

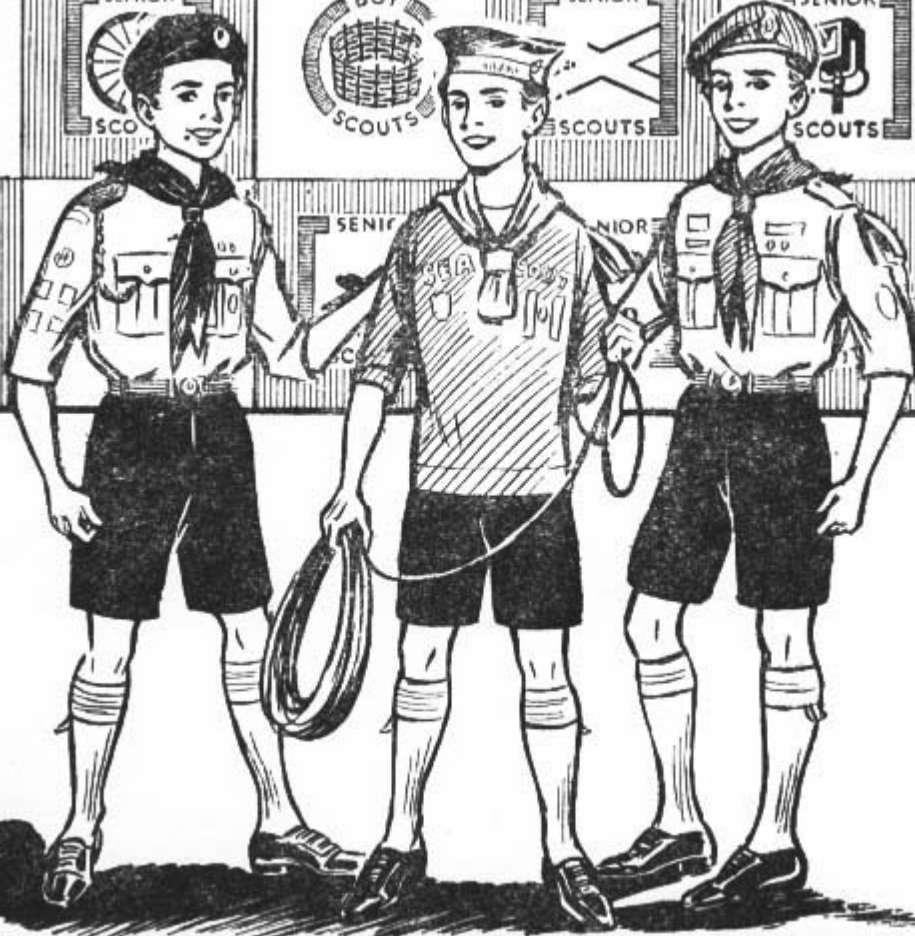
The **SCOUT'S**

# **PATHFINDER**

**ANNUAL**









## THE LAW

- (1) *A Scout's honour is to be trusted.*
- (2) *A Scout is loyal to the Queen, his country, his Scouters, his parents, his employers, and to those under him.*
- (3) *A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.*
- (4) *A Scout is a friend to all, and a brother to every other Scout, no matter to what country, class or creed the other may belong.*
- (5) *A Scout is courteous.*
- (6) *A Scout is a friend to animals.*
- (7) *A Scout obeys orders of his parents, Patrol Leader, or Scoutmaster, without question.*
- (8) *A Scout smiles and whistles under all difficulties.*
- (9) *A Scout is thrifty.*
- (10) *A Scout is clean in thought, word, and deed.*





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**The SCOUTS**

# PATHFINDER

ANNUAL



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There was something sinister about the place.



# THIEVES' CAMP



by  
LEIGHTON HOUGHTON

“WELL, you couldn't have a better site than this. There's everything we want.”

Robert had found the farm and chosen the place where we were to pitch our tent for the weekend. This was the final task he had to do to complete his First Class, and we had hiked out to Llanmawr with the intention of camping there.

Llanmawr itself consisted only of a small group of cottages, a post-office, a general store which sold everything from a packet of tea to a pair of gum-boots, and a few scattered farms. An inquiry at the post-office had sent us for another half-mile to the nearest farmhouse, where a friendly farmer had at once given us permission to camp on his land.

Leaving the stackyard, we crossed the river by a plank bridge and climbed the opposite hill to the small, dark wood which crowned its summit. Here Robert chose an outcrop of rough grassland sheltered from the prevailing wind by the trees and commanding a magnificent view across the valley.

“Masses of firewood on our doorstep and a stream for washing.” Robert dropped the lightweight tent rolled in its valise and slipped

off his rucksack. “I'm going to make our camp a showplace for gadgets and sketch them all in my log-book.”

Yet for some reason which I could not explain, I did not share his enthusiasm. It was true that there seemed to be nothing wrong with the site itself; indeed, it was as good a site as any Scout could have found. Maybe it was the wood, its close-packed trees shutting out the sunlight and the ground between them entangled with rank undergrowth. There was something sinister about it, and, kneeling to cut out the turf for the fireplace, I found myself glancing uneasily over my shoulder as though someone might be watching me from the shadowed scrub.

Robert, who was unrolling the tent, looked across at me, frowning. “Well, it is a good site, isn't it? I mean, it's got everything.”

“Yep!” I tried to sound as though I meant it. “I haven't said it isn't, have I?”

“No, but anybody can sense you're not keen on it. What's wrong with it, anyway?”

“Nothing's wrong.” I shrugged my shoulders. The sun had dropped below the hills and the shadows in the wood were deepening.

'I dunno, but it just doesn't feel right. There's something wrong somewhere—or perhaps it's just me.'

"Then it's just you!" He laughed, busy at pegging out the guys. "I'm off wooding as soon as I've got this fixed. Can I leave you the grease-pit?"

Neither of us mentioned the site again, and presently Robert went into the wood to find kindling. I could hear him trampling through the undergrowth, whistling out of tune. I sat by the tent making a lattice of thin, green branches for the grease-pit cover. He came back once, carrying an armful of dead thornwood which would give the cooking fire a good start; then he went back to collect stouter branches. He could have found all the fuel he wanted within a yard or two of the wood's edge, but apparently he enjoyed crashing his way through the scrub, for after a minute or two I could no longer hear him.

I had finished the grease-pit and was on all-fours by the fireplace, building the thorn-

wood into a little pyramid, when I happened to glance up. I had a queer feeling that something had happened on the other side of the valley, and I paused, staring across at the deserted fields which climbed the opposite hill and the black mass of trees silhouetted against the fading sky, in which an early star winked dimly.

Something flashed among the trees. It must have been half a mile away, but it was quite distinct. I knelt, gazing at the place where I had seen it, wondering if it was only a trick of my imagination. Then it flashed again.

It was at that moment that Robert came back.

"I say, somebody over there is watching us through field-glasses," I told him.

He came to my side, dropping the load of wood he was carrying. "So what? It's a free country."

I said, "I remember Skip's field-glasses flashing like that when we played that stalking game last summer camp."





## THIEVES' CAMP

"So what?" said Robert again. "Maybe they haven't had Scouts camping hereabouts before. Suppose someone has had a look at us through glasses; you can't call it a crime. Let's get a move on with the fire; I'm ready for supper."

"Bacon and egg," I said, taking the matches from my pocket. "We'll keep the steak for tomorrow's dinner."

"I'm putting all the stores in my rucksack. We can each fry our bacon in our own billy lids."

We turned in early, for the April evening was chilly and we were both tired after the day's hike. Robert sat in his blankets, writing up his log and drawing sketches and little maps, with a flashlight hanging from the ridge-pole by a piece of string. I was asleep before he had finished it.

I woke with a start. Robert, dressed, was kneeling on my legs and shaking me.

"Rouse up! Something's happened. We've been raided!"

I sat up, blinking. Through the flaps I could see a blue pencil of smoke rising from the fire into a pale sky.

I said, "What d'you mean—raided? What on earth's the time?"

"Half-six. It's the stores. Somebody's pinched the meat."

I struggled out of my sleeping-bag and crawled into the open. The grass was cold with dew and there was a blackbird singing, perched on one of the billies.

Robert's rucksack, the neck unlaced, was hanging from the low branch of a small tree at the back of the tent, where he had left it last evening. A torn piece of greaseproof paper was caught in a nearby bush, and, as he had said, the steak had disappeared. Nothing else in the rucksack had been touched.

I said, "I suppose you left it open. You didn't tie——"

"It was hung off the ground," he retorted. "I didn't expect anyone to come snooping around in the dark."

"Rouse up! Something's happened. We've been raided!"



"Funny they only took the steak. I suppose it could have been an animal—one of the farm-dogs or a fox?"

"Of course it couldn't," he answered contemptuously. "Can you see a dog standing on its hind legs and fishing out the meat without disturbing anything else? Everything else is untouched, neat and tidy. It couldn't have been an animal——"

He stopped abruptly, interrupted by the sound of a footfall on the far side of the tent. We both spun round suspiciously.

A man was standing by the flaps. He was a big man, dressed in tweed breeches and carrying one of those spiked shooting-sticks with a handle that flattens out to make a seat. A pair of field-glasses in a leather case were slung over his shoulder.

"Scouts, eh?" He leaned on his stick, staring at us and frowning. "I suppose you've got permission?"

I said, "We asked at the farm. They told us we could pitch anywhere we liked."

The man bit his lip, tapping one of his feet impatiently. His voice, when he spoke again, was tinged with hostility.

"Maybe they did, but there are better places than this in the valley. You'll have to shift from up here."

"I don't see why." Something in the man's attitude angered me. "The farmer said anywhere and we happen to like it here."

For answer the man thrust a hand into the inside of his coat. "I'm asking you. You move—find another spot. If this is any help in persuading you. . . ." He held out a pound note.

Robert's temper suddenly flared up. "We don't want money. We're Scouts. We've got permission to be here and we're staying here. If you want it any different you'd better go and see the farmer."

The man crumpled the note in his fist, his cheeks flushing with annoyance.

"All right, we'll see!" There was a threat in his tone. "I'll have you away from here. I know you Scouts. You mess

up the countryside. You'll hear more from me, I promise you."

He turned away and went striding angrily down the hillside, threshing out with his stick at the clumps of nettles.

"Of all the cheek! Who does he think he is?" I watched him until the fall of the ground hid him. "I'm sure of one thing—the farmer didn't send him."

"He hasn't any right to tell us to go," said Robert. "You could tell that by the way he talked. Fancy offering us a pound!"

"I wonder why." The incident had brought back my feeling of uneasiness. "Why should he want us to move?"

"Search me! Now what about this steak? In case you've forgotten, cooking meat is an essential part of my test."

"You'll have to see if you can buy some more in the village," I said. "There's a boy at the farmhouse—maybe he's got a bike that he'd lend you. You can go after we've had breakfast."

I picked up the greaseproof paper and carried it to the fire. Later I searched the area near the tree carefully, but the thief had left no clue to his identity and the ground was too dry to record his tracks.

Robert walked down to the farm as soon as we had eaten our breakfast, and for twenty minutes I was kept busy with the washing-up and the tidying of the site. Later I would try a dip in the river, but I would wait till the morning was warmer and Robert was back. More to fill in time than anything, I washed my neckerchief at the stream and lashed branches into a framework on which I could hang it to dry. Our neckerchiefs are dark-green with an orange border.

Afterwards I wandered into the wood to gather fuel. There was sunlight among the trees and the scrub was a mass of bramble trailers which tore viciously at my knees. It was strangely quiet, the silence unbroken by the song of birds, but twice there was the staccato snapping of branches and once the heavy crash of a dead bough falling with startling abruptness.



## THIEVES' CAMP

I had pushed twenty yards into the wood and was about to turn round and return to camp when a new, faint sound caught my attention—a faint, weak mewling, like that of a small kitten.

I stood listening. Presently it came again—not very far away—over to my left. But when I kicked through the scrub in that direction it sounded from behind me. After several efforts to trace it, I gave it up and went back to camp.

The moment I came out of the trees I saw that my neckerchief had gone. The framework of boughs stood, bare and untouched, on the grass, but the scarf had disappeared. I ran forward, thinking that it must have been blown aside by the wind, though the breeze was so slight that it could hardly have lifted it, and almost before I started to look round for it I knew that that could not have happened. Although I spent the next half-hour searching among the nearer bushes, I didn't find it.

When Robert came back, holding the parcel containing another portion of steak, I had accepted the obvious—my scarf had vanished.

"But for crying out loud . . . !" Robert wandered round the site, poking among the tussocks. "It can't just have gone. It must be somewhere."

"You find it, then," I answered. "I tell you, it's been stolen. It isn't anywhere. It might have been old and faded, but I shall feel half undressed going back without the wretched thing."

"Who would have wanted it? Anyway, how long were you gone?"

"Fifteen minutes at the most," I replied. "I wouldn't have been that long, only I thought I heard a kitten mewling and I did a spot of searching."

"A kitten?" He looked at me as though he were wondering if I had been touched by the sun. "You didn't find one, of course?"

"I couldn't trace it. Whenever I went one way I seemed to hear it from another direc-

tion. I thought someone might have put down snares and it had got caught—"

"No one's been in these woods for donkey's years; you can tell that by the way the undergrowth's all matted. Well, I don't know what can have happened to your necker, but it certainly seems to have gone."

I went to the stream and filled one of the billies, then squatted on the grass, peeling potatoes. Robert said he was going to fry the steak and afterwards make pancakes.

"Robert!" I spoke on the spur of the moment, voicing my thoughts. "Let's pack up when we've had tea. You'll have done enough for your First Class hike, and, if you're keen, we can camp somewhere on the way home."

"Why should we?" He stared at me, frowning. "I like it here."

"I don't. I can't explain why, but I'd rather move."

"That man hasn't scared you, has he?"

"Of course not! He's got nothing to do with it."

"You can go if you want to," said Robert stubbornly, "but I'm staying put, if it's only because that fellow tried to bribe us to quit. I'm sticking my heels in. I grant you the place seems to be a den of thieves—the steak and now your scarf—but I'm not leaving till tomorrow, same as we planned."

"All right," I said, with a shrug; "have it your way; I'll stay too. Do we each fry our own meat in our billy lids?"

We saw no more of our early-morning visitor, and the remainder of the day passed uneventfully. Most of the afternoon we spent in and out of the river, and when we came back to camp the fire had nearly burned itself out. I flung on the last handful of kindling and we walked into the wood to gather more fuel for the woodpile. Presently Robert wandered away from me. I could still hear him crashing about in the undergrowth, but I couldn't see him. Then, quite suddenly, I caught the faint sound of mewling. I called to Robert and he came

leaping through the scrub, his arms full of dead wood. I gestured to him to move quietly.

"I heard it, then—a cat mewling. It must be a snare."

He stood, listening, but there was nothing except the occasional crackle of twigs and once a quiet rustling in the undergrowth. Then it sounded again.

Robert put down his load of wood and stepped cautiously towards a clump of bushes, beckoning me to follow. Beyond the bushes there was a small, dark clearing in the centre of which stood a single tree, very tall and straight, rising above the matted foliage of the stunted oaks and small beeches. Robert ran forward, looking at the ground at the tree's foot. The soil was littered with the bleached bones of little animals.

"Look at these!" Robert poked at them with his fingers. "Something's been having a feast."

There were feathers among the bones, the delicate feathers of wild birds, and scraps of shrivelled skin with mousy-coloured fur still attached to them.

A bush stirred suddenly, and I glanced up. I caught a glimpse of grey-striped, mangy fur and a small, round face, with flattened ears and gleaming yellow eyes and a grinning mouth set in a fiendish snarl. The creature hissed at us, lashing its tail, leaped backwards and was gone.

"For Pete's sake!" I caught Robert's arm. "Did you see that? What kind of animal was it?"

Robert sprang at the bush, but the creature had vanished.

"A common or garden cat." He came slowly back. "One of the farm cats gone wild, I shouldn't wonder. And that's our meat-thief. A cat could have climbed on to the branch where I hung the rucksack and hooked the steak out with its paw."

"And my kitten? Probably it's got a litter——"

As though to contradict me, the mewling

sounded again, but this time I was able to locate it. It came from above our heads.

"A kitten, eh?" Robert laughed, as he stood back and gazed upward, shading his eyes. "Your mewling's the call of a bird, and that explains why you heard it from different directions. Looks as though there might be a nest."

High among the upper branches of the tree there was a shapeless mass of sticks touched now by the last rays of the dying sun. Something among that litter caught my eye—something that moved gently in the breeze, dark-green and orange.

"My necker! Robert, my scarf's hanging up there!"

"I believe you're right." Robert stared at it, frowning. "But what on earth carried it up there?"

"Whatever it was, I'm jolly well getting it back." I moved to the trunk, reaching for the lowest bough. "It must be a pretty big bird——"

"You'll never climb up to it," Robert interrupted. "Those top branches wouldn't stand your weight. You might poke it down if you had a long stick."

We went back into the scrub, searching the trees for a suitable branch, but when at last we found one it was too tough to break and I had to fetch the axe from our camp. The light was fading rapidly when at last we made our way to the clearing again. But as we pushed out of the bushes we saw that someone else had reached it before us. Our visitor of the morning was standing there, his back against the trunk of the tree, waiting for us.

"Go away!" he snarled. "I'd spotted this nest before you'd even suspected it. The eggs are mine."

"Eggs?" I stared at him, taken aback. "We're not interested in eggs. Scouts don't collect——"

"Very well, then." He dug the point of his stick into the ground and turned towards the tree. "You stay where you are till I've done."



Robert said angrily, "Robbing birds' nests is wrong."

But the man had already hoisted himself on to the lowest branch and he was climbing with the agility of long practice. From above him came a sudden beating of giant wings and the plaintive, mewing cry we had heard before. Then, with violent unexpectedness, there came an interruption.

A lithe grey body leapt from the foliage of a higher branch and balanced itself, poised and menacing, above the man's unprotected face. The cat's features were contorted with fury as it snarled down at him. Then it sprang.

The man raised an arm, trying to fend it off, but the cat wrapped itself about his face and tore at him with its claws. The man uttered a cry of fear and pain, lost his hold and came crashing through the branches to the ground.

"It must be half a century since the glead nested in the Llanmawr valley." The farmer leaned on the rail of the plank bridge, gazing up at the dark woods. "Folk used to say: 'When the glead nests, look to thy lesser linen, for it likes a bit of bright-coloured rag to line its nest!'"

"Well, this one's got my scarf, right enough," I said; "but what is a glead? You did say glead, didn't you?"

"It's a kite—as handsome a bird as you'll find; but what with the local folk shooting it for fear it slaughtered their chicks and the egg-collectors coming from far and near as soon as it built its nest, it were practically wiped out. The same would have happened to this pair, although the law is supposed to protect it, if your gentleman friend had had his way."

They had treated the would-be egg collector at the farmhouse the previous evening. He had been lucky to escape with nothing much worse than bruises and scratches. His face when he left to catch the last bus had been a patchwork of sticking-plaster. He wasn't likely to go egg-collecting again in a hurry—if ever.



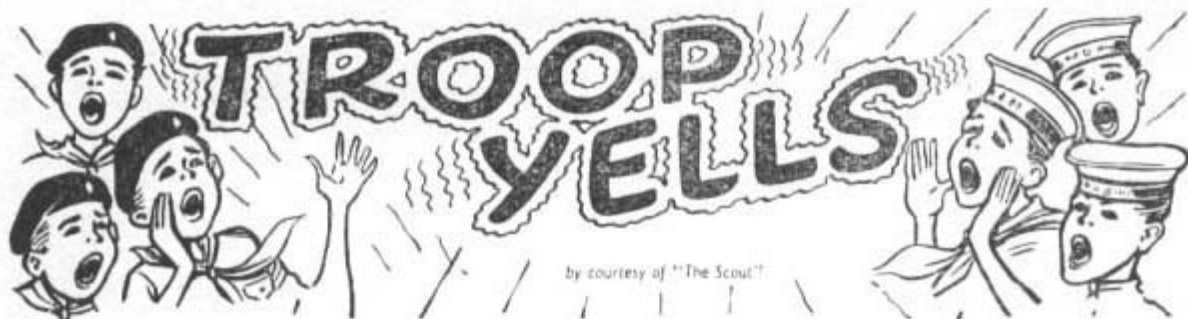
The man lost his hold and came crashing down

Robert turned to me, hitching up his rucksack. "Your hunch was right about the camp. It was nothing but a meeting-place for thieves, what with the bird stealing your scarf, the cat taking our meat, and that fellow trying to take the eggs." He grinned. "Still, it's given me a smashing write-up for my log."

"Look you now!" The farmer grasped my shoulder, pointing down the valley. "You'll never see a rarer sight than that!"

A huge bird, five feet from wing-tip to wing-tip, was gliding out of the wood, sweeping down towards the fields with slow, majestic beats of its great wings, the sunlight catching the pale feathers of its head and the rich chestnut of its body. It swerved and began to rise, uttering its strange, mewing cry, *whee-heh-heh-heh, whee-eee-eee.*

"A rare bird!" The farmer watched it, shading his eyes. "I were nowt but a lad the last time the glead nested in Llanmawr—fifty years, and now it's come back!"



by courtesy of "The Scout"

(ordinary voice) Engobinia Gee  
 (louder voice) Engobinia Gee  
 (shouting) Engobinia Gee  
 (softly) Uteenee Wah

**2nd Epsom**

Who are we?  
 Can't you see?  
 Golden Hind!  
 Golden Hind!  
 Deptford Scouts!  
 D-E-P-T-F-O-R-D!  
 Deptford Scouts!  
**27th Deptford**

We have a dear Scoutmaster, Bosun by name;  
 If you've heard him once you will know him again.  
 He stands on the floor and he bawls and he shouts,  
 "Pack it up (name); stop mucking about".  
 The P.L.s and T.L., they bawl and they shout,  
 They know sweet nothing what they're shouting about;  
 To be in our Scout Troop you might as well be  
 A-shovelling mud on the Isle of Capri.

15th Camberwell's Troop Song (Tune: "Isle of Capri")

Adiji, Adiji, Ah! ooh! Ah!  
 Adiji, Adiji, Ah! Ooh! Ah!  
 Ah, Ooh Ah, Zimboo baa,  
 Wah, Wah, Wah.

**4th Nuneaton**

Two, two, one,  
 Two, two, one;  
**FRE-CHE-VILLE,**  
**FRECHEVILLE!**  
**221st Sheffield**



Nobody's got the Skipper,  
 Nobody's got the lads,  
 Nobody's got the fellows,  
 The 1st Shawbury has.

**1st Shawbury (Salop)**

I-2-T-H, we're the Twelfth,  
 We are Boy Scouts full of stealth;  
 We use the left hand when we shake  
 And we are always wide awake.  
 I-2-T-H-C-H-I-C-H-E-S-T-E-R,  
**12th CHICHESTER,**  
**HURRAAAAAAY!**

**12th Chichester**

GREY and GREEN, GREY and GREEN  
 (loud on GREY)  
**HERE WE ARE, ALL OF US,**  
**M-O-N-T-O-N** (emphasis on M and T)  
**THE FIFTH** (as loud as possible).

**5th Eccles**

East or West!  
 East or West!  
 Which Troop is the best?  
**B-O-L-T-O-N V-I-L-L-A-S**  
 (Getting louder)  
**BOLTON VILLAS!**  
 (As loud as possible)

**44th Bradford East**

All: Well, Well, Well,  
 We have no yell,  
 But when we yell, we yell like  
 1st two: L      4th two: T  
 2nd two: E      5th two: O  
 3rd two: Y      6th two: N  
 All: LEYTON!

**10th Leyton**

**We've done fine! We've done well!**  
**Now for an ear-drum-splitting yell!**  
**Panthers! Panthers! Panthers!**

Panther Patrol Yell

4th G double O-D-M-A-Y-E-S,  
 P-A-U-L, Paul:  
 4th Goodmayes is best of all,  
**KIM, KUM, KAA.**

**4th Goodmayes**

Nails and tacks (softly),  
 Rails and cracks (getting loud),  
 Hollington Scouts (louder still)  
 Are cracker "A" jacks (shouting),  
**YES, CRACKER "A" JACKS!**  
 (Shouting this very loudly)

**St. Leonards-on-Sea**

First . . . . . Twenty-first  
 Cam . . . . . Camberwell  
**T(eeeeeee) . . . . . RIN-I-TY.**

**21st Camberwell**

(whose sponsoring authority is  
 Trinity College Mission, Cambridge)



Everybody stand, shouting:  
 Sumus, Erimus, Optime (pronounced ee),  
 St. Mary's College Scouts are we. **Rah!**  
 Everybody crouching, rising slowly, chant:  
 Founded nineteen hundred and ten,  
 Here we are as good as then,  
 Here we are before you now,  
 Here we are take a bow.  
**Rah! Rah! Rah!** (standing).

