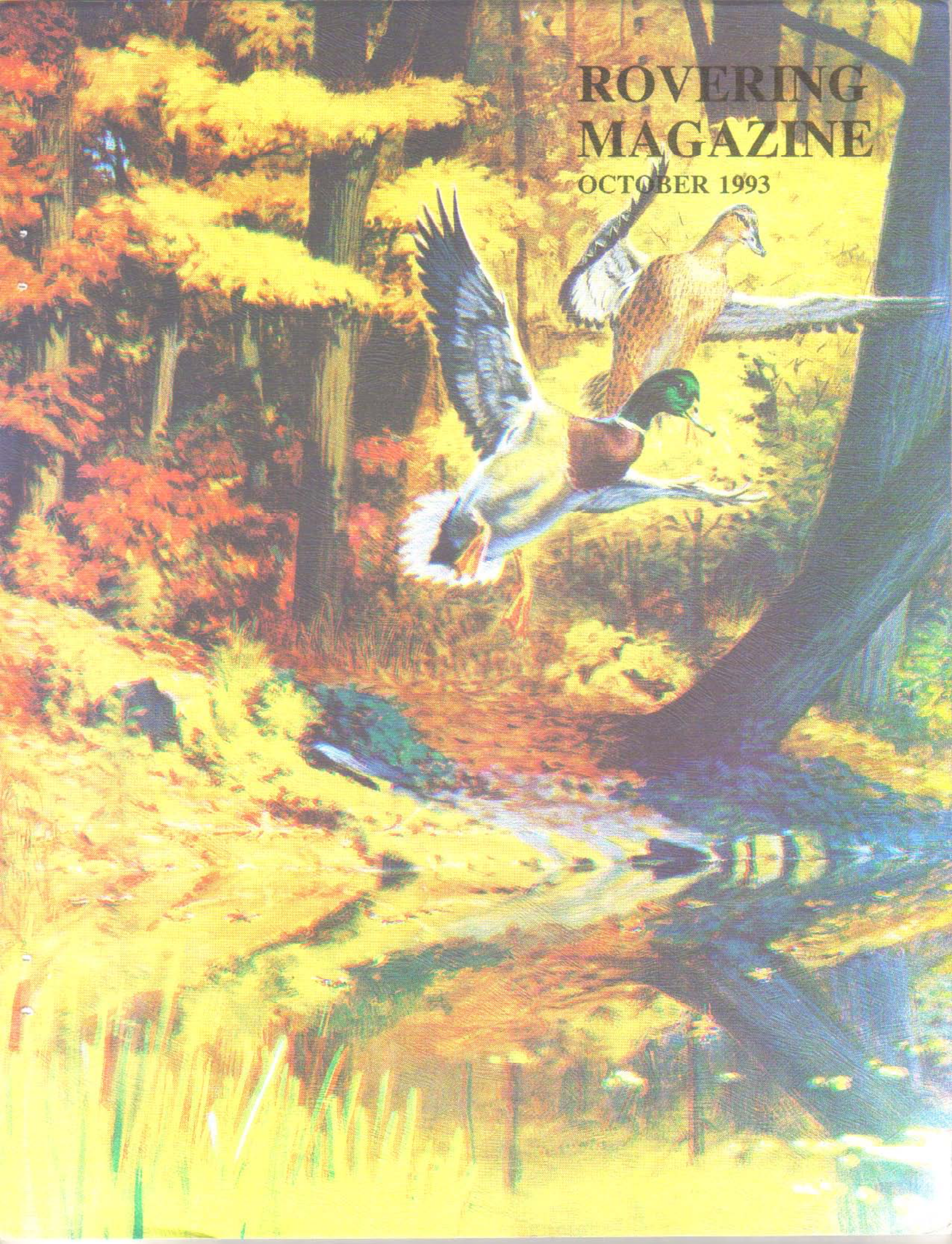


# ROVERING MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1993







## SUBSCRIPTION & ACCOUNTS

1873 Earlwood Street  
Cambridge, Ontario  
Canada, N3H 5A4  
tel:(519) 653-8288 fax:(519) 658-1359

## PRINTING & ARTICLE SUBMISSIONS

45 Islington Avenue,  
Kitchener, Ontario,  
Canada, N2B 1P3  
tel: (519) 745-6320

## 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.

\*\*\*\*\*

## 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.

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

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.

\*\*\*\*\*

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

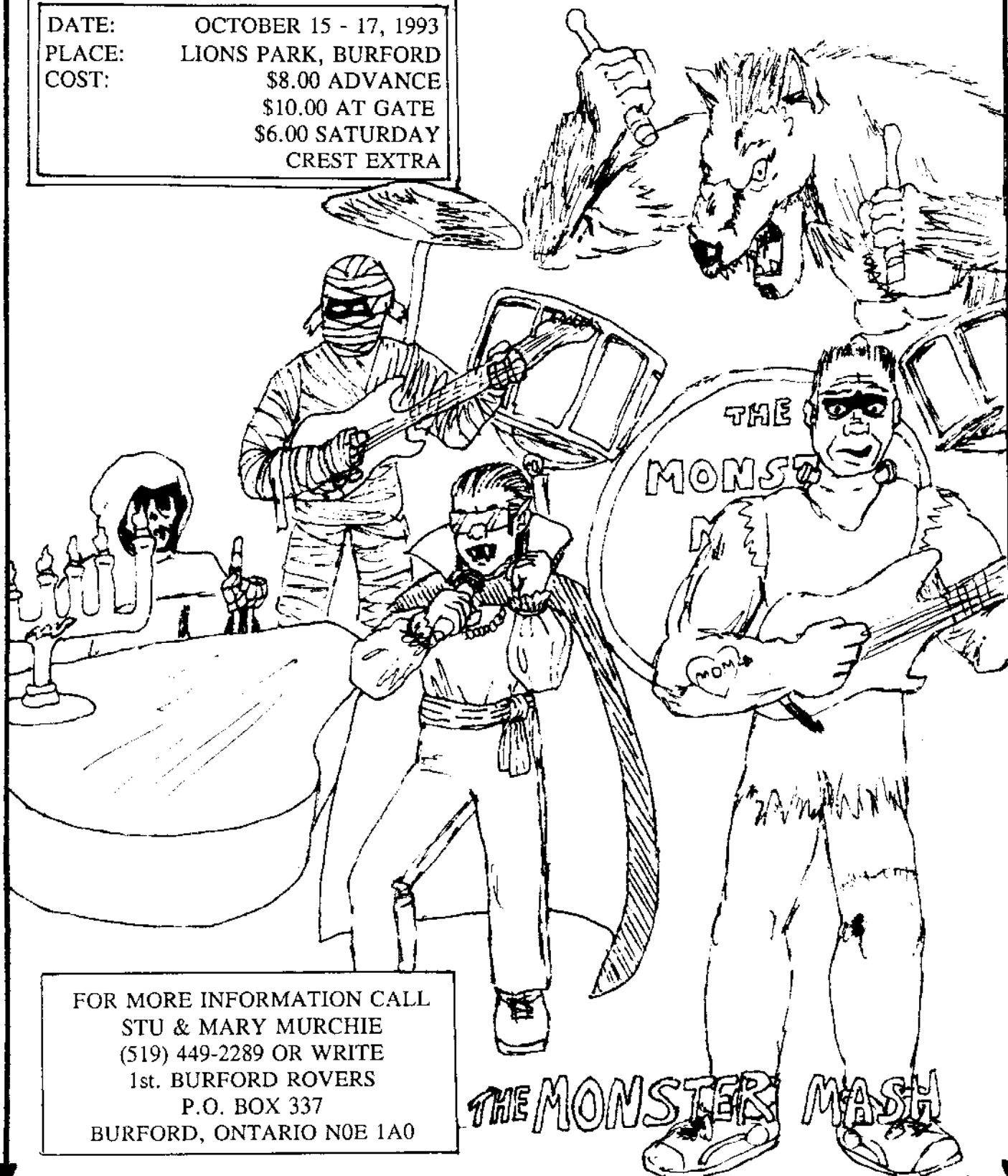
	1 yr	2 yr	3 yr
Canada	\$11.00	\$20.00	\$29.00
U.S.A.	\$12.00	\$22.00	\$32.00
Abroad	\$20.00	\$38.00	\$56.00

Payable in Canadian funds to Rovering Magazine

1st. BURFORD ROVERS, 38th ST. MARKS & FRIENDS PRESENTS  
THE 13th ANNUAL

# HALLOWEEN MOOT

DATE: OCTOBER 15 - 17, 1993  
PLACE: LIONS PARK, BURFORD  
COST: \$8.00 ADVANCE  
\$10.00 AT GATE  
\$6.00 SATURDAY  
CREST EXTRA



FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL  
STU & MARY MURCHIE  
(519) 449-2289 OR WRITE  
1st. BURFORD ROVERS  
P.O. BOX 337  
BURFORD, ONTARIO N0E 1A0

# ***HALLOWE'EN MOOT 1993***

Presented by 1st BURFORD ROVERS past and present  
and 38th ST. MARK'S and FRIENDS

## **Friday, October 15th**

12:00 Noon	Registration opens
5:00 p.m.	Supper
8:30 p.m.	Variety Entertainment
12:00 Mid.	Bonfire & Bedtime Stories
2:00 a.m.	Curfew

## **Sunday, October 17th**

10:00 a.m.	Rover's Own
11:30 a.m.	Closing & Awards

## **Saturday, October 16th**

9:00 a.m.	Official Camp Opening
9:45 a.m.	Group Events
12:15 p.m.	Lunch
1;30 p.m.	Car Rally & Crew Events
3:00 p.m.	Demonstrations/Displays
5:00 p.m.	Supper
8:00 p.m.	Form in parking lot for dance
8:30 p.m.	Costume Dance
1:00 a.m.	Bonfire
2:00 a.m.	Curfew

Variety Entertainment: Participate in Air band contest, skits and the unexpected to get points

Bedtime Stories: Tell us a good ghost story around the campfire and you'll get more points

Car Rally: Waiver forms will be available at registration immediately after opening

Dance: Prizes will be awarded for best costumes. The dance will be held in a heated hall in town; directions will be supplied. An alternative is available.

Jack O' Lantern Carving:

Vegetables will be distributed upon arrival at the moot (one per group). Carved vegetables must be turned in at registration by 10:00 p.m. Saturday. Vegetables will be judged and points will go towards the main trophy.

General Information:

A tractor with trailer will be provided to haul gear to the campsites. All groups come self-contained. There are a limited number of motorized camper sites available, please preregister and prepay if you would like one.

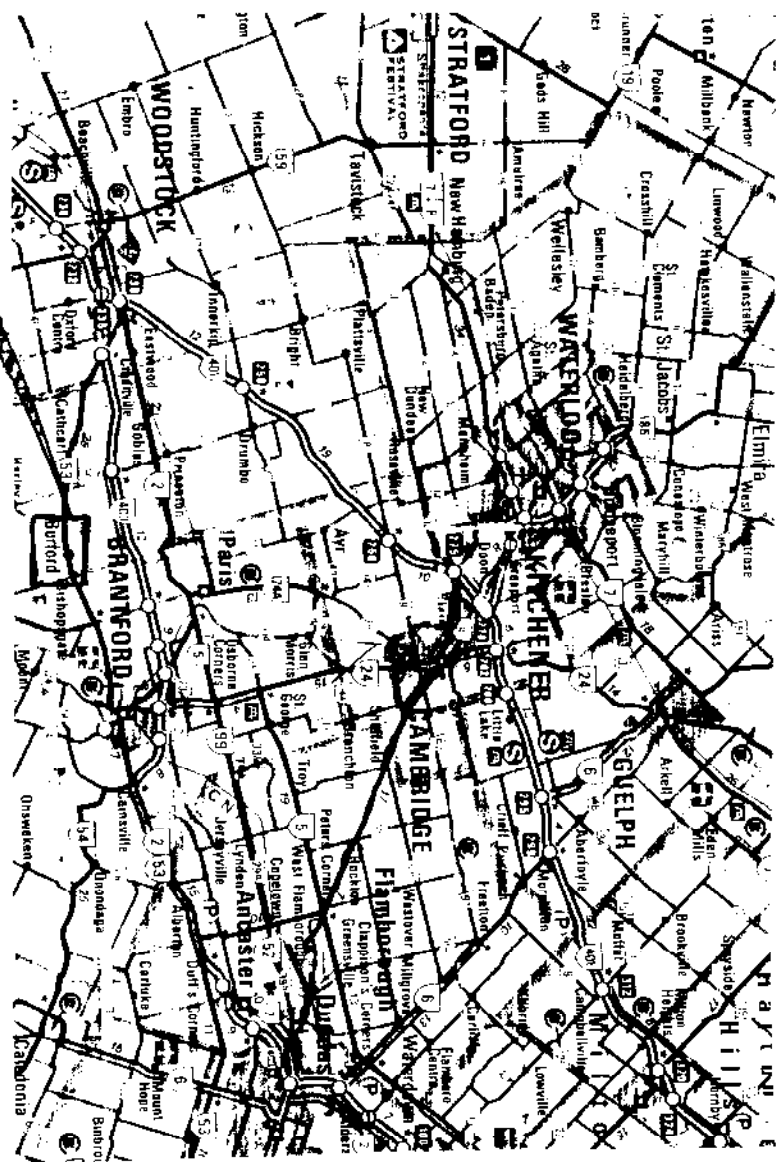
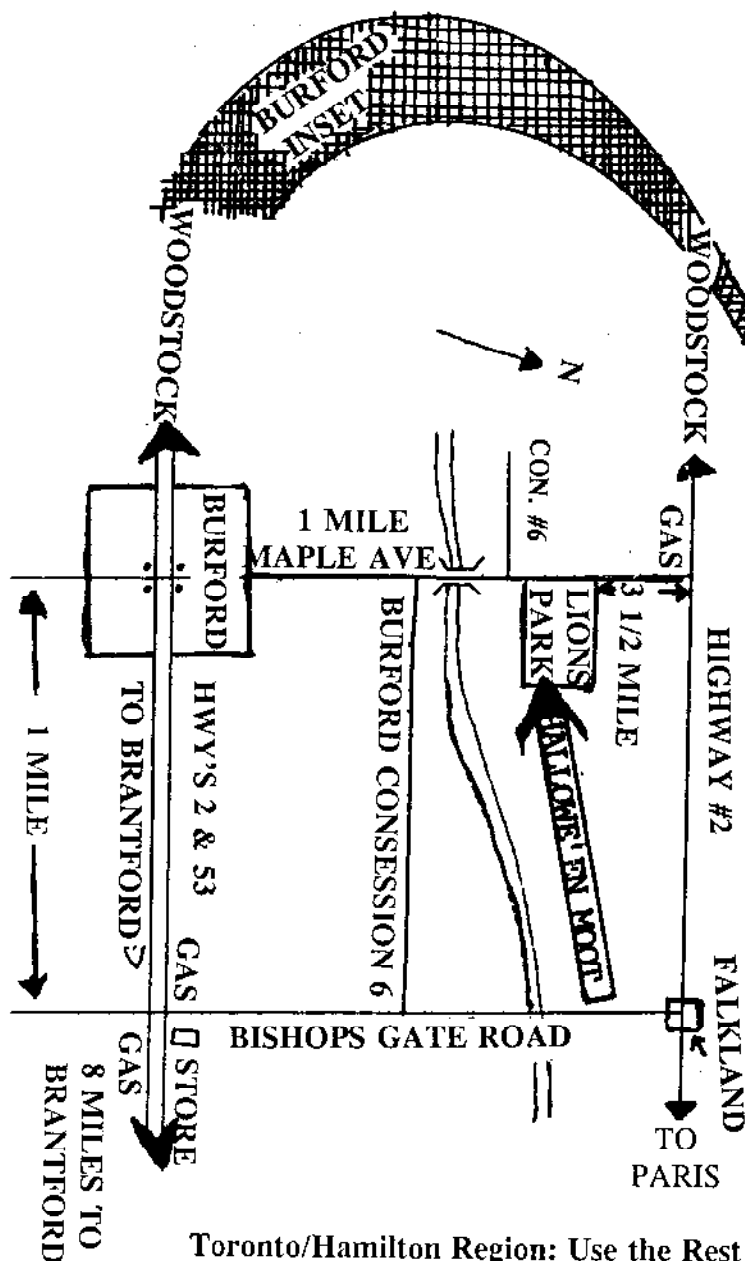
There will be a canteen selling hot and cold beverages, fresh doughnuts and snacks, in the pavilion.

A Saturday lunch will be provided. Including day registration. Crests are not included in the cost of day registration.

The main Moot Trophy will be awarded to the group with the most points at the end of the weekend. The trophy will be engraved accordingly.

### **RULES AND REGULATIONS**

1. All Rover and Ranger rules will be in effect.
2. Anyone found consuming, in possession of, or under the influence of alcoholic beverages or drugs while taking part in camp activities, risk arrest and the immediate expulsion of their entire group from camp.
3. Cutting of live trees will not be tolerated, wood will be provided.
4. NO GROUND FIRES! Fires must be eighteen (18) inches above ground.
5. The staff of *Hallowe'en Moot* are not responsible for lost, stolen or damaged articles.
6. The moot is open to all registered Rovers and Explorers. Rangers and Venturers are welcome.
7. Rangers wishing to attend must obtain private sanction.
8. Venturers must be sponsored by a registered Rover crew. Sponsoring crew and Venturer company must camp beside each other. Rover crew is responsible for all members in attendance. Problems from either group could result in immediate expulsion of both groups from camp without refund. Both groups should participate in weekend activities together.
9. All members of sections attending *Hallowe'en Moot* should be 16 years of age or over.
10. Car permits will be issued upon arrival. Permits must be shown when entering/exiting moot. Vehicles parked on site must stay on site. Sites assigned upon arrival



Toronto/Hamilton Region: Use the Rest Acres off-ramp on HWY 403  
 London/Windsor Region: Use HWY #401 to #403 to #53 east

**PREREGISTRATION FORM:**

Name of Crew, Company or Post: \_\_\_\_\_

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

(Please use postal or zip code) \_\_\_\_\_

Name of responsible adult attending camp: \_\_\_\_\_

Number attending: Weekend \_\_\_\_\_ Day \_\_\_\_\_

Registration fee: \$8.00 advance (prepaid and postmarked by October 2nd)  
 \$10.00 at the gate; after October 2nd  
 \$6.00 day rate: CREST EXTRA

Please enclose a list of the names of those attending.

Cheques Payable to: HALLOWE'EN MOOT

Send to: 1st Burford Rovers  
 P.O. Box #337  
 Burford, Ontario  
 Canada N0E 1A0

Any Problems or Questions?  
 Please call...

