



Beau Geste

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The Magazine of
1st Catrine
40th Ayrshire Boy Scouts

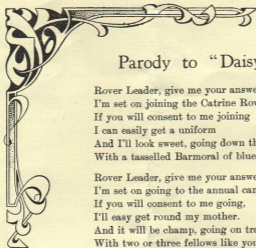


CUMNOCK :

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Parody to "Daisy."

Rover Leader, give me your answer do,
 I'm set on joining the Catrine Rover Crew,
 If you will consent to me joining
 I can easily get a uniform
 And I'll look sweet, going down the street,
 With a tasselled Barmoral of blue.

Rover Leader, give me your answer do,
 I'm set on going to the annual camp,
 If you will consent to me going,
 I'll easy get round my mother.
 And it will be champ, going on tramp,
 With two or three fellows like you.

Rover Leader, give me your answer do,
 I want to cook the ham to-morrow morning,
 If you don't let me do it
 The whole crew will know of it
 And it'll be a scream
 To see you in the stream
 Without your bathing suit of blue.

H. H. P.

Beau Geste

The Magazine of 1st Catrine, 40th Ayrshire Boy Scouts

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Number 2

THREEPENCE

December, 1936.

Editorial

WE TAKE pleasure in introducing you to the second number of our Group Magazine "Beau Geste." Our first issue of last year proved to be both a financial and a literary success; this together with the experience gained from last year's effort has encouraged us to produce this second number.

As before, the contributors to this magazine are all members of the Catrine Group, and if our literary efforts do not reach a high level of perfection, we beg you to be lenient in your criticism.

During the past year we have made only one appeal for funds, this appeal taking the form of a Cake, Candy and Jumble Sale, from which the sum of £12 was realised. We take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to all, who in any way, helped to make the sale a success.

The extension to the Hut, mentioned in this page last year, is now nearing completion. It will provide accommodation for the Rovers; also cloakrooms and stores.

Circumstances did not permit us to carry on with our Annual Social and Dance last year, nor do we promise that it will take place this winter.

A publication such as this depends entirely on the number of advertisements received. Our appeal to the merchants of Catrine was met with a most generous response. We ask these merchants to accept our thanks, and to our readers we suggest you do your best to patronise these traders who have advertised in our columns.

In closing we wish all our readers

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to receive a share in the future.

ORDERS EXECUTED PROMPTLY

Scouts, or— Toy Soldiers

THE present Boy Scout Group in Catrine, since its formation seven years ago, has been subjected to a great amount of criticism from certain members of our community. This criticism is directed on the Movement as a whole, but it falls upon the 1st Catrine Group, as an integral part of that Movement, to defend its principles.

The criticism to which I refer is that which accuses the Scout Movement of having militaristic ideals and objects. This criticism comes, as does all destructive criticism, from those who know least about the subject, and is based upon the fact that a few high officials in the Movement are army or ex-army men. It does not follow that, because these men have military connections, everything with which they concern themselves is in conjunction with the army. The idea of the Scout Movement is to train its members to take their places in the world as useful and self-supporting citizens, who will not be a burden on the state, and who will be dependable cogs in the wheels of industry and commerce.

A Scout on his enrolment promises among other things to be loyal to his King and Country. That promise carries with it no military obligation, and is a promise every citizen of our country should try to fulfil. The course of training given to members of the Scout Movement is very far removed from any form of military training, taking, as it does, the form of games, instruction and camping. Tee boy is trained to be more alert and more observant, and this is probably the reason why Scouts are preferred for the Services. I am sure it would be most amusing to try to suggest to some of the members of our Group here in Catrine that they were being trained with an ultimate view to creating in their minds a military complex. They would look upon the person who suggested such a thing as quite stupid. Personally, I would not risk suggesting it to them, because of the ridicule that would be my lot.

Space does not permit a full defence of our principles here, but I would appeal to those irresponsible critics to inform themselves of the true facts of the case, and support a Movement which is doing so much to create intercourse and friendliness

among the young people of the world. Constructive criticism is useful, but destructive criticism is harmful and vindictive, and likely to keep parents from allowing their boys to join the Scouts.

Finally I ask you parents not to listen to those people who do not know what they are talking about. Ask your boys about the Scouts and form your own opinion.

"SCOUTS OR TOY SOLDIERS."

ROVER.



Landlord :—Any rent to-day, lady?

Lady :—No.

Landlord :—Well then, buy a pair of laces.

HAIR School House

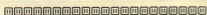
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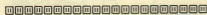
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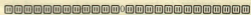
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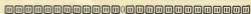


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BOOKS—EXTENSIVE SELECTION





Pack! Pack! Pack!