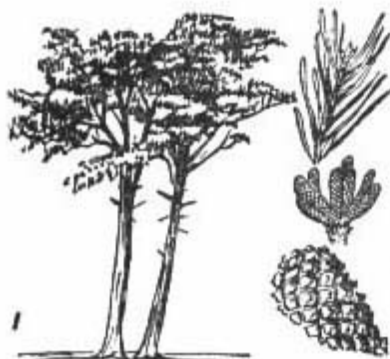
**1st Middlesbrough**

You send 'em—we'll print 'em: address to  
 Editor, Pathfinder Annual, Purnell, 2 Portman Street, W.1



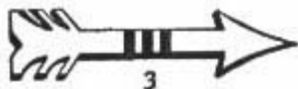
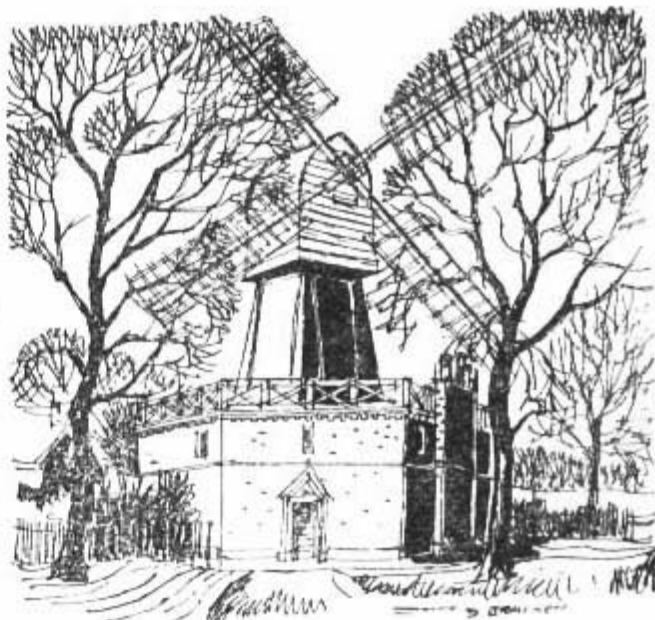
# PICTURE QUIZ

Answers are on page 125

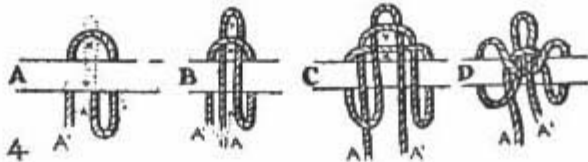


1. What tree is this?

2. Where is this windmill and what is its connection with Scouting?



3. Of what Jamboree was this the symbol?



4. What knot is this when finished?  
5. What would you have to do to gain this badge?



5

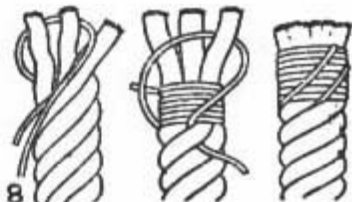


6

6. Where could you see either of these two badges?



7. What knot is this?



8

8. What is this whipping called?



10

9. Where is this?  
10. What was the name of this man and this boy?





# NAUTICAL KNOWLEDGE



## FLAGS and BELLS

Scouts should know about flags. Do you know the difference between the Union Flag and the Union Jack? The combined crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick should always be known as the Union Flag, unless they are flown from a Jack staff, which is a small staff on the end of the bowsprit (a large spar projecting over the bows) or at the fore end of a ship. When they are flown thus they should be known as the Union Jack.

### *Union Jack and Pilot Jack*

The Union Jack is flown at the Jack staff by all H.M. ships of war when at anchor, but not at sea, unless the ship is dressed for some special occasion like the Queen's birthday.

At sea the only man who can fly the Union Flag is an Admiral of the Fleet, and he flies it at the main masthead.

Merchant ships fly a Pilot Jack, which is a Union Jack with a white border.

### *Bells*

"Strike the bell eight!"

It would be hard to estimate the number of times this order has been given for striking the bells on board ships to denote the passing of time. Long before the dawn of the Christian era men had gone to sea in ships and, even previous to that, men had sailed on the inland waters of the great continents. The very earliest records of China



depict Chinese ships travelling up and down its great rivers.

Clocks, as we know them now, were not invented until the fourteenth century. However, there were various ways of approximating time in the old days, including the sundial, the water-clock, and the hour-glass. On board ship it was not possible to use the sundial or the water-clock because these called for a solid foundation and steadiness. So it was necessary to use the hour-glass for marking the passage of time. In the early days on large ships the emptying of the sand from the upper to the lower half of a so-called hour-glass was announced by the striking of a gong in the central part of the ship.

Before the use of sails the passage of time was extremely important to the poor rowers on the slave ships of Assyria and Egypt, and even in the time of the Romans and Greeks. You can imagine how welcome the sound of the gong must have been to the slaves who manned the oars of the biremes and triremes, the two and three-banked rowing craft of the Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians.

In those very early days, sand passed from one half of the glass to the other in approximately half an hour. A normal turn at the oars consisted of two shifts of the glass—that is, one hour of time. The gong was struck

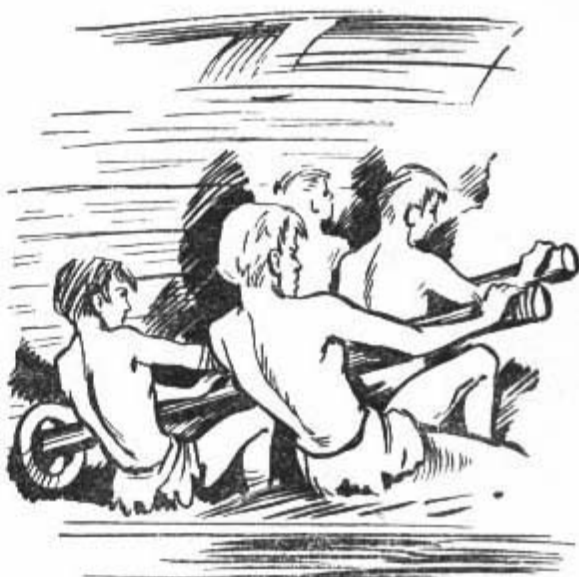


once at the end of the half-hour and twice at the end of the hour.

When the use of auxiliary sails came into being, the spell at the oars was extended over a longer time—four turns of the glass. This period of time was indicated by striking the gong four times, with an interval between the second and third strikes. When sails entirely superseded oars, the length of the time that men were on watch (on duty) was extended up to eight turns of the glass, which corresponds to the present length of a watch—namely, four hours. Today these watches are indicated by the striking of the ship's bell at half-hour intervals, thus making a total of eight bells for each watch. It is common practice in Sea Scout Units to strike ship's bells throughout the meetings.

The passage of time on board ship is now indicated by bells almost universally. Official time on board English Naval vessels was recorded by hour-glasses as late as the year 1859, despite the fact that all other nations had long since used clocks.

Today the day of 24 hours is divided



into seven watches. The three different methods of describing them are:—

- 0000 to 0400: midnight to 4 a.m.—middle watch.
- 0400 to 0800: 4 to 8 a.m.—morning watch.
- 0800 to 1200: 8 a.m. to noon—forenoon watch.
- 1200 to 1600: noon to 4 p.m.—afternoon watch.
- 1600 to 1800: 4 to 6 p.m.—first dog watch.
- 1800 to 2000: 6 to 8 p.m.—last dog watch.
- 2000 to 2400: 8 to midnight—first watch.

The purpose of the two dog watches is to make an odd number of watches in the 24 hours, thus giving the men different watches each day.

Time is denoted on board ship by striking a bell every half-hour, the rule being: one stroke of the bell at half-past four, half-past eight, and half-past twelve, one more stroke being added for each half-hour until eight strokes of the bell, or eight bells, are reached at four, eight, and twelve. The dog watches are different, 6.30 p.m. being one bell, 7 p.m. two bells, and 7.30 p.m. three bells, but eight o'clock is always eight bells. "Little one bell" is a light stroke struck five minutes after the beginning of the night watch, and calls the watch to muster.



GET ALL THE PATROL TO  
'MUCK-IN' ON MAKING A NEW

# PATROL FLAG



GREEN AND PURPLE FLASH

THE WOODPECKERS USE  
A COMBINATION OF  
CLOTH AND LEATHER TO  
SUGGEST TREE BARK

ATTACHED TO  
THE STAFF WITH  
A VERY NEAT  
LASHING

AN OLD BUS  
RADIATOR  
MAS COT  
(INDIAN HEAD)  
FORMS  
THE HEADPIECE

GREEN

WHITE

THE LAYOUT OF THE CONSTELLATION  
"AQUILA" (THE EAGLE)  
FORMS THE DESIGN FOR THIS  
FLAG; A GREEN BACKGROUND  
WITH THE WING-TIPS IN  
BLACK TO COMPLETE  
PATROL COLOURS

LEATHER LACING  
AROUND THE EDGE  
OF THE PEEWITS'  
FLAG

FOR THE COBRA PATROL:  
A POLISHED TWISTED STAFF



# THE PHILMONT SCOUT RANCH

by

THE WORLD CHIEF GUIDE

Olave, Lady Baden-Powell, G.B.E.



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The Guide

I wonder if any of you have read a poem called *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Miles Standish was one of the "pilgrims" who went to America in the *Mayflower* in the year 1620, and I want to tell you a little about one of his descendants, whose story I came across the other day when visiting a wonderful Scout training centre in the state of New Mexico, in the U.S.A.

His name is Mr. Waite Phillips and it is a name that will live for all time in the annals of the Boy Scouts of America.

As a boy Waite Phillips lived on a farm in the state of Iowa. His father, a building contractor and farmer, had fought for the Union during the Civil War, and his two younger sons—twins—began life in a very small way, working as labourers in construction work throughout the Rocky Mountains and Pacific Coast states. Waite was a lover of the open air, of everything to do with outdoor life, and when later he had to enter the business world and sit at an office desk he determined that if ever he became a rich man he would try to hand on to other boys some of the happiness that he had gained through his outdoor life on ranch and farm.

### *Spending for Others*

But first he had to work hard and earn the money which would enable him to carry out his projects. From selling coal he turned his attention to oil and worked on the production of crude oil. Eventually, through hard work and determination to succeed, he built up a big fortune. Then, instead of sitting down to enjoy his good fortune by himself, he began to work out ways of spending it for the benefit of other people. He endowed colleges, art centres, homes for handicapped children,

hospitals, and other good causes where his money could help people less well-off. But he never forgot his own early love of Nature, and perhaps of all his gifts and benefactions what he enjoyed most was giving the 127,000 acres of the Philmont Ranch in New Mexico to the Boy Scouts of America for a national camp and Scout Leaders' Training Centre—like our Gilwell Park on a very much bigger scale.

I visited this wonderful site the other day—a perfect spot, for the gift of which generations of Scouts and their Leaders will have cause to be grateful.

### *The Great Out-of-Doors*

In handing over the property to the Boy Scouts of America Mr. Phillips said that in his opinion nothing could be more valuable in helping young people to meet the problems they must face in the future than to enlarge and develop the Scout programme, which develops initiative, self-reliance, and dependability.

"It has always been my belief," he says, "that the best contribution to that kind of development is by living close to Nature in the great out-of-doors." (And so say all of us!)

Mr. Waite Phillips is one of many great men who have made fortunes not for themselves but in order that they may more fully help other people to lead the happiest lives—and what tremendous happiness he must have brought into his own life through seeing how his gift is appreciated and used.

*Olave Baden-Powell*



# ARE YOU A HAM?

ROBERT HUMPHREY TELLS YOU

HOW YOU CAN BE



Would you like to be able to speak directly to Scouts in all parts of the world, Scouts whose interests are the same as your own? This is one of the many attractions of the fascinating hobby of amateur radio.

Many Scouts like making things with their hands, especially things which can be made to work. If you take up amateur radio, you will be doing just this all the time.

You will want to build your own receiver. It is quite simple to make a crystal-set type of receiver which, in good conditions, will pick up five or six stations quite clearly on headphones, without the use of batteries or mains. This is a good beginning.

### *Build Your Own*

From this it is only a short step to the building of a two- or three-valve short-wave receiver capable of receiving signals from all parts of the world. It is on these short-wave bands that you will hear the "hams", as radio amateurs are called, speaking to each other in all parts of the globe on their own special frequencies. Some of these signals will be in speech (telephony), whilst others will be in Morse Code (telegraphy). So the next thing to do is to learn to read these code signals.

As you are a Scout, you may already know the code, but you will find the radio signals fairly fast. It's not an easy thing to learn to read telegraph signals, but it's worthwhile. It is possible to learn by yourself, just by listening, but you will probably get on much faster if you can enlist the aid of some friend who was a radio operator in one of the services. Once you begin to read the amateur's code signals, a whole new world of fun will open to you. As a Scout, you will be able to join in the Jamboree-on-the-Air, which has been an official annual event since 1958, and a very successful one.

You may wonder how the "hams" over-

come the language difficulty. This is done by the use of the international "Q Code", together with a number of their own special signals, which are understood in all countries. For example, the letters BCNU are recognised by all "hams" as meaning "Be seeing you!" It's all great fun, and before you have listened to them for very long you will feel the irresistible urge to put out your own signal. For this it is necessary to have a special licence, and to get this you must pass a simple test in Morse operating, and an examination in radio techniques, but if you're keen enough you should have no difficulty in passing both of these tests. You will then be ready to go on the air.

Building a small transmitter is quite simple. A rig with only one or two valves can be made to cover the whole of Europe and beyond. This will give operating experience; a more ambitious job can be built later.

### *Making Unseen Friends*

"Hams" in every country of the world are friendly chaps, and nothing can quite equal the thrill of hearing a signal from one of them coming in just for YOU. It is the custom to confirm all such radio contacts by exchanging cards bearing the call-signs of the stations and other details, and you will find that every keen "ham" has the walls of his den decorated with his collection of cards. There is an international arrangement for the exchange of these QSL cards, as they are called, sponsored in this country by the Radio Society of Great Britain. You can get all details of how to obtain a transmitting licence, and all the literature you need on operating technique, from the R.S.G.B., 28 Little Russell Street, London, W.C.1., to which organisation every radio amateur in this country should belong.

Yes, this is certainly a fascinating hobby. Once you are bitten by the radio "bug", you'll never give it up.



**B**ump! Bump! Crash!  
Johnny Travers, Patrol Leader in the Haleham Sea Scouts, strode to the rail of the headquarters ship, the old barge *Kittiwake*, and looked down at the dinghy tied alongside.

The Saturday afternoon, so pleasant earlier on, was freshening up, and a rising swell was driving across the normally sheltered reach of Haleham Harbour, where the *Kittiwake* lay permanently moored. The dinghy, which had been riding so quietly beside its parent-ship, was now pitching in the choppy water, doing its best to stave in its slender timbers against the solid sides of the old *Kittiwake*. Johnny turned to his Scouts, who, as Duty Patrol, were busy on various tasks about the deck.

"One hand to clear the dinghy. Take her round and tie up on the lee side."

"I'll go, Johnny."

The Patrol's newest recruit stepped forward eagerly. "Sunny Jim" Dereham was a cheerful and pleasant acquisition to the Scouts. A fine, strapping lad with beaming face, he was ever ready to tackle any job that happened along. Popular as he was, however, Jim caused frequent mirth among his shipmates. A farmer's boy, he could plough, milk, cut a hedge, ride a horse, with any of his father's men. But these accomplishments were not of much use to a Sea

by  
**FREDK. W. LUDLAM**

Scout, and Jim had not yet acquired the proficiency afloat which he exhibited ashore. He soon discovered, as he hastened to carry out the Patrol Leader's orders, that he had undertaken a task more difficult than he expected.

He cast off and pushed the boat clear, grasping the oars with determination. He gave a mighty push and the dinghy performed a gyration which would have done credit to a spinning top. He tried again, and the dinghy rushed towards the *Kittiwake*.

"Stand by to ram!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whoa!" gasped the bewildered Jim, while the Scouts on deck roared with laughter.

Teddy Wilson, the youngest member of the Patrol, grinned and dropped down lightly into the boat as it crashed alongside.

"Take it easy, old chap," said Teddy. "It's simple enough once you have the hang of it. Give me the oars, and I'll show you the how of pulling a boat."

Jim nodded and looked relieved. He was not too proud to be helped.

Teddy, who was a midget of a chap even for his years, took over from the beefy recruit and with a few easy pulls sent the dinghy skimming astern of the *Kittiwake*.



Johnny watched from the deck for a few moments and then turned to see to the other matters which pressed for his attention. Teddy, he guessed, intended to try to make Sunny Jim a bit less lubberly in his attempts at boat handling. As long as they did not go too far away from the ship, Johnny had no objection, although, strictly speaking, Teddy should have requested permission before entering the dinghy.

As leader of the Duty Patrol, Johnny was temporarily in command of the *Kittiwake*. Tom Richards, the young Acting Scoutmaster, was away with the other Patrols on a launch trip up the river and was due back on the ebb-tide. Johnny had been left with numerous orders to be completed, and he was anxious to get everything squared off before Tom returned aboard. He carried on with the checking of some stores, and then, as the eight strokes on the ship's bell indicated four o'clock in the afternoon, he went to write up the log.

"Wind-force seven, rising," muttered Johnny, glancing at the hurrying storm-wrack which was scudding across the sky. He made an entry signifying a wind of over thirty-two miles per hour and turned as Taffy Williams, the Welsh Scout, who was on lookout, hurried up to him.

"Johnny," began Taffy, excitedly, "there's a man on shore hailing us."

"Well, send the dinghy for him if he wants to come aboard. Who is he?"

"It looks like Mr. Vines, the coastguard. But I can't send the dinghy."

"Why not?"

"Because it is not here, look you."

"Not here? Where is it, then?"

"Teddy and Jim haven't brought it back yet."

"What?" Johnny made a dive for the rail and looked around the harbour, a tumbling grey expanse of water ruffling before the rising gale. There was no sign of the dinghy.

"Where have they gone?" Johnny demanded.

"When they went off, Teddy pulled straight down the harbour," replied Taffy. "He shouted something about getting well clear of the ship, as Jim would never learn to row with us looking on and laughing. They went around the point."

"And that was well over an hour ago," said Johnny. "Well, there's nothing for it but to take the cutter inshore for Mr. Vines."

He looked aft to where the remainder of the Patrol were gathered, lifting his voice in an order.

"Man the cutter! Away, seaboard!"

The big cutter was an unwieldy boat for inshore work, but with the dinghy away there was nothing else available. With four of the Scouts at the oars Johnny took the boat in to the little beach which was used as a landing-place.

He was rather perturbed at seeing how high the surf was breaking. The waves carried the craft inshore at a fast pace, and Johnny found, with sudden panic, that they were being onset on the shore. He realised, too late, that he should have put out the cutter's small anchor and drifted in stern-first on to the shore. But there was now no time for such a manoeuvre and he could only shout an urgent command: "Boat oars!"

The next instant the cutter was flung broadside-on onto the beach and half filled by the breaking surf. What the coastguard thought of this exhibition of seamanship Johnny blushed to wonder.

"He'll think we're a bunch of boobs who oughtn't to be allowed out with a boat," he muttered.

Soaked and a little scared, the boys scrambled ashore, looking on helplessly as their craft was battered about by the breaking waves. The coastguard regarded them with sympathy.

"Hard lines, lads!" he said. "You'll have a job getting her off again. But where is Mr. Richards? I came to tell you that we've observed your dinghy, with two Scouts

aboard, in difficulties beyond the Point. They are being driven towards the sands and it looks as though they have lost their oars."

Johnny groaned.

"Oh my goodness! I knew something like that had happened. What a mix-up!"

"Here's Tom, back with the launch!" exclaimed one of the others. "He's going to tow us off."

The launch was motoring close inshore, the occupants regarding their mates' plight with a certain amusement. Anchoring just outside the surf, Tom hailed the stranded cutter. "Stand by to take a line."

A heaving line came whirling over, and Johnny dashed in breast-deep to secure it. A strong rope was bent on and hauled in. Johnny made fast in the bows of the cutter, and then, as the launch took the strain, the five Scouts pushed and struggled with their waterlogged craft. It was a wet job, but they were soaked already. The powerful motor-launch soon had the cutter drawn clear, and Johnny and his Scouts scrambled inboard and began to bale.

Tom brought the two craft alongside the *Kittiwake* and tied up. The Scouts clambered on to the ship, but Johnny rushed towards Tom.

"Teddy and Jim are adrift in the dinghy!" he gasped out. "We must take the launch out for them."

"What's been going on here?" demanded Tom. "Is this what you call taking charge, Johnny? All right! Clear away the launch."

Twenty minutes later the *Pursuit*, as the big launch was named, was back alongside the *Kittiwake*, again with a craft in tow. Teddy and Jim, rather sorry for themselves, had been picked up in the lower part of the harbour. Tom said very little, but Johnny could see that the Acting Scout-master was very displeased. Curtly Tom gave the necessary orders to secure the ship and to moor the cutter safely against the blow, which gave every sign of developing into a big gale.

Then everyone was ordered into the launch, and, towing the dinghy, Tom took them round to the tiny Haleham Quay, much to the relief of Johnny and the other members of the cutter's crew, who had been dreading another surf-landing on the beach.

"Gannet Patrol," said Tom, "a special meeting at my house, twenty-hundred-hours, tonight. I suppose I had better explain that this is sea-time for eight p.m., as you seem to be such a lubberly crowd."

## II

Tom Richards looked around the crowd assembled in his study. The Gannet Patrol were getting "a good telling-off", as Teddy afterwards described it.

"Foresight—looking ahead—that is the quality required at sea," declared Tom, impressively. "You must learn to anticipate what is to happen and act accordingly. Gannet Patrol have been a good Patrol up to now, but they have certainly blotted their log-books this afternoon."

"It all started with this blessed yokel!" put in Conway Harcourt, with a baleful glance at Sunny Jim. Con, who was an admiral's son and inclined to hold a lofty opinion of himself, had once been Patrol Leader. He had had to resign, however, and seemed lately to have been brooding over his demotion. He seemed also to have a "down" upon Sunny Jim, and often made the recruit the butt of his ill-humour.

"That's not fair," said Teddy. "It was my fault for taking the boat away so far from the ship."

"Indeed I am to blame!" exclaimed Taffy. "I was the look-out. I should have seen you going and told Johnny at once."

"In the end it's my fault!" declared Johnny. "I should have ordered Teddy back aboard. And it was absolutely my fault for stranding the cutter."

"But that wouldn't have happened if the dinghy hadn't gone away," said Tom. "You would have had no reason to go ashore, because Mr. Vines wouldn't have needed to



"Heave, lads, heave!"

come to warn us about the dinghy. The dinghy getting into danger started the whole trouble, and it got into danger because Jim, who is a new hand as yet, lost one oar and broke the other."

"That's just it," declared Conway. "It was Farmer Joskin's fault, as I said! The hamfisted lubber!"

"Not completely!" returned Tom. "Tell me, what is the correct number of oars to carry in the dinghy?"

There was a baffled silence, as Tom looked around the circle. Gaining no response, he proceeded to answer his own question.

"Three, at least. Had there been another oar in the boat, Teddy could have sculled it back. It goes back to what I was saying at the start. You should look ahead and try to foresee what may be required. Learn that lesson and you're three parts of the way to becoming sailors."

A furious hammering on the door accompanied Tom's concluding remark, and Teddy

was dispatched to answer the caller. He returned in a moment accompanied by the same coastguard who had brought warning of the plight of the dinghy.

"Evening, Mr. Richards!" began Coastguard Vines, briefly. "See you picked your dinghy up all right. I'm glad I've found you in. We'd like your help—and the help of your lads too, if they can come. There's a ship driven ashore under Scar Head. We're shorthanded up at the station. The main part of the life-saving company was called out an hour since to a big steamer driven ashore down the harbour. The life-boat is standing by her, too. Now we have this new call, and I have to get the second life-saving apparatus wagon over to Scar Head. I have a lorry to pull it, but it will probably need to be hauled over the final stretch by hand. And we can't muster a full company to man the gear when we do get there."

The Scouts were all on their feet, expectant and eager, before the coastguard had finished. Tom wasted no time.

"We'll come, of course. Fall in outside!"

The boys were thrilled as they joined the men of the volunteer life-saving company aboard the lorry and the big wagon,





which, stowed with gear, was towed behind. It was a wild night. The rushing wind was driving in from the sea, and the air was full of the sound of the storm. Clouds raced across the dark sky under the moon.

The lorry pulled up at a turning above Scar Head, where a little rutted lane ran steeply down to the beach. It was far too narrow and rough a way for the lorry.

"I can't take you any farther, Mr. Vines," said the driver, addressing the coastguard.

"This is where the fun starts," commented Coastguard Vines.

