

SOUTH AFRICAN JOURNEY

We all welcome the Overseas Secretary on returning from his eventful tour in South Africa, and hope that the War will not retard the progress resulting from his visit.



Rev. W. Mason and Mac.

of many, and to the fulfilment of which I eagerly looked forward, was destined not to be!

Outward Bound

The 6,000 miles voyage to Cape Town, occupying just under 14 days, passed pleasantly and wonderfully quickly. The call at Madeira for four hours provided an interlude ashore during which the luxurious vegetation and flowers could be admired at close quarters, though the view from the vessel lying in the bay really gives the best impression. Many of the Portuguese Boys wore uniforms—for school purposes, I understand—others in more scanty attire in the cluster of boats around the "Warwick Castle" eagerly offered to show their prowess—"Penny—I dive." The acquisitive instinct seemed highly developed in everyone from earliest youth!

The tropics did not provide the relentless brazen skies I had anticipated. The motion of the ship afforded a pleasant cooling breeze, and from the wireless news it was interesting to learn that our warmest day was just the same temperature as in London on that day—83°.

The "Warwick Castle" Boys' Club for the thirty or so sailor and steward Boys on board was so good as to make me an honorary member, and several jolly, if somewhat perspiring, evenings were spent with them in their small club room in the bowels of the ship, and in watching them do some P.T. on the fore-deck during the afternoons. When in port the club, with the help of Toc H and other friends, arranges excursions and games with schools ashore. This is an excellent scheme which one would like to see in operation on many other ships, though it is not easy to run owing to the frequent changes in personnel of leaders and Boys alike.

South Africa's Welcome

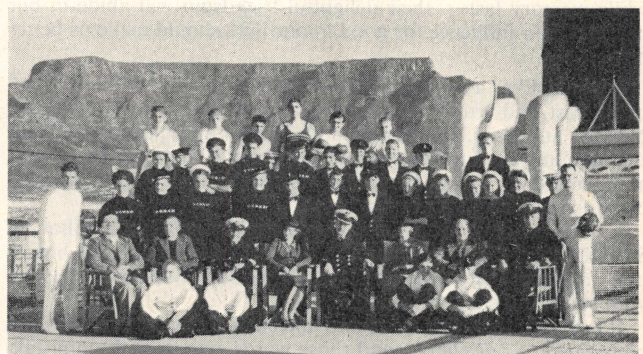
We anchored in Table Bay in the early hours of 15th June, and I had been told that some of the Cape Town B.B. people would be there to meet me, but when at 8 a.m., after interviewing the Press, I walked down the gangway I did get a surprise and a thrill to see a smartly turned-out Guard of Honour of seventy Officers and Boys lined up on the quay-side to greet me with the General Salute—a surprise too for fellow-passengers and others on the

"Warwick Castle." Many of these Officers and Boys from Companies miles out of Cape Town had started out long before daybreak to be there to welcome me. As I walked along the ranks and received hearty hand-shakes from European and non-European Officers alike, and saw the alert bearing and polished belts of these coloured Boys of the Cape Peninsula Battalion, I sensed—as on arrival in Canada—that here was the "real B.B." and I felt "at home" once again. It was a splendid augury of the many hearty welcomes and kindly receptions that I was to enjoy during the following ten weeks.

