr. S. J. L. Egerton, seconded the adoption of the report and selected points of interest in the Accounts and annotated various matters in the pages of the Annual Report, for the benefit of the Council. He referred particularly to the excellent increased contribution to our income from the Equipment Department under General Walsh and the year of extreme difficulty that had been experienced by all publishers of periodicals, including, our own. He felt that "Bob-a-Job" properly organised and applied continued to meet the enthusiastic support of the public.

The report and accounts were then adopted unanimously.

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

R. H.



BOOKS

FOR YOUR LEISURE

Last of the Curlews, by Fred Bodsworth (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.).

Nomenius Borealis, Eskimo curlew, the "dough bird," or wee-keeme-nase-su as it was called by the North American natives in the 18th century, used once to arrive in Newfoundland in myriad numbers which literally darkened the sky. Countless millions annually made a fantastic migratory flight from the Arctic Circle to the extremity of South America only to return each spring to the far north of the Canadian Yonra in response to mating instinct.

For centuries not all the hazards of wind and weather from Hudson Bay, Labrador nor the mighty Atlantic from Newfoundland via the Sargasso Sea to the shores of Venezuela, nor the jungles and tangled mangrove swamps of the South American interior, the stinging snows and rarefied air of the massive Andes, nor in fact any restraint, scourge or peril which nature might fling against it had deterred this gentle bird from its purpose. In little more than half a century Man, ubiquitous biped, succeeded, without plan, without intent and without mercy, in bringing about its virtual extinction. Along the entire length of its trans-continental journey the bird suffered unrelenting persecution and ran the gauntlet of the gun. Consequently yet another of earth's creatures is passing away.

The lesson expounded in the opening lines of Chapter I probably contains the very marrow of the problem, a lesson which, unlearned, has meant extinction for many animals from the dinosaur to the passenger pigeon. In short, the essence of survival is reconciliation with changing circumstances. Blind adherence to custom eventually brings destruction to any species, even including, no doubt, mankind.

So it was with the Eskimo curlew. The story is well told, and splendidly written. Special commendations must be given to Mr. T. M. Shorn for his excellent and copious illustrations, and also to Museum Press for the quality of production, particularly the clear typeface used in setting the text.

L. A. W.

Down the Corridors, by Fielden Hughes (Arthur Barker, 12s. 6d.).

Down the Corridors is an hour by hour account of one school day by the headmaster of a suburban boys' secondary modern school. Its character is the obvious. . . to that of one or two recent novels about nasty, brutish boys and girls; it is calm, and full of ordinary happenings and rather obvious comment, in the manner of radio family serials. At the end of one hourly section the author writes "How dreary all this is in the telling; how sweet in the fact." I would say, however, that those to whom the schools of 80 per cent of English boys are unexplored country will learn from this book something of the day's routine, and how a sympathetic head deals with pupils, teachers and parents.

J. H. P.

NOTES AND NEWS

AUGUST COVER

This month's cover is by Mr. R. B. Herbert. The 13th Ipswich Sea Scouts sail from their summer camp at Decoy Broad, Woodbastwick, Norfolk.

DOWNE CAMP

During the forthcoming autumn and winter months, from September 1956 to March 1957, it is proposed to increase work considerably in afforestation. Volunteer working parties of Service Auxiliaries, Rovers and Senior Scouts for good hard work in the making of seed beds, planting, felling, logging up and clearing of trees and bush dining this period are urgently

required and will be very welcome. Indoor accommodation provided.

Applications to be made to the Bailiff, Downe Camp, Bird House, Downe, Nr. Famborough, Kent.

TOC H

An article entitled "Seen any Scouting lately?" by Mr. J. F. Colquhoun, Headquarters Commissioner for Relationships, appears in the *Toc H Journal* for July. In asking for help for Scouting, Mr. Colquhoun suggests that the two Movements should get to know each other locally, and that the Branch Jobmaster should seek out the District Commissioner, if he does not already know him.

