

Junior Leader

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BY THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION, OTTAWA

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Spring Is Here — It's Hiking Time

IF YOU are one of those Scouts who believe in keeping the "OUT" in Scouting, you have probably been doing some winter hiking. Now that spring is here you'll want to expand this activity, and make it a regular weekly activity of your Patrol.

While an afternoon or all-day hike is a grand experience, better still is the overnight hike, in which you take along your gear or build a shelter in which to sleep. We are going to discuss the latter type of hike particularly.

First perhaps it is best to point out that there is no object in trying to break records on your hikes, either in the number of miles you cover in one hour or in a day. There's value in taking your time about a hike. You'll see a lot more and have a lot more fun if you are not too much concerned with speed and distance.

So having made up our minds on that question let us proceed to discuss the kit you'll want to carry with you. Gilcraft's *Scouting Out of Doors* tells us that you must tackle this question from the point of view of what is unnecessary, rather than from the point of view of what is necessary.

It is best to hike in pairs, not only for the companionship this offers, but it provides an opportunity to divide up the kit, and each then has less weight to carry than if travelling alone.

Here are the requirements for a hike, and you will readily see what you can save by pairing up with another Scout.

You will want shelter for the night, blankets, ground sheets, cooking utensils, cup, plate, knife, fork and spoon, change of under clothes, extra pair of socks and light shoes, soap, towel, toothbrush and comb, and various extras such as matches, watch, compass and map.

If you are wise you will also add to this list a sweater for evening wear when you have cooled down from your hike, and believe it or not, a wool toque to wear if it is a cold night, and a pair of bed socks.

We know you'll think that those latter requirements are a bit "sissy" but the bed socks are actually as good as an extra blanket, for if your feet are warm you'll sleep all the better. You should of course carry with you a few first aid items.

Then you'll need a good woodcraft knife, a small axe and about 12 feet of cord, and you'll want a good rucksack of one kind or another to carry most of the gear.

Now let's get back to the shelter. We think that you'll have much more fun if you build a shelter. If you'll look back over your May, 1946, and June, 1946, *Junior Leaders* you'll find pictures of all kinds of shelters made with canvas, and in the June



issue a splendid bivouac. A friend of ours has one of those small nylon tents, which has ample room for two boys, and roll up into the smallest space and are extremely light. They're a bit expensive however. Of course the Scout Pup Tent is as good as anything—but for our money we still say a bivouac is more fun.

You should carry two blankets, all wool if possible, and the loosely woven fluffy kind are warmest. Dark coloured blankets are better. They are easier to clean.

Fold them as instructed in the Tenderfoot tests in *Tenderfoot to King's Scout*. That will mean too that you should carry half a dozen blanket pins with you. Remember the principle of warmth is that you have as many thicknesses of blanket under you as over you.

Cooking utensils are a bit of a problem. When the new Stores Department Catalogue comes out shortly you will see in it a Scout cook kit complete with frying pan, cup, dish, and billy can. The whole kit fits neatly into a compact carrying case. If you cannot afford to buy one of these, your mother will probably lend you a small frying pan, and the other necessary utensils.

In our own Troop we use the three-in-one can sets. We save a tomato can, a pea or corn can, and a soup can. The three sizes fit into one another readily. The tops of course have been taken off with one of these modern can openers which cut clean

around without leaving any jagged edges. We then drive two holes in the top of the can opposite each other, and with soft wire make a handle. They cost you nothing and are extremely useful. You can make your tea or cocoa in one, heat your soup in another, and boil a couple of eggs in another, all at the same time.

Elsewhere in this issue you will see a diagram for making a balsam bed, or again you may get two four foot logs, one for the foot and one for the head of your bed. Take your groundsheet and lace it around two staves, about six feet long, like a stretcher, and place each end on the logs. Here you have a comfortable bed, off the ground.

And in closing remember if you are to build a bivouac you'll need to take along a quantity of binder twine or cord to do your lashing, and you'll need cord too to lace your groundsheet if you decide to use that type of bed.

Hiking is Scouting at its best. You as a Patrol Leader should see that your Patrol gets out at least once a week on a hike, and once a month on an overnight hike. There have been many suggestions in *The Junior Leader* over the past year for various types of hikes.

TILL ALL MEN LIVE LIKE BROTHERS

(Written on the wall of an old inn in Lancashire)

Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun.
A bit o' work & a bit o' fun;
Give us all in the struggle & splutter,
Our daily bread & a bit o' butter;
Give us health our keep to make,
And a bit to spare for poor folks sake.
Give us sense, for we're some of us duffers
And a heart to feel for all that suffers.
Give us, too, a bit of song,
And a tale, & a book to help us along.
And give us our share of sorrow's lesson
That we may prove that grief's a blessin'.
Give us, Lord, a chance to be
Our goodly best, brave, wise & free,
Our goodly best for ourself & others
Till all men learn to live as brothers.

—Sent in by Scoutmaster Ed Hayton,
3rd Fort Erie, Ont.

Where the law ends, tyranny begins.

He that knows and knows that he knows is wise—you can follow him.
He that knows and knows not that he knows is asleep—wake him.
He that knows not and knows that he knows not is docile—you can teach him.
But he that knows not and knows not that he knows not is a fool—shun him.

The Junior Leader

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The Editor's Chat

PATROL DISCIPLINE

THE dictionary defines discipline as "strict and regular mental and moral training" which is quite a mouthful for a Patrol Leader to digest. In Scouting perhaps it would better to define it as the willingness on the part of the Scout to give special observance to the seventh Scout Law—A Scout obeys the orders of his parents, Patrol Leader or Scoutmaster without question.

Discipline can actually make your Patrol, and lack of it can break it.

