







## SUBSCRIPTION & ACCOUNTS

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## PRINTING & ARTICLE SUBMISSIONS

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## PUBLICATION DATES

The last weekends in January, March, May, July, September and November are reserved as printing times. It would be appreciated if written contributions are received two weeks before printing dates.

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## SUBSCRIPTION FORM \_\_\_\_\_

Group Name: \_\_\_\_\_

c/o: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

Prov/State: \_\_\_\_\_ Country: \_\_\_\_\_

Post/Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_ New Subscription[ ]

Renewal [ ] 1 yr [ ] 2 yr [ ] 3 yr [ ]

Rovering Magazine is published on a bi-monthly basis (Feb., Apr., June, Aug., Oct., Dec.) in the interest of better Rovering (Scouting) and communications. This Magazine has been made possible through the enthusiasm of Rovers and Rangers from around the world.

## ADVERTISING

Rates for the Scouting and Guiding Movement are as follows: \$12.00 if 500 sheets of pre-printed material is provided (please leave at least 1/2" blank border); \$25.00 per page if we layout the ad from information provided, or \$20.00 per page "art" supplied. Payment to be included with the ad. All advertising must be in by the 7th of the month previous to printing.

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A special thank you to all Rovers, Rangers and other volunteers who have contributed and / or assisted in the production of this magazine.

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Any Crew or individual interested in assisting in the production or supplying a continuing feature of this magazine, please contact the Editor.

This magazine is now set using WordPerfect 5.1 running on a 286 platform. Style specifications are as follows: Margins t/b 0.5"; Margins l/r 0.5"; Newspaper column with 0.5" centre gap: Typeface: Times Roman 12 pt. At present, submissions in this format must be made on 3.5" floppy disks. Disks will be returned with a corrected style embedded in the article for future use.

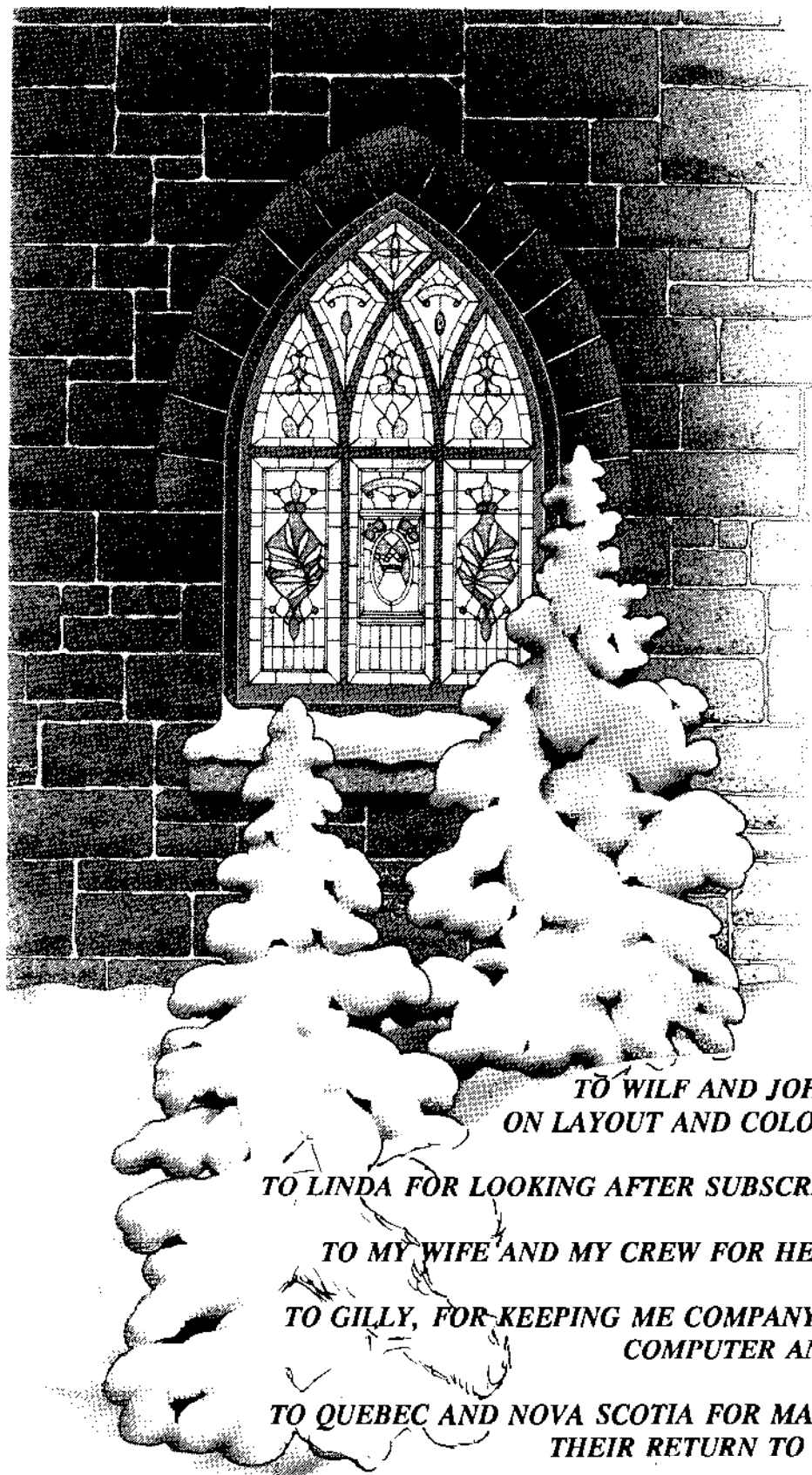
Comments and suggestions are appreciated.

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## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	1 yr	2 yr	3 yr
Canada	\$11.00	\$20.00	\$29.00
U.S.A.	\$12.00	\$22.00	\$32.00
Abroad	\$20.00	\$38.00	\$56.00

Payable in Canadian funds to Rovering Magazine



**SEASON'S GREETINGS  
AND A  
WARM THANK-YOU  
TO**

**FREDIA, BRUCE DAGG**

**ALAN WEST, MICHAEL DIEGEL**

**SEAN HUME, GARY DELL**

**RAY & INGE BATES**

**"SMOKE" BLACKLOCK**

**MARC & PAUL AND THE  
GANG IN B.C.**

**STAN THE MAN FROM BUFFALO**

**HEATHER OF ORRT.**

**AND ANY OTHER CONTRIBUTORS  
I HAVE MISSED.**

**TO WILF AND JOHN FOR HELP  
ON LAYOUT AND COLOUR EXPERIMENTS.**

**TO LINDA FOR LOOKING AFTER SUBSCRIPTIONS AND THE PURSE STRINGS!**

**TO MY WIFE AND MY CREW FOR HELPING WITH THE PRODUCTION!**

**TO GILLY, FOR KEEPING ME COMPANY ON THOSE LONG NIGHTS ON THE  
COMPUTER AND PRESS.**

**TO QUEBEC AND NOVA SCOTIA FOR MAKING IT A GREAT CHRISTMAS WITH  
THEIR RETURN TO THESE PAGES.**

**AND TO ALL THOSE SPECIAL PEOPLE FOR THEIR  
ENCOURAGEMENT AND COMMENTS, THE READERS.**

*Don*

# EVENTS CALENDAR

## DECEMBER 1993

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1	2	3	4 MEDIEVAL FEAST B.C.
5	6	7	8	9 HANUKKAH BEGINS	10	11
12	13	14	15	16 HANUKKAH ENDS	17 N.W.R.T. PACK HAMPER AT ELKS WATERLOO	18 N.W.R.T. DELIVER HAMPER
19	20	21 FIRST DAY OF WINTER	22	23	24	25 CHRISTMAS DAY
26 BOXING DAY	27	28	29	30	31	

# EVENTS CALENDAR

JANUARY 1994

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7 MAIL SUBMISSIONS TO ROVERING MAG.	8
9	10	11 SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S BIRTHDAY	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24 N. WATERLOO KUB KAR PRELIMINARIES HELD BY THE NORTH WATERLOO RRT	25 N. WATERLOO KUB KAR PRELIMINARIES	26 N. WATERLOO KUB KAR PRELIMINARIES	27 N. WATERLOO KUB KAR PRELIMINARIES	28	29 ROVERING MAGAZINE IS PRINTED
30	31					

# EVENTS CALENDAR

FEBRUARY 1994

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11 SNOWBALL MOOT (Ontario)	12 SNOWBALL MOOT
13 SNOWBALL MOOT	14 ST. VALENTINE'S DAY	15 SHROVE TUESDAY	16 ASH WEDNESDAY	17	18	19 KUB KAR FINALS SPONSORED BY THE N.W.R.T.
20	21 HERITAGE DAY	22 B.P.'S BIRTHDAY	23	24	25	26
27	28					

# ROGER AWARDS

The "Roger Awards" are not in any way, shape, or form, a product of any Headquarters at any level. It is an award that is made by you, the Rovers, Rangers and Advisors, by your nomination-votes sent into Rovering Magazine. It gives Rovers and Rangers a chance to honour their own, and show appreciation for the efforts of an individual or a crew(s).

All Rovers, Rangers and Advisors are allowed to nominate-vote once in each category. All we ask is that you vote only for the moots which you personally attended, and not on hearsay. You may leave a category blank if you so desire.

It is important that you list No. 3 in order of preference with 3A being the highest rating (3A is worth 4 pts., 3B is worth 3 pts., 3C is worth 2 pts., and 3D is worth 1 pt.).

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

1. Name a person who you feel has had sincere dedication to Rovers.

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2. Name a person who you feel has had sincere dedication to Rangers.

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3. Name what you feel were the four best moots in the past year in order of preference.

A. \_\_\_\_\_

B. \_\_\_\_\_

C. \_\_\_\_\_

D. \_\_\_\_\_

4. Name the best continuing feature to appear in Rovering Magazine during the past year.

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5. Name the best feature to appear in Rovering Magazine during the past year.

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Send your nomination-vote to:

**"ROGER AWARDS"**

c/o 45 Islington Avenue

KITCHENER, ONTARIO

N2B 1P3

Awards will be presented at the St. George's Day Dinner & Dance in April.

## **EXPECTATIONS OF MY SPONSOR**

**To live one's life so that it is worthy of respect and honour.**

**Live for freedom, justice, and all that is good.**

**Avoid cheating.**

**Avoid torture (of thy squire)**

**Exhibit self control.**

**Show respect of authority.**

**Administer justice and mercy.**

**Protect the innocent.**

**Respect women.**

**Exhibit courage in word and deed.**

**Defend the weak and innocent.**

**Never abandon a friend, ally, or noble cause.**

**Always keep one's word of honour.**

**Always maintain one's principles.**

**Never betray a friend or comrade.**

**Avoid deception.**

**Respect and honour all life and views of life.**

**Exhibit manners.**

**Be polite and attentive.**

**Be respectful of host, women, and honour.**

**Be loyal to one's principles and heart.**

**Be loyal to one's friends and those who lay their trust in thee.**

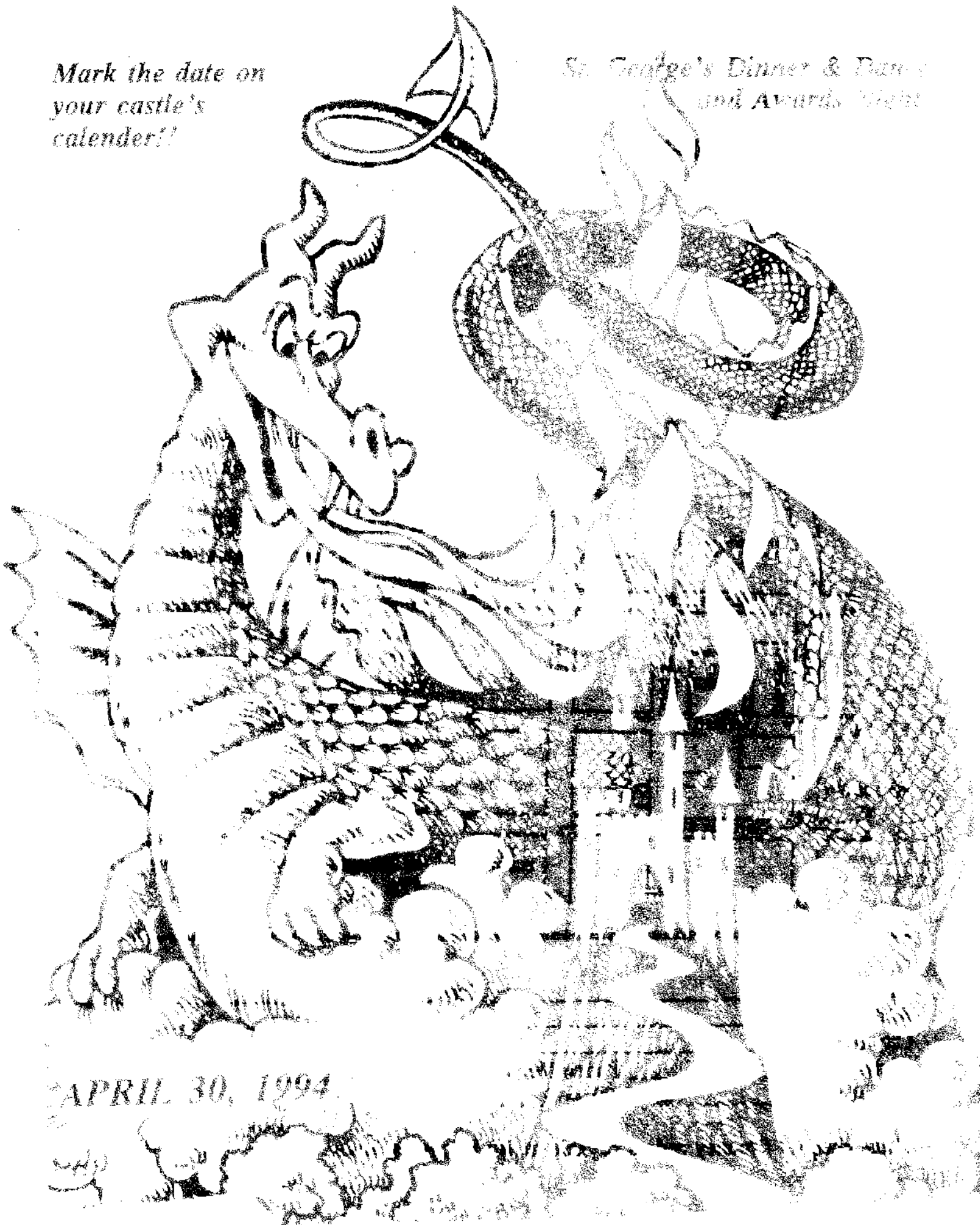
**Be loyal to the code of chivalry.**

**By Mo of the First Kirkland Rovers**



*Mark the date on  
your castle's  
calender!!*

*St. George's Dinner & Dance  
and Awards Night*



*APRIL 30, 1994*

# THIS IS WHAT... the 17th Annual St. George's Day Dinner & Dance and the 17th Annual Roger Awards.



... Sponsored by the 9th Kitchener Rover Crew.  
and Donnacona Rangers.

## THIS IS WHERE .....

St. Peter's Lutheran Church  
Kitchener, Ontario

## THIS IS WHEN .....

Saturday, April 30, 1994 6:30 p.m.

## THIS IS WHY .....

To enjoy yourself, and celebrate our Patron Saint's day, also to honour the Roger Award recipients.

## THIS IS WHO .....

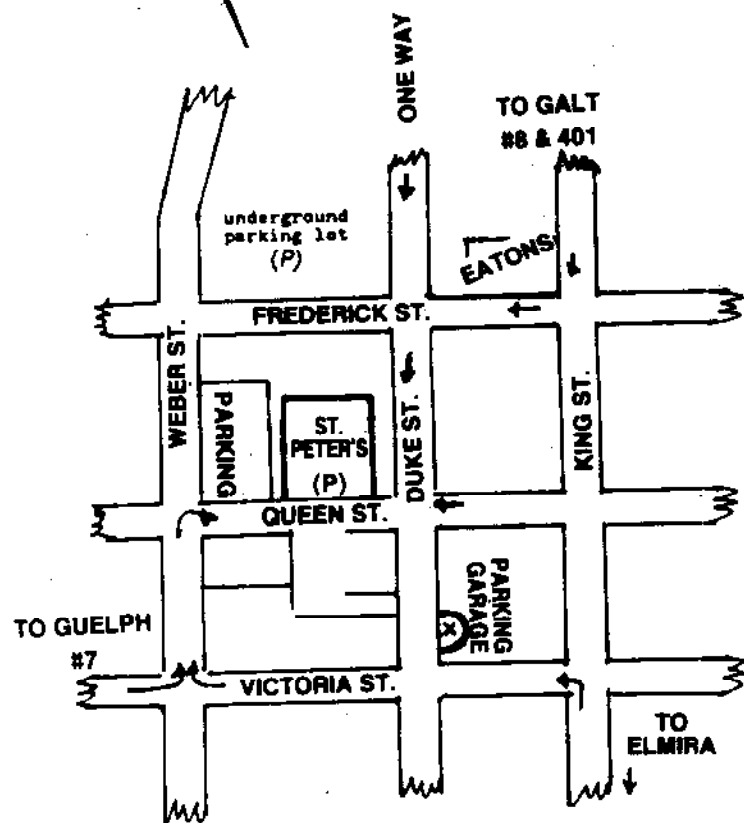
All Rovers and Rangers, their leaders and special friends. Please note due to a limited number of tickets, you would be advised to order well in advance. No tickets will be sold at the door. Semi-formal attire would be appreciated.

## THIS WAS EXPECTED ....

Price \$9.00, includes corsage for the ladies, dinner and dance.

## SEND YOUR ORDER TO

The 9th Kitchener Rover Crew c/o Treasurer  
45 Islington Avenue Kitchener, Ontario  
N2B 1P3



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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Crew \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City or whatever \_\_\_\_\_

Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_ Phone No. (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

No. of tickets \_\_\_\_\_ @ \$9.00, = \$ \_\_\_\_\_ total.

Make cheques / money orders payable to 9th Kitchener Rover Crew.

## JAMBOREE SERVICE (WALTZING MATHILDA)

Words by K.R. Blacklock (Smoke)

1. I AM A WILLING ROVER, WHO CAME HERE TO SEE CEEJAY;  
I CAME TO HELP IN THE BEST ROVER WAY;  
AND I SANG AS I WORKED AND WATCHED THE SCOUTS ENJOY THE DAY  
ROVER SERVICE TO THE JAMBOREE.

### [CHORUS]

- DOWN BY THE RIVER ; UP ON THE MOUNTAIN,  
WE'RE HERE TO HELP AT THE JAMBOREE.  
WE'LL SING AS WE WORK AND BRING SERVICE TO THE JAMBOREE  
ROVER SERVICE TO THE JAMBOREE.
2. DOWN AT THE ARCH'RY; UP ON THE HIKING TRAIL  
OUT-TRIPS TO BANFF AND CAL -GAR-Y  
SOME AT THE PROGRAMS, SOME ARE AT THE MED-EE-A  
ROVER SERVICE TO THE JAMBOREE.
  3. COMMUNICATIONS, HOSPITAL, PLAYING WITH THE RIVER RATS  
CASTLE MEADOWS AND TEAM APEX  
SOME ARE WORKING SUB-CAMPS, EVEN SOME IN HEADQUARTERS  
ROVER SERVICE AT THE JAMBOREE.
  4. LEADING SONGS AT SCOUTS OWN, SERVING WITH THE CARE CORP  
JAMBOREE TRANSPORT AND TECH SERVICE  
ROVERS ROVERS EVERYWHERE, WORK TO MAKE THE JAMBOREE  
ROVER SERVICE AT THE JAMBOREE
  5. COME AND SING ALONG WITH US, DOWN BY THE DRY CANTEEN  
COME AND SEE THE ROVER WAY.  
THOUGH WE LIKE A DRINK, WE DO NOT NEED IT FOR OUR PLAY  
ROVER SERVICE TO THE JAMBOREE

# ROVERS (BLACK VELVET BAND)

Words by Smoke

1. Let me tell you all about Rovers;  
I want you, I want you to know;  
What Rovering means to Scouting,  
And why we all love it so.

## Chorus

As Rovers we now give our Service  
Wherever our talents may lay  
As Leaders of Scouting, or helping a nurse,  
Or a friend to a child for a day.

2. We learned to Share down in Beavers,  
At Cubbing we all did our Best  
In Scouts we learned to Be Prepared,  
We Challenged the Venturer test.

3. So many things we need time for,  
So much that we want to do  
School or jobs or family,  
Each one is important to you.

4. So leave us our friends and Advisors,  
Leave us in our Rover Crew  
Together we will develop ourselves,  
As the Founder intended us to.

5. We learn of our strength and our weakness,  
Of knowing ourselves we are proud  
I demand of myself a duty  
To my country, my Service, my God

6. Now you've all heard my story,  
So help us keep Rovering Strong  
Meet us and get to know us,  
Then you can join in this song

## **UPCOMING EVENTS**

### **ONTARIO**

#### **DECEMBER**

17

N.W.R.R.T

PACK CHRISTMAS HAMPERS

18

N.W.R.R.T.

DELIVER CHRISTMAS HAMPERS

25

MERRY CHRISTMAS

26

BOXING DAY

#### **JANUARY**

1

HAPPY NEW YEAR'S DAY

#### **FEBRUARY**

11, 12, 13

SNOWBALL MOOT

22

B.P.'S BIRTHDAY

#### **APRIL**

15, 16, 17

LOONEY TUNES MOOT

30

ST. GEORGE'S DINNER & DANCE

#### **JUNE**

3, 4, 5

ATTAWANDERONK MOOT

AUGUST 26 TO SEPTEMBER 4

"ROVERING SEA TO SEA"

### **B.C. ROVERING**

#### **December**

4

Medieval Feast

contact: Colleen Ph: 942-4129

#### **February**

18 - 20

Rovent '94™ - 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Bash

The Commonwealth Games

Cambie Creek, Manning Park

Mark (legs) Hansen Ph: 980-6075

#### **May**

6 - 8

Vancouver Coast Moot

Tanya Hamilton Ph: 988-4421

20 - 23

Camp Skeeter

### **NOVA SCOTIA**

#### **DECEMBER**

##### **SERVICE EVENT**

Christmas Daddies Telethon

#### **JANUARY**

22 - 23

R.R.T. Event - Ski trip

Martock, Windsor N.S.

#### **FEBRUARY**

12

Bowling Tournament

#### **MARCH**

12 - 13

N.S.R.R.T

#### **APRIL**

Canoe Course

Level 1 & 2

#### **MAY**

21 - 22

R.R.T. Event- Canoe Trip

Pleasant Ville, N.S.

### **QUEBEC**

#### **DECEMBER**

ANNUAL HARD ROCK CAFE

CHRISTMAS DINNER

(sponsor: Quebec Rover Council)

Montreal, Qc.

Contact: Julie Davidson

1-514-697-3227

date to be announced

#### **JANUARY**

21-23th

CLUB MED MOOT

(sponsor: Missing Link Rovers)

Ile Perrot, Qc.

Contact: Glenn Bradley

1-514-674-5817



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

An open invitation from a handicapped group in Toronto, to visit them. Look at this program.

