

Closing Ceremonies At World Scout Jamboree

The following account of the closing ceremonies of the World Scout Jamboree at Salzburg, Austria, is from the diary of King's Scout John Phillips, of Charlottetown, who attended as Prince Edward Island representative:

SALZBURG, Monday, Aug. 13- I got up about 7:30 this morning and had breakfast a little after 8 o'clock. After breakfast we had our flagbreak. At the flagbreak "Skipper" (David Green, our Scoutmaster) told us that the day was free and that we all should spend the morning with some friends that we had made during the jamboree. At 11:00 we were to attend the closing with our friends.

Buddy Campbell and I put on our uniforms and went down to the camp of the two English boys from the British zone of Germany. We couldn't find them so Buddy went down to the market and I returned to camp. On the way back I met the two boys as I went down to the closing ceremonies at the parade ground with them. The grounds were crowded and trying to find Buddy was like trying to find a needle in a haystack but after a while we finally found him.

At 11 o'clock the ceremony began. Seven towers were built on the parade grounds, six to represent each of the past jamborees and the seventh to represent this jamboree.

The ceremony began by the announcements of the previous jamborees, the raising of the jamboree songs of each. After this part was over a few speeches were made in several different languages and then cages were opened on one of the high towers and about 500 white doves were released. The doves flew from the cages in a great rush, circled above and then winged their way down between two mountains and disappeared from sight. With the releasing of the doves, the jamboree was announced to be officially over and the scouts from many nations joined hands to sing Auld Lang Syne and then

slowly returned to their camp sites. Most of them were thinking of all of the good times that they had during the jamboree and thinking of the friends that they had made.

Buddy and I left the two English boys and returned to our camp site for dinner. We had dinner about 3:00 P.M.

After dinner we packed some of our gear because we were moving out tomorrow. It was a beautiful day today so a few of us went swimming.

Over beyond the camp was a river with a dam on it. The river was only about a foot deep above the dam and only about 6 ft. deep at the bottom of the dam. The dam was built somewhat like steps on a stairs. The water falling over the dam formed little tunnels behind the falling water so we had good fun walking into the wall of water and disappearing from the view of anyone watching us. The water formed tunnels so that we could walk inside the dam and then appear again over at the other side. We had good fun in the swiftly flowing water and in the dam but the day passed by and the time came for us to return to camp.

We went back and had supper about 6 o'clock.

After supper I wrote some and then put on my uniform. This afternoon Buddy Campbell and I were invited to visit a campfire by the two English boys from Germany so tonight we dressed and went over to the fire. We were having a swell time until it began to rain. Buddy and I started off for camp as soon as the rain started. Just as we got back to our camp, the rain came down in a rush. Many scouts were caught in the rain and returned to their camps soaked. Our kitchen roof was flat so the rain stayed on top for a while and then started coming through. The tent began leaking everywhere so we had to make a run up the muddy hillside to our tents. Upon reaching them, we climbed in, tied them up and got

into our bed for the night.

Breaking Camp
Tuesday, Aug. 14: I got up at 6 o'clock this morning to find it raining outside. Although it was not very heavy rain, it prevented our tents from drying before we packed them. We packed some of our equipment until breakfast was ready.

We had a buffet-style breakfast about 8 o'clock. After breakfast we scrubbed the black off the pots, took our tents down, packed our personal equipment, packed troop equipment, took the fireplace apart and hauled all of our gadget-wood to a large central pile in the centre of the sub-camp.

We worked all morning and after we finished cleaning up, it was hard to tell that anyone had camped there. The only noticeable thing was the trampled grass. We did not have dinner but we did have some tea and coffee which was made for us by our jamboree neighbours, the South-East Lancashire troop.

About 5 o'clock we were ready to leave for Bad Ischl where we intended to spend the night. Just before we left, my friend Johnny Glazier (the English boy whose father was with the British forces in Germany), came down to say good-bye to Buddy Campbell and I.

We packed our gear into one of the two trucks which came after us and then climbed into the other one ourselves. We left about 6 o'clock and as we drove away everyone looked very sad and everyone of the camp, the leaving of all our jamboree friends and our first step towards leaving the beautiful country of Austria.

Soon we had left the camp and were on the main highway to Bad Ischl. Upon our arrival at Bad Ischl, we put our troop equipment into the freight shed at the station and then drove to a school where we were to stay for the night. We were given a room of the school and large straw mattresses for the night by the Austrians. After we got straightened away, we went out for supper.

Four of us went to an Austrian restaurant and pastry shop where we got some trays and sampled every kind of pastry in the place. We were stuck with some Austrian money because it could not be changed back to dollars so we made or tried to make the best of it by stuffing ourselves. After eating the pastry I didn't feel very spry although it was the best pastry that I have ever eaten.

We returned to the school about 9 o'clock and after talking and fooling around for a while, we made our beds and retired for the night.

Wednesday, Aug. 15: I got up about 8:00 A.M. this morning. I went outside to the washstand, washed and then went for a walk down the street.

I had intended to buy some things before I left Austria so I had about five dollars in Austrian money on hand but upon walking down the street, I found that the stores were closed today. Church bells were ringing and people were going to church so I wondered what was going on today. I asked Rev. Rolls, our A.S.M., and was told that this was a Holy day. So I was stuck with my money.