ARE you a Cub? No doubt there will be some readers who are not yet Cubs but who are feeling they would just love to join.

Have you noticed these Wolf Cub boys going about with their green caps and bright neckerchiefs? Suppose we follow one of them one night as he is hurrying along about seven o'clock. He will run along to join the other boys of his Pack at the hut where they meet every week, and presently you will hear a queer sort of noise. That is the Cubs' "Grand Howl." It is their way of saying "How do you do" to the Old Wolf. Then you will hear laughing and cheering and see that the Cubs are having some jolly game that everyone can join in. After that the Cubs divide into little groups and go to different corners of the hut. Some are busy learning to tie knots. Here they are practising skipping, there they are trying to signal. They are all busy as can be for there are badges and stars to be won and each Cub wants to do his best for his Pack.

After a little the Old Wolf gives a signal and everybody gets ready for another game. What fun these Cubs have! Then before they go home the Cubs sit down in a big circle on the floor and you should just hear them sing—songs that I think only Cubs sing. Very often there is a story to finish up with too.

Cubs have a splendid recipe for making themselves happy. Can you guess how it is done? They certainly have splendid fun playing games, camping and learning all sorts of useful things but they have a more simple way than that. Every day they do a kindness to someone. Therein lies the secret of their happiness. They do it by making other people happy.

Then a Cub has always a jolly smile on his face. Have you noticed it? Cubs always smile, even if they are in pain, in trouble or in danger. This helps to make others cheery too and you have no idea what a lot of good a smile can do.

But these are only some of the things Cubs do. In this great brotherhood there are heaps of things I must not tell about because, you see, they are secret. Would not you like to be one of these jolly little brothers?

Keep your eyes open and watch for a boy wearing a green cap and neckerchief knotted at his throat and ask if you may go with him one evening.

Best wishes for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to all Cubs.

AKELA & BACHEERAY.

Answers to Correspondents

Fern Slavey (Ayrshire).—'I've been offered a saxophone or a cow, which should I choose?'

Ans.—Take the cow, it makes the same noise and besides it gives milk.

Rover (Catrine).—'I got tired of doing semaphore signalling at camp.'

Ans.—Your energy was flagging.

Nifty (The Heilands).—'Every word I said had a double meaning.'

Ans.—You were sending a telegram.

Artist (Front Street).—'I've just finished a drawing of a house, and don't know a title for it.'

Ans.—Home! There's no place like it.

Socialist (Townhead).—'There is too much profit-making between the different races.'

Ans.—And the Bookies get most of it.

Big Dirty Blond (Where?).—'I'm all at sea.'

Ans.—Get yourself a buoy.

E' ba Goom (Knock-Knock).—'Some people find it hard to meet expenses.'

Ans.—We meet them at every turn.

Tap Dancer (Dundy).—'I have water on the knees. What should I do?'

Ans.—Wear pumps.

Dotted (Here).—'I am having a chiropidist to dinner. What should I serve?'

Ans.—Corned Beef.

So Fah 'China)—Is Gigli (Jeely) a tasty singer?

Ans.—Well! That puts us in a jam.



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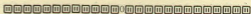
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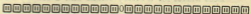
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The Social Side of Scouting

ALTHOUGH NOT so social-minded as before, the Troop during the year held one of their jolly socials. As it happened shortly after the Rovers had avenged themselves by defeating the Scouts at football, perhaps we may say that the Rovers looked upon it as another Victory Social.

A dance band (new to the game) was obtained and supplied good dance music, although this was their first time together. The evening opened with the old-faithful, "The Grand Old Duke of York," and from then nothing really exciting happened except, maybe, the rush for partners at the beginning of each dance, until the tea interval. Then, the unfortunate thing was (so the young and sweet-mouthed Scouts thought) that there was not enough meranges to go round. It was discovered (later) that a certain very curly-headed Rover had either scoffed or hid a number of them, as he was very fond of them.

After tea, a member of the band gave an exhibition tap-dance, which was enjoyed immensely by the company.

The dancing was resumed and the good features of the second half of the programme were the twilight waltzes, and there was some laughter when the spotlight picked out one or two of the more romantic couples with their heads just a little too close together. And so to the last, dance, after which the Scouts and Rovers, or ought I to say Rovers and Scouts, gallantly saw their partners to their doorstep and bade them good-night (after an hour or so). So ended a delightful evening which I can safely say was enjoyed by all.