It is hoped that Commissioners will make a point of getting into touch with their local Toc H Branches, where there have been no contacts lately, and of making their needs for help known to the Jobmasters.

TO ALL DUE FOR NATIONAL SERVICE

We are indebted to Colonel F. J. Davis of the War Office for the following note:

It may be of interest to readers who are due for their National Service that a recent War Office ruling has opened the door to service with the Army Physical Training Corps to any National Serviceman who has the right qualities. In brief the Army gives the necessary P.T. training to suitable chaps immediately they have completed their ten weeks recruit's training. The training can be completed during the first year of a National Serviceman's service and approximately forty-seven weeks from joining up he can become a fully fledged Sgt. Instructor in the Army Physical Training Corps. Apart from the financial side - a N.S.M. Sgt. Instructor A.P.T.C. draws £4 7s. 6d. (if on a Regular Engagement this becomes £8 4s. 6d.) - the life must surely appeal to those who enjoy and are accustomed to outdoor activities because the Army Physical Training Corps Instructor teaches, organises and supervises not only PT. and minor team games but also athletics, boxing, swimming, football, etc.

Normally the Army Physical Training Corps recruits from within the Regular Army, selecting the best of the regimental P.T. Instructors who wish to serve with the Corps, but the right type of National Serviceman is most welcome and maybe he will so like the life that he will consider becoming a regular which he can do at any time.

In order to ensure that he is earmarked for the Army Physical Training Corps he must be sure of doing one thing when he is called up for his pre-service Medical Board by the Ministry of Labour. He must tell the Military Interviewing Officer that he wishes to be trained as a P.T. Instructor with a view to ultimate transfer to the Army Physical Training Corps. He will then be earmarked as a potential P.T. Instructor if he has the right qualities and will be instructed to report to an Infantry Depot for recruit's basic training when called up. At this depot the Personnel Selection Officer will interview him and, if he is still desirous of serving with the A.P.T.C., he will be sent on a Command P.T. Leader's Course when he has completed his recruit's basic training. From then onwards the future is in his hands!

I.H.Q. SPEAKERS' VISITS IN SEPTEMBER

1st-2nd Gilwell Reunion

29th-30th U.K. Training Team Conference

LUCAS-TOOTH GYMNASIUM

The new season, 1956-57, opens on Monday, September 24th, with weekly meetings up to June 1957. The full Training Course for Leaders covers a period of three years, but certificates are issued at the end of each season, third class, second class and first class. For all three classes members take part in physical training, games, boxing, agility exercises, self-defence and vaulting. Fencing instruction is available in the second and third year.

The main object of the Lucas-Tooth Gymnasium is to train young men (and even older men, too) to become qualified

Instructors in Physical Training. A secondary object is to improve the personal physique of an individual member, and shorter courses are now available for this purpose, for rugby footballers and for business men at a higher charge. The normal fee is only 12s. 6d. a season and the minimum age 15. Those desirous of taking part in a course should enrol during the week Monday, September 17th, to Friday, September 21st, at the Gymnasium, 26 Magdalen Street, Tooley Street, London, S.E.1.

Scouting's representative on the Board of Governors is Colonel J. S. Wilson.

FILM LECTURE SERVICE

Messrs. A. Wander Ltd. offer free Film Lectures to London and the Home Counties. The programme, consisting of educational and general interest films and their new film *The Home of Good Health* which has been specially made to show audiences their Factory and Model Farms, is of an hour's duration, and includes a short talk on "Ovaltine" products. Samples of "Ovaltine" are also served at the conclusion of the programme.

Any Troops who are interested should write to the Film Lecture Representative, A. Wander Ltd., 8 Overton Court, Overton Drive, Wanstead, E.11. Tel.: Wanstead 6202.

Another service which is also available is the serving of "Ovaltine" to all competitors at Sports Meetings and Swimming Galas. Application should be made as above.

