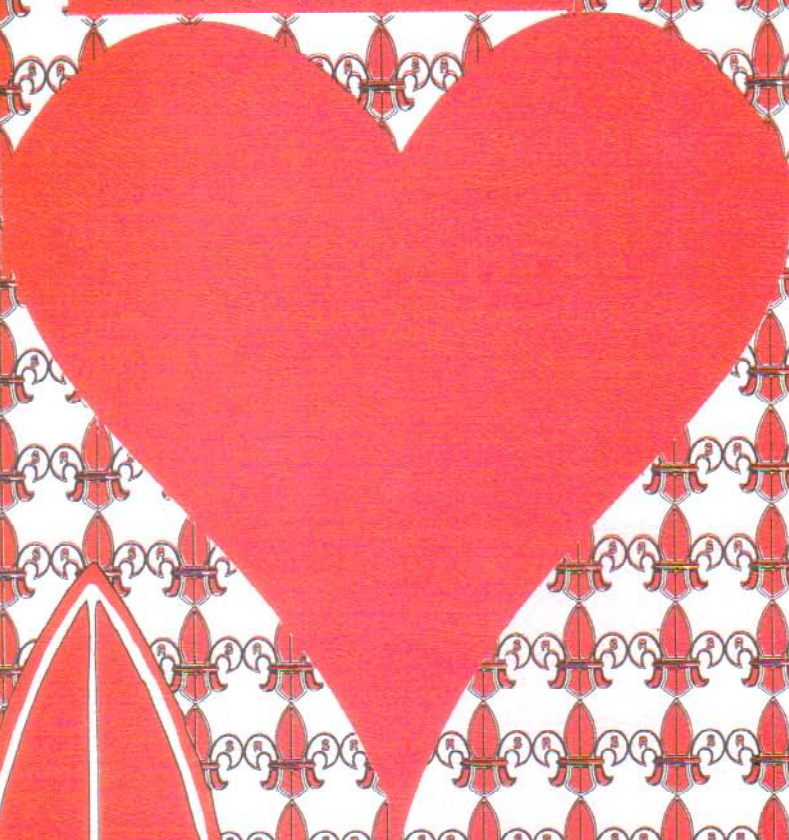


ROVERING

MAGAZINE

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FEBRUARY 1994



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Rovering Magazine is published on a bi-monthly basis (February, April, June, August, October, December) 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

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\$25.00 per page if layout is done by Rovering Magazine staff or,

\$20.00 per page with camera-ready copy supplied.

Payment is to be included with the advertisement. 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 of, or supplying a continuing feature to this magazine, please contact the Editor.

Comments and suggestions are appreciated.

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Payable by Canadian funds to Rovering Magazine.

New Subscription

Renewal 1yr. ☐ 2yr. ☐ 3yr. ☐

City: _____



EVENT CALENDAR

FEBRUARY 1994

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11 QUEBEC on Feb. 12 Valentine's Dance Contact: Erik Dodos 1 (514) 698-1160	12 SNOWBALL MOOT (CANCELLED) QUEBEC: Wild Wild West Island Car Rally. Contact: Julie Davidson 1 (514) 697-3227
13	14 ST. VALENTINE'S DAY	15 SHROVE TUESDAY	16 ASH WEDNESDAY	17	18. B.C. Rovent™ '94, 20th Anniversary. "The Commonwealth Games" Cambie Creek, Manning Park, BC., contact; Mark Hanson 980-6075	19 KUB KAR FINALS SPONSORED BY THE N.W.R.R.T. (possible Ro-venter event, Golden Horseshoe area, still in plan stages at publication)
20	21 HERITAGE DAY	22 B.P.'S BIRTHDAY	23	24	25	26
27	28					

EVENTS CALENDAR

MARCH 1994

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1 ST. DAVID'S DAY	2	3	4	5 ROVER BASIC 1st. Niagara Scout Hut contact; Gary Dell (905)357-4319 Billy McGuire (905)227-8099
6	7 MAIL SUBMISSIONS TO ROVERING MAG.	8 INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY	9	10	11 Toronto Sportsman's Show opens.	12
13 B.C.- V.C.R. Roundtable 7:30p.m. V.C.R. Scouthouse. Contact: Mark Hansen 980-6075	4	15 March Break begins	16	17 ST. PATRICK'S DAY	18	19 ST. JOSEPH'DAY
20 FIRST DAY OF SPRING	21	22 B.P.'s Birthday	23	24	25	26 MAGAZINE IS PRINTED
27 PASSOVER BEGINS PALM SUNDAY	28	29	30	31		

EVENTS CALENDAR

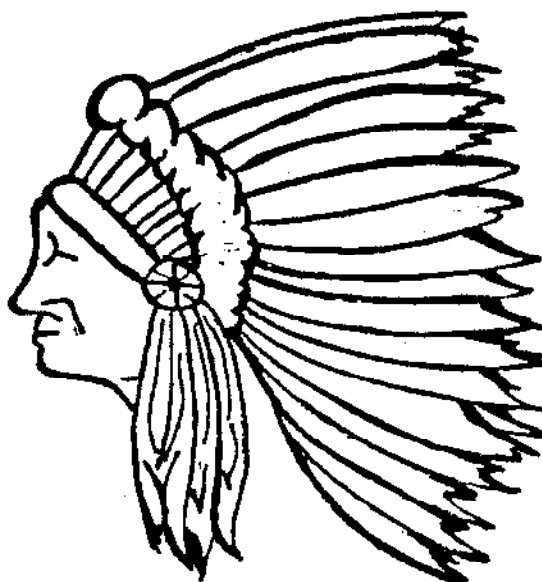
APRIL 1994

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1 GOOD FRIDAY	2
3 EASTER PASSOVER ENDS. DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME BEGINS	4	5	6	7 WORLD HEALTH DAY	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15 LOONEY TUNES MOOT 15th to 17th.	16 B.C. NITE HIKE U.B.C. Endowment Lands, Vancouver Coast Scouthouse for more info.
17	18	19	20 Secretary's Day	21	22 EARTH DAY	23
24	25	26	27	28	29 B.C. - April 30 B.C.Y.P.R.R.T 12:00 Noon Victoria Scouthouse Contact: Collen Vince 942-4129	30 ST. GEORGE'S DINNER & DANCE, AND AWARDS SPONSOR: 9TH KITCHENER ROVERS and the DONNACONA RANGERS

1ST DORCHESTER ROVERS

1ST POW WOW MOOT

FOR ROVERS



IF YOU LIKED THE WEE MOOT THEN YOU'LL LOVE POW
WOW. A CHALLENGE ABOVE MOST MOOTS. LEARN NATIVE
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DARRELL 519-268-3421 , CHRIS 519-268-3516



This issue of Rovering Magazine is dedicated
to Bill Hillen formerly of 3rd Newtonbrook Rovers
(see "How 'Bout That!")

UPCOMING EVENTS



ONTARIO

February

22 - B.P.'s Birthday

March 5 - Rover Basic - 1st Niagara Scout Hut
for info Gary Dell @ (905)357-4319
Billy McGuire @ (905) 227-8099

April 15, 16, 17 - *Looney Tunes Moot*
30 - *St. George's Dinner & Dance*

June 3, 4, 5 - *Attawanderonk Moot*

July 1-3 - Circus Moot; contact Kevin Gabel,
31st Hamilton, R.R. #1 Freelon

August 26 to September 4 "*Rovering Sea to Sea*"

B.C. ROVERING

February

18 - 20 - *Rovent '94TM - 20th Anniversary Bash*
The Commonwealth Games
Cambie Creek, Manning Park
Mark (Legs) Hansen Ph: 980-6075

March

13 - V.C.R. Roundtable - 7:30pm V.C.R. Scouthouse
Mark Hansen @ 980-6075

April

16 - Nite Hike - UBC Endowment Lands;
Vancouver Scouthouse for more info.

May

6 - 8 - *Jurassic Moot* Tanya Hamilton Ph: 988-4421
20 - 23 - *Camp Skeeter*

June

11 - B.P. Trek Challenge: B.P. Trail - North Vancouver
Marc Ramsay @ 936-3434

July

29 - August 1 - B.C. Rover Conference: Morris Valley
Scout Camp - Colleen Vince @ 942-4129

August

26 - September 4 - Eh, Canadian Moot; Woodland Trails
Scout Camp, Aurora, Ontario

NOVA SCOTIA

February 12 - Bowling Tournament

March 12 - 13 - N.S.R.R.T

April - Canoe Course Level 1 & 2

May 21-22 - R.R.T. Event- Canoe Trip
Pleasant Ville, N.S.

QUEBEC

February

12 - *Wild Wild West Island Car Rally*
(Flying Jaguar Rovers) Montreal, Quebec
Contact: Julie Davidson 1-514-697-3227

12 - *Valentine's Dance*
(Reiceing Rovers) Chateauguay, Quebec
Contact: Erik Dodds 1-514-698-1160

May

20-23 - *Victoria Day Weekend Moot*
(Cool Chameleon Rovers) Rawdon, Quebec
Contact: Bruce Campbell 1-514-727-6626

REPORTS



STEPH & JULES INTERVIEW

Welcome to the lives of the plain and ordinary. Tonight, we explore the splendid leisure suite (a.k.a. rec room) of the Hamon Family, where Jules and Steph lounge about as flocks of men cater to their every need (no men in sight and the only thing catering to any needs is the computer!), while they feast on champagne and caviar (oops! we're all out of that, so we'll have to settle for Coke and Pizza).

...we're back...and equipped for a wild evening of typing, bitchin', cursin', and cryin', as we try to pump out our latest novel (or article). Armed with the indispensable WordPerfect For Dummies (my birthday gift to Steph), we're women on a mission!

Steph and I were ecstatic (it doesn't take much!) when we saw our first article in print, and we were glad that we got such a positive reaction from Don. We met Don, by chance at a water tap at Halloween Moot, in Burford, this past October, and although we had just missed the deadline for the October issue, he informed us that we would be in the December one. This is why some of the stuff you read may have seemed outdated.

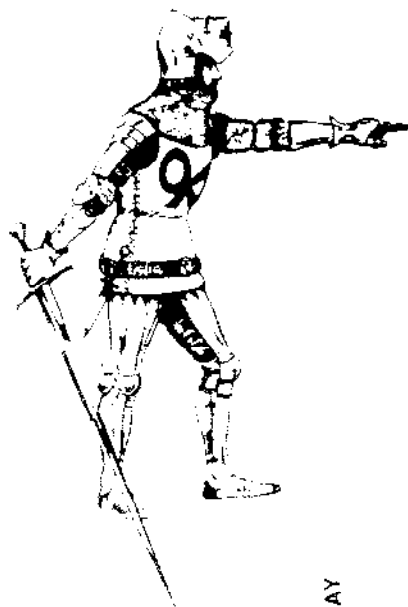
We have so much to write, so this ought to take

you that entire bus ride home to read. On Thanksgiving week-end, Steph's old crew, the Scyldings, hosted Jurassic Park Moot. Despite a low turnout of about 40 people, it was still a fun-filled week-end of Scouting-related events and good 'ol back to basics fun. My crew, the Flying Jaguars participated "en grand force" and won the best crew award for braving the cold overnight in a leanto, decorating the site according to theme (including b___f___ing dinos, deep caves and erupting volcanoes), building a bench that only supported me and threatened to collapse for others, and some other assorted fun stuff. The following week-end, Steph and I, along with our friends Catherine, Glenn, Shaun, Barry and Joanne, trekked 8 hours to Burford. Like last year, we had a blast and met many friends, old and new. Steph and I left "kitchen shelter from hell" behind this year in favour of a big orange tarp and a site across from the pavilion. (By the way Heather, thanks for the new "no assembly required" kitchen shelter you so graciously donated to us! Did your dad notice that it is missing yet?) Steph, Catherine and I arrived there early, so we got participate in the Friday night activities, including a variety show in the pavilion.

The Quebec Contingent, as we were known, dressed up in a gangster theme for the dance. Steph and I looked like twins, despite the major height difference, in our little black dresses, fishnets, garters, and hair in a twist, while Glenn claimed us as his "molls" and shoved \$20 bills into our cleavage. Yipes Steph! Now they know who we are! We are looking forward to upcoming Ontario moots and seeing Heather & Heather, Paul, Billy, Tara, Matt and Clarke at Club Med Moot, in January.

Also in the news you need to know, a Halloween party was organized by the Knights of Excalibur Rovers. Steph's new crew, the Granny Grunts, hosted Scared Stupid Moot, in early November. Despite the cold and a few inches of snow on the ground, some crews chose to camp, while most enjoyed nice warm cabins. Imagine my surprise, when I opened my tent on Saturday morning to see that it was snowing out, and that the tent was covered with the damn stuff! The Missing Link Rovers held a very successful Casino Night, and the Shoshoni Knot Rangers held their popular annual Ranger-Venturer-Rover Bonspiel. Just last week, about 20 Quebec Rovers (down

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



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

THIS IS WHERE

St. Peter's Lutheran Church
Kitchener, Ontario

THIS IS WHEN

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

THIS IS WHY

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

THIS IS WHO

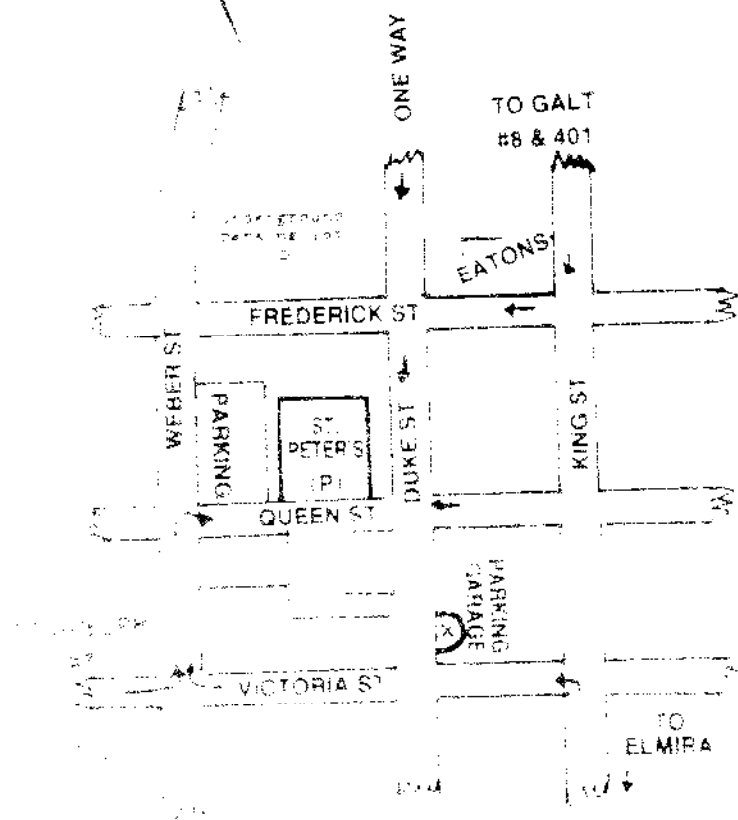
All Rovers and Rangers, their leaders and special friends. Please note due to a limited number of tickets, you would be advised to order well in advance. No tickets will be sold at the door. Semi-formal attire would be appreciated.

THIS WAS EXPECTED

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

SEND YOUR ORDER TO

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



Name _____ Crew _____
Address _____
City or whatever _____
Postal Code _____ Phone No. (_____) _____
No. of tickets _____ @ \$9.00 = \$ _____ total.