The wagon was unhitched and pulled into the lane. The men, aided by the Scouts, dragged it some way, and then, in the darkness and the confusion of the wild weather, the heavy vehicle lurched off the path and careered into a ditch.

"Stranded, by thunder!" exclaimed the coastguard. "Heave, lads, heave!"

The wagon, however, remained stuck fast, and the coastguard was on the point of ordering it to be unloaded, and the gear manhandled the rest of the way, when the ring of hooves from a heavy horse sounded along the lane. A powerful animal loomed up in the circle of the storm-lanterns carried by the coastguard and his men.

"I've brought Diamond along," said a

familiar voice from the horse's back. "I thought he might be needed."

"He's needed, all right," said Tom. "Good for you, Sunny Jim!"

None of the Scouts had noticed that Jim had not accompanied them on the lorry and his sudden appearance with a ready solution to the problem of the moment was a little startling. Evidently Jim had gone straight home and collected the horse from his father's farm.

The powerful Diamond soon had the wagon on the move again. Arriving on the beach, the life-saving company went swiftly to work. The ship, close in under the rocks, proved to be a small tanker of the type used for distributing petrol around the coasts. She was fast aground and in obvious danger of breaking up.

The Scouts assisted the men, and the rocket apparatus for carrying a line to the wreck was quickly set up and made ready. Teddy, revelling in the use of the signalling-lamp, had been detailed to effect communication with the tanker and to tell the crew what was being done to aid them. A lamp on the wreck flickered back a message in reply. Teddy called urgently for the coastguard.

"Look at this! Signal says, 'Do not fire rocket. Danger. Petrol!'"

The coastguard shouted an order, which halted the preparation of the big rocket, and looked towards the wreck and the

tremendous surf which beat upon the shore. He turned to Tom, shaking his head gravely.

"This is a problem! How are we going to get a line to her? She must have started her tanks, and the petrol must be getting out. If we fire a rocket on to her she will blow up." He sniffed the wind. "You can smell the petrol now!"

"I would try and swim out," said Tom, "but I should never get clear of that surf."

He turned, feeling a tug at his arm. Sunny Jim was there.

"I'll go on Diamond."

"What? You'd never do it!"

"Yes! It's the only chance! Diamond will go anywhere with me."

The coastguard was persuaded by the lad's earnest tones, but several of the life-saving volunteers protested that it was a man's place to go. Jim, however, insisted that Diamond would only make the attempt for him, so the big, handsome horse was unhitched from the wagon, and Jim mounted his back. The end of a long line, light but strong, was bent on to a heaving-line. The heaving-line was coiled up, and Jim took it with him, secured to his body. When sufficiently near to the wreck he intended hurling the line aboard.

Diamond never flinched from the crash of the breakers roaring on the beach. The magnificent animal, gleaming in the powerful flare-light which had been set up, moved purposefully out, advancing through the treacherous surf, which would have hurled any human back upon the shore. Soon he was swimming.

The long line was paid out as Diamond drew clear of the beach. Amid the gloom of the storm and the driving spray, it was soon impossible to see anything of either the horse or Jim. Only the steady pulling out of the rope indicated that all was well with the pair out there in the fury of the storm.

Minutes passed, and then from the almost obscured wreck a light was observed, waved to and fro.

"He's done it, boys!" shouted Coastguard Vines. "They've got the line aboard. Bend on the tail-block of the whip."

The pulley-block, through which ran the endless rope called the "whip" and which formed the moving part of the life-saving gear, was secured to the line. A red light was shown as a signal to those aboard the wreck to commence hauling in on their end of the line. Presently the waving white light out in the darkness indicated that the first part of the rescue apparatus was safely hauled out and made fast.

A black shape loomed through the pounding surf. Diamond, water streaming from his glossy coat, waded ashore into the circle of light. Then an exclamation went up, as it was seen that the horse was alone. The Scouts stared into the storm, and the great horse, conscious, it seemed, of the tragedy, stood looking out across the waves, searching the darkness for his master.

"He's gone!" breathed Conway Harcourt. "Jim's gone!"

"Yes," said Tom quietly. "We've lost a very gallant shipmate, lads. He must have been washed off Diamond when they were returning. He had a lifejacket on, but . . ."

The Scouts remained watching at the edge of the surf. It was barely possible that Jim, half drowned but alive, might be washed ashore. They watched carefully along the breakers, ready to act if they should see him—to dash in and drag him clear of the powerful backwash of the waves.

The life-saving company had now got their equipment fully rigged, and the breeches-buoy was being hauled out to the wreck. It vanished into the spray and darkness, and presently the signal came from the ship to haul back. The buoy reappeared, swinging from the hawser along which it travelled. It reached the beach, and the occupant was hauled out.

"Jim!"

Sunny Jim beamed the smile which had given him his name as the Scouts crowded

## THE LUBBER

around him. Conway Harcourt was the first to grasp his hand.

"Jim, old chap! We thought . . . I say, I've been pretty rotten to you since you joined us. I'm sorry."

"That's all right," replied Jim. "Did old Diamond get back all right, boys? I was a bit worried about him. Yes, there he is. I must

get him home and give him a rub down. Here, Diamond, boy!"

"Hold on a minute!" exclaimed Tom. "You can't ride off like this. What happened?"

"Eh? What d'you mean? Oh, I see. It was really my fault. I suppose I am a bit of a lubber when it comes to seamanship. You see, when I got to the ship I was easily able to put the end of the heaving-line aboard, but I clean forgot to free myself from it. Of course as soon as they hauled it in I was pulled off Diamond and was floundering about until they got me aboard. I was in no danger, really. They are all right on the wreck. The skipper is satisfied that they will all get safely ashore, now that the lifeline is rigged. But the ship is beginning to go to pieces." Jim grinned cheerily. "Come on, Diamond. I'll give you a good rub down, old boy, as soon as we get in the stable. Sorry you were worried about me, chaps. As I say, I suppose I am a bit of a lubber, really."

"You ought to have a good rub down yourself," began Tom; but Jim was already leading his horse away into the darkness.

The Scouts watched him go, and Con Harcourt looked round at them.

"He supposes he's a bit of a lubber! Can you beat it? Well, I've called him that, and worse, but I'm saying now that if Sunny Jim Dereham thinks he's a lubber then he's definitely the only person who does after tonight! Some people might call him a hero."

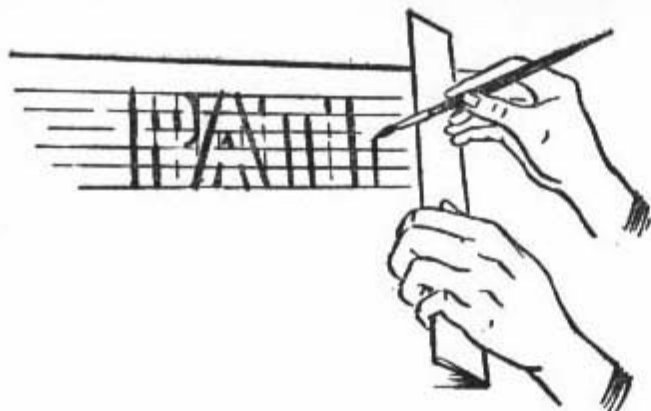


The buoy reappeared

## HELP FOR THE RUSSIANS

The 10th Salisbury Senior Scouts put their rescue service for motorists to good use during a visit to Berlin. They were travelling in their Land Rover, and extended their service to an international level when they helped a stranded Russian Army lorry. Its radiator was hissing out clouds of steam and the lorry's crew were searching in vain for water in nearby ditches. The Russians gladly accepted a two-gallon can of water from the Salisbury Seniors to fill their boiling radiator.



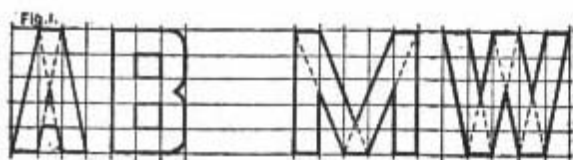


## How to Letter Your

# PATROL AND TROOP NOTICES

by S. Connelly

Would your Patrol notice-board be improved by better lettering? Here are some hints on how to give it a new look.



First, the letter itself is based on a grid, a block of three squares wide and five squares deep. All the letters follow this pattern except "M" and "W", which need five squares width (see Fig. 1). Three other "tricky" letters are "S", "R", "K". Note the legs of the "R" and "K" in Fig. 2.



For your layout make yourself a "scale": that is, take a piece of cardboard about six inches long or longer and mark off on it, say, ten divisions each the width of an individual square of the letter block. For practice purposes, say this will be a quarter of an inch. Therefore your complete letter block will be  $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. wide and  $1\frac{1}{4}$ -ins. deep (except, of course, "M" and "W", which will be  $1\frac{1}{4}$ -ins. wide and  $1\frac{1}{4}$ -ins. deep). By using different scales you save yourself a lot of time measuring.

To start laying out the job, draw a light pencil line parallel with the top of your paper, using your scale (Fig. 3). Now count the letters

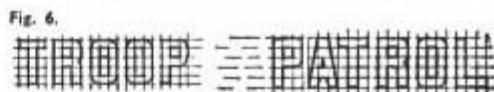
of the words to be written. Remembering that each letter is three squares wide, you can calculate the *minimum* space for the word. This does not allow for space between the letters or the words, so you must add to the overall measurement at least the width of one square per two letters for words and the width of about three or four between words (see Fig. 4).

Fig. 4.  
3 3 3 3 3 3 + 5 = 21

PATROL



Mark off the horizontal lines of your grid at both ends from the top line and join them, drawing lightly, because these are construction lines. Sketch in roughly over the top line the words to be lettered. Mark off from the centre of your page the estimated space, remembering this is approximate (see Fig. 5). Some letters need less space between them than others because they do not fill their blocks, and unless



they are slightly closer there will be an illusion of greater space and the word will look unbalanced.

Mark off the letter blocks of three squares each, remembering the exceptions, and leave adequate space between them. Lightly sketch in the outline of each letter so that you can judge the spacing. Adjust if necessary. Draw in the vertical lines of your grid. Draw the curves and diagonals of your letters, and the pencil layout

## PATROL AND TROOP NOTICES

is complete (Fig. 6). You can then fill in with colour.

When you have had a little experience, you can plot your letter to the grid stage and then start right in with the brush and colour. Paint in the curves and rule the straights with the brush, holding the metal ferrule against the

ruler, which is held at an angle of  $45^\circ$  to the paper (as in the drawing at the top of the opposite page). Practice this before starting on a job and do not load the brush with too much colour.

One last point: accurate work needs a sharp-pointed pencil. Smooth brush strokes need a good brush with a point to it.

## THE OPPORTUNIST



RON BRANAGAN

# SCOUTING IS EXCITING IN OUR TROOP

## And Here's Why

"Oh, by the way, I think each of you ought to run a Kim's Game for the rest of the Troop next Troop Night—something new, of course."

Thus, Skip to Pip and me, both of us Patrol Leaders. I ask you, a new Kim's



Game! Skip does give us ideas for our Patrol meetings or stunts or projects, but he certainly expects the P.L.s to lead.

I don't know whether the Kim's Game I thought up was new, but it was new in our Troop. I got the idea when I was tying my tie the next morning. If Kim had different kinds of jewels, why shouldn't we have different kinds of ties?

Did I have a time collecting twenty different colours and patterns? Still, it's wonderful how friendly people are to Scouts. When I visited friends and neighbours and told them what it was all in aid of they gave or lent a tie or two.

Pip's idea I thought was more exciting than mine, though mine was perhaps more practical. He got hold of an old zinc bath, borrowing the Troop's trek-cart to transport it to Troop Meeting. He filled it three-quarters full of water. Each chap had to put his head in the water for as long as he could, then dry his hair on a towel, and write down as many of the articles that were at the bottom of the bath as he could remember.

Skip pulled a fast one on us not long ago, but it was a good idea, and, after all, Scouts are expected to be sharp. He introduced a friend to us as we sat around, whereupon the friend took out from various pockets and a bag a score of rather odd objects, like a sausage, a conker, an envelope with an Australian stamp on it, three pencils tied in a bunch with a pipe-cleaner, and so on.

We watched all the objects being taken out with loving care and placed on the floor; then watched them taken up and put back again. "Good evening, Scouts!" said Skip's friend, and departed.

*Tricked!*

We were just about to write down the twenty objects, or as many as we could remember, when Skip calmly said: "Describe that man who's just gone out. I believe he's wanted by the police."

And I didn't notice he'd got a brown lace in his left black shoe and was wearing two wrist-watches and odd socks. . . .

I keep a notebook and jot down some of the ideas I get from Skip, because one day I'm going to have a Troop of my own.

Last summer Skip introduced to us his patent Scout's firefighting kit, which



consists of one flint, one steel, and one supply of wire wool, double-O gauge, and now both Pip and I always carry it in our rukkers when we go camping. Actually, the flint with a nice sharp edge I got from the side of the road; my "steel" is a bit of an old file Dad gave me, and I bought the wire wool—just ordinary wire wool, treble- or double-O gauge. The idea of the flint and steel, of course, is to make sparks, while the wire wool is wonderful tinder. You hold the steel with your thumb one side and your fingers the other, to get a firm grip, and then you strike the steel with the flint firmly from top to bottom till you produce a spark, which you direct on to the wire wool—and there's your tinder for your camp-fire.

#### *Guess the Mime*

I enjoy camp-fires. In our Troop we sing and yell a lot, and each Patrol has to entertain the others at least once at summer camp with a sketch or a charade or some other stunt. Last year Skip asked Pip to come in with his Patrol to the Camp Fire Circle representing certain birds by their actions. They didn't imitate the birds, but mimed the names. One of the Patrol walked round the camp-fire grumbling to himself. We guessed that pretty quickly—grouse. Pip, the idiot, just took a handkerchief from his Second's pocket. D'you get that one? It's robin!

The next evening my Patrol tried out the same game, and here are some of the things we did. I'll leave it to you bright boys to guess them correctly.

I wore a picture of a lady on my hat.

I went round the Camp Fire Circle yelling, "Ma, I've had too much to eat."

I came on with a yellow flag in my hand.

Gerry, my Second, and I argued like mad.

Gerry and I entered carrying a dixie.

Gerry came in talking to a stone in his hand.



I expect you've tried identifying sounds. It's amazing what original ones you can think up. Each Patrol had to make ten mystery sounds behind a screen for the rest of the Troop to guess. Here's Pip's list:

- Grinding teeth.
- Scraping burnt toast with a knife.
- Drawing a wet finger over glass.
- Opening a packet of potato crisps.
- Unscrewing a jar.
- Slackening a piece of paper and then pulling it hard and quickly.
- Dropping a ball on the floor and letting it bounce itself out.
- Rustling a pound note.
- Pressing the side or lid of a tin.
- Break a hard-boiled egg with a spoon.



Here's my list:

Fixing a screw into wood with a ratchet screwdriver.

Tearing two stamps from a book of stamps.

Shredding cabbage with a knife.

Grating a nutmeg.

Cutting a piece of bandage lengthwise.

Munching celery.

Filing a fingernail with a nail-file.

Mixing cocoa, sugar and milk in a cup.

Using a stapling machine.

Winding up a clockwork toy.

Now *you* have a go!

One evening we had something quite different. Skip told us it was a test of leadership, organisation and ingenuity. Each Patrol were given a one-pound box of chocolates—empty—and allowed ten minutes to put into it as many different articles beginning with S as they could find.

Talk about a stampede!

Sometimes we do a mime that the rest of the Troop have to guess—acting like a man trying to stop a sneeze, taking a St. Bernard dog for a walk, trying to open a deck-chair. Sometimes we have treasure-hunts with messages in cipher or invisible ink or hidden in verse.

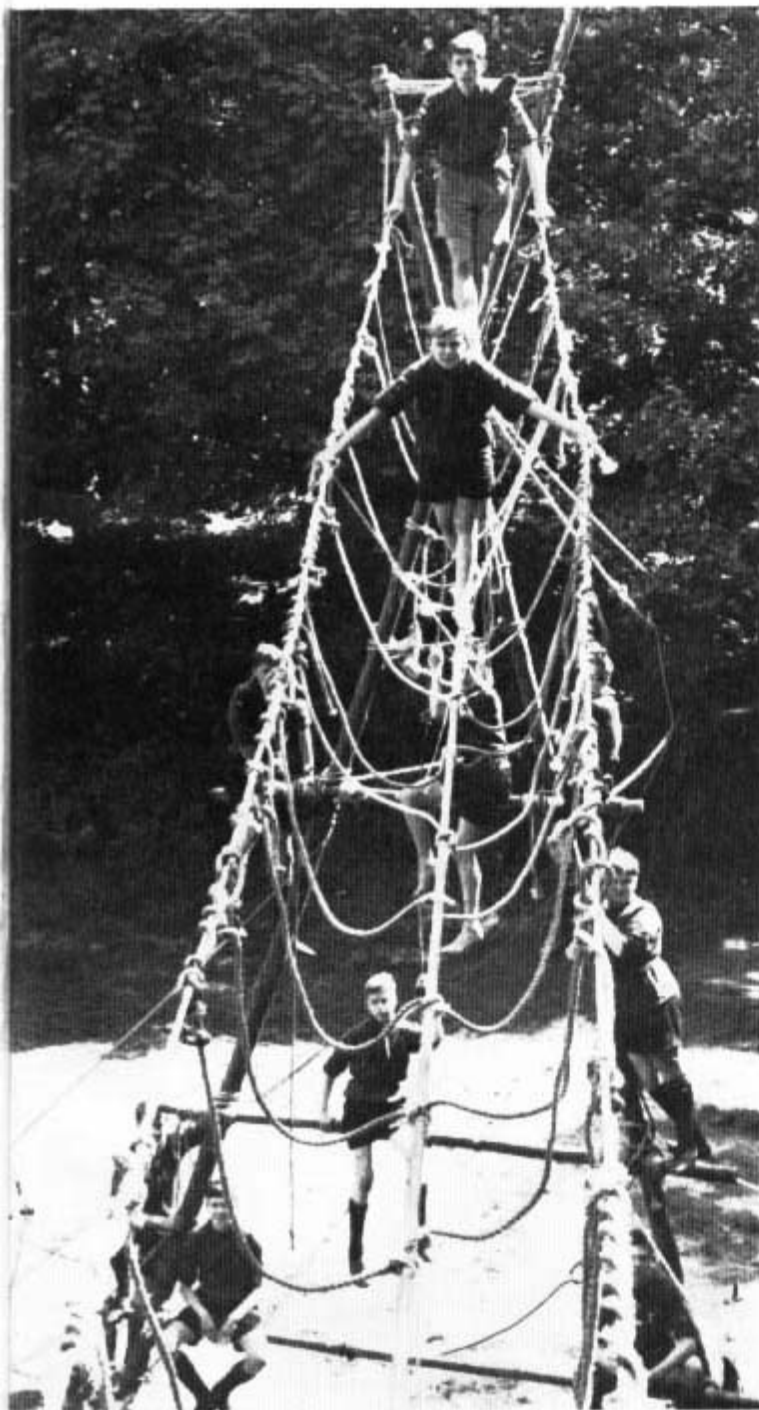
Skip says that being prepared means being prepared to do things under difficulties. We are pretty good at knotting in our Troop. Some of us can tie all the Scout knots, and all of us can tie some of them, but Skip asks for more than that. Most Troops, I suppose, try tying knots blindfold or with one hand or using two right hands, but have you tried tying knots while being held upside-down, or while running round the H.Q. being bombarded with paper balls, or holding a lighted candle that mustn't go out, or under water, or with a slip of paper between each pair of fingers of each hand (and that mustn't be dropped), or with a sock drawn over each hand and fastened at the wrists with rubber bands?

Yes, our Scouting is exciting, and I hope yours is. It's the same when we're in camp. We have night games and night hikes, cook interesting dishes, and enjoy lots of fun while learning all the time to live together like brother Scouts.

I must stop now, as Pip has called for me, and it's Troop night. I wouldn't miss it for anything. Neither would he. Nor Skip!

R.H.

# SCOUTING IS EXCITING



*Photo: E. B. Herbert*

Constructing a monkey bridge at camp



*Photo: R. B. Herbert*

A Patrol plan a journey



Camp cooking can be practised in the Troop room in winter—but mind where you toss the pancake

Building a tree house

*Photo: Jim Laurent*







*Photo: Publicity Dept., Scout HQ*

B-P on Brownsea in 1907. The Chief wore a long shoulder-knot of white ribbon, the badge of the Army Scout in his hat, and shirt, shorts and stockings—the forerunner of the Scout uniform of today. He carried a long, silver-mounted staff

# PIONEER SCOUTING ON BROWNSEA



Brownsea Island as it was in 1907, with B-P's first Scout camp. Here from Major-General Robert Baden-Powell (as he then was) the first-ever Scout Troop learned something of the joys and comradeship and adventure of Scouting



Jumping into a sheet was one of the life-saving methods B-P demonstrated on Brownsea Island. Everybody standing in the photographs seems to be having fun, so perhaps the jumper is too

*Photo: Arthur Haver*



This very old photograph was taken about 1910 at a big Scout rally at White City, Manchester, and shows an early Troop in uniform with broomstick poles. Belts, hats, shirts and jerseys of the Scouts vary a good deal, and their hats are variously dented



*Sydney R. Brown tells you about*

## **BROWNSEA**

*the island linked with the birth of Boy Scouts*

In 1962 Brownsea Island, in Poole Harbour, Dorset, became the property of the nation. The island is famous in the annals of Scouting as the site of the first Scout camp ever held.

This now world-famed island is a bird sanctuary dominating the entrance to one of the largest land-locked harbours in Britain. In addition to being the birthplace of the Boy Scout movement it saw the start of wireless telegraphy and the British Navy. In the early years of this century Marconi's yacht lay off Brownsea while he experimented with the sending of radio messages across the bay of Bournemouth to the Isle of Wight. All through the Second World War British Overseas Airways used the waters of Brownsea as the main terminus of their Empire air routes.

### *Dutch Refugees*

For 34 years the owner-occupier of Brownsea was an old lady, Mrs. Bonham Christie, who seldom raised the strict ban she imposed on entry to her island domain. She was the sole occupant of the island except for a boatman whose duty it was to ferry stores and provisions across from

nearby Lilliput (one-time home of Lady Baden-Powell). The few occasions on which the "Queen of Brownsea" welcomed visitors were notable ones. Just prior to the twenty-first birthday celebrations of the Scout movement at Arrowe Park some of the original Boy Scout campers of 1907 made a pilgrimage to the island with B.-P., and in 1947 Lord Rowallan visited the island to mark the fortieth anniversary of the Movement.

In the second year of World War II coastal vessels arrived at Brownsea with a sad band of Dutch and Belgian refugees who were fleeing from the advancing German armies. Brownsea on that occasion became a reception camp and quarantine station where the refugees were looked after before being dispersed to homes in various parts of England.

This well-wooded island of 500 acres will always be most famous, however, for being the island chosen by Major-General Robert Baden-Powell as the site for his first experimental Scout Camp. He knew Poole Harbour and its island well; his wife had her home near by and he was married in St. Peter's Church, Parkstone.

In 1907 Baden-Powell wrote to the Captain of the Bournemouth Company of the Boys' Brigade telling him he had obtained permission to hold a camp on Brownsea Island and asking for help in collecting together stores and equipment. He offered to take three boys from Bournemouth and three from Poole in addition to the fifteen he had already drawn from Eton, Harrow and the East End of London.

*Learning Tracking and Scoutcraft*

There were four Patrols in the first Scout Troop, the Curlews, Ravens, Wolves and Bulls, and over the camp fluttered the flag that had flown bravely over besieged Mafeking. The Brownsea camp was in almost all respects the same as any Scout or Guide camp of the present day, except that the boys had no uniform and used to dress for dinner in the evening!

There were many new experiences in store for the score of boys, who were all from different grades of society. From morning till night they learnt how to live in the open, to develop their powers of observation, to cook their own meals and cultivate comradeship.

The mornings were spent in tracking, learning to distinguish a fat man's trail from a thin man's and in discovering the direction in which a bicycle or car may have been going from the manner in which the dust was thrown. There was swimming and craftwork and the boys learnt for the first time those games and pastimes now so popular among Scouts and Guides throughout the world.

At night the Scouts gathered round the camp-fire to hear their Chief tell thrilling stories of his experiences, to learn Scout songs, including the "Eengoyama chorus", the Zulu Impi's refrain, later to be adopted as the Boy Scout's war cry.

One who remembers the camp-fire

interludes has recalled that it was at these gatherings that the Chief Scout won the hearts of them all.

"I can see him still," he wrote, "as he stands in the flickering light—an alert figure, full of the joy of life; now grave, now gay, answering all manner of questions, imitating the call of birds, showing how to stalk wild animals in such a way that everyone present was ready to follow him wherever he might lead."