The only other entertainment in the form of a social was the Annual Hallowe'en Spree, when Cubs, Scouts and Rovers were present. Two very distinguished guests were also present, viz., Mae West, of the "Come up and see Me sometime" fame, and Al Jolson of "Sonny Boy" fame, but probably this was due to the lads having been asked to dress themselves up for the occasion. Anyhow I saw Mae at her best and she was very well "done up" with her lipstick, powder and beauty spot, and, ofcourse, the swagger.

This evening was spent in the usual manner, dookin' for aibles and some patrol games. A handful of nuts and a piece of toffee were handed to each boy going out, after the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," which concluded a happy evening.

Both socials were a great success and my only regret is that there are not some more of them. Just before I finish, however, I should like to know if the Scout who left the Hallowe'en social to go to a dance

in Mauchline has recovered from his walk home in the "sma'" hours. Has he got his feet cooled off by now, or was he a "he-man" and whistled to himself as he strolled along. WATCHFUL.

ROVER SCOUTS— What They Are

"It is impossible for any one of us to think of ourselves as separate units, isolated and disconnected members of the Human Race."—
ARTHUR MEE.

EVERYONE OWES a debt to all the intelligent and kindly people who have ever lived. We owe them for our comforts, our happiness and our characters. There is not a man living in any civilised country who has not been helped by millions of people, living or dead. We have been helped. We can help. We can, if we do nothing else, keep ourselves mentally alert and alive.

Most of our discontent arises from the inability to see life straight, it come from if you prefer plain-speaking, ignorance. If you want to understand, you must know.

Most of us know very little, we look at life too personally. We take an entirely selfish and self-centred point of view. There is far too much "I" about our relationships with life. These, of course, are platitudes, but they do not exhaust—they do not adequately describe our relations.

Our social laws are in too many points in conflict with the very conception of Human Brotherhood. It is this that brought about Rover Scouts.

To create a brotherhood with the ideals of developing the spiritual, make the guiding principles of Life, goodwill, fellowship, justice and universal brotherhood. In short to carry out their duty everyone owes, to establish himself in life as a healthy, happy, and useful citizen. A.R.S.L.

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Sixth Annual Camp

"WHAT is all the excitement about this morning?" asks the milkman.

"Why? don't you know the Scouts are going to Camp to-day."

Yes, even at that early hour the air is charged with a feeling of joy and expectation as the Scouts waken to realise that the great day has actually arrived. Saturday, 4th July—Annual Camp—Cheers.

Once again, after weeks of preparation and anticipation, the camping gear is all ready packed and waiting at the Station. The Troop gathered at headquarters, and under the leadership of Rover Leader Meikle, marched to the station. After such remarks as:—"Hey! driver, have you forgot the key?" and "Hey, driver! we're going to camp, no' coming home," we pulled out of the station amid the shouts of good-bye from the parents and friends who had come to have a last look at their darlings. The journey passed without much trouble and we arrived at Largs at 3.30 p.m. to find a lorry waiting to convey us and the gear to the camping ground, 1½ miles beyond Largs. The town knew we had arrived all right. By six o'clock everything was in order and after tea we had to say good-bye to our S.M. who was unable to be with us. We were all sorry to see him go as this was the first time for six years that we were without him. Yes, we would miss the cheery and familiar face that wakened us in the mornings. The rest of the evening passed quietly and after "lights out" the boys settled down to sleep. Many of the new boys found it much different from sleeping at home, but as they were tired they soon fell asleep.

Next morning everybody was up early preparing for church parade. The other troops who were camping near us—Auchinleck, Whithorn, Kilwinning and a company of the Boy's Brigade, paraded too, and it was quite a big parade that left for church. The church which was situated on the sea front, St. Columba's Parish Church, was a splendid big building both inside and out. After church the boys had a good dinner and spent the

rest of the afternoon in walking round about the Estate and the surrounding district.

This is not meant to be a day-to-day history of what took place with the exception of the Parents' Day. This big event took place on Wednesday, when the sports were held. In the morning the boys were asking each other if their mother was coming, and, most important of all, if she was bringing a parcel. Dinner was finished in a hurry, and at last the big moment—the visitors had arrived, and what a fussing they got. Ground sheets appeared as if by magic, and everybody was made as comfortable as possible. One of the mothers said on leaving that her boy could not do enough for her—until he received his parcel—then he had disappeared. She did not see him again until the bus was ready to leave. Alas, alas, what a fickle son. After the sports, which were voted a very good afternoon's enjoyment, the parents were conducted through the gardens and the estate by the head man, Mr Ramage, who is an old Catrine man. On leaving, the parents all agreed that it was a "swell" afternoon and were very pleased to see their boys all looking fit and happy.