LOST

At Gillwell at the Cubs' Open Day, a gaberdine raincoat marked "Geoffrey Allen, 50 Church Road." If anyone knows its whereabouts will they please contact Miss E. Ridge, 35 Holdenhurst -Road, Kings-wood, Bristol.

WOOD BADGE COURSES 1956

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

Pack Scooters, Eighteen years and over.

Troop Scouters, Twenty years and over.

Rover Leaders, Twenty-one years and over.

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

Birmingham (Yorks Wood)

Rover, 4 W.E. September 8th, 15th, 29th, October 6th

Apply: C. Raeburn, 36 Innage Road, Birmingham, 31.

Buckinghamshire (Wolverton)

Cub, 2 W.E. (Indoor), November 10th-12th

Apply: R. Saunders, 18 Marina Drive, Wolverton, Bucks.

Dorset (Weymouth)

Scout, Cant. October 13th-20th.

Apply: Lt.-Cdr. H. Taylor, G.C., Hartgrove Retreat, Musbury, Axminster,

London (Gillwell Park)

Scout, 5 W.E. September 8th (omit Sept. 29th)

Scout. Cont. September 22nd

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

Middlesex (Elstree)

Scout, 3 W.E. Sept. 14th-16th, 21st-23rd, Oct 5th-7th

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

Northumberland (Gosforth Park)

Scout, 5 W.E. Sept. 1st (omitting Sept. 29th)

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

Warwickshire (Stratford-on-Avon)

Cub, 3 W.E. (Indoors), January 12th, 1957.

Apply: P. W. Blandford, Quinton House, Newbold-on-Stour, Stratford-on-Avon.

Yorkshire, South (Hesley Wood)

Scout, 4 W.E. Sept. 1st (commencing at 10 a.m. on Saturday)

Apply: J. Dorgan, 1 White Lane, Chapeltown, Nr. Sheffield.

BADGE COURSES

The following badge courses for Scouts over 15 will be held at Great Tower Scout Camp, and Scouts who attend will need to bring their own bedding, food, etc.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Bailiff, Great Tower Scout Camp, Windermere, Westmorland

Venturer Sept. 1956-April 1957 All week-ends

Backwoodsman Oct. 1956-March 1957 All week-ends

Pioneer Nov. 1956-Feb. 1957 All week-ends

Forester Dec. 1956-Jan 1957 All week-ends

The following Badge Courses will be held at Chalfonts Heights Scout Camp, Denham Lane, Gerrards Cross, Bucks, during 1956 and applications should be addressed to the Bailiff at that address.

Map-maker (Two w/e) Sept. 8-9th, 15-16th. Fee 3s.

Venturer (One w/e) Nov. 3rd-4th. Fee 1s. 6d.

Backwoodsman (Two w/e) Sept. 29-30th, Oct. 6-7th Fee 3s.

Forester (Four w/e) Oct. 13-14th, Nov. 17-18th,

Dec. 1st-2nd, Jan. 26-27th, 1957.

(All meals provided.) Fee 30s.

AWARDS FROM 6th JUNE TO 27th JUNE, 1956

"CORNWALL SCOUT" BADGE

R. J. Price, Senior Scout, 15th Chichester (Portfield)

"in recognition of his high standard of character and devotion to duty under great suffering."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (MERITORIOUS CONDUCT)

P. J. E. Grotte, Acting Assistant Scoutmaster, 1st Elland (St. Paul's Methodist) *"In recognition of his action in going to the rescue of a man who had collapsed while working on a roof, Brighouse. 28th April, 1956."*

N.J. Hastie, Wolf Cub, 104th Edinburgh (Inverleith)

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in saving his elder brother from more serious injuries than he actually sustained when his pyjamas caught fire, Edinburgh, 24th October, 1955."