How are we going to obtain discipline in our Patrols? That question opens up several suggestions. Let us discuss a few means of obtaining the discipline so necessary to the success of your Patrol.

One way to secure discipline is through respect. If your Scouts respect you, they will not find it hard to obey your orders without question. Respect comes from a number of things. Your Scouts will respect you if you are efficient, if as their leader you make it a point to keep ahead of them in the techniques of Scouting. No Scout has a great deal of respect for a leader who knows less than he does. That's one way.

A Scout respects a leader who is smart. He likes to see his Patrol Leader in full uniform, neatly pressed, his Good Turn done, his badges correctly placed. A Scout will follow a Patrol Leader like that—and following is a part of discipline.

A Scout will only respect a leader who himself is disciplined. If you as a Patrol Leader expect obedience from your Scouts, you must give it to the Scoutmaster and his Assistants. If you expect courtesy from your Scouts you must be courteous to your leaders, to all you come in contact with—yes—even the Scouts in your Patrol.

Discipline in Scouting is like the Movement itself—voluntary. Discipline must come from the heart of the boy, not merely from the rules that are laid down and enforced. Invariably when there is a lack of discipline in a Patrol it can be laid squarely on the shoulders of the Patrol Leader. The Patrol Leader's lack of it might of course come from lack of leadership higher up, but a Patrol Leader should always remember that as far as the individual boys in his Patrol are concerned—they look to him for example. You cannot make much progress. You cannot have much fun. You cannot



King's Scouts of Victoria, B.C., formed a guard of honour for the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia when he opened the Provincial Legislature recently. As the weather was cool each Scout wore a blue windbreaker, with the Tenderfoot badge sewn on the left breast.

PATROL MEETING SUGGESTIONS

By DON SMELLIE

LAST month I gave you two sample Patrol meetings, both of which were actual programmes planned and carried out while I was P.L. of the Eagle Patrol in the 24th Ottawa Troop some years ago. I am giving you a couple more such meetings, and with these four to use as a basis you should not find it difficult to plan and carry out your own meetings. Here is a programme we used on June 14th, 1943.

Meeting No. 1

- 1 Opening Ceremony 2 mins.
- 2 Business 3 mins.
- 3 Talk on Camping 20 mins.
- 4 Map Reading 15 mins.
- 5 Games 15 mins.
- 6 Advancement 10 mins.
- 7 Sing Song 10 mins.
- 8 Planning 12 mins.
- 9 Closing Ceremony 3 mins.

Details

- 1 Repeating the Scout Law.
- 2 Collect fees, Patrol Competition.
- 3 Types of camps, ideal camp site, organizing for camp, personal and patrol equipment, food, plan of camp, programme.
- 4 Map, 1 inch topographical.
- 5 Rooster Fight.
- 6 Discuss advancement of Patrol.
- 7 Songs, from Campfire Song Book.

have a good Patrol or Troop without discipline.

So make up your mind that your Patrol is not going to be the weak link in your Troop. Be sure you as the Patrol Leader are willing to be obedient and courteous yourself, to those whose position or age demand this. Then you will have a right to expect it from your own Scouts, and it "follows as night the day" that your example will have a great influence on the discipline of the boys under your personal leadership.

- 8 Overnight camp. Summer activities.
- 9 Scoutmaster's Benediction. "May the great Scoutmaster of all good Scouts be with us till we meet again."

Necessary Material

Record Book (2); P.L.'s Handbook (3); Topographical Map (4); P.O.R. (6); Song Book (7).

Meeting No. 2

This meeting was a fall meeting.

- 1 Opening Ceremony 2 mins.
- 2 Business 3 mins.
- 3 Signalling 20 mins.
- 4 Scout's pace 15 mins.
- 5 Fire Lighting and Cooking 10 mins.
- 6 Good Turns 10 mins.
- 7 Songs 10 mins.
- 8 Discussion, Planning 12 mins.
- 9 Closing 3 mins.

Details

- 1 Scout's Silence, Lord's Prayer.
- 2 Collect fees. Give financial report.
- 3 Signalling with buzzer and flags.
- 4 Scout's Pace, around the block in 3½ to 3¾ minutes.
- 5 Teach safety rules, and important features of fire building; best wood to use for different types of fires. Teach baking potatoes under fire, and "Count to Eight" method for meat.
- 6 Discuss individual Good Turns and what Patrol can do as a unit.
- 7 Old Campfire favourites; Long Long Trail, Waltzing Matilda, Clementine. Suggest writing special Patrol song.
- 8 Discuss skits; plan hike; fix date for paper drives; mention hitch-hiking not allowed for Scouts.
- 9 Close with reaffirmation of Scout Promise. (Explain promise).

Necessary Material

Record Book (2); Buzzer and Flags (3); P.L.'s Handbook (5); Song Books (7); P.O.R. (8); Tenderfoot to King's Scout (9).

Bird Hiking Is Fun

15 Common Canadian Birds For You To Identify

ON pages 4 and 5, we have reproduced sketches of 15 well known Canadian birds, nearly all of them common to every province in the Dominion. There is a general description under each picture, and more detail about each bird in the following write-ups.

These pictures and material have been provided through the courtesy of the National Museum of Canada. The material is written by Dr. A. L. Rand, of the Museum staff, one of Canada's leading bird experts.

Get your Patrol out on a bird hike soon, and see just how many of these birds you can recognize. Keep a bird log for your Patrol, and we'll provide some additional sketches next month.