Dec.06, 93 Monday 7:00 PM.  
School - Badge name tags

Dec.20, 93 Monday 6:30PM  
Club - Christmas party @ Curling Club

Jan.03, 94 Monday 7:00PM  
School - Railway Night

Jan.17, 94 Monday, 7:00PM  
School - Culture Night

Jan.29, 94 Saturday, 10 AM  
Farm - Sleighride @ Puck's Farm

Feb.07, 94 Monday, 7:00 PM  
Alley - Thorncliffe Bowling Night

Feb.20, 94 Sunday, 10:30 AM.  
Church - P-B Sunday @ St. George's

Feb.21, 94 Monday, 7:00 PM.  
School - Badge - Fireman

Feb.26, 94 Saturday, 9:30AM.  
Plaza - Scout Week @ Gerrard Square

Mar.07, 94 Monday, 7:00PM.  
School - Circus

Mar.19, 94 Saturday, 10:00AM.  
Centre - Sugarbush @ Kortright Centre

Mar.21, 94 Monday, 7:00 PM.  
School - Invite a Troop

Apr.04, 94 Monday, 7:00 PM.  
School - Science Night

Apr.18, 94 Monday, 7:00 PM.  
School - Open House. Friends & Parents

May,02, 94 Monday, 7:00 PM.  
Museum - Visit Police Museum

May 94 Saturday, 10:00 AM.  
Park - Trees Local/time to be announced

May,16, 94 Monday, 7:00PM  
Park - Sunnybrooke,visit Police Stables

Jun.3/5 94 Friday, 7:30 PM.  
Camp - Weekend, Camp Samac, Oshawa

Jun.06, 94 Monday, 7:00 PM.  
Park - Ferry & Hike on Island

Jun.29, 94 Monday, 6:30 PM.  
Church - Closing Banquet - St. Giles.

To set up Visits to this busy group  
Bill Leach - 6PM. to 8PM.- 478-8976  
Bill Tennison- 6PM. to 8PM. - 233-0336  
John Yarrow - 6PM. to 8PM. - 534-5144 A.R.A.

Rovering Magazine is pleased to share in the announcement of the marriage of Gordon Campbell to Catrina Grant, which took place on September 18<sup>th</sup> 1993 at 3pm in Our Lady of Grace Church in Aurora.



Congratulations to Gordon and Catrina,  
We wish you all the happiness for the future.  
Love and Rover hugs,  
3rd Aurora Nomad Rover Crew

## B.C. ROVERING

This month's edition of BC Rovering Magazine should be a little shorter than usual due to the fact that we are trying to get ready for the BC-Yukon Rover Roundtable AGM next week. On top of that, Paul is heading back east to attend the National Youth Forum as a B.C. rep.

Then again, maybe not.....

This month we have Paul and Marc madly typing away, and Gord should be arriving shortly. Lasagna is on the way!

### Vancouver Coast Region

Vancouver Coast is busily preparing for Rovent™ 1994 - 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Bash and as mentioned previously, the theme is the Commonwealth Games. Yes, this theme does sound familiar to some past attendees of Rovent™, but we decided it was a fitting theme with the 1994 Commonwealth Games happening in Victoria next summer. Dates are February 18 - 20<sup>th</sup>.

The VCR Moot is coming on the May 6 - 8<sup>th</sup> and the theme is 'The Jurassic Moot'. Come dressed as your favourite dinosaur and there will be awards for the best site and of course the spirit award! Info through Tanya Hamilton at 988-4421.

By the time you read this the December Roundtable meeting will have happened. Full report next issue.

The annual Seymour Vespula Rovers Christmas party is scheduled for Saturday December 18<sup>th</sup> at Mark Hansen's. This is a potluck affair and you must RSVP with either Marc at 936-3434 or Mark at 980-6075 to find out what you should bring.

The 4<sup>th</sup> Annual BP Truck Challenge is slated for June 1994. This annual event has proven more popular every year, and we are looking for people to participate and also to help run checkpoints!!!!

The Seymour Vespula Rovers have become the caretaker for the Seaforth Cabin up on Mount Seymour. The crew has repainted the interior of the cabin, and a new stove should be installed by the time this goes to press. They are looking for someone who can make some steel shutters to help improve the security of the cabin and cut down on the vandalism.

The Beachcombers are hosting a New Year's bash at Morris Valley Dec 31<sup>st</sup> - Jan 3<sup>rd</sup>. Call Dave the Crispie at 231-0541 for more info.

### Fraser Valley Region

Kim says nothing!

Actually, Kim has plenty to say. She's just not willing to be quoted. Yes, Gord has arrived, only to find out that these guys have ordered lasagna, and didn't get me any!!

So, a report you say...

I'm sorry to report that the Fraser Valley Rover Basic was cancelled due to lack of attendance. Perhaps this should be a once every two year event.

Raven happened, and everyone there reports having a good time. Camp Mardi Gras also happened. I was there (briefly) and can report that everyone was partying, and having a great time doing so.

Coming up soon...the Medieval Feast on December

4<sup>th</sup>. This promises to be a great event, costumes are mandatory!!! I will be there in tights, that should be entertainment enough for all! Don't forget, this year's feast is a dry event. Contact Colleen @ (604) 942-4129. Even if you don't want feast tickets, Colleen LOVES getting phone calls, the later the better. (NOT!)

That's about it for the Fraser Valley for now, see you all at the Feast!

*Mindy Vouden*

*1st Nanaimo Hillbillies*



### Burnaby Region

Rovering in Burnaby has been quite busy. In September, 2nd South West attended Camp Raven and our annual work party at our Group and Regional Scout cabins on Mt. Seymour.

October was very full. The first weekend 2nd S.W. helped out at our district Bike Camp at Camp Cove. October

16<sup>th</sup> was the Regional Apple Day. Rovers from all 3 Crews attended and helped the running of this event at all the local malls.

The weekend of the 22<sup>nd</sup> saw the Burnaby Region "Trials in Time" Camporee with over 250 Scouts, Guides and American Scouts. There was also about 100 service staff including Venturers and Rovers out in full force. The 8<sup>th</sup> Northview R.C.M.P. Rovers did check in, 6<sup>th</sup> Centre Lake "Order of Valhalla" Rovers were involved in programme, and The Knights of Locksley Rovers were in charge of Communications and Security. Gord was the only outer Region Rover there and he was radio control master and had a very awesome setup (Marc...you will notice this is Paul's writing, not mine). The weather was very wet and windy for the most part but everyone had fun. The site of this mega event was at Campbell Valley Regional Park.

New Crew in the Region spotlight is on 6<sup>th</sup> Centre Lake. There is 6 Squires and 1 advisor. They have attended 2 camps and are specializing in first aid. They are working on the Duke of Edinburgh programme. One of the famous members is Sonia "The Funny Nunny". She inherited this name at the camporee while in costume as a nun, but gave out lies to all the participants. Upcoming events include the Medieval Feast, a Camp with 2<sup>nd</sup> S.W. in December, and the Polar Bear Swim on New Years Day. They are also challenging all other crews in the Lower Mainland to join them and to see who can come up with the best costume.

2<sup>nd</sup> S.W. will be involved with Remembrance Day Parade and services, attending the Medieval Feast, and camping with our Squire Crew. 6<sup>th</sup> Centre Lake.

**Islands Region**

*Rovers of the IRRRT present a riding lawnmower to Mid Island District owners of Camp Caillet in appreciation for use of the camp for Camp Skeeter. The mower was purchased from funds saved from running Camp Skeeter.*



*L-R: Mike Bruce, Ron Podriski, Dave Scott, Richard Holman, Joanne Bush, Dave Lambert, Mindy Vousden, Brian Hunter, Jari Vousden, Cathy Oldham*

The Rover Basic course scheduled for December has been postponed. A new date is to be announced.

Ray says that on November 7<sup>th</sup> is the first Skeeter planning meeting. This year's camp should be bigger and better than ever!!!

Next IRRRT meeting is scheduled for December 11<sup>th</sup> on Gabriola Island. There will be a potluck dinner with elections to follow. Sounds like a great place for a meeting!

**Victoria Region**

Victoria recently hosted their first Moot. It was a great success and 80% of the region showed up. There was great water sports including sailing on a windless lake. Now that takes skill!

There is a Rover Basic planned for January 28<sup>th</sup> - 30<sup>th</sup> at Willis Point Fire Hall located out in the sticks somewhere just past Heartland Road dump. Contact Jason at 474-1316.

The Victoria region is sending a contingent to the BCYRRT AGM. (They define a contingent as any number over two.)

Now for Victoria Sports, Mike is leading in the Hockey Pool. (Is gambling legal in Rovers?)

**Northern Region**

Camp RendezZeus happened over the Thanksgiving Day Weekend and over 70 people attended. There were water fights galore, and, and, and we really can't tell you much more about this fabulous camp because Paul is S T I L L on the phone. Boy, I can hardly wait to get this phone bill!

Marc is whin - sorry - complaining nicely about Paul still being on the phone.

Ok, Paul is finally off the phone, on with the report. There is a new crew in Prince George, the 34<sup>th</sup> South Fort George nameless Knights.

In March, they are having a Northern Region Scouter's Conference, as well as their Roundtable. The date will be announced later.

**Halifax Report:**

We woke him up! <<Poor Marc>> It's only 1:40 am there, why would he be asleep? Yes, it's our friendly N.S. rep, Marc Kampschuur!!!!

Yes, they have received their shipment of 50 vinyl stickers.

Their next roundtable is Nov 13, 14, at Miller Lake. (Wherever the hell that is!?). Marc figures his Roundtables are soooooo cool that they require an entire weekend.

Well, now that he's fully awake, on to the full agenda. Marc is the scribe of the Nova Scotia Provincial Roundtable, only because he has the legs for it.

They are planning a N.S. Jamboree for sometime in 1995.

They are planning a large scale Rover promotion program, through the Provincial Roundtable.

At the last regional Venturer Camp, (he doesn't know which region) several Venturers demonstrated their eagerness to become Rovers as they suspended a purple sleeping bag from a flagpole in the pouring rain. This same weekend Marc learned how to use a chainsaw. (Did somebody count the Venturers? And whose purple sleeping bag was it anyways?)

Flash, weather report from N.S., it's DARK!

On Nov 22-23 they are planning a ski trip to somewhere.

We in BC would like to take this opportunity to point out that even though Marc now resides in Nova Scotia, he is retaining his membership in the 3<sup>rd</sup> Boundary Bay Notorious Knights, the best crew in Western Canada.

Don, Nova Scotia wants to know what happened to their subscriptions to Rovering Mag? Are they still part of Canada or do you require them to pay international rates?

**Provincial Roundtable**

The BC-YPRRTAGM will have happened by the time this goes to press. For you Easterners, that stands for British Columbia - Yukon Provincial Rover Roundtable Annual General Meeting.

We are hoping to have a draft copy of the 1992-93 BC Rovering Annual ready for the meeting, but we doubt it will be anywhere near complete.

**Klondike Moot Report**

(by Tanya Hamilton &amp; Mark Hansen)



On the Labour Day Long weekend 65 Rovers gathered at the 1994 B.C. - Yukon "Klondike" Rover Moot. This camp, organized by a provincial committee of Rovers for B.C. Rovers and guests, was held at Camp Dunlop in Kelowna. The site was perfect for the moot because there is plenty of room for camping, there is a beach and pier on Okanagan Lake, and there is a large dining hall and kitchen.

Rovers from around B.C. as well as an Australian Rover and two Ontario Rovers arrived Friday night and Saturday morning. The opening ceremony was held at 10:00 am Saturday by the camp chief, Paul Mozsar. It was followed by lunch and group tours to local wineries. The remainder of the afternoon was spent frolicking on the beach and raft building. Keeping with the theme of the Klondike, staff members masqueraded as Klondike "Unmounted Police". They handed out tickets to Klondikers for violating the Klondike Ordinances and Infractions such as wearing inappropriate head-gear. A band of renegade Rovers from Burnaby South-west decided to oppose the Klondike unmounted police "regime" and took two staff members hostage. Thus followed a scuffle between the police and the renegades where neither came out victorious. That evening, the offenders summoned to court where they were tried and convicted as charged. Sentences handed out included service projects around the camp site. As charges were being laid the lights went out and a full scale water gun attack commenced. Several prisoners managed to escape.

Sunday morning after Scout's Own, led by Gord Reid and Tanya Hamilton, the Rovers participated in a number of activities such as relay races, gold panning, and bridge building. During the relay races, the renegade Rovers arrived to announce that the Klondike jail was now the People's Revolutionary Espresso Bar. That afternoon, those that were convicted at the trial carried out their sentences by cleaning windows, and picking up garbage and debris around the site and in the creek that flowed through it. The 1st Nanaimo Rover Crew prepared a roast beef dinner for all 65 campers. Following dinner, a talent show was held in which Klondikers could display their best Can-Can dancing and unusual tricks. Afterwards there was a Klondike ho-down (dance), deejayed by Marc Ramsay - Staff Cook.

Monday morning Tracey Leacock closed the camp in Paul's place since he had to drive the Ontario Rovers to the Vancouver Airport. The awards were handed out to crews for spirit, best can-can dancer, best talent, and the most correct items on the scavenger hunt lists.

The Klondike Moot was an excellent three days for Rovers from all over B.C. to get together, to partake in activities and to meet old and new friends.

Etc.....

Marc would like to apologize for somehow getting his 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> World Moot references all messed up in the last issue. Most of the time he had it bass ackwards. That's OK though because that's normal.

Don!!!! Why isn't the Sea to Sea Moot listed in the Calendar? And speaking of the last issue we didn't know you looked so much like Calvin. Great cartoon!

It's Paul, Gord, and Marc, with Jason Silvester, Mark Hansen, and Ray Dol on the speakerphone.

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## QUEBEC REPORT

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### STEPH AND JULES

### JULES AND STEPH

Hey, folks!! How's it going? We figured it was about time that someone out here in the deep woods of Quebec, got off their a\*\* and contributed to Rovering Magazine. Due to lack of communication, in the past, contributions have been few, if non-existent. Jules and I have undertaken the task of submitting articles on a regular basis.

We're groovin' in the basement planning our trek to Hallowe'en Moot in Burford, Ontario. This will be our second trip, and hopefully we will not arrive at 3:30am this year. Yep, that was us making the racket until 6:00am last year, trying to set up one monster kitchen shelter in the dark and snow. Hopefully Julie will remember her flashlight, and I will remember the instruction sheet. Look for it again this year! Last year was a blast, trekking along the 401, packed in the back of a Ford Escort, stopping at nearly every Tim Horton's along the way (coffee so thick, your spoon stands up in it!) It is about a 7 hour drive so Jules and I passed the time singing at the top of our lungs to everything from the Barenaked Ladies to the Red Hot Chili Peppers. (Much to the annoyance of the other passengers!) This year's trip is bound to be just as exciting, packed in the back of my dad's Econoline van, and, we will leave much earlier than last year. (You'd be surprised how bare the highway is at 1 am, and the freaks spending the night in the truck stops along the way!)

Now that you know where we can be found in two weeks, maybe you should know a bit more about us. I (this is

Julie at the controls now), have been in the Flying Jaguar Rover Crew for the past three years. This is also my second year as Secretary of the Quebec Rover Council. OK, enuff with the formal stuff. Contrary to popular belief, Rovering is alive and kickin' here in Quebec and more specifically in Montreal (where you can party 'till three am, HA!). Steph's crew, the Scyldings, is organizing our annual Thanksgiving moot this week-end and I am psyched. In the past, the Rangers organized their Rant on this week-end but have since moved it to September. By the time that all of you read this, you will have missed it, but hopefully we'll see some new faces next year! The theme is Jurassic Park but I'll let Steph fill you in on the details later. The Granny Grunts are also organizing a Scared Stupid Moot on November 5-7. This should be really cool, since the Grunts have not had a moot in years! Other than that, there are numerous service projects, car rallies, dances, casino nights and other assorted events. Throughout the year, we will try to keep you posted on upcoming events, as well as past events going on in Quebec. Now to put Steph in the driver's seat while I resolve the burning question: KD or Chef Boyardee on the moot menu??? What do you think?

That is one stupid question, of course the only civilized thing to eat for breakfast is Kraft Dinner! As you may have guessed, it is now Stephanie at the keyboard. I have been in Scouting for five years, I was a Venturer and I went to Kenya in 1990, to do a service project. Now I am a member of the Scylding Rover Crew. I am also Treasurer of the Quebec Rover Council. As Julie mentioned earlier, my crew is planning a Moot on Thanksgiving weekend. As with planning a Moot, the crew is running around like chickens with their heads cut off. It will be great to attend a Moot that neither Julie nor I are on the planning committee for. Hence, the road trip to Burford! Don't get me wrong, I enjoy running Moots, but if only they were easier to plan as the years went by! This year could be the year of the Moot! We had the annual Ranger Rant on Labour Day Weekend, Jurassic Park Moot on Thanksgiving Weekend, Scared Stupid Moot on November 5-7th, Club Med Moot in January, and rumour has it that there will be the annual Victoria Day Weekend Moot, on the obvious long-weekend in May. Whew, could we be Mootin' it practically all year, Jules? We should just keep our bags packed and ready to go!

As Jules mentioned, Rovering is alive in Quebec, and there are new crews every year. At the moment there are just under twenty crews registered with Quebec Rover Council, and there are others we discover all the time. Most crews are based in the Montreal area, but there are quite a few crews south of here. Well that is about all for me, and next time we'll let you know more on what's going on in Quebec.

...And she's buying the stairway to heaven... stop

singing Jules it is giving me the heebie jeebies!! We best be goin', before we kill each other. Tune in next time when Julie has mastered the art of gourmet K.D., and Steph gets a haircut, and gets a real job! Au revoir mes chers amis.

## GGAD IT'S DAGG!!

Dear Friends:

This is a hard article for me to write, because it's a bit of a farewell. For reasons which I will explain shortly, I've decided to cut back considerably on my contributions to this magazine. This parallels another decision I made this summer, which is to cut back on my involvement in the Rovering Movement in general. It's entirely possible that both the courses of action will be only temporary - call it a sabbatical if you want - but, to be honest, I've rather enjoyed my break from Scouting since June.

As I have stated in this space before, I started this article a few years ago not with the intent of providing a factual report, but rather to generate some discussion in the Rover community. I intended to give my own personal opinions on issues I felt strongly about, with the hope that other people would react, both pro and con. Now, with articles such as Dinosaur Thoughts and contributions by Sean Hume (to name just a couple) appearing on a fairly regular basis, and a healthy "Letters to the Editor" section, the kind of dialogue I was hoping to see is now a reality. (Not to mention B.C. Rovering, which occasionally manages to slip some fairly insightful comments in amongst the news and other gibberish). Whether or not my article has had anything to do with all this other dialogue is immaterial - the point is that people are taking and thinking about the issues facing the Rovering movement today, (and not a moment too soon, as our future is very much in doubt). But, now, when I look at my own articles, it seems that I have been writing on the same two or three themes over and over again. If I can't keep this article fresh and topical, it quickly loses its relevance and effectiveness.

Therefore, I've decided to change from a "regular" to an "occasional" contributor, and will only write in when I have something new to say. In Reality, this is already happening, since I've already missed a couple of issues this year (and I might miss this one, too, if I don't get this thing in the mail soon!). And besides, I've been contributing to this magazine on and off since the 8th National Moot in Alberta in 1978, when I got talked into being the B.C. rep. for what was then a relatively new magazine, and writing an "occasional" article. FIFTEEN YEARS! Don, you can correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't believe that there is anybody else whose name is not Sitler who can claim such a long involvement with this



magazine. (there is one but she changed her name from *Sitler to Niklaus-Ed*) After all this time, it probably is time I shut up for a while. But first, let me just repeat the theme of several recent contributions to this magazine by various people, and remind everyone who cares about Rovering in this country to *get involved* with the review process which is currently underway. Apathy will kill us faster than any ill - conceived ideas from Ottawa.

As mentioned above, my reduction in writing articles for this magazine closely parallels a decision to take a step back from Rovers in general, and from the world famous Skookums in particular. It's hard to leave a Crew that you've been involved with for so long, but it recently became apparent that my priorities were different in many cases from those of the present Crew members. An Advisor has to always remember that he or she is only there to advise, and it is the Crew members and not the Advisor who set the priorities. On the other hand, if your advice is not being taken, you're not being of much use to the members, and it just becomes a frustrating experience for both parties. When that happens, it's time to go, and allow someone else to bring some new blood and maybe breathe some new life into the group.

This doesn't mean that I will completely leave the movement, for there's a lot of truth in the saying "Once a Rover, Always a Rover". As a member of the "Friends of RoVent" (the real RoVent), I'll probably be involved in some way (somebody has to run the Snow Golf), and there's no way I'm going to miss the 20th Anniversary event. (That's right, Ontario, 20th!). I also promised the people running Eh! Canadian Provincial Moot next summer that I'd promote the event here on the west coast, if they ever give me some material to work with. (check back pages this issue - Ed.) So I'll be around, even though I have no official position at the moment.

Before I sign off, I still owe a few people some money from the World Moot in Australia a few years ago. About a year ago I published a list of those people, and a few responded, but four did not. So if you are one of the following people, or if you know of their whereabouts, get in touch with me. The amounts are not huge - between \$15 and \$20 - but hey, \$15 is \$15. But this is the last time I'll try. Any money I have leftover by the end of January will be donated to a worthy cause yet to be determined, the people are:

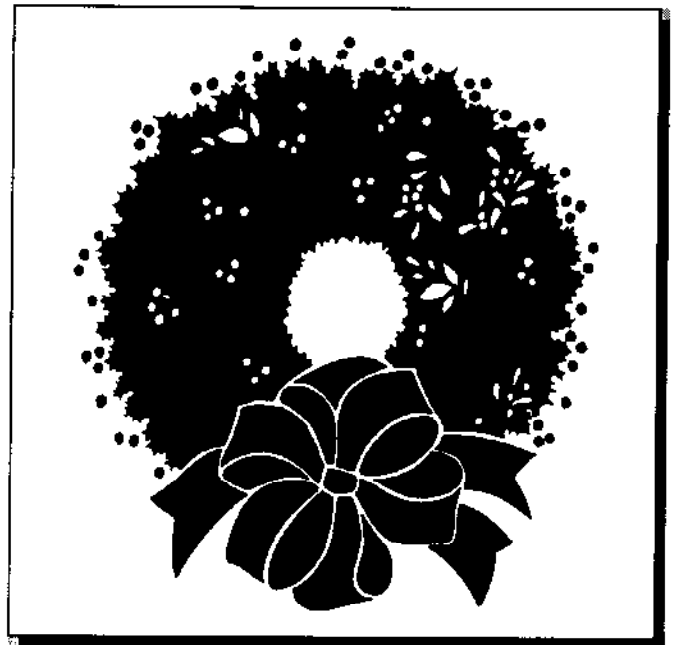
Name	Last Known Address
Caroline Beaulieu,	Ste. Ann de Bellevue, Quebec or Victoria, B.C.
Stephen Bingham	Toronto, Ontario
Christa Deacon	Ile Perrot, Quebec
Darlene (Senez)Fitzgerald	Clearbrook, B.C.

So that's it. I'll close by wishing you all the best for

Christmas and the new year, and reminding you all once again that it's up to you to get involved and do what you can to help this movement survive and grow.

Yours in Rovering,  
Bruce Dagg.

## GOD STUFF



This article is not going to be the normal Christmas type of article. Instead it will focus on a topic which none of us likes to talk about and which no Scouting course I have ever taken has prepared me to deal with.

In October my troop was shocked one Friday to learn that one of our Scouts was killed by a truck on his way to school. Death is something we never expect, especially for a thirteen year old. To make matters worse we were to go to the Green Valleys Regional Scout Camporama that evening. What should have been a joyous weekend became much darker.