Stu or Mary Murchie (519) 449-2289



# EVENTS CALENDAR

OCT. 1993

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1	2 magazine is printed
3 Magazine is collated & prepared for mailing	4	5	6	7	8 to 11th CAMP RENDAYZEUS, CAMP HUGHES, PRINCE GEORGE B.C.	9 8TH, 9, 10, 11 CANADIAN THANKSGIVING JURASSIC PARK MOOT QUEBEC, CONTACT TEL: (514) 684-8758 (514) 696-6652
10	11 THANKSGIVING	12	13 FRAZER VALLEY ROVER BASIC, CAMP McLEAN B.C.	14	15 to 17 Halloween Moot Burford, Ontario	16 & 17 The 36th Jamboree-On-The-Air (Jola)
17	18	19	20 FRAZER VALLEY ROVER BASIC CAMP McLEAN B.C.	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

# EVENTS CALENDAR

NOVEMBER 1993

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	1	2	3	4	5	6 OCTEMBERFEST ETOBICOKE ONTARIO (see ad)
7 SEND ARTICLES NOW FOR DECEMBER ISSUE OF ROVERING MAGAZINE	8	9	10	11 BC.RRT AGM ELECTIONS	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27 & 28 CHRISTMAS FROLIC '93 AURORA, ONT. *MAGAZINE IS PRINTED
28 MAGAZINE IS COLLATED & MAILED	29	30				



# EVENTS CALENDAR

DECEMBER 1993

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1	2	3	4 MEDIEVAL FEAST B.C.
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25 CHRISTMAS DAY
26 BOXING DAY	27	28	29	30	31	



THE  
EDITOR

**GOD PUT ME ON EARTH  
TO ACCOMPLISH A CERTAIN  
NUMBER OF THINGS  
RIGHT NOW I AM SO FAR BEHIND  
I WILL NEVER DIE!**

**DANCING**

**EIN PROSIT**

*The 2nd Etobicoke Regnant Rovers  
Present*

# **OCTEMBER FEST CELEBRATION**

**AUTHENTIC GERMAN FOOD!**

**GERMAN  
REFRESHMENTS**

- *Saturday, November 6, 1993*
- *at the Water Activity Centre (the W.A.C.)*
- *\$10 with meal ticket in advance*
- *\$6 at the door (no meal)*
- *Doors open at 6:00 pm.*
- *Dinner at 6:30 pm.*
- *Dance at 8:00 pm.*

**GEMUTLICHKEIT**

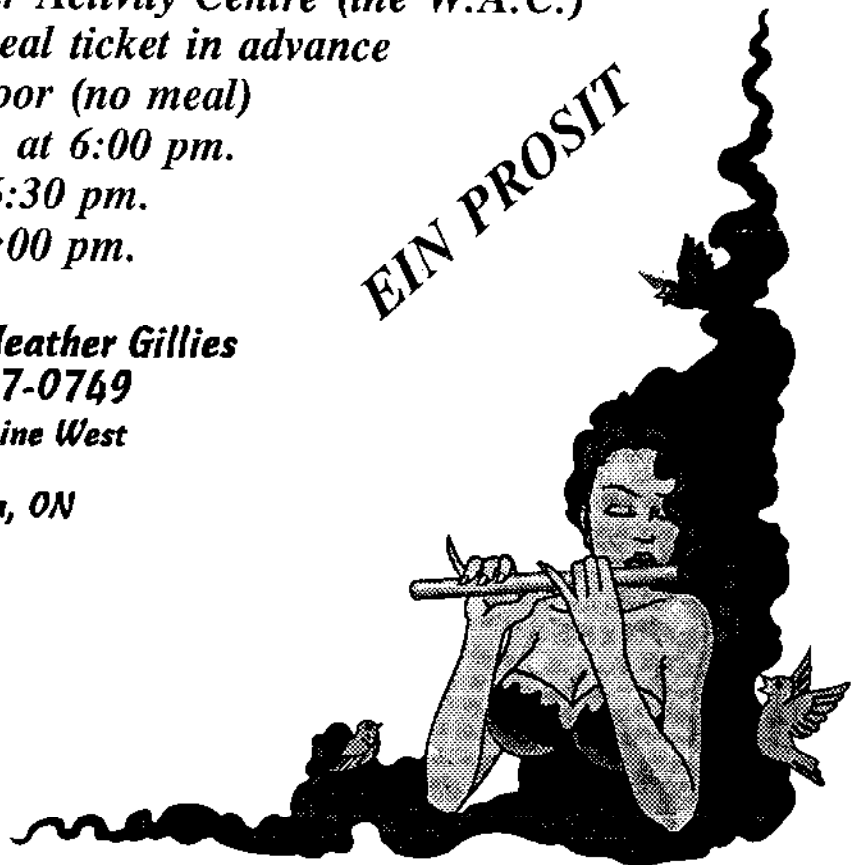
**EIN PROSIT**

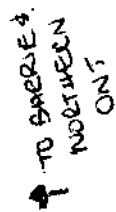
**Contact: Heather Gillies**  
**(416) 607-0749**  
**3100 5th Line West**  
**Unit #68**  
**Mississauga, ON**  
**L5L 5V5**

**DANCING**

**L.L.B.O.**

(Proof of age required)





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KITCHENER!

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401  
404

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BURLFORD  
ST. CATHERINE

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GREENWOOD  
DAVE TRACTOR

AST  
BUDGES  
BAM

WATER FRONT  
ACTIVITY  
CENTRE

Parking

LAXE ONTARIO

PLEASE CALL  
HEATHER  
@ 607-0749  
OR  
PETER  
@ 456-3992  
IF NEEDED

||||| PARKING



This issue is dedicated with thanks to the  
3rd. Aurora Nomad Rover Crew

## **UPCOMING** **EVENTS**

### **ONTARIO**

#### **OCTOBER**

15 TO 17  
HALLOWE'EN MOOT  
(see ad)

16 to 17  
36th JAMBOREE-ON-THE-AIR

#### **NOVEMBER**

OCTOBERFEST CELEBRATION  
Saturday November 6  
by 2nd Etobicoke Regnant Rovers  
contact; Heather Gillies  
(416) 607-0749  
(see ad)

27 & 28  
3rd. Aurora  
CHRISTMAS FROLIC '93  
(see ad)

#### **DECEMBER**

25  
CHRISTMAS  
26  
BOXING DAY

#### **JANUARY**

1  
NEW YEAR'S DAY

#### **FEBRUARY**

SNOWBALL MOOT

22  
B.P.'S BIRTHDAY

#### **APRIL**

LOONEY TUNES MOOT  
ST. GEORGE'S DINNER & DANCE

### **B.C. Rovering**

#### **September**

25  
Vancouver Canuck's Tickets  
go on sale!

24 -26  
Camp Mardi Gras  
Camp McLean, Langley  
Lance Dinahan Ph: 597-8103 (for a good  
time call)

#### **October**

8 - 11  
Camp RendayZeus  
Camp Hughes, Prince George  
Katherine Jaye Ph: 563-8619

13, 20  
Fraser Valley Rover Basic  
Camp McLean  
Gord Ph:420-6195

**November**

13  
BCRRT AGM/Elections  
Provincial Scout Office 12:00 Noon  
250 Willingdon Ave, Bby  
Paul Mozsar Ph: 420-6195

**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

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## ***LETTERS TO THE EDITOR***

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KR SMOKE BLACKLOCK  
BOX 27  
DARWELL AB  
TOE OLO

29 AUGUST 93

ROVERING MAGAZINE  
45 ISLINGTON AVE  
KITCHENER ON.  
N2B 1T3

DEAR EDITOR;

ONCE AGAIN I SEE  
QUESTIONNAIRES BEING  
DISTRIBUTED TO ROVERS AND HEAR  
TALK OF MORE CONFERENCES OR  
STUDIES OF WHAT IS WRONG WITH  
ROVERING.

IN MY OPINION, THERE ARE  
TWO MAJOR THINGS WRONG. THE  
FIRST IS THAT THERE IS A GREAT  
DEAL OF MISINFORMATION ABOUT  
ROVERS BEING FED TO  
COMMISSIONERS, COUNCILS AND  
NATIONAL. EVERYBODY HAS HEARD  
THESE HORROR STORIES AND USE  
THEM TO PULL THE ROVER SECTION  
DOWN. THE SECOND THING IS THAT  
MANY OF OUR OWN MEMBERS TRY  
TO LIVE UP TO THIS SAME IMAGE

WHICH GIVES MORE FUEL TO THE ONES WHO ARE PROPOSING TO KILL ROVERING.

IF WE WANT ROVERS TO SURVIVE WE MUST DO SOMETHING TO COUNTER BOTH OF THESE PROBLEMS. WE MUST POLICE OUR OWN ACTIONS AT ALL TIMES IN ORDER TO PRESENT AN IMAGE OF OUR BEST SELF TO THOSE IN SCOUTING AND THE PUBLIC. THE IMAGE OF THE HARD DRINKING, SQUIRE ABUSING, ALWAYS LATE ROVER MUST BE A THING OF THE PAST WITHOUT EVEN JOKING ABOUT IT. I KNOW A COMMISSIONER WHO BELIEVES THAT A SQUIRE BRUSHES HIS SPONSORS TEETH TWICE DAILY. IT WAS JUST A JOKE BUT HIS MIND IS MADE UP THAT IT IS A SQUIRES DUTY.

WE MUST ALSO FORGET ABOUT QUIET SERVICE AND PUBLICIZE OUR SERVICE TO OFFSET THE FALSE IMAGE. DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY HOURS OF SERVICE TO SCOUTING WAS DONE THIS YEAR BY YOUR CREW? DOES YOUR COMMISSIONER KNOW? HOW ABOUT COMMUNITY SERVICE. ADD ALL THE HOURS AND INCLUDE THIS AS PART OF YOUR ANNUAL REPORT TO YOUR SPONSOR. ARE ALUMNI MEMBERS ACTIVE AS SCOUTERS? GET THEM TO TELL THE COMMISSIONER.

WHEN YOU GO TO A JAMBOREE, AS AN OFFER OF SERVICE OR SCOUTER, BE SURE TO WEAR A ROVER SHOULDER BOARD ON YOUR HAT TO LET PEOPLE KNOW WHERE THE HELP IS COMING FROM. ASK

YOUR DISTRICT/REGION TO PUT REQUESTS FOR SERVICE IN WRITING. NOT ONLY IS THIS COMMON COURTESY BUT IT LEAVES A FILE COPY TO REMIND THEM THAT YOU ARE THERE.

AT THE JAMBOREE WE SHOULD GATHER AT THE DRY CANTEEN INSTEAD OF THE WETS. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET TOGETHER, TALK, SING AND HAVE A GOOD TIME WITHOUT NEEDING THE BAR. WHILE THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH A FEW DRINKS AFTER A HARD DAY WE NEED TO BE AWARE OF THE AMAZING DOUBLE STANDARD THAT SAYS WHEN WE WORK WE ARE SCOUTERS AND WHEN WE DRINK WE ARE ROVERS.

EVEN THOUGH THIS IS UNFAIR WE NEED TO COUNTER THE TYPE OF B.S. BEING CIRCULATED, WE MUST SHOW THAT SCOUTING NEEDS ROVERING SO THAT THOSE WORKING TO SHUT US DOWN DO NOT SUCCEED.

WEAR YOUR NEW SCOUTING UNIFORM CORRECTLY TO APPROPRIATE FUNCTIONS. THE RED BERET, GREEN SHIRT AND KILT ARE NOT THE SOURCE OF ROVER PRIDE. ROVERS HAVE CHANGED UNIFORM SEVERAL TIMES AND NEITHER THE STETSON I WORE AS A SQUIRE OR THE BLACK BERET I WORE AS A ROVER WERE ANY LESS OR GREATER THAN THE RED BERET. ROVERS MADE THE SYMBOLS PROUD AND WE CAN DO THE SAME IN TAN AND BLUE.

IT IS UP TO YOU. INACTION WILL ELIMINATE THE ROVER SECTION. WRITE TO THE NATIONAL PROGRAM COMMITTEE; HAVE YOUR ALUMNI WRITE TO THEM; GET YOUR REGIONAL OR PROVINCIAL COMMISSIONER SO IMPRESSED WITH ROVERS THAT HE WILL WRITE TO THEM. DO WHAT YOU CAN BUT FOR THE SAKE OF THE ROVER PROGRAM DO SOMETHING.

YOURS IN ROVERS

SMOKE BLACKLOCK  
ADVISOR

KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER TIP CREW

*Ed. Note: "Smoke" has been around in Rovers for awhile, he has started to write Handbook material following the subject lists given at the Jamboree.*

*There is no restriction as to copying the material except to give Smoke credit. The first copy appears in this issue. He asks if I am interested as he completes additional pages, YES! YES! YES!*

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## THE LAST REGATTA ?

---

### THE LAST ONTARIO RANGER REGATTA

On the weekend of September 10-12/93 the 32nd Ontario Ranger Regatta was held at Doe Lake Girl Guide Camp. Myself and

Jyoti, former Donnacona Rangers, helped coach the current Donnacona Drill team this past summer, which is one of the events at Regatta.

We were able to attend Regatta and watch all the Rangers compete in the events, as well as volunteer for the day. Being there brought back a flood of memories for Jyoti and I, of the five Regatta's we attended as Rangers.

During our time in Rangers our program revolved around Regattas. Hours, week's and month's were devoted to practising for the events. This one competition a year brought our whole crew closer together. These were honestly the best years of my life.

After the awards banquet this year, it was announced that the 32nd Ontario Ranger Regatta was the last. Provincial Headquarters's has decided not to continue Regatta. According to word of mouth, Regatta was costing too much money.

Nobody could believe this was actually happening, including myself. As my eyes filled with tears, my memories of Regatta's were racing through my head. It was then I realized Rangers who attended their 1st Regatta this year, and even Rangers in years to come, would not be able to collect memories and friendships.

It was never about winning or losing, but making memories and friends for LIFE. Some of my closest friends today were Rangers (Marilyn, Terri, Jyoti.....).

I feel Headquarters is making a huge mistake. They are taking away the one and only major event that belongs to just



Rangers (no offense Rovers).

I encourage all Rangers or Former Rangers to write individually to the Provincial Commissioner. Let Headquarters know how you feel. It could make a difference. PLEASE write to:

"Personal & Confidential"  
Girl Guides of Canada  
Provincial Commissioner  
Maureen Lawrence  
50 Merton Street  
Toronto, Ontario  
M4S 1A3

What follows is the announcement and thankyou's given at the banquet by Joan Nesbitt, Chairman Ontario Ranger Regatta Steering Committee. All these people mentioned in this announcement have dedicated their time and effort for many years to make Regatta successful. I am sure all Rangers will agree in helping me THANK them, for making our memories possible!!

By: Linda Niklaus

"Our 32nd Regatta is our last. In evaluating all Senior events, Provincial Headquarters has decided that our event is not one they will continue.

Those of you who have participated in Regatta for a few years will always remember the enthusiastic, friendly but energetic, competition which takes place. Some win, some don't. But, there are never any losers, for, if you have tried your best

you too are a winner. And that's what Regatta is all about - it challenges you to try your very best, to extend yourself beyond the ordinary - you may not be first this year, but your time will come - you have to keep trying - you have to meet the challenge.

Over the years there have been many people from all walks of life who have given freely of their time, funds and skills to help with Regatta. Their support has been instrumental in ensuring the success of the Regatta. Very special thanks and appreciation go to the following:

- Doug Bryant for initially setting up our First Aid and for his many years of judging this event.

- Dave O'Flynn and Bill Holding for their years of judging and co-ordinating drill and the canoe and rowing races.

- John Summerfield and Al Foster who have worked with the Committee for many years and have provided a continuity in the judging of canoeing, rowing, drill and tug-of-war. They are respected by the competitors and well liked for their humour and ability to handle an event with fairness to all. We shall always be indebted to them.

- Sheila Ashton and Joan Anne Dickson for their special humour and for the many years of judging tent-pitching, bends and hitches, canoe skills and canoeing and rowing races.

- Former Provincial Commissioners - Sheila Crosby, Mary O'Brien and Marguerite Rodgers. Sheila promoted the setting up of the Provincial Steering Committee and Terms of Reference. She supported the Regatta totally, providing direction when

needed and usually was seen working as hard as anyone on Regatta weekend. Mary and Marguerite also gave their full support to the Regatta and were always available to help if needed. The Committee has been most grateful for their consul and can only say 'thank you' for always being there.

- Six very special people who I, as Chairman, owe a great deal to. Regatta Provincial Steering Committee members - Norah Craigie, Maureen Moore, Audrey Summerfield, Sally Kennedy, Jennifer Kennedy and Dorothy Gray. These ladies have always had one criteria - "if it's right for the girls, let's do it". Decisions were never made without a great deal of discussion and no one person, chairman included, ever made an arbitrary decision. They constantly worked to find ways of making the Regatta better for the girls. All of them have given so much time and effort for our girls. We owe a great deal to them. Their enthusiasm, support and humour have made the years fun.

- Sue Crawford, Gloria Jackson, Pat Harrison and Ilean Walsh - Regatta's own "Price Waterhouse". What a tremendous job they have done of tallying up all of the event results!!

- The countless numbers of Rangers, Cadets, Jr. Leaders and Guiders whose enthusiasm and support through the years has ensured the success of the Regatta.

- Crusader Rangers, who, throughout the 32 years of Regatta, never had their Guiders with them through the day but always met the challenge with so much energy and enthusiasm, and kept us informed on 'how they were doing'. As well, they were always there to help at the end of the day.

- Mattie Poce - for having a dream and the tenacity to pursue that dream to reality.

These Regatta years have been a time of fun, laughter, new friends and many happy memories. Most of all, the enthusiasm of the girls during competition and their excitement will always be fondly remembered. My sincere thank you to each and every one of you.