Yellow-Shafted Flicker

The flicker is a renegade woodpecker that spends much of its time hopping about on the ground or lawn for insects. It is noisy in the spring and while digging a hole in a dead branch of a shade or fruit tree or in a telegraph pole often stops to call "flicker-flicker-flicker." It lays from five to nine white eggs which rest on a bed of chips at the bottom of the cavity, the parents taking turns at nest duties.

Most of the flickers leave Canada for the winter, and the few that survive the northern winters feed on berries and suet.

The red-shafted flicker of the West is similar, but has red-tinged wings and tail.

Robin

The robin is well known to most Canadians. Most robins fly south for the winter and the few that remain feed on fruits and berries.

The "cheerily-cheerily cheer-up" of the robin is one of the early spring songs. Soon the female builds its mud lined nest of grass and straw in the fork of a tree or in a window ledge. It lays four "robin's egg blue" eggs. When they are able to hop about looking for worms the young have a spotted breast. By the time they flock together in the fall and leave for the south they are red-breasted like the parents.

Cedar Waxwing

This is a soberly dressed bird, distinguished by its crest. Its name comes from little red wax-like tips to some of the wing feathers. Cherry bird is another name, giving a clue to its diet. It is a fruit eater. It is often seen in flocks, its only note being a low twittering. Its nest of twigs is placed in fruit or shade trees, or shrubs and it lays from three to five bluish or greyish eggs with blackish markings. It spends the winter in the southern United States.

Bohemian Waxwing

The bohemian waxwing lives in the northern and western parts of Canada and places its nest in an evergreen tree. It appears about settlements chiefly in the winter and feeds on frozen apples and on berries left hanging on the trees.

Crow

The crow's black feathers and loud "caw, caw" make it known to more people, perhaps, than any other bird. It feeds on almost

everything available—flesh, fish, insects, fruit or grain—and goes southward in the winter from regions of deep snow. The nest is usually in a tall tree and is a bulky structure of sticks well lined with moss and fiber. The three to five eggs are greenish or bluish in colour with brownish markings. The young look like the parents, but at first their voice is a harsh "car." In the fall crows gather in big flocks when roosting. On finding a sleepy owl they gather to scold it with a great uproar.

Meadowlark

The meadowlark attracts attention by its cheering song whistled while sitting on a fence post with its black V breast on a yellow setting turned toward the observer. It is a hardy bird, and comes early and stays late. It seldom comes into gardens, being fonder of fields and roadsides, where it makes its domed nest of grass, artfully hidden on the ground. It lays from four to six white eggs with reddish brown spots. Both parents help to raise the young.

In the summer it feeds on insects found on the ground. It spends the winter in the southern United States.



"You must hear Freddie's imitation of a Boy Scout."

From—Punch.

Chipping Sparrow

This is the most familiar of the native sparrows that feed over lawns and that come up to doorsteps to pick up crumbs. It feeds on insects in the summer and on seeds in the fall. Its song is a simple trill; its nest a dainty cup of rootlets and grass, lined with hairs, placed not far up in shrubbery or tree. It lays from three to five bluish eggs with dark brown spots. In early fall the sparrows band together, feeding in weedy fields and roadsides. Most of them winter in the southern United States.

There are a host of other sparrows some of which are streaked above and below, some that are brown streaked above, others that are mostly red, like crossbills, or purple finches or cardinals, and still others that are mostly yellow like evening grosbeaks. The black, white, and red-breasted grosbeak, the black-and-white lark bunting, the snow bunting, and the longspurs are all sparrows.

House Wren

The house wren is a tiny brown mite of energy. With its short tail cocked up and its scolding notes it bustles about shrubbery and thickets. Its song is bubbling and energetic. It likes nest boxes or natural hollows for nesting, and fills them with sticks, lining the nest with hair, feathers, or down. It lays five to twelve pinkish white eggs with closely spaced brown spots.

It uses odd sites for nests. An old shoe or the sleeve of a coat hung under the eaves of a shed seems just as satisfactory as a proper bird house. It feeds almost entirely on insects and spends the winter in the southern United States.

White-breasted Nuthatch

This nuthatch and its woodland relative the red-breasted nuthatch climb about tree trunks and branches, heads down or up, as they search for insects on or under the bark, winter and summer. The call of the nuthatch is a distinctive nasal "quank", though in the spring it gives a loud musical rolling call, recalling some flicker notes. It builds its nest in a shade or forest tree, in a hole in dead wood and lays five to eight white, brown spotted eggs on the cup-shaped lining of grass, fibers, feathers, and fur.

It stays the year round and comes to feeding stations for suet and sunflower seeds.

Bullock's Oriole

The bullock's oriole has a rather distinctive nest—a woven pendant sack attached to the end of a flexible branch. It has a striking orange and black colour, and its whistled song is lovely. It lays from four to six grayish or bluish eggs marked with fine lines. Insects, gathered from the twigs and branches of tall shade trees are its chief diet. It leaves for the south in the fall and spends the winter in Mexico. In Canada, the bullock's oriole is found chiefly in the western part of the country, while the Baltimore oriole, which is also black and gold in colour and with habits similar to the bullock's oriole, is found chiefly in eastern Canada.

Goldfinch

The goldfinch is the wild canary or thistle bird, black and gold in summer dress, that feeds on dandelion heads and swings gaily over the summer fields singing "per-chic-o-ree." It nests later than most birds, building a nest of fine grass and plant down in a small tree. It lays from three to six pale bluish white, unspotted eggs.

The young and the winter adults are dull coloured olive green and black. Many stay in southern Canada all winter. In flocks they range fields and hedge rows, feeding on weed seeds.