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



April 30, 1994

Mark the date
on **YOUR**
castle's
calendar

from last year's 35) attended the annual Christmas Dinner, held at La Cage aux Sports in Montreal, and then we went out for a night on the town, dancing. In past years, the dinner was held at the Hard Rock Cafe.

As for service projects, most crews have been busy doing everything from being leaders for Guiding and Scouting to helping out at church functions, to volunteering at the Telethon of Stars, and the list goes on and on... My crew, the Flying Jaguars, have been busy this fall, renovating our cabin. In September, our district acquired a cabin in the Morgan Arboretum. The exterior flashing was damaged by vandals, and most of the cheap insulation had been either removed or claimed as home for assorted rodents. Over the fall, we made these repairs, and in the spring, we will rebuild the porch and complete the unfinished upper level. The heated cabin will be run as a "home base" for Guide and Scout groups, out on excursions in the Arboretum. After a trial period, we hope to run it as an overnight facility, as well.

Before I forget, in response to Bruce Daggs's inquiry about some missing in action Rovers, to whom he owes money, I have a bit of information for you. Krista Deacon and Caroline Beaulieu used to be members of my crew, but the year after the Aussie Moot, they became less active Rovers. We lost track of them the following year, and have not heard from them since, so unless they have moved and are registered Rovers elsewhere, I know that they are no longer registered Rovers in Quebec. Sorry Bruce!

Man! Is it ever cold outside! When I think that a year ago, I was in B.C., visiting family and some old Scouting friends in Penticton. We rented one of the Scout cabins at Apex and I enjoyed some of the best sss...killing I have ever had! Right now it is damn cold, and I hope things improve in time for Club Med Moot in January.

Speaking of Club Med, that brings me to upcoming events in Quebec. This year's theme is Club Med Pulls An All Knighter. This promises to be a blast, and might even be better than last year's Club Med (Toga! Toga! Toga!). This moot is organized by the Missing Link Rovers and will be held at Katimavik Centre, on January 21-23. On January 8, the Granny Grunt Rovers are having an Oops! Late Again! New Years bash. The Flying Jaguars are busy planning their annual Car Rally, in February, and a Valentine's Dance will be hosted later that evening by the Reiceing Rovers. On March 21st, the Flying Jags will be hosting their annual Bowling Madness event, as well as a Walking Rally in April. The annual May Moot will be hosted by the Cool Chamelcon Rovers, on Victoria Day week-end. Keep your eyes peeled for more information about this moot.

It is really funny how some things happen, in the past issue of Rovering Mag, an article was written about

transferring crews, and well, I, Steph the brave, did it! I was not happy with my Rover crew and I also thought it was time to move on. The Granny Grunt Rover Crew had been asking me about how I felt about joining the crew. Well, they asked if I would help them out with the Scared Stupid Moot, and I kind of just stayed on. It is a very active crew, and also the oldest Rover Crew in Quebec (they were established in 1975). They decided to become co-ed about 1 1/2 years ago, so I am one of the few female members (there are three), which is fine with me, because as a Venturer, I was the only female member. So, many, many people have heard of the Granny Grunts, and when you meet people anywhere and say you're a Grunt, chances are they will tell you they knew someone who was a Grunt.

Our Moot went very well, even though it was butt-chillin' cold. Even though Jules said she slept in a tent, I know for a fact, that she slept in a cabin for the second night of the Moot! I even risked my health on the Friday night, to check on her, and, who stepped in an ice covered puddle in the process, and nearly lost her foot? Me, and she didn't even thank me! We are in the process of planning our Oops! Late Again! Happy New year's Bash, because, you can never celebrate the New Year too often!

Jules is back! After polishing off what was left of the pizza, I am fully recharged. Along with lots of social and service events, Quebec Rovers have also been busy putting together a document in response to John Peach's March 1993 letter. As secretary of the Quebec Rover Round Table, it was my job to put this whole thing together. Each crew discussed the letter, and then everyone discussed their views at the Round Tables. The final product included reports from every crew along with letters from people to whom service was rendered, and from district commissioners, as well as the document put together from the meetings. From reading the past two issues of Rovering Magazine, I find it interesting that Quebec Rovers share the same views as Rovers across the country, even though we operate on a much smaller scale than most provinces. I have yet to meet a Rover who is against the 18-26 (or death?) age range. We all seem to feel that the current age range allows us to learn from our peers. We are also fed up with the misconception that Rovers are only a fun-oriented section. Smoke Blacklock really hit home in his last article when he said that "...when we are unable to meet the commitment they (District) made for us, they tell people that Rovers are unreliable." It is embarrassing for us to accept service projects that are literally dumped in our laps, because we feel we have to. If Rovers feel that they do not possess the resources to run a project, they should feel confident that they can say no and not have it dangling over their heads. We must also remember that service comes in many forms and to always seek the media's approval and attention is a dangerous aim for Scouting. I am sure that Quebec was

not the only province to send their opinions to the National office and to Mr. John Peach, and so hopefully, they will see Rovers as an asset to Scouting and use our input as a basis for improvement.

By now, I am sure everyone has heard about the Canadian Provincial Moot. The Quebec Rover Council is in charge of the Montreal expedition. We have a bunch of fun things planned, and I am really excited about showing off our city! Of course, a Montreal Nightlife evening is planned (if you can stay up until 3 am, that is!), as well as jetboating on the Lachine Rapids, tours of the Olympic facilities, and a day trip to Tamaracouta Scout Reserve (the oldest continuously running Scout camp in the world!). Hope to see you there.

It has come to our attention that we are the only province that has a Rover Council, in addition to the Round Table. Are you confused? Let us clear the fog. Rovering in Quebec is mainly concentrated in the Montreal area, since only a fraction of the population is english speaking. Also, based on your Grade 9 Geography class, you know that we are not densely populated beyond the Montreal area. The Rover Council was created as a link between the Provincial Council and the Round Table. The Rover Council, is run by four executive: chair, vice-chair, secretary and treasurer. I am the secretary and Steph is the treasurer. The Rover Council meets every month and the Round Table meets every second month. This keeps things running fairly smoothly, and there is generally a great turn-out at these meetings.

Well that about wraps it up (several pages later...), this is Jules and Steph saying Hasta-la-vista Baby to you all and have a Happy New Year (we will!).

Hey! If you ever want to get in touch with either of us, feel free to call or write.

Stephanie Hamon
4808 Millette
Pierrefonds, QC.
H8Y 3B2 Phone: (514)684-8758
Julie Davidson
192 Braebrook
Pointe Claire, QC.
H9R 1V5 Phone: (514)697-3227



ROVER WEEKEND - NOVEMBER 17, 1993

Well!! So ends another weekend of fun, friendship, and entertaining events. The first attempt at making the Round Table the centre of a weekend event appears to have been a big success.

Although only 9 crews attended the Round Table, that's still a lot better than the 4 at the last one. This table actually was what we are referring to when we mention NSRRT Mini-Moots, with weekend events culminating in a meeting at the Nova Scotia Rover Round Table.

Although crews are only allowed 2 votes each at the Round Table, we try to encourage as many Rovers to come out as can. By having "mini-moots", it makes the Round Table more inviting to crews from further away to attend. With an increasing number of crews outside the metro area, the Round Table really must cater to the masses, enabling Rovers to be all inclusive and not just regional.

The number of crews driving from Cape Breton and Yarmouth need to increase. The "mini-moot" format allows these crews to come to an event for a weekend, instead of a 4 hour drive for a 2 hour meeting, and another 4 hour drive home.



This weekend began with interested crews meeting at Miller's Lake, Halifax Region's camp, on the road to the Airport. They met at noon Saturday, November 13, and proceeded to the Halifax Fire Station No. 5 (home of the 53rd Halifax Fire Rovers). The Fire Department, in conjunction with the Rover Crew, ran a drivers skills course, which I regretfully could not attend. I was busy taking my WB I Venturers. From what I heard about the course from those who attended, it was great. I arrived at camp before they did but their excitement level was still



high when they arrived.

Matt Parry, of the Crusader Rovers, was seen sporting his crushed cone prize, while Brian MacInnis of the 53rd had the prize of all prizes. He took out a cone and actually shattered it into 40 pieces. Most people were under the opinion that it couldn't be done. All the more reason for Brian to do it.

Miller's Lake, itself, is a fair sized Scout Camp, with numerous cabins. We only reserved four of the cabins in one area. They were: 1st Fairview cabin, maintained by the Lancer Rover Crew, which quickly became the evening



meeting place.

This is where Ian Guppy, Advisor, Crusader

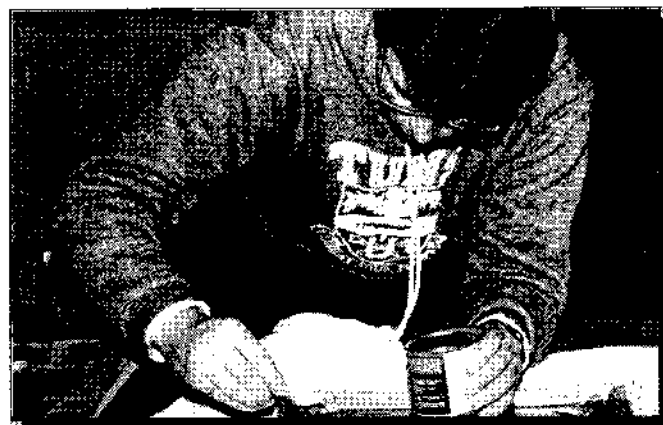
Rovers, used the big table to set up his silk screening operation. All of a sudden T-shirts started coming from everywhere. However, Ian maintained one simple rule. Do your own shirt (it means more). Sean McGregor, Crusaders, found himself without a T-shirt to screen, so he now has a pair of "Long Johns" with the NS Rover crest emblazoned across the seat.



Once Ian was gone (duck Ian) most of those present settled into a card game, until the wee hours of the morning, when we finally racked out. (Other cabins used were Imperoyal and 5th Dartmouth.)

Day break came early, or so we were told. None of us were up until about 10. After brunch we cleared the cabin and packed up a bit of gear. At about 1 p.m., we went to Harbour West Cabin, which has a second room, not quite finished. This provided a large enough area to hold the meeting (or so we thought) of the NSRRT.

One of the most exciting things about our Round Table is discovering new Rover Crews we didn't know existed. Our Province had trouble realizing that people can be Leaders, and Rovers at the same time, so registration is a bit mixed up. Thank God for the people



we have up there plugging for Rovers.

Representatives for the Round Table were from Crusader, 53rd, Lone Rover Mark Kampsure of Burnaby Bay Rover Crew, B.C., as well as Lancers (a pleasant return to the table after a year and a half absence.) Also represented were the Marachd Crew, a couple of guys in

woolly pleated skirts. Another pleasant surprise was the discovery of the 1st Milford Rover Crew (7 in strength plus advisor), who none of us new about until yesterday; 12th Sackville RCMP Rovers, also new to the Round Table (sorry Laney - I was told to recruit you for PR committee); 1st Chester Crew - who had a lot of input to the meeting which is usually a problem with first attenders. Charlie Moore attended from the Voyagers Crew. It was good to see a representation from the Voyagers who suffered a loss of close to half of their crew this year to the military and other reasons.

We also were happy to see *the Guardian of the Golden Grail* (see I do know your name) after missing their valuable input at Conference. A couple of our welcome guests to the table were of hopeful Rovers from Kentville area in Kings District, one of Eastern Canada's strongest Scouting areas. But with the background in that area, Heather and Ben will get a lot of support and will probably have real epaulettes on by January (next Round Table).

The Round Table, itself, became very crowded, very quickly. This just made socializing a little harder to avoid. A few serious issues were being dealt with at this table, but the minutes and agenda are published in *Excalibur* so I'll just give you a few highlights.

It was agreed to establish a committee for *Rovers, Sea to Sea*, to send a contingent. (Rover Moot to be held in Ontario August 26 - September 4, 1994) Presently the committee members are: Ian Guppy, Advisor, Mike Williams, Chair, Brian MacInnis and myself as communications, Peter and Paul Service, whose organizational skills are unsurpassed, and a few others, interested hopefully. The general interest is definitely too big for a van, and growing day by day. Any further information would help us considerably. My address is in the *Excalibur*.

One question that pops up now and then is, "Will there be anything set specifically for the advisor, or should they just plan to attend everything like a regular Rover?" By the way, we are almost all Blue Jay fans, so hold some tickets for us.

Something else at the Round Table was discussion of Scotia Jam '95. We will be providing the "SERVICE" team and set up crews. By the look of things we will also likely to be hosting a large contingent from the U.K. They are interested in Rovering and seeing it in action. Some suggestion of a work moot being set up has been battered around but no one wants to commit to anything just yet. We may try to drum up some interest this August.

Your in Rovering service always,

Bernie Wile

Crusader Rover Crew

/hw.

DON'T QUIT

*When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When funds are low and debts are high,
And instead of a smile you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest in God's love—and never quit.*

*Life can be strange with its twists and turns,
And many a failed man's turned away
When with God's help he'd have won the day.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow—
For you may succeed with another go—
Success is failure turned inside out.*

*The silver glint in the cloud of doubt,
You never can tell how close you are—
The goal may be near when it seems so far.
So turn to the Lord when you're hardest hit:
Put your trust in Him -- and never quit.*



As a favour to a friend I was asked to read and give my opinion on the proposed changes in the Task Force Review. Some of the things I have written may not be to the pleasure of all those involved, but I believe that honesty is the best policy.

- 1.1 In essence, I read that we are looking back to go ahead. Tradition is something of which Scouts Canada has a lot. We should exploit it to its fullest potential. Remember, your younger days when you called your Dad "Sir", and your Teacher "Mr. or Mrs"?... I'm not being a 'stick in the mud' when I say these are good qualities. Parents are getting frustrated with their youth today. Some are turning to Scouts to help them.

Remember a campaign a few years ago "CANADA IS RETURNING TO A SET OF VALUES BOY SCOUTS NEVER LEFT". I have this poster in my home.

Make Scouts a step above; Morally, Physically and Mentally. That will instill the sense of pride.

- 1.2 The next ad. campaign should show a youth hacking around on his bike, compared with a Scout Troop bike hiking in the mountains; kids playing "king of the hill", compared with Venturers climbing a cliff; a youth in Police custody, a Scout Patrol Leader with his patrol doing an inspection. These, I feel, are logical events depicting that "Scouts are a step above".

Another campaign idea could focus on coincidental activities. A Scout playing hockey, his troop cheering him on; a Cub at YBC bowling, then a pack bowling night. SCOUTING SHOULD ENHANCE A CHILD'S LIFE, NOT TAKE IT OVER.

There are people who are dedicated to the movement purely for the sheer love of the programme. Others who are less dedicated are always welcomed. There are Scouters who like the all round programme and there are those who only want to handle the hall end of things. Not everyone has the same time or energy to give, or the same interest.

- 1.3 Under "Adult Recruitment" you continually say "Leaders are to taxed", Leaders can't do it all. The reason for this type of statement is that Scouters are also your Administrators. Group Committees should support leadership, not leadership supporting Group Committees.

I've seen two extremes in two years. At my last group the scout hall was filled with Group Committee covering all aspects on either side.(i.e. Administrative/Program). Further, concerned parents were in attendance as well, fully knowing that their views could be voices.