The rest of the week passed all too quickly. On Friday night there were many solemn faces. What could we buy for presents to take home? Yes, it is a very worrying affair. However, everybody came home from Largs quite well satisfied, but with emptier purses. This being the last night of camp the boys were allowed up a little later to have a bumper camp-fire, and then to bed.

Up early next morning and were pleased to find it dry and sunny for our last day. Thankful too, to get all our gear packed nice and dry. Soon we were back in familiar surroundings, and so another annual camp was over.

A great life is camping, and is greatly beneficial to a growing lad. This talk of earwigs, cockroaches and the rest of the creepy, crawly things is all bunk. We have now had six annual camps and not one of the boys has ever been bothered with anything in their blankets. The only objection is that a week is all too short for a camp. It is then we get to know the boys really well, and we are always one big happy family. R. G.

Boys and Men

BOYS! What queer creatures they are. Sometimes very trying and uncertain; sometimes extraordinary attractive; a mixture of "diels" and "darlings."

My first point is—that every person who is in charge of Scouts must remember that every boy is like a "threefold animal," comprising body, mind and spirit, and must, therefore, direct their training to an all round development of what used to be called "the trinity of the boy's nature."

FIRST—THE BODY. We have physical exercises and gymnastics, continual use of air and water exercises, the useful knowledge of correct breathing, and others. I feel sure that we could direct a great deal more attention to the development of the body, than we usually do. It is work the boys enjoy, and if they do this under proper guidance, we may see wonderful results. I had the privilege of attending the Annual Scout Conference, held at Perth, this year, and I am glad to say that there is to be a greater interest taken in this question of development of the body.

SECOND—THE MIND. Here, comes in the main work for badges, also of many games, particularly those for training the boys' intellects, and I know that this has been carried out successfully in some groups. But if our attention is only supplied to the training of the mind, we may produce a very sharp boy, who, in time, may become a clever gambler and nothing more. This must be avoided at all costs.

THIRD—THE SPIRIT. I contend that the directing of the spirit is the most important part of the boy's training. What, however, do we mean by "spirit."

I once heard it said that the Spirit is a little spark of the Divine that dwells in the heart of every boy; and because it is there, it makes us believe that there must be some good in every lad. So we start the training of the boys, by trying, with God's help, to encourage and develop this little spark, until it flares up and burns within the heart of the boy, so that he becomes a man who can be

trusted and is of some use in the world.

There is not a boy but wants to grow
Manly and true of heart,
And every lad would like to know
The secret we can impart.
He does not desire to slack or shirk,
Oh! have you not heard him plead,
He'll follow a man at play or work
If only the man will lead.

My last point is **CO-OPERATION WITH PARENTS.** I would strongly advise every parent or guardian to visit the Scouts and see their boys at work and play. They will then realise we are doing our best for the boys. A little conference afterwards, to hear the parents' suggestions, would be very welcome and would do much good both to the Scouters and the group in general.

Life on this earth is very short, but life *really lived* goes on for ever. Sometimes a Scouter's job is wearying and troublesome. This work would be lightened a great deal if parents would see to it that their boys attended regularly. It is a great encouragement and incentive to persevere, if we remember what the results may be if we stick faithfully to our job and do not lose heart, no matter what obstacles are put in our way. So, as Sir Harry Lauder sings:—

"Keep right on to the end of the road,
Keep right on to the end,
Tho' the way be long, let your heart be strong,
Keep right on to the end."

G. S. M. C.

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Simple Arithmetic

(Two Minutes allowed for each)

Question—A plumber's office is a quarter of a mile from A's house. The plumber walks at the rate of two miles per hour. How long will it take him to arrive at A's house?

Answer—Several days.

Question—X sets out in his high-powered sports car to go from Land's End to John o' Groats. For the first $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours his average speed is 71.5 miles per hour. Where has X reached by that time?

Answer—The Police Station.

Question—A. consumes the contents of a glass in 2 minutes. B. takes $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. After an hour how many glasses is B ahead of A?

Answer—None. He's under the table.

Question—If eggs are 1½d each, how much does it cost to order a couple in a country tea-room allowing 200 per cent for overheads?

Answer—Approximately 2s.

Question—If a herring and a half cost three halfpence and a fisherman has 20 cases with 200 herring in each, what will he get when he sends them to market?

Answer—A nasty shock.

Question—If the compiler of these "questions" gets paid at the rate of 1d per word. What will he receive?

Answer—More than he deserves.

TEACHER.