Joan Nesbitt  
Chairman Ontario Ranger Regatta  
Provincial Steering Committee

\*\*\*\*\*

#### RESULTS FROM THE 1993 ONTARIO RANGER REGATTA

##### Water Events

~~~~~

Rowing: 1st Place - Kingston  
2nd Place - Emanon  
3rd Place - Essex

Canoe Skill's Single: 1st Place - Donnacona  
2nd Place - Kingston  
3rd Place - Emanon

Canoe Race Single: 1st Place - Donnacona  
2nd Place - Champlain  
3rd Place - Thunderbay

Canoe Skill's  
Double: 1st Place - Thunderbay  
2nd Place - Champlain  
3rd Place - Kingston

Canoe Race Double: 1st Place - Kingston  
2nd Place - Thunderbay  
3rd Place - St. George's

Orienteering: 1st Place - St. George's  
2nd Place - Wexford  
3rd Place - Champlain

Tug-of-war: 1st Place - St. George

Life Line: 1st Place - Marchmont  
2nd Place - Emanon  
3rd Place - Kemptville

Sailing: 1st Place - Donnacona  
2nd Place - Huronia

Portage: 1st Place - Thunderbay  
2nd Place - Donnacona  
3rd Place - Emanon

Land Events

Drill: 1st Place - Thunderbay  
2nd Place - Emanon  
3rd Place - Donnacona

Tent Pitching: 1st Place - Donnacona  
2nd Place - Festival  
3rd Place - Dorchester

First Aid: 1st Place - Emanon  
2nd Place - Kemptville &  
Thunderbay

Semaphore: 1st Place - Donnacona &  
Thunderbay  
3rd Place - Essex & Rainbow

Bends & Hitches: 1st Place - Donnacona  
2nd Place - Champlain  
& Emanon

Trophies

R.C.S.C.C. Drake Drill Trophy  
(Awarded to the winning Unit in Drill):  
THUNDERBAY

Oshawa Naval Veterans Sailing Trophy

(Awarded to the winning Unit in Sailing):  
DONNACONA

S.B. Poce Memorial Trophy  
(Accumulated points in boating events,  
excluding Sailing): 1st - THUNDERBAY  
2nd - Kingston  
3rd - Donnacona

O.R.R. Provincial Committee Land Trophy  
(Accumulated points in Land events):  
1st-DONNACONA  
2nd - Emanon  
3rd - Thunderbay

Dorothy Beveridge Proficiency Trophy  
(Most Number of total points in all Regatta  
events): 1st - DONNACONA  
2nd - Thunderbay  
3rd - Emanon

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## *The REP-ORRT*

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### ONTARIO ROVER ROUNDTABLE

#### SERVICE AT CJ '93

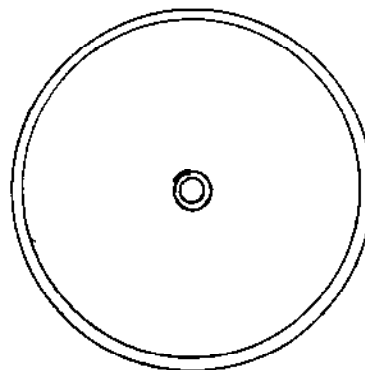
Approximately 301 Rovers and Skips from across Canada and abroad preformed many hours of service at CJ '93.

During the week through rain, snow or sunshine, we all donned our happy smiles and preformed our daily duties either as a section leader or an offer of service.

The Kananaskis Centre held the Rovers Display Tent which consisted of many photos and crests from Canada and abroad. For those in attendance, we had the opportunity to purchase a Canadian Rover Service Moot (CRSM '93) T-shirt and or crests. This display was organized by the 1st. Northern Alberta Knights of the Silver Tip Rover Crew.

At the end of a very long day, we all got together in a designated area for fun and fellowship. On our final evening, we all met with John Peach, Chairman of National Rover Committee regarding the outlook on Rovering.

#### GONE HOME



Lorraine Baker, wife of Rob Baker - National Council, Scouts Canada - passed away suddenly on Thursday August 5th in Nepean, Ontario. Our deepest sympathy's go out to the Baker Family.

submitted by  
Heather Archer  
Chairman, O.R.R.T.

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#### *B.C. ROVERING*

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It's DOUBLE HEADER NIGHT!!!!!!

Due to technicalities beyond our control, namely Rover Time, we missed the deadline for the last issue of B.C. Rovering Magazine. What? You didn't even notice!! We are disappointed.....NOT!!

If the article get's a little confusing, like it never has before, you now know the reason for it. Just to keep everyone in tune with



what's happening, we will use the following format to distinguish between last issue's stuff and this issue's stuff. *The junk that should have been in the August issue will be in italics*, and the new stuff for this issue is in normal text.

*It's that time again, folks! We have a special guest with us tonight, all the way from Australia. His name Steve Hammond, and he is a member of the crew that organized Tracey's river rafting expedition in Australia during the 8th World Moot. Also in attendance, as per usual, Paul and Marc, and Tracey is here in person for a change. Gord's submission came to us via disk.*

And this month, we have Paul, Gord (not on disk), and Marc at the helm. Pizza is on the way.

#### Vancouver Coast Region

*The BP Trek was a great success with 16 people registered and 5 completed. I blew out my right knee and had to bail out a little past half way. The stupid thing still hurts....*

*The V.C.R.R.T. summer BBQ and roundtable meeting took place at Woodward's Landing. The weather was fantastic, the BBQ was great, and we actually got some work done.*

*The next Vancouver Coast Moot has been announced for May 7 - 8th, 1994, and will be run by the Seymour Vespula Rover Crew. This same crew also won the Jack Adair Award for Crew of the Year in Vancouver Coast Region.*

It's Rovent™ time again! It's The Real

Thing!!! This year's event is on the February 18 - 20 weekend, and is the 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration (suck on that one Ontario!) and this year's theme is Commonwealth Games. Hmmmm...sounds a little familiar. Rumour has it that the Mauritian Bobsled Team will make another appearance.

An idea that popped up at the last Roundtable meeting was to organize a Rover informational display format to be used by every region. This format would be a guide to assist the region's Rovers in setting up Mall displays to promote Rovering and inform the general public on who Rovers are and what we do. More in the next issue.

#### Fraser Valley Region

*Well, here it is!*

*Nobody really seems into getting this article together this month. As a result, this portion of the article will not be laced with humorous comments from Paul and Marc. Actually this is rather pleasant, although I don't have Marc to keep me supplied with Coca Cola. Oh well, to the fridge I go . .*

*Ok, I'm back! (Didya miss me?) Cola in hand, I'm going to attempt to tell you about the Fraser Valley Region and what we've been up to lately. Well, not a lot, actually. We had our moot, the famous 'Kindergarten Moot' of 1993. The moot was very successful, although the favourite activity was the unplanned winching of a truck back up the hill it tumbled down. Luckily the driver, a visitor to our camp, was uninjured. Emotionally though, he may never be the same, after everyone congratulating him on his vehicle's dents, and posing for pictures beside the truck.*

Also at the moot, the Spirit Award went to two members of the Seymour/Vespula Rover Crew, from Vancouver Coast Region. Yes, Tracey and Tanya showed spirit in the extreme, even if they can't fill an air mattress without help from almost everyone in camp. All the guys they could con into helping, anyway. Doug from the 3rd Boundary Bay Notorious Knights (best crew in the Fraser Valley) was tattled on by someone anonymous, for cheating at 'Go Fish'. Shame, Doug, shame! (For getting caught, that is.)

On to other news, our Rover/Venturer camp is approaching fast, on the BC day long weekend July 31, Aug. 1 and 2. This will be at Camp Woodside, but by the time you read this it will have happened.

Raven is coming, Raven is coming, Raven is coming. Have I got your attention here?

Yes, the 12th annual Camp Raven is going to happen on Sept 18th and 19th. New site, though. The camp will be on the other side of the lake, so you must canoe in. Anyone that needs help finding canoes or cannot canoe for some reason should contact Erika or Leah. Erika @ 462-7272, Leah @ 985-8596. The theme this year is "Catching the Spirit."

According to Erika, she is NOT Don's 'little woman'. Rather, in consultation with those who know (knew) Don, he is Erika's 'little man'. Sorry Erika, but if you don't show up to help write these articles, you sometimes get "misquoted" . . . ya know?

We had an informal Roundtable /

Barbecue. I wasn't there, I was sailing in the sunshine while the rest of you got rained on! HAHAHA!!!! But I am informed that all who attended had a good time, even if the Vice-mate was a little late.

It was nice to see that the Knights of Ent had a letter in the last issue. We encourage all crews to write letters and send things in to BC Roving Mag.

The Medieval Feast is scheduled for December 4th, 1993, and a costume is mandatory!!! For more info call Colleen @ 942-4129.

Well, that's about all this month. It's summer, and I'm going swimming! See you all at the Klondike Moot!!!

Ok, well, here we go. As you know, our last article didn't quite make it into the magazine. But to help keep everyone informed, by the time you read this Raven will have happened. Hope everyone had a good time. Also by the time you read this, Camp Mardi Gras '93 will also have happened.

But, (yes, there's a but), coming up are even more exciting events!!!

Fraser Valley Region is having a Rover Basic on October 13th and 20th. Contact Gord @ 420-6195 for more info.

Also approaching fast is this year's Medieval Feast on December 4th. This year's feast will be a dry feast, with medieval activities and plenty of good food. You must come in costume!!!

Well, the only other info I have is for everybody. We're trying to organize a

BC contingent for the Ontario 'Eh! Canadian' invitational moot being held in the summer of 1994. The contingent co-ordinator is Garnet Ryder, and you can reach him @ (604) 294-4540. So anyone in BC can get in touch with Garnet, and travel plans can be discussed etc etc etc etc etc.

Mark Hansen is on the speakerphone, offering to shave his legs to meet the approval of Marc 'soon to be crispie' Ramsay. Scary, isn't it! Especially for those who thought they knew Mark Hansen well. There are too many people named Mark and Marc in this world, don't you think?!?

Gord, Leah, Lamp-post. Need we say more. Leah thinks it sounds kind of kinky!

We are now accepting nominations for the Alison Ploeger Memorial Award. Accepting both personal and crew nominations. Criteria is in your 'Little Black Book'.

#### Burnaby Region

*Announcing a new crew in the region! The 8th Centre Lake has at least 10 members, and their all Squires! They're under the guiding wing of 2nd Burnaby Southwest Knights of Locksley. According to a representative of the above said crew, Paul, they are a very gung-ho crew just looking for stuff to do.*

*Some of the Burnaby Rovers helped out at Discovery Days for the City of Burnaby. They set up and ran the obstacle course, and helped out with the Scouting display.*

11 Burnaby Rovers attended the Klondike Moot, everyone thoroughly enjoyed it (especially Paul and his popular spectator shower sports).

We will be staffing the Southwest District Bike Camp at Camp Cove on October 1 - 3.

Remember to head out to the malls on October 16<sup>th</sup> for Burnaby Region's Apple Day. The Rovers will be keeping the younger sections supplied with apples and collecting the cash. Cool job, huh!

Burnaby is putting on a massive Scout Camporee on October 22 - 24 at Campbell Valley Regional Park. Over 400 Scouts, Guides, etc are expected to attend from as far away as the States. Rovers will be in charge of communications, security, and anything they decide to give us. We still need some Venturers to run some of the stations during the skills event.

It maybe Rover Railroad time again with the possibility of the Burnaby Region Rover Roundtable starting up again.

#### Islands Region

*Camp Skeeter was a raving success! Approximately 500 were in attendance, and plans are under way for next year's 10th anniversary.*

*Rover Basic is being planned for mid-fall, and they are looking for experienced Rovers to assist in planning this event. All Rovers and LTS's are welcome to attend.*

*The next Roundtable is September 19, 1993, somewhere in the Courtney or Comox*

*area (you guess where, prizes for those who find it).*

*For more info call Ray Dol at 723-6697.*

Well, here is another carefully prepared report from the other side of the water (Islands Region Rover Roundtable). The what's new list is isolated to few and far between. The only recent changes are the annual trades which occur between groups when individuals move to attend post secondary education. A few members relocated throughout the Island, mostly flocking south.

In other news, the September 19<sup>th</sup> I.R.R.R.T. has been cancelled to accommodate members attending Rosemary Heights. The planned Rover Basic is still far from planned, but will still happen, really!

Well, that's about it from us unimportant people over here. Hope ya don't like it, cause I don't either....

Yours truly;

Ray Dol, I.R.R.R.T. Mate

#### Northern Region

*This report was taken from Sandra Galloway. Her crew, the 1st Northwinds Rovers, is helping to start a new crew.*

*Camp Rendezvous is fast approaching on the Thanksgiving Long Weekend. It's being run by the 34th South Fort Dragons Venturer Company with the help of the 1st Northwinds Rovers.*

The 4<sup>th</sup> Prince Rupert Flounders Rover Crew attended the Rovers Woodbadge Part I at Burns Lake on the Labour Day Long Weekend.

They would like to announce their annual Camp Slushbucket on the Easter Long Weekend.

The semi-annual Norther Region Rover Roundtable will be happening sometime in October.

An update on Camp RendayZeus '93. It's on October 8 - 11 at Camp Hughes, Prince George. Cost is \$15.00, including Thanksgiving dinner. This year's theme is Toga, Toga, Toga!!! Activities include: Roman War, "Party 'til your toga wilts" Toga party, grape spitting contest, Toga swim, and Christians vs the Lions (?). Sounds like fun...be there!!!! For more info. call Katherine Jaye (604)563-8619.

#### Provincial Roundtable

*Have you registered for the Klondike Moot yet? We all hope so. The Moot planning is well underway, and we are expecting a great turnout!*

*So far we haven't seen many submissions from BC Rovers for the Yearbook. Come on people, we need these reports! The deadline has been extended.*

*The Indaba of Rovering at CJ'93 was said to be a success according to Ted Lorenz Jr. . Approximately 35 people attended that were Venturers, Venturer advisors and of course Rovers from coast to coast. B.C. Rovers asked the CJ'93 Indaba committee if we could run one, and they agreed. So, Ted ran the session with help from our APC*



*Rovers, Greg Nicholson.*

*The discussion included What Roving is, what Rovers do, some of the current issues regarding the Rover section presently and also discussing what Rovers from coast to coast do. The majority of people that left the session, said that it was good and they learned a lot.*

*Thanks TED Jr. Why did dad question the bit about you being married to Denise?*

*Hey Don! You made the same mistake that Leader Magazine did. You said that 'Many people feel that the traditional knighthood theme is inappropriate. The "All for me" attitude, in particular, does not reflect what's happening in society.' The original text said that society is "all for me", not that Rovers are. I think that this is a major typo! Maybe you should get on John Peach's mailing list.*

The Klondike Moot happened big time! Over 70 people in attendance, including Ontario and Australian Contingents. Thanks to Michele and Bert from Les Scouts in Ontario for helping out as staff. A big G'Day Mate to Steve and Martin from Australia who came all the way just for the Moot! Not!! Actually, they did high-tail down from Alaska to be there.

The weather was fabulous, and the lake was warm (at least some of us thought so). Forty Rovers tour the local industries's best at Calona Wines, and several Rovers checked out the wineries on each side of Camp Dunlop.

Gord set the camp record at the Malibu Grand Prix ¾ scale race car track.

He did it without a speeding ticket, too. Unusual for Gord.

Several offender were tried and convicted of their heinous crimes and sentenced to various service projects on-site. The most offensive of these was Paul for sleeping in and snoring! He was sentence to window cleaning with Steve for molesting Willie, the inflatable killer whale. Bloody Australians.

A cunning jail-break was orchestrated by the Klondike People's Revolutionary Force which later became R.E.D. D.W.A.R.F. (Revolutionary Escalation Determined to Defend the Workers Against Rancid Fascists). They later stole the jail and renovated it into the People's Espresso Bar. Unfortunately, it was run over by a vigilante 4X4 and rebuilt as a children's playground. Magnavox never intended their TV boxes for such abuse.

The Camel Races and other assorted relay races designed by our resident Beaver Leader, Tanya, were enjoyed by all.

The highlight of the camp had to be the talent show, won by our visiting Ozzie, Steve. Unfortunately, we can't really describe what he did, but if flossing your nose with a condom helps, you'll figure it out.

We had three entries in the Can-Can contest. Despite Guifré's attempt with his recyclable belt of Coke cans, Lydell, of the 4<sup>th</sup> Brookwood Rovers, won with her very authentic outfit.

Speaking of Brookwood, they also won the Scavenger Hunt. In fact, they

cleaned house on the Scavenger Hunt.

Next year is the Rover Conference, and we are looking for a Region to volunteer to host it.

As mentioned earlier, the next Roundtable is in November. Election time! The handbook needs to be finished, and the fate of the yearbook will be decided. The future of Rovering should be a hot topic considering the age issue seems to be already decided.

Apparently, the Official age for Rovers, according to the National Scouting Registration Form, is 18 to 23. If this is official, there are a lot of Rovers that won't be registering this year, including Paul.

#### Australian Region

*Just having attended the New Zealand National Moot in April, he's now travelling around Canada. The NZ Moot activities included harbour cruise, bungee jumping, island hopping, and urban orienteering.*

*Back in Australia, the Victorian Rovers have just purchased 320 acres approximately 1 hour north of Melbourne. This site will be used for Rover motorsport activities, and other scouting functions.*

*The Australian National Moot '94 in Sydney is fast approaching sometime around January. Contact your local Australian Scout Office for more info.*

*There is a group of dedicated Roving Rovers attending the Wee Moot in Kentucky. Say hi to them if you see 'em.*

*Mud Bash happened in June at the new site that the Rovers bought, and it was a great success. For you unknowing folks out there, the Mud Bash is a Rover event that Rovers beg, borrow, or steal (sort of), enough materials and car parts to put together a Mad Max type of off-road vehicle, and compete in several driving activities. The cars have to navigate muddy obstacle courses, compete in tug-of-war, and a flag and barrel race. The more damage done to the cars, the more points acquired. Roll-overs get bonus points. There is an average turnout of about 70 cars. What fun!!*

*Thanks Steve!*

*The Crispie Critters weekend is not at Camp Cove, it's at Camp Lindley at Cultus Lake. Sorry for the error in the last issue.*

*Some late-breaking news from Bruce and Penny in New Zealand: The 10th World Moot has been awarded to Sweden. This has many New Zealanders rather miffed because of all the hard work and planning that they put into their proposal, and the next Moot was awarded to someone who hasn't got a date, location, or any other details worked out yet (according to Bruce). Smells like that stinkin' politics thing again.*

*My thought for the day:  
Why can't we just do things the right way instead of always letting someone's ego or personal goals get in the way. Politics sucks....*

*Yours in Rovering from the Snake Pit it's been:*

*Marc, Paul, Tracey, and Steve! G'Day Mates!*

*As a final note, we'd like to leave you all with the following:*

*Here's something to do when you shopping next time. Look for the rat traps and mouse traps and set them all. This from Steve. Apparently this is what Australian Rovers do for fun!*

*In case anyone cares, Paul has moved! His new address is:*

*Paul Mozsar  
9101 Forest Grove Drive, Unit 49  
Burnaby, B.C.  
V5A 3Z5*

*Ph: (604)420-6195 (after midnight P.S.T. only)*

Tracey says hi from her new home in Princeton, NJ. She is not very happy about being there and missing all her Rovering stuff, but a PhD is not an easy thing to get.

Watch out, Steve is on his way to Ontario. Run! Hide! Send your daughters away for a while! Hide your condoms! (P.S. He doesn't like the ones with spermicidal jelly, so they're safe).

Looks like that's it from Paul's place, soon to be renamed. See you all next time!!!!

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

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## REQUIEM FOR A ROVER

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*Roland Dell*

Rover Leader/Advisor  
1957 - 1981

1st. Niagara "Sir Isaac Brock" Rover  
Crew

A lot of you out there in Rover land must say each year around Christmas, "Who was R.S. Dell?" "What is this R.S. Dell Memorial Award, all about?" As of September 12, 1993 it will be 12 years since "Roly's" passing. So I thought it was time for a little synopsis about the man, enjoy!