GILT CROSS

R. N. Knight, Patrol Leader, 50th Bedfordshire (1st Clifton, All Saints)

"In recognition of his gallantry in saving a child from drowning, Clifton Locks, Henlow, 23rd May, 1956."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GALLANTRY)

A. Scobie, Scout, 1st Garelochhead

"In recognition of his prompt action and presence of mind in saving a child from drowning, Bendanock Burn, Dunbartonshire, 23rd April, 1956."

MEDAL OF MERIT

Birmingham. - Mrs C. I. Barton, C.M., Hall Green Parish Church (279th Birmingham); J. L. Masterman, G.S.M., Hall Green Baptist (219th Birmingham); Miss J. Needham, C.M., 1st Sparkhill (24th Birmingham, Acocks Green and Hall Green), D.C.M., Acocks Green and Hall Green.

Buckinghamshire. - G.H. Southall, President and Chairman, Linslade and District.

Devon. - K. F. Woolhouse, A.D.C., No. 7 District.

Hampshire. - M. A. B. Hamand, Hon. Secretary, Itchen Division, Southampton.

Kent. - A.W. Edwards, C.M., 5th Orpington; Miss G. D. Lawrence, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Orpington; Miss R. E. Sims, C.M., 1st Fainborough (Kent).

Laneashire North West. - J. C. Taylor, Hon. Treasurer, Barrow-in-Furness.

Lancashire South East. - J. H. Staples, Hon. Treasurer, Rochdale and District.

London. - Mrs. W. E. Aylward, C.M., 161st North London (St. Cuthbert's); M. A. Carroll, S.M., 47th West Ham (St. Anthony's); G. D. Irvine, D.R.S.L., Wood Green, Southgate and Friern Barnet.

Middlesex. - R. S. Allison, formerly S.M.(S), 1st Teddington (Baptist); A. C. Browning, S.M., 3rd Sudbury; Miss G. E. Cooper, C.M., 9th Wembley; A. E. J. Downing, District Q.M., Wembley and Sudbury; K. C. Edwards, G.S.M., 2nd Wembley; D. J. E. Gibson, G.S.M., 11th Wembley (St. Joseph's R.C.); W. M. Logan, G.S.M., 9th Wembley; W. G. Peddy, G.S.M., 1st Northolt, A.D.C. (Wolf Cubs), Greentord and District; H. Rowbottom, G.S.M., 17th Wembley; A. E. Thom, C.M., 5th Perivale (St. Edwards).

Wiltshire. - Mrs. P. E. V. Bond, C.M., 1st Devizes.

Scotland

Ross and Cromarty. - S.I. MacKintosh, Hon. Secretary, Wester Ross.

"In recognition of their outstanding service."

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (GOOD SERVICES)

London: - L. C. W. Bonacina, Badge Examiner and "In recognition of his good services."

AWARDS TO THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION

LETTER OF COMMENDATION (MERITORIOUS CONDUCT)

Wong Chin Kong, Patrol Leader, 3rd Kuala Lumpur
"in recognition of his action in helping victims of a fire to rescue personal belongings and assisting the Fire Brigade in clearing debris, etc., -Kuala Lumpur, 8th January, 1956."

BAR TO THE MEDAL OF MERIT

Ngui Choon Jin, State Commissioner, Negri Sembilan
"In recognition of his further outstanding services."