A Week-end Camp.

ONE FINE Saturday afternoon we met in the hut with our packs, all of us happy and looking forward to our week-end camp at "Burn-o'-Head."

Having counted the chaps to see that all were present, we set out on our journey. As we hiked along the road we sang. I wish you could have heard us, we all started on different keys but eventually landed on the right one. When we arrived at the ruins we looked for a suitable site, having found it, some put up the tent while others made the tea and went for the milk and eggs. After tea, we spent some time unpacking our kits and washing

the tea dishes.

After everything was done we played football, and this turned out to be very exciting, because every time the ball went past the goal we had to run to prevent it from going into the water. When the final whistle blew we went to our tent to have a rest. As the evening passed, we decided to have a camp fire, during which the singing was lead by the P.L. playing a mouth organ, we finished up by singing the closing hymn, "Now the camp fire fade-eth." We then adjourned to our tent and crawled into our blankets, and soon fell fast asleep, as we were all quite tired out.

In the morning we rose and washed in the burn though some of the chaps took some "coaxing." After breakfast was over, we went up the burn, to "guddle" trout and by the time we arrived back in camp we found it to be dinner-time. Dinner over we took down the tent and tidied up the ground and then set off home, because some of the bigger boys had their girls to see.

"BIGGER BOY,"
Swan Patrol.

Catrine's Braw Lassies?

O, Catrine's braw lassies are no whit they were,
Wi' their red-rubled lips an' their gowd-tinted hair;

An' their impident manners wad freeze ye, I'm shair,

Since Catrine's braw lassies are no whit they were

O, Catrine's braw lassies are no whit they were,
Ask Grannie, she'll prove it nae lee, I declare.

An auld-fashioned lassie ye winna get there,
'Cause Catrine's braw lassies are no whit they were.

Like some Glesca' huzzies they smoke and they swear.

Gae dancing and courting wi' devil-may-care,
I doot if there's twa-three could scrub up a stair,
Or mak', like their mithers, a dinner sae rare.

O, Catrine's braw lassies are no whit they were,
Their high gallivantin's are oot o' place there,
If seeking a wife gie the village the air,
For Catrine's braw lassies are no whit they were.

BROKEN-HEARTED.

Cubs to the Rescue

"PHIL DALTON is going to join the Wolf Cubs this term. I do wish you'd let me join, too, Uncle James." Peter Bryant eyed his guardian pleadingly.

"Wolf Cubs, indeed! Pack of nonsense, that's what I call them," old Mr Foster answered sharply.

He was not Peter's real Uncle, only his guardian; but ever since Peter's parents had died, the little boy had lived with him. Peter sometimes feared it was too long since Mr Foster had been a boy himself that he had forgotten what it was like.

"Phil's my chum, and we always do everything together. Nearly everyone at St. Andrew's belongs to the Cubs, Uncle James. Don't you think I might—"

"No, I don't!" interrupted his guardian, "I've said 'no' and I mean 'no.' Don't worry me again about it, because nothing will induce me to change my mind."

Peter sighed, but he knew that when his guardian spoke in that tone it was useless to say any more, so he finished his tea in silence, and then slipped out to tell his great friend, Phil, the bad news.

"I wish we could make your Uncle see that we don't become Cubs just to play about," said Phil wistfully. "I shan't enjoy myself half as much, knowing you're out of it all, old man."

"It can't be helped, Phil. Uncle James never changes his mind," Peter said regretfully. "You must tell me all about it, and I'll pretend I'm really a Cub too."

"Never's a long day. Something might happen to make him change his mind," Phil suggested hopefully, little dreaming what that 'something' would be.

Old Mr Foster was a lawyer, and one afternoon, about half-way through the term, as he was coming home from his office, his foot slipped on a piece of orange peel and he sat down heavily on the pavement. Luckily he was not really hurt, merely bruised, but it was a very windy day, and by the time he managed to get to his feet again, his hat and the papers he had been carrying under his arm were dancing gaily down the street.

"Hi! Hi! Catch them, somebody. Catch them!" shouted Mr Foster in great distress for the papers were valuable, and he did not know what he

would do if he lost them. But the passers by only stared from him to his flying belongings in mild amusement, and nobody made any attempt to help him. "Oh, dear, this is dreadful!" panted the lawyer, running after his precious documents as fast as his years would let him.

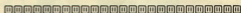
"What is the matter, Sir? Can we do anything?" inquired a cheery voice, and Philip Dalton, followed by another boy, came running after him. "Are those your papers? Don't worry—we'll soon get them for you." Off they went, like a couple of young terriers after rats. Up and down, first one side of the road and then on the other, hither and thither, until every one of those dancing, fluttering papers had been captured, together with the old man's hat.