*The Chief Foiled*

One day the Chief said that he was going to invade the island and try to capture it singlehanded. The Scouts had to try to stop him. When he left his tent to begin the assault he had no idea that a spotter had been posted to trail him, and as he crept on all fours through the undergrowth the word was passed from boy to boy by means of smoke signals.

The Chief was crawling under a big tree when he was startled by a loud "Halt!" from above. Stretched along one of the branches was his nephew, who put paid to his idea of capturing the island. B.-P. was fond of telling that story of how his young nephew proved to be a better Scout than he, despite all his great experience.

Thus was a world brotherhood born from the camp on Brownsea Island. One of the most remarkable things about this experiment was that, at the very first essay, its originator should have discovered the type of gathering which throughout all the subsequent vast development of the Movement has remained the model for all Scout camps.

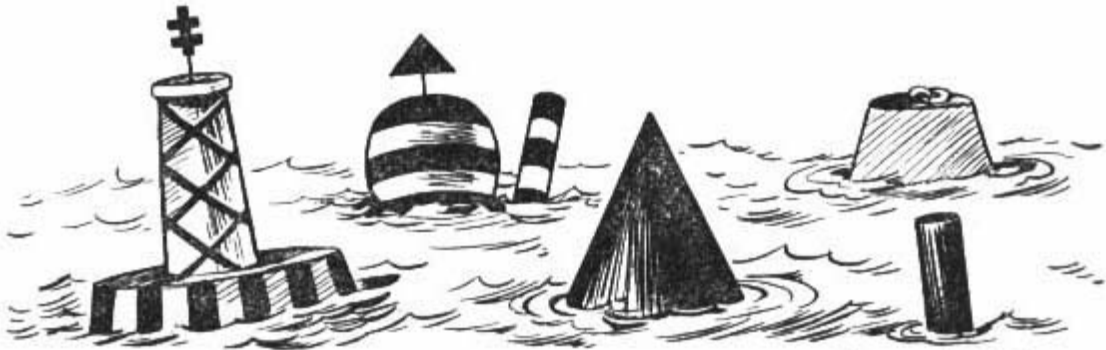
Although Brownsea Island remains a bird sanctuary, visitors are allowed on it. Perhaps one of them will be you, especially as part of the island is now set aside for Scout and Guide camping.



# NAUTICAL KNOWLEDGE

## Buoys

Buoys signal to those who can read their meaning. Buoys, generally, are used to mark navigable channels, sunken dangers such as sandbanks or rocks, telegraph



cables, and wrecks, while mooring buoys are means by which a ship can be secured without having to anchor. Buoys themselves have to be anchored to the bottom by a cable or cables—a certain amount of “slack” being allowed so that they can rise with the tide, at the same time not swing too far out of position. When they are used for indicating the “fairway” or navigable channel leading to a port or harbour, buoys with a flat top showing above the surface, known as “can” or “staff and cage” buoys, are always placed on the “port” or left-hand side of the channel when entering, whilst those with a conical top, or “staff and globe” buoys, are always used on the “starboard” or right-hand side.

Buoys of each series must be painted a characteristic colour, so as to be readily distinguished one from the other, irrespective of their shape. When a channel is divided into two by a sandbank or other obstruction, this is known as a “middle ground”, and its two ends are indicated by “spherical” buoys, which are always distinguished by white horizontal stripes,

the one at its inner end being surmounted by a triangle, and that at its outer end by a diamond-shaped structure.

Buoys at the same side of the channel may be distinguished one from the other by names, numbers or letters.

Those consisting of a tall central structure upon a broad “flat” are known as “pillar” buoys, and like all other special

buoys such as gas buoys, bell buoys and automatic sounding buoys are so placed as to mark special positions or dangers. Gas buoys enclose a chamber containing compressed gas, which gives a light and requires recharging at infrequent intervals, but no other attention. Electric-light buoys are gradually coming into use; a turbine, operated by the movement of the water being connected with a dynamo which generates electricity. The so-called whistling buoy is operated by compressed air acted upon by the movement of the waves, while the bell buoy is kept in motion by the same means. The nun buoy indicates the position of an anchor after it has been let go; it is painted red for the port anchor, and green for the starboard.

Mooring buoys are of various shapes and sizes, but when marking telegraph cables they are always painted green, with the word TELEGRAPH painted on them in white letters.

Wreck buoys are also painted green, with the word WRECK in white letters, and are usually placed to the side of the wreck nearest to the fairway.

# DUD OF THE SPARROWHAWKS

by  
J. STRANGER



**J**OHN Longton was the youngest Scout in the Troop. He was also the most incompetent. The others nicknamed him Dud—Dud Longton. How he hated it! He knew as soon as he was shown a knot that his fingers would fumble and he would never tie it. He knew that his fires would not light, that his dampers would burn or turn into a revolting soggy mess. It took him weeks to learn the Scout Law.

It was the same at school. Somehow, dates

refused to stay in his mind; French verbs failed to make sense; geographical locations mysteriously disappeared, only to reappear in new countries, or even continents.

When he helped at home he broke plates and saucers. He lost his kit for games every week without fail. He could never find his garters or his woggle or his beret on Scout nights. If he weeded the garden he always uprooted a favourite flower, or damaged something.

"You're hopeless," his parents said.

"I wish you'd try," his schoolmaster exclaimed.

Only Skip had any faith in him and sometimes even Skip wondered if John would ever shine in any way. He tried to make the Scouts stop calling the boy Dud, but he failed. He tried teaching John his knots when he was alone, but John, with Skip's eyes apparently glued to his fingers, could only fumble, become nervous, and manage worse than ever.

Dud thought of the last meeting and shuddered. They had been making a monkey bridge over the river. He was given the job of making the centre rope fast, and he had tied the knot and tested it. As Dave Green, the first Scout went over, the knot slipped, and the hapless Scout plunged headlong into the little river. When he waded out, soaked and muddy, he was furious. "You stupid idiot, Dud!" he shouted.

Skip had rebuked Dave sharply, but the Sparrowhawk Patrol, to which John belonged, weren't pleased. When the Troop started on a Wide Game, John sat miserably beside the river, and as soon as he was sure no one was looking slipped off home.

Next day there was a Scout hike. He woke early, and watched the light grow stronger. He did not want to go with the others. He wanted to be alone. He dressed unhappily in his uniform, which his mother had put ready for him, and made a very poor show of eating his breakfast.

His mother was busy with his baby brother and five-year-old sister. She gave him his

## DUD OF THE SPARROWHAWKS

haversack and bus money, and sent him off with a hasty kiss and admonishment to be good.

John walked towards the bus stop, and saw the small group waiting. Dave Green ran past him.

"Gosh, are you coming, Dud? Mind you don't get lost or break a leg or do something else daft."

He ran on. John stopped in a shop doorway. He saw the bus come up and the boys climb in, and noticed Skip looking down the street to see if he was coming. He moved back out of sight as the bus went by, and then began to walk through the little town towards the moors, anxious to be alone.

It was a fine day. The sun, shining on the moors, made him feel happier. He climbed the shoulder of the first hill, and, looking down, saw the little smoky mill-town nestling in the valley, so small that it looked unreal. Below him the sun shone on the twin reservoirs that brought water from the hills and stored it. He could see gulls wheeling above them. Overhead a lark spiralled into the sun, singing lustily.

He walked on towards the top of the hill, which was smooth and bare and rounded. He was level with the highest peaks here, and the world below looked small and insignificant. He saw a hare run through the bracken, and turn steeply, to bound rapidly downhill.

A bird fell out of the sky. It came down like a plummet, after the hare, and dropped so close to John that he backed away, momentarily startled.

The hare ran on, doubled on its tracks and sped upwards again, but the bird remained where it had dropped, struggling and thrashing its wings.

John stared at it, and saw that it was caught by the foot in a noose of wire.

Someone must have laid a snare. He looked at the struggling bird. It was a sparrowhawk. So, he realised suddenly, was he—the duffer of the Sparrowhawk Patrol. He began to imagine how he would feel trapped

by the foot, unable to get away. He wondered what he could do to help the bird, which stared at him with angry golden eyes, flailing its wings uselessly.

Its beak was sharp and hooked, and the talons on the free foot looked dangerous. It was a young bird, fully grown, but still in its juvenile plumage, the adult feathers showing through the softer down, making it look piebald and unkempt.

John had a windcheater in his haversack. It was made of thick combed cotton, and was fleece-lined. It was warmer than a knitted jersey, and now, he realised, it had additional advantages. He took it out and threw it gently over the struggling bird, enclosing it completely. He bent down and fumbled with the wire. It was made into a noose with a slip-knot, but the bird's struggles had pulled the knot so tight that it was impossible to loosen it.

John unclipped his knife and sawed through the wire. It took him a long time, as the bird was terrified and struggled continuously. When at last he had cut through the wire by hacking, twisting, and pulling, and at the cost of several scratches and a nasty gash, he sat holding on to the bird, wondering what he could do with it. If he freed it with the noose still tightly round the foot, it might rot and the bird lose its foot. He could not bear to think of it flying about crippled or dying.

Finally he lifted it and began to walk downhill, carrying it gingerly. It was exhausted after its frantic struggles, and for the most part lay still, but at times it began to thrash about again, and John was afraid that he would drop it.

He sat down on a rock at a bend in the path to get his breath back. Then he heard footsteps. Presently a man came round the corner. John looked up, and, recognising him, began to feel more cheerful, for this was Andrew Grant, the head gamekeeper on Sir Richard Beltan's big estate on the other side of the hill. He would know what to do.



Grant saw John, and nodded at the flapping bundle beside him. "What have you got there?"

John pushed back the neck of his wind-cheater and revealed the hooked beak and frightened eyes of the sparrowhawk.

"He got caught in a snare. The wire's still on his foot."

The gamekeeper covered the head again and inspected the foot.

"You did a good job on that," he said. "It's impossible to cut through those wires round his foot without a tool and an anaesthetic. We'll have to take him home. What were you going to do with him?"

"I didn't know," said John. "I thought perhaps I'd phone the R.S.P.C.A. and ask them what to do."

"You seem to have plenty of common-sense," the gamekeeper said approvingly, and John looked up at him with wide eyes, astounded. He was so used to people telling him how stupid he was that at first he could not believe he had heard properly.

"I keep hawks," the gamekeeper said. "I have five now. Would you like to keep this one? I could teach you how to train it and look after it—that is, if you really want to learn."

He looked at John's Scout uniform. He had seen the rest of the Troop some way back, climbing a distant hill, as he had passed in his estate car. There was only one Troop in the little town, and he knew all the boys by sight, so that he found time to wonder what John was doing here, alone; but he said nothing.

"I'd love to keep it," John said. "I'm in the Sparrowhawk Patrol, and if I could tame it we could have it as our mascot." Then his face fell. "Mum would never let me keep it, though. She'd be terrified of it."

"You can keep it with mine and let the Patrol come and see it sometimes. Will your parents let you come up and feed it and train it, do you think?"

"I should think so," said John. "I always seem to be in the way at home now



"That's Rex," said the gamekeeper proudly

Mum's got the baby to look after. She keeps telling me to find something to do and keep from under her feet."

"Babies make a lot of work," said Andrew Grant. "We had five of them, so I should know." He sighed. "They're all married now and live so far away we hardly see our grandchildren. It gets quite lonely at times."

He lifted the bird gently. It seemed to sense that he was a safe person and knew how to handle it, for its struggles stopped at once, and he and John were able to walk quickly down the hill, over the main road, and along the lane that led to the gamekeeper's small house. This stood by itself in a large rough paddock, where two ponies cropped the grass and a number of small buildings housed chickens and pigs.

Grant led the way to the furthest shed.

"This is where I keep the trained birds," he said. "You can peep inside, but don't go in. They're never very friendly with strangers."

John looked in through the doorway.

The hawks were on perches. They turned bright amber eyes towards him. One in the far corner, a big bird with barred markings on its chest and blue-grey wing and back feathers, lifted and lowered its wings.

"That's Rex," said the gamekeeper proudly. "He's a peregrine falcon, king of British falcons. He's a beauty."

"He's gorgeous," agreed John excitedly. The birds were wonderful. He wanted to keep his sparrowhawk more than he had ever wanted anything in the world.

"He was the prize bird of the ancient falconers," said Andrew Grant. "He's a tiercel, a male bird. The female is the falcon proper."

John watched the bird, fascinated. "It has a brown iris, not a yellow one," he said suddenly, looking at the eyes that stared back at him dispassionately.

The gamekeeper nodded. "Falcones have brown irises; hawks have yellow."

"I thought falcon was another name for hawk," said John.

"They're closely related and often confused," the gamekeeper told him, "but in actual fact there are small differences. Kestrels, merlins, hobbies, and peregrines are all falcons. The sparrowhawks and goshawks are rather more like buzzards and eagles, though I suppose the differences are really only important to an expert."

He walked over to another small shed. This was empty. There was a perch in one corner, and he fastened John's bird to it by leather thongs, which he put round the uninjured foot.

"I'll see to that wire later," he said. "Right now we need to leave him all alone in the dark to get used to his new home. We won't disturb him till he's happier. Later on, too, I'll bring him some food, but I don't expect he'll eat for a few days yet. He may not eat at all. He may decide to die. Birds often do when you try to keep them in captivity. They lose all will to live."

"I hope he doesn't," John said anxiously.

"Come and have something to eat, and then I'll take you home in the estate wagon and see what your mother says about you feeding the hawk."

John was too excited to appreciate the tea that the gamekeeper's wife prepared for him. He sat anxiously in the car all the way home, hardly daring to breathe. Suppose his parents refused him permission?

Andrew Grant began to talk to him. Before very long he had heard how the Troop had christened John "Dud," and how difficult he found school work and Scout work. He made a quiet mental note. The boy was intelligent, courageous and observant. There was no reason at all for him to be so bad at everything.

He spoke to John's parents after John had been sent off to wash, and soon persuaded his father that John might well learn confidence during the training of the sparrowhawk, and would in any case acquire experience and knowledge not shared by any other members of his Troop or his form. His

mother was more anxious, as she was afraid the bird might prove dangerous, but in the end Andrew Grant prevailed and went away leaving John happy in the knowledge that he could keep his bird.

During the next few weeks John began to form a new routine. He hurried home from school, bolted his tea and scamped through his prep, then ran all the way to the gamekeeper's home.

The first two days he was allowed to sit in the doorway of the shed. The sparrowhawk was hooded, its head and eyes covered by a small leather cap that Mrs. Grant had made for it. This helped it to feel safe, the gamekeeper explained. It could not see sudden or unexpected movements and be frightened by them.

The third day John gave the bird a rabbit's foot with the fur on. The hood was removed, and the gamekeeper told him to go slowly, move very carefully and take care to do nothing sudden, noisy, or unexpected.

John walked in quietly, his heart thumping. The bird looked at him, and he looked

back. He put the rabbit's foot on the perch, and backed away, still without speaking.

"Leave him now. He may eat," the gamekeeper said softly.

The fourth night John took the bird its food, and was told to sit within sight of the perch for ten minutes and talk in a low, smooth, even voice.

"What shall I talk about?" he asked, puzzled.

"Anything! Recite poetry, tables, French verbs."

"I don't know any," John said dismally.

"You'd better learn some, then," said Mr. Grant, laughing. "For the next six weeks you're going to do nothing but talk to that bird—for ten minutes, then twenty, and then for an hour every night. You'll need to be well prepared."

"Can I read from a book?" John said.

"No. The turning pages would frighten him."

John began to learn. The first night he sat and talked for ten minutes. He recited tables, he recited nursery rhymes; then he counted up to five thousand. Ten minutes seemed a very long time. The bird listened to his voice, its head on one side.



John had grown to love the bird



## DUD OF THE SPARROWHAWKS

"I'm going to call you Sultan," John said, after a week had passed. "Sultan! Sultan!" He repeated the word over and over again. He said all his tables, ending each one with the bird's name. He had been learning a French verb for his prep and he recited that over and over again. By morning he knew it so well that he astounded everyone, including himself, by getting full marks in a French test.

After that he made a point of doing his learning well before he went to train his bird, so that he could recite it during the long hour in which he had to accustom the bird to his presence.

By the end of the second week the bird waited for his coming, turning its head expectantly, knowing that he would bring food. He offered the food, and soon the bird stretched out its foot and took it from him, settling to feed while John sat and talked. The cut where the wire had bitten into the flesh was quite healed.

"Soon you can try him with the glove," said the gamekeeper, who often watched the proceedings through a small window. He rarely interfered now, leaving John to handle the bird alone.

The fourth week John began to move about the shed. He paced in front of the bird, which became anxious and once or twice tried to fly, but was restrained by the jesses that held it to the perch.

Soon John was so absorbed in training his bird that he forgot his nickname. People rarely called him Dud now, and having lost his nervousness he began to improve in every direction. Knots began to have some meaning, as after the session with Sultan, he accompanied Andrew Grant on his rounds and helped him fix wire fences, pack boxes of eggs for market and tie them securely with string, and learned many strange facts about the wild creatures on the moor.

The summer term ended. John did not join the rest of the Troop in camp, as Mr. Grant felt it unwise for him to be so long away from the bird in the early stages of

its training. His mother, too busy about the house, was thankful to know that he was occupied during the day, and he spent most of his time with the Grants, learning the running of the chickens and pigs, helping clean out styes and chicken-houses, collecting eggs, watching the pheasants in the little wood, and continuing to train Sultan.

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Grant, at the end of ten long weeks, "we'll take him outside—get him used to the air again."

The bird was carried out on his perch. Its hood was removed and it stared up at the sky, far above. It raised its wings, rousing on its perch. Freedom was there, waiting for it.

"Let him go," John said, watching the bird strain and then stand, apparently apathetic, on its perch.

"You're sure?" said Andrew Grant.

John nodded. He had grown to love the bird. It would stand on his wrist and feed from his hand. He had its evening food in his pocket now.

He had spent weeks training Sultan, gaining confidence himself without realising it. He would miss the evening sessions, when he recited his homework to the hawk, but he had learned that he could work as well as anyone and beat his friends at many subjects. French held no more terrors, and even maths began to make sense. Poetry was fun when he learnt it to repeat it to Sultan each evening.

He released the restraining thongs. The bird sat on the perch, staring up at the clouds. It rose, and flew towards the sun, spiralling until it was a small spot in the sky, its wings beating out a passionate throb of freedom.

John watched, a lump in his throat. He could not speak. He turned to go.

"Wait!" said the gamekeeper suddenly.

The bird was dropping out of the sky. It came down like a plummet, the noise of air in its feathers making a sound like a rushing stream. John looked up, watching the sleek beauty as it came towards them.

It braked, slowed, and landed with a dull thump on John's shoulder, its talons holding on to the thick cloth of his anorak.

"Lucky it's a cold day," said Andrew Grant. "You'd not care for treatment like that in a thin shirt."

John could say nothing. He stroked the bird's head, and held out his wrist. Sultan climbed on regally, and held out its foot, while John felt in his pockets for the meat.

He lifted the bird back on to the perch and watched it feed.

It had come back to him as a friend, trusting him to look after it. He had never felt so wonderful in his life. He looked up at the gamekeeper, his eyes glowing.

"You can show it to your friends safely



now," Andrew Grant promised him, as they took the bird inside for the night.

Skip, when told of the Sparrowhawk, decided to have a meeting up on the hill. The Troop paraded, wondering what was to happen, as John had kept Sultan a secret all through the summer term. They watched in amazement as he, Dud, came out of the little shed with the bird on his wrist.

"Quiet, now!" warned Skip, and the Troop crouched in the heather, watching as Sultan soared free into the sky.

"He's gone," said Dave Green.

John walked out on to the hill and looked upwards. The bird flew strongly, circled, and then began to dive. He held his breath. He always had a small fear that Sultan might decide to stay free. He had a rabbit's foot on a string in his hand, ready to swing as a lure should the bird fail to return.

The bird turned, braked, dived, and landed on John's outstretched wrist. It settled its feathers, preened, took the foot and began to eat.

The Troop watched, staring in astonishment at John, who had seemed such an ordinary sort of chap—such a dud!

"Gosh, to think the old Dud could do that," said Dave Green, envy as well as astonishment in his voice.

"It never does to judge people without knowing them for a long time," Skip said, grinning at John. "He needs a new name—certainly not Dud now. What shall we call him?"

"What about Hawk?" said Andrew Grant, who had been watching them. "Hawk Longton. How's that?"

It was Dave Green who spoke first. "Jolly good!" he exclaimed.

The other Scouts murmured agreement.



The bird began to dive

## DUD OF THE SPARROWHAWKS

John grinned at them happily. He had a nickname worth having now. He was as good as any of them. He wasn't "Dud" any more. Gently, he put his hawk on its perch and took it inside. "Thank you, Sultan!" he said softly, before shutting the door. He caressed the bird's feathers, and Sultan, looking up at him, took one finger in its beak, and nibbled it gently.

### WE NEVER CLOSED

This is the claim made by the founder and current president of the 24th Nottingham Scout Group, Mr. H. R. Lindley. The Group was started 52 years ago and since that time there has been a meeting every week. Even through the two world wars this tradition was carried on.

### THE LONG MARCH

A team of Senior Scouts from the Royal Grammar School in Guildford, Surrey, were awarded the

John went home. Whatever happened now, he knew that he could do anything he chose to do, if only he tried. Hawk Longton! It was a good name.

He whistled as he helped his mother that night.

Up on the hill the sparrowhawk slept, waiting for the next night, when its master would come again.

Bronze Cross of the Dutch League of Physical Culture for taking part in the Nijmegen march. The march is an international event, held annually, with military and civilian teams from about 15 countries taking part. Last year the teams were made up of over 13,000 marchers. The Seniors, who had put in some hard training before they left Holland, were accompanied on the march by a master from the school who was doing the march for the fourth time. Besides the individual Bronze Cross awards, the Senior Scouts also received a team medal.

## Snippets from *The Scout*

The Scout is published every Friday, price 6d. You take it, of course

In a letter from S.S. Chris Driscoll, 7th Finchley, London

Recently there have been several letters about keeping matches dry, but what does one do when one's matches are wet? This is a small tip I picked up some time ago. One places the wet matches in one's hair, and the electricity dries them within a minute.

From P/2nd H. Annegarn, 8th Air Scouts, South Africa

I recently saw a camp stove using sawdust. A four-gallon drum was used. The top had been knocked out, and a small hole (about 2 inches in diameter) was knocked in one side at the bottom. A rolled newspaper was then pushed through this hole to the middle and another placed in a vertical position. Sawdust was then packed tightly around it. The newspaper was then gently removed, leaving a tunnel right through the sawdust. A small piece of paper was then placed in the hole at the bottom. Once it is started, the

sawdust will be held in place by the layer of charcoal. You then just have to place a grid on the top and put the water on for tea.

From an article: "What Makes a Plus Patrol?"

1. A full attendance on all occasions, irrespective of weather conditions—and the courtesy of advance apologies when a chap can't turn up.

2. Strict punctuality. Arriving late is discourteous, and lets the gang down, and the P.L., and "Skip".

3. Smartness of appearance and bearing on all occasions—there's nothing slovenly or sloppy about a "Plus" Patrol.

4. Careful preparation for all activities and events, whether the Patrol is putting on a stunt, doing a demonstration, taking part in a game, hike, camp fire or anything else. Think ahead, plan ahead, and make sure the Patrol are prepared to play their part thoroughly.