He was born December 25, 1924, so I assume that's why the big heart. He married Winnie after the war and had three children, Susan, Gary and Barry. All are alive and healthy. He has 5 grandchildren which he never met in person, but I'm sure he is enjoying watching them grow.

He entered the Scout Movement in 1935  
He was a Cub Leader in 1941 to 1942  
Next he served his country from 1942 to 1945  
upon coming home he became a Scout Leader, 1945 to 1957.  
In December 1957 he became a Rover Leader, and stayed with the 1st. Niagara Rovers till his death in September 12, 1981. He received his warrant of Appointment in January 1943.  
He received his Crew Woodbadge in 1960 -

1961

Long Service Medal (10 years) in 1951

15 year pin in 1956

20 year pin in 1961

25 year pin in 1966

30 year pin in 1971

35 year pin in 1976

He would have received his 40 year pin in the fall of 1981.

Medal of Merit - February 1961

Silver Acorn - March 1977

Roger Award for Dedication to Rovering - April 1981

Besides all this he was a Regional Co-ordinator, District Commissioner, Assistant District Commissioner, ORRT Rep, NRRRT Chairman and lots more that I don't remember.

He was a trainer for Rover Basics, Woodbadge I and II. He was a Group Committee Chairman for 1st. Niagara Scout Group. Outside Scouting he helped with various community charities. He ran the Social Committee at Welland Chemical where he worked as a Lab Superintendent. He helped with the city Softball league. He worked with recreational Softball and Ice Hockey leagues.

Now there's probably lots I forgot, but I think you get the picture, the man was a giver. And on this thought I'll close out with my two most precious memories. These two traits and qualities aren't well known, but they really do catch his spirit. He never said no, to sit and talk or help a Rover with a problem or concern. Many a night or weekend there'd be a Rover at the house, or especially at the "Hut" one block away, seeking help or advice or an ear to bend. It was inconceivable for him to say No!

And He never said no to Crew

needing help, advice, or an ear to bend. He travelled all over the province to help any crew who asked. Listening, helping, investing or starting up. "No", was a inconceivable answer!

Quite a "ROVER", wasn't he!

Thanks Dad, we wish you were here.

We miss you always.

Love - Gary

*(Ed. Note: My first contact with Roly was in 1959 at Camp Nemo at a Mootet, (at that time Rangers were not allowed to camp overnight at a Moot). It was the 2nd moot for my fledgling crew. We were doing breakfast dishes and getting ready for Rovers Own. I looked out of our dining shelter, and called my assistant to take a look. There, next door to us was 1st. Niagara all lined up in their kilts, and their squires were brushing the kilts and shining the shoes of the Rovers. Talk about image, my crew talked about nothing else for next couple of weeks.*

*Because we were in different areas, most of my contacts with Roly took place at Moots. Where we would talk over a couple of cups of coffee, while the crews were taking part in the competitions. We talked about cabbages and kings, and believe it or not, some of the same problems that plague Rovers today. I remember Roly as being dedicated, philosophical and a wild auctioneer, dressed in red long john's, raising money for a moot that he never saw. He was a man you could call friend, and be proud of it.*

*Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime  
And departing leave behind us*

*Footsteps on the sands of time.  
Footstep that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.  
-Longfellow*

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## HOW ABOUT THAT

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Recently I was at a meeting, and when I was introduced, the person doing the intro hauled out a number of figures about length of time on the job, years in scouting, etc. etc. When I returned to my seat, a friend said quietly, "That introduction made you sound like a dinosaur." I didn't see it that way, my view was, "where did the years go!"

I spent a great deal of time in a vigil of sorts. After a week of tests, I left my wife at the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. It was 6 pm. on a Thursday evening, the operation was to be at 7:30, my wife said, "go home, and don't bother coming back tonight, I won't feel like company."

When I arrived home there was a message on our answering machine from a Rover from Cambridge, "Don, Joe from Australia is in town, he wants to see you, we will be at Rafter's", (a, ahem, establishment half way between Kitchener and Cambridge). So I went out there for dinner, and later the company of a group of Rovers. One half of me was feeling guilty, while the other half tried to follow the conversations.

The next day I visited my wife, still in a groggy state, she informed me the doctor told her they just got it in time, and that a section of bowel had to be removed and sent to the lab to be tested for malignancy. (everything checked out o.k.) At that moment I tried to be calm, but inside I was screaming NO!

I went on binge of work, I cleaned the house, I went wild in the kitchen, (the one place that my wife and I cannot exist in together). I rented 9 Si-Fi videos over the weekend, (another area that we don't see eye to eye on) most of them I watched between 9 p.m. and 3:30 a.m. in the morning, and visited Ruth every day. As busy as I kept myself, I couldn't block out my thoughts.

The memories came fast and very clear, the blind date when we met, learning to dance together, the long walks on Sundays, the discussions of a life together, the dreams that we have realized, and on and on and on. Then the guilt, did I steal precious moments from her, for Scouting, even though she knew from the start how I felt about the movement. Then a bit of bitterness, if I had known what is happening in Rovers right now, would I have stayed in the movement? If I had to do it all over again what would I change? Most were impossible to answer. But one I did answer. Why did I feel this way? I was afraid, it was as simple as that. To come this far, to get this close to our "golden years" and be separated, it was frightening.

I started to get a picture of our life together, it was like a giant jigsaw puzzle, where each moment is a section of the puzzle, and when I look back I can see where the moments joined together and

added strength to the picture. Our dream was to walk hand in hand into eternity, and that will be realized even if we were separated for a while.

I guess the whole gist of what I am trying to say is, make the most of the moments, cause the years fly by!

I just received the Leader magazine, the report on CJ was the same as the report on CJ in Prince Edward a while back, no mention of Rovers being there. Strange!

Also in this issue is a report on the Ontario Ranger Regatta. After being present at a number of Regattas as a parent, and friend of Donnacona Rangers, I fail to see the logic in the decision to discontinue the Regatta. I always felt that the Regatta was a show piece of outstanding proportions, and that the Rangers attacked it with unbridled enthusiasm. If any Girl Guide commissioners are reading this, please reconsider.

Just returned from "Search for the King Moot". I don't know whether it is the island atmosphere or the participants, but our group are already talking about next year. Oh yes, Squire Kristine of the Lifesaver Crew, you did bruise my arm a bit when you punched me at registration, gotcha!

You'll notice we are back to black and white pictures, (I hope, I haven't printed yet). I blew the budget on colour and have to take it easy for a couple of issues. And next issue I hope you will see the return of the moot miss.

A big welcome aboard to two new writers in this issue, I hope you stay awhile.

Alan West promised another section of the Revor Crew, so far nothing, he's harder to get hold of than a greased pig. Remember the next issue is the Christmas issue, if you have a contribution try to get it in earlier than usual, I sort of run out of time at that time of year.

Want a fast moving book, try the Pelican Brief, top notch. Another quickie is "How To Swim With the Sharks and Survive." Chapters are sometimes short enough to read at stop lights.

Keep On Rovering  
Don

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## STILL MORE DINOSAUR THOUGHTS

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I just returned from the cottage. It was a lovely six weeks, we actually had summer this year, and the kids had a ball! The wife and I, let's say, are fairly rested. I sit down to go through the bills, and low and behold, there's Rovering Magazine. So what do I do? I dropped everything, and read it from cover to cover. (my wife hates that routine). In the process of reading, a couple of articles, plus last June's issue, plus the recent Leaders Magazine, I again felt inspired to put pen to paper. Oh No! *(let's change that oh no, to whoopie, terrific, just great, OH YES - Editor)*.

When I see Sean Hume next time, I'll put out my left hand to shake his.

Sean's article, in the August edition is exactly on the money. And Dagg, if we ever meet, I'll shake your hand also. You also are right on the money.

I'm going to ramble on now with some thoughts, ideas and advice, to see if in some small way I can help the Rovers of this country to "get involved", with their program. Please read this carefully and digest the thoughts. Read it, ponder the statements, discuss it with others, discuss it with me, and then "get involved." If you ever meet me at a Rover event, feel free to approach me, ask questions, talk with me. I am always open for discussion, good thoughts, ideas, and I am always considering change for the better, as my father did. Please don't assume you know what I think, or where I stand on any issue or subject, ask me, and I'll tell you! The following ramblings are meant to be thought provoking only, not critical of anything.

The winds of change are blowing! "Get Involved". The new task group, as far as I know, have a mandate to look at any part of the current Rover section, and suggest changes. This includes program, reading material, the badge system, age, uniform, etc., etc., etc. "Get Involved"

If you have strong feelings or suggestions, on anything, get it on paper and send it to the Task group. If we all sit idly by, and watch and see the results, you will once again be "stuck" with what's handed to you. YOU have a voice in many areas on the structure, use it, "Get Involved", with the system and start to make it work for you. It can be changed for the better, but you the Rover have to take the responsibility for the change.

My first recollection of change came first hand with my "Moot 82" experience. I learned so much and realized change could happen. All things in Scouting are not set in stone. I saw more changes and learned of the structure even further with my 1990 National Conference experience. I was personally involved with the set up and running of the conference. I know how much time, energy, resources and sweat went into that event. Sean Hume is right, all the good, and recommendations that came out of it, haven't been acted on enough by "Rovers" or "National H.Q."

Change can occur, as it has. Rovers can have a great deal of input, and recommendations in "their" program, but, with it comes the responsibility that goes with getting the job done!

Can we do more and run events on a higher plain? Of course we can, look at what we do now!! We set up and run moots, set up Crews and run them, set up Round Tables at various levels, set up and run National and Provincial Moots, set up and run community events, set up and run training courses, set up and run other sections as leaders. We are more than security and clean up! If we are doing all this great work, then we most certainly could do more on a National basis.

When the process is finally completed this time, let's try something. Lets take the final package and do something with it. Lets give it a good look, and try to make it work. Let's not be too critical right away, and when we are ready, let's take the parts that are great and "Get Involved". The parts that are "so so", let's "Get Involved" to change and implement them as best as we can, and the parts we

don't like, let's "Get Involved" to change them. OR, let's sit back, whine and complain, and wait for "National", to do it all for us! The second option would not be my choice.

I think I've rambled enough for this sitting, so I guess I'll put my pen away and get ready to ramble at the Crew! (The Crew really Loves this). Let's try something different to finish, a graph for the magazine. We hardly ever do that. First of all, our graph will be totally fictitious, but interesting!

#### STUOCS

| Srevaev | Sbuc   | Stuocs | Serutnev | Srevor |
|---------|--------|--------|----------|--------|
| 100,000 | 75,000 | 50,000 | 7,500    | 1,500  |
| 40%     | 25%    | 20%    | 12%      | 3%     |

Let's say this is a company -"STUOCS". It has five divisions. Each division has a number of employees. Each division gets a proportionate percentage of the company's time, direction, resources, money, etc., etc. In summary, the Srevor Division, needs to get going and help themselves grow.

In case you missed the overall message.....

**GET INVOLVED !!!**



**Klondike Moot  
CAMEL RACES ANYONE ?**



**Klondike Moot - Steve and Gord  
improvise with a very leaky boat.**



**BRING:** Non-perishable food item for food bank. Yourself, a sleeping bag and a good pair of dancing shoes.

## **3rd AURORA NOMAD ROVERS**

**PROUDLY PRESENTS**

# ***CHRISTMAS FROLIC '93***



**Date:** November 27th to 28th.

**Time:** 8pm. to 1am. (Maximum, 150 people)

**7:30pm. to 11am. (Sunday, if sleeping over)**

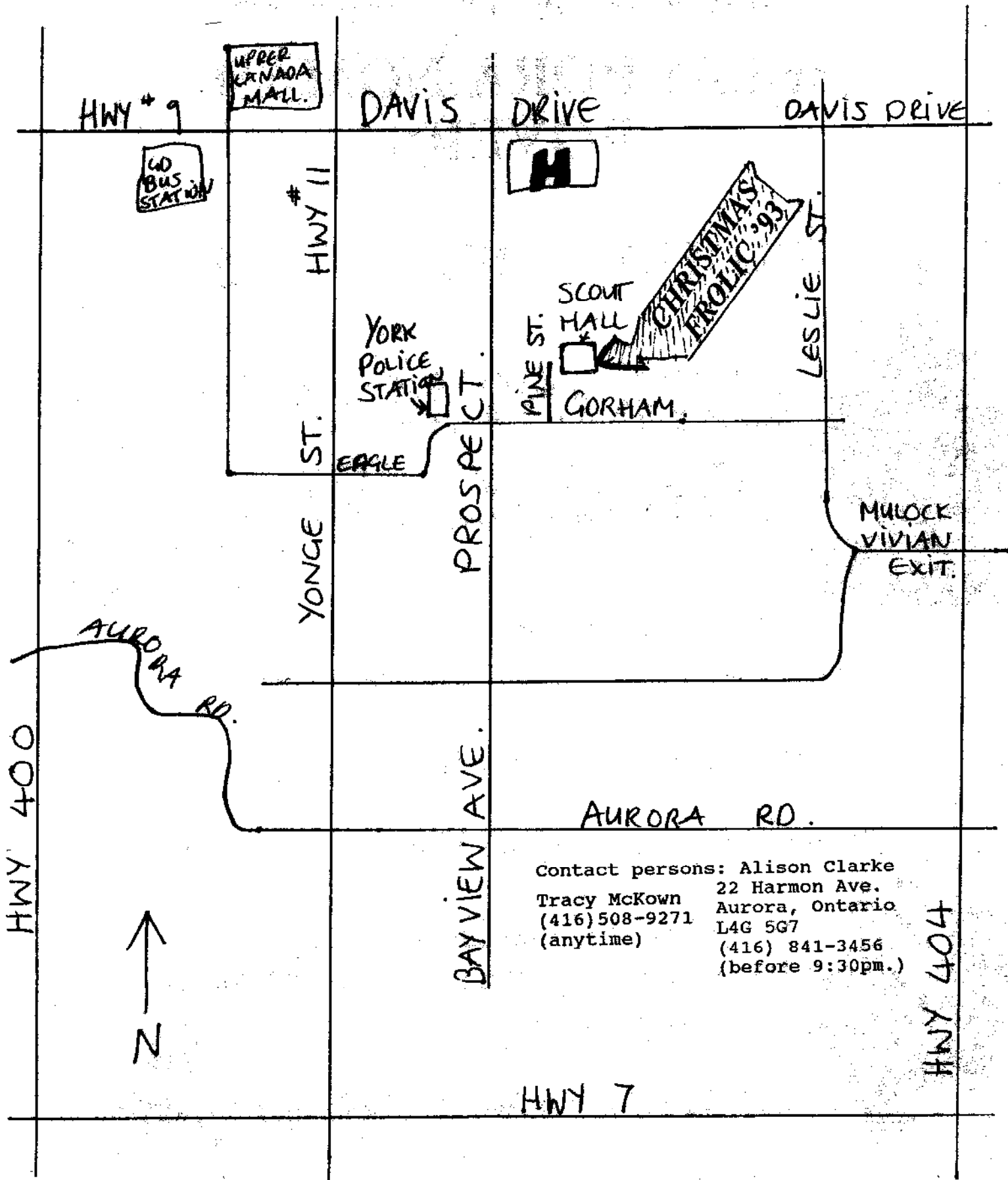
**Place:** Newmarket Scout Hall (off Gorham St.)

**Cost;** \$8.00 for the dance (at the Door)

**\$10.00 for sleepover, includes breakfast  
(at the door)**

***(\$2.00 off for advance booking.)***





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## THE HANDBOOK

BY K.R. "SMOKE" BLACKLOCK

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### BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER.....

K.R. "Smoke" Blacklock

Today we have both young men and women in Rovers and so we cannot go on the traditional male only aspect of knighthood. There was a good reason for the all male nature of the knights. The number of young women who were capable of wearing 20 or 25 kilos of armour and still swing a broadsword, a mace or a lance was limited and so the ladies were relegated to be trophies and trading material to form alliances. This does not affect the Rovers today because it is no longer necessary to wear heavy armour but only to develop yourself into the best person you can be.

The titles and terminology of Rovering are already unisex in nature and should remain so. Rover is a word to describe an invested member of a Rover crew. There is no such word as Roveress and anyone using such a term could easily find out that the term gentler sex is also outmoded. If your crew calls your probationary members "squires" then use this term for all of your probationary members. If your crew calls the elected leader of the crew "Chairman" then you should consider changing to the "President". Terms such as Squiremaster are not only sexist but are also demeaning. As Rovers we strive to be masters only of ourselves.

The women of Rovering should be treated as all other members of the crew; with respect, responsibility and titles as they deserve. If your crew cannot accept all with equal opportunities then you are not making the ladies inferior, but are in fact making the crew inferior. Respect each other for your abilities and your attainments. Practice courtesy within the crew because courtesy makes the world a better place and should the opportunity come to hold a door for a friend, you do so in the sure knowledge that she will do the same when the situation is reversed.

At Rover age we are all subject to the effects of galloping hormones and everywhere we go it is natural to look at each new acquaintance with an eye for sexual attraction. This is normal and indeed desirable state of affairs as nature intended the human race to continue through their own efforts. However the mark of a mature individual is their ability to have platonic friendships with others. There are some you will love as a romantic love and there are some you will love with that special love of life long friends. Lovers should be friends but if your only friends are lovers the world can be a very cold place. If you develop friendships with both men and women you can be sure that you have a mature balance between the rutting instinct of the animals and the need to be a part of the human race.

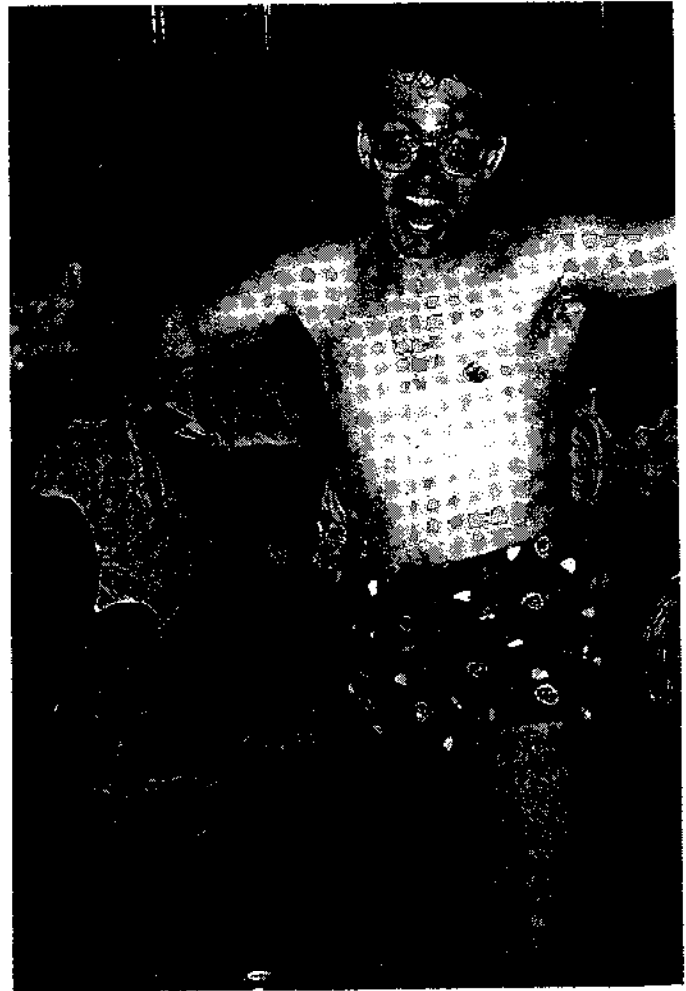
Learn to separate the times of romance and the times of the group. If your lover is part of the crew then there may be an appropriate time for a quick kiss and a cuddle but not to the detriment of the rest of the crew's activities. On a backpacking trip or canoe trip it is sometimes a good

*idea to separate the lovers. This is for the group and for the individuals involved. It takes a pretty strong romance to survive a long canoe trip against adverse winds, mosquitoes, and portages and when the fire dies down of an evening it is better to be thinking of the warmth of the campfire instead of the cold water that miserable clod splashed down your neck. Some crews establish a signal or code word that indicates to the lovers that this is not the time or the place.*

*Establish the standards of the crew through frank discussion of what makes a member uncomfortable and then each Rover should try to avoid making any other person uncomfortable. Plan the occasional special activity "just for lovers" and the occasional activity where those members or alumni with children can share the joys of parenthood with all those honourary aunts and uncles in the crew.*

*When breakups occur, within the crew, do not attempt to figure out right or wrong. Even the wisdom of Solomon can't do that. Support both members with your friendship, a shoulder to cry on or a place to crash. Do what you can to get your friends life on track again whether together or apart. Don't get yourself in the middle; remember the middle is always the bulls-eye of the target. Establish the need to leave family feuds outside during activities for these, like romance, have a time and a place.*

*With regard to the opposite sex, like them, love them, leave them or grieve them but do it so as not to hurt others. For this too is living in harmony with the world.*



**Klondike Moot - Paul at a pool party  
after he got thrown in.  
Nice shorts Paul!**



**Klondike Moot  
The Revolution is under way!**

**ADVISORS: CHOOSING;****K.R. "Smoke" Blacklock**

*The selection of a person or team of persons to work as advisors with your crew is an important step in the life of the crew. The advisors are an important part of the crew. They must be compatible and willing to take part, but willing to allow the crew to run the show and plan the crew activities. They are chosen by the crew and approved by Group Committee and District.*

**CHOOSING ADVISORS**

*You are contracting for the services of a person to fill a job and should handle it as though you were hiring any worker.*

*Start of with a list of qualifications desirable in the position.*

*e.g. Age; minimum 30 or 25 for Assistant Advisor. Maximum ?*

*Training: Previous experience, Woodbadge, counsellor?*

*Other: Enjoys working with Rover age? Hang ups about co-ed, drinking, etc?*

*Compatibility; with crew, individuals.*

*Get your crew in a brainstorming session to list all desirable qualifications. From this list of desirable qualifications pare it down to perhaps a dozen which are attainable. (Being a multi-millionaire may be desirable but is it attainable in the type of individual we need? If so will he share?)*

*Take this list of qualifications on to the next step which is to find out who is available for the job. Back to the brainstorming session to get a list of every person who is liked by any member of the crew. Remember in a brainstorming session you write down every suggestion and no one discusses or puts down anyone's ideas until the list is complete. This list will include Scouting/Guiding leaders, school staff, acquaintances from other activities, church friends, business contacts, and*

*perhaps police contacts. No one gets left out, if any person puts their name up.*

*Again you must chop the list down to a few for ease of handling. Start with your list of 109 or so names and start crossing off. If someone says to remove a name, check for discussion and then remove them, unless at least half feel they should stay on the list. Continue this process until you have a list of 3-5. Review their qualifications with the crew with the intent of establishing whether they will change to your needs or you to theirs. (a crew whose activities are primarily weekends in the mountains may not be happy with an Advisor who is a priest and works every Sunday) You may have to go back to the list of 109 and rethink some candidates or even add new ones. Finally you have an agreed upon list of 3-5 suitable candidates whom you feel would fill the bill, and you must now go out to recruit one.*