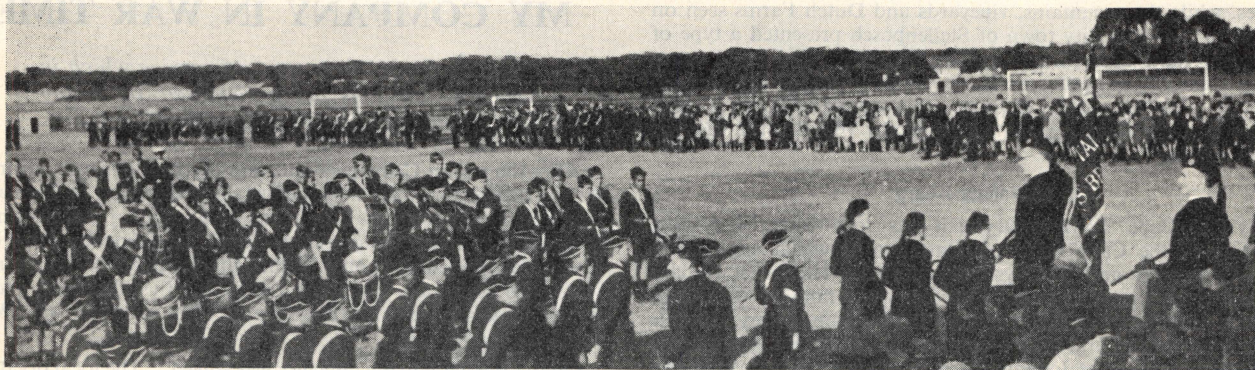
Visiting the Companies

Starting that evening with a visit to the parade of the 4th, right in the centre of Cape Town, during the next fortnight I had opportunity of seeing most of the fifteen Companies. In some cases the visit was to an ordinary parade, and after inspection and seeing the Company drill, often I would show them a few movements that were new to them. In every case I was pleased to find how receptive the Boys were and how quickly they followed the instruction given, even though this was in English, a language which is not the one they most commonly use (while quite bilingual, the Cape coloured speak chiefly Afrikaans) and certainly not in a familiar accent! Following the drill, an exhibition of the special lantern views which I had brought with me was given and enabled the Boys and their parents and friends, who were often also present, to realise visually something of the work of the B.B. in the British Isles and throughout the world. These up-to-date photos prepared as film-slides and shown by means of a portable electric lantern proved extremely popular alike to adult and to Boy audiences. While not "movies," they certainly were "talkies" and after showing them some thirty-four times during the trip I became a little bit tired of my own running commentary.

In some cases these visits quite savoured of a civic occasion, as at Somerset West, some 30 miles from Cape Town, where four neighbouring Companies with their counterparts of the G.L.B. paraded under floodlights outside the Town Hall, and after inspection marched into that splendid new building for a public meeting, attended by many of the citizens. I was welcomed by the Mayor of one of the local boroughs, and by an opening chorus "We are the Boys of The Boys' Brigade," sung even more vociferously by the girls of the G.L.B. than by the B.B. members of the choir! And then, of course, afterwards tea and sandwiches and cakes for a large number of invited guests—an interlude or climax that could be counted upon at practically every South African function.



The "Warwick Castle" Boys' Club



March Past at Wynberg

A Silver Jubilee

Not all, however, were so elaborate as the Silver Jubilee Social of the 2nd Cape Peninsula (Wynberg) Company, held in Wynberg Town Hall, when, with justifiable pride, they celebrated their twenty-five years unbroken existence. Some three hundred people were seated at long tables laden with good things which were, however, not to be enjoyed until the "interval" in a long programme of concert items and speeches. The platform party were seated on the stage round an even more sumptuously bedecked table, and it was a new experience to feed so much in the public eye! As well as this Social, the main celebration of the Company's Silver Jubilee centred in a great open-air Thanksgiving Service conducted on a Sunday afternoon by the Deputy Mayor of Cape Town—in the unavoidable absence of the Mayor—on the fine recreation ground of the coloured community at Wynberg. Practically all the Companies of the Battalion took part—some travelling long distances to do so—and after the Service, during which a new Company Colour was presented to the 2nd, there was an Inspection and March Past of all on parade, including a contingent of Old Boys and several G.L.B. Companies. A pleasing feature was the presence of the Company's founder, who read the lesson. It was a great pleasure, in the presence of hundreds of the public, to convey in my address the congratulations of Brigade Headquarters to the members of the 2nd on their fine achievement.

The Cape Peninsula Battalion

On the following Sunday evening the Battalion paraded to Buitenkant Street Methodist Church in Cape Town, and it was fine to see the ground floor filled with the B.B. and the gallery packed to overflowing with their friends. The members of three recently formed Companies were admitted into the brotherhood of the B.B. in the familiar enrolment ceremony. The Chairman of the Methodist District gave a short charge to the newly enrolled members; and the address and taking the salute at a subsequent March Past fell to my part.