"Thank you very much indeed. You're very good boys, and I'm extremely grateful for your assistance. Mr Foster beamed on the pair as they handed back his hat and papers.

"Oh, that's nothing, Sir. We were only doing our good deed for the day," laughed Phil. "We're Cubs, you know."

"Cubs, are you?" Well, if being a Cub teaches you to be kind and thoughtful to others, I think Peter had better join your Pack," decided Mr Foster.

So, thanks to his chum, Peter got his wish at last and became one of St. Andrew's Wolf Cubs.



The Wee Patrol

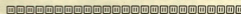
We're the wee'st patrol in the Scouts,
But we win a' the games and the bouts,
Oor leader's awa, bringing pey for his maw,
While we are up and about.

We're the wee'st patrol in the Scouts,
But we win a' the games and the bouts,
We're keen—every yin, a' the honours tae win,
Tho' it whiles means some dods and some clouts.

The patrol to our left are a' stiff an' big,
Composed o' Big Wully, Big Gordy, an' Gibb,
Their patrol's no too bad, but their faces look sad
When we win a' the bout.

We're the wee'st patrol in the Scouts,
But we win a' the games and the bouts,
Oor patrol, ca'd the Otter, is by far the better
O' a' the patrols in the Scouts.

OTTER PATROL.



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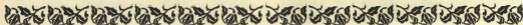
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Sister, I'se sure sorry to have interrupted you.



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The Hikers

DURING THE past season the Rover crew took part in a series of hikes. We were more or less novices at the game, but experience soon taught us all we needed to know about hiking. No one really knows how enjoyable a hike can be until one has really hiked.

Our first hike was to Cameron's Stone on Aird's Moss. This was only a beginning but it taught us to be prepared for all kinds of weather; the weather on that day was good if only the snow had kept away. A moor is not an ideal place for hiking during a snow storm.

Our second hike took us over Black-side-end to the Avon Water, near Galston. There we spent the night, and incidentally our new tents received a thorough test in holding out rain. They came through it well. We passed the next forenoon "panning gold" in the burn, and believe it or not, we actually got some specks of gold. "Boys! there's gold in them thar hills!" From this point we pushed on over the moor in the direction of Muirkirk. We climbed Middlefield Law, the hill above the town, and from there we could pick out all the well known landmarks round about. Then we made tracks for home.

Our next ramble was to Glengavel Reservoir in Lanarkshire, and Dungavel House, the residence of the Marquis of Clydesdale and Hamilton. We spent the night on the top of Dungavel Hill and next morning woke up to find ourselves floating on a sea of mist. That is how it felt like, anyway. The sun soon put the mist to flight and we resumed our homeward journey via Darvel, Galston and Sorn.

Our fourth adventure was the most ambitious we had tackled so far. This time we decided on Loch Doon as our goal. We spent much time in discussing the best route to take. We decided to go straight for it. But "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," as you will see later. We went by Ochiltree Station and then on to the moor, making a bee line for the "Lone Pine." We reached it and passed it, carried on for a few miles and then, wonder of wonders, right in the

middle of the moor, miles from anywhere, we found a man fishing. Now, ours is not a fishing story, but his definitely was. On enquiring the most direct route to Dalmellington he advised us to follow the burn in the direction it was flowing, and that an hour's walk would find us there. We carried on a bit, following his advice. But as the burn was taking a direction almost opposite to the way we desired to go, suspicions began to arise that all was not as it should be. We desired to go to Dalmellington and the stream obviously wanted to go in the opposite direction, so we decided to part company and trust that we should arrive somewhere. We did. Benwhat was the name of the place we reached. Perhaps the inhabitants had never heard of Rovers, or perhaps they had never seen kilts before, anyway we created quite a sensation during our walk through. We soon reached Dalmellington and at long last arrived on the shores of Loch Doon. Next morning we set off home and having had quite enough of moorland scenery the previous day we decided to keep to the road. Our route lay through Patna, Kerse, Rankinston, Sinclairston, Ochiltree and so home. A long hike, and sore muscles at the end of it—but well worth it.

Our last hike of the season took place during the September holiday. We took the bus to Sanquhar on the Thursday night and walked over to Cogshead and there at mid-night we pitched camp. The next day we went by Kelt's Linn and Wanlockhead, the highest village in Scotland. There we had another shot at "gold panning," this time with more success than on one of our previous hikes. We spent the Saturday night here and next morning we visited Durisdeer and also paid a visit to the Elgin Marbles. From there we returned to Sanquhar and so home again by bus. For scenery this hike proved to be one of the best, the weather being exceptionally good. The journey through Enterkin Pass was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

This completed our season's hiking, and now we are waiting patiently until the new season arrives to do a bit more, in fact a great deal more than we did last season.