My father, during his 18 years of being involved in the movement, used to have a parent's meeting every September, just after registration. Here he would tell the parents about the up and coming

years events. Then he would ask each of them to take out their wallets or purses and place them on the table. He then would ask everyone to go into the next room and wait.

The looks he got could kill,"What,leave my wallet with you, alone in the room with no one else to see what was going on. Before they actually left the room he would alleviate their fears and said it was only a test and they all failed.

His real test was instill them with the following thought. How could any parent, in good conscience, leave their child in the custody of a leader with whom they would not trust their wallet? Was there anything in the wallet that was half as valuable as their child? Parents then started to participate in activities a lot more than other groups around the area.

The Vice Chair of any level of Scouting has two choices when a task has to be done. He does, or he recruits a committee to do the task. I don't know which would take longer, but I am willing to bet which will have better results.

Where do you recruit most of your volunteers? Most groups try to recruit parents, and have good effects. What about the Grand Parent and Senior groups?

I spoke to a 65 year old man at a trade show at which I was promoting Rovers. He stated that he had been a Scout Leader for many years, but quit when he was unable to do the outdoor stuff anymore. When asking if he had lost his interest in Scouting he became rather adamant and replied, "Look son. Don't question my devotion to Scouting. I was leading when your Daddy was a boy." I showed him some paperwork from my Group Committee training course. He now chairs a Group Committee and most of the executive are members of his seniors group home. Enough campaign angles.

- 1.4 What do you do with the influx of new Leaders? "Regional Generic Training Programmes". The plan I read about modular training is fantastic. But, what do you do with a new section with new Leaders? Your Group has just recruited 2 Venturer Advisors for a new Company of five Scouts moving up. There are no Wood Badge training courses until after Christmas. The modules would be great, but what about right now?

Two Advisors aren't enough to run a WB I. Even Region wide you may only have 5-6 new Advisors, 4 Troop Leaders, half a dozen Pack Leaders, and 10 Colony Leaders. This would be enough, but all

the WB's are different. Not as much as people think. They are different but much is the same.

Why not take all of the common items from each section and develop a course that would last a day or so, and prepare them today? This could be done in a woods situation and cover programme start-up, terminology, ceremonies, badges, history, basic camping requirements, etc. Take all your new Leaders and give them a pre-WB training course in September. Here you could include the District interview and you may find a few more Leaders who were teetering on the edge of indecision would come into the fold 100%. Follow this up with a modular training session until a formal WB I can be taken.

Adult recruiting can be a part of this programme. Invite prospective Leaders out to the training camp. Here they would see that they're not the only ones with the worries that all new Leaders face. A bit of this unity may be the factor that brings them around. A big stumbling block in adult recruitment is the lack of Public knowledge. Most young adults, and older ones, don't realize what it is we're asking them to do. They don't realize the support they will get with training and support people.

- 1.5 Another thing you are addressing is the lack of input the youth have in their programme. Again we go back to go forward. It seems we forgot the design of the programme at the grass roots. Rovers and Venturers don't count in this because they run their own programme independent of the main steam, but Troop seems to have lost it's "Court of Honour" over the years.

The primary reason I see for the lack of direct youth input in programming is that Leaders see it as an encroachment on their authority. This is a poor attitude, but ask a few of the people who oppose. They may oppose because they like to run the show, or because the youth have nothing good to say. In either case they are wrong and their attitudes have to change. I was told by an ARC Troop that Venturers weren't mature enough to help plan a Regional event for Troop. That didn't annoy me as much as the next statement that Rovers weren't trustworthy enough on which to count.

Rovers may not be thought of as "youth" but they are a heck of a lot closer than Regional staff. As a Rover, and as well as a Venturer Advisor, this is very disturbing. Maybe maturity is the problem. Too many planners are saying that Scouts are too immature for the programming, not the

programming too mature for Scouts.

The programming problems again reach back to the aim. What are we trying to teach and why? If we don't interest the larger percentage maybe it's time to adjust. I would like to address the three major areas of this problem. Retention, Recruitment, and Public Relations.

If we can't keep the kids who come to us, how can we possibly interest others to enter? There are a few key areas of retention which produce problems. The link areas. Beavers aren't going to Cubs, Cubs to Scouts, Etc. Why? Lack of interaction, lack of familiarization, lack of trust.

INTERACTION Even at major events Scouts and Venturers are both there, but kept apart. Why? Venturers are a bad influence (lack of trust? Scouts are no longer running and judging Cub Car Rallies, or Cubarees. I have yet to see a Cub Pack day hike out to visit a Scout camp for lunch or something. From the Rover/Venturer perspective, that's up to us to run our programme. If we don't effectively recruit only we can be blamed (NOT!!!).

FAMILIARIZATION Randomly select a Cub Leader and ask him to open a Scout Troop horseshoe. If he/she has never been a Scout Leader do it, he won't know where to start. This is the person we ask to promote Scouts to these Cubs. The same applies with Scout to Venturers. Ask a Scout what the Executive positions of a Venturer Company are.

TRUST Scout Leaders don't trust Venturer Companies, Venturer Advisors don't trust Rovers, District and Region don't trust anyone. Why is it that District Service teams complain about not enough people to man committees when there is a Rover Crew in their district? Apparently nobody trusts a Rover Crew, or understands them. I was told by a Scout Leader that he was forced to cancel a camp due to the lack of Leaders. There was a Rover Crew in his district, even in his group, two of which held WB I's in troop. This scouter didn't trust the Rovers to come through with the help.

After attrition comes recruiting. How does this relate to programming and loss. It's the programme that will draw the youth there. In no way Scouts Canada can have a National advertising campaign if they don't have National programming. Now we're back to aim.

The loss of youth is because they're not getting what they joined for. Where do they see what that is advertising? Look at the

calendar. Some Scouts are camping, some hiking, some canoeing, etc. A kid 12 years old sees this on the TV add and joins up, but his troop doesn't do what he joined for. Why? No National program with a central theme. What happened to Brownsea Island Camps? Why is it I see Scouts with silver chevrons who can't use an axe or a Coleman lantern, and another with BP woodsman who could teach it? Standardize the programme.

2.1

UNIFORM

Why can the military get the same design shirt for 1/3 the cost that the Boy Scouts can? Everyone knows that the Government gets fleeced on it's deals. Are we?

The sash is a nice touch for formal uniforms, but activity dress should be shirt and ball cap. Neckers are a nice touch, again, for formal dress. These show Group colours, but the group also puts their crest on the shirt, so they're represented with or without the necker. The sash for a Scout is a rank and pride symbol, but so too are the chevrons and ranking epaulettes, so the sash is represented on the shirt.

The chains are quite pretty, but a more practical cord could replace the fragile chain. A dress uniform would not be any different than it is presently except a little more affordable. But, the activity dress would be the worn out jeans so indicative of an active youth, and the Scout shirt a little tougher, with the crests the way they are, but the chains replaced by cords and the collar open, no necker, with a ball cap on their head, not a bare. The belt could be a bit stronger and more practical. I feel that the leather belt was better, longer lasting and should not have been changed.

The registration cost, uniform, books, dues, camps, buy my bars, buy my calendars, come out and drive, be on Group Committee, are wearing the public down. The most expensive thing I'll probably buy this year is a new uniform, because I need two of them. Scouts Canada is becoming an upper middle class boys club where only those who can afford it can get in. BP tried the Scouting for kids program on two types of children. Rich and poor. Neither were any better Scouts!!!

As far as structure goes, I see little need for an ADC for each group. Wait! It's not what your thinking! What I mean is that I know a District which had an ADC Venturers and no Venturers. I've seen Group Committees with more executive personnel than Leadership personnel. Volunteers are in great demand. Use them wisely. A

neighbouring group may need more group executive and less leaders, so twin. Separate identities similar goals. This type of co-operation happens every day, but no one has set guidelines for this sort of thing.

A number of my fellow leaders are missing the point, the big picture. When Monday rolls around, I'm sore and exhausted because of the weekend Scouting events. Then Thursday comes along and my kids(Venturers) are still talking about the weekend. A week later, Thursday, a few new faces are there to attend the meeting, because they heard about the weekend their friends had. The third Thursday I fill out two more registrations for the group. The fourth Thursday planning is done and we're leaving tomorrow for another weekend. That's how I measure success. I'm able not only to keep my kids happy, but I attract others. I have yet to be in a Troop that didn't increase in size over the years. That's success!

Why is it that other Leaders measure their success in the number of titles they hold? Why is it that your introduction should have to be so long to be impressive? This is what I mean by missing the big picture.

A fellow Leader visited my Troop once. He stated to one of my Patrol Leaders, "I'm Scouter Joe, ADC Troop, ADC Special Events, Troop Scouter 1"???" My PL reached over and touched me on the back and said, "This is Scouter Bernie. He's our Leader!!!" I don't know if the PL was impressed by the number of titles that Scouter Joe had, but I never felt better about who I was because I was their Leader. I didn't have to proclaim many jobs in Scouting at the time of that introduction. I was most of what I am today, but no longer a Scout Master.

"Hi! I'm, Bernie Wile, Jr.
I'm a Venturer Advisor with
9th Dartmouth, Crusader Rover,
Assistant Mate
Editor of Excalibur Newsletter
NSRRT Constitution Committee
NSRRT Public Relations
Committee Member
Dartmouth South District Service
Team - Communications
Committee."

This is the first time I've actually looked at all those. I guess I'm a hypocrite. Unless I'm those things for a reason other than titles, you can ask anyone who knows me and I bet they'll tell you I'm not a glory hound.

I have side tracked a great deal, but what I'm trying to say is that a great many offices are filled just for the sake of titles that you can tell your friends. This is not right. It creates a great deal of dead wood and sometimes over stretches the people who end up doing the job. Again we return now to youth input at higher levels of programming these power hungry people out after titles see youth input as a direct threat to their power. Again, this is an attitude which will have to change so a reiteration of the aims and principles of Scouting will need to be directed at Leadership. The big picture of who is in charge us or them. Youth or Leadership?

4.1 In response to 4.1 I feel this statement to be untrue. If National, Regional and District Councils and Committees looked after the necessary politics, that would leave the Leaders to do what they were there to do. Teach the youth the program.

Fund Raising

This is always a difficult subject. It's just plain tough to get the money we used to. People dread the Scouts coming to the door. They avoid Calender sales and Apple Day like the plague. Also, we are fund raised out by the post CJ fund raising blitzes of last year. In hard economic times, as we can see by the numbers at the food banks we help out, the money isn't out there to get. Let's look at the things we need the money for, and reassess the way we purchase them. The very basics of the Scouting programme are tents, and outdoor gear. Why is the UK so smart to run Scout Shops that sell this, not only to its Scouts, but the general public. We haven't figured this one out yet.

I took a friend, just getting started in Rovers, to the Scout Shop to outfit him with a uniform. He asked why the Scout Shop had only a few trinket items that are meant for the woods, and just sleeping bags for camping. He expected to see tents, hiking boots, and the things Scouts are all about. If we remove the middle man and cut the cost to the minimum, than that is a cost the Troop doesn't have to fund raise for. I know the costs of Scouting are a lot more, but each initiative will, in the end, help. The revenue generated can be returned to the Scouting system. The general public looks to us to be the people with the gear anyhow.

One of the problems with the fund raising is people don't understand what it's for. I feel that this is a situation that must be rectified as quickly as possible. Publishing a cost scheme would help raise the awareness of the parents, but the general public are the ones we need to be aware of the

costs of Scouting.

5.1

This item says, "let the parents know." I say let everyone know. Tell the parents and the rest of the country know what they get for their invested dollar, because they are investing the future of these kids. Tell them about the other teachers in a kids life. The teachers who don't strike, the teachers who put on band-aids, the teachers who try to teach a kid right from wrong. Not the teacher who send bad kids to the office or expel them, but the teacher who tries to teach them good moral fibre, the teacher you never hear wanting a pay raise, because he doesn't get paid. He even puts his own money out to be a Leader, to buy his own uniform, his cost of training and the gas, food, etc, he is for ever using at camps and outings. You show the public this is what they get for their investment and see what happens. You would be surprised the number of parents who think their kids Leader is paid for what he does. I had a parent ask me why I did it, without the pay. I replied that I liked it too much as a kid not to let every kid have the chance I got, just for the lack of help.

Maybe someone up there can help us all out a lot by talking to the banks, establishing an account designed for Groups of small charitable Scout people. A common account at a major bank that would provide service at a lesser cost, knowing that they would receive National support from Scouts Canada. The present cost of establishing a groups funds is \$6.00 for cheques (more than the usual group could use in 5 years and \$2 dollars for return of cheques after there use.) My Venturer Company can't afford to open an account. This would also allow a better control over the funds being used by smaller groups at a national level. More access to tax free numbers would help fund raising. My last Regional Council allowed us to use the tax free number to purchase what we needed to fund raise, but the Region I'm dealing with now denies they have a tax free number.

I would like to address each of the points in order as they appear in the front section of the report.

- If we can focus our true aim, we can focus our advertising and recruitment.
- Back to titles, let everyone know who is in charge, we're the Leaders, but the program belongs to the youth.
- A lot of isolation is self induced, with Group Committee, District Scouters

- Clubs, Regional Scouters Clubs, and Provincial conferences. The support is there, you just have to go get it.
- Once the leaders are told who's in charge this may change. A bit of trust has to be established.
- Who writes their programme. My Venturers want challenging. They do challenging things. I don't do it for them. If the youth aren't getting what they want, they should say so, maybe an anonymous confessional "Forgive me Scouter, I'm bored!"
- HURRAH!!! Get boys back in the woods. They don't do that in school. Unfortunately, neither are they doing it enough in Scouting.
- Scouts to 15, Venturers to 19. There isn't enough time for the badge work. Also, most kids are in High School at 15. A little more flexibility around the ages would help make this work. A kid is 13 and bored with Scouts. Let him try Venturers. I know Venturers who would be great Rovers. Venturer Companies and Rover Crews are founded in small numbers and dependant on each other / A little more flexibility may help keep one another, in some cases.
- Administration should be taken out of the Scouters hands. I do well in the woods, but get frustrated by paperwork.
- Nationally maybe, yes Provincially, yes Regionally, on down. No, because if they feel that way it's their own fault for not doing something about it. Let's have a referendum. Make everyone happy.
- As more and more policies get pushed along, and more people are worried about insurance policies, not youth, less adults will work under the thumb. Activities, I enjoyed as a Scout, are now against the rule. I couldn't run an archery event at a Provincial Scout camp because it promotes conflict or war. The theme of the camp was conflict and peace.
- I said before, give a generic introduction to Scouting and Leadership, then follow it up with modular and WB I's.
- My Introductory interviews for District to District was as different as day and night. A package should be made up, instead of

making the DC's create their own, than a little uniformity could prevail, thus saving a lot of time that the DC's just don't have to waste.