Our first concern was how to tell our Scouts, or should we? In the end we decided to tell them that night, which since half of them knew was the best decision. We did go to camp and so the Scouts were able to talk about the death and mourn together.

As a society we like to shield our youth from death. We don't take them to funeral homes; since, we do not want to

upset them, yet we let them watch countless scenes of violence and death on television. I wonder who we are shielding. Are we shielding the child or are we hiding from questions we do not want to face. Such as "Why would God let Paul die?"

None of us could answer this question well, but by avoiding it we can make death worse. All people need opportunities to mourn and say goodbye. If we as leaders or parents deny this opportunity to our youth then we are doing them a disservice.

During this weekend at camp the leaders were informed of the fact that a Scout had been killed, but not whose he was. So when we were asked why the black armbands, all we had to say was that Paul was ours and we were met by silence. Our Scouts seemed to handle it better and asked many questions about the funeral home and the service. They wanted to know if they could go or not and even if the casket would be open.

When my Scouts asked me if they could go to the funeral home I told them yes, if their parents approved. On Sunday most of my troop showed up for the visitation. Most of these boys had never been to a funeral home and most had been in Scouts and Cubs with Paul.

This was not an easy night for them. Many tears were shed by all. But one by one the boys went back to the casket several times. They did this to say goodbye to their friend. A friend who was being buried in full Scout uniform.

The funeral was attended by half the troop. It was not a time of sorrow, but a thanksgiving to God for the friend He has given us. We mourned his death, but our Chaplain reminded us of the resurrection and of the memories that we have of Paul.

We will never forget Paul. All of us, in my troop, have grown from this experience in which we faced a situation we would rather have not. In this death, for me as a Christian, there is the promise of new life in the resurrection.

"Lord, when the shadows lengthen and night has come, I know that you will strengthen my steps toward home, and nothing can impede me. O blessed Friend! So, take my hand and lead me unto the end." Lutheran Book of Worship, No.333.

In Christ,

Michael Wm. Diegel  
(VE3PSD)

## HOW ABOUT THAT



To Emily of 5th Oakville Rangers and Anji of the Black Panthers, my apologies, your pictures didn't turn out. I had changed films and forgot to reset the camera with the proper ASA ratings. Look for me at moots and we'll re-shoot. Now you all know why there is no Moot Miss in this issue!!!

It gives me great pleasure to announce that John Lockner, of the 1st Wilmot Rover Crew, has received the Medal of Merit. John also serves North Waterloo district as the ADC of Rovers, and is actively involved with the Elks.

This announcement is mostly directed at all those who bugged Jim Patterson at the Halloween Moot...Jim phoned me and proudly announced...his wife Carla is pregnant. Jim was with 1st Dixie Crew and Carla was a Burford Rover, and they were married a few years back at the park where Halloween Moot takes place.

The Burford crew wishes to announce the wedding of Tammy Arsenaault and Casey Irving on December 10th, 1993. Tammy is also known as "Perky" and a card shark by her crew.

This issue marks the demise of the Column "Gadd It's Dagg", as a regular feature. I know too well the problem of putting a article together every two months, many have started, but few have had the record of Bruce. Bruce and I have met (very briefly) only once face to face, and that was in a noisy Rover filled Pub at Harmony Moot. On the strength of that meeting, I want to give Bruce a warm thank you and a challenge to do what no other ROVERING Magazine columnist has done.....FIND A REPLACEMENT!! Because if you don't Column B.C. will have won the war.

From sadness to gladness, ol' Smoke Blacklock from Alberta has sent in his second article. And Quebec and Nova Scotia are once again in these pages.

I have been snowed under this issue with submissions and pictures, IT'S WONDERFUL, but would you please do your own editing, what you feel would be of interest to Rovers everywhere. If I edit I may take out something that you may feel is important. As to pictures, I will be staying with black

and white for a bit, until the financial reserves of the magazine are restored. For your information, donations that come to the magazine are used to support the issue most current, and never put into reserves.

More on pictures, if your picture is not used it is - 1.- not sharp enough, poor contrast or poor taste (but you wouldn't do that to me, would you?) or - 2.- it is being considered for the cover of the magazine.

Staying tuned on the articles for the magazine, I am still looking for story tellers (writers) non-fiction or fiction, just think a chance to see your story in print, also a chance to win a Roger Award for the best article of the year. We have a couple of regulars, but a few more wouldn't hurt. We could then have a regular entertainment section. You don't even have to worry about grammar or spelling I doesn't. Also original cartoons are most welcome.

I would like to publicly thank my oldest son John for his assistance in setting and layout. John left the crew about 20 years ago, before "Rovering Mag." came into existence. He is one of my mentors and advisors when it comes to my war with computers. He considers a computer an extension of his artist's paint brush and attacks it with gleeful abandon.

There were two young ladies from Donnacona Rangers whom my crew were looking forward to join us as squires this year. Unfortunately, they went to Thunderbay to attend Lakehead U. According to the mail I have received they have made contact with the 7th Fort William Rover Crew. Their names are Deb & Val. Now, I ask you Fort William Rovers to get them active and if you can't do that, take them some writing paper, the letters they send me on paper napkins are hard for these old eyes to read.

God Stuff carries a rather important message in this issue, only it is not apparent until you think about it. This time of year we approach the Season with a Reason. A reason that the commercial world has slowly eroded, were "things" are almost more important than "Beings". Were "it is better to give than receive" is being reversed.

Christmas started with love, the love of God for mankind, the love that Joseph must have had for his wife and his God, the love that Mary had for her newborn "Son". The reason for the season is love.

If you love Rovers then show it. But more than that tell those you care for, that you love them, you may cause a few tears, but each one of those tears is worth more than diamonds, when they are shed for love. The message in "God Stuff"....don't wait tomorrow might be too late!

All my love, a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Keep On Rovering,  
Don

## THE HANDBOOK BY K.R. "SMOKE" BLACKLOCK

### CREATING A NEW ROVER CREW

There are several reasons for starting a new Rover Crew. You may already be a Rover who has moved to a new area, or whose crew has died due to transfers, age, etc. You may be a Venturer eager to continue your Scouting experience or someone who has heard about Rovering and wants to try it. Often a potential Advisor will attempt to start a Crew or perhaps the District or Regional Service Team.

Whether you fit in these categories or something different, you still have the same basic requirements to get a Crew started. A Crew consists of Rovers, Squires, Advisor(s), a Charter, and a place to meet. Each of these is necessary to a greater or lesser degree, and so you must shop around until your list is complete.

First and foremost, all the best Rover Crews have Rovers, so you need to go to the local Rover Store and buy a few. However it is sometimes inconvenient to find the Rover Store so you may need to recruit some. The best place to go recruiting for Rovers or Squires is where potential Rovers and Squires hang out. Service activities, Venturer and Scout activities, hiking trails, schools, colleges and so on. You don't need a lot of people to get started, three to five is a good group until you get off the ground. When you have a few interested people get a ways and means meeting set up, to see if a Crew is feasible. If you are not invested, you might want to get a Rover from another Crew, or an Advisor, to talk about how to form a Crew.

Find people who share your interests, activities or ambitions. Talk to them first about what you both share, whether a common interest in Scouting/Guiding or perhaps in Gasoline Driven Computer technology. When you are reasonably sure you share the same interests introduce the idea of Rovering and forming a Crew. This is also a time to establish rough guidelines as to the type of membership you are looking for. If the early members want a crew restricted to males with blue eyes over 160 cm., be sure it is stated because someone might show up with a 150 cm. brown eyed lady for membership. Better still, establish early that your Crew will take any member willing to subscribe to the Rover principles.

The first Squires of the Crew will likely be the founding members, but as soon as the Crew is started you will want to continue recruiting of likely members. This will not

only help your personal development but will also keep the crew from dying of "Old Age" when the members become too old to carry on as active Rovers or through marriage, family, school, employment gradually become further apart. A good guideline is that each member should attempt to recruit a new Squire every year.

The process can be done without a "sponsor" crew in spite of what traditionalists will tell you, but the way is easier if you have one. The "sponsoring Crew" is there to assist you in getting organized and invested. You may be included in some of their activities and you may include them in some of yours. They will be able to introduce you to the Traditions of Rovering, some of the other Crews around, particular activities and Service projects and generally help you get into the swing of things. YOU set the Squireship/membership standards and everything else to do with YOUR!!! Crew.

An Advisor will be chosen using some of the methods mentioned in previous articles, without forgetting to get approval from the Group Committee. If you are not already associated with a Group you will need to become part of an existing Group, or if you prefer you may be self sponsored. A self sponsored Crew has a little more independence but also has a fair amount of red tape to look after with registrations, charters, and administration costs. If you choose this route then contact your District Service Team for advice and help. If you are joining another Group meet with them for a discussion of any obligations or restrictions which they may want you to agree on.

A meeting place and/or a "Den" is useful in establishing the stability of the Crew. If you belong to a Group, this may be part of their commitment to your Crew. A widespread Crew may rotate the meetings to share the travel commitment for different members. You can meet in each others homes, at Scout halls, or a "den" you have acquired or have permission to use. Meetings can be held in restaurants, camps, trails, canoes or anywhere you can get room to get together.

## **CHANGING CREWS**

The time may come when you need to join a different Crew. This may be the result of a move to a new location, a difference of opinion within the old Crew, a new program outlook or simply a desire to change to a more or less active Crew. It is possible that you need to change to a Crew with less restrictive membership rules.

The thing to remember is that the Rover community is fairly small and so it should be a positive move towards something rather than a move away from something. At a Round Table, activity or camp you will need to be able to work with your old Crew and so animosity should be kept at a minimum. Start out by carefully thinking of the reasons for

the move. Can you solve the problems by changing the outlook of your Crew, or your own outlook? If your Crew is in Nova Scotia and you are in Manitoba it will likely be too difficult to solve the problem so you are going to need to shop for another Crew.

First of all, think of what you want in a Rover Crew. Co-ed? Outdoor Oriented? Wealthy? Then go to Scouting offices, Round Tables, or other Rovers, to look for Crews that meet that description. If you get some contacts, you will need to ask to be included in their activities for a time to see if things work out. Some Crews have closed membership for various reasons, and others have rules defining when visitors may share in their Rovering, or what the requirements are for a Rover applying for membership.

Where circumstances warrant, e.g. away from home for the school term, you might want to retain membership in your home Crew as well as joining a new Crew. This dual membership would require agreement from both Crews and you need to be sure you are not trying for a free ride with the new Crew. Pay your dues, do your share, and try not to tell them, too often, about how well your old Crew ran things. Perhaps you would like to retain membership in your Crew and associate with a Crew in your new location. In this case, you would be sure to pay your way by both money and Service but would not be a voting member of the new Crew.

Where a compatible Crew does not seem to be available, you might consider forming a new Crew at the new location. If the new location is a University or similar location, you could consider forming a Crew for activities but with the requirement that the members be registered with their own Crew at home. While with a Crew based on a military base, we sponsored an entirely new Crew in the city, where most of the guys went for education or employment. This Crew was primarily made up of our own members who were in the city, but also recruited interested outsiders. When returning home for the summer or for visits, they would take part in our activities and if we were in the city, we would join them for activities. A good solution, designed to fit the circumstances.

Whether you leave your Crew because of distance, or differences you should be sure to let them know what is happening. Not only a phone call, but a polite letter sent promptly to the Crew Scribe or Mate saying why you are leaving, that you would like to remain a member of the Crew, on an inactive basis (if this is what you want), and giving information about your future plans.

It is not necessary to say that you are leaving because they are a bunch of lazy good-for-nothing S.O.B.s, who wouldn't move off the couch if it was on fire. Instead, say that you are looking for a Crew who are able to invest the time into a more active program. This will make it possible to meet them at a moot without getting your face rearranged and may

even give them a little push to look at themselves. Derogatory remarks tend to lead people into getting their backs up, (especially if the remarks are true), and becoming very defensive. A little courtesy, can lead to better relations, and with the constant change in the lives of your age group it is not unusual to drift into different paths.

When leaving a Crew, as when leaving a camp, leave nothing behind but your thanks, and when joining another Crew, try to remember that they somehow survived without your input before you came along, and may even have some good ideas from which you can learn.

Goodbye, good luck and have a good trip.

## **ROVER SERVICE**

Service is the motto of the Rover section and should be a part of the ongoing Crew program, as well as an individual quest. How do we find worthwhile service opportunities for the Crew and /or individuals. How do we avoid being a cheap labour pool for questionable organizations or an easy out for Scouting organizations who do not plan ahead.

### **SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY**

As in any other part of the planning, you will want to look at Service activities which interest you. If any of the Crew is interested in local history, find out from the historical society if there is a particular project you could assist with on a one shot basis. This might be a single defined task which you carry out as a crew. The same approach can be used with organizations such as a children's camp, hiking trail association, or special event organizers.

This "one-time" approach allows an opportunity to get to know the people and commitment expected, before you make a long term commitment. Later, if the interest is there, you can extend your service to an ongoing effort, after discussion among the Crew. Although we give our service we should be sure that we are able to meet any commitment we make and be sure that we are not going to over extend ourselves. Make certain you are clear as to what is expected of you by the organization you are working with.

Some of these Service projects are annual events at which your assistance on a certain day or evening is all that is asked, while others need planning and are going to need some scheduling. When your Crew accepts responsibility for planning and carrying out an activity or a segment of an activity, you must be certain to have the time and skill to do so. Often you will be dealing with others who are also volunteers who may be slow in responding to questions or correspondence. Be careful not to let yourself be placed in a

position of financing an activity simply because you did not talk about it. I know that it is unlikely that the Crew will buy the equipment or rent the facilities for a service project but it may be assumed by the people you are dealing with if not discussed before starting.

Set aside one meeting a year to discuss your Crew Service. Did you meet all your obligations last year? Do we want to cut back on some projects, or increase others. You may need to clear some misunderstandings in your Service "contracts". You may need to find some additional projects to fill up the year. Discuss and vote on every ongoing project even though you may feel that some are automatically accepted. There may be problems with the project which can be cleared up at this time and there may even be some good ideas as to the way the project is set up.

Where appropriate wear your full uniform, or if not appropriate try to wear something of a work uniform such as Rover jackets or t-shirts to show who you are. Scouting discourages the wearing of uniforms at certain types of events such as lotteries and events involving liquor, so check with the District Commissioner whenever the activity is in doubt. Often a commercial operation will look for help on the pretext that the proceeds go to charity. Often a very small portion is given to some charity but it is far less than is implied in the promotion. Your local volunteer bureau, better business bureau or Scouting office will be able to check.

### **SERVICE TO SCOUTING**

Rover Service to scouting is at once your greatest service opportunity, and your biggest headache. Some of us are not cut out to be Scout Leaders or are not interested or have not the time for an on-going position.

Often the District or Region seems to feel that we are simply there as a work crew and they take it for granted that we are just waiting for them to assign us to some (usually menial) job at the camp or training course. Often this is dropped on us with little notice, and they are upset because we are doing something else instead. When we are unable to meet the commitment they made for us they tell people that Rovers aren't reliable. This is a part of the Rover legend that we could easily do without.

Establish an understanding with your Group Committee, District, and Region that, except in an emergency, you need to have a Service request in writing at least a month in advance. Be sure they have a valid address to reach you. Perhaps it could fall to your Advisor to quietly suggest that they acknowledge your help. We all get tired of Camporees, Jamborees, and special events at which we expend countless hours of effort, only to see the reports afterwards never mentioning the Rovers. It looks better in the Crew Log to have some mention of your having been there.



Take the training that is available for whatever role you may choose to take in the other Sections. Your Crew might want to arrange "Rover" training programs in Special skills such as Leading Campfires, Pioneering, or Sailing. These would become an opportunity for Service special to your Crew and may at the same time fill a gap in your Groups program.

### SERVICE OPPORTUNITIES

Activities for elderly, disabled; Aunts at Large; Animal shelters;  
Big Brothers/Big Sisters; Building playgrounds;  
Camp repairs; Cuborees; Children's hospitals; Canoe training;  
Collecting recycling bins; Clean up environment; Clean up after floods and tornadoes; Canoe route planning and marking;  
Child Identity Clinics; Community carnivals; Community Halls;  
Demolishing unsafe buildings; Directing traffic at events;  
Disabled children's camps; Disaster Relief; Drug awareness campaigns  
Emergency help during storms, fires etc.  
Firewood cutting for camp; Fire fighting; Fire prevention;  
Forestry fire fighting; First aid posts;  
Grass cutting for elderly, disabled; Grad night drivers; Green movement;  
Helping anybody; Heritage research; Hiking trail clearing and marking; Halloween security patrol; Hospital visits, Hospital concerts; Hospitality for tourists; Health campaigns;  
Inner city children's picnics; Immigrant help centres; Immunization clinics;  
Jamboree planning and staff; Jacking up camp buildings;  
Kayak training;  
Leading hikes; Leading songs; Lending Libraries; Lost Children;  
Moving facilities; Mixing concrete; Magazines for Hospitals;  
Music for shut ins; Mascots for Fund raising;  
Neighbourhood Watch;  
Outreach to new Canadians; Outdoor events for disabled, children, elderly; Organizing events for your community; Open house to meet new neighbours; Olympic Volunteers;  
Painting camps, Community Halls; Painting Furniture and toys for the needy; Pitch In campaigns; Parade Safety Marshals;  
Pollution Patrol;  
Queen's Visit; Quizzing students to prepare for exams;  
Rehabilitation Hospitals; Range Officers; Reconditioning Toys;  
Removing unsafe trees; Ramp Building for disabled; Reading to illiterate, blind, etc.  
Scouting leadership; Scout Camps; Scout Halls; Service Clubs;  
Seniors Clubs; Seniors tours; Shut-in visiting; Snow Shovelling;  
Training Facilities; Telethons; Training Courses; Tutoring Students; Tutoring Adult Literacy; Tutoring Immigrants;

Teaching Scouting Skills;  
Uncles at Large; Urban Cleanup;  
Volunteer fire department; Volunteer Bureau; Venturer Camporees; Vandalism repairs;  
Washing dishes for Scout banquets, Guide Banquets, Christmas suppers for the needy, Cub camps; Washing Cars for fund raising; Washing birds after an oil spill; Washing Windows for the elderly or disabled; Winter Camp training; Winter Camporees; Winter Sports facilities; Wood cutting for camp; Walking trail improvements; Winter Carnivals; Wheelchair ramps; Wheelchair Camps;  
X-country ski trails; Xylophone Concerts;  
Youth Hostel repairing; Young Peoples clubs;  
Zoo Tours for elderly, disabled, children;

This list is nowhere near complete but gives you a few ideas. Almost everything on this list has been done by Rovers individually or as Crews. Your imagination is the only limit so have at it. When you do a Service project have fun. Our Crew cleans up following a Christmas supper for the needy, and the singing and soap fights, during the cleanup, make a dirty chore into one of the best events of the season. Remember a work party is first work and then party.

### SERVICE TO YOURSELF

Remember, Service to yourself is a part of your Rover commitment. You have an obligation to develop yourself into a good citizen, and this extends to your education, family and employment obligations. Do not get so buried in Service projects as to fail in these obligations.

Get the best education you can and, throughout your life, take every opportunity to continue your education. This is not only by the formal methods but by learning at every opportunity from any source. Meet your obligations to your family and your employment and then look to your Service.

## MARC & PAUL'S MOST EXCELLENT EUROPEAN 'MOOT' VACATION - PART VI

### *Epilogue*

August 7, 1992

It was great to back travelling together. We spent much of the next few hours talking about our adventures during the past couple of weeks.

Our first train took us from Kandersteg to Bern to Aaran, then a second train from Aaran to Vienna. This train was very comfortable, and Paul took full advantage of it by catching a snooze (see pictures). Unfortunately, the train from Vienna to Budapest was hot, dirty, and ugly.

We arrived in Budapest about ½ an hour late. We had no Hungarian money, and this proved to be a bit of a problem when we needed to use a pay phone. Luckily someone up and gave us some change, but the phone ate the coins and we didn't get far.

Unfortunately, Paul's friends were not listed in the phone book, so we had no way to contact them. We later found out that it can take over 10 years to get a telephone. This is even worse than Greece. And I thought B.C. Tel was slow.....

The train station in Budapest was of the grand type common in many of the large cities across Europe. There were many small booths selling everything from local and international foods, to various souvenirs. There is also a large presence of people trying to attract young travellers to their Hostels. We eventually decided to stay at the University Hotel down by the river side. They had a free bus waiting for us outside, and we piled into the van with a few other weary travellers.

The guy driving the van must have had lessons in New York. This guy was weaving through traffic, and going much faster than this beat-up resemblance of a van should probably be going. We managed to arrive safely at the 'Hotel' and checked in.

The University Hotel is an actual University dormitory that we assumed was being used as a Hostel/Hotel during the summer. We got a room for about \$10 each including breakfast, and prepared to pas out for the night. The room was small and hot, and a lot of noise came in through the open window. Unfortunately, we didn't dare close it for fear of dying from the heat that would build up in the room overnight.

The room was clean, and there was a small refrigerator in the room. This was great for cooling down our much needed refreshments. The bathrooms, however, had no



*Paul's normal method of riding a train.*

toilet paper, no shower heads, and most of the shower stalls were flooded. When you think of what Hungary has gone through in the last few decades, it's amazing that this place was in as good of a condition as it was.

The building is definitely aimed at the younger crowd with the night club down by the main lobby, and the reception being run by young people. It looks like it could be quite the party place on a good night.

August 8, 1992

We were up by 8:00AM and at the breakfast buffet by 9:00. You really get to know where the term Continental Breakfast comes from. Seems the whole continent is eating it. We had exchanged a little bit of money at the Hotel reception, but we probably didn't get a very good exchange rate. Oh well, it's only money.

We got some directions to the street where Paul's friend Gabor lives, and decide it's within walking distance. We stopped at a mall on the way and Paul went in to buy a map. After all, he does speak some Hungarian. Turns out that the street we're looking for has recently changed it's name, but from a past conversation with someone and with the help of the map, we managed to figure out where we were going. It was really hot out, and lugging our overstuffed packs around was a great workout.

We finally found Gabor's apartment, but the buzzer didn't seem to work. Luckily, Gabor's wife Beatrix was home and she came down to meet us. She doesn't speak any English, but Paul managed to pick out enough in Hungarian that we figured out that Gabor was still at work.

We dumped our stuff in the living room of the Kozma's fairly nice apartment, and headed out with Beatrix for

a tour of the National Museum. It was a great introduction to Hungary's history. After the tour, it was back to the apartment for lunch. Now these people know how to feed someone. I feel sorry for Paul because he has to stay here for a week and get force-fed meals like this three times a day. Man, were we stuffed.

After Gabor came home, he took us to a better Hotel to exchange some money. We then headed up to the old Berger for a tour. This is the old upper class area of Budapest overlooking the city below. We weren't even allowed to bring the car up and park anywhere on the hill. I had been trying to get through to Canada all day from some phones down by the apartment, but it just wasn't working. Gabor has been waiting 8 years for telephone and still doesn't have one. The payphone up at the Berger worked great so he managed to get through. Yeah!!!! The Berger was definitely aimed at the tourist industry with all the major sites well lite and well kept. It was a very beautiful area.

After the Berger, we did a quick tour of the downtown core. Much like any big European city with lots of cars, stone buildings, and pollution. The architecture is quite nice to look at. You can tell that the designers and craftsmen took a lot of pride in their work.