GABERLUNZIE.

The Watch

ROMUS tried to control his wavering eyelids. His eyes were beginning to weary of the night, though they smarted with the cold.

The hills around him were clothed in a thin mantle of white, and below lay a dark heap of mud huts, the village of Bethlehem.

Gradually to Romus came the thought, that he a centurion of the imperial house of Caesar should spend his time thus. I ought, he thought, to be transferred to Jerusalem. And although Jerusalem's not Rome at any rate its more exciting than this hill station. Nothing to do but keep an eye on a village that at the best is only a handful of mud hovels, and see that a score of dotty yokels don't shirk paying their taxes. I am young and active and I've nothing better to occupy my time than throwing dice, and putting the fear of death into a few senile dotards.

Drawing his woolen cloak around him he planted his back against a juniper a little out of the wind at least he thought, I can sleep.—These Jews and their Golden Era—the coming of the Messiah, a droll story. What a place this Judea.

Above hanging low in the eastern sky a great star blazed like a jewel. So large and so close that all five points were visible.

It was surrounded by a nimbus, like the moon on a damp night, it lit the sky all round it, and filled the hollows with radiance.

In the fields on the lower slopes shepherds were watching their flocks.

Huddled out of the wind, their lanterns making yellow patches on the snow.

The ewes bedded on straw and branches, snorted softly with occasional high strangling bleats.

A newly born lamb terrified at the strangeness and bleakness of the world in which it found itself sent out a shrill wavering note of protest. The star in the eastern sky glowed steadily brighter, seeming to pour down great streams of spangled light to the dark earth.

High up on the hill the lone centurion sat, his muttering thought and nodding head seemed to approve of the scene below.

What a place this Judea.

"Be Prepared"

IT HAS always given us great pleasure to see that the Scouts of Catrine have made their name by sticking to their motto, "Be Prepared." In sport the Catrine Troop has always been the leader, by being prepared for it, of course.

Here is a programme that is usually carried out on the Troop meeting night:

The first item is the inspection by the S.M., after which, games—both interesting and educational—are played. Lectures on various scout proficiency badges are given by the S.M. The best part of the evening comes when we gather round the camp fire, and when each patrol gives a sketch. The sketches are very humorous—sometimes unconsciously so. The camp fire now closes and the scouts go their own roads.

OWL PATROL.

Table Tennis.

THE PARENT of all games played by two players, or pairs, striking a ball to each other is Tennis. This very old game has given birth to several modern descendants: Lawn Tennis, Badminton, Deck Tennis or Quiets and Ping Pong or Table Tennis. The fastest of all these is without doubt Table Tennis. This game is the result of many efforts in the long course of centuries to confine real Tennis in a small room. It was played in many forms, but the first recorded mention of it was in 1884. The balls used were made of cork or rubber. The celluloid ball was introduced about 30 or 40 years ago (the date is unknown) by a Mr James Gibb, who died as recently as 1930. He presented his idea of using celluloid balls to Messrs. Jacques, of Croydon. This firm then introduced the game as Ping pong.

From 1899 to 1904 the game swept like a plague through the English speaking world. No home was complete without the ping-ponging of celluloid balls. Suddenly in 1905 the game faded out completely. The reason for this remarkable disappearance is simple. With the implements in use in 1900 the player could exercise no varied control over the ball. True, he could get direction and power, but spin and swerve were impossible. The fact that there was nothing to learn about the game, just a dull ping-ponging from

one player to another, made it a game at which everybody could reach success by means of patience and a good eye. Competitions developed into tests of endurance. No wonder, therefore, that the game as then known suffered an early death.

With the introduction of the rubber-covered racket after the War came the revival of the old game Ping-Pong now known as Table Tennis. Its rise was rather slow and it was not until 1926 that there was formed the International Table Tennis Federation consisting originally of representatives from Hungary, Austria, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Sweden and Great Britain. The Hungarians in that year adopted the rubber-covered racket and practised with it to such an extent that they have dominated the Table Tennis world since.

Today the game of Table Tennis is gradually regaining its former popularity, and, I ask you, why shouldn't it?

ROVER.