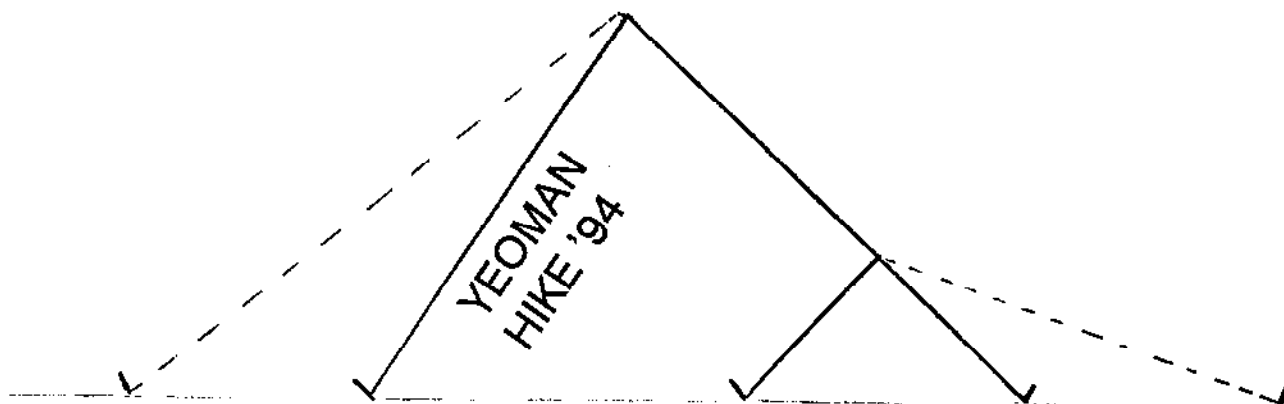
- Revamp the award scheme. Publish it in local papers..."so and so got his Silver Acorn for...."
- I've heard rumours that the Group Committees might be going, and the issue about sponsors certainly supports this. If a restructuring took place the personnel presently used on Group could be integrated into a new system. District Councils could be made stronger and could be used to control the groups, while still maintaining a bit of separation in the groups.
- Whose job is this? I have my Adult Leaders Hand Book and Adult Training Record with all this in it. I just present this to whomever and they can confirm anything in it. Travelling memos aren't being used as much as they should, but the system is in place. The lack of use is not the fault of the creator, but of the uneducated who don't use the available system to its fullest.
- Dartmouth South District Council and Dartmouth Regional Council must be unique because I find them to be kept well informed. A youth member would greatly assist the workings, but then again who am I? The major necessity is communications. Make someone responsible for communications and they will get it done or the person not doing it, will hear about it!
- I think if the Executive Committee published what they do and offered it out for volunteers, there would be very few takers. There is a lot of jealousy for the professional Scouters. I myself am very jealous to be able to Scout for a living. It has been a dream of mine since I found out there was such a thing and I've always got my eyes open.
- Communications Committees, our Councils in Dartmouth are told or the Communications Committee answers to someone for it...
- It is. But so is life. Advertise what they are paying for it...
- "SCOUTING IS A STEP ABOVE"
- Uniforms are expensive and impractical

Service always, Yours in Scouting
Bernie Wile.

YEOMAN HIKE '94

JUNE 25th and 26th

- Fun/Competitive 2 Day Hike
 - Evaluated on:
 - Log
 - Camping Skills
 - Hiking Skills
- 2 Member Team
- Many Crews have used the Yeoman Hike to fulfill part of Squireship investiture requirements
- Each Team must come completely self-contained
- Open to all Registered Rovers or Advisors
- Sponsored by: Greater Toronto Rover Round Table
(participation recognized in Finlay Trophy evaluation)
- Based on Scout's First Class Journey
- Approximately 14 mile hike
- Location to be announced June 24th
- Staggered starts (beginning 8:30 am Saturday)
- Finish: Sunday 3:30 pm
- All teams must be pre-registered



For more Information call or write:

Nicola Dorosh (Advisor)
3rd Newtonbrook Rovers
H-(416) 221-7077

3rd Newtonbrook Rovers
32 Wedgewood Drive
Willowdale, Ontario
M2M 2H3

Kirby McCuaig (Asst. Advisor)
3rd Newtonbrook Rovers
H-(416) 226-2296



That time has come again when we all gather at Paul's house to let our literary juices flow for another issue of BC Rovering Magazine. With Paul and Gord on the keyboard (no, not at the same time), and Marc keeping a safe distance until the final editing gets done, we shall begin....

Vancouver Coast Region

By the time this goes to print, the V.C.R. Games Night will have happened. On Jan. 22 at 7:30PM at the Steveston Community Centre in Richmond, the Rovers and Venturers shall take over. There will be squash, racquetball, Wally-ball, full use of the gym, Jacuzzi, and sauna. And to top it all off, there will be pizza and pop afterwards. All this for a measly \$2.00. Yes, that's right, only \$2.00.

That time of year is again upon us. Yes is the 20th annual Rovent™ - The Commonwealth Games / Birthday Bash. Yes, you get two themes in one. With the coming Commonwealth Games in Victoria this summer and the fact that it is the 20th annual Rovent™ (eat that Ontario), we have had to have an unusually long title, but it will be worth it. The event is on the February 18th to 20th weekend at Cambie Creek Nordic Area in Manning Park, B.C..

We, of course, will be having the classic Rovent™ activities such as Snow Golf, Henley on the Similkamean, Miss Strawberry Flats, and Turkey bowling, along with other exciting events. Registration is \$12.00 before February 1st, and \$15 dollars thereafter. The bus will be heading up to the ski hill on Saturday, and youth tickets will be \$18.00, and adult will be \$23.00. Be sure to bring your AM/FM radio, as Rovent™ Radio will be broadcasting Live all weekend with music and camp news. Come as your favourite Commonwealth country, and help celebrate Rovent™'s 20th Birthday Bash! Contact Ken

McFaul @ 874-0042 or Ted Lorenz @ 277-2606 for more info.

Nite Hike is set for Saturday, April 16th, on the U.B.C. Endowment Lands. All Rover crews are invited to run a checkpoint. You can get more information from V.C.R. Scouthouse.



The Seymour Vespula Rovers are proud to announce the next Vancouver Coast Region Moot - The Jurassic Moot on the May 6 - 8 weekend at the Cal-Cheak Confluence just North of Brandywine Falls on the Whistler Highway. Events and activities to include Mammoth Hunting, Caveman Stomp, Pterodactyl Kite Flying, and the Jurassic Cooking Contest. Awards to include the best Cave Award (site award), and Clan Award (spirit award). Be sure to bring your own water as there is none on-site. Call Tanya Hamilton @ 988-4421 for more info.

While they have your attention, they would like to spread the word about this years Fourth Annual BP Trek Challenge which has been scheduled for June 1st, 1994. The hike is starting just prior to sunrise at the BP Trailhead just above Horseshoe Bay, and finishes later that evening in Deep Cove. The hike is approximately 46km long, and there will be checkpoints along the way for food and refreshments. Both hikers and volunteers to tend the checkpoints are invited. Please call Marc Ramsay at 936-3434 for more info.

While they still have your attention, they hope, the Seymour Vespula Rovers would like to thank everyone who attended their annual Christmas Party. Members of the Vancouver Coast, Fraser Valley, and Burnaby Regions were in attendance to feast on two turkeys prepared by their crew chef, Marc, and all the other goodies that everyone brought. They would also like to thank Paul for hosting a most excellent New Year's Party.

Speaking of New Year's Parties, the Richmond Beachcombers had their Fine New Year's Eve Bash at Morris Valley. They claim that the turnout was excellent, and a great time was had by all, even the crispies. Best part; they supplied the food!

Next V.C.R. Roundtable is Sunday, March 13th at 7:30PM at V.C.R. Scouthouse.

Fraser Valley Region

Yes, it's Fraser Valley Rovering Report time. Get your cookies and milk, and sit down in a circle. I'm going to tell you a story. (NOT!)

Congratulations Colleen Vince! How is life as a Provincial Roundtable Mate?

The Fraser Valley Feast was a big success. Many Rovers and friends attended, and everyone had a great time. There was jousting, archery, and lots of fun. Thanks to all the organizers, and cooks too. The food was great.

The next Roundtable is, well, tomorrow, but over by the time you read this. Understand?

There are lots of service projects available in the Region right now. The Beaveree and Cuboree are both coming up, as well as Dream on '94 (a giant Beaver sleep over on May 21 and 22) and of course the annual Camp Properties work weekend at Camp McLean. I know everyone needs help. The Fraser Valley Moot 1994 is fast approaching, and an organizing committee is needed to run this fabulous event.

If I've forgotten anything, sue me!

See you all at Rovent™

Burnaby Region

Burnaby Rovers have been quite active as of late. December was service month as Rovers provided night security for the regional Christmas tree lot. We also helped with setup and take down of the lot.

The two crews also had a joint camp, or squireship camp at 2nd South West's Group cabin on Mount Seymour. Attendance was high and all had a great time. 2nd S.W. Knights of Locksley also attended the annual Seymour Vesputia Christmas Party.

6th Centre Lake "Order of Valhalla" Rover Crew had put forth, in the previous Rovering magazine, a challenge for the polar bear swim on New Year's Day. Well, they WIMPED OUT! However Rovers from Burnaby, Fraser Valley and Vancouver Coast had fully accepted the challenge. Sonia (Funny Nunny) put out the challenge and the rest of the crew were shocked to hear of the challenge late New Year's Eve. Oh well, Squires will be Squires!

Paul (me) has just returned from Toronto. I was one of the three youth delegates at the Management Task Group Review. The weekend proved to be a success as a lot was accomplished and youth participation was as equal

as everyone else's. If you are wondering what this task group review is about, it concerns the restructuring of Scouts Canada. All in all a very successful weekend. The only down side of the weekend was the very cold temperatures that I endured. With the windchill factor, temperatures were dropping to as low as -40 degrees Celsius. Nice to be back in sunny and warm B.C.. Anybody for golf?

The only main event that Burnaby Rovers are looking ahead to is Rovent™'94.

That's about it for Burnaby Rovering!

Islands Region

Islands region is out right now. If you'd care to try back later, we may have a report for you at that time.

This is a recording...

This is a recording...

Victoria Region

What's up? Let's see? Victoria is having a 'Casual Rover Weekend' on the weekend of January 28th and 29th, at Willis Point, on Vancouver Island. You could even call it a Moot. It's a gathering of Rovers. Jason says he doesn't care what you call it as long as you show up.

Two, count them, two Rover couples in Victoria are now engaged to be married! Congratulations to Mike and Lorie (the Newfie), and to Shawn and Nadine. Apparently Lorie comes with a dowry (a case of beer).

Victoria Rovers are providing a designated driver program for all the Scouters at the BP dinner/dance.

The Canadian Ambassador for the United Nations is coming to Victoria Scouthouse for a question and answer period. Any questions?

By the time you read this, their Roundtable will have happened.

Northern Region

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ... (shhh, Northern's asleep.)

Halifax Report:

Yes, Marc H. is awake. It's five to 1 in the morning, and he's not into providing a report right now. But, something special (sort of). The N.S. Roundtable puts out a magazine called 'Excalibur', and we are reprinting articles with the knowledge that if we had actually asked them, they might have given us permission, maybe. So here goes:

An Interpretive Guide

To The Roundtable Minutes

As secretary to the Roundtable, I think, it part of my duty to provide this guide to clarify certain words and phrases as they appear in the minutes and seek clarification of things I am not certain. If you have suggestions...

1. Marachd: Is this representative of something? There was a suggestion at the last Roundtable that the proper

pronunciation is more wretched'. The comparative base to which it refers is yet unknown.

2. 2nd Burnaby South West Knights of Locksley: A Rover Crew in British Columbia. Both Paul, previous mate of their Roundtable, and Guifre, grace the pages of the recent *Rovering Magazine* with their pictures. (Paul's wardrobe provided by Marc H, made by 3rd Boundary Bay Rover Christy. The happy faces were individually drawn on. Paul's clothes were wet. Seemed he went for a swim!) The following song may be sung when this crew is encountered: Ho Ho Ho, He He He. Glad we're not from Burnaby. (miss you guys, see you at Christmas.)

3. 3rd Burnaby Bay 'Notorious Knights' Rovers: Best in the West. You say that your scribe is part of this crew? Pure coincidence!

4. Crusader Rovers: No clarification dared. They're about 20 of them.

5. Service: The Rover motto. Also the family name of Peter, Paul, and Barb. Can you say these people take *Rovering* seriously? Peter represented us in Ottawa. They returned him to us, though.

6. Bernie, one of the Crusader Rovers, editor of *Excalibur*, likes the colour purple.

7. Mark, one of the Marachd Rovers, likes playing with magic Scout water(white gas) and stoves. To be kept away from open flame or sparks.

8. Advisors' Five: Apparently this caused some confusion to a certain Advisor who shall remain anonymous, namely John Peach. Advisors FIVE, as in 5, not five plus a bit, but five. If it was intended to be more than five it would be the Advisor's six, or maybe seven, not five. Less is okay though.

9. The Guardians of The Golden Grail. This incredibly cool crew submitted a typed crew report to R.T.

10. The Marachd Crew. These guys submitted a crew report in which they chose to remain anonymous(see previous minutes). Perhaps it would be an idea for them to meet with the Guardians of the Golden Grail.

CLASSIFIED ADS

(Also from the N.S. *Excalibur*)

WANTED - Someone who can unplug a Coleman propane pack lantern. Call 469-0194 - Bernie.

WANTED - Volunteers for Round Table Committees. Standing committees are: Constitution, Alert, PR, *Excalibur*, *Rovering Sea to Sea Moot*.

WANTED - writers for *Excalibur*. Writers don't have to be committee members, only need the desire to write. Send articles to Bernie - 12 Alfred Street, Apt #1, Dartmouth, N.S. B3A 4E6.

WANTED - Articles for classified section - Buy, Sell, Trade, Congratulations, Condolences, Help wanted,

Personals.

NEEDS LIFE. One Co-Editor of a local scouting news letter. Kind and loving, big and cuddly, enjoys the outdoors and working with kids. Looking for anyone who will TALK or write to me. Send letters through the *Excalibur* newsletter.

CONGRATULATIONS to Matt Pardy, Brian Trim, and Lisa Marr on completion of their WB I Service Team. Hard service hours ahead.

TO ALL interested Rovers. Chris Innes(McGregor) and Cathy Samms are to be married October 1, 1994, at the Loon Lake Legion, Branch 160. For those who are invited there is a dual dress code. Suits or loin clothes. We'll see about uniforms later.

The Marachd Crew is presently taking applications to fill out its foursome. Interested females should apply in person to our den. Must be willing to wear wholly pleated skirts.

UNIVERSITY English major seeking a challenge, such as teaching the Scribe of the Round Table to speak and spell in English. Apply through *Excalibur*.

HOUSE PLANT seeks friend to converse with. University English majors welcome to apply.

New Jersey Report:

"I told everybody I was leaving on Sunday!!", says Tracey. Paul just doesn't remember. (I wonder why that is?) New Jersey is covered in ice! It is really cool. It's, like, the worst winter I've seen in years. Yes, Tracey, in New Jersey 19 degrees means sub-freezing, not shorts.

Provincial Roundtable

There is a new executive team in B.C. as of November 13, 1993. They are:

Mate: Colleen Vince from Fraser Valley; Vice-Mate: Jason Silvester from Greater Victoria; Secretary: Trevor Cox from Burnaby; Treasurer: Philip Nikiforuk (say that fast ten times) from Burnaby; Keeper of the Log: Dave Lambert from Islands and finally the new position of Past-Mate: Paul Mozsar. Congratulations to all and welcome aboard!

Also, thank you to the past executive for a great term. The outgoing members who are not on this new term are: Marc Ramsay and Tracey Leacock. THANK YOU for all your hard work and time committed for the Roundtable!