*Name a committee of two or three who will go to the proposed Advisor and discuss the position. At least one of the committee should be the crew member who knows this person best. In co-ed crews it should include the usual two genders. If the selected person has hang ups about "Scouting is for boys" it's best to know that now.*

*Gather together an information kit: Advisors job description, Rover Handbook, Rovering Magazines, Investiture ceremony, Vigil questions. Rovering to Success if you have one, and any other information that might assist him in making his mind up. A realistic time commitment (not two hours a week) and financial costing would be useful. If you can add the name and phone number of a previous Advisor, or an Advisor with another crew, it would help.*

*Finally, the committee member who knows him best will call to set up an appointment. Ask to have an opportunity to meet with him regarding the Rover Crew. Tell him that you would like 1 to 2 hours of his time at a mutually convenient time. Be prepared, with a list of times and dates that the*

committee is free, so any times suggested by him could be quickly accepted. Make certain that the committee is free for that time and is able to stay longer if the candidate wants to carry on.

At the agreed time, (not Rover Standard Time) present yourself at his home, or other agreed location, preferably in uniform but certainly neatly dressed. The person whom you have agreed will be the spokesman will then explain that the Rover Crew is in need of an Advisor and out of a list of 109 (or whatever) candidates he has been selected to be interviewed and, if not interested personally, to perhaps offer suggestions as to someone else who should be considered. Explain what Rovers are, stressing the fun, service, Scouting aspects and that it is a personal development program, where he fills an advisory role allowing you to learn from your own experience.

Tell him a little about the Crew; history, membership, activities, and plans. Present the information package for his use until a time later in the week. Express a date by which you would like a response to the request for him to join you and state that this is what you have come to say and the committee is available to answer any questions. When questions and discussions wind down the committee will politely leave.

If the committee is asked for a commitment on behalf of the Crew (for example every member will become a leader, or go to church or whatever) they must respond that if that is a condition required by the candidate they will ask the Crew and respond by a set date. If the committee receives a commitment from the potential Advisor to join the Crew then you will fill out a Form 3 and pass it to the Council. Invite the candidate to the next activity to meet the crew. At the end of that activity, get the crew vote, check with District and write a letter on behalf of the Crew accepting him into the Crew, welcoming him, and expressing a wish that you will have a successful Crew together.

Within the first couple of months, arrange an activity at which the attendance of his spouse or "significant other" would be appropriate to allow her an opportunity also to get to know you. If she does not want to take part do not push but be sure opportunities are available at regular intervals.

### ADDING TO THE TEAM

If the desire is to add to the Advisor team in the Crew it may be one of two things: the Crew identifies a need for a larger team ( female, Hiking oriented, more advisors, younger) or else the crew has identified a person whom they feel would be a great addition. In the first event the whole process is carried out as above except the Crew Advisor would also take part and be a part (not spokesman) of the committee. In the second event the process would start with the qualifications and then cover the rest of the steps.

### OFF WITH THE OLD ON WITH THE NEW

Where the Advisor is leaving the Crew because of transfer, retirement or other commitments his role as Advisor should continue through the recruiting process with him sitting as a committee member. If he has been fired, got mad and quit or is fed up with you guys, it may be better to leave him out of the process.

Sometimes District, Region or Province may have a Rover Advisor who will work with you through this process. You may be able to use another Crew's Advisor to help through the recruiting steps. Scouting has an excellent video; "THE GRIZZLY CREEK SOLUTION", which would be worth viewing before the process starts.

**ADVISORS;****USING THEM IN THE CREW****K.R. "SMOKE" BLACKLOCK**

*Now that your crew has recruited a team of Advisors the next problem is what to do with them? Should you put them in charge of planning Crew activities?...No, that's your job. Should they look after the records, funds etc?.....No, that's your job too. Then what do we do with them?*

*First, welcome them to the Crew as you would any other new member. If they are new to Rovers you probably would like them to do your Squireship requirements with another Advisor from the Crew or from another Crew as one sponsor and a senior Rover from your Crew as the other sponsor. As with any other Squire, this is not a chance to humiliate the new member but a chance to share the traditions of Rovering and the Crew with the new member. If, on the other hand the new Advisor is an invested Rover already, you should again follow the Crew standards for members transferring into the Crew in order to introduce them to the Crew's traditions.*

*If training is available through the local Council pack them off to learn about dealing with you guys. Your Crew may need to take some extra responsibility for making this happen. Does your new Advisor have a spouse and some kids? Who looks after the kids to make it possible for the Advisor to go to a training session? The spouse should be given an opportunity to attend as well since they will certainly be involved to some extent. Arrange child care, and if necessary, financial support to get the Advisors trained. If training is not locally available find out where there is training available and make sure they get a chance to go. Find out why training isn't available at home and ask your Council to make it available.*

*Now your Advisor is recruited, welcomed, and trained until they know how little they really*

*know. They should be included in Crew activities, speak at meetings, and work at Service Projects to the same extent as other members. In addition, there will be times when the Advisor flatly states that a planned activity should not go on because it is physically, morally or legally outside the parameters of civilized Rovering ( If that isn't a contradiction in terms). When this happens you will be faced with the choice of listening and learning, or not listening and learning the hard way. If you disagree too often you may find yourself looking for a new Advisor (or perhaps a bail bondsman).*

*But the situation where an Advisor earns their keep is in the one on one situation when a Rover needs some help in sorting out their own life. Whether the subject is love, employment, school or church, do not expect the Advisor to tell you what to do. The Advisor is usually only going to help you explore options. You make the decisions. The Advisor might mention, in passing, that your actions are those of a complete idiot and the best thing you could do is pound your head against a tree until the problem goes away; but that is simply another way of highlighting your options. Advisors like to be colourful sometimes too.*

*Keep in mind that Advisors are not perfect and do not know everything. We have tried to keep this a secret but too many Advisors have been forced to say " I don't know! Lets find out together? Have pity on them, and work with them, so that next time you ask an Advisor to explain the meaning of life, or whatever, he will have the answer. An Advisor is a lot like an emergency parachute; you don't need it every trip but it's sure nice to have when it is wanted or needed.*

*Be nice to Advisors, invite them on your camps, events, and bike trips. Invite them, as well, to your weddings, graduations and christening ( not necessarily in that order). Share your troubles, fears and pain with them, because that is what they are for, but also share your joys, triumphs and confidence with them, because they need those too. Love them, hug them, yell at them, or drive them nuts but don't exclude them.*

*Remember the title of the critter is Rover Advisor; First Rover and secondly Advisor. They spend a lot of their time explaining to Councils that Rovers are really adults and explaining to Rovers that Councils are really adults ( although sometimes having doubts on both counts). You were born to your family but you choose your Crew and your Advisor. Do so wisely, and then make sure you take care of both.*

#### **ADVISORS: LOSING THEM** **K.R. "SMOKE" BLACKLOCK**

*Sometimes when you have chosen to accept an Advisor for your Crew, you reach the stage where the Advisor is no longer a reflection of what your crew wants or needs. Their commitment may have changed or perhaps the Crew may have erred in choosing them at the start. Now the problem is to unload them without creating a monster.*

*First the simplest method is to have built in an annual review with each Advisor. At a meeting, clearly established in the Crew Bylaws for the same month each year, each Advisor meets with the Crew In Council separately. At this review, ask your Advisor if he has any concerns or complaints, and listen to his answers. Secondly the Mate or other Spokesperson will point out anything the Advisor is doing which is unsatisfactory to the Crew. The Advisor then leaves and the Crew In Council decides if they wish to continue the Advisor in the position for another year, list*

*required changes if continuing, or decide that they do not want to continue the relationship. A polite letter is sent to the Advisor immediately to inform him.*

*If you do not have such an annual review system in place it becomes necessary to create a special meeting to accomplish the same thing. The Mate or Crew Advisor should state the purpose of the meeting to the Advisor concerned. This allows the Advisor an opportunity to prepare a response and/or exercise the option of resigning. The meeting will be conducted in the same fashion as at an annual one and again should never result in a one on one or a yelling match.*

*It is not appropriate to name those members who are proposing to renew/not renew the Advisors contract, nor is it appropriate to discuss the reasons outside of the Crew. The exception of course would be when you have concerns about the Advisors ability to work with Scouting Groups in which case you must contact the Commissioner with your concerns. If this Advisor is one of an Advisor Team it would be wise to discuss your concerns with the Crew Advisor or with the Assistant Advisor who would be likely to fill that role.*

*It is important, to follow up on the resignation/termination of any member including the Advisor to ensure that there is no place where he has access to crew accounts or funds and also to ensure that the Group Committee is aware of the change. The likelihood of trouble is much smaller if you are careful to be courteous, notify only those who need to know, and do not discuss the reasons publicly. It is often the case that an Advisor may not meet the expectations of one crew but may suit another crew very well. Rovering is a small community so, unless you have strong reasons for doing otherwise, keep your partings as friendly as possible. Ask the Advisor to resign if that is his preference and be as friendly as*



*possible at the next Moot or Service Project.*

*Not everyone is compatible with every Crew but there is room in Rovers for all those willing to subscribe to the principles. Do not waste any opportunity to retain any member, if not in your Crew then in a role elsewhere that is more suitable.*

### THE CARE AND FEEDING OF ROVER SQUIRES.

*K.R. "Smoke" Blacklock*

*You have now recruited new members into your crew, and are all set to put them through a squireship they will remember. What shall we do to them? Hurt them, humiliate them, work them till they drop? If you want to drive new members away or kill your crew that might be the choice, but if you want to keep your crew alive read on.*

*During the age of chivalry a promising young man would attach himself to a well respected knight as a squire. This was an honourable position where the young man cared for the knight's horse and his armour in exchange for knowledge of the knightly skills. The squire was not a slave or even a servant but was a potential knight whose rapid advancement brought pride to the knight. As a squire's strength and skill developed he was given more important duties, personal weapons and greater responsibility until the day that he could at last win his spurs. There were certainly squires who were required to perform menial chores, such as laundry and housekeeping but these were because the knight was too poor to have a body servant usually because of inferior skill or courage. The squires of such a knight were of such character, that a more respectable knight did not want them, for even a knight who started off without wealth could earn the sponsorship of a great house, until he had won enough wealth and honour to become a Knight*

*Errant and strike off on his own.*

*So today in Rovers, those crews that wish to emulate the good things of the age of chivalry do so by establishing a squireship period which is only long enough to get to know the new member, and couples this with other requirements designed to teach the squire the Rover way. These requirements may include reading *Rovering to Success*, if a copy is available, or perhaps some similar document. A crew where camping skills need to be developed may have a hiking or camping program that needs completion; or a Police Rover Crew might require a basic knowledge of simple traffic control.*

*The squireship requirements are primarily to find out if the new person is going to fit into your Crew, and so should not last beyond 10 or a dozen meetings or activities. If your crew only meets monthly or if that is all that a squire can attend then the squireship can last a year otherwise perhaps three months.*

*At or near the end of the squireship period it is a good plan to have a clear milestone to show completion. Traditionally this was in the form of a overnight hike with your sponsor, in which the squire demonstrated his new-found knowledge by planning the menu and route, erecting the shelter and cooking the meals. Some crews still use this traditional requirement, while other crews require the squire to take part in a weekend activity with the crew, getting to know everyone. Where a special theme crew exists, such as a search and rescue crew, you may want the squire to demonstrate proficiency in the basic skills required. Your crew should design the squireship requirements for your own needs. They should be attainable with reasonable effort within the squireship period, leaving the advanced honing of these skills for later in his Rover life.*

*The last thing in the squireship should be a vigil, or self examination, which the squire*

undertakes in a serious manner. This will be discussed in another chapter.

Remember, the way you develop your squires is a very clear indication of how you value your Rover principles. If you think humiliation is necessary for a squire then you clearly cannot take much pride in the attainment of becoming an invested Rover.

### **THE ROVER VIGIL** **K.R. "Smoke" Blacklock**

When a new member has completed the probationary (Squireship) period set by your crew they should carry out a self-examination (Vigil) to decide if they are prepared to accept the principles of Rovering as a way of life. The Vigil is a very private thing and should be undertaken in a spirit of personal pride and self-confidence.

#### **THE SETTING**

The setting for the Rover Vigil is unimportant, except that it should be a place where the Squire is comfortable and able to think. The presence of the sponsor or adviser should be at the discretion of the Squire and, if present, they should only respond, and not attempt to guide the Vigil. Interruptions should be avoided so a location away from others is often desirable.

The squire will have been given a copy of the Vigil questions and been advised to return when the vigil is complete giving only an answer that he/she is: ready for investiture;

wishing more time to make the decision;

not willing to become a Rover with its commitments.

#### **THE PURPOSE**

This is a suggestion for a Rover Vigil, or self examination, as originally presented to Rovers.

The Rovers, with the aid of questions drawn up by Baden-Powell, will quietly think out what is going on in their lives. The Vigil, when used, will come at the end of the period of probation or orientation [squireship].

It should be made clear to the Squire that they should not be invested until they are quite sure that they are honestly ready. They should think carefully before taking this important step and should not commit themselves to a serious promise or principles until they are resolved to do their best to keep them.

### **THE VIGIL AS DESIGNED BY BADEN-POWELL IS AS FOLLOWS:**

#### **THE VIGIL**

As one grows older, time passes more quickly. Comparatively speaking, human life only lasts for a short time and is soon gone. Squires should ask themselves these questions:

1. **AM I MAKING THE BEST USE OF THE LIFE THAT GOD HAS GIVEN ME?**
2. **AM I FRITTERING IT AWAY, IN DOING NOTHING THAT COUNTS—THAT IS, WASTING IT?**
3. **AM I WORKING AT THINGS THAT ARE NOT DOING ANY GOOD TO ANYBODY?**
4. **AM I SEEKING TOO MUCH FOR MY OWN ENJOYMENT, MONEY MAKING OR PROMOTION WITHOUT TRYING TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE?**
5. **WHOM HAVE I INJURED IN MY LIFE? CAN I DO ANYTHING TO MAKE AMENDS?**

*We don't get paid or rewarded for doing Service. It is the fact that we receive no recompense, for this service, that makes us free in doing it. We are not working for an employer, but for God and our own conscience.*

*The Rover section of the Scout movement is described as a Brotherhood of Service. If we join Rovering, we will get the opportunity of training for, and of doing, service in many ways that would not have been open to us otherwise.*

*Service is not only for spare time. We must be on the lookout for opportunities of serving constantly.*

*Squires should ask themselves the following questions:*

1. **AM I JOINING THE ROVER SECTION ONLY FOR THE FUN THAT I CAN GET OUT OF IT?**
2. **AM I DETERMINED TO PUT REAL SELF-SACRIFICING SERVICE INTO IT?**
3. **WHAT DO I MEAN BY SERVICE?**
4. **DO I REALLY THINK OF OTHERS, RATHER THAN MYSELF, IN MY PLANS OR UNDERTAKINGS?**
5. **WHAT KIND OF SERVICE AM I BEST SUITED TO DO?**
  - A. AT HOME?
  - B. AT WORK?
  - C. IN MY SPARE TIME?

*As the success of our service will depend to a great extent on our personal character, we must discipline ourselves in order that we may be a good influence on others.*

*Squires should ask themselves the following*

*questions:*

1. **AM I DETERMINED TO GIVE UP BAD HABITS ACQUIRED IN THE PAST?**
2. **WHAT ARE THE WEAK POINTS IN MY CHARACTER?**
3. **AM I ABSOLUTELY HONOURABLE AND TRUSTWORTHY?**
4. **AM I LOYAL TO GOD AND MY QUEEN, MY COUNTRY, MY EMPLOYERS, THOSE UNDER ME, THE SCOUT MOVEMENT, MY FRIENDS AND MYSELF?**
5. **AM I GOOD TEMPERED, CHEERY AND KIND TO OTHERS?**
6. **AM I SOBER AND CLEAN LIVING, AND CLEAN THINKING, AND CLEAN SPEAKING?**
7. **HAVE I THE COURAGE AND PATIENCE TO STICK IT OUT WHEN THINGS ARE GOING AGAINST ME?**
8. **HAVE I A MIND OF MY OWN, OR DO I ALLOW MYSELF TO BE CARRIED AWAY BY THE PERSUASION OF OTHERS?**
9. **AM I STRONG MINDED ENOUGH TO WARD OFF THE TEMPTATIONS TO DRINK, TO HARM OTHER PEOPLE?**
10. **AM I WEAK IN SOME OF THESE THINGS, DO I RESOLVE HERE AND NOW, WITH GODS HELP, TO DO MY BEST TO CORRECT THEM AND GIVE THEM UP?**

**MAY GOD GIVE ME STRENGTH TO GO FORWARD HENCEFORTH A COMPLETE PERSON, A TRUE CITIZEN, AND A CREDIT TO MY COUNTRY.**

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

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The world According to Paul:

Moot Day 6: August 1 (Continued)

We arrived back at our contingent campsite at 1:45pm greeted by many of our fellow Canadians. On our short journey of maybe a 2 minute walk, many Canadians had told me that some guy named "Bill" from Vancouver is here to see me. About 6 people told me this in this short span and finally I found Bill!

You probably are all wondering who the heck is Bill? Well I'll tell you, he's a fellow Rover from the 3rd Boundary Bay Rover Crew in Delta. He is studying at the Canadian University in Nice, France. He had a weekend off and decided to come up to the moot for a few days. Anyway, enough of Bill!

It was now time to sign up for the day activities that are on for the remainder of the moot. There was a vast selection of things to do. From hiking, canoeing, touring, workshops, parasailing and many other activities. It is a first come first get basis, so the sooner you register the better activity you get. Well Julie and I were anxious to do some good hiking in the Swiss Alps, so we luckily got our first choices. We chose the "Gaellhorn" mountain hike and the "Geerhorn" hike. We really were lucky as there were no lineups. After only a half hour to an hour from signing up, there were long lineups and many people did not get their desired choices. C'est la vie!