Back at the apartment, Paul got the spare bed, and I got the couch. It was so much more comfortable than the ground level accommodation at the Moot, but that was what was expected. The night are quite warm in Budapest, but at least the apartment is much quieter than the University Hotel.

August 9, 1992

The morning sun beaming though the livingroom window made a great alarm clock. So did Beatrix's mother who had come to meet us. Had a cool bath, as the hot water is not working today( make that this weekend), and as per usual, breakfast was extremely filling. What a great country! What wonderful people!

We all piled into Gabor's car and headed East to a town called Szentenche. This little town is quite tourist oriented, and has the best ice cream that I've had on this trip. We visited the Pest Megge Museum to see a collection of clay art by some woman that I didn't think was really that good. It reminded me of grade 11 art class. As they say, art is all in

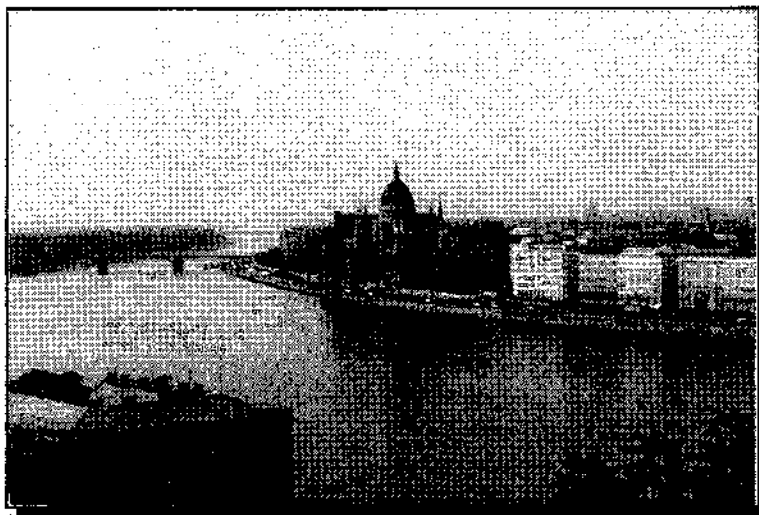
the eye of the beholder; or was that beauty?

We continued on to the Castle Visegrade for a great tour of what was left of the castle and it's surrounding lands. The castle is perched high atop a mountain, and there are several displays of how it looked and how they occupants lived over centuries past. We sure seem to be going through an awful lot of film. Oh well, it's only money.

Stopped for lunch at a little restaurant about half way back to Budapest and were again force fed copious quantities of food. I don't think we'll have to eat again for a week. Wow!

Due to the extended lunch break, I missed my 3:30 PM train. Oh well, I guess I'll have to devour some watermelon while I wait for the 5:30 train. Beatrix made a packed lunch for me, while Paul and I made plans to meet in Amsterdam on the 17<sup>th</sup>. Gabor gave me a ride to the train station, and I said my thankyou's and goodbye's to Beatrix and her mother. I'm off to Denmark...bye Paul, don't eat to much.☺

The world According to Paul:



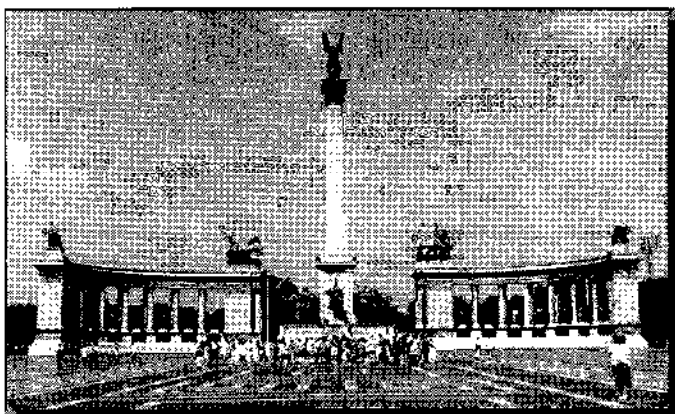
Hungarian Parliament Buildings on the Danube River.

Watched Marc's train depart towards Denmark on a very warm evening. Looks as if he's in for one very loooooong train ride. About 26 hours or so, have fun Marc!

Gabor and I then drove to the nearby countryside of Budapest, where many city natives have cottages and land with gardens and many fruit trees. In the city, most people live in apartments or small houses and there are no gardens. Arrived at Gabor's parents' cottage and picked up some fresh fruit and vegetables. We then headed back home in time for one of Bea's great dinners. Chatted for a while following dinner and then retired to bed.

August 10, 1992

Awoke at 9:00AM and had breakfast. After breaky, Bca, her mother and I walked to the bus stop. This day would prove to be a big challenge for all of us as I am not fluent in Hungarian and both of them know very little English. The dictionaries will be very well used today. We then took a bus to downtown Budapest. We first walked to the Parliament Buildings but were not able to get in. We would have to return at 2:00PM for the next tour.

*Hősök Tere (Heroes' Square)*

Next stop was St. Stephen's Basilica. This is the most important church of Hungary because it is a tribute of respect paid to the eponymous saint and founder of the Hungarian state, and partly to its values as a work of art and a historic monument. Construction of this church was started in 1851 according to plans drawn up by József Hild, the architect. The interior of the Basilica is rich in late 19th century Hungarian fine art and also holds selected scenes from the life of St. Stephen that are embossed in bronze. The high altar with a baldachin holds a statue of St. Stephen. Also kept in the Basilica is The Holy Dexter (right hand) of King St. Stephen. It is kept in its holy shrine and to this day is still a miracle that it is still in perfect condition after hundreds of years. It is a relic both nationally and ecclesiastically.

There was restoration work being performed while visiting the Basilica, but that did not prevent us from seeing much of the history of St. Stephen's and the great works of religious art inside. Upon seeing much of the basilica, we walked down some of the downtown streets and stumbled upon the U.S. Embassy. Big building of course, but not much to see.

The Parliament buildings were now amongst us and we were right in time for the tour. This tour was in two languages: German and English. Mostly German as there was a large tour group of them and only a handful of us speaking English.

The Parliament buildings lie on the left bank of the Danube river and are shaped in a neo-Gothic style as this was the popular style at this time. In 1885 construction started on the 65,000 sq meter area of land and was completed in 1902. In 1896 members of parliament were able to assemble in it to celebrate the one thousandth anniversary of the Magyar Conquest. The carefully executed, unique decoration of the Parliament was designed by Imre Steindl; the architect's plans were realized by the best decorative artists, painters and

sculptors of the age. The outside of the building is decorated with 90 statues representing the great figures of Hungarian history. The halls are adorned with frescoes depicting historical scenes from the Magyars' beginnings till the coronation in 1867. The sights were quite astonishing and breathtaking as we toured inside.

After an hour or so we departed the Parliament and continued to do the walking tour of downtown Budapest. Other venues that we visited were: the City Park (Városliget) which has an area of one square kilometre, and in this we visited the castle of Vajdahunyad which houses the Agricultural museum. Next was Hősök Tere (Heroes' Square). This square has the Millennial Monument: In the centre of the semicircular colonnade rises the figure of the Archangel Gabriel on a high column. Under the column stands the equestrian figures of the seven Magyar conquering chieftains. Between the columns stand the statues of Hungarian kings and other outstanding historical personalities. In the centre of the square is the marble memorial stone to Hungarian heroes.



We then ventured back home to write some post cards and have dinner. After dinner we took Bea's mother to the train station as she was heading home. The language barrier seemed almost broken as I was picking up more of the language: enough to get by, anyways. So, all in all it wasn't too bad. Gabor arrived home from work, and we then went to Margaret Island for the evening. This is situated in the middle of the Danube. After a few hours it was back home to finally go to sleep. It was greatly needed.

*August 11, 1992*

Rise and shine at 8:00AM. Did the breakfast thing and then it was time to get ready to tour a couple of spots this morning with Bea. Gabor went to work, so I was again brushing up on my Hungarian. It's starting to get a lot better.

We went to Gellért Hill via transit and walked up

many stairs. Definitely some good exercise here! Half way up the hillside we walked through a chapel or church that is a part of the hill. Quite interesting, and it is only open from spring to fall.

We then hiked up to the top of Gellért Hill to see the Citadel. This is a symbol of history. It is a fortress built in the middle of the nineteenth century by the Habsburgs as a stern warning to the rebellious Hungarian capital following the defeat of the 1848-49 War of Independence. The view of Budapest was also great as I was able to see almost all of Budapest from here. As you can probably guess, my camera was doing some work!

We then ventured down the hill and back towards home. I then had lunch and packed for my trip to see my relatives. Bea then took me down to the train station and saw me off as I departed on a 12:39PM train to Szombathely. Now I am on my own and back on the good old trains. Unfortunately, most trains in Hungary are very slow, as my train took 4 hours to get to Szombathely. By car it would be about 2 - 2 1/2 hours. It was a very long and hot four hour trip, but I was able to see a lot of the countryside. At 4:30PM I arrived in Szombathely and started to look for my connection to Vasvár. I went to the information desk and asked which train to catch in Hungarian. Fortunately she understood me and I understood her response. I then boarded the connecting train and found this to be very crowded as most people were returning home from work. I found one remaining seat and it was in the smoking section, ugh! I noticed quite a few stares from most people as I was quite visibly a foreigner as I am now in the heart of Hungary and there is not much in any way of foreigners around here.

After a 45 minute journey I arrived in Vasvár. I disembarked from the train and saw the bus station full of buses. I was now looking for a connection to Petőmhályfa, my final destination. I wandered into the station to look for some sense of direction towards Petőmhályfa, as I remember from when I was here ten years go, that it wasn't too far. By this time all the buses had left full in less than three minutes. Now that's efficient service. So I then asked for a taxi and they said to use the phone. At this point it was getting a little frustrating with the language barrier, as communicating was a lot tougher now. They noticed this and were very helpful in calling a taxi for me. Ten minutes later it arrived and I was then on my way to Petőmhályfa. I gave the address of my aunt to the driver and we arrived very shortly as it is only about a ten minute drive. We drove down the main road until I noticed a familiar house. The driver was not sure about the address, but my gut instinct and memory proved me right. Sure enough, it was my Aunt Emma's house and she was near the front gate. I paid the cab fare, gathered my bags and said a big hello to aunt Emma as I have not been here for about 10

years. I think we were both still in shock for ten minutes or more.

Chatted for a while and then it was off to see my cousin Jozsef. He lives a few houses down the street. Petőmhályfa is a very small town or village I guess, and everyone knows each other quite well. I have a lot of family in this village as this is where my father is from and he has a large family. Arrived at Jozsef's and was warmly greeted by him and my aunt Marishka and uncle Lajos. Again it was still unbelievable that I am here and with them after ten years. Talked for a while and then drove to see more relatives. We then jumped in Jozsef's Lada and drove to Vasvár to pick up another cousin from work. Marika works in a shoe factory and didn't get off work 'till 10:00PM. We were a bit early but they let her out early as a result of my arrival. We drove back to her house where she lives with her mother, Emma. I then told them all of my journeys through Europe as they are wondering why I am here for only a week. They thought I was here to stay for a month. After 2 hours of translations via the language dictionaries it was bed time.

*August 12, 1992*

Rise and shine at 9:30AM and did the clean up and breaky thing. Watched a bit of "Nemet" television (German) 'till lunch. I was then fed an enormous lunch. Lunch in Hungary is prepared like a dinner, a very big meal. Dinners are usually small, like our lunch. Anyways I got stuffed to the max. They love to feed you. I was given a large bowl of soup, an entire chicken paprikash entre with dumplings. Enough food for 4 people. I ate half and that was it!

Uncle Géza arrived and it was then off by foot to the wine fields to his grape vineyards and wine house. Most Hungarians make their own wine and have their own vineyards and cottages, and are usually grouped in one large area. Each of my uncles have a large amount of acreage and a cottage in which they make their wines in. So I tasted some freshly made red wine and it was quite good. The weather is very hot today, as it has been this way for the past couple of weeks. However, in Hungary, and especially in this part of the country, it has been hot and dry since mid June, hence many people have lost their crops. Géza is fortunate that a good portion of his crop has been bountiful and good. Others are not as fortunate. Spent part of the afternoon here and the latter part with Jozsef.

Had dinner at Jozsef's and then I was off again to see yet more family. This time my Uncle Lazslo. Picked him up from work and his employers remembered me from my last visit but somehow I didn't remember them. It was starting to become a common thing now. Everyone sees a new face in town and they find out who it is, and they start talking to you and ask you many, many questions. I am remembering quite a few now. Back to Lazslo's house and greeted by my Aunt

Erzsi. She had a full course meal awaiting for me, Arghhhh no more food I say! Out of courtesy, I managed to eat a little, I don't know how, but I did. After much conversation, it was back to Emma's and informed her of my eventful day. It was time for an early bed call. It was 10:30PM and I was very full and needed rest. I was a little homesick as today was very emotional, as I saw so many family relations and friends that I haven't seen for at least ten years.

August 13, 1992

Awoke at 9:45AM and showered. Ate breaky and felt very relaxed. Talked a lot more with Jozsef, Emma and Marika. A lot of the discussion was about our different cultures and what Canada is like and much more about family as there was a lot to catch up on.

Went to aunt Vali's place and she took me and Jozsef for drinks at the local tavern. After we walked about Petömhálya and talked a lot with many people. Later in the afternoon, another one of my uncles had arrived. Most of my relatives were trying to get in touch with him to inform him of my arrival, but the communications in Hungary are not very good. In our standards it would be probably twenty or more years behind. Not too good. Anyways, Uncle Seanny arrived and he was very glad to see me. We then drove to a neighbouring village where his wife's parents reside and saw my Aunt Margaret. Unfortunately, my three other cousins could not make it here so I was not able to see them. Chatted for a couple of hours and drank some good red wine and Palinka (Clear like moonshine?). I then said my goodbyes as I was heading back to Budapest tomorrow. It was a very emotional good-bye as Seanny wished I could stay much longer.

The rest of the day was spent with family and taking a lot of photographs.

August 14, 1992

Rise and shine at 7:00AM. After breakfast, Jozsef took me to say all my goodbyes to the rest of the relatives and friends. Everyone wishing that I could stay much longer. I wish that too. I was starting to receive a lot of gifts to take back home. After all this, we returned to Aunt Emma's to retrieve all my belongings and take final photos. Said goodbye to Emma, Jozsef, Marishka and Marika and I then drove to Szombathely. It was about a 30 minute drive. It was then shopping time. I wasn't in the mood but they all purchased gifts for me to take home for the rest of my family. I think I have more things to pack home than I did when I arrived in Europe.

After a few hours of shopping, it was to the train station to depart. After a very emotional goodbye to all, I was then on my way to Budapest. My train car had a lot of young soldiers on board and they were drinking up a storm. In

Hungary, there is a mandatory draft, so every male has to join the army when of age. Around 4:30PM I arrived at the Budapest-Kelenföld train station. I then trekked to Bea's apartment and was greeted by her, Gabor and Bea's brother Laci.

Dinner was awaiting and I finally was able to speak English to Gabor and a little to Laci. We then strolled downtown Budapest and checked out the nightlife of Budapest. It is quite a beautiful city when all lit up at night, as many of the statues, castles and historical places are all lit up. Returned home and talked a lot with Laci. Retired to bed.

August 15, 1992

Woke up at 9:00AM and ate breakfast. Drove downtown and did a little tourist shopping and noticed a lot of tourists in town. The Hungarian Grand-Prix race is here tomorrow, so promotional posters are everywhere. After a couple of hours, we then went home and gathered a few items for a day outing.

We drove to Velence and Velence-Tó (Lake Velence) for the most part of the afternoon. This lake is surrounded by reed and is rich in fish. There is also a historical museum showing artifacts from some of the battles that Hungarian armies were involved in the mid to late 1800's in this area. Artifacts, such as uniforms, and equipment used. We stopped for a large lunch which composed of a seafood soup that was partially a meal in itself and Hungarian Entree.



Bea, Gabor, & Paul in Velence Hungary



Downtown Székesfehérvár street with a wedding reception in formal dress.

After lunch we headed to Székesfehérvár. This the oldest town in Hungary. Its history dates back to times when Christianity was not yet introduced in Hungary. After the Magyars settled in the country, Prince Árpád's camp was situated here, and later Saint Stephen's father, Géza, founded a town here around 972 A.D.. King Stephen built a wall around Székesfehérvár, and vested it with privileges that served as models for the other Hungarian Towns in later centuries. For a long time, however, Székesfehérvár remained the scene of the coronation and burial of the Hungarian kings. We visited the site of the burial grounds and also many of the old places of the town. This town is almost split in two. The old part of town is quite visible and located in one part and the newer part surrounds most of the old. This is quite common in other parts of Europe as well.

After this tour we returned home. On the way home and upon returning home I was taught a simple Hungarian song that most kids learn in school. I got quite good at it and started to recite it on my own so I could sing it to my father when I return home to Vancouver. It's just one of those things I had to do. We chatted for the remainder of the evening as I would be leaving tomorrow for Amsterdam. It was then bed time.

*August 16, 1992*

Wake Up!!!! It's 7:00AM and it was breakfast time! We walked Laci to the train station to see him off as he was returning to his home in Győr. Said our good byes to him and we then came back to their apartment. Gabor and I then headed to the Downtown train station to make train reservations for me to Wien (Vienna) and from there to Amsterdam. What a hassle! Good thing I had him there for a translator as it took over an hour to make a booking. The only way I could get the reservation this quick was for Gabor to buy it as a Hungarian, since they wouldn't accept Hungarian currency from me and then pay Gabor for it. It does not make any sense at all! After that hassle, we made our way back to their apartment and I finished my packing as re-organization of my pack was in DIRE NEED!!! Just when I thought my pack was getting lighter, it got to the point where I left some belongings with them as I was overly stuffed with gifts from all my relatives to take back home. My day pack was almost expanded to the size of my full Back-pack!

Bea and Gabor then drove me to the downtown train station and saw me off on my train to Wien (Vienna). We said our customary tearful goodbyes and I was once again back travelling through Europe. I was thoroughly impressed with this train. It was air conditioned and first class. A BIG BIG difference from the train that Marc and I were on when we first came to Hungary a week ago. I Like It! Three hours later (15:50 or 3:50PM) I arrived in Wien. I stowed my packs into

two lockers and then proceeded to do a small walking tour of the city. Well I tried, but it was Sunday, late afternoon and there was not much open or anything happening. I took a couple of photos and then I returned to the train station and ate dinner. Bea packed me a large dinner and much more to last me a few days.

At 18:00 I boarded my train and got my couchette. I was the first one in my compartment as I was an hour early. I didn't seem to care as I was tired and just wanted to get to Amsterdam and see somebody that I know. We departed Wien at 19:00 and headed towards Amsterdam. I met my fellow compartment mates and was surprised that three guys were from Ontario. The other 2 people were from the Netherlands and were returning home. Darkness was setting in and I was just catching up on my diary write-ups. The conductor came and collected our passports, so we wouldn't be awoken during the night for those elusive passport checks. This is also due to the fact that we would be travelling through Austria, Germany, Luxembourg and finally, the Netherlands. It was then rest time.

*August 17, 1992*

Suddenly the door was whipped open by the conductor and passports were then returned. Wow what a wake-up call! It was 7:00AM. Yawn! The weather was cloudy and rainy as we were still travelling through Holland. We arrived in Amsterdam at 9:00AM and it was time to disembark. I scurried down to the storage area to see that all the lockers had been changed. This was quite different as it has only been about 3 and a half weeks since my last visit to this area. Well no room was to be found, so I checked my large backpack into the check-in counter and then ate some breakfast that Bea had packed for me. I was still waiting for Marc, as he was supposed to arrive at 10:00AM. Well that hour seemed like forever and eventually he showed. What a relief to finally see someone that I actually know. I don't think that I could travel Europe alone, it's just a little boring, unless there is someone else to talk to in the same language. Oh well, enough of this. We then checked in Marc's backpack as well and then it was off to the streets of Amsterdam.

*The world according to Marc:*

*August 10, 1992*

Actually it's August 9, but since there's only one sentence about it since I left Paul with his relatives in Budapest, I'll put it here. The train was really nice, especially in comparison to the one we came here in. I got a good seat by the window, and had daylight all the way to the Austrian border. Almost had to run to catch a train to Salzburg, and arrived just before midnight. Time for a nap because the next train for Munich is supposedly at 2:00AM.



Now it's August 10<sup>th</sup>. My train for Munich finally arrived an hour late. Turns out it was one that had come from Budapest shortly after mine had left. Luckily for me I had caught the earlier one because the rail car I got stuck in was the worst kept rail car I had ever seen in my life. It looked like it was parked in a ghetto for a couple of years then returned to service without any work done to it. It was bad!!!!!! This train was ready for retirement at least 5 years before. I won't even bother describing the washrooms. One of the wheels was obviously losing a bearing by the constant pounding noise that was evident for the entire 3+ hour trip. I was starting to wonder if this was going to be one of those big passenger train derailments you hear about periodically.

After safely arriving in Munich, I had to try to figure out what the fastest route to Copenhagen would be. From what I figured out, a train to Berlin in one hour would help me on my way.

I guess I'm just not having a good trip because I spent half of the trip to Berlin with a German family with the loudest 3 year old daughter in the world. Every time she realized that no one was paying any attention to her she would point out the window and scream something. At first I figured that she was seeing something that she liked, but after travelling through some barren wheat country and she kept doing it, it stopped being funny. They finally got off the train and our train's engine was changed. Here goes my bad luck again. The diesel engine they put on this time needed an engine overhaul big time. I ate so much diesel fumes for the last half of the ride to Berlin I could have kept a VW Rabbit running for a week. Finally, Berlin.

Last time I was in Europe, the wall had come down 3 months prior, and there was not yet any Eurorail service to Berlin. I had to rent a car and drive in to see Roger Water's The Wall concert. I arrived during the evening rush hour, and had to wait an hour for a train to Hamburg.

I was able to see the square by the Botanical Gardens where an old church that was bombed out in World War 2 stood as a monument. On the way out of town, I could see Potsdamer Platz which was the site of The Wall concert. This train was dead on time.

I arrived in Hamburg about 9:00PM and had to wait until 12:30AM for a train to Copenhagen. There was a money exchange open late, and I managed to scrape up just enough cash for a paper, crossword book, and some food at McD's (Don't say a word. I don't want to hear it).

August 11, 1992

Six of us crowded into the train's cramped compartment when it finally arrived at the station. One got fed up with the close quarters, and another took over the floor for some shut-eye. Ah, room to sleep! Woke up a couple of

times, and managed to catch our train being loaded onto the ferry. We arrived in Copenhagen nice and early and phoned Bo from the station.

The trip from Hungary took about 39 hours and from the scale on my eurorail map, about 1700 Km. It sure seemed like a lot further. What miffed me a bit was the fact that if I had caught the train in Budapest one hour earlier, I would have taken eight hours off my travel time. Oh well.... I'm here!!!! Yeah!!!!

Bo was still asleep, but his girlfriend Marilyn was up and getting ready for work. She gave me directions on how to get to the apartment, and I was off in search of home. After a much needed shower and some real food, I was off to explore the streets of Copenhagen. It was a cloudy day and there wasn't much to see in and around the downtown core that I could find, so I bought a Pink Floyd video that I had never seen in Canada and headed back to Bo's to watch it.