5. A "Plus" Patrol has a programme and works to it and each

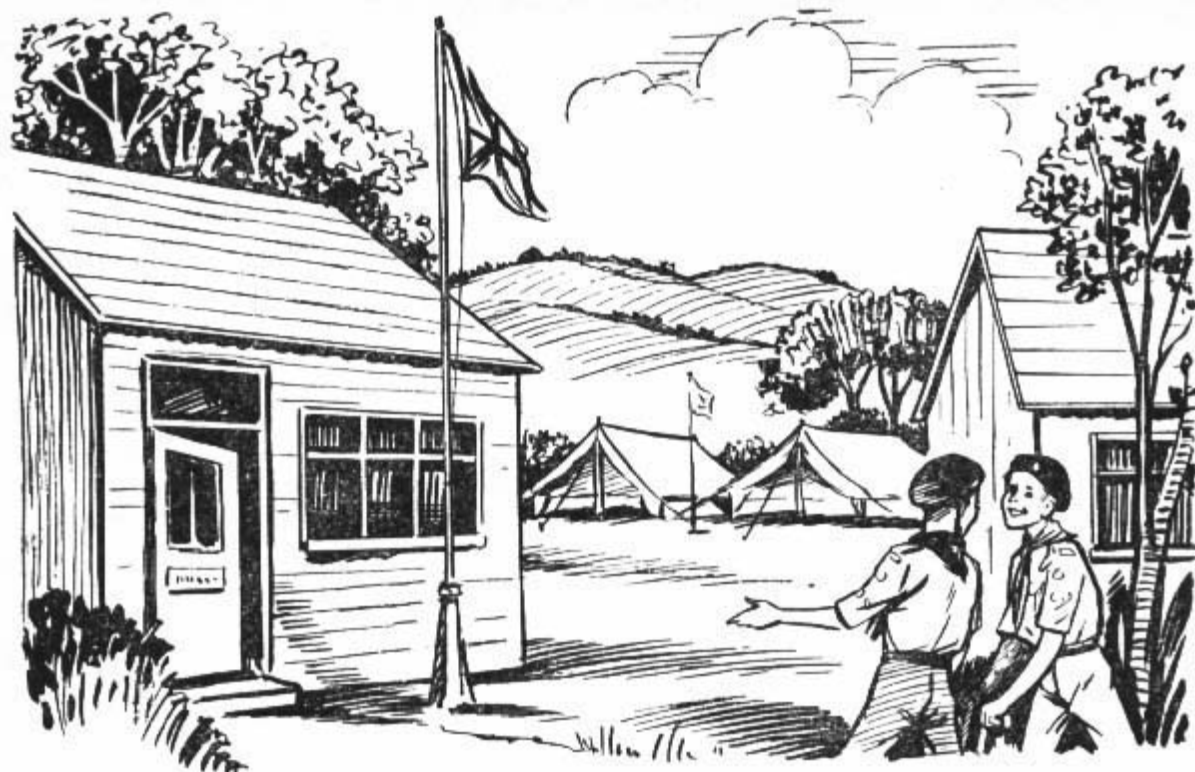
chap has a monthly target of tests to pass. Its progress chart is kept up to date, and consulted weekly, and the Patrol Programme is based on Tests and Badge work that individual members require to do. If individuals slip behind this schedule for any reason at all, the P.L. and Second, and the individual himself, take steps to make up for lost time and opportunities.

6. The spirit of a "Plus" Patrol mingles comradeship with Patrol pride and loyalty to the Troop as a whole.

7. The "Plus" Patrol is a Patrol that is always trying out new ideas, indoors and outdoors, setting out on new ventures, leading the way, attempting the difficult, the new, the untried.

8. The "Plus" Patrol enters fully into the Troop activities, backing up Skip all along the line in every possible way. Its members know that Skip gives up a great deal of time and uses a lot of energy on their behalf, and they never let him down.





# Scouting for the Handicapped

*by Sydney R. Brown*

Have you ever considered how "out of it all" a blind, deaf or spastic boy must feel in almost any walk of life? There are so many activities and organisations barred against him because of his handicap.

In some Scout Troops and Cub Packs the Scouters aim at having at least one or two such boys in order that their lives may be made just that much more worth living.

Some districts have a whole Scout Group composed of handicapped boys. One such unit is run in a hospital for disabled children not far from where I live, and how devoted the Scouters (who have nothing to do with the hospital apart from going there to act as Scouters) are, especially when they allow some of the boys to go to camp with them.

If there is a handicapped boy in your Group try to treat him as normally as possible, though of course he cannot be expected to do EVERYTHING the rest of you do.

A cripple could well be met at home and helped along to Scout headquarters, or a boy who has to go into hospital for long periods could be visited, and maybe allowed to have a go at passing some of his Scout or Cub tests while there.

Actually, the majority of handicapped boys in Scouting seem to have joined the Movement while in hospital, and only link themselves up with a normal Group when they come home.

The Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, in London, runs a Scout Group and a Guide Company, and many a

## SCOUTING FOR THE HANDICAPPED

disabled boy or girl has had his or her life opened to Scouting or Guiding there.

One or two of the nurses are so interested that they actually go to camp with the London Handicapped section's "Agoonorees", held each summer in a different part of the country, or sometimes abroad.

After her joyful camping experiences one sister joined the Movement in earnest and is now to be seen, on appropriate occasions, wearing the bright red scarf bearing a stile as an emblem on the back.

A reunion of all the campers, held at Westminster Central Hall in London each winter, is known to one and all as the "Over the Stile" social, and many parents and friends of the boys come along.

### *Agoons*

It is now about ten years since the first international camp for handicapped Scouts was held, in Holland, and this was soon followed by another in Belgium.

These camps were known as AGOONS, a word derived from the Greek and meaning "to struggle". It also has the meaning of "assembly", so you see it is very appropriate in both senses.

The motto of the campers was *Luctor et Emergo*—Struggle and Emerge—and the symbol chosen was that of the frog in B.-P.'s little story in *Scouting for Boys* (see Camp Fire Yarn 21), which shows

how perseverance wins through in the end, whatever the handicap.

A letter received by the organisers from one of the delighted campers shows how much these handicapped boys enjoy their new experiences.

The deaf and the physically handicapped were mixed in the Patrols so that they could help one another. They also chummed up with the blind.

London Handicapped Scouts now have a whole series of wonderful camps behind them, one of the most notable being the one held in Scotland in 1959. There they had great fun and found the Scottish people excellent hosts.

Ambulances and coaches appeared from nowhere, free of charge; the boys went swimming, and they were even taken up a mountain in a Land Rover. The "mountain" was actually a hill nine hundred feet high, but it was a mountain to those boys.

One local resident flew over the field in which the boys were standing and bombarded them with sweets! Clowns came along from Billy Smart's circus, which was not very far away, and all-in-all those boys had a wonderful time.

In 1960 the London Handicapped Scouts camped at the Petsalozzi Children's Village in Sussex, and in 1961 they went to Holland, where the first *Agoon* was held—thus coming full circle.

## SONG HELPS SCOUTING

Thousands of boys and girls enjoy Scouting through the generosity of a composer. In 1940 Irving Berlin donated the rights to income from his song "God Bless America" to a fund for the Boy and Girl Scouts to use in extending their programmes in "less chance" areas.

Boy Scout National Headquarters has required that allotments be met by similar amounts raised by the local council.

Frequently the "God Bless America Fund" has paid the salary of a new staff man for a twelve-month period, with the local organisation continu-

ing the project for at least one additional year.

Most of the Girl Scout expenditures from the fund have been for the special-area programme of the Greater New York Council. When the plan was launched in eight neighbourhoods one girl out of every 56 was a Scout. The ratio is now one out of every 22. There, smaller working units with more concentrated professional services than in the higher-income neighbourhoods have paid dividends. Manhattan's lower East Side proudly carried the name, Irving Berlin District.

*From "The Christian Science Monitor"*



Rising high above the eastern shore of Windermere, England's largest lake, is a massive rock which is known to thousands of Scouts. From the rock, which is sloping and rugged, you have a remarkable view of the ten-and-a-half-mile stretch of inland water and the woodlands round about—timbered areas which are the home of gentle roe deer.

Two hundred and fifty acres around the rock form the Great Tower Scout Camp, the only Headquarters Camping Site in the North of England, which became the property of the Movement in 1936, when it was generously given by Mr. W. B. Wakefield. The donor did not want to see the area cultivated and set out with all modern conveniences. He wanted it to retain its wild but beautiful state, and this is the chief attraction of Great Tower.

Here visiting Scouts—and there have been up to 16,000 camping nights a year—enjoy backwoods conditions. The sites where tents can be pitched are not very large, being just sufficient for a Patrol of six to eight boys. There is thick, sometimes very dense, vegetation round about. Drinking water comes from small streams and wells. There is enough dead wood at Great Tower to keep the camp fires burning for several years.

“Mac” Smith, the present bailiff, actually lives in a nest bungalow at the edge of the site. It was built in 1957, and it is sufficiently far from the road to be inconspicuous. He is continually impressed by the way in which Scouts appear mysteriously down woodland tracks and over crags when it is time to collect provisions. And when they have collected their supplies, they vanish equally mysteriously into the woods again.

## Backwoods Camping

by Peter Cragg

Such conditions bring out the best in Scouts. Because they camp in Patrols, the qualities of leadership are developed. Life can be hard and tough in the backwoods, but it does make for a good camping technique and an inter-dependence which is the hallmark of Scout fellowship.

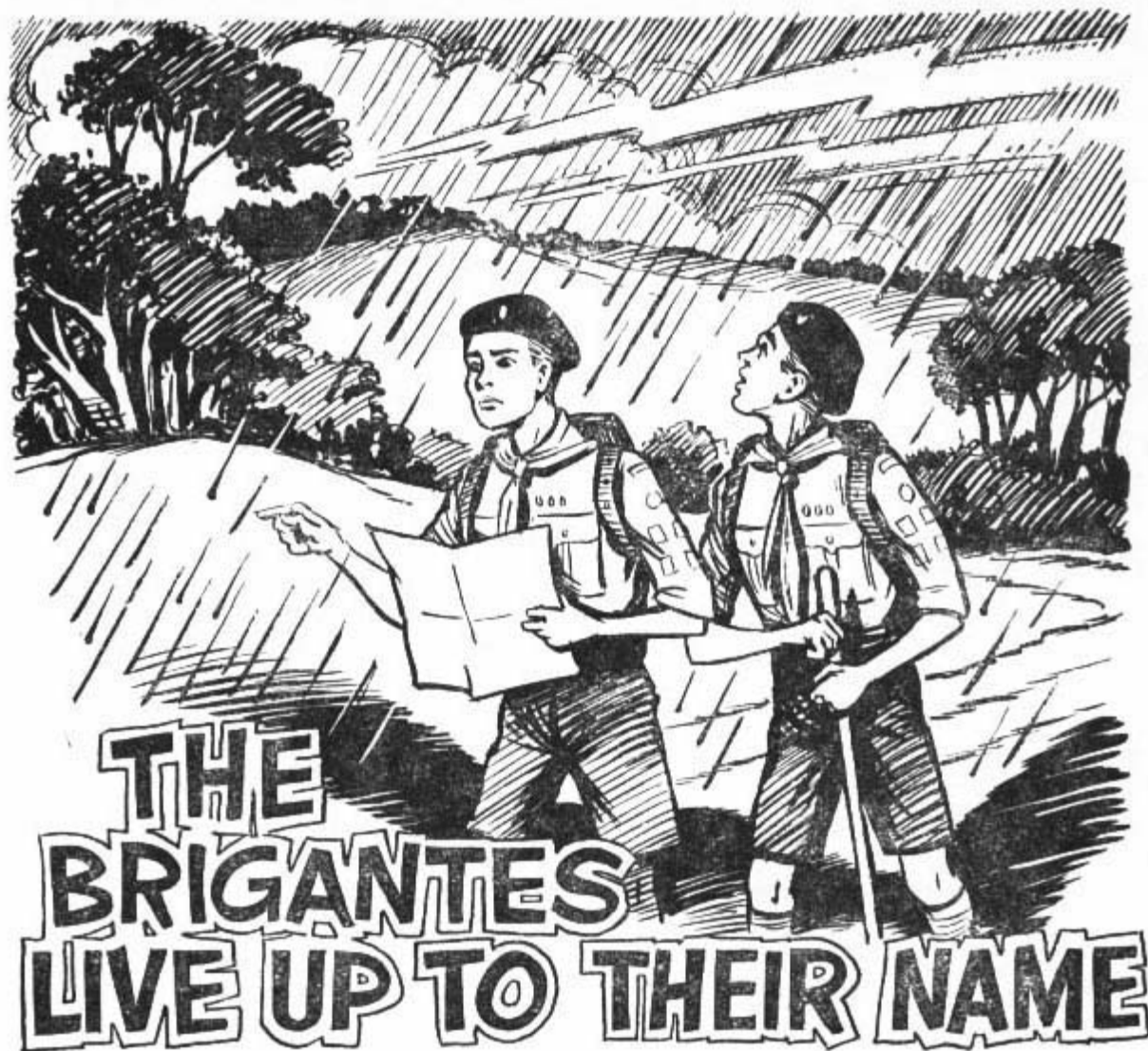
The tents are pitched on old charcoal pitsteads, level places among the trees where, years ago, wood was burned as one of the old industries of the Lake District. The pitsteads were noticed by Captain Michaelson, a retired naval commander, who became the first Warden of Great Tower, and he saw immediately that they made natural places for camping.

Great Tower does not extend down to the lake, stopping at the road which connects Bowness with Newby Bridge, but Scouts enjoy access to the shore through the kindness of a local lady, Mrs. Spellers, who made a large boathouse available. Here two sailing dinghies are moored. A charge of sixpence per night is made for each Scout visiting Great Tower so that the camping will not be taken for granted. In fact, the costs of running it are three times as great as the revenue from camping charges.

Captain Michaelson is remembered each time a Scout inspects a handsome totem pole which the indomitable first Warden of Great Tower carved with an axe and sheath-knife. And four Rover Crew members who were killed during the second world war are commemorated by a tablet to be found at an open-air chapel built by the original Rover Crew.

Great Tower is a fascinating place with its canopy of leaves and its small family parties of roe deer. You do not often see Scouts, even during the height of the camping season, for the vegetation hides them from sight. A motorist in the district, looking at the quiet woods, is impressed by their naturalness and peacefulness. In fact, there might be five hundred Scouts under canvas in there!





*by W. R. Mitchell*

There is a Rover Crew in England which likes nothing better than to leave the sheltered, civilised valleys for the high fells of the North Country, where it is possible to walk for hours without meeting a soul, where there are far more sheep than people, and where every mile that is tramped tests the skill and stamina of the true Scout. The Crew is in Brighouse and district. Years ago it began to call itself the Brigantes, after the tough, spirited race of people who once inhabited the "backbone of England" and gave the invading Romans quite a few headaches.

The Romans, in fact, never really conquered them.

Scouts who have seen the film which emphasises the adventure side of our Movement will have seen some of the modern Brigantes at work. For it was decided to include a section on potholing, and the lads from the Brighouse area took a cameraman underground, in North Ribblesdale, so that he could photograph them descending the deep, gloomy pitches of Alum Pot. On many weekends the brightly coloured tents of the Brigantes have been pitched near the caves and

potholes in high and lonely places as the Rovers have squeezed and crawled their way to the underworld, their bright head-lamps illuminating the stone formations of the galleries and shafts.

One of the last ventures of the Brigantes, held for the first time in 1962, was the organisation of a super-hike for men who are 17 years of age and over, and, appropriately, the prize for being first to complete a gruelling 60-mile journey across rough, tussocky ground and including no less than eleven peaks was an axe head of the type used by the Brigantes of old. It was given to the organisers by Mr. Don Thompson the A.D.C. for Rovers in Brighouse and Bradford South, and a friend of his carved the word "Fellsman" upon it, the name given to the hike.

#### *You've Got to be Tough*

You have to think hard to imagine the difficulties and stresses of doing a hike like this. The two Brighouse Rovers who came first in the 1962 Hike—David Howe and Michael Roulson—were on their feet for the best part of 24 hours, walking by day and night, with rain descending for hours on end, and low cloud on the fell-tops making this as much a test of navigation as of stamina, for they could not afford to be without their compasses for long. The precise time they took from Grassington to Ingleton was 23 hours 20 minutes. The terrain was almost wholly rough fell, and some of the 54 competitors who set out had to retire early with blistered feet. Only 15 staggered through, and there were Scouts in the first five places, all doing it within the 24 hours.

#### *The "Dalesman" Hike*

Younger members of the Movement have their turn in September of each year, when a "Dalesman" Hike is organised for teams of three. It is somewhat

shorter than the "Fellsman" ordeal, and although it is spread over two days tents are pitched at night, but once again it is a challenge to the spirit and resolution. The fells can be very unfriendly, stinging the legs with heather, or soaking them in peat bogs. On the rough ground the feet rarely have a chance of settling in a horizontal position, and mist or low cloud can suddenly blot out familiar landmarks, leaving competitors in a strange, damp, silent, almost ghostly world.

#### *Dramatic Weather Changes*

One year the hikers set off with the sun beating its rays mercilessly on their backs and head. They staggered across the high fells, dreaming of rest and of cold, refreshing water. Then there was a sudden, violent change in the weather. Storm clouds gathered. Thunder rumbled. Lightning flashed, and the rain descended in best Pennine form (it actually amounts to around 70 inches a year in places). Camping at the side of exposed Kidstones Pass, the Scouts had an uneasy night, for there was a brilliant display of sheet-lightning. Amazingly, no one was injured, and none of the dozens of tents was struck by lightning. Next morning they resumed the hike, with the weather having changed dramatically again, providing rain and mist.

The Rovers of Brighouse and district, and the many Scouts who camped on the fells, have formed a strong attachment to the "backbone of England", which is so remote in appearance and spirit from the modern world. They do underestimate the dangers, particularly of potholing. Some of the Brigantes set to work making potholing tackle, like rope ladders, and this was handed over to the Cave Rescue Organisation, which for almost 30 years has gone to the rescue of potholers trapped underground.

# MEET THE BRIGANTES



The "Brigante" country of north-west Yorkshire, showing the great "table mountain" of Ingleborough



Huddersfield Scouts consult a map before setting out on the tough 60-mile Fellsman Hike



David Howe and Michael Roulson, members of the Brigantes Rover Crew of Brighouse and winners of the first Fellsman Hike



Two Brigantes hold up the shield and Iron Age axehead trophies awarded to winners of the Fellsman Hike

Photo: W. G. Mitchell





The "Reading" waggon on a Norfolk common used by the writer of the article "Gipsy Caravans"

## GIPSY WAYS



A Romany peg-maker at work



A bow-topped waggon and a small showman's waggon at a favourite *achin tan* (stopping-place)

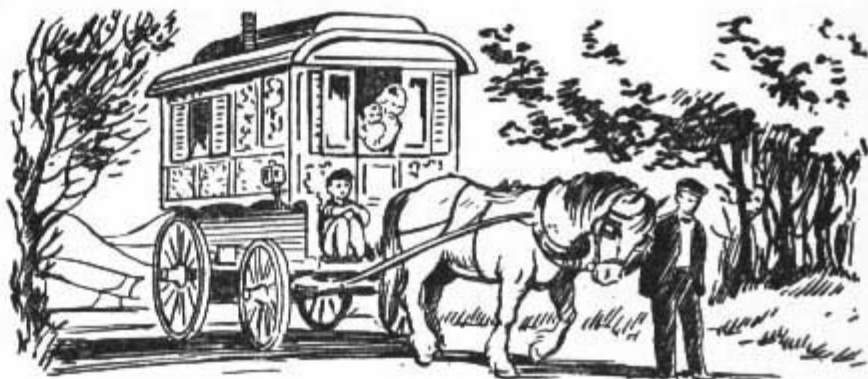
A short break during the fruit-picking season while baskets are weighed



*Photos: D. Sinclair*

# GIPSY CARAVANS

by  
O. SINCLAIR



The real horse-drawn gipsy caravan is becoming a rare sight on our roads, but it is still one of the most interesting and colourful of vehicles. A couple of "vardo", as the Romanies call them, drawn up in a green lane make an attractive picture, and even though there may be litter around them the vans themselves are usually clean and bright.

Gipsies were originally tent-dwellers. They have travelled the road for hundreds of years, but it was not until the end of the last century that they adopted the caravan as a home. Who first used a caravan is not definitely known, but there was a mention of one in which Mrs. Jarley had her waxworks in Dickens's book *The Old Curiosity Shop*. That was written in 1840-41, but some fifty years passed before gipsies really took to using caravans.

Since then they have developed their own distinctive types of van. The bow-topped or barrel-shaped waggon probably originated from the covered-waggon type of dwelling still used by some of the poorer gipsies and called by them an "open lot". The bow-topped van has a very rounded roof, like a small nissen-hut on wheels. The front is usually closed with a fitted wooden door and panels in winter, but in summer these are removed and a tilt hooked up in its place.

The Reading waggon is probably the most graceful of all the Romany vardos. It tapers out towards the roof. The rear wheels are much larger than the front ones and run outside the body of the van. It takes its name from the town where one of the best builders of this type of van had his business.

Another type, the Ledge waggon, has walls which jut out at right-angles above the wheels, but the most elaborate of all is the Showman's waggon. This type was used by the wealthier gipsies as well as by travelling showmen, and some of the most decorative were built as late as the nineteen twenties. Then, when £300 would buy a new bungalow, a Showman's waggon could cost up to £1,000 and some even £2,000 or £3,000! Much of this expense went into the fittings and decorations. Handsome mahogany furniture was built in and upholstery done in the best velvet; there was hand-carving on every possible piece of woodwork, decorated mirrors, artistically painted designs on the ceilings, and an abundance of gold-leaf over all. Although the colours may seem to us garish, the Romany often has a keen appreciation of design, and much of the carving is very good indeed.

The door is always in the front of the van, its upper part being a window which opens in two. The driver can either sit out on the footboard of the waggon or stand inside the door. Every van has a pan-box attached between the rear wheels, and this

serves as the larder. There is also a rack on the back for carrying extra equipment such as the steps.

The interior of each of these three types of van follows a fairly rigid scheme. The bed was always built in across the back of the van. It might be closed off during the day by sliding panels or by lace curtains, and in the recess beneath the children's beds could be made up. The fireplace was always to the left of the door, on the off-side, to minimise the danger of the chimney being knocked by overhanging branches. The gipsy distrusts banks, so a secret panel was often built in beside the fireplace for his hoard of sovereigns. A chest of drawers or locker might be fixed on either side of the stove. On the opposite side immediately behind the door was the favourite place for the china cupboard, and many a Romany woman has a very good collection.

#### *Lovers of the Out-of-Doors*

It often puzzles people how a large gipsy family can live in such a small home. The answer lies in their traditional way of life. They are adept at making tents from hazel boughs bent into hoops and stuck into the ground and over which coverings are thrown to make a little domed tent. Then, too, they are fond of living outside. The fire with the kettle-iron spiked into the ground beside it is an integral part of a gipsy camp, and around this the gipsies love to gather.

Gipsies tend to withdraw into quiet places, and often their camps are difficult to find. In winter they find semi-permanent sites about the country, and although each of them usually knows within a little where the rest of his kind are to be found this information is not usually divulged to a Gorgio, or non-Romany. In England the Romanies keep to a fairly closed circuit. They travel, but only over the three or four counties which they feel belong to them. The gipsies of the southern counties may meet those of the eastern counties at horse fairs or in the Fen country at fruit-picking time, where they congregate in large numbers, but afterwards they make their way back to their own territory.

#### *Trading "in the Gipsy's Blood"*

In the fields, on piecework, the whole gipsy family will work long and hard. This work provides their mainstay throughout the year. There is little sale for the artificial flowers and pegs which they used to hawk round the doors. Many pick up a little more money from collecting scrap iron, paper and rags, and they are always ready to make a deal. A Romany will not hesitate to sell his caravan if he gets a good offer for it, even if his family are living in it at the time. He will make a temporary shelter for them with a bender tent covered by a tarpaulin. Alternatively, he may sell his only horse and so be unable to move his van until he can get another. Whatever the difficulties involved, a gipsy will seldom refuse to trade—it's in his blood. In his blood too is that restlessness which prevents him from settling down in one place. "When spring comes," the gipsy will tell you, "and the birds start singing and the buds are bursting, you feel you want to be on the move."

Few of the real old Romany waggons are in existence today, and this can probably be accounted for by the final rites of their traditions. When a Romany dies his wagon is burned and his horse shot. There is no squabbling over inheritance. The mourners stand round and watch as the caravan and all its contents are reduced to ashes.



# KNOW YOUR KNOTS

1

2

DRAW HERE  
ARE SIX KNOTS,  
CAN YOU NAME  
THEM ALL?

WHAT IS EACH  
ONE USED FOR?  
CAN YOU TIE  
THEM?

FOR THE ANSWERS TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE-DOWN.

Body loop for lowering a person  
from a building, etc.

## BOWLINE

Used to start a back splice

## CROWN KNOT

is favoured by anglers and is a  
method of joining two lines

## THE FISHERMAN'S KNOT

can be pulled to release the knot  
the back of the horse the other rope  
with one end of the rope, and when on  
Enables one to tether a horse to its post

## HIGHWAYMAN'S HITCH

Useful for towing, forming a loop that  
can be slipped over the shoulder

## MAN HARNESS HITCH

Used as a halter

## MIDDLEMAN'S KNOT

CHECK YOUR KNOTS AGAINST THE DIAGRAMS  
WHEN TYING THEM.

3

4

5

6

# A TOWNEE IN THE TROOP



by J. STRANGER

IT was the last night but one in camp, and Skipper had promised the Troop a treat. The Scouts waited, listening quietly, as he briefed them.

"Dodge is carrying dispatches. He has to reach the old house at the end of Lessings Lane without being spotted. Macky and Rip are spies. They will watch him and follow him. Macky will head him off. The rest of you will follow on, and Rip will come back and direct you."

"One man against the world," said Dodge in mock-weary tones that made everyone

laugh. "Can I go where I like? I don't see how I'm going to avoid being spotted round here, though."

"Wherever you like," said Skip, "as long as it's safe. You know this countryside much better than the others."