At the A.G.M. we all said good-bye and thank you to outgoing A.P.C. Greg Nicholson as his term ended. THANK YOU GREG! We are still waiting to hear who the new A.P.C. will be.

At our A.G.M. we created a new position of Past-Mate. This is a one year position designed to help the new mate and to help the continuity of the Roundtable.

The Endowment Fund is now in place, so anyone can contribute to this newly created fund.

Fund-raising: Stickers are almost gone! We mean it, there are about half a dozen left, if that, and there are no more crests. However, sweatshirts are still available, but there are not too many left. Get one or two before it's too late.

Double Diamond Award Presentations: At the Medieval Feast the Roundtable presented two "Rough Cut Parchments" and two "Double Diamond Awards". They were presented to the following Crews:

Rough Cut: 11th Sur-Del Errant Knights for sponsoring 3rd Boundary Bay Notorious Knights and to the 3rd Boundary Bay Notorious Knights for sponsoring 1st Kirkland Unknown Knights.

Double Diamond: 2nd Burnaby South West Knights of Locksley for sponsoring 5th Port Coquitlam Knights of Ent. The next recipient was 11th Sur-Del Errant Knights for sponsoring 3rd Boundary Bay Notorious Knights.

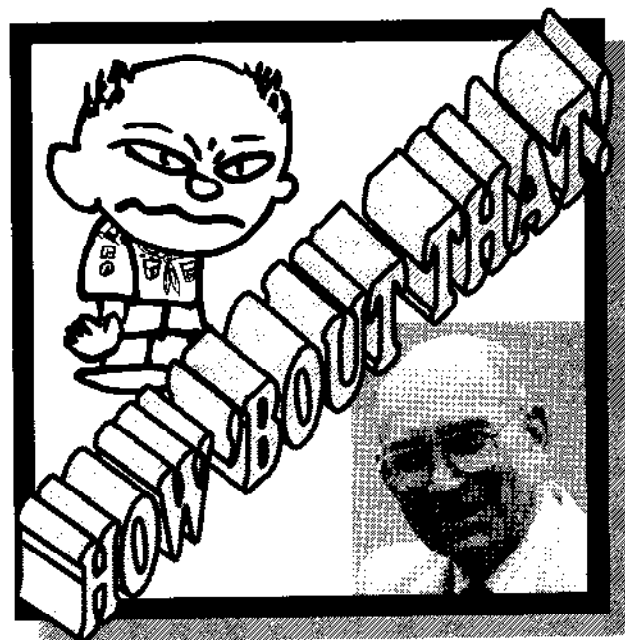
Congratulations again to all the recipient Crews. Any crew can apply for this award. For more information, contact your Regional Roundtable or contact Provincial Roundtable.

Provincial Conference '94: This year's conference will be held at Morris Valley Scout Camp on July 29 to August 1. Topics for discussion will be Rover Review, National Youth Forum, Current Issues for today's youth and much, much more! There will also be guest speakers and many activities to partake in such as Ham Radio, Mountain Biking, Hiking, Search and Rescue and much more. There will be lots to do and lots to talk about. An information package will be available very soon. For more information contact Colleen Vince @ 942-4129.

Next informal Roundtable is at Rovent on Sunday morning. The next B.C.Y.P.R.R.T. will be held at Victoria Region Scout House on April 30 at 12 noon. Hope to see you all there.

That's it for Provincial!

And that's it for this edition of B.C. Rovering Magazine. From Paul, Gord, and Marc with Tracey, Marc H., Jason and Colleen on the speakerphone (glad it's Paul's phone bill), it's soooooo long 'till next time....



An explanation about why this issue is dedicated to Bill Hillen. When I started to make the plates for this magazine, the Itek plate camera suddenly quit!! I phoned Bill first thing Monday morning, and he said he would be at my garage by 1 p.m. I phoned home and asked my wife to turn up the heat in the garage, and informed her I would be taking off work at twelve.

Bill arrived right on time, and with him was Jim Chandler, (the mechanic who helped me rebuild my multi press). He went straight to the problem, a burned out timing unit, (I know that these units sell for about \$900.00 new, OH BOY!). It turns out that Bill reconditions units, and I am pretty sure I got a darn good deal.

We talked about Rovers and Scouting in general, and before he left I remarked that he must have left customers waiting to come here on such short notice.

Bill replied, "This is much more important".

I couldn't help thinking that if Paul Sampson, (who passed away about a year ago), is watching, he must have a smile from ear to ear. Bill was one of Paul's Rovers about 20 yrs. ago.

Christmas is over and I am six pounds heavier. For the first time ever in 45 years I had time off between Christmas and New Years. I was so busy I don't know how I ever managed in other years. I printed the February cover and started the June cover and scrapped it. Went back to my son and his computer and re-did the copy for June and October issues, now I have to find time to see if we are right this time.

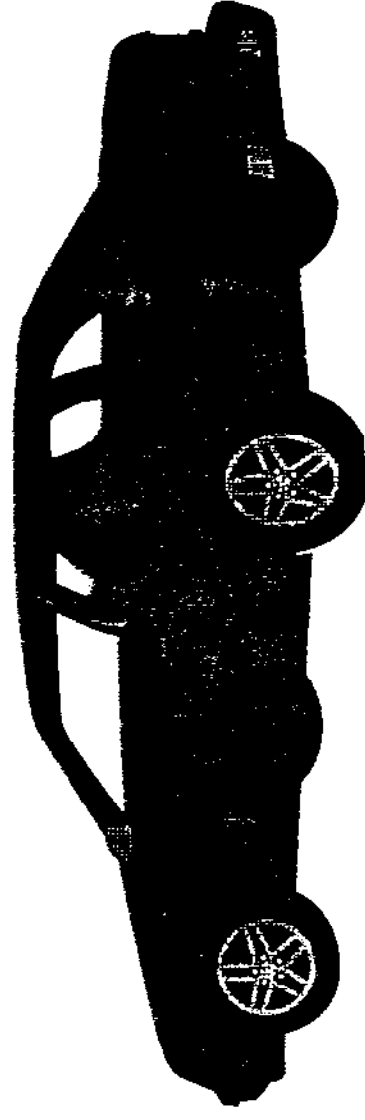
I also realized that I have created a bit of problem, in regards to the ads on the magazine. After this issue, Rovering magazine will be charging a few dollars for colour in the ads. At present there will be no charge for

V SPORTSGAMESBIGDANCEGRANDBENDMORE

V O L L E Y B A L L C A R R A L L Y

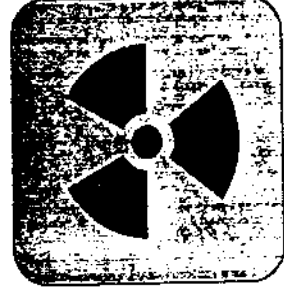
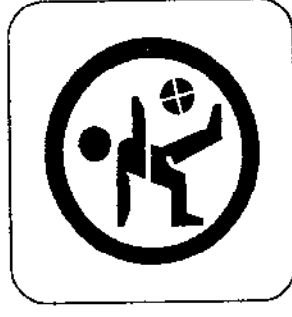
The Beach Party

By First Camlachie



Attawonderon Scout Camp near GRAND BEND!

July 22-24th Weekend



Contact: Wayne Bowen, RR#2 Camlachie, NON 1E0, (519) 899 4406

V O L L E Y B A L L C A R R A L L Y

Camp Proposed Addenda

(subject to change without ANY notice!)

Friday ♠♠♠♠♠♠
 6:00 pm Registration Begins
 Evening Campfire
 1:30 am Curfew
 2:00 am All Quiet

Saturday ♠♠♠♠♠♠
 8:00 am Camp Wake Up
 9:00 am Official Opening
 In Car SCUNT (VERY big scavenger hunt)
 10:00 am
 3:30 pm Beach Volleyball Tournament
 5:30 pm Pig Roast Dinner (b.y.o.f.i.y.d.l.p.)
 7:30 pm Tour into Grand Bend for the big Tee Off Competition
 10:30 pm Bush Party Dance
 1:30 am Curfew
 2:00 am All Quiet

Sunday ♠♠♠♠♠♠
 10:30 Rover's Own
 After that Official Closing
 After THAT Go home!

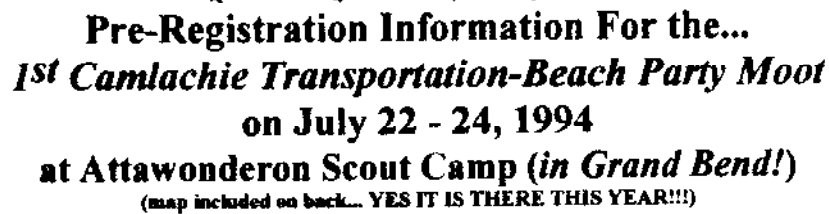
Information: ♠♠♠♠♠♠♠♠♠♠

- As you arrive, a campsite will be allotted - Moot crests available
- There are no trailer sites or cabins. Each crew should come self contained.
- A list of activities and a map of the wood will be provided at registration.
- A large pig roast supper will be held at the camp (or at the beach in we can swing it) on Saturday
- Venturer companies welcome if accompanied by an advisor.
- DONT forget to bring your Frisbee and a sledge hammer. (seriously)
- DONT forget to bring a BIG bag of junk for the scavenger hunt. (you might get lucky¹)
- A small canteen will be provided.

Rules and Regulations: ♠♠♠♠♠♠♠♠♠♠

- Rules of the event are that of the scout and guide organization.
- All participants must be members of a scouting or guiding organization.
- All actions of your group reflect back on scouting and guiding.
- No alcohol, drugs, firearms, firecrackers or fireworks allowed or tolerated. Violation of this rule will result in dismissal of your group from the event.

¹(but don't count on it...)



Pre-Registration Price: \$8.00 / Person (Any cheques payable to;
Gate Registration Price: \$10.00 / Person *1st Camlachie Rovers)*

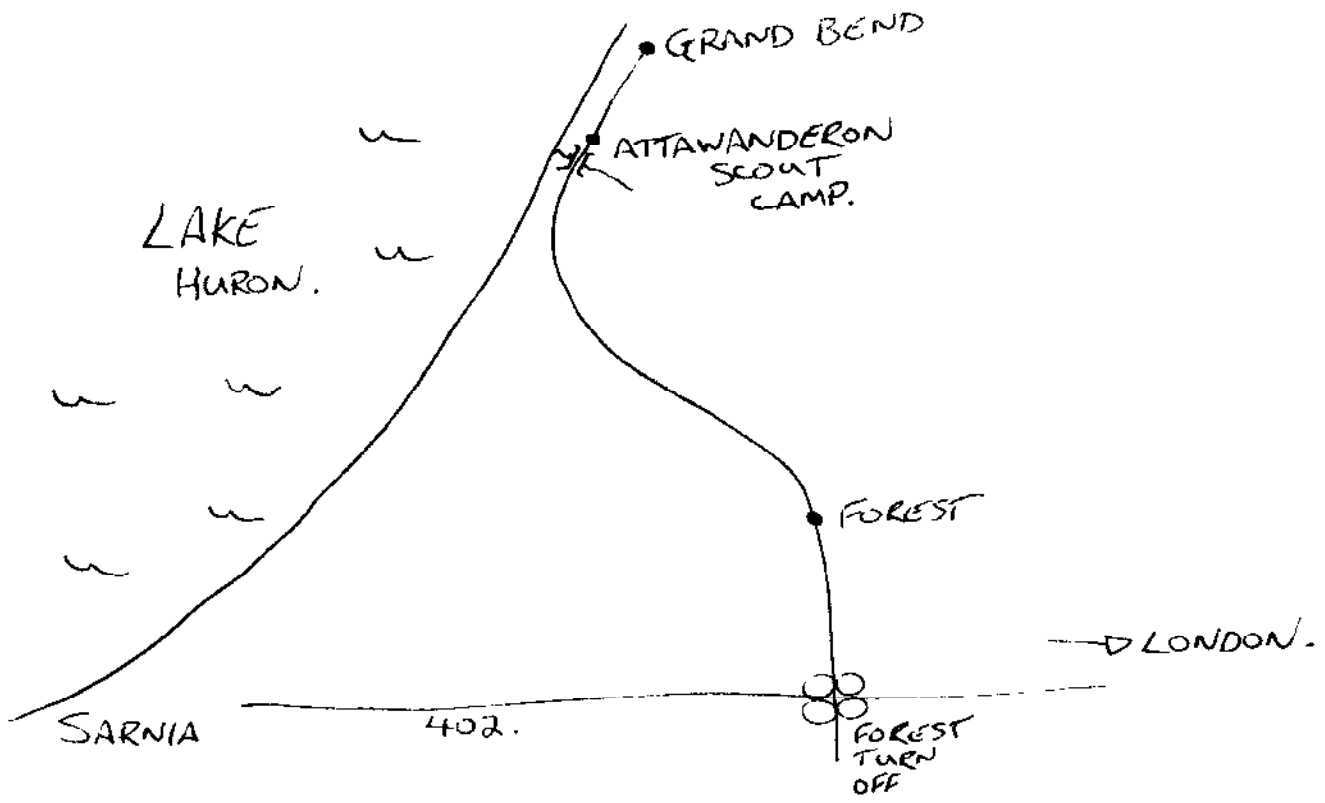
1000 900 800 700 600 500 400 300 200 100 0

[illegible]

Mailing Address: _____

Number of Pre-Registrants: _____ **@ \$8.00 / Person = \$** _____
 (\$10.00 at the gate)

Names of any person(s) in your crew with *water charge certificate*:



the extra paper used, or the extra time taken, but, there will be a charge for each extra plate used on the press. Example, a full page "art" supplied ad, printed with black ink on white paper is \$20 per page. The same ad finished in four colour process, would require 3 more plates, at \$3.00 per plate, an extra \$9.00, per page. And before you get too demanding, normal four colour process work is done with negative separations, (at about \$125 per page), and metal plates, and the colours monitored with a densitometer worth at the low end about \$2000. I have been attempting to use laser separations, made on paper (which distorts slightly), Make a silvermaster plate, (which shifts on the press), and eyeball the colours as they go on. I think, progress is made with each issue, but I am far from matching original colours. And if not enough time is allowed for printing, there is a good chance that set-off (ink coming off on the back of sheet landing on top) will occur. If you have any questions give a call.

Snowball Moot is down the drain this year, let's just say there was an enormous snafu, and leave it go at that.

The Toronto and Hamilton Round tables are trying to put a replacement Moot together for February 18, 19 and 20. And that is extent of the information that I have received.

Our area is currently in a deep freeze, and humungous amounts of snow. The last couple of years the snow in our area was a little sparse for X-country skiing. Right now while I am typing this, there is a beautiful covering of white, soft, fly in the air powder, on the ground. There just ain't no justice!!! One part of me wants to run to the Barbados, the other part wants to strap on the slats. The two parts just took a vote, I guess I stay at the key board.

There are two times during the year when putting out this magazine turns into a real challenge, one is during my summer vacation, the other is right now at the end of January, because my crew and a couple of others are involved in the district Kub Kar preliminaries. Since we started in 1980 over 6000 Cubs have taken part. It takes four evenings to run the prelims' and about 7 hrs to run the finals in February. It gave me a strange feeling this year because most of the Cubs are in the new uniform, and for a fraction of a minute I felt I was surrounded by miniature squires.