MEDAL OF MERIT

Ong Kean Hin, A.S.M., 10th Taiping; H. A. Laurence, D.C., Masjid Tanab; Abu Hassan bin Ujang, A.D.C., Rembau; Tan Kean Hong, D.C., Nibong Tebal; G. M. Davidson, Asst. State Commr., Penang; Chew Hock Eam, Asst. State Commr., Penang; Ahmad Faudzi bin Mohamed Tahir, D.C., Sittawan; Abdul Rahman bin Sukun, D.C., Port Swettenham; Puan Kartar Singb, D.C., Kuala Selangor; A. Ponniah, G.S.M., 3rd Kuala Lumpur; Teob Teng Kooi, C.M., 1st Bandar Penggaram; Mohamed Axis bin A. Rashid G.S.M., 5th Rengit; Abdul MQlok bin Bendahara, R.S.L., 8th Johore Bahru; Haron bin Haji Sirsj, D.C., Ayer Hitam; Ibrahim bin Haji Junid, A.D.C., Bandar Maharani; J. A. Monteiro, G.S.M., 3rd Bandar Maharani; Baba bin Othman, A.D.C., Rengit; Abdullah Sain bin Abu Bakar, D.C., Kota Bharu; Wan Idris bin Salleh, G.S.M., 3rd Tumpat; W. E. Lancaster, Hon. Secretary, Selangor State Scout Council; D. G. Smith, Field Commissioner; G. P. Davidson, Headquarters Commissioner; Chung Shin Yee, State Commr., Perak; Rev. E. Currie, Chairman, Pudu District.

"In recognition of their outstanding service."

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COUNCIL

The Forty-seventh Annual Meeting of the Council of the Boy Scouts Association was held at Imperial Headquarters on Wednesday, July 25th, 1956.

H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester presided.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL

The following members of the Committee of the Council who had retired by rotation were re-elected: Sir Ian Bolton, Bt., O.B.E., H.M.L., Major-General The Lord Burnham, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., T.D., D.L., A. W. Hurl, Esq., C.B.E., E. G. Neate, Esq., O.B.E., P. A. Godfrey Phillips, Esq., M.A., Graham Wallis, Esq., J.P.

BOB-A-JOB WEEK, 1957

The Committee of the Council has decided that the National Bob-a-Job Week for 1957 will take place during the week April 22nd to 27th (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 May 4th, 1957.

C. C. GOODHIND,
Administrative Secretary.

CLASSIFIED

COMING EVENTS

The Moot of the Year! Four Counties Rover Moot at St. Crispin's School, Wokingham, Berks, 15/16th September. To be opened by Sir William Mount. Other speakers include Sir J. F. Wolfenden, well-known broadcaster, Bobbie Campbell, Scottish International Foot-bailer, a Doctor, Detective-Inspector and a Rally Driver, also many Practical Activities. Moot fee including all meals 15/-. Applications to: D. Pike, Esq., 1 Palmerstone Road, Earley, Reading.

Barnsley and District R/R Conference, Sept. 15th-16th. Details from H. Gorthorpe, 3 St. Edwards Avenue, Barnsley.

I.W. Rover Moot, Ryde, I.W. w.e. of 29/30th Sept. Fee 1gn., deposit 10/-. Closing date for applications Sat., 15th Sept. Full particulars, etc., from Moot Sec., C. J. Stotesbury, 50 Hunnyhill, Newport, I.W.

Bradford Cubmasters' Conference, October 6th-7th. St. Bede's Grammar School. S.A.E. for details Mrs. A. Chapman, 66 Netherhail Road, Baildon, Yorks.

Scouters' Week-end Avon Tyrdli, Hampshire, November 3rd-4th. For all Scouters (with wives, husbands or intendeds), Lay Officers, members of Group Committees, etc. Theme - The Scout Promise and Law in everyday life. Charge - 18s. 6d. a head, which includes meals from tea on Saturday to tea on Sunday. Applications to Mr. K. Hoar, 37 Hillcrest Road, Moordown, Bournemouth. (Tel. Winton 3451).

EMPLOYMENT

The Church Army. Is God calling you to "serve the present age" to a greater degree? Keen Christian men 18-33 years of age, communicants of the Church of England, are needed to staff Mission Vans, Youth Centres, Hostels, Parishes. Write for details of free two-year (residential) course to Captain J. Benson, C.A., P.O. Box 420, 55 Bryanston Street, London, W. 1.

Personal Assistant, preferably male Scouter, age about 25, required by Secretary of professional Association near Baker Street. Expert shorthand typing essential. Excellent salary and

prospects in unusual position, offering varied and interesting work. Five-day week. Apply in writing to G.B.D.O., 50 Nottingham Place, London, W.1.