"I'll make it safe, even for the townee," said Dodge, looking sideways at Macky, who bit his lip but said nothing.

"It must be safe," said Skip. "Zero hour . . . midnight."

"Midnight?" The Scouts looked at one another. This was going to be blinding.

Midnight came at last. Macky had been awake for some time. Privately he thought the whole idea stupid, but as he had to join in he supposed he would have to play the kid game properly. He wondered what the gang at home would think. Most of them had already left school and were working. They spent their free evenings in coffee bars, listening to juke-box music and bragging about their girl friends and their pay packets.

He had spent his time with them until his sailor father came home from his last voyage and decided that his son was wasting too much time and money hanging around the streets. He made him join the Scouts, thinking that the discipline would do him

good. Macky dared not disobey, but he longed for the bright city lights and the noise and laughter.

He dressed quickly and joined the others. Skip had written the despatches, and Dodge was waiting for the signal to go.

"No torches, except in emergency. There's a bright moon. Now, off with you!"

Macky watched Dodge trot across the field and into the lane. He counted dutifully, the Troop intoning with him.

"Now!"

He was away over the grass. He had been a good runner at school, and he covered the ground quickly and lightly, reaching the lane just in time to see Dodge disappear at the edge of a little wood.

He ran along the grass verge of the lane to muffle his footsteps. At the edge of the wood he halted, listening, and heard Dodge scrambling among the pine-needles. He followed, trying to be quiet. Perhaps he could catch the other Scout and grab the despatches. Then he could go back to bed and sleep.

Dodge knew the district well. His uncle owned the farm on which they were camping, and he spent most holidays here. He dived through the trees, keeping to a tiny deer trail that showed faintly in the moonlight. Once he looked back and saw Macky's head, dark against a distant lake.

He turned upwards. Macky heard the movement and followed. He was determined not to let the others laugh at him for his townie ways. He hated the nickname he had earned. It was hard to start Scouting when all the others had been in the Troop for years.

The trees ended. Macky, looking upwards, saw Dodge turn to the right, and begin to climb the heather-clad hill. He kept to the shadow of the woods, anxious that the despatch carrier should not spot him. Dodge climbed carelessly. He knew that he was on well-known ground and had more experience than the other Scout. He did not bother to look behind.

Macky circled through the trees. He lost ground when he came to a small cliff, an outcrop of rock that barred his way. When he had retraced his path, he saw Dodge high above him and still climbing.

The town boy found it hard going. He was used to level pavements, not to uncertain ground that was covered with loose trailing brambles and in places was so boggy that he sank to his ankles in wet mud. He wished he were home, asleep in a warm bed, instead of playing games in the dark.

He looked up. Dodge was climbing the bare rocky top of the hill, moving easily from hold to hold. Macky began to think the other Scout was deliberately trying to make him give up. He had never been higher than a few score feet in his life, and that on a seaside cliff, with a strong barrier between himself and the sea. He hated heights.

Far behind him he heard Rip moving. Rip was lucky. He had only to report back on the route and bring the other boys on—a piece of cake.

Dodge disappeared over the top. Macky began to examine the rock carefully. Skip had emphasized that the route must be safe. Was this one? Perhaps he could work his way round and cut the other Scout off. He began to walk, but soon found he was faced with a sheer, impassable wall. He turned back.

It was not easy to find the starting-point. He stared at the rock for some time before beginning his climb. The moon shone brightly, lighting the cliff face, which was not very high and was well supplied with footholds and handholds. It would be easier than he had thought.

He reached the top without difficulty. Far below him, Dodge was working slowly towards the river, a fast mountain stream that raced noisily over loose rocks. Macky looked down. If he had a rifle, he could pick Dodge off, like a fly on a wall.

‡ If he had a rifle! Quite suddenly his imagination flamed. He might be a soldier,



out on a spying expedition. He might be a policeman, hunting a criminal, or a Mountie, bringing back his man. He grinned to himself. Macky gets his man!

Dodge was on firm, level ground again, and running. Macky suddenly began to enjoy himself. He forgot he was a townee. This was adventure. This was real Scouting.

He began to climb down the cliff, forgetting his fear of heights. Once he saw the dim glimmer of a lake far below him. Then he saw Dodge loping along the riverbank and settled down to catch him.

At that instant the moon disappeared behind a cloud. Macky, posed on the cliff, straddled flat against cold rock, caught his breath. There was a smell of mist in the air, and he was suddenly afraid. The hazard was real now. This presented a task of initiative, pluck, and self-sufficiency. How, he wondered, would his milk-bar friends make out on a job like this?

He must get off the cliff before the mist came down. He began to climb cautiously, feeling for foothold and handhold. He dared not try to reach the torch in his haversack. There was quite a long drop, and he did not know if the ground below was soft.

The wind was cold, and he was glad of his warm jersey and thick anorak, but wished that the Troop wore longs instead of shorts as the wind cut at his knees. He found the descent demanding all his concentration, and he thrust from his mind thoughts of the terrors lying in wait for him in the dark below.

The mist swirled against his face. He could feel it chill against his skin.

Far below Dodge whistled. "Macky, are you okay?"

"Okay," Macky shouted back, absurdly relieved to hear a human voice. He had been alone in a world of nightmares a moment before.

"I'll wait for you to get down, and then you can give me another start."

Macky reached the foot of the cliff. The moon appeared briefly, and he saw Dodge waiting on the hill below him.

"Sorry," said Dodge. "I didn't bargain on the moon going in."

"It's okay," Macky said. "Go on. I'll count again."

Dodge slipped off. He had been afraid that Macky might take advantage of his softness to grab the despatches, but evidently the townee had a sense of decency. He had not liked to leave the other Scout on the cliff, knowing that he was not used to the countryside. He whistled under his breath as he crossed the stream.

Macky followed. It had been decent of Dodge to wait, and he was not going to take an unfair advantage. Slowly his values were being changed. He could see now why his father disliked his milk-bar friends. He doubted whether any of them would have waited to see that he was safe.

He began to feel happy. He heard Dodge's soft whistle, and echoed it under his breath, working his way over the boulders. A fish jumped, startling him so that he slipped and went in ankle-deep. A month ago that would have infuriated him. Now he thought nothing of it, and plunged over to the bank.

Dodge was running again, making for the lane, which wound its way between high thorn-hedges five fields away. Both Scouts knew the ground here, and the going was easy. Macky was catching up with Dodge when he tripped over a bramble and fell headlong.

"Got you!" exclaimed a triumphant voice, and long arms wound round his chest.

He struggled to free himself. "Who are you?" he asked, staring into the blackened face of a completely strange Scout.

"We're the Third Lee Mount. Who are you?"

"Sixth Stockborough."

"Sorry—my mistake," the Lee Mount Scout said. "We're out to make captives."

"So am I—and now he's got clean away," said Macky ruefully.

"Sorry," said the Lee Mount Scout again.

"Are you okay?"

Macky stood up gingerly. He nodded.

## A TOWNEE IN THE TROOP

"On your way, then. Any more of you about?"

"There'll be the whole Troop soon," replied Macky.

The Lee Mount Scout grinned. "It should be good if we make another mistake," he said. "We didn't bargain for this."

Macky grinned as he ran. He vaulted a gate and crossed a ploughed field. He could hear Dodge running down the lane. If he went over the third field he could still cut him off.

He stopped to consider the field. Faint wreaths of mist from the hills were chasing above the hedges. The third field had some crop growing in it. He looked at it. Better not to cut across. He sighed, and ran along the hedge, looking for an outlet to the lane.

He found a stile, and was over it, running

on the hard mud. Overhead the trees laced their branches and blocked out the light. The lane was lonely and eerie, and he almost jumped out of his skin when something made a sharp noise and blew in his ear.

He turned his head, and saw a horse gazing at him over the hedge.

Out in the open again he saw ahead of him a paved square and beyond it large wrought-iron gates that led through a neglected drive to an empty house.

He began to creep forward. He could see Dodge hidden in the rhododendrons. He approached from the back and pounced.

"Now what?" demanded an indignant voice. "You're the second one tonight. I'd like to know what's got into the halfwits round here."



Macky was catching up with Dodge when he tripped over a bramble and fell headlong

Macky looked in horror. A small man with spectacles and a tiny moustache was glaring at him furiously. He could just see him in the half light.

"I came here to record the song of the nightingale, and I seem to be the target for every lunatic in the district."

"I thought you were Dodge," explained Macky lamely.

"I suppose you're Jonah," said the man sourly.

"No. I'm Macky."

"Who's Jonah?"

"No idea. But there's another Troop out on manoeuvres too. I expect he belongs to them."

"I hope he doesn't come along too," the man said irritably. "I might as well pack up. No self-respecting nightingale will come into this madhouse tonight."

He picked up the tape-recorder and walked away along the lane. Macky heard the sound of a car; the man had driven away.

Macky walked up the drive. The house stood on a terrace. It loomed high and dark against the moonlit sky, and the blank windows stared like unfriendly eyes. Macky shivered, then he almost turned tail and ran as an eerie sobbing wail came from the steps by the front door. An owl flew past, hooting dismally. Macky grinned, relieved. Probably there were frogs or some other creatures there. He just wasn't used to country noises.

The wail came again. That was no frog! It didn't even sound human.

Macky backed away, feeling eyes on him, imagining the bushes full of unfriendly creatures waiting to pounce. There might even be wildcats, he thought.

Cats! He sighed with relief. Perhaps it was two tomcats fighting. He went towards the sound. Then he stared in horror at the dark, struggling shadows. These were not cats. They were big enough for deer, but deer did not behave like that. The figures were not animals.

Macky's courage began to ebb. The moon

pointed across the steps. He looked down and saw a human foot, shod in a heavy boot. He crept forward again, keeping the stone balustrade between himself and the mysterious creature.

Peeping over, he found himself looking straight into Skip's eyes. Skip was tied and



Peering over the balustrade he found himself looking at Skip and Dodge struggling to free themselves



## A TOWNEE IN THE TROOP

bound to Dodge, who was behind him, and the struggles made by the pair to free themselves had prevented Macky from identifying them as human.

He hastily removed the gags that had caused the agonised wails, and then freed the two prisoners.



"There seems to be something going on that I don't know anything about," exclaimed Skip bitterly. "I didn't imagine this exercise was going to end like this."

"There's another Troop out, Skip. Didn't they speak to you?" asked Macky.

"We were hidden in the shadows. They simply set on us and bound us up," complained Skip. "I wonder what's happened to the rest of our Troop?"

The darkness was rent by a wild yell. In the far distance boys could be heard shouting and scuffling, and once the Troop yell went up, sounding wild and lonely, like a wolf call.

"Who are you?" demanded a tall, dark man, coming suddenly round the corner. Skip told him.

The other grinned. "Our Troops seem to have become confused," he said. "I presume it was you two that we tied up?"

Skip nodded.

"I think we'll call the battle off and end the night's misdeeds with a midnight feast," said the other, who soon identified himself as Skipper of the Lee Mount Troop.

Later that night, sitting sleepily by the camp-fire, full of baked beans and sausages and coffee, Macky watched the other Scouts as they sang camp-songs. He no longer felt alone among them. Suddenly he caught Dodge's eye.

"Hi!" said Dodge. He came over and sat down companionably beside Macky. "You did jolly well," he said, "miles better than I thought you would." He grinned. "Not at all bad for a townie."

A townie! All the Scouts had nicknames: Dodge and Rip Winkle, Jonah and Dee and Brownie and Nutty—even Skip. Townie wasn't such a bad one, after all, when they didn't mean it as a gibe—and they didn't now.

"Come on and join in, Townie," said Skip.

Macky began to sing, and his voice blended gaily with theirs.

# SCOUT QUIZ *devised by Sydney R. Brown*

*Here is a clue that may help you in getting the answers—there are 26 questions*



1. What is the name given to an International Camp for handicapped Scouts?
2. Who taught Mowgli how to hunt in the jungle?
3. An Australian aborigine word sometimes applied to a rally of Scouts.
4. A small cake of flour and water which can be cooked in a variety of ways.
5. American equivalent of a Queen's Scout.
6. A method of joining two lines which is easily undone.
7. American name for Girl Guides.
8. A pit lined with hay in which a pot can be kept simmering.
9. An office co-ordinating Scouting in countries throughout the world.
10. A word first used to describe an international meeting in 1920.
11. Chunks of meat roasted on a stick over hot embers.
12. What is the only Cub badge which can be worn on a Boy Scout's uniform?
13. A large meeting of Rover Scouts.
14. A badge which bears an oak-leaf and an acorn.
15. The site of the first Jamboree ever held.
16. B.-P.'s home near Bentley, Hampshire.
17. The name of the polar exploration ship on which Sir Ernest Shackleton took two Boy Scouts.
18. Writer and producer of Gang Shows.
19. The Rover Scouts' motto.
20. Which Guide badge has a bee on it?
21. Another name for the Great Bear.
22. An examination undertaken by Rovers before investiture.
23. A word unknown outside Scouting circles.
24. A combined effort is made on these in certain quarters in December.
25. A training centre for Scouts at Boar's Hill, Oxford.
26. Many Patrol emblems can be seen alive here.

*Check your answers on page 125 and then make the quiz the basis of a Patrol test*

*Poems with a Point* by A. E. Passmore



Don't pitch your tent within a field, if a hostile ram is there,  
Or very soon your tent may be a ramshackle affair!



When passing near a turkey-cock you'll find it wiser not  
To poke or prod him, or you too may do a turkey trot.



If you should meet an angry bull, it's wiser to choose thorns  
And brambles than to stay and chat or take him by the horns!



If you should find an eagle's nest, 'tis best to pass it by,  
For on its nest the eagle bird will keep an eagle eye.



Don't call upon a billy-goat in field with gate tight shut,  
For when you're nearly over it, you'll find that he's all butt.





D. M. OAKES Gives You Some Hints For  
Tackling That

## PHOTOGRAPHER BADGE



Like every other badge in the book, the Photographer Badge can only be gained by diligent work, and there is no magic formula that will enable you to take perfect pictures every time you press a camera shutter.

Like every art, photography must be learnt from the basic principles up. Let's begin with the camera. Quite good photographs can be taken with a simple box-camera, but for the more serious worker a better model is desirable, one having a variable-speed shutter, several "stops" (more about these later) and some means of focussing the lens.

For the Senior Photographer Badge it is necessary to know the functions of the different parts of a camera, in particular the lens, the shutter, and the stops—or apertures, as they are sometimes called.

*The Lens.* In principle this can best be described as a number of prisms whose job it is to gather together all the rays of light coming from the surface of a subject and "bending" them so that they are "focussed" on to a plate or film. In this way an image of the subject is formed.

*The Shutter.* Obviously there must be some way of controlling the amount of light that passes through the lens and reaches the film. In the early days of photography this was done simply by placing a light-tight cap over the lens, removing this for a short while when the photograph was being taken. Plates were so slow that people having their portraits taken had to stay perfectly still for long periods to avoid blurred images. As plates became more sensitive to light the cap became too slow in operation and so the shutter was born. Present day shutters can regulate the amount of light reaching the film to as little as 1/1000th of a second, enabling fast-moving objects to be photographed. So a shutter is simply

a means of controlling the amount of light that reaches the film.

*The Stops.* These work in conjunction with the shutter. By setting a dial on the front of the lens a ring mounted behind the lens can be opened or made smaller—thus controlling the amount of light passing through. If a high shutter speed has been used, as when a fast-moving object is being photographed, sometimes there is not enough light reaching the film to give a good image. By opening the aperture more light is let through. Again, if a slow shutter speed is being used the aperture can be closed down. Of course, if it is a very dull day it may be necessary to use a slower shutter speed *and* a larger aperture to get a good image.

Try to get a simple exposure calculator (or a more expensive photo-electric meter, if funds allow) and learn to use it correctly. Your local dealer will explain how these work.

### *How Prints Are Made*

It is essential for the Scout Photographer to know something about how a negative and a positive (print) are made. If you could look very closely at the surface of a film before it goes into the camera you would see millions of tiny particles suspended in a gelatine base. These are particles of silver salts. The reason they do not shine brightly like the silver we know is because they have no ordered arrangement and cannot reflect the light that would cause them to shine. If you open the shutter and let a quantity of light reach this surface a change takes place in these silver salts, and when you develop the film they change into black metallic silver, thus forming the image that we all know. The silver salts change their form in direct proportion to the amount of light that has fallen on them, so that some areas of the film will be

darker than others. The rest of the untouched silver salts are dissolved away by immersing the film in a hypo solution (fixing).

When a light is shone through the negative and on to another sensitised surface the procedure is reversed; dark areas in the negative will stop the light passing through, and so a correspondingly light patch will result, and vice versa; this way a positive image (a print) is formed.

### *Enlarge Your Prints*

Prints submitted for both the Photographer and Senior Photographer test must be developed and printed by the Scout himself. There are two ways of printing a negative—contact printing and enlarging. Enlarging is by far the best method, as parts of a negative can be selected, thus improving composition. I would strongly urge any Scout going in for the Photographer Badge to try to gain access to an enlarger when making his prints for the badge. Perhaps a friend may lend one to a Scout not having one of his own. A good size to enlarge prints to would be half-plate size (6½ins. × 4¼ins).

### *Mounting Your Prints*

Stout board mounts can be obtained cheaply from a dealer if you want to submit your photographs mounted. There are two methods of mounting a print—wet and dry. Wet mounting consists of smearing non-staining paste on to the back of a print, positioning it on to the mount and then pressing it down with a clean cloth. This method is inclined to be rather messy, and unless extreme care is taken prints will be unevenly stuck. By far the most efficient method is dry mounting. For this a special tissue is used which melts at a high temperature. The procedure is as follows: Lay a sheet of dry mounting tissue (slightly larger than the print) on to the back of the print and touch it lightly with the end of a hot iron; an ordinary domestic iron heated to about 140 deg. Fahr. will do. When the tissue has stuck to the print, trim about ¼th of an inch of all four sides of the print; this is

to ensure that the edge of the print and the edge of the tissue are flush. Then lay the print on to the board and position it correctly. It is usually better to have three sides of equal width showing, with a slightly larger margin at the bottom. Lift each corner of the print in turn and stick the tissue to the mount with the iron. Finally, cover the entire print with a sheet of plain paper and press the hot iron firmly all over. It is most essential that everything be perfectly dry, otherwise it will not stick effectively.

### *Taking Photographs*

Now a word or two about taking the photographs that must be submitted for the test. A lot of photographs are spoilt by camera shake. Learn to hold the camera rock-steady when taking. If you haven't a tripod, rest the camera against a wall or table.

Filters can help to improve your photographs, especially landscapes. Get a booklet on the subject and study it well. The same advice applies to flash equipment, which will help to improve your interior if used intelligently.

Good darkroom technique is invaluable. Cleanliness in all the solutions is essential. Make sure the temperatures are correct when developing films and prints; full details will be found on the packets. Keep a record of all your photographs, type of film, exposure details, the time of day taken, etc. and how they are developed.

You are given a choice of subjects for the badge. Here are a few hints that will help you with them.

*Portrait.* A good portrait can be taken both indoors and out. When taking outdoors select as plain a background as possible, use a fairly large stop; this will help to throw the background out of focus slightly, making the subject stand out more. Avoid harsh sunlight; a cloudy day is better. Indoors a plain sheet hung up can serve as an effective background. Detailed lighting for indoor work is outside the scope of this article, but a book from the

library or from a photographic dealer will give you useful hints.

*Insects, Flowers.* For close-up pictures of these a tripod is essential. Unless one has a very expensive camera a special "close-up" attachment will be needed; this is not very expensive to buy and is fitted over the camera lens, enabling one to get within a few inches of the subject.

*Action.* These require a fairly fast shutter speed, at least a 1/300th of a second for fast-moving subjects. Try your hand at a sports meeting; this will give you excellent practice and you will learn to benefit from your mistakes.

*Architecture.* When photographing buildings it is essential to have the camera

level, both vertically and horizontally. Avoid pointing the camera up, otherwise it will look as though the building is falling backwards. For the purposes of the Senior Photographer test it would perhaps be better to select a portion of a building—say, an archway or a church door—than try to include the whole building.

Finally, spend some time on the photographs that you are taking along to the badge test. Make sure they are the best you can possibly turn out. Try to plan a photograph before you take it, asking yourself what the final result will look like. Don't forget that photography can be a pleasant hobby, so above all else, enjoy taking pictures!

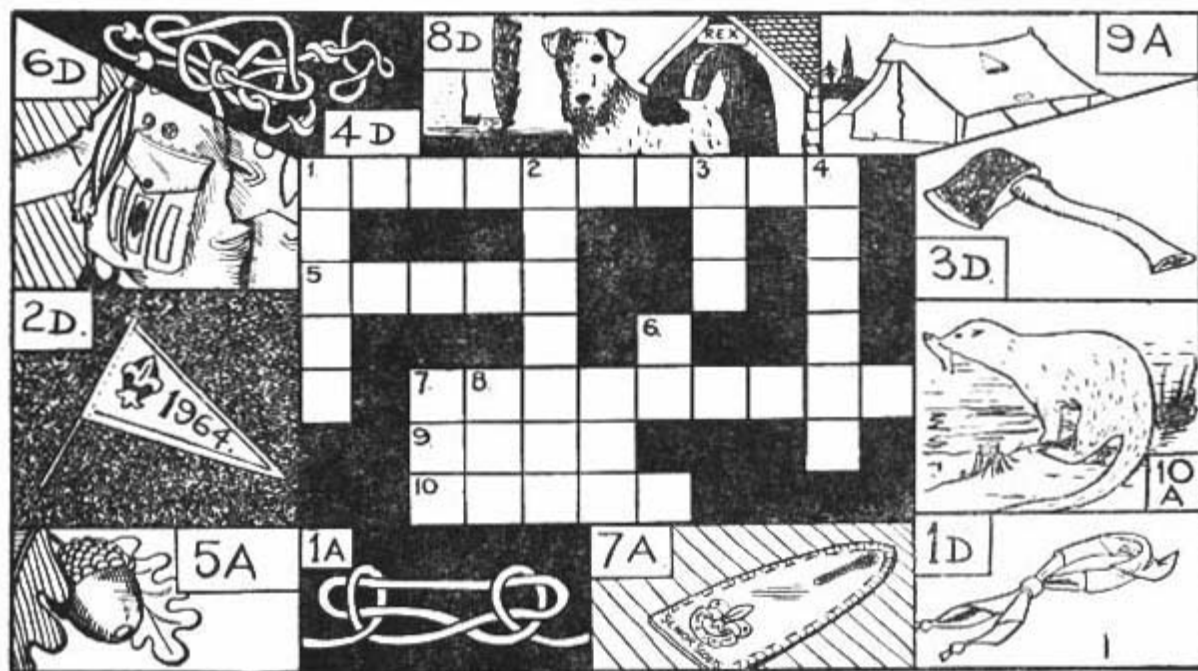
### HEADLESS HAT

"If you want to get ahead get a hat" is a slogan that the Warden of Baden-Powell House thinks should be changed to "Before you get a hat get a head". He has a hat—a beauty—a real war bonnet of a Red Indian chief, but no head! Do you happen to have a suitable head lying around, preferably Red

Indian? It is badly needed for the Baden-Powell House hat, which was presented by the Scouts who went to Chicago under the Scout Exchange operation. So just have a look round the lumber-room in case there's a forgotten head lying neglected, will you?

## Picture Crossword

CAN YOU SOLVE IT?







# PODGER'S PLAY

by M. Ivimy

ACT I. Scene I. The Scout Hut. A table, two or three chairs and a bench. Present are several boys, including Podger, John, and Tommy, all with paper and pencil, who are all trying to write a play. They are in various positions, one with a very large sheet of paper, one with a very small piece, some sitting on the floor, one on a chair. Podger is lying full length on table in centre of stage, with a large bottle of ink and a pile of paper. He is writing with great gusto, whistling and muttering to himself.

[Enter SCOUTMASTER.]

S.M.: Good evening, boys.

BOYS: Evening, sir.

S.M.: I see you're all very busy writing your plays. How is yours going, Tommy? Let's hear how it starts.

T.: Well, sir [*he hesitates*], I haven't got started yet. I can't spell "infinitesimal".

S.M.: Infinitesimal? Why on earth do you want to use *that* word?

T.: Well, sir, you see, it's about Napoleon. He stands in the middle of the stage, and he says, "Infinitesimal though I am, I will conquer the world!"

[*The SCOUTS and S.M. all laugh.*]

S.M.: I can see we must get a dictionary. Now, John, how about you?

J.: I've nearly done the first scene. Here it is. [*Reads*]: Ferdinando stands in the

## A Play for Scouts in Three Acts

middle of the floor. His gang surround him. Slowly his fierce eye travels over them, and they shrink in horror. His fierce eye comes to rest on a small seedy man. He blanks.

S.M.: Do you mean blinks or blanches, John?