*Eating breakfast with a bunch of Kiwis.*

Bo's Rover crew has an old store that they are using for their Scout hall and Rover den. We met up with a bunch of other Rovers and headed on a 15Km bike ride to Lyngbi Lake and went canoeing for a couple of hours. The wind picked up quite a bit and made our trip back to the rental place a real grueller, but it was a lot of fun. The rental shop was actually about a km up a slow moving stream and it made for a very nice trip to and from the lake.

*Danish Rovers canoeing to Lyngbi Lake.*



Dropped off the canoes around 8:00Pm and went for a picnic along side of another nearby lake. Bo and a couple other Rovers went for a swim, and the rest of us devoured dinner.

Had a wonderful accident with Bo on the way back when I blew a tire and collided with him. The inner tube had a nice gash in it and I wrecked the bike's light. Luckily we had a (count 'em, one) patch with us and it just (and I mean just) managed to cover the rip in the tube. I ended up stopping every few km's for air, but we made it back.

*August 12, 1992*

Bruce and Penny had already left Copenhagen before I arrived, so I made a reservation on a train up to Skagen (pronounce something like skahn). The train to Fredrickshavn had to be the nicest that I've ever seen. The trip up to Skagen took about 7 hours including a one hour ferry ride. It seems like I've been riding trains forever. Bo lent me an Isaac Asimov (sp?) book and I got through most of it. The last train I had to catch was a private train from Fredrickshavn to Skagen, on the northern most tip of Denmark. After I made it to Skagen, I found out that my Eurorail pass would have gotten me ½ price on the rail fare.

A free map of Skagen at the train station helped me locate the suite in a house where Bruce and Penny were staying, but there was nobody home. The landlord arrived after a short wait and offered me a warm spot on the couch inside while I waited for the others to get home. Turns out that he was the conductor on the train I just came into town on. One thing led to another and I ended up staying for dinner. Great people these Danes!

The people that Bruce and Penny were staying with were Jorgen and his girlfriend, Lone. Lone came home first and we sat and talked until everyone else showed up after their day of sightseeing. Along with Bruce and Penny were two Swedes, Kajsa and Christina, and another Danish Rover, Berite, who I first met in Australia and New Zealand. We partied until the wee hours of the morning, and five of us grabbed space on the floor, and Berite stole the couch. What fun.

*August 13, 1992*

7:30 AM was definitely too early to get up, but a wonderful breakfast made it all worthwhile. Went shopping and found a thankyou gift for the people downstairs. Checked out a local museum and learned a lot about the areas long fishing history. We went to a great pottery place and found some great ideas for mom and dad's anniversary. I hope I can find this stuff back home.

Next stop was the aquarium to learn a little about the North Sea's sea-life. For a relatively rural area, they had a world class aquarium.

Next it was off to find the wonderful foam box puzzles that I was hearing so much about. They are a bunch of puzzle shaped pieces of foam that fit together to form a box. Not as easy as it sounds. There are six different puzzles, all different colours, and B & P got them all.

Last stop before home was Berite's parent's place for some snacks including homemade buns, jam, and a wonderful layer cake and tea. Food, food, and more food!!!

Jorgen is a fisherman by trade, and he just happened to have his boat in drydock for some kind of overhaul when we were there. We went down to the smokehouse and he took a quick tour before acquiring some smoked mackerel and salmon fresh out of the smoker. Awesome!



*Too many Rovers in a waterbed.*

Back to Jorgen's place for grilled cheese sandwiches galore. Are you starting to see a trend here? Jorgen left the house for a bit, so five of us piled into his waterbed. It was really comfy until Jorgen and Lone decided that the livingroom floor just didn't cut it.

*August 14, 1992*

Got up early again and had breaky. The Danes have this horrible custom of having Gamel dansk (Old Danish) with their breakfast. This is the rudest tasting liqueur I have ever tasted. I think I'll skip this tradition, thankyou. I can't figure out how Bruce got liking the stuff (or was he just saying it?).

Said goodbye to Bruce and Penny as they had a plane to catch back to England before heading back to New Zealand. It was tough to say goodbye knowing that it will be a few years before we say hello again. I guess there's always that long distance feeling.

The two Swedes and I cleaned up the house and had a little fun doing it. I had a bag full of Canadian pins left over, so we started placing them all over the house. In the N.Z. flag over the bed, in the lampshade, in the underwear drawer, through the tail of the kangaroo skin in the livingroom.

through the leaves in all the plants, and many other obscure locations. They're probably still find them to this day.

The two Swedes and I went for a last quick tour of Skagen in their car before heading south to Ålborg to catch a train to Copenhagen. Found a train waiting on the platform for me. What timing! Said by to Kajsa and Christina and settled into another long train ride. Booked my train ticket to Amsterdam and headed back to Bo's for dinner. Bo and Marilyn were both home sick.

While I was up north, 4 Kiwis had arrived and were staying at the Scout hall. We'll see them at breakfast tomorrow.

*August 15, 1992*

Went down to the Scout hall and had breaky with Heather, Stan, Roberta, and Judy. Since Bo was feeling quite ill, Marilyn became our tour guide. Our first stop was an old military installation called Kastillet. Then it was off to see the famous little mermaid and the Gefion Water fountain. Seeing as it is Harbour Week, there were lots of celebrations down by the bay. After a quick stroll through the beautiful Amalie Gardens, we stopped at the Amalienborg Palace for the changing of the guard. This is where the Prince, Queen, and her son live. We stopped at a cafe along historic Nyhavn Street for coffee. This area is where the sailors used to come to find a good time when they were in port. It sort of even looks like Amsterdam.

Stopped at the local Scout Shop and met a Danish Rover who had also been at the Moot. After some shopping at the local pedestrian mall, it was back to Bo's to look at the slides from Bo's Australian and New Zealand trip. Stan and Heather came by for the entertainment and took off about 1:30AM.

*August 16, 1992*

Slept in until 10:30 and proceeded to catch up with my diary and repack my pack for the trip ahead. Gave Bo some badges and a Rover sticker for the Scout hall, and settled into watching the Hungarian Grand Prix on TV. Found out later that I could have gotten pitside through Gabör. If I had known that I would have come to Denmark first and met up with Paul in Hungary afterward, oh well.

Said goodbye to Bo and Marilyn and headed down to Tivoli. Tivoli is a permanent amusement park in downtown Copenhagen with plenty of rides, food and displays. It was a good way to pass some time until my train leaves.

Met up with a couple of Kiwis at the train station who were waiting for a train to Stockholm, and another showed up shortly afterward. I was very glad that I got a reservation for this train ride because it was packed! I shared the compartment with three American girls. Two were teachers at a US Military base in the Netherlands, and the third was

teaching in Poland. The ferry had a good duty free store and blew the last of my Danish money on wine gums and really strong English mints.

*August 17, 1992*

As Paul mentioned earlier, we met up at 10:00AM and I checked my luggage so we could go for a walk around town without lugging all that excess weight around.

We tried to phone Leo, but there was no answer. Wandered around for about four hours checking out the sights and sounds of Amsterdam (all right, get your mind out of the gutter!) After realizing that I was flat broke, a VISA cash advance was in order.

Paul had lots of food left from the packed lunch (feast) that Bea gave him, so we found a quiet park bench to sit on and pigged out. We headed over to a shop that Paul had previously seen some Coca-Cola stuff in, and decided they wanted too much for any of it.

I had to pay for my train ticket to Lelystad because of a mistake that I made when I left Copenhagen. Paul took his scheduled train nap, and I had to wake him when we reached Lelystad. Tried to phone Leo from the train station and finally caught him at home.

After a round-about search for Leo's place, we were most relieved to dump our packs on the floor and relax. Leo had just got back from a 170km canoe trip that included one sinking. Another Rover and a Swede, Anders, came by to see us, and we also got to meet Leo's brother (who's house we were staying in). Leo set up a couple of mattresses in the attic for us to sleep on. Most comfortable, thank you.

*August 18, 1992*

Anders showed up this morning and the four of us went to see a 1600's tall ship, Batavia, being constructed nearby. Very impressive! Caught a bus back to the train station after acquiring two more Coke bottles for my collection.

We caught a train back to Amsterdam around noon, and we split up for about an hour and did some more walking around Amsterdam. Met back up with Paul and Anders, and Paul and I caught a short train ride to the airport. We had to wait about ½ hour to check in, but we managed to get row seats by the window.

Luckily it was my turn to sit by the window because Paul got stuck next to the weird chick from Calgary that we saw on the flight over from Canada. Poor Paul.....

The plane was a 747 weighing over 500,000lbs at take-off with 252,000lbs of fuel, and a take-off speed of 203 mph. We were about 45 minutes late taking off, but made up for the time somewhere along the way. I decided to take a look at the cockpit and found out that the co-pilot is an ex-Queen Scout and a Cub Leader. We talked for a while and

then I headed back down to tell Paul all about it.

That was it....all over....arrived home all safe and sound!!!! Boy do we wish we could do it all over again. Now all we have to look forward to is work. How depressing.

Paul and I hope that you enjoyed our little trip as much as we did, and we thank you and our illustrious editor for putting up with all our ramblings.

If you've got anything out of all this, we hope that you can see the infinite benefits that Scouting can offer you. Through our Scouting contacts in Europe and elsewhere in the world, we know that there are now many friends who will take us in whenever and wherever we go. And in return, we would offer our hospitality to them if they appeared on our doorstep as weary travellers. Every Christmas I send out almost 75 letters to overseas friends in order to keep that line of communication open, and to let them know that someone out there across the many miles is thinking about them and hoping to one day meet again. The only reason this has happened to us is because of my travels as a Rover, as a Scout. It will be a part of our lives forever.

Yours in Rovering,  
Paul Mozsar and Marc Ramsay

## FROM NOVA SCOTIA *EXCALIBUR*

The advise column:  
Marg and Hellen

Dear Marg & Hellen:

I am a confused Rover I just can't seem to catch the eye of someone I really like. She too is a Rover but of another crew, its tough to try to impress her when so many other Rovers are always around. Any attempt I make to do so, I always feel so embarrassed there are so many others around who can do what ever i try so much better. I'm new to this Scouting thing and have yet to truly get the hang of things. I'm not good at lashing or canoeing or that stuff, it seems the harder I try the worse I look. What should I do?

Dear Confused:

Marg and I deliberated over your dilemma for many an hour, alright ten minutes. This is a simple problem, with a simple solution, from simple people. Simply do something your good at, something uniquely you. If this seems difficult to fit into the program and planning, then you haven't looked closely at exactly what that programming is. Any activity done in Rovering is planned by you, run by you, taught by you, you being the Rovering body which includes you. This

is not a program for old Scouts, it's for you, now to impress your young lady you will have to plan an activity which will let you shine.

Yours Lovingly,  
Marg and Hellen

## HOT TOPIC

The very first topic for discussion is "IS THE KNIGHTHOOD THEME REALLY A GOOD THEME FOR THE ROUND TABLE?"

In my opinion yes, the Knighthood Theme is a good theme, if it is followed closely to what it was supposed to be. The ideals of the Knighthood theme were what was originally proposed to the Rover program. The purity, honesty, trustworthiness, and above all else selfless service to others, if any of us could uphold any of these qualities, I think we would be considered good Knights, therefore good Rovers. If the Round Table were to promote these qualities then the theme is worthy of the Round Table, and the round Table is worthy of the theme. But that's just one mans opinion, now lets here yours!!

B.Wile

## MEET THE CREW

5th Port Coquitlam Rovers "Knights of Ent"  
Port Coquitlam, British Columbia

5th Poco Rovers was the continuation of the 5th Poco Ventures "K.G.B." We were sponsored by 2nd Burnaby South-west Rover crew in 1990. We currently have 14 members; 4 rovers, 1 advisor and 9 squires.

You might be asking yourself what the "Ent" in "Knights of Ent" stands for? Well here it goes! An Ent is a Mythical walking, talking, thinking, and fighting tree. It comes, for J.R. Tolkiens "Lord of the Rings" (book 2 chapter 8). an interesting fact about the Ents is that in the book they refer to the Ents gathering as a "Moot".

Our crew participates in several annual events. These being Camp Skeeter, Rovent, Camp Rainbucket, Camp Raven, Poco trek, and the Medieval Feast. This year two of our members are on the Medieval Feast Committee (first year the feast will be a dry event).

Our crew has just adopted a whit plush cat, that we do terrible things to, as our mascot. Our crew has also joined the people's revolution against the totalitarian Klondike State at the Klondike Moot! Vive l'Espresso Bar!



## Knights of Gut

*Top Row: Jamie Falkins (Squire)*

*Middle row left to right:*

*Colleen Vince (Scribe)*

*Paul Einarson (Squire)*

*Adam Ballantyne (Squire)*

*Rod Williams (?????)*

*Wendy Clark (Squire)*

*Dave Qualley (Squire)*

*Front row left to right:*

*Steve Musgrave (Squire)*

*Mark Einarson (Mate)*

*Ann Nielsen (Squire)*

*Squatting: John Tait (V-Mate/Treasurer)*



*Typical camp scene regardless  
of the time of year.*

*(if not snow.....water!)*

*A 5th Poco  
Business Meeting  
in Progress*

*Front to back:*

*Rod Williams*

*John Tait*

*Paul Einarson*



*Our Beloved  
Whipping Boy  
is sold to the  
White Slave Market  
once again.*

## JAMBOREE

### CYMRU '93

This past summer, three Rovers from Nova Scotia, decided to attend a Scout Jamboree in Wales, rather than go to CJ '93. As it came down to departure we wondered if we were doing the right thing as Canadian Jamborees only come every four years. Upon our return, we realized that it worth the trip.

The camp was held from July 28 to August 05, on a private estate called Glanusk Park. This estate is located in the Breacon Beacons, near a town called Abergavenny. The three Rovers attending were Bernie Wile (Crusader Rover Crew in Dartmouth N.S.), Brian MacInnis and Peter Service (both members of 53rd Halifax Fire Rover Crew).

Jamboree Cymru was operated for the primary enjoyment of Welsh Scouts and Venturer Scouts. It should be no surprise however that there were groups from all over Europe and other parts of the world participating. We were pleased to have the opportunity to meet groups from Hungary, Australia, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium and even a Girl Guide Company from Marysville, Ontario, to name a few.

As Rovers we of course, ended up working on the Service Team (Big surprise, eh?). This wasn't as bad as it sounds, although doing "bog runs" (cleaning and emptying the lavatories) at 0600, before breakfast, was enough to test your admiration for Scouting and your stomach. Really, there is always a price to pay for the good times, and this was a small cost.

The service team consisted largely of members of the Scouting Fellowship, which is a British excuse for the lack of Rovers in their youth program. It was explained that Venturer Scouts has an upper age limit of twenty. At this point, you either become a leader in another section, or join this Fellowship which has no upper age limit. This is why there were few members of the British movement between twenty and thirty. It seems there is nothing for them to do once they finish Venturer Scouts. The "youth" in the Fellowship, feel it is an older Scouter's section and they feel out of place.

Back to the service team. The team was split up into four groups. These were operated on a rotational schedule, allowing for a spare time for all, while providing support for the camp from 0600 to 2300 (although due to the convenient location of an on site Pub, the service team could rarely be found past 2100). Out of the four teams there was one of extraordinary calibre, Team 2! This team was noted for being of international composition. Headed by two Englishmen,

who the N.S.R.R.T. will come to know for their literary proficiency. The team consisted of three Canadians, four members of Holland's Fellowship, etc. (no Welshmen). Need we wonder why the Italians had a confused look about them, when the first people they encountered at the camp were two Canadians and three Dutch.

As the camp went on, we found that, as Rovers, we seemed to hold a special status. This was particularly notable while we were amongst the older male scouters and the younger Fellowship members. In 1967, the British Scouting system eliminated Rovers from their program and re-aligned the age groups. After discussions with many of these people we discovered how dearly Rovers are missed in the British program. It was explained that by ending the youth movement at twenty, the program, as a whole, was losing the Rover age members until they reached about thirty, if they did indeed return to the program.

As the days passed, Ian Hayes and Chris Gyles, the leaders of our team, seemed to demonstrate an extraordinary interest in the Rover program. As they were both in their early twenties, and both demonstrated such an interest in Rovers, it was suggested that we might invest them as Rovers. This was a difficult situation as we were being hosted by such a fine group of Welsh scouters, we wished not to tread on anyone's toes. The question which had arisen about the political correctness of investing English scouters as Rovers while there was no such program recognised by their national council. This was soon dealt with along with the aid of scouters who, as youth were Rovers and had a vested interest in seeing Chris and Ian invested.

During the camp, the Welsh Commissioner was often on site, doing whatever commissioners do at jamborees. The opportunity was seized by some of these "retired" Rovers to consult the Commissioner with regards to investing Chris and Ian as Rovers. We were soon given permission by the Commissioner to proceed with the investiture. As we understand it, the Commissioner was pleased that such an event was to happen.

The next step was to seek permission to use the camp Chapel for the ceremony. This was left up to me. The Dilemma I faced was to seek permission to use the Chapel, without disclosing the details of a Rover investiture. As I was addressing the camp Chaplain and tactfully attempting to explain why we needed his chapel, he suddenly noted that what I was explaining sounded incredibly similar to a Rover investiture. Instantly things were getting easier. As it turned out, the Chaplain was a Rover himself. The Chapel was made available to use any time we wished to proceed with the ceremony.

Now, how do you do an investiture without a copy of the ceremony to follow? Easy, phone home wake my parents,



and arrange for Mom to collect the necessary paper work, and prepare it for faxing. That afternoon, we went into the neighbouring town of Abergavenny, and found a fax centre. I phoned home, provided the fax number, and ten minutes later, I had the ceremony in hand.

After dinner that evening, we provided the candidates with their vigil, and explained what they were to do with it. About 2030 that evening, after allowing for a proper amount of time for the vigil, Chris and Ian were asked if they were prepared to become Rovers. They were.

We proceeded to the Chapel and completed the ceremony in the company of all the Rovers who we could find at the camp. Of those gathered, I must note, that they were all Rovers, before the Program had been disbanded in 1967. This made the ceremony even more special, knowing that these gentlemen still held a special respect for Rovers, so long after the section had been taken from them.

This year, Chris and Ian will be recognized as members of the Crusader Rover Crew, and will be contributing to our Roundtable from across the Atlantic ocean.

Upon experiencing this sequence of events, it troubles me greatly that there is discussion of ceasing the Rover program here in Canada, just as Britain is considering re-implementing Rovers in their program. I feel that along with looking at what is transpiring in the Rover program here, those reviewing the section should look beyond our borders and recognize the error that the British now realize they made in 1967.

Beyond this, only in the last hour of the camp, did Bernie, Brian and I meet a Spanish Rover, who had been working with another youth section during the camp. This gentleman did not speak English very well, and of course we don't speak Spanish, but that was no problem. As soon as we showed him we were Rovers also, there seemed to be no next to no communication barrier.

As the "retired" Rovers in Britain pointed out, "Once a Rover, Always a Rover". This could not be better exemplified, than as it was at Jamboree Cymru '93. We must not let the Rover program in Canada die, or even have its upper age limit reduced.

Respectfully Submitted,

Peter D. Service Captain (Mate)

53rd Halifax Fire Rover Crew.

From one of the Editors of

## EXCALIBUR

Hi, I'm one of the editors of the Excalibur Magazine the newsletter of the Nova Scotia Rover Round Table. I'm Bernie Wile of the Crusader Rover Crew, formerly of the Highlander Rover Crew and formerly of Excalibur Crew of Oromocto district. I've been Rovering off and on since 1985, so that means this is it for me, my last year. But enough tears, what I want to tell you about is the Nova Scotia R.R.T. and their activities, focusing on an event called ALERT.

Alert is a weekend long, Scout and Venturer event which is designed to push the youths in competition. The events are a hour long at most and run (for the senior section only) 24 hours straight.

Each year the Roundtable establishes a committee to prepare for this event. some crews such as our fire fighting crew of 53rd Halifax, have their own tasks, but most crews involve themselves with a single event. This year saw 52 of the 64 senior teams compete.

The theme of Alert was "Conflict and Peace". This allowed us to run something in the Knighthood theme. We ran a crusades training ground, with jousting, bo staff, and swordsmanship, all mounted on simulated horseback. Not an easy task, I tell you.

The jousting was first and potential squires were shown to the horse, a barrel mounted between trees by four ropes, they mounted up and were given a lance. With the Venturer mounted precariously on his steed we then fired targets at him (not directly) they were ATV tires on ropes that swung past the front of the mount, the Venturer would then stab at the targets with his lance. The bo staffs were next, a log lashed between two trees, (yes, some of us can still lash), served as the mount, the staffs were wood poles with bubble wrap on the tips. The potential squires put on helmets, mounted up, a few basic rules were explained to them, and they fought until one of them fell into the straw. They were marked on sportsmanship, and the fall into the straw seemed to be as much fun as the fight. The landmark accomplishment of the event was the mounted swordsmanship. A slow moving aerial runway provided us with a moving horse, while the rider wielded a wooden sword. The targets were sticks hung at various heights along either side of the runway. The teams felt that this entire event was the most enjoyment they had in a long time, but this was not all that had to be done.

At the tavern where each team was required to register there was, burned into an old piece of wood the "ten riddles of the dragon" from the Hobbit, that each tried to solve. This was used as a waiting activity. Even now at

Venturer events I'm asked some of the riddles.

I am enclosing a picture of me at Alert in the costume of the Knights who ran the event.

Alerts are run the third weekend in September, but only for Scouts and Venturers who were registered the previous year.

I will be talking in the future about Scotia Jam '95, a provincial jamboree, set for the summer of '95, which we will be servicing. we always take whatever help we can get. I realise with world jamboree, a Nepal trip and Goodall expedition in there to compete, we will be low on the list of events to attend. But I'll be there with a couple of Canadian Rovers now active in the U.K.



Yours in Scouting,  
Service Always,  
Bernard Wile.

*(Ed Note: If Bernie's picture is in here you will know we were able to computer enhance it. Bernie also sent a second picture which I am holding for possible future use. A new era for Rovering Magazine covers may be beginning.)*

#### MORE MOOT PIX

#### Medieval Fare Moot



*The combined Rovers' Own / Moot Closing Ceremony at Medieval Fare Moot. (Yes, that's Stu Murchie on the right in a monk's robe.)*



*Megan Hampson and friend.*



*Rover Sandro Cavaliere packing up at Kentucky Moot '93. Great Moot!*

# Hallowe'en Moot



*I can can do do this this too too!!*



*Oh no! Look who's coming to dinner!!*



*The dice have grown legs! The dice have grown legs!*



*Taste testing the transformation potion.*



*Re-inventing the wheel (we think).*

## *The Secret Sharer* *continued*

by John A. Sittler

### Chapter Three Feel of the Ocean

That summer was indeed a resounding success for everyone concerned. Derek and Rajid spent much of their time honing their sailing skills with Bomber. The boys had to take turns with him, however, since the Laser could only accommodate two people at a time. Derek and Rajid were at the marina so much; the marina owners gave both of them small part-time jobs. The pay wasn't great for the hours, but the two boys used the opportunity to learn as much about sailing craft as they could.

If they weren't sailing, snorkeling, swimming, or rowing, the three could be found sailing *The Secret Sharer*. Occasionally, friends of Bomber's would arrive to play beach volleyball and Bomber would leave the two with the model for a while. It wasn't that Derek and Rajid didn't like volleyball, it was just that the older guys were just so much bigger.