Eastern Kingbird

The kingbird is pugnacious. It sits up straight in conspicuous places, darts out to snap up passing insects on which it feeds and chases any bird from humming bird to crow that passes by. Occasionally it gives sharp calls. It lays from three to five brown spotted white eggs in a nest which is a cup-shaped structure of stems and dry grass and is usually in a low tree in a field or hedge row. In the fall, before leaving for its winter home in South America it sometimes gathers in loose flocks and then may vary its diet with berries.

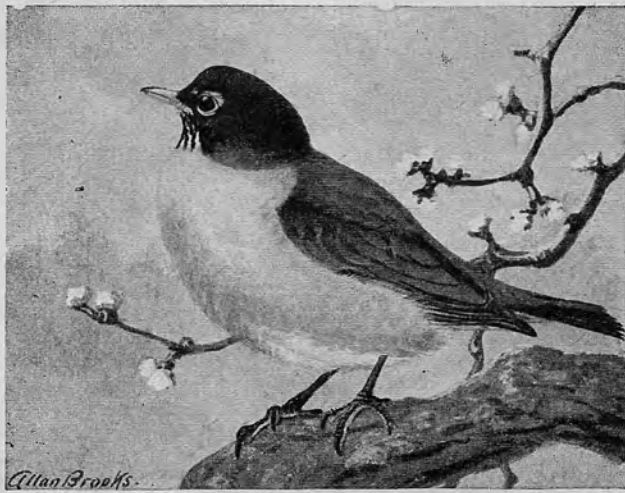
In the West the Arkansas Kingbird is

(Continued on page 6)



Yellow Shafted Flicker

Male Female
Range—N.S. to Alberta and B.C. Colour—Olive brown, yellowish and black, red nape, white rump, male has black moustaches. Length—12 inches.



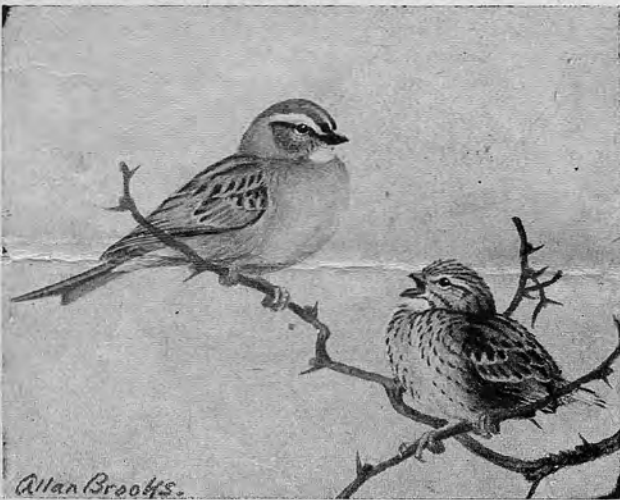
Robin

Range—N.S. to B.C. Colour—Slate and black, breast red. Length—10 inches.



Cedar Waxwing

Range—N.S. to B.C. Colour—Mainly soft brown, yellow under-tail coverts. Length—7 inches.



Chipping Sparrow

Adult Nestling
Colour—Brown and black above, reddish crown, grey below. Length—5¼ inches.



House Wren

Range—N.S. (rare) to B.C. Colour—Brown and grey. Length—5 inches.



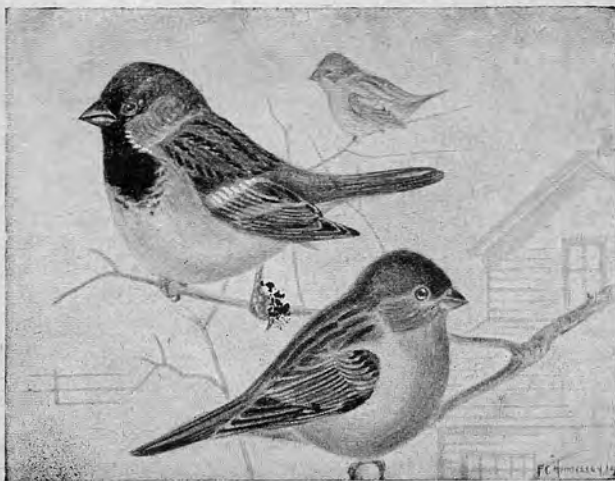
White-Breasted Nuthatch

Range—N.S. to B.C. Colour—Black and white. Length—6 inches.



Eastern Kingbird

Range—N.S. to B.C. Colour—Grey, black and white. Length—8½ inches.



House Sparrow

Male Female
Range—N.S. to B.C. Colour—Brown, black and grey. Length—6½ inches.



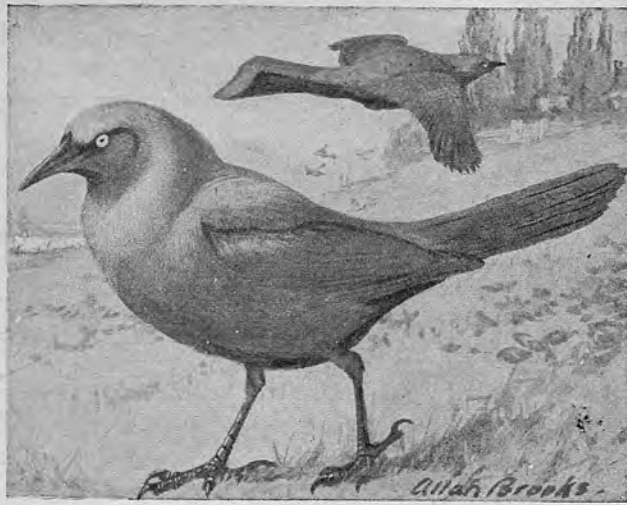
Tree Sparrow

Immature
Range—N.S. to Alberta and B.C. Colour—Brown and white. Length—6 inches.