[*John looks up, puzzled, but continues without answering.*]

J.: Ferdinando gazes at him, and comes nearer. He gasps in terror as he grabs him round the throat, he chokes, he presses harder, he chokes again, he lifts him in the air, his face is grey, he shakes him, he is purple in the face. . . .

S.M.: See here, John, all this and not a word! This is a mime, not a play! Get them talking.

[*Meanwhile the boys have been laughing and making remarks, without, however, preventing the main speakers from being heard.*]

S.M.: Never mind; carry on. How about you, Podger? You seem to be going in for it in a big way.

[*Podger, much absorbed, goes on writing.*]

S.M.: Hey, Podger, let's see what you're up to!

P.: Oh, oh, yes, sir [*he stammers*]. Yes,

CHARACTERS: The Scoutmaster  
John—a Scout Podger—a Scout  
Dick—a Scout Tommy—a Scout  
Other Scouts, number unspecified  
John Brown—a villager  
Arthur French—a villager  
"Things"—number unlimited

sir. I've done quite a lot, really. Here you are, sir.

[*Hands manuscript to S.M.*]

S.M.: [*reads*]: "The Visitors from Space." A Play in 3 Acts by Albert Podger Perkins. Act 1, Scene 1, The Common. It is a dark and foggy night. Two men, JOHN BROWN and ARTHUR FRENCH, are crossing the Common from north to south [*ceases to read*]. Now let's have two of you boys read this. I think you can manage it.

[*Curtain*]

ACT 1. Scene 2. Dark stage. Notice could be placed near footlights—THE COMMON. ARTHUR FRENCH carries a torch; no other light. Some large object draped with balloon fabric could be rigged up to represent the Flying Saucer, but if this is too difficult it could be dispensed with and the imagination of the audience relied upon.

[*Enter JOHN BROWN and ARTHUR FRENCH. They walk slowly, as they must not reach the farther side of the stage before the appropriate part of their conversation.*]

J.B.: Pretty dark, Arthur; job to see the path.

A.F.: Good job I got me torch. Should be half-way across by now. Isn't that the school building in front?

J.B.: Should be. Anyway, the moon should be coming up soon.

A.F.: So long as we find the "Chequers" before closing time, I don't care *what* comes up!

J.B.: Wait a minute, Arthur. This 'ere ain't no school!

A.F.: Course it is! What else could it be?

J.B.: It's a blinking bus, or something. A blinking big one, though.

[*They hesitate, and try to walk round the obstacle, which is in their path. ARTHUR shines his torch about it.*]

A.F.: Bus? This 'ere's an aeroplane, one of them big liners out of Bovingdon, come down on the Common. That's what this is.

J.B.: Must be. This part stretches right up above our heads. Why is everything so quiet—no lights or nothing?

A.F.: Don't know. Let's have a look all round, then we'll fetch the copper. Might be someone hurt or something.

[*Once more they try to walk round the obstacle. They can retire to the back of the stage. ARTHUR can put on his torch. They can pass under the curtain at back and re-enter the stage from the side, thus giving the impression of having walked round a very big object.*]

J.B.: But it's so big, and such a funny shape. Arthur, I never seen a plane like this. Do you know what I think it is?

A.F.: Yes, I know what *you* think, but it *can't* be. Too much of that there dandelion wine your missus makes, that's what *you've* had, Joe.

J.B.: Speak for yourself, old chap. You 'ad as much as what I 'ad, but you *easy* get light-'eaded.

A.F.: 'Ere, wait a minute. We've been all round this thing, now, haven't we?

J.B. [*thoughtfully*]: Yes, we have.

A.F.: Well, then, I reckon you're dead right, Joe. It is, it blinkin' well is a flying blinking saucer, on our flipping Common. This I never thought to see—no, never.

J.B.: Wait a minute, Arthur; don't get too excited. It might still be one of ours, you know.

A.F.: Ours? Could belong to the Yanks, more like. Anyway, where's the pilot and all the crew? Thing's big enough to take a couple o' hundred men.

J.B.: Look, the fog's clearing; there's the moon, just coming up. Now we shall see better.

[*They stare upwards.*]

A.F.: It's a wonderful-looking object, Joe. Look at the size of it. And that great glass dome on the top. Looks like St. Paul's Cathedral, don't it, and just about as big, too.

J.B. [*his voice trembling*]: I say, Arthur, there's a light gone on inside—underneath.

[*Effects—a large torch could be used here, under cover; also a noise, suggest drum, quiet at first, gradually getting louder.*]

PODGER'S PLAY

A.F.: There's a funny noise, too. Hear it? Like thunder, only it sort of twists your ear-drums. Let's move back a bit.

[Catches JOE'S arm.]

J.B.: Yes, let's move back—no, I can't. I can't move, Arthur.

A.F.: No more can I, Joe. Can't move an inch. What's gone wrong with us?

J.B.: I dunno. 'Ere, there's a door opening. Something moved underneath.



There's a little ladder coming down. There's a—someone—something. . . .

A.F.: It's coming out. It's coming for us! Oh, if only we could move!

[There are shouts behind.]

J.B.: Someone else has seen this thing. If they come right up they might get stuck like us, paralysed.

A.F.: I can't turn me 'ead. And it's coming nearer and nearer. . . .

[Curtain]

ACT 1. Scene 3. Scout Hut. BOYS and S.M. in exact positions as before.

S.M.: So that's as far as you've got, Podger. Must say it's pretty good. We could act that all right.

[Enter a boy, DICK. He rushes in, panting and excited.]

D.: I say, you chaps, guess what's happened! Guess what's happened!

[He jumps up and down till the S.M. grabs him by the shoulders and holds him still.]

S.M.: Calm down, Dick, and tell us what has happened. Anyway, you should have been here tonight.

D.: I went somewhere with my mum. We came back across the Common, in the fog. Then the fog lifted and the moon came out. Guess what we saw!

S.M.: Nothing uglier than yourself, I'll be bound. Anyway, what was it?

D.: A flying saucer, a great big flying saucer, that's what! It's still there. Come and have a look!

[All give shouts and cries of excitement and rush out, except PODGER, who resumes his place on the table and continues to write.]

[Curtain]

ACT 2. Scene 1. The Scout Hut. The following evening. Podger is still writing. He is seated on a chair at the table. There is a lot of ink on his face and a pile of manuscript on the floor beside him.

[Enter S.M. with JOHN and TOMMY.]

S.M.: I say, Podger, you're not still at it! I don't know whether we shall be able to put on the play now that this thing has happened. Anyway, let's see what you've got.

[He reads silently from the papers, which he takes from the floor.]

TOMMY: Funny a flying saucer should land on the Common just when Podger was writing about it.

JOHN: Clever bloke, Podger. He's my cousin aren't you, Podge?

P.: Your cousin? No, course I'm not.

S.M. [still looking at play]: Stop arguing. I never knew you two were cousins!

P.: We're not, sir. I stayed in his house once for three weeks, when my mum was away. We said we'd make out we was cousins. Now because I'm going to be famous. . . .

J. and T. [together]: Bighead!

S.M.: That's enough. Anyway, Podger, you're only putting in the play now what's actually happening. That's cheating. We all know Arthur French and Joe Brown are standing by the flying saucer, paralysed. Everyone who has touched them, or come near the thing, is paralysed, too.

J.: There's about a dozen of them now, sir. Like statues, they are. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. French are crying their eyes out, and Arthur and Joe are beefing like mad.



Dick's stuck there, too, and his mum boxed his ears. He couldn't even dodge her. Now she can't move, neither.

T.: They cover them up with blankets at night, and they feed them with spoons.

S.M.: Yes, it's amazing. They can still talk, but not move arms or legs. Something will have to be done, soon. As for you, Podger, you'll make a good reporter.

P.: How can I report what I haven't seen? I've never been outside this hut, and I never heard about what's happened till you came in.

S.M.: But—it's all here in the play, every detail—even to the Chief Constable being stuck there since this morning! They gave him food through a straw!

J.: And they've pinned Mrs. Harris's best eiderdown round him!

S.M. [*thoughtfully*]: Let's hope the weather doesn't change. It's quite mild at present. Funny no one's seen anything of the things that came out of the machine. There must be more of them somewhere.

[*PODGER resumes writing.*]

S.M.: Here, what are you writing now?

T. [*excitedly*]: He's making some more things happen, that's what he's doing!

[*Curtain.*]

ACT 2: *Scene 2.* The village High Street. Every light is out. By the dim light of the moon it can be seen that the road is full of stationary vehicles. No one moves in them. Buses are full of people who seem to be asleep, cars and lorries crowd the road and two have collided, but no one moves; no vehicle is lit up and all is silent. [*These effects could be brought about by means of cardboard flat models, one or two real bicycles with their riders remaining absolutely still. With dim stage-lighting, the effect of a crowded street full of stationary traffic and an atmosphere of gloomy terror might be managed.*]

Slowly down the street come many "things" which have come out of the flying saucer. [*These have eerie coloured lights shining through their shrouds.*] There is faint mysterious music and drumming. The "things", having entered from the left, will pass off slowly to the right. After the last one has left the stage, the S.M.

with Johnny, Tommy and the other Scouts enter. They move very carefully, for if they brush against a stationary vehicle or a paralysed pedestrian, they will become in the same state. S.M. stops the boys, about centre stage, for a parley.

S.M.: Now, boys, you know what we're trying to do. Redbourn is cut off from the world. Everyone who approaches the village is sure to be paralysed. If we can get to St. Albans, we might phone London and warn the authorities.

J.: Who shall we go to—the Queen?

T.: I didn't bring any sandwiches.

S.M.: No, I reckon we'd better get to a police-station.

T.: Can't we go on our bikes?

S.M.: You couldn't get a bicycle through this. It's as much as we can do to squeeze past without touching anything. Now, listen, boys; if one of us gets stuck, the others go on. Even if it gets down to one, that one goes on. Understood?

ALL: Yes, sir.

[*They salute, and then move on.*]

[*TOMMY falls out, saying excitedly:*]

T.: I've got a better idea, I have. I know what I'm going to do.

[*He leaves the stage by the opposite side from the others.*]

[*Curtain.*]

ACT 3. *Scene 1.* The Scout Hut as before, with PODGER seated on chair and still writing. He has a large pile of sandwiches and a bottle of pop. He eats and takes an occasional swig at the pop. He seems hungry and very tired, but appears to be unable to stop writing. His face is pale as if with strain.

[*After some minutes, enter TOMMY.*]

T.: I say, Podger, let's see how you're getting on with the play.

P. [*wearily*]: Well, all right. But you know as much as I do about it. What's happening is all here [*kicks at pile of manuscript on floor*], and what's here is happening outside. [*Continues to write.*]

T. [*reading*]: Now, listen, boys. If one of us gets stuck, the others go on. If it gets down to one, that one goes on—understood? Coo, that is just what Skip did say. [*Goes on reading.*] Tommy falls

PODGER'S PLAY

out, and says—I've got a better idea, I have. (So I have, too!) Johnny follows Tommy—here, Podger, John didn't follow me! You've gone wrong. . . .

[Enter JOHNNY. TOMMY gasps].

P.: Well, there you are, Tommy. I can't help it.



J.: What *was* your idea, Tommy?

T.: Podger, stop writing, will you, just for two seconds?

P. [distressed]: I can't, I can't!

J.: Yes, stop it, Podge. Give it up. I got an idea, too.

P.: I can't; I can't stop, I tell you [continues scribbling at great speed]. [Lights dim. Enter two "things" quietly. They stay by the door.]

T.: Crikey, look there, Podger!

J.: Now look what you've done!

P. [glancing up]: 'Tisn't my fault. I can't help it, I tell you.

[T. and J. both go behind P.]

T.: Now, Podger, you go on writing, but you write what I say and not what you think. Go on.

J.: Yes, that's right, Podge; you do as Tommy says, there's a good chap. I'll black your eyes if you don't. Cousin! [with scorn]. You do what Tommy says or we're going to fall out, you and me!

T.: Don't be too hard on him, John. He might have got us all in this mess, but

he can get us out. Now, Podge [kindly], you write what I tell you.

P.: O.K. I'll try. Go on.

[The "things" come nearer, and the boys shrink closer together in alarm.]

T. [whispering]: Write, Podge, write! [Loud and clear:] The two creatures suddenly seemed afraid as the boys glared at them with a fierce eye. [The "things" cease to approach.] They shrink in horror. They leave the hut—I mean the "things" leave the hut in terror—they leave the hut. . . .

[The "things" leave the hut slowly.]

T.: Now, let's get on, Podger. Go on writing. The creatures, now quite terrified, seek out the flying saucer. One by one they clamber into it. . . .

[Curtain]

ACT 3. Scene 2. The Scout Hut, same as Scene 1. Podger still writing, the boys beside him.

[Enter S.M. and SCOUTS.]

S.M. [excitedly]: Well, boys, the terror is over. Everyone is able to move again. The creatures are all congregated by the flying saucer and have started climbing in. It's obviously going to take off and leave us all in peace. I suggest we go and watch it. You'll possibly never see such a sight again.

T.: Too late, sir.

S.M.: Too late. What do you mean?

[PODGER reads, holding up his manuscript triumphantly:]

P.: As the last of the "things" clamber in, the ladder is drawn up and the door is closed. There is a terrific moaning noise. The flying saucer slowly begins to revolve like a large spinning-top. Faster and faster it goes, until it slowly leaves the ground [noise of cheering]. It rises in the air, a splendid sight, like St. Paul's Cathedral floating up and up, until it is lost to view.

[All cheer, off stage and on. Enter all remaining cast. PODGER sinks down on his seat, the boys press him with sandwiches and pop, slap him on the back, and finally lift him and chair him to the front of stage, all cheering.]

[Curtain]

# NIGHT OPERATION

by LEIGHTON HOUGHTON



"Put your best foot forward. We've quite a step to go yet and it's all uphill." Bill, bending under the weight of his bulging rucksack, turned from the bus stop and strode down the road, his nailed boots grating on the rutted surface. Peter, who had stopped to push the remains of a slab of chocolate into his shirt pocket, broke into a trot to catch up with him.

"The light will be practically gone before we reach camp. Good thing we haven't got to start pitching and collecting wood for a fire. Johnny and Chris ought to have a whacking meal ready for us, if they've done their stuff; they know what time to expect us."

The four Scouts, all members of the Peewit Patrol, had planned this camp months ago. Bill had spotted the sheep-farm when they hiked across the moors one Saturday last summer. In answer to his inquiry, the farmer had said that they might camp on his land any time they wished. Earlier this year the four of them had had a day's expedition out here to discover a suitable site for their two lightweight tents, and Johnny had found a grassy plateau in a fold of the hills where a small stream foamed and bubbled over a rocky bed towards the distant valley. Apart from a possible scarcity of wood which might force them to carry it up from the copse near the farmhouse, it offered an ideal position. Shielded from the wind by the hill behind them and out of view of the farm, it was a solitary and undisturbed place which might have been miles from civilization. Only the desolate crying of the sheep which grazed the hillside and the lonely call of the curlews broke the brooding silence of the barren hills, though once in a while a lorry or a tradesman's van rattled along the grey, dusty ribbon of road far below on the floor of the valley.

It was late September now and the camp was planned for a weekend. Chris, the Peewits' Patrol Leader, and Johnny both attended the Secondary Modern School and had been able to get away shortly after four



## NIGHT OPERATION

o'clock, but Bill and Peter had had to leave on a later bus, arriving at the stop nearest to the farm nearly two hours after the others.

As they turned off the main road and took the steep, twisting road which skirted the stackyard, the light was beginning to fade and there was a chilly tinge to the breeze. Presently they left the road, climbed a gate and trudged across a field of stubble towards the deserted shoulder of the hill beyond which they knew they would find the camp. From the farm, nestling among trees, came the rattle of milking pails and the barking of a dog, and in one of the windows a light glowed red behind drawn curtains.

"I'm famished." Bill clambered over a loose stone wall. "If they've burned the sausages I'll never forgive them."

Peter said, "Last time we camped, Johnny fried them in a kind of batter—remember? Wizard! You've got to hand it to Johnny; he can cook."

But Bill needed all his breath to climb the hillside and made no reply.

Two black-faced sheep started up suddenly from behind a boulder and stood watching them suspiciously, and a ram with curled horns appeared against the sky, bleating, wind ruffling its rough, long-haired coat.

They had breasted the hill now and could look down into the fold where their camp was situated, though the higher ground hid the plateau from where they were standing. Below and over to the right a pencil of blue smoke rose lazily into the shadowed sky.

"There it is!" Bill pointed to the smoke and shouted through cupped hands, "Ahey, my hearties! Ahey, you lazy lubbers!"

They broke into a trot, their boots slipping on the short springy turf. The plateau came into view suddenly, a wide ledge of rough, green grass nestling into the side of the hill.

Both tents were pitched and a turf had been removed to make a fireplace, the brightly burning wood surrounded by large stones, with a kettle, merrily steaming, balanced between them. On the embers at one side a frying-pan was filled to capacity

with brown, spluttering sausages, and bread and mugs and plates stood on the grass nearby. A filled tea-bag lay in one of the empty billies, waiting for the boiling water to be poured on it. But the plateau was deserted.

"Show a leg, you guys!" Bill slipped off his rucksack and stooped to look into the nearest tent.

Johnny and Chris's sleeping-bags were laid side by side on the groundsheet and on top of them stood their unlaced rucksacks, some of the clothes hanging out of them. But there was no one there. Peter, finding the second tent also deserted, came to Bill's side with a gesture of helplessness.

"Not a sign of 'em! Where on earth can they have gone to?"

"Must be down at the farm," Bill replied. "Fetching milk or something. Funny we didn't see them, though—and why should both of them have to go?"

Peter moved towards the fire and picked up a sheath-knife lying, unsheathed, on the turf. "Careless blighter! That's Johnny's." He turned and tossed it on to one of the sleeping-bags in the tent, then gazed down at the sausages, smacking his lips.

"I know what you're thinking." Bill laughed. "Serve them jolly well right if we wolfed the lot before they showed up."

"We'll give them ten minutes," said Peter, glancing at his wristwatch, "then we'll eat our share. They can't complain about that, can they?"

Bill moved to the edge of the plateau and called through his hands, first down and then up to the fold in the hills, but only the curlews answered him, crying plaintively from above the windswept grass. He moved back to the fire, standing restlessly, staring at the crackling logs.

"I don't suppose anything can have happened." He looked at Peter doubtfully. "I mean—well, all this cooking—everything just ready. They must have been here almost within five minutes of our arriving. If they'd gone to the farm we should have seen them."

Peter was squatting by the hearth, turning the sausages over in the pan. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't figure it out. Shall I sprint down to the farm before we eat?"

"Wrap one of the sausages in a slice of bread and eat it on the way."

It did not take long to reach the farmyard, for it was downhill all the way. Peter slid half the distance sitting on his heels, gained the deserted roadway, and ran along it to where an avenue of elms marked the entrance to the house. But the stackyard was devoid of people and there was no answer to his repeated hammering on the kitchen door. A dog barked from the closed barn and another answered it from a nearby stable. Peter went slowly back to the camp.

"No one there." He climbed up to where Bill was standing, waiting for him. "The farm's dead, Bill. I'm beginning to wonder . . . I don't like it."

"Something's wrong." Bill nodded, his face serious. "I sensed it as soon as we got here, but it didn't seem so probable then."

"What do we do? Go to the village and fetch a policeman? It's every inch of five miles, and the only phone is locked up in the farmhouse. Maybe they wouldn't believe us, either."

"Besides," Bill answered, "we might get back and find them both here. Nice couple of fools we'd look if we'd made the local bobby trek five miles."

"Well, what do we do, then? Any bright ideas?"

For answer, Bill stooped and picked up a large flat stone which was lying close to the hearth.

"I noticed this when you were at the farm. Maybe it doesn't mean a thing, but these scratches are freshly made—you can see they are."

Peter, taking the stone, saw that there were four groups of sharp scratches on one side of it. He gazed at them, puzzled.

"I don't get it. What could have made these?"

"The stone was just where you picked up Johnny's knife. D'you think it's a clue?"

Peter stared at the marks, frowning.



"Two tall and one short one." He was speaking more to himself than to Bill. "Then a space and three tall ones close together—"

Bill said, "Sounds like you're reading morse. Morse! It couldn't be morse, could it?"

Peter looked at the scratches with renewed interest. Suddenly both Scouts were tense with excitement.

"Long-long-short, that's G; long-long-long, O."

"Go." Bill snapped his fingers. "Go where?"

"Short-short-long, that's U; short-long-short is P. That's all."

"Up—go up. You went down to the farm; that wasn't any good. We've got to go up."

He stared up the steep hillside rising above him. A sheep bleated and the wind soughed across the coarse grass. Down the crease in the hill the little stream fell, chattering and dancing over and round the tumbled stones. Above, the first dark fingers of the approaching night were creeping across the clouded sky.

"Go up." Bill turned to Peter. "For Pete's sake! What would we be finding up there?"

"That's to be seen. Come on—follow the stream—and every few yards we'll try yelling."

They went down to the water's edge and, keeping beside the pebbled bed, scrambled upwards, slipping on the dry grass, clutching at tussocks to heave themselves up, splashing sometimes into water and climbing over boulders. Every now and again they shouted through cupped hands, but only the curlews and the scattered sheep replied.

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"We're almost at the summit." Peter paused, panting for breath. "I can't see what they'd be doing up here."

The camp now was far below them and they could see a half-mile of the road and, indistinctly in the gathering gloom, the dark mass of the trees where the farm was situated.

"We'll go——" Bill stopped abruptly, leaping to one side. "Look out—behind you!"

Peter flung himself on to the hillside as he glimpsed a great boulder leaping down the bed of the stream, crashing among the rocks. It missed him by inches and went hurtling into the far valley.

"Gosh, that was a near one!" Bill gave a low whistle.

But Peter was not listening. He was staring up in the direction from which the rock had come.

"Hey, what started that moving? That didn't move all on its own, I know. You wait here."

He hurried ahead, then Bill heard him shout and saw him standing against the sky, waving his arms.

"They're here! Come quickly!"

Johnny and Chris were lying close to-

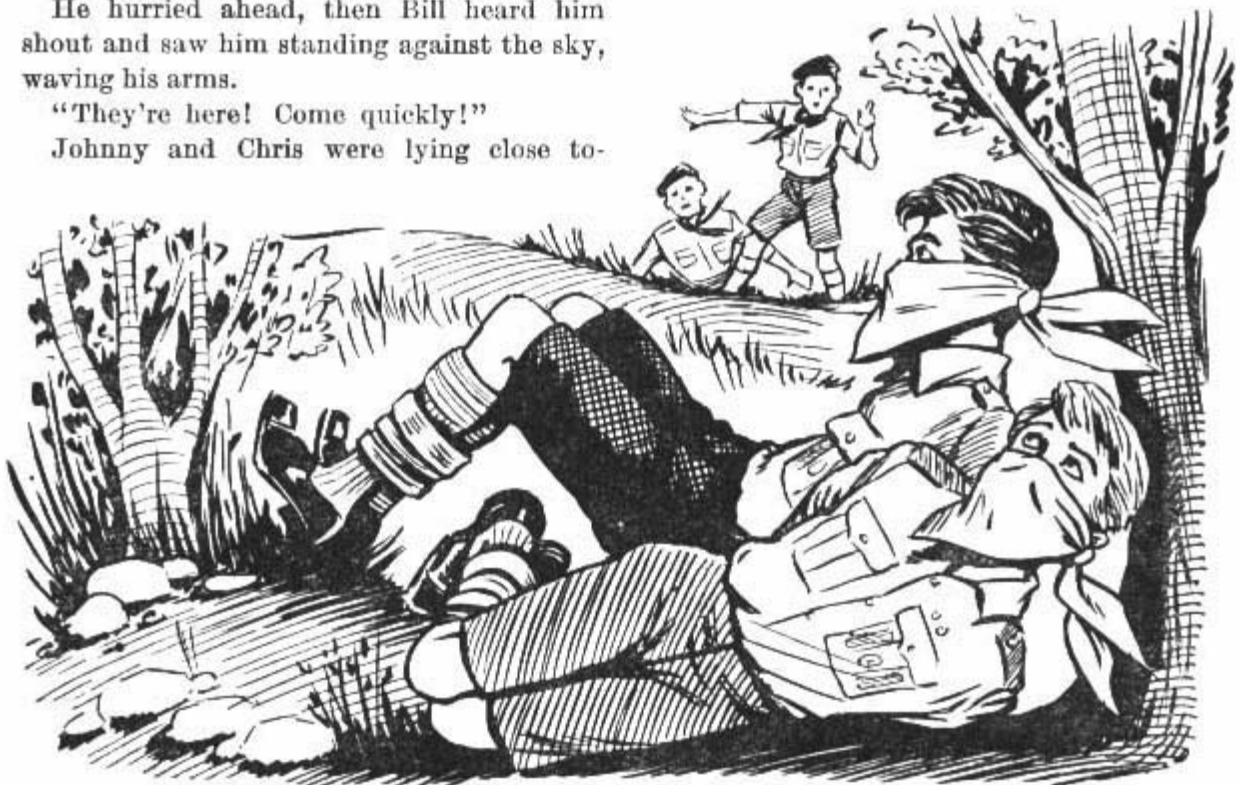
gether in a shallow depression in the ground. Their ankles were fastened with their own belts, their hands tied behind their backs with handkerchiefs and they were both gagged with their Scout neckerchiefs. Both were as helpless as trussed chickens.