I wandered around the town looking for a place that might be open but I could not find one so I gave up and started back to the school.

On the way back to the school I went up a little side street when I saw a couple of other boys coming out of a little gun shop. I went into the store where I bought a couple of knives and a little hammer gadget as a means of getting rid of my Austrian money. This was about 10:30 and we were leaving about 11 o'clock so that I was very close to being stuck with the money.

I returned to the school and waited until the truck came, then we piled our gear on and marched down to the station.

We arrived there about 11:30 where we boarded the train to Dieppe and London.

Going back to England today, the conditions weren't too bad while we had the electric train although we had the same sleeping trouble.

Four of us had the seats of our compartment to sleep on, while the rest went back to the baggage car. On the way back, we had the baggage car to ourselves. The first to claim one of the four places in the compartment got it and the rest had to move out.

We had our packed lunches about 7:30.

On the way through Austria we

Sport Echoes From Prince County

IF (Apologies to Kipling)

If you can pitch a curve like Alan Stewart,
Or shoot a high, fast one like Joe Bernard,
If you can reach for throws like big Bob Barlow,
Or like Mackenzie hit that old pill hard,
If you can make a shoe-string catch like Carson,
Or bat and run and field like Gord Mackay,
If you can drag a bunt along the base-line,
As Shortstop Landry does most ev'ry day;
If you can pivot for a double killing
Down at the keystone sack like Little Beaver,
If you can catch a pitch-out like Joe Hunter,
Then like a bullet down to second leave 'er;
If you can catch in centre field like Schurman,
And at the bat lambaste the pill—but good,
If you can hit like Kiner, run like Robby,
Or even do them both like Underwood;
If you can clout the apple like Ken Walker,
A country mile he hanged it one fine night,
If you can pitch like Ashe, the southpaw speedster,
Or like Jim Grady drive the ball to right;
If you can get behind and look like losers,
Then fight an uphill fight and tie the game,
And just go on from there to top the series,
And cut yourself a slice of base-ball fame;
If you can keep on doing these things, Mister,
Time after time, as seasons come and go,
You'd better look us up and play for our team.
Five championships we've taken stopped at Salzburg and Innsbruck.
At Salzburg I saw my two English friends again in the station. They were waiting for their train to leave for Germany.
We moved our gear around in the compartment and went to "bed" about 10 o'clock.

Connie Mack's Judgment Still First Class

By RALPH BERNSTEIN
PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 2 — (AP) — One day last April Connie Mack was asked who he thought was the best hitter in the American League. The old gentlemen thought for a minute and then answered: "Why, Ferris Fain of the Athletics."

Some of the listeners shook their heads in disbelief. How could Mr. Mack rate Fain, a guy who never hit 300 in his major league career, as the junior circuit's top hitter? How about Ted Williams, George Kell, Joe DiMaggio, Yogi Berra, Vern Stephens, Luke Easter, just to name a few.

Well, today the American League season is all over. And who is the batting champion? Yep, Ferris Fain, the Philadelphia first baseman who had the greatest season of his career. He won it with a .344 average, 18 points better than his nearest competitor, Minnie Minoso of Chicago White Sox.

Mack, 88-year-old president of the Athletics, isn't one of those "I told you so" characters. He reminded of his selection of Fain as the best hitter, he merely nodded and said: "Fain is a fine fellow and wonderful competitor. He'll go a long way."

Mack likes to tell the story about how Fain once threw the ball into a row.

And in this year of 1951, sir, 'Twas under Holman's banner we saw action;
And those who watched us must admit we've backed
Up Holman's "Guarantee of Satisfaction."

We understand Clark's Harbor team has been disqualified for playing Cutey Huskison under the assumed name of Moore. If we remember correctly, they pulled the same trick on us last year. After we took a doubleheader from them, they told us about it.

Glad to see that Gordie Mackay is back home in Summerside again. Gordie will come in pretty handy if and when we play Londonderry for the Maritime championship. Just when it looked like plain sailing for this series a snag arose in the shape of the Middleton team who claim that as they were beaten also with Huskison in the line-up they should have a chance to play-off with Londonderry. We're inclined to agree with them.

the stands twice in one week trying to catch men at third base on bunted balls. After the second miscue, the venerable skipper warned Ferris not to throw the ball.

"What do you want me to do with the ball, Mr. Mack, put it in my pocket?" asked the fiery first baseman.

"Well young man, it would be safer there," answered the octogenarian manager, quick as a flash.

Fain sums up his great season by saying he just "hit them where they ain't." Ferris isn't an over-six home runs in 1951. His specialty is singles and doubles. The "Burrhead," as his teammates call him, smacked 30 of the two base variety. He had three triples.

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EGAD, SERGEANT! YOU'RE COMMITTING A TRAGIC MISTAKE—AWPF-SPUTT-TT! I'M NOT YOUR MAN IT'S MISTAKEN IDENTITY FAP! YOU'LL REGRET THIS—I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF I MAYOR FATTLETON'S—YOU—I—THAT IS

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THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY, MISTER



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