Bohemian Waxwing

Range—B.C. and eastward in winter to N.S. (rarely). Colour—Mainly soft brown, chestnut under tail coverts. Length—8 inches.



Crow Blackbird

Range—N.S. to Alberta (rarely). Colour—Iridescent black, eye whitish. Length—12 inches.



Meadowlark

Range—N.S. to B.C. Colour—Yellow breast, black on throat, brown and black above, white outer tail feathers. Length—10¾ inches.



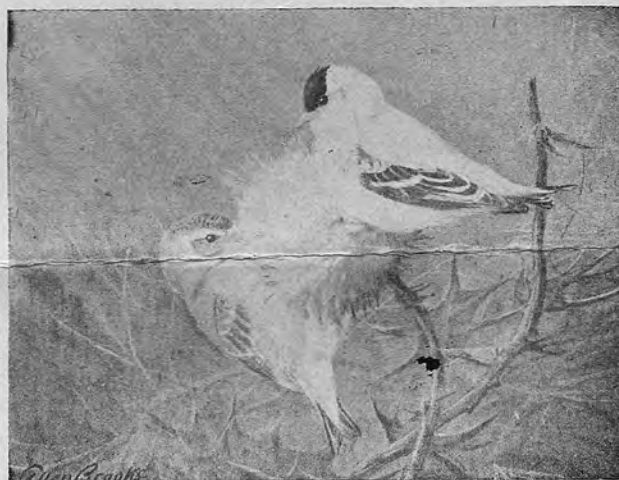
Red Nuthatch

Blue grey, black and white.



Bullock's Oriole

Range—B.C. and Alberta. Colour—Black and orange yellow, white in wings. Length—8¼ inches.



Goldfinch

Female Male
Range—N.S. to B.C. Colour—Yellow and black (summer). Olive and black (winter). Length—5 inches.

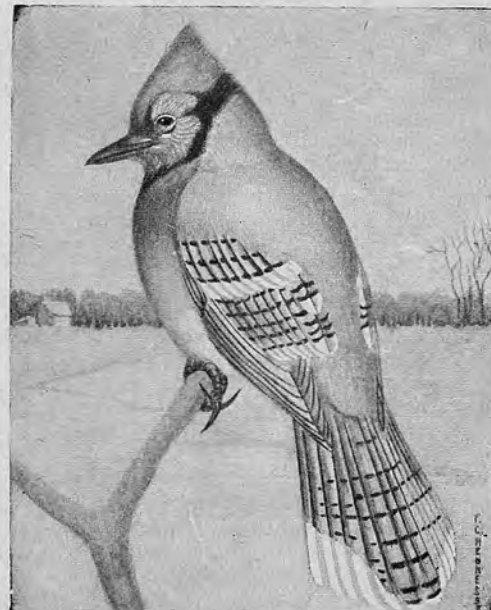


Adult
Greenish above, white below.



Song Sparrow

Range—N.S. to B.C. Colour—Brown, grey and white. Spot on breast and long tail, distinctive. Length—6¼ inches.



Blue Jay

Range—N.S. to Alberta. Colour—Blue, white and black. Length—11¾ inches.

BIRD HIKING IS FUN*(Continued from page 3)*

also found. It is yellow below and has a white edged, black tail. It often nests on window ledges or in holes in trees or posts.

House Sparrow

The English sparrow is a well-established immigrant from Europe and is the bird most commonly seen in back yards and on city streets. This sparrow, with its cheerful chirping, will venture where most other birds will shy away from. It welcomes any kind of food and feeds on crumbs at the door and also searches the shade trees for insects. Its nest is an untidy mass of straw in any available corner or crevice about a building, a bird house, or rarely, the fork of a tree. It lays from four to seven white or olive-coloured eggs with darker markings. It stays in Canada the year round and frequently gathers by the hundreds in grain fields or near elevators.

Tree Swallow

The tree swallow feeds while on the wing over fields, about trees and over water, catching tiny insects in its bill. Solitary couples make nests of stems, dead grass and feathers in hollows in posts or trees, in old woodpecker holes, or in bird boxes. The tree swallow lays from four to seven white eggs. In late fall the birds leave for their winter home in the southern United States.

The violet-green swallow is similar in habits, but it also nests in crevices in cliffs. The purple martins nest in colonies in bird houses and barn swallows, with earthy underparts and long forked tails, nest inside barns. Cliff swallows, make mud nests under the eaves of buildings, bank swallows that nest in colonies in tunnels they dig being relatives that spend the summer in Canada.

Song Sparrow

The song sparrow arrives from its winter home in the southern United States in the early spring and its loud, cheerful song comes from hedge row and shrubbery to herald the spring. Its substantial nest of stems and dead grass is placed low in the shrubbery or on the ground nearby, and it lays from three to seven bluish white eggs with brown spots. When the young are out of the nest, another brood may be raised. The young are fed on insects, but eat many seeds at other times so that the song sparrows can stay late in the fall. Some of them winter in Canada.

The song sparrow has many other notable songster relatives, such as the white-throated and white-crowned sparrows, and the grosbeaks.

Blue Jay and Steller's Jay

These crested jays are beautiful, bold, dashing, noisy birds. In fall and winter they range the forests and groves in small bands, the eastern blue jay calling a loud, clear "jay-jay-jay", the steller's jay a harsh "shaack, shaack, shaack". They delight to gather and pester an owl. In the fall they feed on acorns, holding them in their feet and hammering them open. The jays occasionally store food in cracks and knot holes. In the spring they are less spirited. They build a bulky twig nest in a tree and lay from three to six cream to blue eggs with brown markings. Almost anything edible is food for the jay, including insects, fruit, seeds, mice, and small birds.