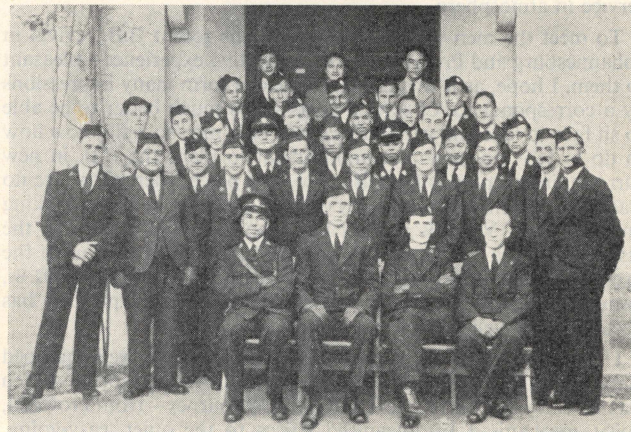
The important part played by the coloured community in Cape Town—they form about half the population—and the appreciation of the civic authorities for the good work being done amongst them by The Boys' Brigade, were shown at a very pleasant evening reception at the City Hall, given by His Worship the Mayor, Mr. W. C. Foster, and the City Council in honour of my visit. About 200 guests were present, comprising B.B. Officers and their ladies, as well as the Chaplains and a number of other friends. The Mayor and Mayoress both came from the north of Ireland, and so I could not have felt more at home especially when the Mayor himself joined in the chorus of "The Mountains of Mourne."

Perhaps the most important of all my engagements at the Cape was a week-end Officers' Training Course attended by some thirty men. A real desire to make themselves better fitted for

their Company work was very evident, and a further series of training classes has been arranged under the leadership of three former B.B. Officers from Glasgow and London who have recently settled in Cape Town and whose guidance is already proving most helpful.

Most of the success at the Cape is due to the undying flame of B.B. enthusiasm which has burned for over 30 years in the heart of the Rev. Wm. Mason, now President of the Cape Peninsula Battalion. In the midst of all his multifarious duties during the past seventeen years as Superintendent of a large Methodist coloured circuit, and his widespread educational activities on behalf of the coloured people, he has still found time to guide and inspire the B.B. Owing to ill-health he is forced to give up active ministerial duties and he would appreciate, I know, no greater tribute to his B.B. work than that it should continue to be built up on the foundations which he has laid. Gratitude and good wishes go with him in his retirement.

A morning reception by the Cape Peninsula Church Council, a Rotary Club Luncheon, a Toc H Meeting, addresses to two teacher training Colleges, besides numerous personal interviews with Bishops, Clergy, Ministers and others afforded many opportunities of spreading information about the B.B. and the possibilities of its further usefulness. And then too there were delightful interludes when through the kindness of friends I saw something of the beauties of the magnificent Cape scenery not rivalled by anything seen elsewhere throughout my tour. The wonderful road round the Peninsula to Cape Point, where Atlantic and Indian Oceans meet, must be one of the world's finest scenic



Cape Peninsula Officers' Training Course

drives, while the mountains, vineyards and Dutch Farms seen on a visit to the university town of Stellenbosch presented a type of landscape quite different to anything at home. Delightful warm sunny weather—quite unseasonable everyone said—added to the pleasure of my stay at the Cape and this sample of South African winter was an advantageous exchange for the English summer I was missing.