Professional body in West End requires office junior, some experience or straight from school, for office near Baker Street. Thorough training given and Scout or cheerful disposition preferred. Hours 9.15-5.45, no Saturdays. Commencing wage £3 5s. Od. p.w. Apply in writing to the Secretary, G.B.D.O., 50 Nottingham Place, London, W.1.

Assistant Housemaster (non-teaching) required at boarding school in Surrey. Vacancy for single man with experience of work with boys 11-16. Preference given to men with experience of youth organisations. Salary £250-£300 with board and lodging. Apply, stating full details of education and experience, to the Headmaster, Box 875., Reyneils, 44 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

PERSONAL

Shorts for winter in the best English cord, 47/6 to measure, outsize 5/- extra. From Ossie Dover, the Cycling Tailor, 160 Kensington, Liverpool, 7. S.A.E. for patterns and self-measurement form.

Lady C.M. uniforms made to measure for 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.

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.

Burton-on-Trent Sea Cadet Corps urgently wish to buy 3 or 4 second hand bugles. Any offers? Box 231, *The scouter*.

1198 exciting "Throwouts," 5s. 6d. (Samples free with approvals, 31/2d.) Lovelock, Taunton Avenue, S.W.20.

Having a Group Event? Tickets, Programmes, Leaflets, Stationery, etc., printed at reasonable prices. Send for details - Southbury Press, 93 Southbury Avenue, Enfield, Middx.

Artistic theatrical and Fancy Dress Costumes, moderate charges. Black Lion Costumes, 25 Sommerville Road, Bristol, 7. Tel. 41345.

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

"Scout-Ink" Catalogue. The new issue No. 40 is now ready. Group Progress Record System. Many other forms and Group Stationery. Send p.c. Stacy Ltd., 99 Kingsland High Street, E.8.

"Scout-Ink" Christmas Cards. Fully illustrated leaflet of Cards, Calendars and Gift Lines. Send p.c. Stacy Ltd., 99 Kingsland High Street, E.8.

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

Aux. Mills, in response to many enquiries, is pleased to advise that "plumers of all colours are able to insure their cars with the "Scouter" Syndicate at Lloyds. 123 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

Bell tents for hire 42s. per week, carr. paid (deposit 150s. returnable). Grounsdsheets, dixies, etc., also for hire. J. Weatherill, North Street Works, Wmkfield, Windsor, Berks.

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

FOR SALE

Climbing Irons, complete with straps for tree climbing in forests and woods, 20/- per pair, postage and packing 5/-, discount for quantity to Scoutmasters. J. A. Rogers (Engineers), 31 Bridgenorth Road, Irby Wirral, Cheshire.

"Ephas" Foolscap Duplicating Outfits, complete for hand and typed work, cost only £5 15s. Od. Do your own magazine, concert programmes, tickets and soon save cost. Instructional details without obligation from makers. Blaikiock, Gray Ltd., Hockley, Essex.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING

All classes of duplicating and typewriting neatly and accurately executed by Guider. Prompt delivery, special terms to Scouters. Alert Typewriting Bureau, 1 Peasmarsh, Gillingham, Dorset. Gulder undertakes all classes of Typewriting and Duplicating at reasonable prices. Mrs. Cox, 24 Saxon Road, Ramsgate.

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

REMnants for MAKING MONEY

Super Quality Printed and Plain Cottons and Rayons, also Cretonnes, Brotades, Winceyette. etc.

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In case of difficulty write to: Sales Promotion Manager, Bukta, Stockport.

JUBILEE JAMBOREE

Sutton Coldfield 1957



Group, District and County Organisers whose hard work of preparation for next year is just beginning, please write now to learn how your contingent can be equipped to do full justice to the boys you select to uphold the prestige of British Boy Scouts. Many of their brothers from overseas have already placed their orders for Black's Tents and Sleeping Bags.