The blue and black steller's jay is a western mountain bird.

**BLACK SHEEP PATROL**

By STANLEY PASHKO

Published by arrangement with George J. McLeod Limited, Toronto

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*(Continued from Last Month)***WE DO SOME RECRUITING**

Next day was Sunday, and right after church. Bob Cooke got hold of me and asked if I wanted to go down to the flats after dinner. I was willing. We have a lot of fun down by the river. Even on Sunday, when you've got your best clothes on, you can sail wooden boats down in races, or bombard floating tin cans with rocks, or skip flat rocks 'way across to the other side.

So about two-thirty we walked down by the shanty house where Duke Lee lives and, sure enough, there was young Dukey—I mean Nathaniel Lee—the old man's grandson. And who do you think was with him? Pat Lane! Pat was playing some kind of baseball game with him and showing him how to pitch. The kid was all excited and having a lot of fun. He's a couple of years younger than I am, but he looks especially small on account of being so thin and kind of shy.

As soon as Pat saw us appear across the railroad tracks, he stopped playing ball and introduced the kid to us.

"Hello fellows, I guess you know Nathaniel Lee. Nate, these are the two fellows that found your grandad yesterday. That was some Scouting stunt they pulled to find him, too. This beanpole here is Dick Plant."

I was sort of dazed because I had just figured out something important, but I managed to say, "Hello Nate."

I could see that the kid liked that nickname better than Dukey.

"You know the chunky one—"

"Yes, that's Bob Cooke. He was here yesterday to tell me about the Scouts finding Grandpa, but he didn't tell me it was him."

"Modesty runs in the Cooke family," Pat said. I could see he was trying to cheer up the kid. It was plain as anything now. Pat Lane was just one real hundred per cent all around Scout all right. Sure he promised to come along with us on the searching trip yesterday. But, somehow he found out about the old man's grandson and remembered that he would be all alone. So, like the good Scout that he was, he came down to see what he could do on the home front, while the rest of the Troop was poking around in the woods. The only thing I didn't understand was why he didn't up and tell Larry Firestone last night when Larry got so mad at him.

"Pat, I want to tell you that I had some wrong notions about you last night for a little while," I told him. "I know now that I was wrong."

"You see, Nate? Scouts are observant, too," Pat said kind of kiddingly, but know



A Scout is a Friend to all irrespective of race, or colour or creed. This is well demonstrated in the 201st Toronto (Kiwanis) Troop where the Troop Leader and one of the Patrol Leaders are coloured boys.

that he appreciated knowing that I was for him.

"You two fellows are always together," Nate said. "Are you related?"

"How dare you?" I said as sternly as I could.

"I don't know what you're acting so insulted about," Bob complained. "It hurts me to think that anyone could imagine you belonging to the Cooke clan."

"They're the original Boy Shouts and they even got me to join," Pat told the kid.

"Boy Shouts? You mean Boy Scouts," Bob said.

"No; I was speaking of Dick and you," Pat answered. "And I meant just what I said—Shouts."

"Ouch!" Pat winced.

The kid was interested, because he could see that we always have a lot of fun. Gee, he's right about that. If there's anything I like more than fun, it's adventure, and if there's anything I like more than adventure, it's ice cream. But that's fun, too. I'd like a cone of chocolate ice cream right now.

"How is your grandfather getting along in the hospital?" Bob asked.

"Pat's father took me down in their car to see him today," Nate told us. "Grandpa says he's all right now and ready to come out, but the doctors say he has to stay there for another week before he can come home. Then he'll have to stay in bed here for a while too, I guess."

"Tell Nate how you fellows managed to locate Mr. Lee," said Pat, giving me a wink. He wanted to keep Nate from thinking about his grandfather too much. So, Bob and I took turns telling about how we got the Troop mobilization call, and how we climbed the tree and took a sight to get his position. Nate's eyes bulged when we told him about the smoke signal.

"Gee whiz," he said, sort of wistfully. "I'll bet you fellows have an awful lot of adventures all the time."

"That's nothing," Pat told him. "You should hear about the adventure I had once. I was up in the mountains and there's a place where a cliff drops off about sixty feet straight down. I decided it would save a lot of time to go down the cliff, so I started down. About halfway there was a nice ledge and I stopped for a rest. Suddenly I spied a big bear woofing at me from below the cliff. Was I scared? Not a bit! I began to climb back up and a big wild cat appeared on top of the cliff. I got back on the ledge again, when I noticed that there was a den of rattlesnakes there. Suddenly, the wildcat started climbing down the cliff and the bear started crawling up the cliff and the rattlesnakes all began to come toward me. . . ."

"Gee, what did you do?" the kid asked all out of breath as Pat stopped for a moment.

"What could I do? They ate me up."

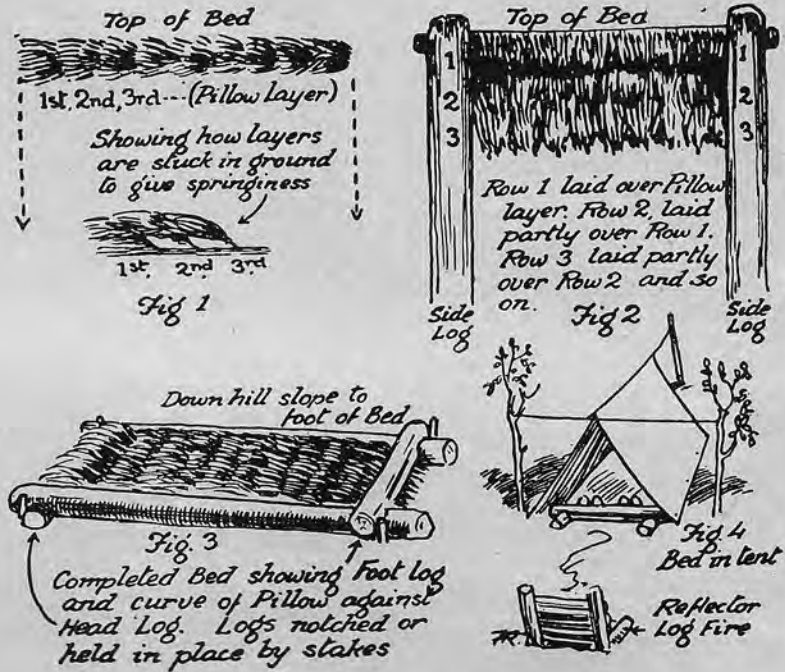
Honest, I thought the kid would die laughing. That was the kind of tonic he needed after the past couple of nights of loneliness and worry.