In this issue there is a letter from John, my oldest (fast losing hair) son. He informs you as to his intentions towards this magazine. I am grateful for the extra time this gives me to work on several projects around home, on the other hand I KNOW that John will find a way to make things more complicated at press time. If major changes start to occur, you know it's not me.

Something to think about: During the Christmas

season, my wife and I were deeply saddened to learn of the death of a dear friend. Ruth went to school with her and her husband, and we were their attendants at their wedding. At one time we all smoked, in our thirties both Ruth and I quit, and there is nothing worse than an former smoker. We tried to get to influence our friend to quit, she replied, "I enjoy it, if I die I die!" A lung cancer set in and was diagnosed a year ago. The doctors told her it was terminal. After her death an autopsy revealed her lungs were virtually destroyed. She basically died of suffocation, or to put another way she strangled herself. Have you put out your cigarette???

Wouldn't be nice if all events would be planned a year in advance!!!

"Rovering Sea To Sea" or otherwise known as "Eh, Canadian Provincial Moot", is moving toward us at a rapid rate. Start thinking very seriously about it!!

Keep On Rovering,

Don



Hi! It's me, John, again with a short column on this magazine. In the last issue Bruce Dagg, in his farewell column, mentioned something to the idea that he could not remember anyone being associated with the magazine as long as anyone with the last name of Sitler. Of course, Bruce! It runs in the family!

But, seriously, there's method to my madness. Here at the University of Waterloo, the money situation is becoming critical to the point of layoffs. I'm not jeopardized, -- yet. But in response to this possibility I took action and formed a desktop publishing company (an on-the-side sort of thing).

Which brings me to my main point of writing. I'm using Rovering Magazine to hone my skills electronically.

Much of the hardware and software are new to me and I'm low on the learning curve, (my apologies to the submitters to this magazine).

But, be of good cheer. I consider that my involvement in this endeavour is to make you look good in print. I would like to thank BC Rovers, Knights of Ent and all those who submitted pictures, for the challenge you gave me on the last issue.

Which brings me to the second point. There is a shortage of advertising which helps to offset the production costs. Don can give you a better break-down of what each issue actually costs to produce and mail. I would like to make it clear that my company, MAIA HOUSE, will continue to provide layout, free of charge until further notice.

Which brings me to my main complaint. Time. It's my enemy. I think it's great you give me so much to work on, but not at the last minute. The quality of text and pictures doesn't matter. My system can overcome just about any problem. However, the bigger the problem, the more time I need to solve it.

I would like to see Rovering Magazine take on a world class look and I can do it for you. That's my job. But what I need from you is time. I would like to propose the following procedural change. Send to me anything you wish at any time and I will put it together and submit it to the editor for inclusion into an issue. Please write to the magazine to tell them what you think of my idea.

I would also like to offer a couple more lines of communication to the mix. I can be reached directly into my machine by fax at (519) 656-3275. For outside of North America, the Canada code is 1. This line of communication would require prior notice, I don't always leave the machine on, or I could announce what day of the week the system would be left on auto-answer overnight.

My e-mail ID is liboff82@watserv1.uwaterloo.ca. I don't know how many of you have access to the Internet, but for those of you in Australia you could reach me at no charge. Most Internet addresses are in large institutions such as universities. If you know anyone associated with such a place ask. The University of Waterloo sells time and addresses for a nominal fee. We also have dial-in modem pools to support home use. One does not need to be on the network per-se to gain access. One catch, the Telnet version we are presently using does not support graphics very well. You would still need to send your pictures via snail mail.

Please remember, I'm on your side. I want to give back what Rovering gave to me and if I give to you, so much the better. So in the immortal words of an old TV show, "Sock it to me!"

Keep on Rovering. John A. Sitler

The Secret Sharer

by

John A. Sitler

continued

Author's Preface

After reading my copy of Rovering Magazine, I noticed that in the original preface, I neglected to mention the intended audience for this short book. My niece is a bit younger than pre-teen now and it was her that I had in mind when I wrote this story. So the level of vocabulary is aimed at her age group. According to the Wordperfect Grammatik, most of the population never goes past this point. Let's face it, by the time we reach high school, we've learned just about all the words we need to get along on a daily basis anyway. To write fiction much beyond this level, intending it for mass appeal, would be a complete waste of time. I'm offering this clarification, just in case anyone was wondering about the tone of the story.

Anyway, in the next two chapters I have a surprise in store for you Aussies in the audience. At the time I wrote the latter half of the story, the next Summer Olympics were already set for Atlanta. Imagine the chill I felt up my back when the public announcement hit the airwaves for the subsequent Summer Games.

Chapter Five

The Dolphins of Baja

After lunch the foursome had not yet seen Bomber, so they decided to walk back up the beach in the direction of the harbour pier. All at once the air filled with the sounds of sirens! An ambulance skittered around a corner and came screeching to a halt on top of the pier. Out on the bay, a ski boat was blasting its way towards the pier. The boat pulled up on the other side and was hidden from the foursome's view. They were now close enough to see the waiting ambulance attendants. Derek's heart-beat picked up a pace. A backboard was being lifted and a man in a brightly coloured wet suit was being transferred to a gurney. The group was now close enough to see who it was.

"BOMBER!!!", Derek screamed and took off in the direction of the end of the pier. Just as the group got to the ambulance, it took off, sirens blaring again. Reg yelled to follow him. They ran through the yacht club to the villa next door. In a minute, they were in the borrowed convertible and hurtling towards the hospital. They ran into the Coach in Emergency. The Coach saw Reg come in and immediately went over to him, "Don't worry Reg. It's Bomber's leg. It's not broken, but it got wrenched the wrong way. A line coiled around his leg. He momentarily lost his concentration, the sail gybed and wrenched his

lost his concentration, the sail gybed and wrenched his leg."

Reg was not pleased and feeling defensive, "that's fine for you to say. I'm supposed to be chaperoning him and now what am I supposed to tell his parents?"

"Reg, these things can happen," replied the coach trying to downplay the seriousness of the event. Everyone realized this could sideline Bomber for good. While the melee was going on in the waiting area, Derek slipped away around the corner. He spied Bomber lying on a bed, still in his wet suit. The hospital staff had cut the wet suit open on the injured leg. Bomber was waiting for the team doctor. Derek walked over slowly. This scene hurt. His idol had fallen off his pedestal. He lay there broken and bruised and delirious with pain. At one point he called out Derek's name.

Derek walked over and twined his fingers with Bomber's Bomber hung on as tight as he could.

"Dad?", asked Bomber.

"No it's Derek,"

Bomber started to cry, "I've let you down, bro. It's only bronze, it's only bronze!"

"No Rick, you won the gold, you've won the gold!!"

At this point the doctor walked in, gave Bomber a potent sedative and waited for his patient to let go of Derek. Mark came in and retrieved his son. Derek backed out of the room, not wanting to let his eyes off his hero. Mark had overheard what his son had said and realized just how stunned and shocked he was.

While they waited for further news, the group rallied their support around Derek to help him back to reality. They held a discussion and weighed different options and how they could help Bomber. The doctor soon came out and pronounced that his patient would be up and walking again in about three days. With a collective sigh of relief they all sank into their chairs. Reg, the coach and the doctor huddled to discuss options. It turned out that Bomber could still be in the running for gold, but precious time had been lost. Competition sailing was strictly out of the question for at least a month.

On the way back to the hotel, Mark remembered something Rajid had said to Angela once, 'You must take Derek to Baja.' Mark knew what to do with the rest of the vacation. When they were back at the hotel, Mark excused himself and slipped out to find a travel agency.

After a couple days, Bomber was released and he returned to his room at the yacht club. His damaged leg was splinted and wrapped to hold it steady. The team members all dropped by to wish him a speedy recovery. Bomber was a great team member and the rest of the stay in the B V U's would not be the same. He still had a role to

play, however. To stay focused, he would go out in the ski boat with the coach and watch and offer advice he thought appropriate.

On Friday evening, Mark gathered their group together and made his offer. This would be the last weekend they could spend together for a while. He announced he had made plans to fly them all to a resort just outside of Los Cabos, Mexico. Rajid knew immediately what was up.

"Remember, Derek? Baja?", said Rajid, jogging Derek's memory. Mark explained that there was a beach nearby that dolphins regularly came close into shore to interact with humans. Suddenly Derek wasn't interested, he wanted to stay and look after Bomber. Mark made it clear that Bomber was to go with them, he had already cleared the trip with the coach and the team doctor. If they wished, the group could leave first thing the next morning. As they got up to go to their respective lodgings, Mark turned to Rajid, put his arm around his shoulder and said, "let's see what happens." That night, Derek's dreams took an interesting turn. Bomber stood on the stern of the *Star Gazer*, naked and bathed in moonlight and pointing down into the water. A group of dolphins waited. Without hesitating, Derek dove over the side and joined the singing chorus in a turquoise sea.

The following morning came early as the group gathered to hear Mark's instructions over breakfast. He handed them all their plane tickets. They were to take a small plane to Miami and then onto Baja in a slightly larger craft. The resort had recently built its own airstrip and purchased a commuter Dash 8. The resort, being located on the tip of the Baja peninsula had no nearby large airport. Bomber would be uncomfortable on the trip since he didn't quite fit easily into the airplane seats. Derek would refuse to leave his side during the entire journey.

After they checked into the resort in Los Cabos, Mark made inquiries about the magical beach and the group was off. Derek was carrying his snorkelling gear. In a rented jeep they found the beach. It was crowded with groups of people, some on land and some in the water. As they stepped out of the jeep and started down the dunes toward the water, the group could see the tops of dolphins in the shallows, moving amongst the people in the water. Some tried getting closer than others, sitting right down so that dolphin and human could get a good close look at each other.

Derek was enthralled. His concern for Bomber melted away as each step brought him closer to the water's edge. He pulled off his shirt and clad only in his swimsuit, he sat down on the sand and put on his snorkelling gear. He left the mask and snorkel dangle loosely around his neck and began wading out to the wild animals almost within his grasp. The rest of the company waited on the

beach, standing together with their collective attention on Derek and the drama before them.

Derek could sense something was different. These animals were not like the ones at the marine park. Those dolphins were used to hearing and responding to human speech. This type of contact was more touch than anything else and what made this even more remarkable was, the dolphins chose to do this. Derek was now in chest deep water. A couple of the animals came near and he reached out and touched them, gently patting and stroking their sides. These two swam off and a third joined them and came back to Derek. Again the same response, these three swam off and were joined by two more. Soon, Derek was being surrounded by most of the group. The other people began to realize what was happening and they stood and watched in amazement how the entire dolphin pod had singled out one human.

Derek hadn't noticed this at all. A strange sensation had overcome him. He was greeting some old friends he hadn't seen in a long while. His sense of the familiar was overwhelming. Without thinking, he put on his mask and snorkel and lowered his hands back into the water. Two males swam up on either side and gently took each of Derek's hands and tugged him forward. Derek did not resist. He slid into the water and kicked his feet up behind him. The dolphins picked up speed and the trio began moving out to sea. The remainder of the pod closed ranks around the guest and his escort and left the rest of the people just standing there.

A little girl in the shallows looked up at her mother and pointing asked, "Why is that man taking away all the dolphins?"

"I don't think that's what happened. I think it was the other way around," her mother replied.

On shore, Rajid sat down on the sand and Mark joined him. Without looking at anyone in particular Rajid said, "It is time." Reg looked down at the two and sat down on Rajid's other side. Bomber had never heard the tale of Derek at the marine park. He had no idea as to what was going on. Mark had an inkling as he would sometimes pass Derek's room late at night and if Derek talked in his sleep, what came out of his mouth was not English. The sounds were very similar to dolphin chatter. Bomber uneasily settled in behind the three. They all sat, staring out to sea -- and waited.

Without the main attraction present, the other people began to lose patience and interest and slowly they drifted away from the beach. New arrivals realized that most of the traffic was in this direction and followed suit. Soon there were only four people left, still in the same position, waiting for some sign of Derek. Bomber was beginning to feel anxious.

"I think he's been pulled too far out. We should

call for help." Rajid looked at Mark who answered, "Just a little longer." It was now sunset. As the rim of the sun dipped below the horizon, Rajid caught movement out of the corner of his eye about fifty yards up the beach. He pointed, "there he is!" A lone figure was wading up out of the surf and was approaching the beach.

The foursome jumped to their feet and ran to meet Derek. Mark got there first and Bomber came up last. Derek was kneeling in the sand just above the wave-line, without snorkel, mask, or flippers. His stared straight ahead and his expression was a complete, trance-like, blank. His arms were slack at his side. Mark quietly knelt down in front of him and met his son face to face. Derek finally registered his father's presence and the tears began to roll down his face. The emotions rose to the surface and Derek cried out loud, "Dad, I'm so happy! They spoke!" Father and son reached out and hung on to each other. Mark had no words he could use. The rest of the group huddled around the two and Bomber saw for the first time an emerging power far beyond the talents he possessed and he stood in awe of the boy who had looked upon him as his idol.

After Derek had recovered to human reality, his father helped him up and as they turned to leave they heard out at sea a dolphin call. Derek instinctively turned, cupped his hands to his mouth and called, "Wheeeccccooooo, tck, tck, tck!!" The dolphin jumped clear of the water and splashed back down sending a joyful plume up into the air. For the next two days, the group would accompany Derek to the beach and the tourists would stand in amazement at the boy who could call the dolphins.

At the end of the trip the group assembled in the main lobby of the resort to say their farewells. Reg and Bomber were to go back to the B V I's and the rest of them were returning home.

Back in Canada, winter still had an iron grip on everything. Derek and Rajid went to the storage area of the marina to check out the condition of the Laser. In the evenings, they would get together to send 'cheerleader' faxes to Bomber through Derek's computer. About every other week a new video would arrive from Reg. By all appearances, Bomber was healing rapidly. His physical appearance was still changing and on one video people back home saw him weight training in the club health spa. Other members of the team and the attending crews would show up on the videos when Reg took the *Star Gazer* to his favourite swimming hole.

As March slowly crept by, Canada's annual white blanket began its halting retreat. Each new thaw rekindled that sailing feeling in Derek and Rajid. Towards the end of the month, the little boat was hauled into the Siedler's garage and the work of getting her ready for the next

season began. If Bomber could only see the two boys now, waxing and polishing the little boat to jewel-like brilliance. She was made bristol.

About the middle of April, ice was off the lake and the little boat made its trip back to the marina. The lifting crane had been doing its work. Nearly all the big boats were back in. There was however a noticeable gap in the fleet where the *Star Gazer* should have been. Reg would be coming home, but not Bomber. The team was to leave at the end of April for Australia, the site for the Summer Games, the following year.

Not long after Mark and the boys had returned, he sat down with Angela one evening and had a long talk about Derek. Mark related the dinner tale to her. They laughed a lot over it and Angela asked to see pictures.

"No can do! Reg took us completely by surprise!", Mark explained. Angela didn't need to be told about Bomber's injuries; that one had made the papers and television back home. His explanation of Baja was a little more intense, however. She now regretted not being able to go along and, at the same time, was very happy for Mark to be able to see this small miracle that Derek had been drawn into. More than anything else, she was at last relieved to know that father and son were at last beginning to come closer together. When she relayed all the happenings to Grandpa, he said, "I guess it's time for old Gramps-here to bow out gracefully for a while." Angela encouraged him to stay in touch with Derek however. She was afraid that a sudden shift in attention would only serve to confuse her son.