BLACK'S GREENOCK

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Phone: HOLborn 5494 Phone: CENTral 4007



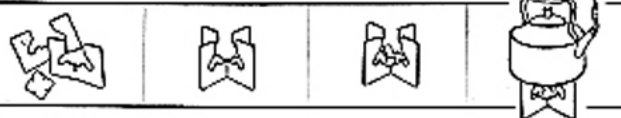
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The PROFOL cooker—and 20 tablets of solid fuel—come in a carton the size of a pack of cards. A practical proposition, it assembles in 30 seconds, the tablet lights at once with an intense flame, burning 10 minutes. The tablets are the only British non-poisonous solid fuel tablets. 3/- complete, all camping shops, stores, etc. (Refills 2/- for 20, Postage Free).



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58, R.N.M.D.S.F. HOUSE

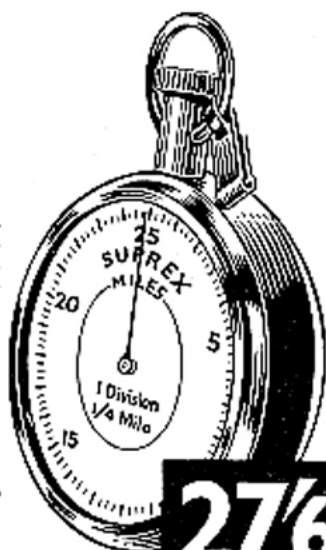
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The Mission's popular, finest quality, full colour Christmas Card is now available. Please send for order form.

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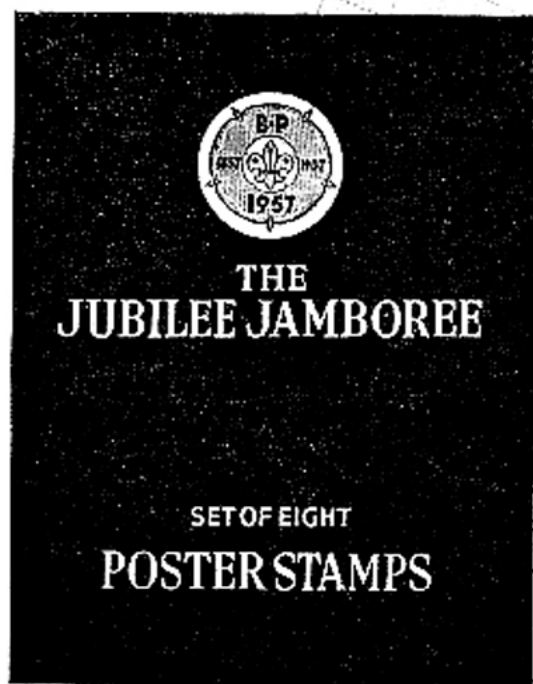
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POSTER 1957 STAMPS

JUBILEE JAMBOREE



A special set of poster stamps has been issued to celebrate the Jubilee Year of Scouting and the B.-P. Centenary. As the illustration on the left shows, these are issued in a protective folder which gives full information on the designs of each of the eight stamps in the set. The demand for these stamps is bound to be great, and, although a large number are being printed, it is essential that you place your order without delay.

1/-
PER SET
Postage 2d.

These stamps can also be used on your letters and correspondence, so why not order an extra set or two for this purpose?

"STOP PRESS"
LOOK WIDE

A book for Seniors . . .
This is the long awaited revised reprint of the Senior Scout Handbook. Publication date 1st September. We shall be glad to book orders.

PRICE 8/6
Postage 6d.

Imperial Scout Shop
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18c ELDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.2
183 CLAPHAM MANOR STREET, S.W.4
19 GREEN LANES, PALMERS GREEN, N.13

62 THE HEADROW, LEEDS
20 RICHMOND STREET, LIVERPOOL
Also at Local Association Shops and Agents

20 WORKING STREET, CARDIFF
104 HINDES ROAD, HARROW
5 TACKET STREET, IPSWICH