"Yes, we Scouts are all heroes," I told him. "Bob Cooke here has a medal for extreme heroism."

"What did he do?"

"Why, he helped to teach some Girl Scouts how to handle the knife and ax.

HOW TO MAKE A BALSAM BED



For a real camper, nothing can compare to the delightful comfort of a balsam bed. While some time is required for its construction, the joy of comfortable relaxation amply repays the effort. Scouts will, of course, use judgment in the interests of conservation when using this type of camp-bed, and will not carelessly cut balsam where it is scarce, or in such a way as will injure a tree. Follow the diagram carefully. Figure 1 shows how to place a "Pillow layer" at the head of the bed, before "laying" or "thatching" the balance. Always stick the "butt-end" of boughs in the ground, slanting them in such a way as to overlap the preceding row. The result is a springy, fragrant mattress that can't be duplicated by any factory. When, after considerable use, the needles dry out, the bed may be "freshened" by simply thatching a new layer on top of the old one. Try it on your next camping trip!

There are some Scouts who won the purple heart for that kind of heroic work."

"That's not so heroic," the kid said laughing.

"Oh, no? Did you ever watch a girl handle an ax? Everybody inside of fifty feet is in danger?"

"Where have you been eating?" Bob wondered. Anybody would wonder about that to look at that boy. Honest, he was so thin and small you would never think he was twelve years old.

"The first day Grandpa left some food on the stove for me. Yesterday Pat and I fixed some stuff—Scout style," the kid said proudly.

I looked at Pat kind of surprised. Pat must have been spending some time on his cooking requirements and here was one time it paid off. Once I had an argument with him about that. He claimed that some of the Scout stuff couldn't ever be used by a fellow, and he mentioned cooking to prove it. Now, here was one place already where it came in pretty handy.

"I'm a regular chef now," Pat told us, as he put a paper bag on his hat and pretended to be flopping flapjacks. He gave me a wink and I guess he knew what I was thinking about.

"What did you have today?" Bob queried curiously.

"We had flapjacks and jam, scrambled

eggs, rice with raisins, and cocoa," Pat said kind of proudly.

"Oh—oh!" Bob groaned. "This kid must have a pretty strong constitution if he can look so well right after eating some of Pat's flapjacks."

"What's wrong with my flapjacks?" Pat wanted to know.

"Well, I'd hate to go in swimming for a couple of days after eating one of them. I'd be too heavy to stay on top of the water."

"Listen! My flapjacks are so light that a pound of them only weigh twelve ounces."

The kid was laughing again. He was having fun and I was glad for him.

"Are you going to eat with him until Mr. Lee gets home from the hospital?" I asked Pat.

"Yes, but we're not going to eat indoors all the time. Tonight, Nate is having supper with us, and after that we're going to live a rugged outdoor life."

"How?"

"We're going to do a little camping so that Nate can get a taste of Scouting. I'm trying to convince him he should get into the Troop. We have a lot of fun."

Nate looked kind of embarrassed.

"Honest, I'd like to join up with the Scouts, but Grandpa—but we don't have much money—and. . . ."

"What's money got to do with Scouting?" I wanted to know. "Gee, the Troop dues are only a nickel a week and Bob owes about five weeks already. Our Scoutmaster says he must be passing an ice cream store on his way to the Troop meeting."

"You mean he's *not* passing the ice cream store," said Pat.

"Well, you have to have a Scout suit," said Nate. "I got a Scout catalog and it's got a lot of stuff in it that Scouts use—knives and axes and compasses and things."

Golly, the kid must have been thinking about Scouting before we met him if he went to the trouble of sending for a Scout equipment catalog. I could see that a lot of kids must want to join up in Scouting but are afraid because no one ever explains to them how simple it is.

"You don't need any money," I told him. "Because look at Troop 2 in the Baptist Church. Most of the fellows don't even have Scout uniforms yet. We just happen to have a small Troop and everybody's been in Scouting a pretty long time. You're bound to get a uniform if you're in for a while."

"You can always earn money enough to buy anything that you want badly enough," broke in Pat. "That's what Mr. Morgan always tells us. And the rest of the stuff isn't needed either. That doesn't make you a Scout. Gee whiz, I'll bet Dan Boone never had all that equipment."

"Sure, a Scout is a fellow that does things and knows things," I insisted, "not a fellow who can afford to buy a suit. Gee whiz, if a suit made a Scout, the dummies in the dry goods store would be Eagle Scouts—they're loaded down with Scouting equipment."

"That's some speech," Bob kidded me. "And he hit the head right on the nail," Pat said.

"Anyway," Bob told Nate, "if you're willing, I have an extra uniform that you could have until you can buy your own. I've outgrown it, almost, and I never use it except when I go camping in the summer. It's a spare—like a spare tire—only Scout uniforms never go flat—you can't hurt them without an atomic bomb, so you don't have to worry about wearing it out."