On to Johannesburg

My last Cape Town engagement was to attend the Annual Meeting of the Cape Peninsula Battalion at which an increase of 3 Companies and 57 Boys was reported. Then after 18 days during which I seemed to have become quite familiar with Cape Town and many of its B.B. people, I left by train for my 950 mile journey northward and after a comfortable, if not speedy, journey of 28 hours arrived at Johannesburg, which is on a plateau nearly 6,000 feet above sea level, in a spell of cold and rainy weather—again quite unseasonable I was told, but not so pleasantly so as in Cape Town. Cape Town has an air in parts of a certain antiquity but Johannesburg is probably the most amazingly “young” city in the Empire—fifty years ago nothing but open veldt, to-day a throbbing modern city of 519,000 inhabitants, a city which one can almost see growing and transforming before your eyes. The unpretentious buildings of the early days are rapidly being replaced by the most ultra-modern blocks of offices and flats, giving the city an appearance which immediately reminded me of America rather than of Europe. And all this wonderful city with its luxuriant wooded suburbs, as well as its mine dumps, its pit head gear, its slums, its mine compounds and its native locations, owes its existence to the wealth which arises from that peculiar economic convention by which men dig up gold—industrially a rather useless metal—from the bowels of the earth and ship it across the seas to bury it again in the vaults of banks in U.S.A. and elsewhere. Another rather disturbing thought is that while Johannesburg is the white man's city and its wealth is the white man's wealth, yet in reality those wonderful buildings have been erected and the gold which has created them has been mined by the labour of tens of thousands of black bodies gleaming with sweat—the bodies of the Bantu who were not so very long ago the only inhabitants and owners of the land. I found the four or five days then at my disposal very useful in getting my bearings in more sense than one. My official visit was to take place some weeks later but I paid informal visits to the drill parades or Bible Classes of three Johannesburg Companies of white Boys, very similar in spirit and working to Companies at home except that they seemed much more upset by the rain and cold than we should be at home! A day's visit to Pretoria made me sense the difference in outlook, temperament and even climate that there is between it and its big neighbour, Johannesburg, though they are only 36 miles apart. Pretoria, with its magnificent Union Buildings, is the administrative Capital, and is consequently largely civil service in atmosphere.

To meet the men who had pioneered the recent B.B. revival in Johannesburg and Pretoria was an interesting experience—pleasant to them, I hope, as it was to me. One can form many impressions by a correspondence of several years—how much better to be able to sit face to face and yarn and yarn as B.B. men so well know how to do! It is no mean accomplishment to plant the B.B. in new surroundings far away from its base, in a place where there are no traditions and no informed body of public opinion to give it backing and support. Yet this is what has been successfully done in the last few years in the Transvaal, and the interest and support of the Press in Johannesburg has been most useful. By its help the B.B., even though only a comparatively small venture at present, has become quite well known to the public.

I left Johannesburg before dawn and at the well-equipped Rand air-port boarded the South African Airways plane which was to carry me on the next stage of my journey—from crowded, noisy, mechanised, Europeanised Africa to the quiet, easy-going, real Africa of the Bechuanaland Protectorate. W. H. McV.

(To be continued next month.)

MY COMPANY IN WAR TIME

One example of community service which in various ways is being rendered by many Companies during this difficult time

After the jolliest Camp ever and with preparations well advanced for the new Session, the week before the declaration of war found me, and I expect most B.B. men, in a state of bewilderment. It was not so much the question, Could the Company carry on? I was determined it should, although one-third of its strength was to be evacuated, but I had the feeling that those left should render some service to the community. The question was, What could we do?

On the Wednesday my difficulty was solved. The local organiser informed me there was a scarcity of Boys of sixteen and over who could volunteer for messenger duty at A.R.P. and First Aid Posts. It appeared reliance had been placed on an organisation which now found a large proportion of its members were to be evacuated. Could I help? Yes. How many Boys could I guarantee? A rapid calculation enabled me to promise forty (since increased) whereon I was hailed as the saviour, if not of the country, at any rate of the borough. Within 36 hours a meeting had been held, Boys signed on, parents' consent obtained, Boys allotted to posts; and so the first raid warning found Boys with a knowledge of their duties and very much on the job. Each Post has eight Boys attached, under the supervision of a Staff-Sergeant or N.C.O. who arranges hours of duty. Boys report as soon after getting home from work as possible. At first there was considerable disorganisation and Boys were kept on duty unreasonably long hours; though some still sleep at their posts, generally duties are now properly arranged. The chief purpose is that Boys shall be available to carry messages and summon first aid and decontamination squads and fire brigades to the area in need, should telephone communication be cut during aerial bombardment. Experience elsewhere in another emergency indicates this is extremely likely. Some of the posts are also air raid shelters and Boys attached to these have been very busy during the raid alarms. Apart from these duties the Boys assist the Wardens, take 'phone messages and keep their post in good condition. I need hardly say the work is on a voluntary basis. It soon became obvious that Boys needed relaxation and somewhere to go before and after their tour of duty, so they have blacked-out the club room and made it reasonably blast-proof with sandbags and it is now open every evening. First aid classes, to increase



A.R.P. Messenger

SOUTH AFRICAN JOURNEY (II)