Today there is the Mid-camp ceremony and so each country put up a station in the international market. Each showing their own cultural identities, popular and well-known past times and many other that best represents each own's country.

Our station had 2 Hockey action board games showing our notorious national sport! (Sorry Lacrosse, but you're just not it!) We had hundreds of Canada 125 stickers to give out also having people test their knowledge with our country by playing a Canadian Trivial Pursuit Game. Prizes were also given out in the form of many Canadian souvenirs and memorabilia. After this day, we donated the two hockey games to local children's hospitals.

Did the dinner thing and then we all gathered in the circus tent to present our skit for everyone to see. We performed a bilingual skit that shows all the myths of what others think of Canada, in a very humorous way. You know the usual thoughts: Snow, cold, dogsleds, igloos, Eskimos, beavers and of course the R.C.M.P.. Following this skit, we then presented a slide show revealing what our country really is like by showing slides of the scenery, Canadians in action and everything what Canadians are from Coast to Coast to music. We then closed our performance by singing our National Anthem in English and then in French. It went over quite well!

I then went to watch many other skits and presentations. Every country really put on a great show, so there was plenty of entertainment for the night. Not to mention that today is Switzerland's National day celebrating its 700 and something birthday. WOW! That's ancient! The rest of the evening was spent partying with the rest of the WORLD and having a great time. Bill was enjoying it too. At about 1:30 a.m., Bill, Julie, Michelle and I stuffed ourselves into a Phone Booth and went to call Gord (My roommate, the other guy that writes the B.C. Rovering article) at work, collect! I first

thought Bill was joking, but he called collect to Doug's Auto Part's in Tsawassen (Near Vancouver) to order a muffler for a 1978 Suburban, I think. Gord couldn't believe this as we are partying it up early in the morning and here he is working in mid afternoon. Well we talked to him for about 15 minutes until he realized it was collect. Said bye and we made our way back to the tents to get some shut eye.

#### Moot Day 7: August 2, 1992

Was momentarily awoken at 6am to see Bill on his way back to Nice. He enjoyed his stay and thanked us for letting him stay with the contingent for the weekend. Bye Bill! Back to sleep! 8:30am Rise and Shine! Ate the usual breakfast and went to our meeting. It was then off to the international tent where it was my turn to man our contingent's post. I shared the duties with Michael K. We answered questions from anyone and gave out information pamphlets on our country, Scouting and of course more Canada 125 stickers! Also chatted with others at their respective posts and learned more of each others country and scouting ways and practices.

3:30pm, well our turn was over, so we made way to the Moot shop to look for more moot souvenirs. I picked up a mug and a much needed water bottle. It is very hot today, and quenching my thirst was high on my priority list. I then signed up for the Swiss Boat Party Cruise for Tuesday night. It promised to be a great cruise on Lake Thun. Traded badges while hiking through the site. Dinner time arrived and tonight I selected "Vegetarian" as my meal tent for this evening. I was in dire need of vegetables. As I was going through the line up I got some soup, vegies, Tofu Burger, rice and then to my astonishment, I was offered "Spare Ribs"! Spare Ribs? I asked why, and they said that many people could not get the meal ticket they wanted and were stuck with this choice. So they were

offering these delicious ribs. So how could I refuse? So I had some and upon sitting to eat, Bob, Julie, Chris and others were quite shocked to see spare ribs in a vegetarian meal. Oh well, the ribs were there so I ate! They were damn good!

Wandered over to the discotheque where a DJ was situated and was playing some great tunes. Danced for over an hour with Selma, Irene, Andrew and many others. Great tunes! Upon needing some cooler air and the thought of getting some rest before the big hike tomorrow, Julie and I walked down the path leading to our camp. We then walked over to the main area-"Place of Colors" as there was a vigil in honour of a young woman from Iceland that died today. She had spent the last two days in hospital in a coma after being in a canoeing accident while on her 4 1/2 day activity. Her name was Oona. We each lit a candle for her as many others did and said a prayer for her and her family. It was a very sad moment of the day and the Moot. I then cleaned up a bit and went to bed.

#### Moot Day 8: August 3, 1992

6:00am, Rise and Shine! Did the wash and breakfast thing, and then walked over to the Place of Colors. It was the gathering and starting point for the "Gaellihorn" Day hike. After meeting everyone, we then starting hiking towards the cable car station in Kandersteg which is already at an elevation of 1200m. Took the cable car ride up to Stock at 1825m. We disembarked and started the real hike.

We hiked for about an hour or so and along the way there were farms, cow crossings and other scenic sightings. We stopped at Schwarenbach for a ten to fifteen minute break as the weather was warm and the elevation was starting to get higher. Believe it or not, there is a hotel right here too. Only in Switzerland! Apparently this used to be one

of the main trails that used to get a person to Geneva, so it was very common to see hotels along very well laid trails. We are currently at the 2061m point. Now the fun begins, as we are now going to hike up the steepest part of the hike. We hiked up the side of the mountain on the well-marked trails, seeing mountain sheep and another Rover group that was returning to the moot site, just finishing their overnight hike. Temperature was dropping as we got even higher.

Finally we all made it to the summit of Schwarzgratli at an elevation of 2383m. It is very cool now, about 5 to 10 degrees celsius. I am in complete awe now of the most awesome sight: The Swiss Alps! Mountains galore! Words cannot describe the sight that I saw. Julie was quite awestruck as well. I could see some lakes in the distance that had that great cold blue look. No kidding! Yes, my camera is just starting to have a lot of fun. We hiked a bit more and stopped for a snack break at Ueschinengrat. Again, the view was spectacular! We now started hiking to the top of Gaellihorn. Along the way, we ran into a herd of mountain goats and before I knew it another Rover and myself were surrounded by these furry animals. They were around me going down the trail, I was very cautious as they had a good pair of horns on their heads. I did not feel like flying or getting a sore butt! Alas, we made it to the top of Gaellihorn and the view was magnificent. We could see the Moot site very well and all of Kandersteg. Lunch was now devoured and a little rest was fine too. Did the picture thing by the flag mounted on top of this peak. Hiking down the Mountain and back into Kandersteg was next. We were following a roaring river that was getting bigger and stronger as we descended. After a few hours, we finally arrived back at the Moot site at about 5pm and took a much needed shower.

Wrote some more post cards and then donned the uniform as everyone assembled in the Place of Colors. The weather was now very ugly -

RAIN, and lots of it! We were attending the memorial service for the Icelandic Rover that passed away yesterday. Again a very sad time for everyone, especially for her contingent. After the service, the rain stopped. I then hunted down an available meal tent for dinner, as all the drinking establishments are closed as the moot organizers wanted a very quiet evening, in honour of the Icelandic young Woman. I managed to get dinner in the Swiss Meal tent. I had a Swiss style stew, good and spicy! I then retired to bed, as I was very tired and needed sleep. I'll never forget this day as I finally fulfilled my long time dream of hiking in the Swiss Alps! It was one great hike!

Moot Day 9: August 4, 1992

Awoke at 8:30am to the sounds of rain drops on the roof of the tent. I was not impressed. I wasn't feeling too good and so I skipped breaky and lounged in the tent. I somewhat missed sanitation duty, as our contingent had to clean up the bathrooms. I didn't miss too much as I was told. Talked to Marc, you remember, the guy that I was travelling with, that's the one, anyway he came by and talked for a while.

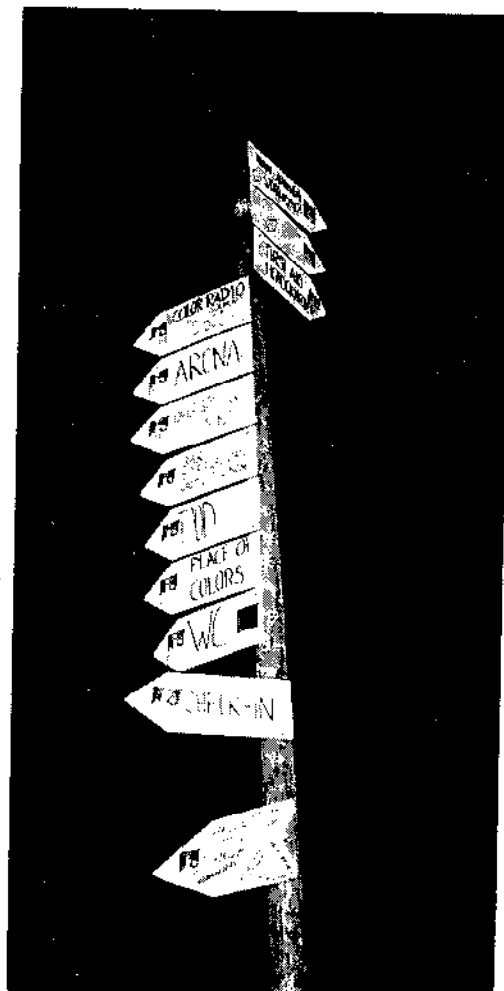
Went to do laundry as I was down to almost nil of clean clothes. Chatted with others in contingent, and then decided a good lunch was in order. Julie decided to join me. We walked into the main part of Kandersteg and looked around in all the neat shops, stores and finally found a good little restaurant to have lunch. I had RÖSTI, which is a type of sausage along with salad, potatoes, vegies and a glass of Orange Juice! Great lunch! We were then joined by fellow Canadians, Heather and Mike.

After lunch we walked down the streets doing the tourist thing. I found a post office so I was able to buy some stamps and mail the ever growing post card pile. Stopped in a store and bought a nice 1 litre jug of O.J.. I need it! Back to



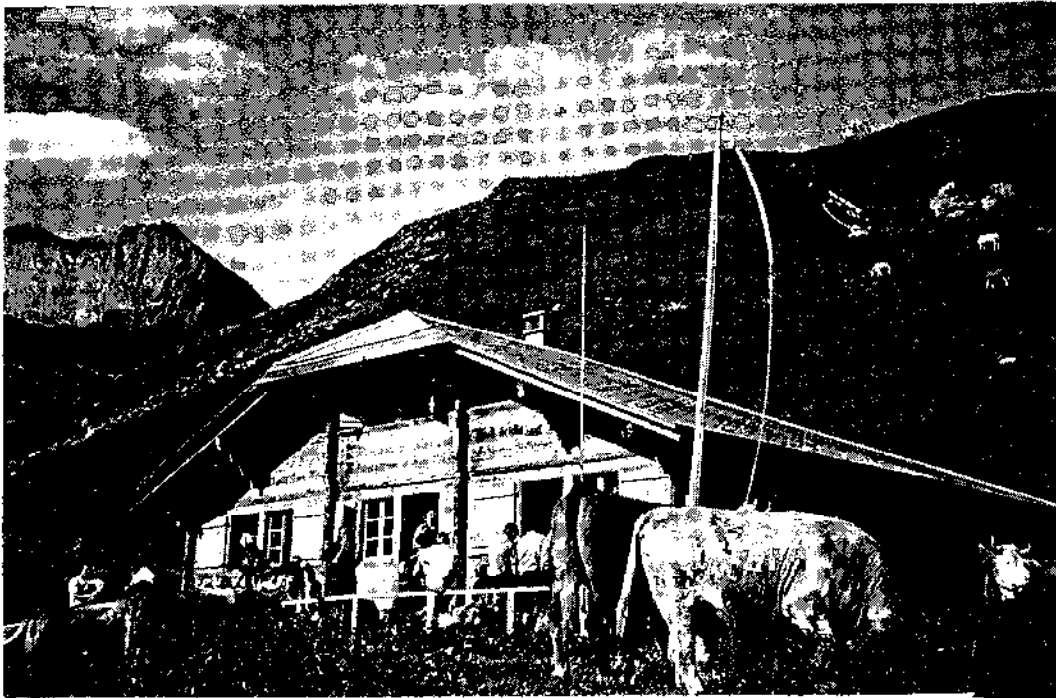
Guifré's entry in the Can-Can contest  
at The Klondike Moot.

The last sight  
as we leave  
the 8th world  
Moot in the  
morning  
darkness



The Wall  
of  
Colours





The climbing hut in beautiful alpine Switzerland



Lined up to board for the Boat Cruise



camp, and traded more badges. Did the dinner thing and long behold, the sun started to shine! Perfect timing, as we were getting prepared to leave for the Swiss Party Boat Cruise.

At about 6PM, about 1200 other Rovers and myself boarded a chartered 30 car long train to go nonstop to Lake Thun. Yes I did say 1200 Rovers! After about 45 minutes we arrived at our stop Spiez and we invaded the local area. The local people had no choice but to look at the herd of us. It was supposed to be one boat, but fortunately there was a second one. The first boat (Largest one) filled quickly, so most of us Canadians boarded the second boat. The setting was great: Clear blue skies, calm water and everyone wanted to have fun, Rover Style!!! There was dancing on the boat as we all danced to the Traditional Swiss Music played by authentic Traditional Swiss musicians. Time seemed to motor on by as the three hours passed by and we were again getting back on the train to return to Camp. Great boat party! Sleep was very easy after this night.

Moot Day 10: August 5, 1992

5:45am and it was Rise and shine! Actually it wasn't too bad getting up this morning after last night's festivities. Ate breakfast and prepared day pack for hike. Julie wasn't feeling too well so she decided to relax today. Off to the Place of Colors and I was the only participant that showed up for the Geerihorn hike. So, we joined another hiking group and were heading to do the Niederhorn Hike.

This was to be not as physical hike as the one I had signed up for, but no problem, the weather was great and I was pumped! We trained into Interlaken which is beside Lake Thun, and then took a bus up to Beatenberg. From there we took a chairlift up to the top of Niederhorn. The elevation here is 1950m. Not as high as the last day hike and it was noticeable, as the temperature was getting

very warm.

We started hiking along the well-marked trails, as on Niederhorn there is also a large Nature Reserve. The Panorama was very breathtaking as you could see the valleys, mountain ranges and many animals which included cows, and many mountain goats/sheep. I was informed that we are standing on the ridge that shows the division of the plains and the mountains. If you looked north, you saw the flat plains and when you look south, you see all the mountain ranges. The leader of our group then showed me the very famous Swiss Alps that are world renowned for skiing as well as the ridge where a train station is situated. It is the worlds highest elevated train station. This was a very relaxing hike and quite nice, as I really had to brush up on my French, as the others didn't know English too well. We managed to communicate pretty well though. The weather was great and very hot all along the hike. We journeyed down the mountainside and onto a gravel road and into a small village. We did the ice cream thing. Ahhh, much better! Hopped onto a bus that took us back into Interlaken where we caught the train to head back to the Moot.

Took a nice cool shower and then ate dinner. I gathered my trading articles and set up a spot in the Italian Tent. Traded a lot of badges and even neckers. Met a few Aussies, British and many others. It was getting quite late so I ventured back to the tent and chatted with Chris, Heather, Peter, Julie, Mike and a few others. Later, sleep set in.

Moot Day 11: August 6, 1992

Awoke at 8:30am and then gathered with others for a contingent meeting. This was to discuss how everyone felt about the Moot, Contingent, and to express whatever feelings each had. This is to be used to help organize for the next Contingent for the next World Moot. It went quite well. I then did

the cleanup thing and reorganized my pack for a bit.

Most of the Contingent met up at Moot H.Q. to present the Moot Chairperson Walter Hofstetter with our large Canadian Flag. We got this flag from the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. It was actually flying on Parliament Hill before we got it. Did the picture thing and then it was off to compete in the Big Game Festival (Olympic type Games). Julie and I teamed up with our buddies from our 4 1/2 day activity: Ulf, Selma, Andrew and Irene. There were various activities to do throughout the moot site and in Kandersteg as well. There was 3 or 4 different groups of activities. There was Brain Games, Water Sports, Winter Sports and Fun Games.

We first tried the wacky obstacle course that was a big challenge with riding tricycles, kicking a soccer ball while carrying a glass of water and walking boards. It was quite a lot of fun. Next up was dart throwing. Andrew was our guy as he plays darts a fair bit. Didn't do too bad. Our next stop was the Dress-up event. The idea was to face paint each other and get all dressed up in whatever costumes, clothes that were available. We were then marked on that as well as team spirit. Boy did we look good!

After cleaning our faces, we then wandered into Kandersteg and went into the recreation centre and played a few of the brain Games. Some were: Pick up sticks, chess, checkers, trivia, and many other brain boggling games. We decided to skip curling and winter sports, and head for the pool. Water time! We skipped some water obstacles and partook in 2 events. One was diving to find many objects placed under water worth points when successfully retrieved. Upon waiting 20 minutes, we did the Hamster Roll! It was a HUGE inflated hamster roll that each person had to get in and get to one end of the pool. It cooled down a little so we dried off and went for ice cream.

Phoned home to wish my parents a happy 25th Anniversary! They were just having breakfast and were quite thrilled with the phone call. We all then wandered back to the moot site and took some group photos. I then went to the moot shop and purchased the Moot Songs Cassette and then went back to my tent. Did the packing thing and put on the uniform. Most of us Canadians then went to the American tent for dinner. They served hamburgers or they were supposed to be hamburgers. It was okay, I guess. While eating, Michelle and Julie started a minor little food fight on our large table. We decided it was time to leave the tent and wash our utensils. Julie couldn't resist and we all got into a water fight in the clean up area in which we saw Julie sort of fall in the ice cold river. Ha Ha! Everyone had a laughing spasm attack for at least the next ten minutes.

We then all gathered down at the Place of Colors for the Closing Ceremonies. Yes it is closing time and my oh my where did the time go? There were performances by local bands, best contingent skits or dances, presentations of awards, speeches, report by the World Youth Forum where our own Robert Craig gave one of the speeches, slide show showing shots of the activities that happened during the moot and official closing speeches. Very well done and everyone then lit candles to signify the end of this great moot. It was now party time!

Off to the Italian Tent I went, and entered a packed tent with a few hundred Rovers dancing to the music from one of the live bands on site. Most of my 4 1/2 day group was there too so it was a great time. A lot of dancing and socializing.

I then headed back to the tent to finish packing as I had to leave early in the morning for a train to Budapest. I talked with Julie for an hour or so telling her of my previous travels through Europe as she was doing the same places as I had already done. She then went to sleep and I went

through the moot site to say my goodbyes as I would not be seeing many of these people for a very looong time. Watched Denise pack in the dark next to a candle with her stuff everywhere! It was now about 3 a.m..

August 7, 1992

Still awake and waiting for the dawn of the sun. 5am approached and it was time for final goodbyes. Woke most of the contingent to say goodbye as they didn't have to leave till 8am or so. Said a very big goodbye to Julie and it was then down the road with Denise to the train station in Kandersteg. Daylight started coming over the mountains. Arrived at the station at 5:30 a.m. and Marc soon arrived shortly after that. Waited for train till 6:15am.

The world according to Marc:

Moot Day 6: August 1, 1992

Unfortunately, I can't quote directly from my journal, but I can tell you I wasn't happy with getting up at 6:00AM. Kristie was more than elated to know this would be our last trip down the mountain as we headed for the train station in Mendrisio. The trip back was just as magnificent as the trip to Mendrisio, and by mid-afternoon we were back at the Moot site.

The Activity Bazaar was not yet open when I got back. I was one of the first 50 people to sign up for an activity, so I was able to get both of my first choices for activities. First up will be Rock Climbing on the 3<sup>rd</sup>, and a hike up Niederhorn on the 5<sup>th</sup>.

There were approximately 50 different one-day short activities available. These included Canoeing, Mountain Biking, numerous hikes,

Sightseeing, Environmental Excursions, Abseiling, and Cultural Excursions. There was something for everyone's tastes.

Unlike the 9<sup>th</sup> World Moot in Australia, everyone had to sign up for their two short activities today. This created quite a problem for those who were still off-site on their expeditions as they did not get much of a selection by the time that they got back. In Australia, you were required to sign up for your full or half-day activity the day before. This gave everyone a chance to get at least one activity that they really wanted. From some of the reports from others at the Swiss Moot, they got stuck with full day activities that really didn't interest them. There was one bit of good news though. Most people found that by just showing up for a activity that they couldn't sign up for, they quite often got to do it because there were always several people who signed up and didn't show up. That's Rover ingenuity for you!

The International Market was set-up today in and around the main parade ground. Most countries had a display of some sort, and the most popular ones were those serving foods of their native homelands. I spotted a couple of Mexican Rovers from my expedition at their display, and they made up a 'Special' Mexican tortilla for me. Can you say screamin' hot!! The Ozzies were an obvious attraction with their samples of fine Australian beverages. The Kiwis were actively promoting their bid to host the next World Moot in four years with an abundance of stickers stating "'SAY YES" TO DISCOVERY at the 10<sup>th</sup> World Moot Mondial - New Zealand 1997'. They were of course willing to bribe anyone for a vote for their cause! There were many other displays featuring the varied cultures and heritages of the numerous different cultures represented at the Moot.

After a roast chicken dinner, it was back to the contingent camp for a final practice before the contingent shows stated at 7:00 PM. There were

four different shows going on at any one time. One in the Italian tent, one on the main stage, one in the American tent, and one at the Asian tent. We were on at about 7:30 in the Italian tent.

We did the Haka which is a native chant/song and dance from the native New Zealand Maori. After the show, we all wondered from display to display seeing what everyone had to show.