May flowers poked their spring-time noses up into the air and sensed it was all right to start growing. The flowering trees were beginning their annual show and the air over the lake was now bearable for small craft. The boys could wait no longer. On Victoria Day weekend they did the Canadian thing and went camping at the marina. The previous year's wet suits were a bit too snug, but, what the heck, this was sailin' time! The little craft left dock and sped out into the lake. Bomber's practice course had been removed, so the boys went wherever they felt like. They were wise enough to stay within sight of the marina. The lake water was still cold enough to kill. During the afternoon on Sunday, they were on the second last tack and the two boys cooked up a scheme. They would teach their fathers how to sail. Each one would take the other boy's father out. Of course, this plan wasn't as noble as it seemed. In another five years they would be getting their drivers' licenses. If they could demonstrate how well they handled this boat, then who knows?

During the same month, the marine park had reopened and Derek and Rajid got on their bicycles and made the first of many pilgrimages to the dolphin tank. They would wait until most of the crowd around had

dispersed and then Derek would call to the animals. Rajid would watch as dolphin and Derek would chatter on to each other for over an hour. Rajid had no idea what they could be talking about but it sure held the dolphins' attention. These episodes did not escape the attention of the trainer. She would wait for the boys and watch from a corner. She didn't want to be seen just yet. She realized this boy was no ordinary tourist. Most people would talk to the dolphins as if they were cute pets, but not this boy. He seemed to actually talk to the animals.

After a number of days of repeating this routine, an older man walked over to the two as their attention was completely given over to the dolphins. Rajid was listening as usual and Derek was chattering away in a language completely incomprehensible to any human. The dolphin saw the man first and whistled a warning to Derek. Derek spun to see who it was behind him. The dolphin slid away. Rajid reacted by putting himself between Derek and the stranger. He had noticed in the past that occasionally people looked at Derek in a way that made him uneasy.

"Is there something I can help you with?", asked Rajid. The trainer had been watching this exchange and she stepped out of the shadows to save her plan. She had invited a linguistics professor from the University of Toronto to come and observe this special boy.

"It's alright guys, this is Professor Manheim. I asked him to come here and watch this young man. Hi, my name's Heather." Both boys extended a hand to each of the adults. They both recognized the trainer but their minds and internal warning radar were beginning to ask just what a university professor could want with them. The professor began to explain, "Heather here, phoned my office yesterday and told me she had something at the dolphin tank I should see or rather hear and to come and quietly take a look on the sidelines. I must apologize, when you started chattering with the animals, I couldn't resist. I needed to get closer. I didn't want to miss a single syllable."

The dolphin had returned and seeing there was no threat, called up to Derek. Without thinking, he turned his head and answered and the dolphin started to giggle. Heather looked at the dolphin and asked Derek, "what's so funny?"

"Oh, she just asked what was going on and I told her it's just some nosy people," replied Derek. Heather retorted, "Tell her, she can be little stinker herself sometimes." Again, Derek turned his head and chattered to the dolphin. The dolphin giggled and spit water at Heather.

The professor had his hand to his beard, watching and evaluating this innocent little exchange. Could this have been staged for his benefit? He tapped Derek on the shoulder and asked him, "Do you think I could send a couple of graduate students with a tape recorder the next

time you come to see the dolphins?" Rajid broke in, "I think he might like to think about it." Rajid looked at Derek with an expression of 'time to go'. The boys excused themselves promising to get in touch with Heather if and when they made a decision on the professor's offer.

That evening, in Derek's study, Rajid gave his friend the third degree on volunteering for the sake of science. "Man, you are nuts! Do you have any idea what they'll do to you? First they'll let you talk all you want to that fish. Next, they'll dissect its brain to see what makes it tick and then they'll come after your grey matter! Please don't misunderstand me man, but, I think you look a lot prettier with your brain right where it is!"

"Thank-you for the lecture on weird science, professor, but I think I have a solution. Oh, by the way, don't call them fish in front of them. They consider that an insult."

Later on in the week, Derek asked for his father's help in this matter. He thought that if Dad was involved that should protect him from any mad scientists. Mark was to contact Heather and agree to a taping and then follow up with an interview with the professor to gain some background on this interest in his son.

The professor and his work turned out to be legitimate. The next time Derek was to go to the tank, he would meet two graduate students who would have Derek wired with a microphone. The students would be some distance back to record the conversation. Heather informed Mark that when Derek arrived she had been authorized to close the tank to the public. Mark could sit with the students if he chose.

The date was set and everyone arrived on schedule. Mark had never seen this happen. The students attached two microphones to Derek's sweater and hid a transmitter on his belt. There would be no wires between Derek and the students. They gave Mark an extra pair of headphones and donned their own and then they led Mark around a corner out of sight. Heather came over and asked the boys if she could join them. Derek responded, "sure, they like you." The trio sat down by the edge of the tank and Derek put his hand into the water and made a sound like that of a flipper smacking the water. The rest of the conversation was entirely between Derek and the dolphins and it was not English.

Derek called out across the tank. Smiling, he watched as three of the captive pod came racing over to see him. Just as they got near two of them squealed and sped away. The third asked Derek what he was wearing. "Clothes," he replied, a little puzzled, "you've seen these before."

"No not that, it makes noise, it hurts!"

Derek reached around and turned down the volume control. The students turned up the gain.

"Better, the hurt is gone now."

Mark clamped the headphones to his head and peeked around the corner. He couldn't believe his ears! His son was out there actually *talking* to a dolphin! The animal and Derek had a prolonged discussion for at least an hour. What people around him didn't know was that Derek, after several weeks, was still learning vocabulary. When he was able to understand, the dolphins promised to teach him the old songs of history and myth. The following day, Derek met with the students again and helped with a faltering translation of the recording.

Part of the agreement between Mark and the professor was that there be no press involved in this arrangement. Professor Mannheim assured Mark that he never publishes or notifies the press of anything until he's sure of his conclusions. This was going to be the beginning of a long and tedious research process. He told Mark that the graduate students were excited about the project and that he had given permission for them to do their Master degrees on just their work with Derek alone. He instructed the students not to discuss this special project with anyone. That way, he assured Mark, talk about the research would not leave the fraternity of the university community.

After Heather learned of the plans to continue research, she approached the management of the park to encourage them to get in touch with the professor. The administrators of the park could foresee a mob problem and offered both Derek and Rajid part-time jobs helping to care for the dolphins and other species. This way they might not look as conspicuous. The public was used to the park employees talking to their charges all the time.

The taping continued. After several days, the dolphins were finally curious enough about the strange thing that made a noise that they asked about it. Derek patiently explained as best he could about the research. The dolphins protested, saying that Derek could teach the researchers. He had to give the dolphins a quick lecture about humans needing to record things and learn from each other. He patiently explained that with writing, we had lost the oral tradition. Now all this stuff called writing made sense to the dolphins. The dolphins no longer feared the students and asked that they join Derek at the side of the tank.

Derek got up and went over to the students and turned off his microphone transmitter. "it's alright guys, c'mon over to the tank." The students were stunned, they had been invited by their subjects to come and join the party. At tank-side, the dolphin chattered to Derek and he responded. The one student asked, "What did he say?"

"She said, 'better now, the hurt noise is gone.'" The student leaned over the edge towards the dolphin, "Sorry."

By this time, Rajid was part of the action, although

he didn't pick up on the dolphin language like Derek could. Derek had to act as translator. The students got the best of both worlds; original language and the act of translation. The research was about to take a new twist. The students said they could mount a high-gain microphone over and in the tank and Derek could get in with the dolphins. He was a little puzzled by the microphone in the water. How could he, a human, make sounds underwater? The one student said, "Let us worry about that." Derek relayed the idea to the dolphins, they sped around and jumped up into the air in the centre of the tank, "we can teach him our game!"

Heather and the crew went before the park head administrator and laid out their plans. He just simply waved his hand in permission. The more co-operation he gave, the better the funding. The date was set for sometime later in the week. The students got to work rigging their gear.

After their paid chores were over, the two boys arrived at the tank with Heather. Mark took the day off work and Angela showed up. Derek stripped off his park uniform and waited, flippers in hand, dressed in his swimsuit. The two students announced they were ready and one of them handed Derek a snorkel, not just any snorkel: the problem of communicating underwater had been solved. Fitted into the bent section of the breather was a vibration whistle. The student explained, "All you need to do is to make sounds with your throat, the whistle will pick them up and use the end of the tube like an echo chamber."

This seemed reasonable enough. Derek strapped on the contraption and tried it. In the open air it didn't sound very convincing. He sat down at the water's edge, slipped on the flippers and hopped into the tank. The turquoise sea of the tank filled his eyes and the dolphins came over to greet him. Derek tried the snorkel. All at once the pod shot off in all directions, chattering and leaping into the air. He popped his head out of the water and turned to the two students, "it works!" Excitedly, he shoved the snorkel back in, took a deep breath and dove in after the dolphins.

The next order of business, according to the dolphins was the game. Derek got his instructions and then went back to the tank-edge and told Heather to rig a beach ball on a line hanging over the centre of the pool. She was a little puzzled, this was nothing new, but Derek argued that no human had actually played the game with them in the tank.

The object of the game was to leap up into the air and touch the beach ball with the nose. This could only be done, however after you had been tagged by the dolphin who had just successfully scored. Each touch was worth two points. Derek changed the terminology a bit and called each touch a basket. The dolphins let him have a handicap; Derek was allowed to touch the ball with his hands and

near misses counted, after all, he was only a human.

The game began. The first dolphin, Derek's favourite female, gathered speed and shot up into the air; two points. She splashed back into the water, soaked everyone tank-side and took off after Derek. Even with the help of the flippers, he was no match for her speed. He was tagged. Heather helped him cheat, she lowered the ball just a bit. Derek sped round the tank, dove to the bottom under the ball and then in missile-fashion, shot straight up with all the strength he could manage. To his surprise, he cleared the water except for his flippers and smacked the ball on the side, sending it up over the boom and back down again. The dolphin pod turned on their heads and waved their tail flippers in the air. This meant applause. Derek dove under and went for the bottom.

He landed and took a brief bow. One of the males came over to get a closer look at this odd behaviour. The ruse worked. Derek tagged the dolphin. Again more applause and this time from on shore as well. The game went on for half an hour, dolphin and Derek yelling and screaming at each other liked crazed basketball fans. Finally Derek signalled for time out. He glided over to the edge of the pool and popped his head above the water and leaned on the edge.

"Man! I'm exhausted! Dad I have to lift weights, I just can't keep up!" Mark conceded that this might not be a bad idea. As they were talking, one of the male dolphins swam up behind Derek and proceeded to try and rip off his swimsuit. Derek grabbed at it and spun around. The dolphin asked him, "Why do you wear that stupid thing? Doesn't it hurt?" Derek popped in the snorkel sank below the surface and replied, "believe me, it's a long, long story." After this demonstration, any more talking on land was done away with. All research was now to be conducted in the pool.

Towards the end of summer, Derek, Rajid and both their parents were invited by Professor Manheim to the university. During their tour the professor showed them into a climate-controlled room. Standing in the middle were tall black boxes that had all the appearance of carefully arranged dominoes. The professor explained that these black boxes were the heart and core of the university's new super computer. He had been granted time on it to begin analyzing what they had learned so far through Derek. Back in his office, the professor took a hunk of rock off a stand and handed it to Derek.

The rock was black in colour, chipped at the edges and smooth on the top surface. The top had been carved with a lot of writing and split the surfaces into three sections. The two bottom sections made no sense whatever, but the top section, Derek recognized instantly. This was ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs.

"Do you know what that is?", asked the professor.

Derek shook his head. The professor explained, "that is a model of the Rosetta Stone. It's named after the town near where it was found. Each band of writing says the same thing. The bottom one is Greek. That language we know. Up until this stone was found, scholars were unable to decipher what the hieroglyphs said. Based on this one stone we now can read any of the monuments or texts of ancient Egypt. An entire lost civilization has come to life again on paper."

"What does this have to do with me?", Derek asked. The professor continued, "I believe Derek that you are the Rosetta Stone of the ocean mammal language. Not just of dolphins, but whales as well. You see, we've been analyzing whale song and we think we're getting close to a core language. I believe that somehow you hold the final key."

Rajid voiced his scepticism, fearing that they might still want to take Derek apart piece by piece. The professor gave a brief description his theory, "for some time now, dolphins all over the world have been coming into shore in increasing numbers. I believe they're looking for someone. Someone like you, Derek and I think they've found what they've been looking for. When you feel confident, let me know, I'll get funding and we'll return to Baja."

Mark was swelling with pride. His son was about to change history. He didn't know it, but the dolphins would have more to do with it than his son. At home that night, Bomber again appeared in Derek's dreams, standing on the stern of the *Star Gazer* as he had before. This time he held out the special snorkel and pointed down into the water. Derek put on the snorkel and dove over the side. This time Derek swam with the dolphins, joining in with the mammals in the Song of the Ages.

Chapter Six Surprise!!

August and the first week of September were spent intensively in the dolphin tank. Mark allowed Derek to join the health club where he and Angela went, which up until now was off limits to Derek. Mark was of the firm belief that boys should not be weight training until well into puberty. Because Derek would often times be alone, Rajid's father allowed Rajid to go with him. It wasn't long before the effects of their efforts could be felt. Their clothes didn't quite seem to fit right anymore.

Both boys were starting a new school in the fall; senior public, grades seven and eight. Now it was Rajid's turn to stick to Derek like glue. Derek's confidence was escalating with every experience in the tank. At the same time, though, his fear of public exposure of his new-found talent was rising as well.

"Promise me, Rajid, not a word about any of this

at school, alright?" Rajid spit in his hand and high-fived his hero.

School was okay. The teachers were all trying to be too cool, much to the amusement of the kids. There was one difference between this school and the old one; fashion sense. Every student it seemed, was into provocatively ripped jeans. They didn't quite know why, they just had to do it. Derek and Rajid followed suit. One morning Derek came down to breakfast and as he left the table, he bent over to pick up a book he had dropped on the floor. Angela saw a large tear in his jeans just below the back pocket revealing the edge of bright red underwear.

"If you needed new jeans, why didn't you tell me? Or better yet, gone out and bought them yourself?"

"Mom, these *are* new jeans."

"With a hole like that? Never mind, just promise me one thing."

"What's that?"

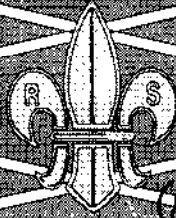
"No tattoos!!"

"Deal!" Derek spit in his hand and offered his mother a high five. "Yuck! You kids!" Derek laughed and ran out the door to school. Mark arrived in the kitchen, dressed for work. Angela looked him straight in the eye and said, "you just missed stage two." They discussed their son's budding fashion sense and agreed that at least he was still wearing pants.

Fall ran smack right into winter that year. Snow had come early. Derek and Rajid would spend hours in Derek's study on increased homework and reading letters from Bomber on e-mail. Derek's association with Professor Manheim had gained him an electronic mail account with the university. Now the boys communicated with Bomber in Australia at the speed of light. They thought this was better than any video game.

Reg had returned from the BVI's and had left the *Star Gazer* there. On one visit, he offered the use of the yacht to Mark and Angela assuring them that a crew could be arranged for the asking. He had purchased a dial-in account from the university once he saw Derek and Rajid communicating with Bomber. This frantic three-way conference would continue right up to the Olympiad. The boys asked if anything had been done yet for the Games and wondered if Bomber knew of the location. At the end of each Olympiad, the next city to receive the honour, is passed the flag of the Olympian Rings. However, this time, an entire country received the flag. Bomber let a secret bomb drop. There was only one location; Australia. The entire country was to be turned into one giant Olympic site. He instructed the boys and Reg not to tell anyone and to erase that part of the file from their computers. People in Canada would soon learn what was up.