It Can be Done

— BY VIZER —

A man has a fox, a goose, and some corn, and wishes to take them across the river in a boat. He can only take one of them at a time in the boat, and he cannot, for obvious reasons, leave the fox and the goose together; or the goose and the corn together. How does he manage it?

* * *

A board one inch in thickness is 15 inches long and 9 inches wide. Saw it into two pieces, which placed together will form a square 12 inches each side.

* * *

If you have only a 5-gallon measure, a 3-gallon measure, and an 8-gallon measure, the last being full of wine. How can you measure out with these exactly 4 gallons of the wine?

Cook,

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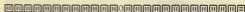
DINNERS AND TEAS

at Moderate Prices



Now, Lizzie, if I lay two eggs on the desk, and five on the floor: how many is that?

Lizzie:—Aeh, ah don't believe ye could dae it onywey.



Quotations worth Remembering

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—

Emerson.

* * *

Truth is the biest thing that man may kepe.—

Chaucer.

* * *

He who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy
Shall meet him everywhere.—

Ali Ben Abu Taleb.

* * *

Night brings out stars as sorrows show us truths.

—Philip James Bailey.

BALONY

During a game of draughts in the Initutute, a bomb exploded and blew one of the players through the window,—And it was not his turn to move, either!

Missionary says Cannibals never eat anything over twenty years old.—Youth will be served!

"Long ago nobody could put two and two together," says modern writer.—What about Noah?

"Money isn't a maker of happiness," says millionaire.—Still a man can be miserable in comfort!

Hoistman marries minister's daughter.—Can he bring her up in the way she's been used to?

"I can say nothing," Isaac Moses declared, "my hands are tied."

Knitting more popular.—Socks appeal.

"We've been married five years," says famous Film Star.—Two—too—divine!

Pop came on little Fred,
Smoking in the tool shed,
As he put past the cane
He said, "I warn you once again
Leave my fags alone
Next time use Mother's
Or buy your own.

Its not that they've no merit,
And no charm to take the ear.
For lots of them are definitely pretty;
In fact, its their attractiveness that
Cost some tunes so dear—
On every hand they're murdered
Out of pity.



This Wenching

LANG SYNE a laudie saw a lassie an' said,
"She's the lass for me." The gentle airt of
"Wenching" hadnae been invented. This is how
it was done:—

He—"You!"

She—"Whit, Me?"

He—"Aye."

She—"Whit?"

He—"You're mine."

She—"No am no."

He—"Are ye no? So you wont talk, huh!"

An' he geen her a dunt on the broo, jist tae mak'
an impression. Folks, was she impressed?

But it came tae pass that a law wis made, it
read: "Man shall take unto hissell a wife, and yin
only." That law was a waste o' guid siller, time
an' paper. One wife onybody kens is enough for
ony man.

A kent a laudie that held his Sweetie's haun
nichts afore they got mairrit. She thoct it was
love, it wisna, it was tae keep her frae playing the
piano. He still dis it, if he didnae she wid batter
him saft.

The ither night at the picturs, the manager
came on the stage and says: "Ladies and Gentle-
men, there's a man ootside wi' a gun in his haun,
he says his wife's inside wi' anither man, an' he's
gaun tae shoot them. Tae prevent ony trouble,
wull the pairty leave by the back door?" The
picturs started and twenty-five couples walked out.
A ken, I wis yin o' them.

Yes Siree, this wenching is the thing. It's a
institution . . . , for the blind.

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VALUE IN GENERAL DRAPERY

STOP!

Look! Listen! Think! Act!

1st Catrine 40th Ayrshire Boy Scouts

“CALLING”

Hints on How to HELP Your Local Group

PARENTS.—See that your boys attend regularly at all meetings
Encourage, as far as you can, OTHER Parents who are not interested to send their boys to the Scouts.

Take a little more interest in the Group Meetings than you have done in the past.

Try and VISIT the Hut on Meeting Nights, you are always made welcome, and SEE for Yourself what is being done BY the boys and FOR them.

Suggestions for Handicraft and Games will be welcomed.

SCOUTS.—REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE.

Trusty, Loyal and Helpful; Brotherly, Courteous and Kind, Obedient, Smiling and Thrifty; Pure as the Rustling Wind.

TROOP MEETINGS.—CUBS—Tuesday, 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.

—SCOUTS—Wednesday, 7-30 p.m. till 9-30 p.m.

—ROVERS—Friday, 7-30 till 10 p.m.

CHURCH PARADES.—Roman Catholic, 1st Sunday Every Month.

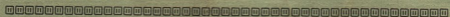
Protestant, 3rd Sunday Every Month.

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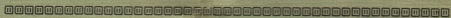
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