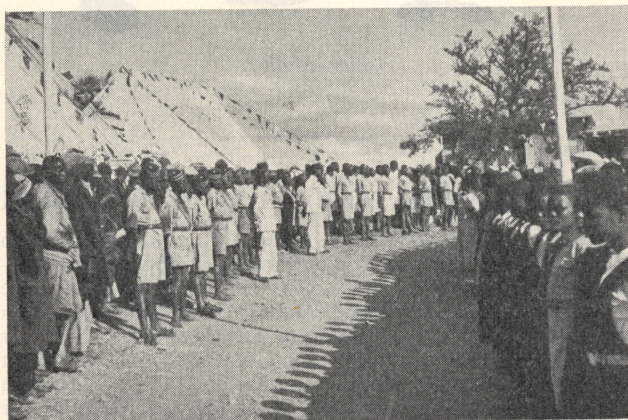
The description, in last month's Gazette, of the Overseas Secretary's journey brought him to his departure by air from Johannesburg for the Bechuanaland Protectorate. He now takes up the tale again.

I thoroughly enjoyed this my first trip in a big passenger aeroplane—an all-metal, twin-engined Junker monoplane. This two-hours direct flight saved a night and a day of circuitous train journey. Truly air travel is a boon in overcoming the enormous distances of South Africa and Southern Rhodesia. My total journeying out there amounted to some 5,500 miles, and by doing 2,200 of this by air I was able to save six or seven days and nights in the train. 1,900 miles by rail and 1,430 by motor car completed the rest of my itinerary. Alas! not a mile of it was by the historic ox-wagon, though many a splendid span of sixteen oxen—or sometimes of donkeys—did I see drawing their loads along the roads.

Arrival at Serowe

Two hours after leaving the ultra-modern Rand Airport, I was being motored along the sandy track, which constitutes the main road from Palapye Aerodrome, by the Rev. J. K. Main, Captain 1st Donota Company, whom I had known at a Brigade School at Bolobo in 1935, and with him was the Rev. A. Sandilands, until recently Captain of the 1st Ngami Company, whom I had met at the B.B. Jubilee in Glasgow in 1933—both missionaries of the London Missionary Society, with which all the B.B. Companies in the Bechuanaland Protectorate are connected. Our destination was Serowe, some thirty miles distant, the largest native town in Africa south of the equator. It is the capital of the Bamangwato tribe and has some 30,000 inhabitants. There are no streets, but the family groups of huts, each bounded by its mud wall or stockade, are picturesquely scattered over a wide plain occasionally broken by little hills or kopjes.

On arrival we saw everywhere great preparations going forward for the visit on the following day of the Duke of Devonshire, Under-Secretary for the Dominions, and the High Commissioner, Sir William Clark. From the schools came the sound of the National Anthem being rehearsed, and here and there one met companies of men—the Chief's "regiments"—going about in crowds to supply all the manual labour needed for last minute changes in the venue of the Agricultural Show which was to be opened by the Duke. These changes were necessitated by the threat of further rain, which had come almost unprecedentedly for that time of year. The Serowe B.B. Company was preparing to line part of the route for His Grace's opening of the Show, and a squad of smart B.B. signallers was ready to signal a welcome on the arrival of the distinguished visitors. As well, a very complete display of B.B. literature and photographs was prepared as part



Awaiting the Duke of Devonshire at Serowe

of the Show, and the two smart B.B. Boys from Maun on duty at it were creditable exhibits, too.

I was received that afternoon by the Chief, Tshekedi, who under the direct authority of the British Crown rules over the Bamangwato tribe which inhabits that part of the Protectorate. It was a memorable experience to chat with this cultured African gentleman in his commodious house containing so many mementoes of his father, Khama, that great black prince of Africa who for close on half a century was the Christian father of his people, strenuously maintaining their rights and guarding them against the menace of strong drink. Tshekedi takes much interest in the B.B. and has helped the Serowe Company by his influence in difficult days, and also often given them his practical support in various ways.



Chief Tshekedi smiles on the B.B.

