

ARTICLE.

The Birth of a Unit.

The story of the rise of the Estreham/Livingstone V.S.U.

Once upon a time; yes it is a fairy tale, the story of the birth of a Unit, or rather resurrection, out of an unbelievable awakening of National Scouting.

The date - June 1966 : The event - The publishing of the Advance Party Report.

While I was still prancing about in my short trews and garter tabs, I heard a rumour that something was happening at the well established and well forgotten H.Q. - The Boy Scout Association was at last going to change it's image.

This brought both commendments and abuse, at this time, I recall; a mixed feeling of a need, yet no will to change. It was both an awakening and an uprooting to our set ways, but as I look back, I thought this was just another unsupported statement. I was wrong, however, as I was to find out, a few months later.

The non-existent programme of our Senior Scout Troop had been put aside that evening, as we pawed over the flimsy pages of the report of the Advance Party. It seemed, I remember, at first to be quite fundamental in it's suggestions, but after some discussion and taking each point in turn, it became radical, if not revolutionary. First to go were the names; Boy dropped from 'Scouting', Wolf lost, Masters abandoned, Seniors and Rovers to go. Was it all lost? sixty years of scouting out on it's ear.

No! Someone, or rather several people, had realised that Scouting was part of life as a whole, and as such should progress with the times. They had brought Scouting back into reality; dragged it away from the days of the Boer War. Yet, the history was, in it's experience the basis of Scouting to come.

I must say, that this was not the attitude with which I viewed the situation at this time, and it took almost a year to sink into my thick head what these arch-angels were up to.

My Senior Scout Troop, (1st.Streatham) managed somehow to hold together through 1967, a year of growing uncertainty, meeting weekly in the Church Hall and the Manor Arms, though I must say, rarely straying much further, not even to find ourselves a new 'local'. At this