Nate was doubtful about the suit, but we could see that he was excited about the idea of joining our Troop. I made up my mind to tell Mr. Morgan about him. Our Scoutmaster is supergood about sizing up fellows and straightening out troubles. I didn't know just how he would do it, but I was pretty sure that Mr. Morgan would get the kid into the Troop.

I was even beginning to have my old dream about getting up a third Patrol in the Troop. Golly, I've been wanting a third Patrol almost since the day I got into the Troop, but there was always something coming up to spoil my plans. Like the Rams grabbing off Pat Lane, for example.

"Nate kind of surprised me," Pat told us. "He has a Scout *Handbook* and has been studying things from it. He knows a lot about Scouting already."

"I know the Scout Oath and Law by heart," Nate said sort of proud like.

"Let's hear you say them," Bob asked.

"Do I have a right to make the Scout Sign when I say them," the kid asked.

"Sure thing."

The kid stood up, put out his hand in the Scout Sign, and began to say the Scout Oath. It sent goose pimples down my back. When you say it over and over again at Troop meetings you kind of forget that it has a special meaning and the way Nate said it, it sounded almost like the minister reading a prayer—you know what I mean. And good night! When he began on the twelve Scout laws he didn't dash through them: A Scout is Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean, and Reverent. That's the way we do it in the opening ceremony at our Troop meeting.

The kid knew them in full and began

This Month's Patrol Emblem



Patrol Call: Slap made by clapping hands. Patrol Colours: Light Blue and Yellow.

*The pioneer of the pioneer
Who leads our armies too
Is the steady working engineer
A worker through and through.
And we, old friend,
Are proud to lend,
A helping hand to you.
With a beaver slap
And a rap-rap-rap,
We build our bridges true.*

The chief and the usual signal of the beavers is not vocal. It is the well-known "slap" signal, which not only warns those above the surface, but also those below.

The slap, therefore, is the Patrol signal of the Beavers, and the best and simplest way of reproducing it is by smacking the hands together.

with: A Scout is Trustworthy, then told us what that meant just the way the *Handbook* does. "A Scout's honor is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task, when trusted on his honor, he may be directed to hand over his Scout badge."

I'll bet that most of us Scouts have forgotten how to give it in full that way. I was kind of ashamed and I knew how Pat had felt when he realized that he was dashing through his Scouting tests without really learning them.

"Where are you fellows going to camp?" Bob wanted to know. I had almost forgotten about what Pat said. "You know that we've got to stick around town because we're going to get our report cards from school on Friday."

"We're not even going out of town," Pat said. "We're going to have a roving

Congratulations On Your Promotion

Editor's Note. Listed in this column every month are promotions to Troop Leader, Patrol Leader, and awards of the King's Scout Badge and the Bushman's Thong. We do not list Patrol Seconds, First Class Scouts or all round cords, except the latter are mentioned with King's Scout or Bushman's Thong awards. Send your Troop promotions to the *Junior Leader*, The Boy Scouts Association, 306 Metcalfe St., Ottawa.

Promoted to Troop Leader

Charles Alter, 59th Toronto (A Section); Bill Anderson, 1st Weston, Ont.; Douglas Budden, 175th Toronto; Don Fraser, 23rd Vancouver (St. James); Jack Amos, 47th Winnipeg (St. Albans); Vic Cameron, 6th Hamilton, Ont.

Promoted to Patrol Leader

George Payne, 6th Kingston, Ont.; Solly Kornblum, Jerry Pancer, 59th Toronto (A Section); Buddy Kelloway, Bernard Macdonald, Doug White, Charles Wardrope, Barry O'Hara, 1st Weston, Ont.; David Andrews, Joseph Scarborough, Robert Dougherty, William Dandy, 12th Hamilton Sea Scouts; Russell Richardson, 175th Toronto; John Yarnak, Peter Welch, Alan Fink, 23rd Vancouver, (St. James); Arthur Bowler, 36th Ottawa; Harold Harrison, 32nd Ottawa; Bob Heise, 47th Winnipeg (St. Albans); Bruce Shaw, Howard Powell, 5th Hamilton, Ont.; Pat Duffy, 5th Vancouver (Mountaineers); Donald Strause, Keith McIntosh, 1st Pokoka, Alberta, Sea Scouts.

Awarded King's Scout Badge

Robert Anglin, George Payne, Robert Peters, 6th Kingston, Ont.; Buddy Kelloway, 1st Weston, Ont.; Douglas Budden, 175th Toronto; P.L. William FitzPatrick, P.L. James Patterson, P.L. Thomas Stevens, 27th Calgary (St. Mary's); T.L. Cliff Harris, P.L. Bob Pfister, 5th Vancouver (Mountaineers).

Awarded Bushman's Thong

T.L. Vern Raham, 1st Elk Point, Alberta; Douglas Budden, 175th Toronto.

SHOWMEN WERE SCOUTS

Wayne and Shuster, two of Canada's leading radio entertainers gained some of their early experience in the show business by producing a concert for their Boy Scout Troop in Toronto which netted the Troop Funds \$40.

camp. Tonight we'll sleep in the tent I pitched in our back yard. Maybe tomorrow we'll pitch it down here by the river and get in a little bit of fishing. I've got another camp site in mind that's right near a beautiful garden with a couple of hundred acres of landscaped ground right near—full of statutes."

"There's no such place near Clearview," Bob said.

"Sure there is. It's right on North Hill. 'The cemetery!'"

That crazy goof was always talking like that. He was almost as bad as Bob and me. He really belonged with us.

(Continued Next Month)