The Great Tribal Gathering

On the following day I was privileged to be present at an historic event. A gathering of the tribe, some 15,000 of them, assembled in the kgotla—the great semicircular tribal meeting-place in the centre of the town—a marvellous sight, the men's somewhat nondescript European great-coats or other garments looking rather drab under the grey sky in contrast to the lighter dresses of the small company of women sitting separately. A touch of modernity was given by the microphone and amplifying equipment, though it was a pity that the loud-speaker reproduction of "God Save the King" unfortunately drowned the voices of the children who had so assiduously practised their loyal welcome to the King's representatives. After prayer by one of the missionaries, speeches were made by the Duke of Devonshire, the High Commissioner, Chief Tshekedi, and Chief Moremi of a neighbouring tribe, each being interpreted either into Secwana or English. The High Commissioner presented Tshekedi with the King's Medal for African Chiefs, and one could not help thinking that by this gracious act some tardy reparation was being made for the unfortunate incidents of 1933, when the same Tshekedi had been unwisely banished by the British authorities and then in a few weeks reinstated in his chieftainship. In his reply Tshekedi said he felt this distinction was an honour to the whole tribe rather than to himself personally, and emphasised the strong desire of his people to remain as they were, under the direct rule of the British Crown, and not to be governed in any other manner. The speeches ended with the exclamation "Pula!" (rain) which the assembled tribe repeated in a deep-throated cry—the Bechuana way of signifying applause and good wishes.

In the afternoon the B.B. Boys and G.L.B. Girls, as they stood smartly at attention lining the route to the Khama Memorial School where the Duke was to open the Agricultural Show, were thrilled by the fact that His Grace did not merely drive between their ranks but inspected them and greeted their Officers. A semaphore greeting was smartly given by the B.B. signallers, making a happy send-off to the proceedings, which were also brightened by the welcome, if late, appearance of the sun.

Officers' Training on the Veldt

Sunshine over the land also meant that preparations could go forward for the B.B. Officers' Training Camp which opened on the following evening at Mokwe, seven miles out into the veldt from Serowe. On arrival there by motor car and lorries, we found that a delightfully situated camp site had been cleared



Youth Section of the Tribal Gathering

in the bush and along one side was a series of kgotlas—semicircular alcoves formed of six feet high windbreaks of stakes and brushwood with space on the open side for a log-fire at night. These kgotlas took the place of tents, and how much more delightful it was to lie down at night with the stars rather than canvas as a canopy overhead. There were 48 of us in camp. The staff consisted of four missionaries and myself; the students were twenty-four native teachers and evangelists, some already B.B. Officers, others prospective ones; and then, last but not least, there were sixteen Boys, present partly as a demonstration squad and partly to be trained themselves for a forthcoming competition with their friends and rivals, the Pathfinder Scouts; and I find I've forgotten to mention those essentials of every camp, three cooks. Some of those present had come 500 miles, mostly by rail; others 350 miles by motor lorry over sandy roads often only traversable at slow speeds; one arrived on horseback after a two days' journey.

All the Bechuanaland Companies and most of the village sections were represented. And what an eager crowd they were! The daily programme was even more strenuous than any Bolobo or Balrossie School! We had a twenty-five minutes break after lunch, and some of us even suspected that one untiring member of the staff considered that a gross waste of time! Before dawn we were up, and the sun rose to find us at P.T. and games. Doubling back to camp, breakfast was followed by camp inspection and morning prayers taken by one of the students under the guidance of our African camp chaplain. Then followed throughout the day a programme of lectures on B.B. methods, Bible Class work, first aid, etc., and demonstrations of pyramids, knotting, signalling, practical drill and P.T., finishing in the cool of the evening with a game of football, stoolball or puddox.

After supper we would all gather in the biggest of the kgotlas round a glorious camp-fire for a sing-song, or an exhibition of my lantern pictures—great was the excitement when they saw themselves on the screen in reproductions of Bechuanaland B.B. photographs. And what enthusiastic singers the Bechuana are! Under the inspiration of Mr. Sandiland's leadership they were not content with ordinary camp-fire frivolity—though they did have some of that and delighted in "Old McVicker had a farm"—but became entranced in harmonising Handel's lovely aria, "What though I trace," and other classical airs. On my last night in camp they sang me some of their old tribal songs and demonstrated with great hilarity some of their dances. To finish the day there would be a reading, a hymn in Secwana, and a short address and prayer by one of the students. Though I could not understand the words I could feel the earnestness of the speaker and the atmosphere of reverence.