Later in the evening, we were asked to do our show again on the Main Stage along with a couple of the other top acts. We ended up standing around backstage in the cold in our bare feet and grass skirts for ½ an hour waiting for a couple of the other shows to finish. Our show managed to silence the crowd and at the end we got a massive cheer from the crowd. It was a blast!

Moot Day 7: August 2, 1992

Was able to sleep in for a bit today. Caught the train into Bern with Bruce, Penny, and a bunch of other Kiwis. After popping a load of laundry into the train station laundromat. Wandered around town for a bit, but nothing was open as it was Sunday. I took the next train back to Kandersteg with our free rail passes that are part of the Moot fee. I must have been tired because I woke up in the tunnel after the Kandersteg stop. Unfortunately, I had to wait an hour on the other side of the tunnel for a return train. It was good for another nap...

Met up with Janne (Crazy Swede) at the American tent for dinner. He gave me a shot of some Swedish liqueur that is suppose to be drunk with pickled herring, potatoes & sour creme. We had the potatoes and sour creme, but lacked the fishies. It did give you a warm feeling all over. I can't see how someone could drink this stuff regularly with a meal.

Back to the camp site to pack up for the climbing activity. Met up with our activity leader about 8:00PM and found out we had a 2.5 hour hike UP to the climbing hut where we would sleep. The elevation change was about 800 metres, and we arrived at the converted cow barn in pitch darkness. The hike wouldn't have been too bad if it weren't for the fact that the last part was through a muddy field full of cow dung in pitch darkness.

The hut is a small building attached to the downside of a cow shed in the middle of an alpine field. There was a large sleeping area upstairs, and a small kitchen, dining room, and staff sleeping area downstairs. A bunch of us took over the dining room and set up for the night there. Met Sat from Finland, and Janne (Crazy Swede) and his girlfriend, Kirsten, were there. After several cokes and a couple hours of spirited discussion about Scouting in other countries, school, and other varied topics, we hit the sack.

Moot Day 8: August 3, 1992

Were forced out of bed by a bunch of rowdy folk from upstairs who wanted to use the dining room for their breakfast. Imagine that!

After breaky, we were divided into two groups; those who had done some or lots of climbing previously, and the second for the virgin climbers. Our group of experienced climbers headed down the road to a good practice rock that was right on the main road, while the other group headed to a good learner's rock just above the hut.

The rock had two easy climbs, and one more difficult. After a warm-up on an easy one, I decided to tackle the harder one. No one had yet managed to get this one started, but I got it on my second try. Janne was right behind me, and one other Swiss Rover made it after Janne. (The instructor doesn't count).

Next stop was a tough cliff down by the Moot site. I attempted the easier of two climbs and made it about 3/4 of the way up (about 40 feet) before having to give up. That attempt wipe out my fingers and arms for a couple of hours afterward. I think Janne was the only one to make it all the way.

After dinner, was the memorial service for the girl from Iceland who was killed during her canoeing expedition. She had been in the lead canoe when it hit a bridge support and she was held under by the current for over 20 minutes. The service was very well done.

After a short contingent meeting, I headed down to the Italian tent for some badge swapping. Some unnamed member of the Canadian Contingent (NL) complained to the N.Z Contingent leader that I had my badges laid out on a Canadian Flag. I was then asked, and complied, to remove the flag. I was a little upset with this request as I am first and foremost a Canadian, and I have the right to display the Canadian flag regardless of what contingent I attend a World Moot with. Luckily I have absolutely no respect for the alleged complainer so I have just passed it off as more evidence of his insecure personality. (How can you tell I'm ticked off!)

Trading went well, and I now have most of the available contingent badges. Hit the sack early at about 12:30AM.

#### Moot Day 9: August 4, 1992

In reviewing my notes about breakfast and lunch, I noticed that I described breakfast as 'shi\*\*y' and lunch as 'worse'. This was not the norm for the camp, but everyone is allowed to have an off-day. Went by the Canadian Contingent's camp, and talked to Paul and some of the other Canadians. Had a chat with Rob Baker for a few

minutes and it was going well until the Contingent Leader arrived and everything went downhill. Luckily they both had to take off and see an ill Canadian at the Moot hospital.

One of the Canadians, Denise, and I went into Kandersteg and booked our reservation for our train rides on Friday. We will be catching the 6:19AM train from Kandersteg to Bern. Guess what!? No shuttle service. Arggh!

Wandered around camp for a bit and setup for badge swapping again. After an early dinner, we headed to the Moot train station with nearly everyone else from camp for a ride into Thun for the Boat Cruise. Nearly the whole camp crowded onto the train and flooded the streets of Thun between the docks and train station.

About 2/3 of us got on the first boat, and the other 1/3 jumped onto the second boat. It was a loud trip around the lake and everyone had a blast! Most of the other Rovers that I know were on my boat, and this led to a major party. One of the Kiwis, 'Stitch', and a Brit leaped off the top deck just before docking, and disappeared into a waterside park. They later appeared on the return train still dripping.

Great night!

#### Moot Day 10: August 5, 1992

Got up about 10:00 AM, obviously missing my hike. Felipe tracked me down to trade some of Mexican Rover badges.

Layed down about 11:00AM because I was feeling a little ill. After a few hours of major body aches and a high temperature, I got up the energy to get down to the Information centre and arrange a ride down to the site hospital to get checked out. Was offered a bed for the night and something for

the aches and fever. Turns out that a lot of people had come down with the 'Moot Flu', and a friend from Australia, Paul McKormick, was in with the same problem. We yapped for a bit before what was probably my best night's sleep on a very comfy bed. Another Ozzie came in about 11:00PM and was in worse condition than both of us.

Was up by 4:30 AM and made the ½ hours walk into Kandersteg with all mt stuff. Their really should be a shuttle train for this! Paul and Denise were sitting at the Kandersteg train station waiting for me....

Paul and Marc's adventure continues....next issue.

Moot Day 11: August 6, 1992

Was confined to bed by a really cute volunteer nurse until the slightly ill looking doctor checked me out and released me. about 9:30AM.

Visited a few friends around camp before heading back to camp to pack my box full of stuff to mail home. There were lots of games and short activities happening all over the site. After attempting a juggling lesson, I caught the shuttle into Kandersteg with 'The Box'. It cost 88F to post about 18Kg home via Sea-Mail. Yeah!!! 'The Box' is gone!!!! Mailed out a bunch of Moot postcards at the moot post office, and mailed a bunch of photos to a Swiss Rover from my expedition at the Australian Moot who was supposed to meet me at the Swiss Moot.

Our final Contingent Meeting happened at about 8:00PM, and Closing Ceremonies started about 8:30PM. Most of the Contingent had almost front row seats for Closing. The slide show was really good, and it was funny watching people take pictures of the slide show with their flashes on.

The party after closing was a rocker. I don't think anybody went to bed before 2:00 AM. There were lots of tearful goodbyes as many of us were leaving early the next morning. Finished packing about 3:00 AM, and got a couple of hours sleep.



**8th World Moot - Attempting a slightly more difficult climb**

August 6, 1992

## The Secret Sharer

by

John A. Sittler

### Author's Preface:

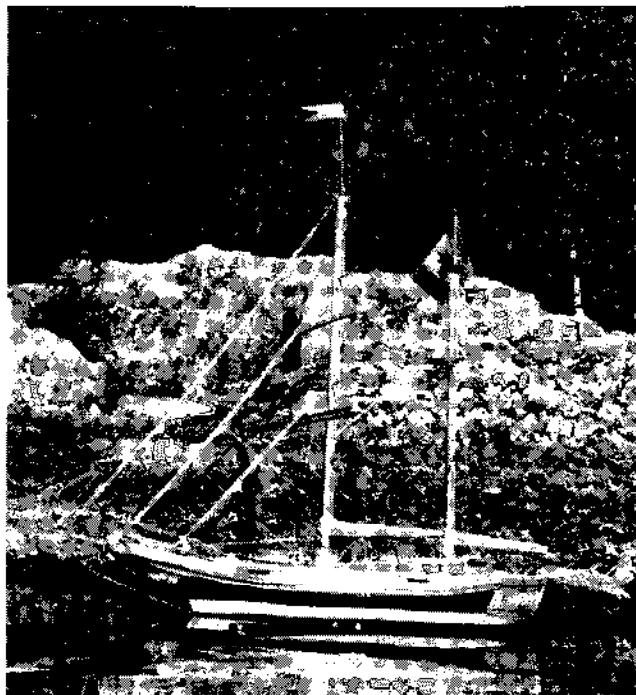
I had only finished the first chapter of this story when the printer of this magazine asked me to submit it for publication. I declined, thinking that his proposal was a bit premature. I didn't think the outline and tone of the story was appropriate for this readership since, the story, on the surface, has nothing to do with Scouting. However, as I wrote more of the book, I began to realize that the characters were drawing something from me. Back in my cob-webbed subconscious, the story was drawing on memories and feelings of my own Scouting background.

I remember being taught about the importance of the concept of the quest. It's true. You never really stop this activity all through your life. I guess this book is the grail I've been searching for. Whether or not you agree with what I've written does not concern me. I am presenting this story for your reading pleasure, two chapters at a time.

In the story, I mention the name of a boat model. It is my hope that none of you use this name on your own vessel. I would like to reserve it for my own use, once I can afford the vessel. I am presently checking into the possibility of registering the name without ownership of a boat to put it on.

The original version of this book was dedicated to someone else, but this version, I would like to dedicate to my cubmaster, scoutmaster, Rover Skip and my father, Donald Allan Sittler. People, I give to you the first chapter, of a tale that has grown with me for the past eight years.

Keep on Rovering,  
John Allen Sittler



## Chapter One

### The Secret Begins

The morning bright; Derek squinting through the sunshine of his bedroom window, stared in Christmas-like anticipation, at the mailbox at the end of the driveway. The flag was up!

He raced down the stairs (no-one can say if he touched any of the steps), burst through the front door, set an Olympic record for lawn crossing and arrived at the mail-box. It was at this point, he realized all he was wearing was his briefs, (but this is forgivable for a ten-year-old boy).

"It's got to be in here!", he cried, tearing out the mail, dumping it on the ground. There it was, the catalog; *Ship Models: All Years of History*. Panting with renewed excitement he bundled up the remainder of the mail, closed the mail-box and ran back into the house.

It was still early; no school, and his parents were still in bed. Derek dumped the mail on the kitchen table, took his catalog and made his way back up to his room slowly, (one can't see the steps if one's thumbing through a catalog). At the top of the stairs he stopped. There it was, the *Oceanic*, a model of the famous two hundred foot, sailing oceanographic explorer Derek had seen on TV.

Someday, he would swim with the dolphins.

When his parents reached the kitchen, their first thought was 'was the house broken into?!', but then who would leave the front door wide open and a rumpled pile of mail on the table? It could only have been Derek.

Following the magnetic trail of coffee fumes to their source; Mark poured himself some daily inspiration. Completing the task with milk and sugar was a little more daunting, (the refrigerator doesn't give off coffee aroma). Angela completed the task while at the same time pouring her own daily inspiration. Mark smiled at her in appreciation and the thought going through his mind went something like, 'Once a mother, always a mother.'

Mark appreciated her always watchful eye and nurturing ways. His son was a good kid. If only his business wasn't so busy. Mark had his own company and it was making money while others around him were 'boarding up the windows'. Their home was certainly evidence of this. Derek was an only child, not out of choice, but economic necessity. Early in Angela and Mark's marriage, the business was in its infancy, and at the time more than one child was simply not affordable. Now ten years later the appeal for more kids had somehow worn off and, possibly out of subconscious guilt, they lavished upon their son the best that money could buy. Not every pre-teen had a 'suite' at their disposal; bedroom, full bathroom (jacuzzi included), and, computerized study (ergonomically fitted out to boot!).

While Mark and Angela were watching the birds play on the deck outside the breakfast area, Derek realized his parents were up, pulled on a terry-cloth robe and went down to the kitchen, catalog in hand.

There they were; a terry-cloth-swathed family on a sunny Saturday morning. Derek spied the fresh coffee. He thought to himself, 'not yet', and headed for the fridge. Juice would do. His father spied the page, the catalog was opened to, as Derek left it casually on the table. Mark's eyes bugged out at the price tag and he looked over at Angela whose smile was being quickly buried in a sip of coffee.

Mark, always trying to be the protective father, greeted his son, "Good morning, if you bring in the mail, maybe you should close the front door after you." Derek stopped with the fridge door half closed, closed it and turned around, "Oops."

"That's okay, I saw the catalog." Mark took a gulp of coffee.

"I also saw the price on this model. You're joking I hope?"

Derek was prepared for battle. Although his parents provided just about everything money could buy; Derek was reminded constantly about the cost of everything. He began his economic statement, "I know Dad, but this is what I've *really* wanted for a long time now and be glad I didn't want the real thing!"

"Does it have to be this particular model? Most of the cost is the radio control portion," Mark queried, looking for justification of the price.

"Ya, Dad I know, but what's a boat without movement?"

"Couldn't you build a display model instead?" Mark realized this comment was a BIG mistake.

"Dad, I have a room upstairs *filled* with display models."

"You can say that again," his mother added dryly. Mark had always encouraged his son to have an inquisitive mind and Derek had proceeded to create his own little world at an early age. Mark couldn't think of any other boy who had the entire Federation fleet hanging from his bedroom ceiling. Derek had wanted the tableaux to include a confrontation with a Klingon squadron but his mother stepped in with some earthly reality.

Mark retorted, "But a ship sits on--"

"To quote my dear father: 'It's not the size of the boat, but the motion of the ocean.'" Angela's face turned red. Derek had overheard some party conversation.

"Me and my big fat mouth," said Mark looking at Angela.

Derek stood waiting for an eternity to hear the emphatic no or groaning yes. Mark replied with a groan. Derek left the kitchen in a hurry, his voice trailing down the stairs as he flew up -- again, "I'll have the fax ready in a few minutes to place the order!"

"Do you think he knew what that meant?", asked Angela, with a big grin on her face.

"If he heard the rest of the conversation, he *must* know!"

Angela mockingly buried her hands in her face and muttered through them, "He's almost a teenager. Lord - help - us!" Mark almost spewed a mouthful of coffee across the room and the two of them burst out laughing.

Angela had an idea, "Listen, it's Saturday. I don't have anything pressing on my schedule. Why don't I take Derek and a friend to the Oceanic Marine Park for the day? And, maybe you could meet us there for dinner?" Mark thought for a second, "Good idea. Why not call your father and invite him along as well?"

Angela came from an all-girl family. Her father never felt deprived of a son, but when Derek was born, her father became another member of the household. He didn't live there, he just had a habit of showing up when needed. As Mark's business grew, Grandpa seemed needed more and more.

Like most fathers-in-law, he was affectionately dubbed Grandpa. Until about a year ago, Derek thought this was his real name. Grandpa did his level best to try and knit Mark and Derek together. Above all else; he never wanted to be accused of coming between father and



son. As a consequence, Mark endured endless, (but well meaning), jibes about being an absent father.

The morning was beginning to wear on and after the second cup of inspiration the household began its routines to greet the challenges and pleasures of the world outside. A short time later the front doorbell rang. Angela, still terry-cloth swathed, swung open the door, "Dad! I was just about to phone you!"

"What?! Aren't you people up yet? Good Lord! It's nine o'clock! The morning's half over already!", Grandpa replied grinning with an exaggerated expression of surprise.

"Save it Dad. It's Saturday", replied Angela, wearing her best mock threatening face. "C'mon in."

Derek came bounding down the stairs, "Gramps!", crashing into Grandpa with a bear hug. Grandpa looked inquisitively over at Angela. 'Gramps?', he mouthed accompanied by raised eyebrows. Angela gave the silent signal for 'I'll explain later'.

"How would you, Rajid and Gramps-here like to go with me to the Oceanic Marine Park today?", asked Angela, closing the door.

"Major Excellent!", (more raised eyebrows from Grandpa), "I'll go up and call him right-now!" Derek went back up the stairs about the same stride he came down; two steps at a time. Angela muttered watching after him, "It's amazing they don't collapse."

Rajid and Derek had been inseparable since age 7, when Rajid started at Derek's school. The other kids used to tease Rajid about the way he looked and spoke. This bothered Derek so much that he felt he had to do something to counteract the abuse, so he became Rajid's friend and stuck to him like glue. Angela came to calling Rajid the 'other brother'. Derek would refer to him as 'bonus'. When Angela asked him what this meant, Derek replied, "Where else can I have a friend, eat Indian food and learn Punjabi?" Angela smiled and thought to herself, 'typical Derek'.

In the kitchen Angela was pouring her father a cup of coffee and Grandpa asked, "So, when did I get to become Gramps instead of Grandpa?" Angela began a discourse on all parents' dread of teenage-hood. "Ah, but Dad, Derek is beginning to become 'cool'. Yesterday he went out to the baseball diamond wearing his cap backwards.", (more raised eyebrows), "And, NOW, the language thing is starting."

"Well, I guess Gramps it is.---- Until he's thirty something.", Grandpa replied while tilting the coffee cup for further inspiration. After a couple of minutes, Mark came into the kitchen, dressed in slacks, jacket and tie and carrying his attaché case.

"And just where do you think *you're* going dressed like that on a Saturday?", asked Grandpa.

"Please, Dad, not this morning, I'm already late. We're tooling up for that new project in the plant. This one means a lot to Derek", (more raised eyebrows).

"What could possibly be so important for Derek at the plant that you can't take time out on a Saturday?", demanded Grandpa.

Mark explained, "Derek starting reading about plastics recycling and he lectured *moi* about the poor manner in which my business was being handled. I thought about it, did some reading myself, and now on Monday we start full production with recycled material."

Grandpa looked in amazement at both Angela and Mark, "These kids are really on the ball!" Both parents gave the standard all-knowing-parents nod. Derek broke in on the conversation, "Rajid's here and he can go with-- Aren't you coming with us Dad?"

"You know where I have to go today."

"Ahhhhh, Maaannnn!!"

"Don't worry he's joining us for dinner or possibly sooner," refereed Angela. Grandpa just looked at Derek and shrugged.

"Well, I gotta run! See you all later and good to see you Rajid", Mark spun on his heels and went out to the garage.

"Well, before line-ups get too long, I should get cleaned up to get you people to where we want to go!", Angela chastised herself.

The day at the marine park was 'major excellent'. Grandpa got a good soaking from the killer whales. Not-to-worry, the day was warm. After the main shows in the big tank the foursome split up, Grandpa was beginning to admit that Derek was getting harder to keep up with. The two boys went off to explore every nook and cranny and species represented at the park. At the shark tank they went down to the see-in port to get a good close look. "Man, what monsters!", exclaimed Rajid.

"Anything's a monster that's not understood," muttered Derek. Rajid just looked sideways at his friend and wondered how this guy could be so profound at times. At the dolphin tank, Rajid felt Derek had suddenly become a stranger. The Derek of a minute ago disappeared and a look came over his face something close to the trance-like state Rajid had seen in India as a little boy.

"I can talk to them, I *know* I can," Derek muttered under his breath. Rajid knew Derek well enough to know that this statement was more than just wishful thinking.

"Maybe you can talk to them, but can you understand what they're saying to you?", asked Rajid. No answer. Derek continued to stare into the tank. Just then, one of the dolphins slowly swam over to the two and took great interest in Derek. The dolphin began to chatter quietly to him. Derek cocked his head and listened. He mimicked one of the dolphin's sounds, and to Rajid's