Winter dragged on, and on Christmas day,



(found scribbled on an envelope)

Ode to a Magazine

O Robering, O Robering
How I long to read thee
To feel your texture on my pads
Without you touch, I am so sad.

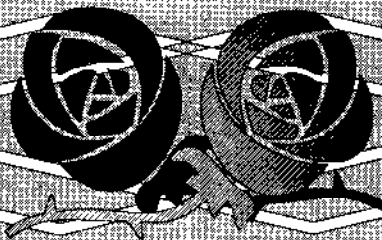
O Robering, O Robering
I do long to read thee
Ads with colours, oh so bright
Make you a truly welcomed sight.

O Robering, O Robering
How I do long to read thee
Robers like ads for the Moots,
Where they meet Rangers without the suits.

O Robering, O Robering
How I long to read thee
Your articles are so much fun
You really are my number one.

O Robering, O Robering
How I long to read thee.

Valerie Lubrick, 7th Fort William Rovers



ROGER AWARDS

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

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

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

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

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

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

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

A. _____

B. _____

C. _____

D. _____

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

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

Send your nomination-vote to: "ROGER AWARDS"
c/o 45 Islington Avenue
KITCHENER, ONTARIO
N2B 1P3

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

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UNTIL MARCH 25 1994 AND YOUR PREREGIST-
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BEFORE MARCH 25 1994.).

REGISTRATION FORM

GROUP NAME: _____

CONTACT: _____

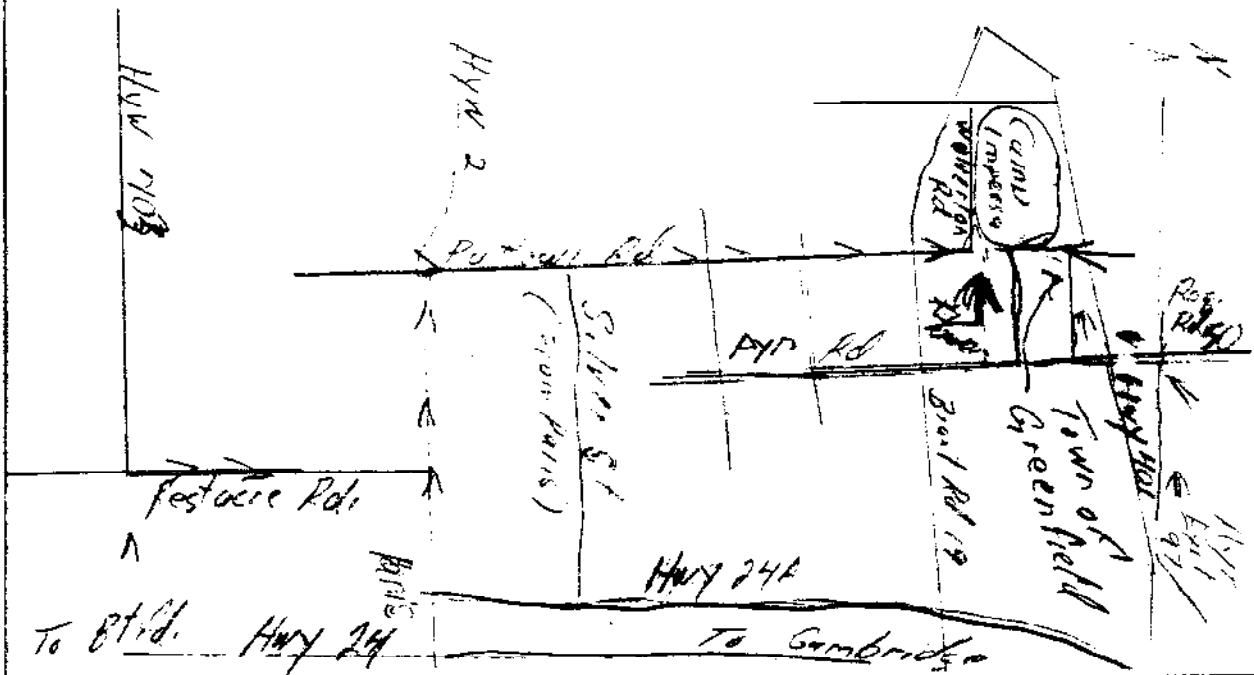
(PLEASE NO ONE UNDER THE AGE OF THIRTEEN (13)).

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NOE 1A0
1 (519) 449-2289

ROLLY POTVIN
753-8873

**EACH GROUP *is* ALSO ASKED TO PREFABRICATE AND BRING ITS
OWN CHUCK WAGON TO BE MADE AT CAMP!**



Grandpa, Grandma, Angela, Mark and Derek were terry-cloth swathed and gathered around the tree. The door-bell rang. Derek jumped up to get it. Angela glanced out of the living room in the direction of the front hall. Derek opened the door, stood motionless and then flung himself outside. Bomber walked in carrying two parcels, one wrapped and the other one hanging around his neck.

"Bomber!", was the only thing Angela could manage to say. The rest of the group looked up in delighted surprise all trying to wish Bomber a Merry Christmas at the same time. Bomber put Derek back down on his feet, looked at his watch and exclaimed, "G'day! It's nine o'clock! Aren't you people up yet? The day's half over already!" This was said with a decidedly Aussie accent. Grandpa gave him a thumbs up; intending its meaning in both Canadian and Australian.

Bomber explained he had only arrived yesterday and decided not to tell anyone he was back for only a short visit. He had already been home and his family had opened gifts the previous night. He told his family, he had to spend at least part of the day with Rajid and Derek.

Bomber had never seen Derek's suite. The two of them went upstairs, Bomber still carrying the other package. After the door was closed he presented his package to Derek, "Merry Christmas." Derek was a little embarrassed. He had no gift to exchange. Bomber just waved his hand and said that being here was gift enough. Derek opened the package and pulled out a solid brass dolphin flying straight up out of a solid brass sea. Besides thank-you, Derek didn't know what to say. The way he caressed the statuette spoke volumes to Bomber. The two sailors chatted a while and then Bomber couldn't wait any longer. He had to ask, "what's this I hear about special research?" Derek was stunned. He spun around after placing the dolphin next to *The Secret Sharer*.

"What do you mean -- research?"

"I've been reading some of the exchanges on the e-mail account I've been allowed to use. Over and over I see the code name Rosetta, the mention of dolphin language and the subject of investigation being referred to as a bright young teenager. It didn't take me long to figure out it was you."

"He promised me, he would keep a lid on it," Derek said to no-one in particular.

"He -- who?", asked Bomber.

Derek made Bomber swear on their friendship not to tell anyone that he knew and then Derek spilled the beans. He told Bomber the whole story, beginning to end. Bomber just looked and blinked and then offered, "It's too bad you don't live near the ocean. We could just send messages by carrier dolphin instead of e-mail." The two burst out laughing. Derek got up and proceeded into the shower to get ready to go out. Bomber followed him to the

bathroom door and the conversation kept right on going up to the point the two left the house, to go over to Rajid's place.

On their way out, Bomber had to stop at his father's car and retrieve another package, this one much larger. He hadn't come empty handed for Rajid either. Bomber received a similar reaction from Rajid when the door was opened. Rajid asked if Derek had seen him yet and Derek popped his head around the door frame, "Surprise!" Derek swore to Rajid he knew nothing about the visit.

Once inside they made the obligatory small talk with Rajid's family. Both sisters were just ga-ga over the Golden Olympian. They both ran upstairs and returned, autograph books in hand. Rajid turned red with embarrassment as he glanced over to Derek with a 'not cool' look written on his face. The three boys went upstairs to Rajid's room. This bedroom was a little more typical; a mess. Rajid tried in vain to clean up but Bomber just cleared himself a spot and reassured him with, "this is nothing. You should my room in Australia. Bomber has the reputation of having a bombed-out room." The three young men laughed and Bomber handed the package to Rajid, "Merry Christmas."

Rajid didn't know what to say except thank-you. His family wasn't Christian, but Hindi. There was no Christmas in this household. The two boys had enjoyed the best of both worlds as friends for years. Rajid ripped open the gift and lifted up a beautiful Snowy River coat. During their letters, Rajid had told Bomber he had been introduced to horse-back riding and loved every minute he was with the big animals. He didn't have quite the rapport that Derek had with dolphins but they were a lot easier to ride, especially with a saddle in place.

"You're going to need this once you get into the high country on horse back," explained Bomber. The two boys looked at him with completely blank expressions. Bomber looked back and realized they didn't know, "uh-oh, I just said something I -- think I -- shouldn't -- have. Rajid, may I borrow your phone?" Rajid handed him the bedside unit. Bomber dialled and waited, "G'day, Mister S? I think I just let the cat out of the bag by accident. (he paused, listening) I didn't think you would. (another pause) You will? Thanks, I guess I may as well spill the beans now. They're both here now. (another pause. This time he was looking at them and smiling) Ya sure, I'll be fine. The leg will hold up fine, I'm sure. (another pause) Okay, take care and Happy New Year! Ya bye."

Bomber put down the phone and turned to Derek, "While I've been in Australia, I've been an eager Canadian beaver on another project. I've been in constant touch with your father. All the arrangements are finished. Your family and your family, (pointing at Rajid) and my family and

Reg are all booked into the same hotel right next door to the sailing sight for the entire duration of the Games."

"Major Excellent!!!!", the two screamed. The three of them stood up and high-fived both hands all round. A three-way hug followed. Bomber added, "this is going to be fan--tas--tic! Just like old times, eh?" Bomber hadn't dropped all of his Canadian expressions in favour of Aussie ones.

The time came for Bomber to say good-bye and the two boys walked with their mentor back to the car parked at Derek's place. They stood and talked for a few minutes more and then the tears began to flow as one more three-way hug was shared. This time, as Bomber drove away, he wore a contented and confident smile. They didn't accompany him to the airport. That was left for his family and older friends.

During the rest of the winter and on into the spring, the e-mail flew back and forth and each new press release about the Games was inhaled. The media began to pick up the pace to hype the Olympics. Every type of souvenir was being hocked. One item caught the attention of everyone connected with Bomber: a silver coin minted with the image of a catamaran in full sail blasting along the surf. With a magnifying glass, one could just make out the pilot. They all wondered when Bomber had time to pose for this coin. Unknown to Bomber, an ever present photographer had caught this shot quite by accident and it became the coin.

The media jumped on this fluke and declared in headlines across the country that Bomber hadn't raced and had already won silver. This only fuelled Olympic fever further. Plans for the torch now included a pass through Canada on its way to Australia. The two countries had long had a close political association and were always eager to share any cultural occasion to help cement the relationship.

In Derek's study, the magazine articles were piling up. He poured over every announcement about the preparations. The entire world was beginning to see the scope of this Olympics. The Aussies had pulled out all the stops. Because of the enormous cost of moving and housing hordes of people, the country had approached and won the approval and support of the United Nations. This was now a truly international event. The International Organizing Committee could not have been more pleased. The flag count was going to be the largest ever in history.

Bomber's private predictions became publicly clear. The entire country was indeed the Olympic site. One megaproject that reports were circulating on, was the construction of the Wheel. A German engineering firm had been contracted to design and build a mag-lev train system. Recent advances in superconductors were beginning to bring results. All of the major centres on the coast would be connected, and half of these cities would have another

line leading to the geographic centre of the continent.

This news only wetted everyone's appetite further. What could be in the middle of the Out-Back? As construction got under way the grand design was announced. The opening, closing ceremonies and the swimming events would take place there. How to accomplish this? After the recent success of the biodome project in Arizona, designers were confident to try the concept on a much larger scale. Visitors and competitors would be able to get the feel of what it might be like to visit a Mars colony. A series of giant pyramidal domes were being built at the hub of the Wheel.

The events were spread out all around the country. The Wheel would let visitors travel to and from events as fast as any jet without having to leave the ground. The public was going to get a taste of travel of the near future. These trains were unaffected by weather and wear. The train cars themselves had no wheels. Once the vehicle was under way, riding the magnetic surf, wheels became unimportant. To assist the trains at lower speeds on entry and exit from stations, rollers were built into the bottom of the track. That way, when service was needed, moving parts were close to maintenance staff.

The families closely associated with Bomber would be staying at a new resort in Fremantle, site of the sailing events. This could be some of the toughest water to sail in, but the cat sailors liked it that way. To see a catamaran temporarily air-borne is a sight soon not forgotten.

....to be continued.

Ode to a Magazine

(found scribbled on an envelope)

O Rovering, O Rovering
How I long to read thee
To feel your texture on my pads
Without your touch, I am so sad.

O Rovering, O Rovering
I do long to read thee
Ads with colours, oh so bright
Make you a truly welcomed sight.

O Rovering, O Rovering
How I do long to read thee
Rovers like ads for the Moots,
Where they meet Rangers without the suits.

O Rovering, O Rovering
How I do long to read thee
Your articles are so much fun
You really are my number one.

O Rovering, O Rovering
How I do long to read thee.

Valerie Lubrick, 7th Fort William Rovers

NEW
LOCATION

*The Black
Panthers
presents*

TAKES

A

TRIP

TO

MARS

CAMP OF THE WOODLAND TRAILS

APRIL 15-17

MILTON, ONT.

94

**NEW
LOCATION**

ROCKWOOD

HWY 7

ACTON

HALTON RD. #12 also
(called 25 SIDE RD.)

6th LINE

HALTON SIDE RD. #15

SPEYSIDE

**X CAMP OF THE
WOODLAND TRAILS**

Gas Station
and Store ↗

HALTON RD. #9

LONDON

HWY 401

TORONTO

NO EXIT ↙

McDonalds
Harvey's ↗
Swiss Chalet
Canadian Tire

HWY 25

STEELES AVE.

MILTON

GUELPH LINE

TREMAINE RD.

HWY 25

HWY 5

DUNDAS ST.

Tim
Hortons ↗

HAMILTON

QEW

TORONTO

LAKESHORE RD.

OAKVILLE

BRONTE RD.

Registration Form

Name of your Crew, Company, & Post: _____, _____, _____.

If you are a Venturer Company, could you give us your Rover sponsors name?

Please note Rover sponsor must be in attendance. _____

Number attending: Weekend _____ Day _____

Registration fee per person: \$10.00 before April 1, 1994,
\$12.00 at the gate, after April 1, 1994,
\$ 7.50 Day Rate, includes crest.

Total of registration (no. of people X \$10.00, \$12.00, or \$ 7.50) \$ _____.

Name and phone number of responsible adult attending camp -

Looney Tunes Moot will be held at **Camp of the Woodland Trails**
Milton, Ont.

If information is requested about registration, please contact Brian or Harry at
(905) 827-3694

Make cheques payable to: **2nd Oakville Rovers**

Send to:

Brian Flikkema
551 Stonecliffe Rd.
Oakville, On.
L6L 4N8

PEOPLE ATTENDING CAMP:

1. _____	2. _____
3. _____	4. _____
5. _____	6. _____
7. _____	8. _____
9. _____	10. _____
11. _____	12. _____
13. _____	14. _____
15. _____	16. _____
17. _____	18. _____