Sailing lessons learned first-hand could easily be mimicked with the model. When the weather was stable enough and the lake calm enough, they would head out in a run-about and run the model on the lake itself. Sailing the model was a little more complicated than the Laser. The model was ketch-rigged. This meant two sets of sails had to be set properly. Although Derek and Rajid handled sails well on his real boat, Bomber noticed the extra sails on the model to be a bit beyond the two. Thinking of a possible solution Bomber suggested, "I see you two are having a little trouble with the mizzen. I'll give Mister Schweitzer a call and see if we can crew for him to get the feel of a ketch."

Mister Schweitzer was one of Bomber's corporate sponsors and they were on very good terms with each other. This man, a close friend of the family, saw Bomber's potential at an early age. If he needed to help his protégé, then he was always there for him.

Schweitzer's boat was considered the flagship of the marina. She was only two years old, built as custom from a stock design. She boasted all the comforts of home and then some. She measured nearly forty feet in length and fifteen feet in breadth. Her mainmast stood nearly ninety feet above the water and her mizzenmast almost fifty feet. She had been fitted out for sailing in salt water. At the end of the sailing season she was leaving for the Caribbean. She was named, *Star Gazer*.

Mister Schweitzer was a closet Treky.

Sailing was always a lazy joy on board the *Star Gazer*. All sail handling was single-handed, that is, all lines led to the cockpit and all sails roller furled, just like Derek's model. Derek would look at his model in the clubhouse and then to the *Star Gazer* and think to himself, 'Someday ---.' Although Derek enjoyed sailing, racing didn't exactly 'turn his crank.'

The date was set. Derek, Rajid, Bomber and Reginald (Schweitzer) were to spend the week-end sailing across to Rochester. Reg, as the boys were to call him, had managed to clear his schedule and all that remained was for Derek and Rajid to get permission from their parents. "All you need is your clothes, and your toothbrush. Everything else is provided for," grinned Bomber slapping each boy on the shoulder on either side of him, "So far you two have been sailing. Now it's cruisin' time and Major Party Time." Permission was no problem, both Derek's and Rajid's parents had met Reg at the launching party; had liked and trusted him.

When Derek and Rajid arrived at the marina, Saturday morning, the *Star Gazer* was tied up at the fuel dock. Bomber was finishing fuelling up the yacht when Reg appeared from below decks, "Good, our guests are here! Bomber, introductions please!", he clapped in delighted mock surprise. Bomber did the introductions with hand shaking all round. Both boys were carrying overnight flight bags.

"I see by the light luggage that Bomber has told you not to pack too much. Good. The storm gear may be a bit big but it will keep you dry. I have only three hard and fast rules of conduct on board; no drinking, no smoking, no drugs, understood? Welcome aboard the *Star Gazer*," The two boys nodded. This was going to be some weekend!

As the two boys were climbing on board through the lifeline gates, Derek asked Reg, "Is that the bilge pump discharging over the side?" Reg glanced over, "No -- air conditioning; believe me, in port I appreciate it. Don't forget where She's going in the Fall." Not too shabby. Rajid was sitting on what looked like a stainless steel bar stool. Both boys had now been sailing long enough to know that this was no bar stool but one of the main winches; it was huge! Rajid pointed between his legs at the upper part of the winch, "Reg, what is this extra section here?"

"That's the self tailer. All winches on board need only one person to operate them. After you wrap the winch you pass the rope through those jaws and then just crank; the winch does the rest. You'll see once we're under way." Rajid looked at Derek; Derek looked at Rajid, "Crank?" Bomber lifted up Derek's arm and commanded the two of them to lift weights. The foursome burst out laughing.

"Well, let's say we get this tub out. here and have

some fun," announced Reg, clapping and rubbing his hands together. Bomber had been given the task of taking the two boys in hand to show them the basics of the yacht, "Derek, Rajid; with me." They followed Bomber below to the cabin. After their eyes adjusted to the light they could make out detail -- detail!!!, everywhere!!!. Derek had seen movies as a child based on the Jules Verne novels, complete with embellished Victorian interiors, and this cabin came pretty -- darn -- close.

"This is gorgeous with a capital GORGEOUS!!," exclaimed Derek. Everywhere the two looked there was oiled teak and polished brass. Cushions were tufted in the Victorian manner and they were thick! Rajid was standing in the galley, leaning against the stove; it moved! 'Oh no I've been down here just a couple of minutes and I've already broken something!', he thought to himself. Bomber noticed the panic on Rajid's face and started laughing, "Don't worry, Rajid, it's gimbaled." Bomber reached over and pushed down on the front edge of the stove. It rocked like a baby's cradle. "You see, as the boat heels over the stove stays level."

"Decent!", the two boys replied in unison.

Bomber began his preparations to get under way, "Okay over here. We thought we'd show you the works while you're on board." Bomber turned around to face the other side of the cabin and leaned over a large sloping table. Hitting switches, a fan came on somewhere below and then the engine roared to life and was reduced to purring quietly. Black panels on the bulkheads, began to light up. Derek and Rajid didn't think anything like this was possible on a boat this size. This looked like the bridge of a battleship! Reg began calling down from the cockpit. "Apparent wind, wind speed, check; speed, check; depth, check; Loran, check; Satnav, check; radar, check; chart --- Bomber?"

"Oh, just a second guys," Bomber excused himself reaching into a compartment. He pulled out a small wafer of plastic and slid it into a slot. An accompanying display lit up. Bomber adjusted the display until he had what he wanted. Reg called down again, "chart, check."

Bomber, looking over his shoulder and motioning to the display in front of him explained to the boys, "This is an electronic chart. You see, all these instruments are repeated out in the cockpit. That way you need never come below to check any navigation while you're single-handed and in a sea-way."

The three went back up to the cockpit. Reg began departure proceedings. He gave a short blast on the mizzen horns to announce to the marina his departure. The Star Gazer was a little unwieldy in tight quarters.

"Bomber, untie the spring lines and let off loose on the bow line," said Reg in an even voice. Bomber complied and waited, line in hand, standing on the foredeck. "Derek, you take the stern line, repeating what Bomber just did."

"Aye, aye, Captain," saluted Derek, springing to his duty.

Reg hadn't forgotten Rajid, "Rajid, stand amidships on dockside and watch for collision ahead with the other docked boats."

"Aye, aye, Captain," saluted Rajid, scrambling to his post.

"Let go all lines," commanded Reg while revving the engine momentarily and swinging the wheel over to port. The momentum created by the engine burst began the big boat moving. The bow began to swing out into the mooring basin. Reg gave the engine another quick burst bringing the wheel back on centre. Again another quick burst, swinging hard to starboard. The Star Gazer was clear of the dock and headed out of the mooring basin.

Reg turned to Derek, "Have you ever piloted something this size before?"

"No sir," replied Derek. Reg stepped aside and commanded Derek, "Helmsman, take the wheel."

Derek jumped down behind the wheel and placed his hands on the teak rim. As big as she was, the Star Gazer responded to the lightest touch. "Rajid, this is hull speed and this is the throttle. Bring us up to four knots," said Reg. Rajid reached over and slowly moved the throttle forward, intently watching the hull speed indicator until it reached four knots. By this time Bomber had finished coiling lines and stowing fenders and had returned to the cockpit. The wind freshened off the starboard stern.

"Bomber, stand ready to make full sail."

Reg and Bomber let out first the mainsail, then the self-tacking jib; then the bowsprit genoa; then the mizzen-main; and lastly the mizzen genoa. The vessel heeled over to ten degrees and took off. Speed increased to seven knots. "Rajid, pull back on the throttle and cut the engine," commanded Captain Reg.

Rajid obliged and followed by shutting off the bilge blower. All was quiet and poetry of motion. The vessel cleared the harbour mouth and galloped out into the lake. Without the assistance of the engine the vessel slowed to six knots. This pleased everyone on board. This was a good speed for a vessel this size. Above their heads were clouds of dazzling white sail. Reg went below and shut off the air-conditioning. Air over the lake was always cooler.

The little band of merry men were on their way to Rochester, a day's sail across Lake Ontario. Many boats regularly made the trip across. For a brief period, in the middle of the lake, one could get a pale imitation of ocean sailing; just you, your boat, the sky and the water. Some have said that ocean sailing is like outer-space travel; your craft becomes your world.

They were about eighteen miles off shore when the knot meter began to descend slowly. After half an hour hull speed had dropped to only two knots. Waves were beginning to lessen and the sails had a decided flop to them. After another half hour hull speed registered as zero and the sails had all the appearance of laundry on a sunny, muggy, windless afternoon. As they say in the lore of the deep; 'she was becalmed'. Looking off the boat they could see only water and sky.

"Now what?", asked Derek, beginning to bake in the sun.

"Let's go snorkeling," suggested Bomber. Rajid was a little perplexed at this suggestion, "What if the wind picks up and we don't get back to the boat in time?"

Reg had the solution, "Each of you put on a safety harness and stayed tied to the boat. I'll send out the dinghy on a line and if the wind begins to pick up again we'll just tow you along until you climb back on board."

Bomber went down below and returned carrying two harnesses, coiled line and was already wearing the third harness. He was also naked. The two boys needed no coaxing. Off came the clothes in a flurry and on went the harnesses. With a swimming hole this big no young boy would pass up this kind of opportunity.

Bomber secured the lines each to a different lifeline stanchion to prevent tangling. Reg went aft and released the drop-down portion of the stern that enclosed the swim ladder. Any self respecting Caribbean cruiser had this feature. Reg produced, from a locker, flippers, masks and snorkels. Each boy carried his coil of line to the stern and jumped off; three Naked Navy Divers on a mission. Reg couldn't resist. He went below and pulled out a video camera. For an hour the boys swam, dove, splashed and capsized the dinghy once. Later, at home Derek thought his parents would be embarrassed by the video -- not. They laughed themselves silly.

Rajid was sitting on the stern ladder and Derek was lounging in the dinghy. They were watching Bomber diving and re-surfacing while he cleaned grunge off of the rudder. Almost as quietly as it went; the wind began to return. The sails gave a brief warning flap, then filled just enough to create momentum. The big boat began to move; not enough to register on the knot meter, but, enough for Bomber to notice. He called up to Rajid, "Haul in your line and take off your safety harness and tell Reg we're starting to move." Bomber dove once more to finish the rudder.

Rajid did as he was told and went up to the cockpit. He found Reg lying in the sun; eyes closed and listening to music wafting out from the cabin. Rajid picked up his cold wet line and dragged it across Reg's stomach. Reg vaulted vertically, eyes bugged out. "We're starting to move mon

capitan," grinned Rajid. Reg slapped Rajid on the butt. "I'll get you back," joked Reg. The two went aft and hauled in the dinghy. Bomber still hadn't come up out of the water. Derek fastened the lifting lines of the dinghy to the stern davits and scrambled aboard. By the time Derek had got out of his harness, Reg noticed the boat had picked up speed to three knots. Still no Bomber. The three looked over the stern. There was Bomber; about fifty feet back, body surfing and hauling himself in hand over hand on his safety line.

"Guys, take his line, loop it around this winch and haul him in," commanded Reg. If the boat picked up speed too fast Bomber could lose strength and drown. The two boys jumped to their duty and starting cranking. Reg went aft and hoisted the dinghy clear of the swim ladder and returned to the wheel in case he had to bring the boat up into the wind to stall the sails. With the increased speed, Bomber just hung on. He spit out his snorkel and yelled, "WaaaHOOOO!! Ride 'em, Cowboy!" The winch cranked him right up to the swim ladder. He reached out, grabbed hold and with one lunge pulled himself to a squatting position.

"Is he on board?", Reg yelled from the cockpit. Derek turned his head and answered, "He's coming up the ladder." Rather out of breath, Bomber put his arms around both Derek's and Rajid's shoulders and stumbled back to the cockpit. Reg wagged his finger at Bomber, "That could have been very dangerous," he said evenly and slapped his butt: just a little harder.

"Rajid, take the wheel, please," Reg motioned. Reg and Derek went aft and secured the swim ladder stern section. The boat was still picking up speed; about five knots now. It wasn't long before the boat regained its original speed and occasionally a little bit better.

Time went by leisurely as the big boat bounced and bucked along over the waves. The four men ate; drank lemonade, chatted and just basically enjoyed sun, wind and company. Part of the conversation consisted of trying to teach Reg some of the boys' new lingo. Reg would repeat and understand, but, somehow something was lost in the translation.

As a ribbon of the U S of A began to appear on the horizon, Derek realized that soon civilization would re-appear and so would his clothes. This time had been special. He could see why Reg was taking the Star Gazer south.

In port, Reg produced a feast in the galley and laid the spread on the dining table. The boys joined him below and sat down to dinner. Reg insisted they all have wine with the meal. Derek began to object. Reg explained, "There is a region in France where studies have been done into the incidence of heart disease. The people there have a high fat diet much like some of the diet we have. The only difference between ours and theirs is a glass or two of wine with dinner. And why

might you ask is this done? Simple. Preliminary research has indicated that the wine, in low quantities, helps to break down plaque on the walls of blood vessels." Derek changed his mind. Well, after all, it was medicine wasn't it?

They clinked glasses and toasted; good food, good drink and good company. Following the meal, they went out to the cockpit to watch the stars. Reg stood up and in regal fashion, made an announcement, "Earlier today a member of my crew assaulted the person of the captain," he said using a one-eyed glare directly at Rajid, "I hereby declare that in the presence of this crew it is my duty to meet out justice as befits my rank." Reg produced a large feather from behind his back.

"Oh sh\_\_!!!" Rajid jumped up to run.

Reg yelled, "Grab him boys!" Derek and Bomber, grinning ear to ear knew what was coming next. They jumped Rajid and pinned him down on the cockpit seat, face up. Earlier in the day they had been talking about secrets and embarrassing situations and Rajid let out that he was incredibly ticklish -- in the navel. Reg knelt down, lifted Rajid's T-shirt up to his chest and slowly, ever -- so -- slowly, lowered the feather towards Rajid's navel.

"And now, the moment of sweet revenge," whispered Reg.

Rajid thought now would be a good time to play along and beg for mercy, "Oh please kind Captain, spare this poor cabin boy's meagre existence and have mercy upon my person. Besides, I'll tell my parents."

Reg stopped the feather, turned his head and said in pure delight, "Oh don't worry, I'm going to tell them!"

Reg plunged the feather into Rajid's navel. His stomach muscles went buck-board rigid. All at once, in a violent burst of exhaled breath, he erupted into hysterics. Reg kept up the torture. The two boys were now finding it very difficult to hold down their victim and to keep from laughing themselves. Although Rajid was a bit smaller than Derek, strength was no handicap. It wasn't long before Rajid broke free and jumped up onto the deck, knocking the other three sprawling all over the cockpit. Rajid looked at Reg. Reg looked at Rajid. "Gotcha," smirked Reg. Derek and Bomber looked at each other with an expression of a day's work well done.

Rajid started to laugh, Reg joined him. Soon the choir was complete with Derek and Bomber joining in for harmony. Each time any one of them glanced at the other, brought another chorus to the arrangement. Laughter, the music of friendship. Other people on boats docked nearby were mildly curious as to what was so funny. Some of the people took note of the ensign on the stern and just thought to themselves, 'crazy Canucks'.

## Chapter Four

### Posh Paradise

August arrived and Bomber's training was beginning to intensify. He was going to the next Summer Games. He checked his catamaran daily, going over every nut and bolt. Bomber and the marina owners agreed that any time commitment for his job was simply out of the question and they parted company on friendly terms. Bomber was to continue to sail out of the marina as a guest of Reg's.

As Bomber picked up speed with his training, he was spending less time sailing with the boys. This bothered him and he decided to do something about it. He invited the boys to go sailing one Saturday morning. He met them dockside; dressed in his wet suit. "Okay guys, gear up. The two of you are taking the Laser and I'll be in the Cat. I think it's time you went solo."

The boys were ecstatic. They fumbled into their wet suits and clambered into the boat. Neither boat had a motor and Bomber was no fool. He had a friend ready to follow them out in a power boat in case of trouble.

The boats left dock and sailed out into the lake. Bomber wanted to be confident that his pupils could handle the day-sailer by themselves. After clearing the harbour mouth he called over to them, "Sail my practice course," pointing in the direction of the first marker buoy. The little flotilla followed the course on all points of sail for nearly three hours. Derek couldn't believe the speed of the cat. He and Rajid may as well have been standing still. Bomber would sail around them following their progress, like a mother hen following chicks. His pride as a sailor and a teacher were at stake. At one point he noticed the two were beginning to tire. He pulled up alongside and called over, "Let's head for the showers, men." They turned and tacked back in.

Back in port, Derek and Rajid gladly headed for the showers; every muscle ached. After massaging shower heads had done their job the three sat at the lockers with towels around their necks. For the next hour, with arms waving this way and that, they discussed technique, strategy and teamwork.

They all got up at the same time to get dressed. Bomber had an announcement to make. He put his arms around both their shoulders, "Guys, you've been great students, sailors and friends and I have to tell you some good news and some bad news. First the bad news. I'm packing up the Cat and leaving for the British Virgin Islands in one week. I'm going with the team for professional training." Derek and Rajid both knew this was coming and they didn't like it either. Bomber continued, "Now for the good news. I saw out there today that you two know your stuff and I know that the Laser will be in



capable hands.--"

"You're loaning us the Laser?", Rajid broke in.

Bomber grinned; paused, and announced, "I'm giving it to you." The boys' faces flushed: a medal of honour had just been awarded. That night, at home, Bomber got a stiff lecture about the cost of everything. Derek's and Rajid's fathers met and decided to offer to buy the boat on the boys' behalf. They went to see Mister Sommers and in Bomber's presence the teenager's father replied, "No thank-you gentlemen. The gift must stand as it is. My son has done a very generous thing and I'm very proud of him." Bomber was relieved.

The following week the families of all three young men were at the marina to see Bomber and his Cat off. The racer had been dismantled for the trip and loaded onto a special cradle on a trailer. Bomber's belongings had been sandwiched into the van towing the trailer. There seemed to be more gear for the boat than for Bomber, "I'll be in the Virgins, who needs much there?", he quipped shrugging his shoulders.

Bomber said his good-byes all round and then he walked with Derek, Rajid and Reg over to the basin where the little Laser was docked. He put his arms around Derek's and Rajid's shoulders as he had done before and looking down at the fragile little craft, he said, "Take good care of her and she'll always bring you home." He turned to Reg, smiled and said, "See you soon big guy." Bomber extended his hand and Reg replied with a mock punch to the stomach. The two looked at each other and hugged just briefly. Bomber repeated the gesture with Derek and Rajid. The four then gave each other a series of high-five's and they noticed that always cool, always strong, Bomber had a tear running down his cheek. He turned on his heels and went for the van and got in. As the van drove off he continued to glance over his shoulder wearing the saddest expression anyone had ever seen on him.

Derek's and Rajid's families came over to join the trio. Reg looked at everyone's long faces and said, "Let's go sailing." Rajid turned and whispered to Derek, "I'll bet you five bucks my sisters get sea-sick." Derek bit his lip to keep from laughing.

Bomber was glancing out his window on the 747 as it veered out over the lake preparing to turn south. He could see the little marina below and he noticed the Star Gazer leaving port.

"Don't worry Reg, I'm going to bring you all gold."

August swiftly drew to a close, as it has a habit of doing, when you're enjoying summer. Reg made the Star Gazer ready for the voyage south. As it had for Bomber, the party assembled again to see Reg off. Everyone seemed a little relieved that Reg had hired a university student to join him on the trip. The young man was an experienced sailor himself and was on his way to join a clinic, associated with McGill

University, located in Barbados. Reg was to join up with Bomber in Road Town on Tortola Island. The team was to operate out of a prestigious yacht club located there.

Derek and Rajid were the last guests to leave the boat. They had brought a box on board with them and handed it to Reg. "We thought you might need this," said Derek. Reg opened the gift and was pleasantly surprised by a bottle of fine old wine. "Way cool, dudes!", Reg exclaimed in appreciation. He shook both their hands, gave them both a brief one-armed hug and watched as the two young men stepped off the boat onto the dock. They gave the sailors a hand letting go the lines and helped to ensure that the Star Gazer left her berth safely.

"Next stop, Halifax!!", called Reg over his shoulder as he revved the engine and made way out of the harbour. Derek and Rajid raced to the end of the pier to be sure to be the last to say good-bye. At the harbour mouth, Reg yelled to the two, "Maybe we'll meet in Road Town." Derek cupped his hands to his mouth and replied, "Maybe we'll just see about that!" The two waved until their arms were about to fall off. They really liked Reg. To them, he was different from their parents: he was 'way cool'. Mark and Angela overheard this last exchange. They looked at each other and smiled; a conspiracy was born.

All during the fall and on into the winter, the boys would get together to read postcards from both Reg and Bomber. They would compose letters back to Bomber but never to Reg. They knew where Bomber was all the time, but Reg was another matter. The postal service has trouble dealing with a moving target.

As the Star Gazer reached the Caribbean, Reg sent a surprise: a video. There would be more to come as the weeks went on. Both families would sit down together to watch. This was 'major excellent' and better than anything on TV. This first tape was a diary of sorts from Lake Ontario to Miami. They learned quite a bit about Reg's crew member, Jim.

Jim had been a co-op student employed at Reg's company when the two met. They had gone to lunch one day and Jim casually mentioned that he sailed. After that, the two were joined at the hip. Jim was twenty-four years old and Reg was thirty-five. Reg was single and so, only had his business to leave behind. When asked what he might be doing when fall arrived, Jim was ecstatic to learn of Reg's plans. It only took an afternoon to lay the groundwork for the trip.

In March both boys' birthdays were coming up, one week apart, Derek's first. Their parents had been secretly planning a surprise gift for both of them ever since Reg's departure. Unknown to both Derek and Rajid, they had been excused from school for a one-week period. Rajid's mother and father felt the time had come for their daughters to see India. Rajid was to go with Derek and Mark. Because of work, Angela was staying behind.

On Friday night before departure, both Derek and Rajid were up in Derek's room composing another letter to Bomber on the computer. Mark called up the stairs in his authority voice, "Would you two mind coming down. I need to talk to both of you."

Derek looked at Rajid, "Did you do anything? I didn't do anything." Rajid looked at Derek, "I didn't do anything did you?"

"Let's get this over with," said Derek, saving the file.

They went downstairs to face what they thought would be the music. Rajid nearly ran into his father in the living room, "Dad! What are you doing here?"

"Can't I visit?", asked his father.

Derek followed in, "What's up?"

Both fathers stepped aside to reveal what was standing on the floor behind them: two brand-new leather suitcases. The fathers grinned, "Happy Birthday!!" Derek looked at Rajid; Rajid looked at Derek; a generous sigh of relief followed.

Mark coaxed the two over to the suitcases, "Well, aren't you a just a bit curious to see if there's anything in there?" They walked over to the suitcases knelt down and unlatched the large opening in the top. They peered inside, put their hands in and pulled out identical envelopes; plane tickets.

"Road Town!!! Major Excellent!!!", they screamed in unison. Each boy hugged both fathers. Derek looked at the date on his ticket. "Dad, these are dated tomorrow. How long are they good for?" Mark didn't say a word. He just let it sink in. Again Derek looked at Rajid. Rajid looked at Derek. They screamed at each other again, "Paaaaaaack!!!!"

Both boys grabbed their suitcases and flew out of the room. Both of them were halfway up the stairs when Derek yelled over his shoulder, "What're you doing, man?, You don't live here!" Rajid, blinking his eyes, looked up for a minute. "Oh yeah." Rajid did a quick one eighty, bounded back down the stairs and out the front door. He poked his head back in through the door, looked into the living room and yelled, "Daaaaaadd!! C'mon, I've gotta pack!"