Similarities and Differences

There was much to remind one in this Training Camp of similar undertakings at home—for example, the definite time-table carried through with precision by the Orderly Officer, appointed daily

from the students (how he delighted to ring the bell when a lecturer outran his allotted time!); the eagerness of the students to learn; the appreciation of the need for neatness at camp inspection; the disciplined behaviour at meal-time. But, too, there were aspects which were intriguingly different—for example, the simplicity of the native commissariat, mealie meal porridge forming the *pièce de résistance* at every meal; the meat supply walking into camp—four goats which became fewer as the week went by; the arrival of the water supply in a water wagon drawn by a span of twelve oxen and transferred to the camp's tank by girl labour from the neighbouring farm; the way in which for the Boys the acme of contentment seemed to be found in squatting round a fire; the delightful plumage of some of the birds by day and the cry of the jackals by night.

At least one member of the staff was learning as well as teaching—that was the writer. It was my first direct contact with the B.B. at work as a part of missionary enterprise. I admired the simplifications and adaptations of our methods which had been so well worked out by the missionary Officers, without detracting in the slightest from the true genius and spirit of the B.B. The carefully prepared duplicated notes for the students—some in English and some in Secwana—showed the time and thought which these missionaries willingly give to the B.B. because of its value in their work. I learned too of the difficulties that lie in the way of what we would consider normal B.B. work. In Bechuanaland practically every family has two homes, one in the town or village and one out on "the lands" where the cattle—the main wealth of the country—are tended and the crops raised. So at certain seasons of the year they have their "evacuation" problems too, the Boys being in the town one week and perhaps the next out at work on "the lands." Then, too, there are difficulties arising from the fact that education and age do not correspond fairly uniformly as at home. Boys of the same age may vary greatly in intellectual attainment and consequently in their adaptability to B.B. work. In the higher standards English is taught and I found this a great help with the Boys at camp! Grand fellows they were and shared with the Officers the faculty of meeting life with a smile and often the camp resounded to peals of laughter. Certainly the African has the priceless gift of humour fully developed.

Sunday at Serowe

On the Sunday all of us were transported into Serowe for Church parade at the great stone Church, erected by Khama and capable of holding more than a thousand people. Besides the visiting Officers, the B.B. and the G.L.B. Companies were on parade and, by interpretation, I gave brief greetings to them and the large congregation which included the Chief. The service was conducted and sermon preached by Rev. A. Sandiland, whose knowledge of the language is so good that he has now



Dinner Walks into Camp

been set apart for literary work. Back in camp in the afternoon there was a devotional service at which I spoke to the men of the greatness of the task to which they had set their hands. The Chief's sister showed her interest and goodwill by coming to this service from her farm nearby. The camp continued two days longer but my arrangements would not permit me to stay to the end, so reluctantly farewells had to be said and I was given a very hearty send-off with many a "Pula," and soon was being motored through the night by Sandilands to catch the Rhodesian Express at Palapye and continue my journey north. He brought with him in the car one of his senior B.B. Boys from Maun so that he could have his first sight of a train!

W. H. McV.

(To be concluded.)



A Lecture at the Officers' Training Course

YOUTH WELFARE IN WAR-TIME

Two important forward steps in the interests of the Nation's Youth have been taken during the past month.

The Board of Education has set up a special branch to promote the welfare of Boys and Girls over 14 years of age, not only in so far as this lies directly within the scope of the education authorities, but also to support the work of the national juvenile organisations. To advise it on these matters the Government has appointed a *National Youth Committee* under the Chairmanship of Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education. On this Committee, which consists of some ten members, Mr. A. W. Oyler, Chairman, and Miss Curwen, Vice-Chairman of the Standing Conference of National Juvenile Organisations, and Mr. E. M. Wedderburn, of the Scottish Central Council of Juvenile Organisations, represent the interests of all the voluntary youth movements, including The Boys' Brigade.

The Committee is in touch also with the Ministry of Labour, the Home Office and other Government Departments. It has already held several meetings and is addressing itself to the special war-time needs of the voluntary organisations, so that their work may be maintained undiminished, and if possible extended to meet the problems of juvenile welfare which have been so intensified at the present time. In particular, steps have been taken to mitigate the dislocation which has been caused in such work in so many places by the requisitioning of premises.