surprise, the animal swam right over to the edge, presenting its face clear of the water to Derek. He bent down, and made sounds something like cooing. The dolphin replied with similar sounds. The two rubbed noses, Derek patted the dolphin on the side and the animal slid back into the tank.

When Derek stood up, tears were streaming down his face. Rajid stood and stared in awe at what he had just witnessed. A small group of people had gathered behind the two and just stood transfixed by the boy who could talk to dolphins.

"Let's go," Derek said hoarsely.

After they got home and Rajid said his good-byes, Derek was on his way up the stairs and Angela was seeing Rajid out, he stopped her at the open door and said, "Mrs. Seidler, take Derek to Baja. Please don't ask why, but Derek must go to Baja."

When Derek was halfway up the stairs, he turned, smiled at Rajid, turned and continued on up. Angela considered this silent exchange. "I promise, Rajid, we will. Good-night."

That night in Derek's dreams, the Star Fleet over his bed disappeared and was replaced with a turquoise sea filled with playing dolphins singing a religious chorus.

About two weeks had gone by when the model, (or should I say a box full of a couple thousand hard-to-handle pieces), arrived by courier. Derek went straight to his work area and 'set up shop'.

About a week later Gramps stopped by on an errand to see Angela. They were in the kitchen, when a loud thud was heard upstairs, almost directly over-head.

"Dad, Derek has been working on that model almost all week, seemingly non-stop. I know he's getting frustrated, but Mark is so tied up at work--" Grandpa waved aside his daughter's concerns and proceeded up to Derek's study. "How's the great ship coming along?", he queried peering in through the partially closed door.

"I *hate* this thing!", shouted Derek, his hand about to sweep the overflowing work-table clean. Grandpa caught his arm in time.

"I wonder whom I'm quoting when I say 'anything's a monster that's not understood'?", Grandpa quickly added, calmly lowering Derek's arm. Derek slumped down on the chair in front of the table and began to explain.

"I'm trying so hard! Nothing wants to fit together!"

Derek began to rub his face with his hands and then very quietly he began to cry. Frustration had reached the boiling point. Grandpa put his arms around Derek, and kissed him on the top of the head. Looking at the heap before him, Grandpa began slowly, "First thing to do here is try and get some order on this table."

For the next half hour the two master shipwrights sorted and placed every tiny piece of the intricate model. Then they began to build. Grandma caught up with Grandpa around dinner-time when she poked her head in the study door. Without saying a word, she slipped back downstairs to help Angela with dinner preparations. When dinner was ready, Grandma turned to Angela and asked, "Well -- do we serve this up or down?" Without a word, they picked up the plates and headed up the stairs. The master shipwrights could not have been more thankful. Food hadn't occurred to either one of them; until the plates arrived that is.

A few days later, Grandpa re-appeared to check on the progress of the master shipwright. Sitting on the table was the completed hull and basic deck of a beautiful model. It was beginning to become apparent that this was no ordinary model. In order for the mechanics to work properly, the manufacturer had scaled the hull to come out to just a bit over four feet in length. Grandpa glanced inside the hull and most of the mechanical parts were in place and looked just like the drawings supplied in the package. Patience had paid off.

"This is starting to look like a boat," Grandpa began by way of a greeting. Without turning around and his nose buried in the instruction manual, Derek answered, "Oh hi Gramps."

"Is that all I get, 'Oh hi Gramps'?"

Derek put down the book and turned around, "Sorry"

"This is really starting to look like something! What are you going to call her?"

Derek looked a little puzzled, "Call her? - this is the *Oceanic*."

Grandpa smiled, "No Derek, the real thing is the *Oceanic*, what do plan to call *this* one? *This* one you built with *your* hands. She deserves *your* name."

"Man, I never thought about it that way. I-- don't--know."

Grandpa began to try and recall the names of famous ships to try and suggest an appropriate name for a sailing vessel. "Let's see, just what can we call this ship, this sharer of secrets of children's hearts?", he muttered to himself. Derek leaned back in his chair and clapped his hands, "That's it! *The Secret Sharer*. Only you and I will know what it means."

Grandpa looked askance at Derek, began to smile and reached out for his grandson in gratitude for being included in the secret of a lifetime.

## Chapter Two

### Sailing Virus

About a month later, the model was finished and ready for launching. Mark and Angela threw a party; pulling out all the stops. They lived not too far from a marina on Lake Ontario; their chosen site for the party. The marina had provided some space to them on the lawn; so, in return the Seidlers felt obliged to open the invitation to the boating tenants as well.

As a result, the gathering became an *événement célèbre*. Under a rented marquee, there was a cash bar, barbecue, catered salad bar and even live entertainment. Not too shabby. Derek thought this was a bit much, but his father had insisted all along that he had to do something to make up for all the time he had missed with his son. Fine, if Dad had to do something to ease his guilt, then it was okay with Derek.

Rajid saw the boat in progress many times. Although he did not actually help in the construction, he acted as encouragement and cheerleader. They turned the experience into sort of a game. Rajid would read out the instructions in Punjabi and Derek would translate them into English. Occasionally the resulting placement of model pieces was nothing short of comical.

Rajid was in attendance with his parents and two sisters. Derek whispered to him, "Now I understand why you spend so much time at my place. They're so giggly!" Rajid turned his head in his sisters' direction, "They've never seen the poverty of India. Dad refuses to take them just yet. He says he wants them to have a full childhood here not tainted with the experience I had." Derek considered Rajid's even, almost sad expression. Rajid had his profound moments as well.

Mark walked over to the two, "Well, Gentlemen, I think it's about time," he said grinning proudly at his son. Derek and Rajid went back to the marquee, sat down and pulled off their shoes and socks and rolled up their pant legs to the knees. As they took their positions on either side of a central table covered with a pyramidal shaped, white sheet; the marina's tenants returned to boats lining the first channel opposite the launching basin. A U-shaped ramp was fitted into the basin for the occasion. Mark took centre stage, in front of the table and raised his hands motioning for quiet. Everyone concerned, thought a microphone was a bit overkill. Grandpa, champagne bottle and glass in hand, moved to the corner of the basin.

Mark began his speech, "Friends, relatives, and the gracious people of this marina. Some time ago, Derek had a dream. Like most parents I thought this might just be a passing fad. He had seen this vessel on TV. I believe you're all familiar with the *Oceanic*. My son doesn't like doing things by halves, he made up his mind that a working model was better than a display one. I guess he takes after his father," the crowd laughed a bit and Derek

turned a bit red and good naturedly rolled his eyes, "but seriously folks, this is no ordinary model as you are about to see. His grandfather, (motioning to Grandpa), appeared in the nick of time at the height of frustration and something wonderful happened. The boat you are about to see is no longer the *Oceanic*. It has become something much more precious. Derek and his grandfather are about to share part of a secret with you today, please don't ask them what it means; they won't tell you. Hell; they won't even tell me!", the crowd laughed a little harder this time, "People; without any further ado, I give you Captain Derek and his First Mate Rajid." As the crowd applauded and cheered, Mark stepped off to the side with Angela and Grandpa.

Derek, the model and Rajid were alone in the centre of the marquee. Derek spoke, "Thank-you everyone for coming. -- Well, everyone; this is it!" The two boys grabbed the two back corners of the sheet and began carefully lifting it back to front up over the rigging. The crowd fell silent in anticipation. The only sound was water lapping at the sterns of the boats lining the basin; each one filled with people craning their necks for a better view. When they reached the bow of the model, the two boys let the sheet fall away. No one spoke. No one was prepared for the intensity of beauty that sat majestically tall on the table.

There; under the diffused golden light of the marquee, sat glowing on a tender cradle, the most precious and beautiful boat ever to grace that marina: *The Secret Sharer*, four diminutive feet of detail and precision. The hull colours had been changed. Below the waterline; the bottom paint was Dolphin Blue, the boot top, Chinese red, above that - British Royal Blue, and best of all Derek had introduced a convention he had seen in pictures of tall ships. There was an extra wide band just below the gunwale, painted snow white. The effect this was intended to give was one of increased length and poetry of line. The illusion had paid off well.

Above that, the topsides were all teak-coloured and all none-deck areas were varnished to a high mirror gloss. The pieces that made up the deck had been scored and filled in imitation of hand-laid teak. All fittings were solid brass miniatures. Some of the fittings did not look all that familiar. This oddity was due to the mechanics of the model. All lines handling the sails were led below decks to servo controlled pulleys. The rigging, while being metal and brilliant in the sunshine, seemed a bit out of proportion to the detail below. Again, another oddity of the model. Some proportion had to be sacrificed for workability. In Derek's eyes, however, every piece was as it should be.

Derek had added one touch not present in either the original or the model: a figurehead; a golden dolphin to be exact. He had studied numerous pictures and carved this specimen from a block of basswood. He used a metallic base furniture lacquer for the finish; applied in several coats. The effect was arresting. The dolphin looked as if

Derek had cast it in solid gold. Not even Grandpa had seen this addition. He almost dropped the champagne bottle he was holding; he was stunned to say the least.

Laying underneath the model at bow and stern were two heavy canvas straps connected to two metal tubes running parallel to the model. The boys lifted the tubes, bringing the straps in contact with the bottom of the hull. The precious treasure left its cradle for the first time. The boys lifted the model clear, walked it to the front of the table and lowered it for carrying to the launch basin. This position made the model a bit easier to carry, she was no lightweight!

Just before they reached the top of the ramp, Grandpa joined the trio. "I have been given the honour to christen this vessel," he said in a loud proud voice, pouring champagne from the bottle into the glass, "I hereby call this vessel *The Secret Sharer*. May the wind be always at your back and may your jib draw full." He gently poured the champagne down the front of the bow being careful not to touch the figurehead.

Again, not a sound as Grandpa backed away to rejoin Mark and Angela. The trio descended the ramp until the boys were just about knee-deep in water. The keel kissed the surface of the water and the boys slowly lowered the craft until the straps went slack. When the model reached the waterline Derek whispered to Rajid, "Thank God, it floats!" Rajid looked a little surprised; Derek hadn't tested the model before-hand? No wonder he looked a little 'tense'. The model looked happy to be in the water at last; flapping its large Canadian ensign in the breeze in puppy-tail-like fashion.

Rajid let his straps and tube fall away and held the model gently bow and stern. Derek pulled on his side; raised the straps clear of the water and placed them on the basin edge. After this step was accomplished, Derek carefully reached through the rigging, lifted off the top of the cabin enclosure and reached inside.

A clear 'click' was heard and the model came to life. All at once lines controlling the sails went taut. Derek muttered, "So far, so good." He replaced the cabin cover and withdrew his hand. He went back up the ramp, leaving Rajid with the model. Mark handed Derek a small black box with a short antenna sticking out of it. Mark glanced at the panel as he handed the controller to Derek and thought to himself, 'I'm glad *he* understands it.'

Derek pulled on the antenna until it reached about three feet in length. Holding the controller on either side, he turned so that the antenna pointed in the direction of the model. Pushing a button on the panel started things happening. The sails unfurled. The crowd responded with a combination of, "OOOOhhh, AAhhh, OOOooo." You'd think this was fireworks.

Derek smiled at Rajid and vice-versa. While all this was going on, no-one on shore had noticed an increased commotion in the nearby sterns of the moored

boats. Angela glanced up and stood with her jaw open. She tugged on Mark's arm, gesturing towards the people in the boats. Everyone on board was wearing party hats, leis, holding noise makers and some had something behind their backs.

"I hope those aren't water pistols," she whispered to Mark.

"Okay, Rajid let 'er go." Derek took hold of the craft by remote control and motored the little boat out of the basin. Just then, the breeze freshened off the port stern. Derek cut the motor, the little boat heeled over and took off on its own; sails full and drawing! Derek clung to the rudder control, but soon discovered how easy it was to pilot. Rajid ran up the ramp and joined Derek.

She was headed on a course straight out between the boaters when a cheer went up, the noise makers rang out and the boaters' surprise was unleashed. A multitude of corks popped and a fountain of simultaneously sprayed champagne framed the little vessel as her maiden voyage was declared a resounding success!

Then panic set in. The model would soon reach the end of the basin and proceed out into the lake; out of range of the controller. Derek looked at Rajid in terror, "How do I turn it around?" One of the old salts aboard a beautiful old wooden yawl yelled out, "You need sailing lessons, boy!" Mark buried his face in his hands; more expense.

One of the teenage boys employed by the marina was standing near-by. "May I?", he asked Derek extending his hand for the controller. "You need to learn how to tack," he said hitting a button and swinging the rudder hard over. He looked up as the model responded to the radio commands. "Here take it," he handed the controller back to Derek and then positioned himself behind Derek and placed his hands on top. "I'm going to move your hands and you watch what the model does." They tacked back and forth up and down the channel several times. The effect was hypnotic. People moved to a better position for a better view of the ballet taking place before them; a radio-controlled pas-de-deux; poetry of co-operation.

On the outside, Derek looked calm and his face was the picture of concentration; but, nothing could be further from the truth. This stranger had introduced Derek to his first passion; the love of sailing. Derek had been bitten, the sailor's virus was now within him. There is one inescapable truth to sailors everywhere. This passion must be handed down from sailor to sailor. Derek didn't know it but the teenager he was momentarily joined with was in training for the Olympic sailing team.

"Do you want to try Rajid?", asked Derek.

"You need to ask?", said Rajid, grinning from ear to ear.

Derek handed the controller to Rajid and he and the teenager took up the position that Derek and the

stranger had shared. For another hour the little boat gave a command performance for everyone assembled. People pointed out various details to each other as the boat drew near. This vessel had been given the power to draw complete strangers together. Not once did Derek hear a negative comment.

Derek was beginning to feel the excitement of the day. He sat down on the edge of the launch basin dangling his feet over the edge. "Mind if I join you?" It was the old salt who had momentarily jeered him before. He extended his hand to Derek, "I'm sorry for giving you a hard time earlier. After you've been sailing as long as I have, most disasters just become a comical farce." Derek smiled and turned to look at his little mistress. The old salt added, "How does it feel, son?" Derek answered without turning, "I'm in love." The old salt looked up at the teenager and said, "He's bit."

As the sun was setting and the time of the gloaming was upon them, the little boat sat tied up in the launch basin. Derek had a small surprise for everyone. He slipped away from a conversation; switched on the mechanics, untied the little craft and motored out into the mooring basin. The wind had dropped so there was no possibility of sailing. Then to everyone's delight, he switched on the lighting. Derek had secretly wired the entire boat with miniature lights; running lights, deck lights, cabin lights.

People drifted over to the basin, getting as close as they could to see the little boat that not even night could defeat. Derek deftly manoeuvred the boat close to the sterns of each of the moored real boats. He made a complete circuit of the basin; a final, silent, thank-you and good night to the company assembled.

By this time of the evening, everyone was wearing party hats and leis. As Derek swung the little boat for one last pass down the centre of the basin, someone in one of the boats held up a lit candle. In seconds everyone followed suit with whatever they could lay their hands on. All was quiet. A man on the stern of one of the boats began a solo; *Aloha-oe*, the Hawaiian song of farewell. He sang in Hawaiian except for the last phrase -- "until we meet again." Rajid walked into the water carrying the lifting sling. The teenager who gave them their first sailing lesson joined him on the other side. Derek manoeuvred the little trophy into the basin and cut the motor. With lights still blazing; Rajid and the other boy passed the slings underneath, lifted the model clear of the water and carried the craft ceremoniously back to her cradle. That night the model would not be going home. She was to have a place of honour in the marina's clubhouse for the next week. In a sense, the little boat was home; she had tasted the water and no longer belonged in a land-locked bedroom.

As everyone was saying their good-byes for the evening, the teenager walked over to Derek and Rajid, "That's the most excellent show ever at this marina man!" Derek blushed and Rajid broke into a proud grin giving

Derek a slap on the back. "Hi, my name's Richard, but most of my friends call me Bomber," he said extending his hand to Derek and then to Rajid.

Derek's jaw dropped, "You mean *THE* Bo--" Richard interrupted with a hand gesture. Derek spun his head, "Rajid, do you recognize this guy now? Remember, last week you were over at my place; the cover of the *Canada Sailing* magazine." Rajid's eyes bugged out as the light went on upstairs.

"You mean *THE* Bo --," started Rajid; again interrupted by Richard. Suddenly it hit both Derek and Rajid: they had been given a sailing lesson by one of the best catamaran racers in Canada.

The Bomber had been christened Richard Sommers and by the awkward age of seventeen had managed to become an Olympic hopeful in the next summer games. With backing from local companies and family and friends' fund-raising; he was well on his way. He didn't look like any seventeen-year-old. His hair was bleached from too much sun; his skin-tone an even golden tan and his physique well beyond his age. To control a catamaran single-handed at speeds of twenty to thirty miles per hour, it took strength and stamina plus. For money for his own use and to stay close to sailing, he had taken a job for the summer at the marina. Most of the time the marina tenants couldn't find him; but that was okay, they had a hero on their doorstep.

Bomber had two boats at the marina, a Laser and a catamaran. To teach a novice to sail on a catamaran was inviting disaster. Bomber had something up his sleeve, "I'll make you an offer man. I give the two of you sailing lessons in my Laser for a small price."

"Name it," replied Derek evenly. With a chance like this he wasn't about to have second thoughts about spending Dad's money.

"I get to play with your boat," grinned Bomber extending his hand to seal the deal. Derek didn't even have to think it over. He grabbed Bomber's hand with both his own and sealed the pact grinning and thinking, 'what a coup!' He let go and Rajid sealed the pact as well. They would be quite the trio that summer, but more importantly the great communicator of wind and water was about to experience the great communicator of dolphins.