The next afternoon saw Mark, Derek and Rajid on the beach. Mark had managed to get rooms at a resort just a stone's throw away from the yacht club where the Olympic team was training. They walked to the main clubhouse where all co-ordination was taking place. Mark managed to find the assistant to Bomber's coach and inquired of him if it would be okay for the two boys to visit Bomber. As far as the officials were concerned; it was up to Bomber; but there was no sign of him. As it happened, the trio had arrived just after the team members had gone out into the bay to practice. The team would be back in about three or four hours.

Mark left the two boys somewhat to their own devices,, letting them explore the yacht club, while he went

back to their hotel to find a quiet stretch of beach to sleep on. With an Olympic team in residence, the club's personnel weren't about to let two boys get into any trouble. Derek and Rajid explored the main lounge, chandlery, and snack shop, of course. They were on their way out when Rajid spied a flock of white dots zipping back and forth across the bay and getting slowly larger. The fleet was returning. The boys positioned themselves on a pier next to the landing ramp used by the team. While they strained to see the little boats, Derek spied a seagull feather lying on the pier. He picked it up and put it behind his ear in pencil fashion.

The flotilla began making its way into the inner harbour. Some of the boats were two manned daysailers while others were the faster and lighter catamarans. The cats zipped back and forth in between the other boats and most of the time had only one hull in the water. The two boys waiting on the pier couldn't quite make out which one was Bomber.

"Here, duck down ," Derek told Rajid. They were standing next to a large dock locker and the pier was partially fitted with a railing which they had been leaning over. They hid behind the locker and the railing. Bomber would not be able to see the two until he got on-shore and turned around to look back out.

The first boat to arrive was a ski boat with a driver and one other man in it. It pulled up to a floating dock opposite the pull out ramp. Just as it arrived other people were gathering at the ramp and waited for the fleet to arrive. The cats were coming in first and fast. Each boat would stop in waist deep water, the sailor would jump off and haul the boat toward boat handlers. This next crew would take the boat and run it up on rollers to a storage area.

Through a crack in the railing, Derek could see Bomber. The cat came screeching towards the ramp and just as suddenly stopped. Bomber jumped off and pulled the cat towards the boat handlers. Derek could see that Bomber's appearance had changed. Even though he was covered head to toe in a wet suit, Bomber had grown some more muscles. As he reached land, Bomber was joined by the man from the ski boat. The two were standing directly beneath Derek and Rajid, arms waving and gesturing, talking about the day's events.

The moment of surprise was launched. Derek took out the feather from behind his ear and poked it quietly through the railing. He reached Bomber just behind the right ear and gently tickled him. Bomber brushed away the feather; he was concentrating too hard to pay much attention. Again Derek made with the feather. Again, Bomber brushed it away. The third time, however, Bomber looked around, spied two teasing, giggling boys hiding behind the railing.

"Hey man!", Bomber yelled at the two as he started running up the ramp towards the end of the pier. The two boys took off towards the end of the pier. Bomber was yelling after

them, "When I catch you two, you're going in the drink!" A few quick steps and Bomber caught up to them. He put himself between the two boys and grabbed each one around the waist and hoisted them off the ground. The two boys were laughing so hard they couldn't talk. Derek turned his head towards Bomber and managed a weak suffocating little, "Surprise!"

Bomber stood rigid; jaw wide open and eyes as big as grapefruits, "What the he--?" In one swift move he pulled the boys up by their waists and all arms reached out in one gigantic bear hug. Bomber spun the three around giving the trio the impression of a fair grounds ride and then gently set the two down on the pier.

"This is major excellent dudes!!!", cried Bomber. Derek explained, in short excited breaths, about the birthday gifts from their fathers. The three began back up the pier, Bomber grinning ear to ear, his arms around each boy's shoulders. At the top of the pier the man Bomber was talking to didn't look the least bit surprised, just smiling. No-one except Mark had known the coach was in on this little escapade.

"Hey coach! I want you to meet my two main men here!", Bomber called as they approached the other man. Laughing had subsided and introductions were made all round. The coach realized that any more study would have to wait for that day. The three musketeers went in search of Mark and found him lying in the sand in front of the hotel.

"He-e-y, Mister S, -- looking good, man!", Bomber called out as they approached. Mark broke out of his snooze and perched himself up on one elbow and greeted Bomber with a grin and a handshake. Mark, in a long-time, no-see kind of voice said, "My Bomber, how you've grown! Let me look at you!" Bomber held out his arms and spun around in the sand. The two men laughed while Derek and Rajid looked at each other with that disgusted kind of look that says, 'not cool'.

For the remainder of the afternoon, Bomber gave the trio a royal tour of the yacht club, his messy room and the high points of the island. A resident of the island with a villa close to the yacht club had loaned the team his convertible during their stay. This person wasn't too worried about the car being damaged; there wasn't that much to hit. Most people travelled by bicycle, moped or their own two feet. After all, the island wasn't that big.

There was one part of the yacht club the guys hadn't seen yet and entrance to it was by strict permission only. Bomber took them to a locked gate with a guard house. They could see only a few details beyond the high hedge that stretched out on either side of the entrance. "Mister Reginald Schweitzer, please. Three guests to join him for dinner," announced Bomber to the guard. The man in the booth picked up the phone and hit buttons. "Yes, sir," he said into the phone. He hung up and buzzed the gate open. "He's expecting

you." Bomber thanked the man and waved his friends on through. The gate promptly closed after they were in.

The scene that lay before them looked more like a boat show than a mooring basin. The docks were wide and carpeted and sported a number of amenities such as lighting and storage lockers. Everything was spit polished. Even the grounds around the basin were clipped and shorn to perfection. The boats tied up at these docks went beyond the mere term boat; these were yachts in the true sense of the word. The scene dazzled the eyes to the extent that everyone went around wearing sunglasses - and - not much else. Although the club basin was formally dressed the people indulged the tropical club atmosphere.

During the day, Bomber had slipped away and phoned Reg to tell him the news. Reg planned a special dinner. Bomber led the way down a ramp to the first main dock. The docks floated, anchored to huge pylons. This compensated for the rise and fall of the tide. Derek, Rajid and Mark already knew Reg was here by way of a postcard but had no idea just what kind of posh paradise he had sailed into. They came to a finger dock and arrived at the Star Gazer. Back home she was the flagship of the marina. Here she just fit in nicely. She looked none the worse for wear and everything was as bristol as her surroundings. Bomber called aboard, announcing their arrival. Reg popped up from down below and stood up on the cockpit coaming, wearing -- not much.

"Man, you're looking fit," said Mark, peering over his sunglasses at the bronzed and muscular sight before him. Reg pounded his chest and exhaled, "A few months at sea does the body good. Welcome aboard gentleman!"

Bomber waved his friends up through the lifeline gates and followed the company into the cockpit. Jim was nowhere in sight. Reg explained that he had gone onto Barbados to his studies.

"Bomber, stand ready to make way," ordered Reg. Derek spun his head and asked, "I thought we were coming for dinner."

Reg retorted, "Surprise! You are; about fifteen miles from here." The guests looked at each other and grinned. When would they get a chance to go to a restaurant in style like this again? Just like on Lake Ontario, the procedure for leaving port was pretty much the same: with one exception. Before breaking telephone communication, Reg was obliged to phone the club's harbour master and inform her of his departure. Even though this was just a picnic-run, the club had strict rules about trip plans. The Caribbean was a big place. One just didn't leave dock and not tell anyone.

Once out of port, Reg headed the bow out to sea, not along the coast. Mark, Derek and Rajid looked at each other with maybe a hint of apprehension. "We're going to our

favourite swimming hole," announced Bomber, smirking and pleased with this successful abduction. Mark was a bit concerned, "So what happened to dinner?"

"Oh it's there," retorted Reg, making the sign for patience. The company sailed on and talked about training and home. After about three hours, a barren rocky island made an appearance on the horizon. As the boat approached, the guests could not make out any signs of civilization. Mark was beginning to wonder just what Reg had up his sleeve. The Star Gazer furled sail and motored into a closed secluded little cove. All around, sheer rock walls rose straight out of the water. There was no surf. The entrance to the cove was small enough so that the big yachts at the club could not get in.

There was a motor launch already at anchor and a small run-about pulled up on a white beach at the far end. Reg brought the Star Gazer to a halt in the centre of the basin and Bomber dropped anchor. No sooner had they done this when the small boat on shore started out toward them. It pulled up alongside and Reg announced, "Gentlemen, dinner is served."

Down in the boat was a teenage boy wearing shorts and dressed in formal attire from the waist up. As they reached shore, they were greeted by a chef in similar attire. The host and guests pulled off their deck shoes, handed them to the servants and hopped over the side into knee deep water. Together they pulled the boat up onto the sand. The butler and chef greeted their company warmly and motioned to the company to sit to table. Up the beach, out of reach of the tide, was a linen draped dining table for five, complete with china, crystal and a candelabra with hurricane enclosures for the candles.

They all sat down and the teenager went around and poured wine. When the bottle was set on the table, Derek recognized it immediately. His jaw dropped, "It made it all this way!" Reg smiled and looked at Mark. No it hadn't. Mark had shipped him another one. For the next three hours, the company ate a feast of vegetables, fruit, and a main course of rock lobster. The group was feeling contented and they left the table to walk around the little beach a bit.

As they were some distance from the table, the chef and butler packed up the gear and loaded it into the small boat and began repeating trips out to the motor launch. When the last trip had been made and the beach was left with the guests and their shoes, the motor launch pulled up anchor and left. There they were; five men on a beach with half a cove between them and their boat.

"Okay, now what?", asked Derek, realizing there was only one way back to the boat. Out of the corner of Derek's eye, Reg came running past, stark naked and ran into the water, yelling over his shoulder, "Last one in has to come back and get our clothes!" The other three stood laughing and ripped their clothes off each other. The naked Navy divers were on

another mission. Bomber was the last one in, "And I've gotta come back and pick up your laundry!" This was the last of any conversation until they reached the boat.

One by one they hauled themselves back on board and sprawled in the cockpit, panting and tired. They took turns going below to the shower to clean off salt and then returned to the cockpit to dry off. As the evening turned to night and the stars began their ballet overhead, the company was still in the cockpit talking and joking in quiet voices. It seemed almost sacrilegious to disturb the quiet around them. Rajid and Bomber had been discussing something together when Rajid let out an enormous yawn. That was the trigger. The yawn was passed around for everyone to sample. Rajid excused himself and went below to sleep.

"I guess I'd better get the dinghy and row ashore and get our clothes," offered Bomber, hauling himself off the cockpit seat and stretching. Reg motioned for him to sit down, "don't bother, I was just kidding. We can get them in the morning." Bomber gladly agreed, bid everyone good night through a big yawn, and went below.

Reg stayed up for a while longer and then asked Mark if he would like a coffee. Mark accepted and Reg went below to the galley. Derek moved from his position and sat facing his father on the same cockpit seat. Mark was staring up at the stars. Derek gently slapped his father's thigh and grinning said, "I'm glad you came Dad. If mom could see us now."

"I'm sure she would approve. You know, I could get to like this. Right now I'm just a little jealous of Reg." Derek didn't quite understand the point, "You mean you wish you had stayed single and not had me?"

"Good God No!, What I meant was; this lifestyle right here and now is simple and a lot less stress than the business."

Derek was relieved, "Oh good, you still want me around."

Mark sat up, reached over and grabbed his son; spun him around and pulled him up to his chest so that the two were lying on the seat together. Mark gave Derek a good hard hug, "I'll always want my baby boy around."

"Dad, I'm no baby."

"Ya, I know and that scares me. I'm going to lose you as you become a man and I regret I was never there for you." Mark could barely get out his last words without choking. He didn't want Derek to see the tears beginning to run down his face. Derek hugged back his father's arms a little harder, "you're not going to lose me. I love you." Mark leaned his face forward and kissed the top of Derek's head. Then the two men just laid there, entwined with each other while their tears ran down.

Reg was on his way back up to the cockpit, two steaming mugs of coffee in his hands when he overheard this

conversation starting. He decided now was not a good time to go up. He quietly sat on the stairs and listened. When he got up and looked out the two were still entwined on the cockpit seat together and he wondered to himself, 'is this what I'm missing?' Derek had dozed off in his father's arms. Reg went up to the cockpit with the coffee and as he leaned over and handed the mug to Mark he said, "You're a lucky man Mark, and right now I'm a little jealous of you." Mark just smiled back at Reg and sipped his coffee. No other words were needed.

The two men talked quietly for a while until the mugs were empty. Mark handed his to Reg, "Looks like I'll have to put us both to bed. I think Derek's gone sound asleep." As Mark tried to gently twist out of Derek's grasp, Derek turned and wrapped his arms around his father's neck. Mark sighed and picked him up, "They're like puppies. At first they fit on your lap and then something happens." Mark took Derek below to the aft cabin and slid the two of them onto the berth. Mark snuggled into Derek and stroking Derek's hair, he muttered as he drifted off to sleep, "You'll always be my baby boy." Reg looked up at the stars and the waxing moon. He looked around on deck at the Star Gazer, and satisfied everything was ship shape he went below to crash.

Around two a.m., Derek woke up, realizing he needed to pee. A little befuddled as to how he wound up in a berth with his father, he made his way out of the cabin and started up the companion-way steps. He stopped and looking out, he saw Bomber at the stern, with the same thing in mind. After Bomber finished; rather than coming back down towards the cabin, he just stood there, looking off the stern in the direction of the yacht club. The moon was high and from Derek's angle Bomber appeared clothed in moonlight. At this instant, he no longer saw Bomber, he saw the man who would win gold, a hero, his hero, his idol; the Grand Master of Wind and Water. It looked as though Bomber was not about to move, but Derek had to. As Derek reached the stern and began to relieve himself, Bomber didn't seem to notice anyone was there. Derek turned to go back to bed when Bomber spoke, "Derek, "What do you see out there?"

"Huh?" Derek thought this was a strange way to strike up a conversation at two o'clock in the morning, "I see water and moonlight bouncing off it. Bomber, are you all right?"

Bomber turned his head to Derek, "I look out there and I see a race course. I see cats zipping along and I'm on one, but I can't see the end. I can't see the triumph and the medal. I have this dream over and over and over."

"Don't worry, you'll bring us all gold." Derek made this statement in a tone of voice that gave away his feelings to Bomber.

"And if I bring you silver instead?", asked Bomber as a test.

"You won't. You're the Grand Master of Wind and Water."

"Listen Derek, I've noticed how people change for this kind of event. I've learned a lot while I've been down here and not all of it has been sailing technique. There is nothing more excellent to us on the team than to be someone's hero. It's also the most terrifying. I'm going to try my best, but if best means silver or bronze or nothing for that matter, promise me you won't be disappointed." Derek smiled and held up his hand for a high five. Bomber reached up to join him, but just as Bomber made contact, Derek grabbed his hand instead and twined his fingers with his friend's.

"I promise, Rick." Only family called Bomber by his real name. The two boys searched each others' eyes for confirmation and then they reached out and hugged. Bomber whispered in Derek's ear, "You know bro, I'm so scared." Derek whispered in Bomber's ear, "I'm always there for you, bro."

Bomber pulled away and with a satisfied smile bid his friend good night. Derek sat for a moment on a winch and thought to himself, 'first Dad and now Bomber, this has been some night. I'm exhausted!' The following morning at breakfast, neither Mark or Bomber questioned why Derek seemed contented to sleep in.

After breakfast, while the Sleeping Beauty lay below, Reg let out the dinghy and rowed ashore to fetch the previous day's clothes. There they were, exactly where they had been ripped off. He carefully picked up each piece and draped them over the forward dinghy seat. A quick search of the beach revealed that nothing had been left behind. It didn't hurt to see if his caterer had cleaned up properly as well. Satisfied with his results he rowed back out to the yacht. Soon everyone looked pretty much the same as when they left the club. Reg ordered Bomber to weigh anchor and the vessel spun round on her keel and headed back out to sea. About half way back, Derek woke up and sensed the vessel was under way back to port. He made his way back up the companion way steps to discover he was the only one naked.

"You know those dreams you have about going to school and you're the only one in class with no clothes on? Is this one of them?", asked Derek looking about for his clothes. The group laughed and Mark told him to look in the hanging locker next to his berth.

It wasn't long before the yacht club appeared and the Star Gazer arrived at her home dock. After tying up, Bomber immediately went to check in with his coach. Mark called after him to tell him that if he could, to meet them back at their hotel for a late lunch. Reg locked up the boat and joined the three on the dock. As they passed by the clubhouse, Bomber came running out and caught up to them, "Listen guys, you go on ahead. Coach wants me to go out with the team in about an

hour and practice a certain routine. I'll catch ya later." This suited everyone fine.

*to be continued.....*

# Peace



# ROLAND S. DELL MEMORIAL AWARD

**A MEMORIAL TO "ROLY" DELL WHO DEVOTED HIMSELF TO  
SCOUTING AND ROVERS UNSELFISHLY FOR OVER 30 YEARS.**

The Roland S. Dell Memorial Award is presented annually to the Rover, Rover Advisor or **Rover Crew** who renders service of an outstanding nature at any level of Scouting or community work. The award is administered by The Ontario Rover Round Table and is limited to presently active members of Ontario Rovering.

A gift of \$100.00 will be granted to the recipient for donation to the Scouting charity of their choice upon approval by O.R.R.T. executive. A perpetual trophy is inscribed with the recipient's name and remains the property of the O.R.R.T. A keeper plaque is given as a memento of receiving this award.

The screening committee consists of three previous award recipients. In the case of a crew award, that crew will choose a delegate. Nominations are accepted up to December 31st for presentation in April. Nominations will stand for a further two consecutive years and may be updated if the nominator wishes.

## Requirements:

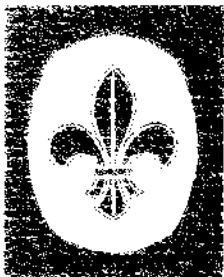
The nominated party must be currently registered in Scouting and have rendered noteworthy service to Rovering, Scouting in general and some service to youth outside scouting.

Consideration should be given to the nominee's position and the corresponding opportunity to render outstanding service beyond normal expectations.

Note: The nomination is confidential. To avoid possible disappointment, please do not advise the nominee in any way of your action on their behalf.

## HONOURED WITH PREVIOUS R.S. DELL AWARDS

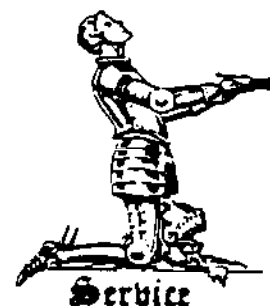
1982 - 37th Hamilton Co-ed Rovers  
1983 - Ben Warren, 1st Niagara, Sir Isaac Brock Crew  
1984 - Sue Emond, 1st Dixie Rover Crew  
1985 - Timothy Halford, 75th Windsor  
1986 - James Simmons, BP Rover Crew  
1987 - Bohdan Mykolyn, Hamilton  
1988 - Don Sitter, 9th Kitchener  
1989 - Skip Reynolds, Kincardine  
1990 - Bob & Jane Graham, 75th Windsor  
1991 - Verna Dell, 37th Hamilton  
1992 - Stuart Murchie, 1st Burford







# ROLAND S. DELL MEMORIAL AWARD



To the R.S. Dell Memorial Award Committee

Dear Rovers:

It is an honour to present for your consideration for the R.S.Dell Memorial Award.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Nominee is currently registered in Scouting as;

\_\_\_\_\_ at \_\_\_\_\_.

Name of Nominator: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Date; \_\_\_\_\_

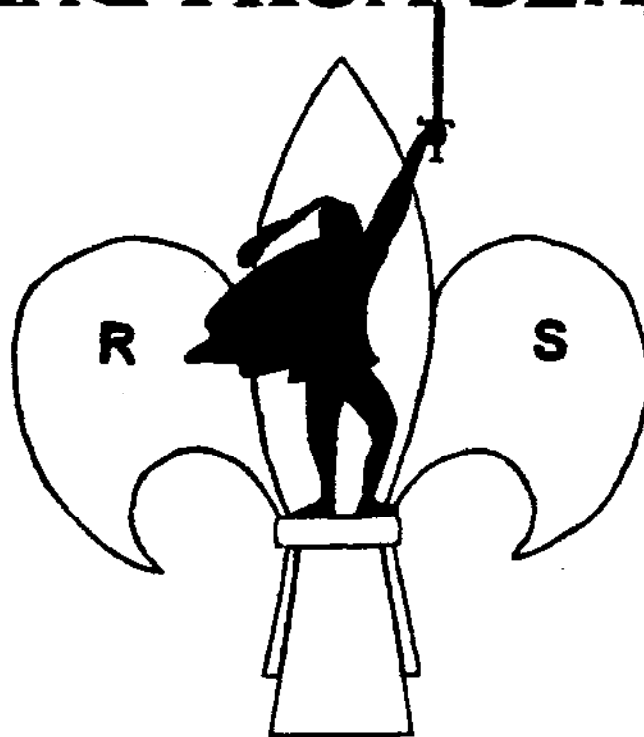
Signature of Nominator

Please explain on a separate sheet(s) why you feel the nominee should receive the award, noting, Scouting, community and personal achievements.

Send completed applications to:

R.S. Dell Memorial Award  
c/o Ontario Rover Round Table Secretary  
Scouts Canada  
9 Jackes Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario. M4T 1E2

# **EH, CANADIAN PROVINCIAL MOOT "ROVERING FROM SEA TO SEA"**



## **INFORMATION PACKAGE**

**October 3, 1993**



**Eh Canadian Provincial Moot, P.O. Box 337, Burford, Ontario, Canada N0E 1A0**

**Rovering from Sea to Sea  
August 26 to September 4, 1994  
Woodland Trails Scout Camp  
Aurora, Ontario**



Eh Canadian Provincial Moot, P.O. Box 337, Burford, Ontario, Canada N0E 1A0

## CAMP CHIEF'S LETTER

Salutations,

Thanks for your interest in EH, CANADIAN PROVINCIAL MOOT - "ROVERING FROM SEA TO SEA". I am very pleased to hear that you are hoping to attend our Moot and very proud of what we have to offer.

In the attached Information Package, you will find descriptions of everything from 3-Day Expeditions to Service Projects to Nightly Entertainment. Perhaps most important of all, though, this Moot will provide an opportunity for you to meet Rovers from all across Canada and all around the world.