The Brigade welcomes the recognition the Government has thus given to Boys' work and confidently looks forward to the benefits which it believes will accrue.

The other step recently taken in the interests of Youth work in war-time is that the National Council of Social Service, on the recommendation of the Standing Conference of National Juvenile Organisations, and with the approval of the National Youth Committee and Government Departments concerned, has appointed

Regional Liaison Officers—one representing Boys' organisations and one Girls'—for each of the eleven Civil Defence Regions in England and Wales. The Liaison Officers, whose names are given below, will assist in the maintenance and extension of juvenile organisations and be able to represent their needs to the Government's Regional Commissioners.

It is hoped that B.B. Battalion and Company Officers everywhere not only will be able to gain much help from these Liaison Officers, but also will do all that they can to assist them in providing in every way for the welfare of all Boys in their Regions.

Each Liaison Officer has to advise him a panel of local representatives of the national Boys' organisations, and in the following list the B.B. representatives on these panels will also be found

Region.	Liaison Officer for Boys' Organisations.	B.B. Representative on Advisory Panel.
Region 1.—Northumberland, Durham, North Riding of Yorkshire.	C. F. O'Brien Donaghey, Hallgarth House, Hallgarth Street, Durham City.	J. Murray, 45, Readhead Street, South Shields.
Region 2.—W. and E. Ridings of Yorkshire.	E. Rickerby, 9, Mount Preston, Leeds.	P. Slingsby, The Grove, North Lane, Roundhay, Leeds 8.
Region 3.—Derby, Nottingham, Lincolnshire, Leicester, Northampton, Rutland, Peterborough.	H. R. Lindley, 32, Park Row, Nottingham.	H. A. Brown, 26, Park Row, Nottingham.
Region 4.—Cambridge, Huntingdon, Bedford, Hertford, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex.	Capt. S. H. Starey, 7, Hills Road, Cambridge.	T. F. Harwood, Battsford Hall, Needham Market, Suffolk.
Region 5.—London and Middlesex.	N. A. Lewis, D.S.O., M.C., 7, Bayley Street, London, W.C. 1.	L. W. Lewis, 20a, Warwick Road, Ealing, W.5.
Region 6.—Oxford, Bucks, Berks, Surrey, Hampshire and Isle of Wight.	N. S. Goodridge, Watlington House, Watlington Street, Reading.	S. A. Tyler, 77, Stoke Poges Lane, Slough, Bucks.
Region 7.—Gloucestershire, Somerset, Wilts, Dorset, Devon and Cornwall.	J. T. Banister, 12, St. James' Square, Bristol.	T. Thornton Wills, 19, Belgrave Road, Clifton, Bristol.
Region 8.—South Wales... North Wales...	G. Bradney, 118, Cathedral Road, Cardiff. G. Powell, 33, Hillside Road, Colwyn Bay.	L. F. Rimbault, 3, Llanishen Street, The Heath, Cardiff. T. Millar, Gaddum House, 16/18, Queen Street, Manchester 2.
Region 9.—Shropshire, Staffs, Hereford, Worcestershire and Warwick.	C. Soutter Smith, M.A., LL.B., 19, Calthorpe Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham	D. Gordon Barnsley, M.C., Boys' Brigade House, Wrottesley Street, Birmingham.
Region 10.—Lancashire, Cheshire, Westmorland, and Cumberland.	Major J. B. Withers, O.B.E., Selnec House, Wynnstay Grove, Fallowfield, Manchester	T. Millar, Gaddum House, 16/18, Queen Street, Manchester 2.
Region 12.—Kent and Sussex.	Capt. R. T. Thornton, M.C., Old Bank House, Lewes, Sussex.	S. A. Tyler, 77, Stoke Poges Lane, Slough, Bucks.

Region 11 includes the whole of Scotland. On the nomination of the Scottish Central Council of Juvenile Organisations—of which Mr. Andrew McPherson, B.B. Secretary, is a member—Mr. Stanley Nairne has been appointed as Juvenile Welfare Officer for Boys. He will co-operate with the Scottish Juvenile Welfare Office, the Education Authorities and the Boys' Organisations. Mr. Nairne's address is—11, Manor Place, Edinburgh, 3.



1st Serowe Boys Breakfast in Camp