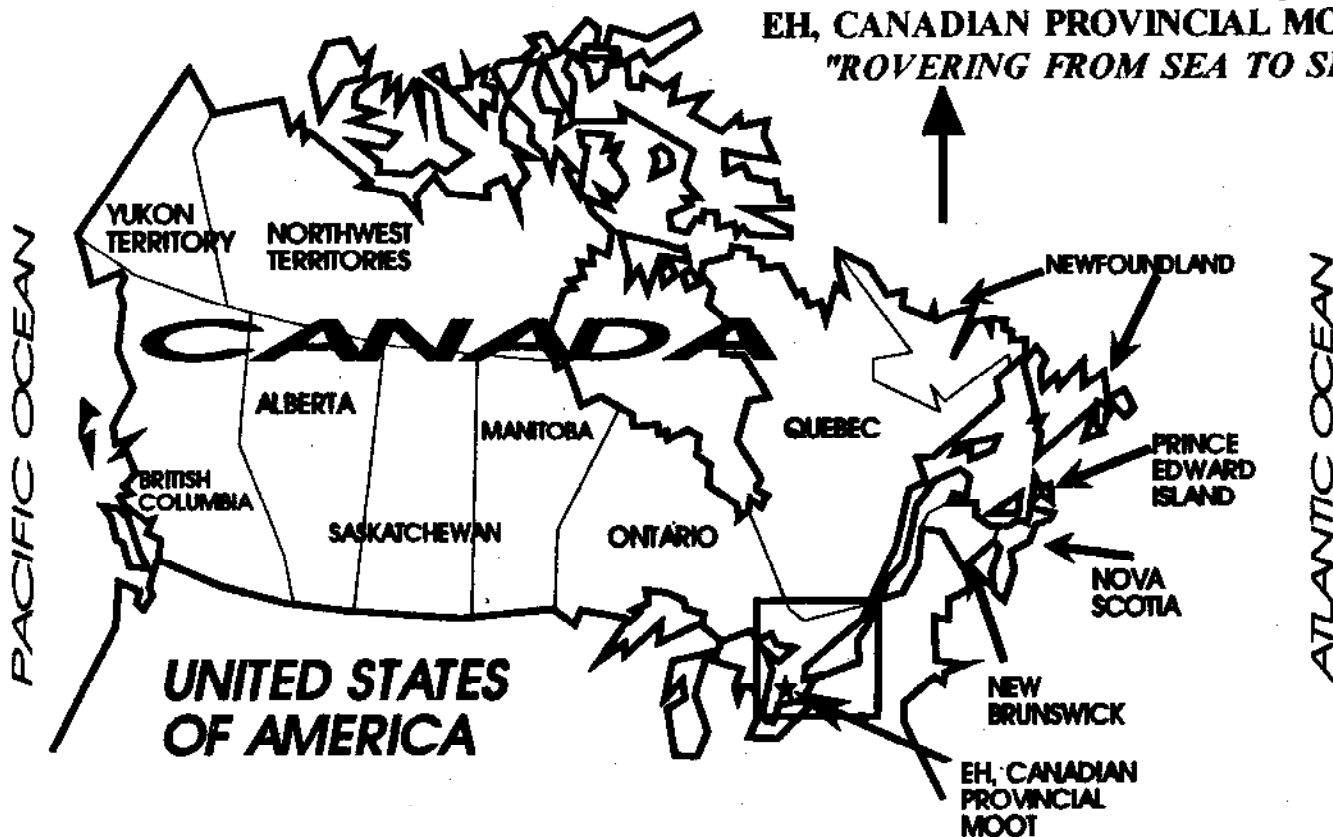
If you have any questions, please contact us, and if you know anyone else who would like information on our Moot, please have them contact us.

*See you there,*  
Yours in Scouting,  
Karen Madill

*Karen Madill*

Camp Chief

EH, CANADIAN PROVINCIAL MOOT  
"ROVERING FROM SEA TO SEA"



# **WOODLAND TRAILS**

## **THE SITE**

***EH, CANADIAN PROVINCIAL MOOT, "ROVERING FROM SEA TO SEA"*** will be held at Woodland Trails Scout Camp, a 275 acre, four season, forest & wildlife habitat with 16 tent villages & camping sites. All have clean, modern, outdoor washrooms, running water, picnic tables, and designated campfire areas. Some have covered kitchen/eating areas. The camp is wheelchair accessible and has kilometre-after-kilometre of marked nature & hiking trails, wilderness bush, an outdoor pool, and emergency telephones.

Woodland Trails is about 50 km/30 mi northeast of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, but is a very short distance from the towns of Newmarket & Aurora, where grocery & laundry facilities can be found.

Sunrise - 6:42 a.m.

Sunset - 7:54 p.m.

Average Daytime High Temperature - 24°C/75°F

Average Nighttime Low Temperature - 14°C/57°F

## **DATES**

***EH, CANADIAN PROVINCIAL MOOT, "ROVERING FROM SEA TO SEA"*** will begin Saturday, August 26, 1994 and will end Sunday, September 4, 1994. If you like, you can arrive as early as Friday the 25th at noon, but no Moot activities are scheduled until Saturday the 26th.

## **ELIGIBLE ATTENDEES**

Moot attendance is open to all Rovers, Venturers (17 or older, if accompanied by a Rover Crew), and all adult members of Scouting (ie... Leaders, members of B.P. Guilds, etc...).

## **FEES**

Although the fees are not yet set, they will include the following:

- 1) Shuttle Service (if needed) to & from major ports of entry (ie... Toronto's airport, train station, bus depot) on date of arrival and date of departure. To arrange for this free service, *please apply in advance.*
- 2) Program activities (except where noted).
- 3) Meal Plan ( qv )
- 4) Transportation to & from all off-site activities.
- 5) Neckerchief & crest.
- 6) Moot newspapers.
- 7) Liability & indemnity insurance.

\*\*\* The estimated price is \$300 in Canadian funds, not including your chosen Expedition.

## ACCOMMODATIONS

Enough tent villages & camping sites will be available for all who wish to attend. Simply bring all your own stuff. Drinking water will be near every campsite. We'll be providing shelter for the Expeditions, so *you won't have to pitch your tent thrice.*

Woodland Trails is wheelchair accessible. No sites will have water or electrical hookups.

A limited number of Sleeping Shelters with wooden walls, wooden floors and canvas roofs will be available. To obtain use of one, *you must apply in advance.* Priority will be on a *1st-registered=1st-served* basis, but consideration will also be given to people arriving via public transport(ie...plane, train, bus).

## MEAL PLAN

A Meal Plan, *designed with a nutritionist*, is included in the price of the Moot, since it will make scheduling and organization **MUCH** easier for *you & us*. We will cook & serve all of the meals, so all you'll have to bring to meals is a knife, fork, spoon, plate, bowl & mug. If, for dietary or health reasons, you require modifications to a normal diet, please notify us at the time of your registration and you will be accommodated.

## FIRST-AID & SECURITY

Trained First-Aid & Security Rovers will be on patrol around the clock to deal with any problems. As well, they will be linked to on-site First-Aid & Security Headquarters, who will, in turn, be linked to local Fire, Police, Ambulance & Hospital.

## SHUTTLE SERVICE

Shuttle Service on date of arrival and date of departure can be made available to & from all major ports of entry (ie... Toronto's airport, train station, bus depot). To arrange for this free service, please *apply in advance.*

## REGISTRATION

Registration packages will be available early in November 1993. More up-to-date activity information will be included, as will camp rules, camp & local maps, Moot Schedule, and request forms for Shuttle Service and Sleeping Shelters. Prices for Moot attendance ( including the Meal Plan ), and Expeditions will also be included.

Once fully registered, you will receive Confirmation of Registration from us.

For ease of sorting & organization - and to keep mailing costs low - we would ask members of the same crew to send their Registrations in one envelope. We will send mail to you likewise.

## **3-DAY EXPEDITIONS**

The EXPEDITIONS will generally provide a certain level of physical challenge and will run, concurrently, from Monday, August 29 to Wednesday, August 31. Once fully registered, you will receive registration confirmation and a 'kit list'. We will provide transportation, shelter, food, appropriate instructional & safety training, and alternate activities (in the case of insurmountable inclement weather). We will also provide experienced Expedition Leaders and certified First-Aiders with first-aid supplies.

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### **ADVANCED CANOEING**

This advanced Expedition will take place in the *beautiful*, 7600 km<sup>2</sup> / 2900 mi<sup>2</sup> Algonquin Provincial Park, about four hours northeast of the Moot. Algonquin is home to some 2500 lakes with 1600 km / 995 mi of lake & river canoe routes. It is mid-Ontario's *quintessential* canoeing/camping area. We will provide canoes, paddles & personal floatation devices (ie...lifejackets).

### **INTERMEDIATE CANOEING**

This Expedition for the less-experienced paddlers will consist of a relaxing trip down the Mattawa River, near North Bay, about four hours north of the Moot. One night will be spent in Samuel De Champlain Provincial Park and the second night will be spent a little further down river in Mattawa River Provincial Park. As with the advanced trip, we will provide canoes, paddles & personal floatation devices (ie...lifejackets).

### **BICYCLING**

This trip will take cyclists on a two-wheeled tour of southern Ontario, passing many historical, geographical, and just plain amusing landmarks. The Expedition will start in Guelph, about one hour west of the Moot, and will explore Mennonite country and the edge of the Niagara Escarpment. A support vehicle will accompany the Expedition to carry all gear and to help with mechanical & other problems, so all you'll have to do is *pedal*.

### **SCUBA DIVING**

This Expedition is open to all *certified* divers and will take place at Fathom Five National Marine Park at the tip of the Bruce Peninsula (Tobermory), between Georgian Bay & Lake Huron, about four-and-a-half hours northwest of the Moot. Fathom Five was declared a National Park for three primary reasons: 1) Its well-preserved natural beauty, 2) The number of explorable *shipwrecks* (at least twenty-one), and 3) the almost unmatched possibilities for *fun & safe* scuba diving. Participants will be provided with scuba equipment.

### **HIKING TOBERMORY**

Any interested hiker, from novice to expert, can take part in this Expedition, which will be held at Cyprus Lake Campground (Bruce National Park), about four-and-a-half hours northwest of the Moot. What makes this area so great for hiking, is that it runs along the most scenic & well-preserved section of the Niagara Escarpment. The United Nations has designated the Niagara Escarpment as a *World Biosphere Reserve*, thus giving it the same weighty recognition as the Galapagos Islands (Ecuador) and the Florida Everglades (USA). The Bruce Trail is renowned as *one of the world's finest hiking opportunities*. Be sure to pack light and bring good hiking boots.

## **HALIBURTON SCOUT RESERVE**

The emphasis here will be on *relaxation & comradeship*. Haliburton is a 5000-acre reserve that has 13 pristine lakes and is accessible only by water. You'll be afforded full use of the Reserve's facilities, which include canoeing, kayaking, sailing, swimming, fishing, row-bating, and even archery & rifle ranges. Also available is Survival & Tracking Training, Pioneering, Snorkelling, and Stargazing programs. This camp has clean outdoor washrooms, emergency telephones, an Emergency Medical Centre and a fully-stocked store. Haliburton Scout Reserve is about three-and-a-half hours northeast of the Moot. Enjoy *quiet campfires, breath-taking scenery, and a snail's pace*.

## **CLIMBING/REPELLING**

This Expedition is being designed for participants of all proficiency levels, and will take place in the Mount Nemo area, on the Niagara Escarpment, about an hour or so southwest of the Moot. Safety & instructional training will be provided, as will all necessary equipment. You'll need to bring climbing or hiking boots.

## **WHITEWATER KAYAKING**

This Expedition will be run by a professional Whitewater Kayaking Tour company on the Ottawa River, near Pembroke, Ontario, about six hours northeast of the Moot. Participants must have some canoeing or kayaking experience. The Ottawa River was probably first travelled by Europeans - Brûlé, Cartier & Champlain - in about the year 1610 and remained a main route for Canada's fur trade until about 1820.

## **WHITEWATER RAFTING**

This Expedition will be put on by a professional Whitewater Rafting company on the *legendary* Ottawa River, just south of Pembroke, about five-and-a-half hours northeast of the Moot. No previous experience is required - all you need is a keen sense of adventure. *Be prepared for the ride of your life.*

## **WHITEWATER CANOEING**

Prepare yourself for a *truly* challenging Expedition down the French River, about seven hours north of the Moot. How challenging? We recommend that you hold Standard First-Aid certification & a Level Two Canoeing Charge. You should also be in good physical condition, and we suggest some previous whitewater experience. The French River's rocky shores are a maze of channels & bays which proved challenging for voyageurs & fur traders for over 200 years. If you're looking for sheer whitewater excitement, *you've found it!*

## **OTTAWA POT POURRI**

This sightseeing trip will consist of historical tours and visits to many local sights. Ottawa is the Capital City of our proud nation, and is jammed full of politically, historically, and culturally significant attractions including Canada's Parliament Buildings, The Mile of History, The National Gallery, The Canadian Museum of Civilization, The National Museum of Natural Sciences, The Canadian War Museum, The National Museum of Science & Technology, The National Arts Centre, The Royal Canadian Mint, and *much, much more!* Rapids & falls punctuate Ottawa and its neighbour - Hull, Quebec - along the Ottawa, Rideau & Gatineau Rivers and the Rideau Canal. Ottawa is about four-and-a-half hours northeast of the Moot.

## **MONTREAL POT POURRI**

This Pot Pourri will take you on a captivating tour of the culturally rich city of Montreal, in *la belle province du Quebec*. The Island of Montreal is the centre of Francophone culture in North America and was host to the 1976 Olympic Games. The tours will be hosted & conducted by the Quebec Rover Round Table who promise that everyone will come away with a new-found *joie de vivre*. Montreal is undeniably *one of the most romantic cities in the entire World*, and is about five-and-a-half hours east-northeast of the Moot.

## **NIAGARA POT POURRI**

This sightseeing tour will include visits to the Niagara Wine Region, Marineland Amusement Park, and possibly even a play at, either, the Shaw Theatrical Festival or the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. Of course, a day will be spent at the actual Falls. Niagara Falls is one of the "*Seven Great Natural Wonders of the World*", and "*The Honeymoon Capitol of the World*". Tours may include a tunnel *behind* the Falls, a boat ride that comes very close to the *bottom* of the Falls, and even a helicopter ride that goes *above* the Falls. Many other attractions are well worth seeing.

This area is also one of Canada's richest historical regions, having been the site of almost half of the *War of 1812*. Many battles were fought at nine different locations in this small, but strategically significant area.

## **HOUSEBOATING**

You'll enjoy three days of rest & relaxation aboard a chartered houseboat on the 388 km/240 mi Trent-Severn Waterway which includes several rivers and lakes, man-made canals, two marine railways, and locks (covering a total vertical distance of 260 metres/853 feet, including North America's highest hydraulic-lift lock).

# **HALF-DAY & FULL-DAY ACTIVITIES**

Some of these activities will take place on-site at Woodland Trails, while some will take place off-site, but nearby. These activities generally will not require any previous experience. As with the Expeditions, we will provide transportation, appropriate instructional & safety training, and alternate activities (in the case of insurmountable inclement weather). Most of these activities will take place more than once and *none will run concurrent with the 3-Day Expeditions*, so you'll be able to take in several of them. Except where noted, all supplies will be provided for you.

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## **SIGN LANGUAGE**

Instruction in American Standard Sign Language will be offered.

## **OUTFITTING**

This will be presented by a major Toronto outfitting supplier and will explore the *how's & why's* of selecting different types of equipment for different types of activities (ie...cycling, hiking, climbing, canoeing).

## **CAMPFIRE MUSICIANS' WORKSHOP**

This workshop will cover a *lot of musical ground*, all the way from finding suitable songs to presenting the actual performance. You'll find out how to package your songs, what you should take to the campfire, how & why you should 'network' with other campfire musicians, how to cut down on 'dead time' between songs, and how to keep from losing your voice during even the longest campfires. There will also be a segment on learning to change the key of a song to suit your voice. This workshop will not focus on any one style of music and will allow for input from all participants. All you'll need is an instrument or voice, a fundamental knowledge, and the desire to make *every* campfire a *great* campfire.

## **COLEMAN REPAIR WORKSHOP**

*The Coleman Company* will offer instruction on maintenance & repair of stoves, lanterns, etc...

## **PHOTOGRAPHY**

The emphasis here will be on *photo composition* and will probably include a display of photos taken during the Moot.



## **HAM RADIO**

A drop-in centre and hands-on demonstrations will be presented.

## **SILK-SCREENING**

This workshop will include instruction covering the entire silk-screening process and will also include the opportunity to try screening onto one of your own shirts with a preexisting screen.

## **NATIVE CANADIAN ARTS & ARTIFACTS**

There will be an examination of the history & the role of Native Canadian Arts & Artifacts as well as a chance to try your hand at creating similar works.

## **RIFLING & ARCHERY**

Instructional & safety training will be provided before you actually get a chance to fire the weapons. We may even have a contest.

## **SCUBA DIVING**

Basic instruction & shallow diving will be included. Certification will not be required or awarded, but participants will have the opportunity to try scuba diving before deciding to sign-up for an expensive course at home.

## **CAVING & REPELLING**

Basic training & safety instruction will be provided, as will the opportunity to try out these newly acquired skills or to polish up on old ones.

## **MOUNTAIN BIKING**

Basic instruction in bicycle maintenance & safety will be provided, as will some very good riding trails.

## **GLIDING/SOARING**

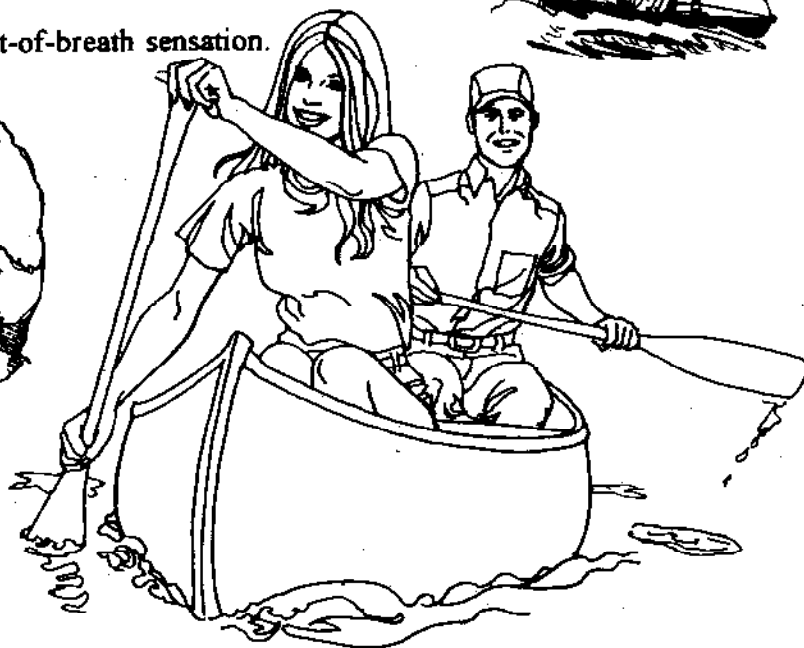
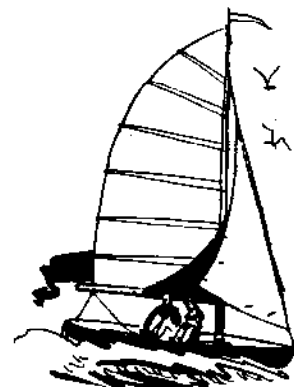
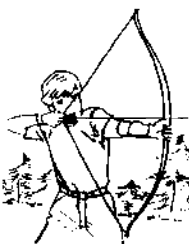
This event will include instruction & flying time.

## **SAILING**

Instruction & chartered boats will be provided.

## **SQUARE DANCING**

You'll get instruction, lots of fun, and an out-of-breath sensation.



### **DAY TRIPS TO TORONTO**

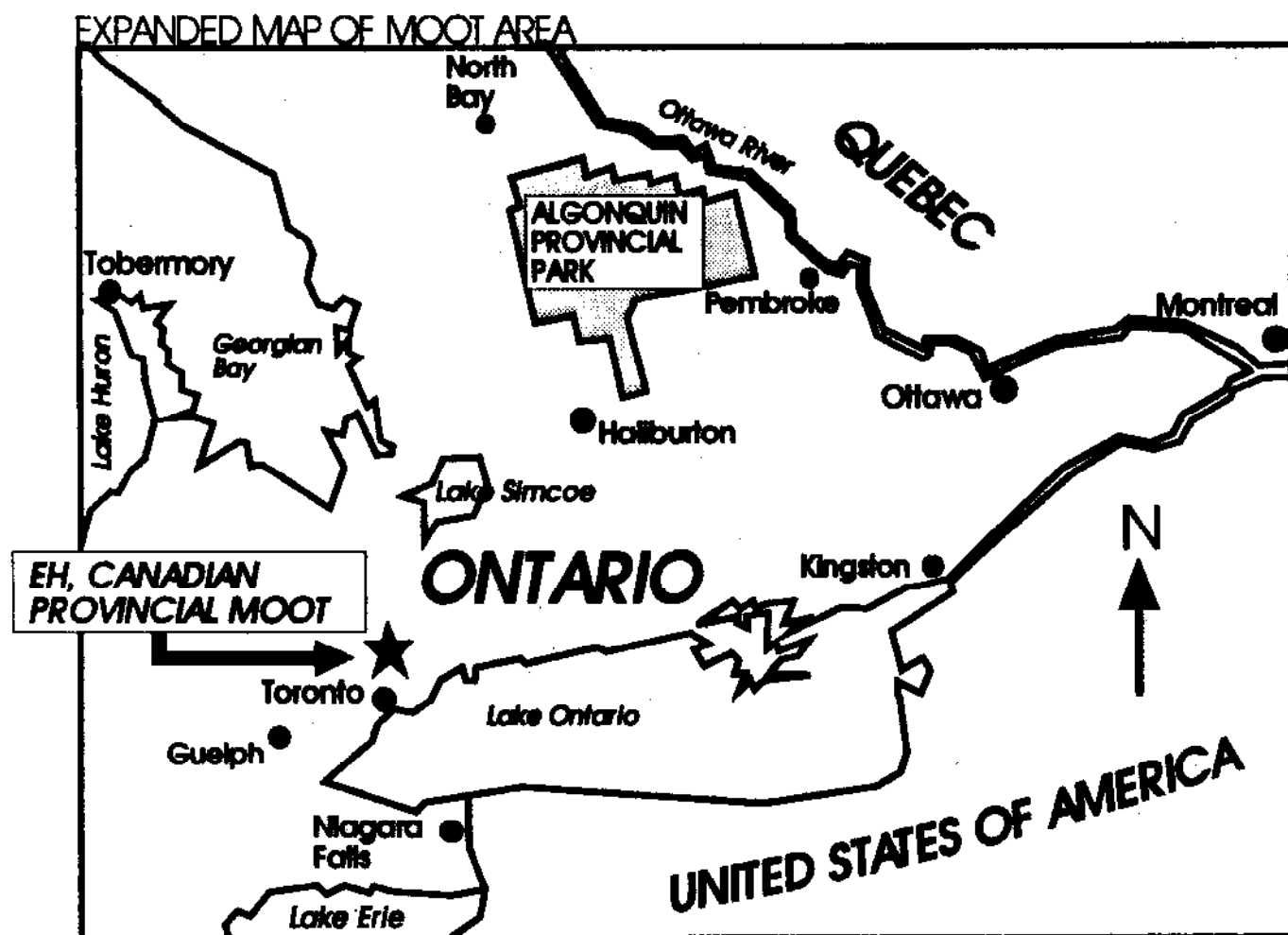
Toronto is the Capitol City of the Province of Ontario and is home to *hundreds* of cultural, historical, scientific, entertainment, sports, and shopping centres.

### **TORONTO BLUE JAYS BASEBALL GAME**

You'll have a chance to see the *1992 World Series Champions* play in Skydome. Since the 54,000 seat Skydome opened in June 1989, almost every Blue Jays game has been sold out. Skydome has the *World's Largest Retractable Roof*(207 metres) and is right next to the CN Tower, the *World's Tallest Free-Standing Structure*(553 metres).

### **TORONTO NIGHT-LIFE**

Movies, live theatre, comedy, live music, dancing, *etc...*, *etc...*, *etc...*



Rovering from Sea to Sea  
August 26 to September 4, 1994  
Woodland Trails Scout Camp  
Aurora, Ontario



**DISCOVER  
A NEW  
HORIZON...**

**SET  
SAIL FOR**

**"ROVERING SEA TO SEA"**

**AUGUST 26, 1994  
TO  
SEPTEMBER 4, 1994**