Bill and Peter soon freed them. Apart from slight bruising of their wrists where the knots had bitten into the flesh, they were unharmed, but both of them were boiling with indignation.

"Of all the cool cheek!" Johnny stamped his feet, getting back the circulation. "Two fellows did this. I thought you were never coming."

"We found the message," said Peter. "What was the idea?"

"I managed to scratch that while they were tying up Chris—never thought you'd tumble to it, though. I'd heard one of them say they were going to dump us higher up the hill. When I caught your voices I managed to shift a rock with my feet——"



Both were as helpless as trussed chickens



"You very nearly flattened Peter into a pancake." Bill laughed. "Say, what were those two fellows after?"

"Search me!" Chris shrugged. "Said they wanted a light for a fag, then—bingo!—they had us on the turf and were tying us up."

"But why?" asked Peter.

"I dunno. They're coming back—tonight. We must have been in their way."

"One of them said all the farm folk were off to a harvest supper in the village," said Chris. "Of course they hadn't a clue that there were two more of us to come."

"Lucky for you," said Bill. "So they're due back? What's the drill, then? We'll have to do something about it."

"I fancy we'll have to handle this affair ourselves." Johnny looked thoughtful. "No one in the village would listen to us; we don't know enough of their plans. All we can do at the moment is to keep a weather eye open."

"But first I'm tackling these sausages," said Peter, with decision. "If our visitors

turn up before I've eaten I'll crown 'em! I'm on the verge of starvation."

The sausages lay in congealing grease, and the fire had died, but the food was soon reheated. When the meal had been eaten, washed down by hot, sweet mugs of tea, all four Scouts declared that it had been a banquet.

It was practically dark now. The first stars winked high above them and the road was no longer visible.

"This is how I see it." Johnny crouched over the fire, his hands cupped round his mug. "Whatever happens, they've got to find our camp deserted. If they're really up to something illegal we'll have to call for help. The only phone is in the farmhouse. If it's vital we'll have to break a window."

"What do we expect?" inquired Peter.

"Two men—that's all we can say. If they had a car or anything we didn't see it, but they'll come by the road."

"Fair enough." Bill nodded. "In another half-hour the moon will be up."



Bill crouched down and watched

## NIGHT OPERATION

Johnny said, "How many torches have we got?"

Everybody had a torch.

"Good! Bill goes to the top of the hill; you can see a long stretch of road from there. Chris, you station yourself near the road and make sure you can see Bill's torch when he flashes it. Peter, you take the entrance to the farm drive, under the trees, and I'll hang about near the house. That way we'll all be able to keep in touch, flashing."

"D means danger." Bill spoke in a low voice. "One long flash and two short. As soon as anyone sees what they're up to he flashes to the next in line. One long flash means we've spotted their arrival. Three long flashes means there's nothing doing—the whole thing's been a mistake. Get that?"

"As soon as Johnny gets the flash for danger," said Chris, "he breaks into the house and dials 999."

"The phone's in the hall," said Johnny. "I saw it when we went for milk."

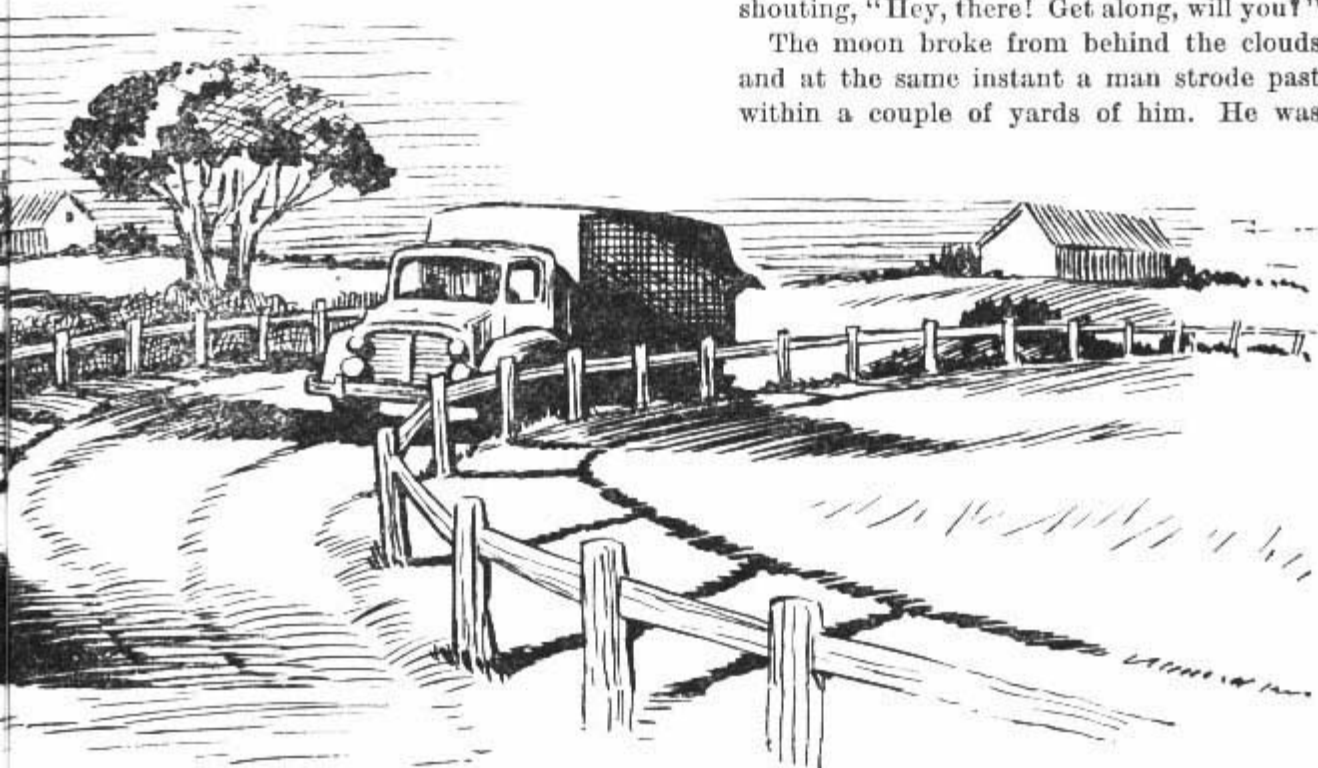
They let the fire die, washed the plates hurriedly at the stream and left them scattered about the grass. When, a short while later, the moon rose, riding majestically among scudding clouds and flooding the valley with fitful bursts of brilliant light, the camp was deserted.

Bill, lying on the wind-blown grass just below the summit, could see the mountain road like a thin, writhing grey snake cutting the barren hills. The curlews were silent now; only the sheep bleated occasionally.

Twenty minutes ticked by on leaden feet. Then suddenly he heard it, from far away, drawing closer: the engine of a car.

It was not a car, but a large covered van, like a huge removal lorry, creeping along the tortuous road, and it carried no lights. Almost exactly at the spot where the stream met the road, dipping beneath it by a stone tunnel, the van halted. Bill, fearful of missing anything, began to worm his way rapidly down the hillside, sliding on his stomach. Halfway down the slope he stopped, crouching in the black shadow of a boulder. He could hear voices quite close. Someone was shouting, "Hey, there! Get along, will you?"

The moon broke from behind the clouds and at the same instant a man strode past within a couple of yards of him. He was



waving his arms, and suddenly there was a vibration of pounding feet, and a dozen sheep scampered downhill, heading towards the van. From here Bill could see that the doors of the van were wide open and a wooden ramp led from the roadway to the interior.

So that was it! The men were sheep-stealers!

Bill waited until the man had his back to him, then sprang up, rested his torch on top of the boulder and flashed the light towards the road: long-short-short—D for danger.

There was a brief pause, then from close to the roadside another torch flashed the same signal. Among the shadowed trees it was again repeated, and answered this time from the direction of the house.

Both the men reappeared on the road. There were sheep everywhere and the night was filled with their bleating as they seethed and eddied round the van; then came the hollow tattoo of their hooves as they were driven up the ramp.

Johnny would have broken the window by now and have rung the police, but he would be too late. The men must have rounded up fifty or sixty sheep, and no doubt they would be satisfied; they would be away before the police arrived.

Bill sprang up and began to run. He ran crouched, almost bent double, trying to keep the bulk of the van between himself and the men. He reached the stone wall bordering the road and tumbled over it.

"Look where you're going!"

He had almost landed on Chris's back as he crawled along the dry ditch.

"Sheep-thieves," Chris whispered, his mouth pressed to Bill's ear. "Johnny won't get help in time."

"I know. I'm going to the bonnet. If either of them come round from the back before I've done you've got to distract them. Okay?"

"Okay, Bill—and good luck."

Bill ran up the ditch, hidden by the wall's shadow until he was alongside the van. Now,

moving with extreme caution, he lay on his stomach again and wriggled across the verge and on to the hard surface of the road. This, he knew, was the most dangerous part of his journey; for a half-minute he must come into the full moonlight. But the moon was on his side, for at the critical moment it floated behind a cloud, and darkness covered the roadway.

He could hear the men shouting at the animals, and the echoing cries of the sheep inside the van. There was a scraping sound; the men were lifting the ramp preparatory to shutting the doors. He found the catches on the bonnet and raised it. Holding it up with one hand, he flashed his torch on the engine, gripped the plug leads one at a time and broke them, tugging them away from the plugs.

A scream cut the air like a knife. It came from Chris, who had decided to distract the men's attention from the van and Bill. The doors of the van banged and the men ran towards the ditch, searching for the cause of the interruption.

Chris raced for his life up the lower slope of the hill. Both of the men, shouting and calling, pounded after him, but Chris kept well ahead of them and gained ground.

One of the men stopped abruptly and called his companion back. Bill, hidden in the ditch, heard them return to the van and climb into the cab. The driver jerked the starter and the engine coughed, turned over and was still. A man climbed down and, going to the bonnet, lifted it, striking a match.

Listening to the comments of the rustlers as they beheld the sabotaged plugs, Bill chuckled silently and felt thankful that he was well concealed from them. The men finally decided to try to repair the damage rather than abandon the van and its valuable load of sheep. They evidently thought that Chris was responsible for the work of destruction and reasoned that they could put things right and be away before the Scout could fetch reinforcements to the spot.

They were still working desperately under



## NIGHT OPERATION

the bonnet of the van when the police arrived and gave them their second—and final—shock of the night.

Johnny squatted over the fire, frying a second pan of sausages. Bill was making cocoa in the billy, and Chris and Peter were spreading butter on massive chunks of bread.

"A fair cop!" Johnny laughed, turning the sausages with a fork. "You've got to hand it to the cops. They must have done about eighty all the way."

"Over seventy sheep they reckoned—in the

van, I mean," said Bill. "That would have been worth a bit. No wonder the rustlers didn't like it when they found Chris and Johnny perched up here in full view of the place chosen for the sheep-stealing operation."

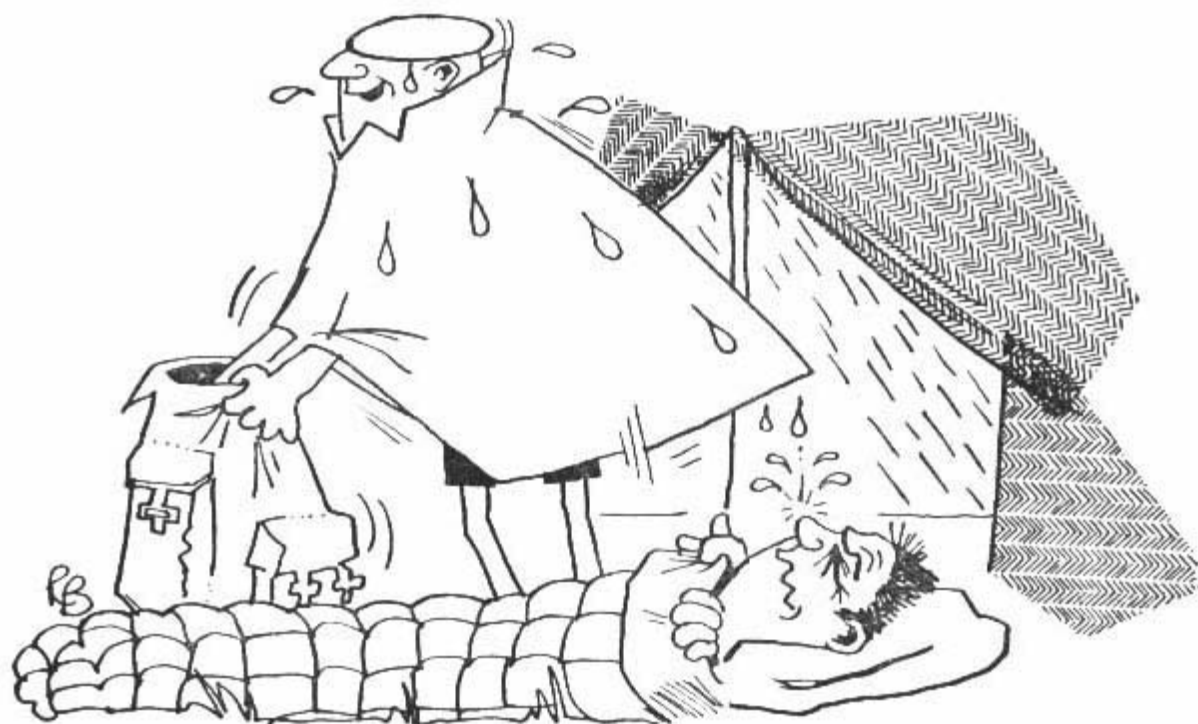
"By the way," remarked Johnny, "there's still one more job to do to complete our side of the operation. Peter, you've got your Handyman Badge. There's a window needs mending down at the farmhouse."

Peter grunted. "Don't talk to me of jobs till I've eaten. Sausages ready? Good! I'm famished!"

## LARGER TRAINING AREA AT GILWELL

Last year a new  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -acre training area was added to Gilwell Park, the International Scouter training centre near Chingford, Essex. Gilwell already had two large training grounds in use. The addition of the third means that the centre is able to increase the yearly intake of 1,000 British and overseas Scouters by fifty per cent. The need for Scouters to train for their important voluntary task is fully realised by the Scout Movement. For some years the centre's Director of Leaders' Training, Mr. John Thurman, has been concerned about the numbers

of applications for courses that have had to be turned down due to lack of space. The new training ground will help overcome this problem. Originally a cricket ground, it is overlooked by Gilwellbury, the centre's residential hostel, and surrounded by four small shelters and a 55-ft-by-25-ft Troop headquarters, all designed for use in bad weather. Brick-built toilet and shower accommodation is also provided. Most of the work, including the building of meeting and campfire circles, was done by members of the Gilwell training team.

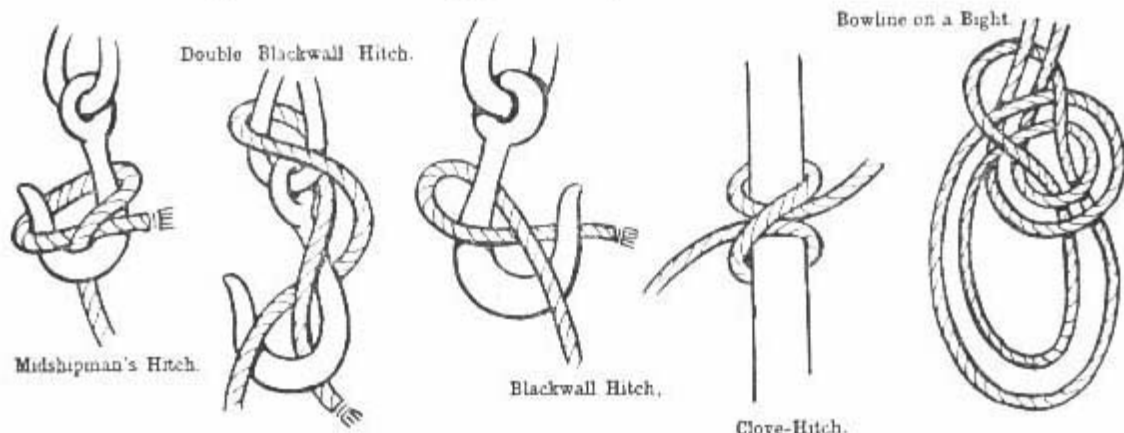


"Don't bother to get up for a while, Chris—it's raining outside"

# ROPES

Scouts as well as Sea Scouts must all be handy with rope, understand it, care for it, and be able to use it with great skill.

Ropes are of two kinds: those made of vegetable fibres and those made of metal or wire. Fibre ropes are made of (1) Manilla, which is made from the fibres of the



leaves of the wild banana. These produce a strong, smooth, handsome rope. (2) Hemp, which makes a strong rough rope. (3) Coir, which is the fibre of the coconut husk. This gives a light, very rough rope, and not very strong, but one which will float in water. (4) Sisal, which is made from the fibre of aloe leaves. This gives a stiff hard white rope which does not stand sea water very well. (5) Nylon, which is a man-made fibre.

In all cases of rope (other, of course, than wire) the fibres are twisted up into yarns, then into strands, and the strands into ropes. If, when you look at a rope, the strands go up and to the right, it is said to be a right-handed rope, and if the strands go up and to the left, it is said to be a left-handed rope. When coiling down ropes, a right-handed rope is coiled down with "the sun", or "clockwise", and a left-handed rope "against the sun" or "anti-clockwise". The size of a rope is measured by circumference in inches and length by fathoms.

Plain laid rope is three-stranded, right or left. The most useful lay is right, and this is the commonest type of rope for all ordinary purposes. Cable-laid consists of three ropes, laid together into a larger rope.

All rope for naval use is now made in the roperies at Chatham and Devonport. It is marked by a distinguishing "rogue's yarn" of coloured jute laid up with the other yarns: Devonport—red, Chatham—yellow, trade manufacture—blue. Sisal rope is distinguished by two rogue's yarns.

Here you will see drawings of some of the bends and hitches Scouts *should* know. By the way, do you know the difference between a bend, a hitch and a splice? A bend is a way of fastening two ropes together; a hitch is a way of fastening a rope to any object, e.g., a spar; and a splice is a way of joining ropes together, or joining the end of a rope to itself (as in an "eye-splice").

Now it's no good knowing a lot of bends and hitches if you don't know what they're used for—I'll go over them for you now:

## ROPES

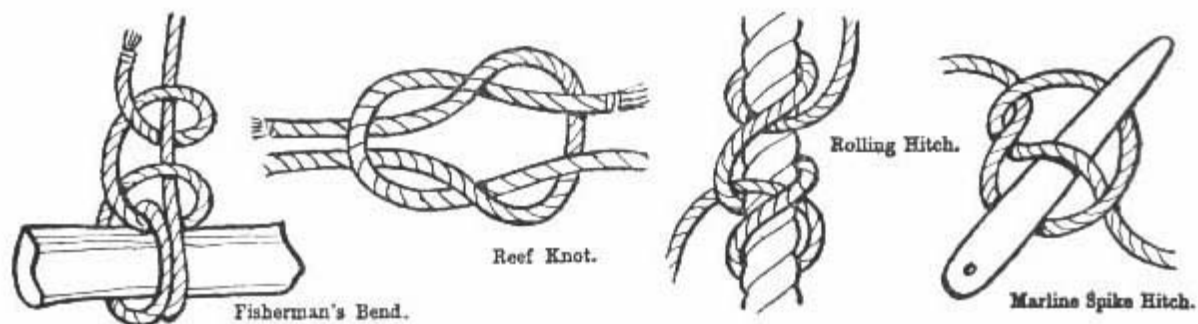
*Reef Knot.* The best way of tying two ends together; it doesn't jam; used in fastening the reef points when shortening sail.

*Round Turn and Two Half-Hitches.* A common way of making a rope fast.

*Clove Hitch.* For making a rope fast to a spar, and many other uses.

*Rolling Hitch.* For bending (i.e., attaching) a small rope to a larger.

*Timber Hitch.* For towing a plank or log or for tricing up a roll of canvas or other soft gear.



*Fisherman's Bend.* For bending a rope or boat's painter to a rail or ring-bolt, and for bending a line to an anchor.

*Carrick Bend.* For bending two ropes of equal size when required to go round a capstan.

*Sheet Bend.* For making fast a smaller rope to a larger one or for bending a rope to a loop, or for securing the lazy painter of a boat.

*Figure of Eight Knot.* A "stopper" knot to prevent a rope from unreeving.

*Bowline.* A secure loop for putting round a person.

*Cat's paw.* A temporary loop for hooking on the block of a tackle.

*Marline-spike Hitch.* For getting a "purchase" with a marline-spike, etc., when putting on a seizing or lashing.

*Manharness Hitch.* To provide a bight for hauling.

*Blackwall Hitch.* For hooking a tackle to a rope. (A double *Blackwall Hitch* holds better, and is used for the same purpose.)

*Midshipman's Hitch.* If the rope is greasy, this is used instead of Blackwall, as it holds better.

*Bowline on the Bight.* For lowering a man from aloft, or slinging a man over the ship's side, one bight being placed under the man's arms and the other under his thighs. (Use both parts of the rope together, and commence as ordinary bowline; to finish off, open out bight and pass the whole through it and haul taut.)

*Barrel Hitch.* For slinging a barrel, etc., when you want to hoist it up end-on.

*Bosun's Chair Knot.* For painting over the side of a ship, for example.

All Scouts should take care of rope. If you cut a rope whip the end as soon as you can, but don't cut it if you can avoid it. Stretch a new rope before using it. Keep your rope dry, as far as you can. If it has to pass at any time over a sharp or rough edge, cover the edge with a padding of sacking or canvas or something like that. Always coil your rope carefully.



## Twelve Camping Ideas for Beginners



1. It's more important to have warmth below you than above you in bed in camp—the cold rises from the ground. A layer of newspapers between your blankets or next to the groundsheet will give you extra warmth.

2. Never waste a journey in camp. If you're going in the direction of water, take a bucket with you; if you're coming back from a wood, carry some twigs or branches for the wood pile.

3. When you're building a fire, begin small with "tinder"—small twigs, dry grass or leaves—and light it with the wind on your back.

4. Have a good supply of twigs ready to build up your fire before you light it.

5. Gadgets are meant to keep things off the ground.

6. Don't lace up both ends of your tent—fresh air won't hurt you, but no fresh air will.

7. Air your blankets, sleeping bag and whatever you have slept in every morning, if you can.

8. Wear plimsolls or sandals on your feet, but not socks or stockings in camp.

9. Don't waste a fire: hot water's always welcome.

10. Don't forget to pack matches, salt, rubber bands and adhesive tape.

11. Don't leave things lying about—any uncooked food will attract flies and other insects, and axes and knives cause accidents, apart from the fact that they cost money and should be looked after—like all equipment.

12. Soap rubbed on the outsides of billies *before cooking* makes them easier to clean afterwards.



# HIKING<sup>2</sup> by NUMBERS<sup>3</sup>



by

J. Leask

Hiking is fun, especially if you do not know where you are going. I used to get great excitement from a new and novel way of planning a hike—by numbers. This could also be adapted as a treasure hunt, or two Patrols could set off from different places, and, working backwards, meet halfway. This I will explain later.

First you need to make your plan. This could be done on a meeting night with the Patrols. Patrol Leaders draw up the plan and all the members take part.

The idea is to start at an agreed place. It would be desirable for all the Scouts to keep within hailing distance of each other to avoid going astray. It would

also be an advantage if all the Scouts could have a copy of the plan. Allow a certain time for the hike, which should be elastic, as this method is difficult to time, but the hike can be shortened without spoiling the fun.

## *Call a Number*

When all the Patrol are gathered together let each one in turn call a number—say, up to five. Let us presume that number three is called. The Patrol Leader writes this down and adds the word *left* or *right*. Supposing he chooses *left*, this would make the third turning left. The next number called may be one. This would then be first left or right, whichever is chosen.

This means that from the starting point the party turns up the third left turning, then the first left or right, and so on. Choose about twenty numbers and vary the direction of left and right.

If the distance covered on the hike at this point is too long or too short it is easy to curtail or lengthen it by adding to or subtracting some numbers.

## *Turnings to the Unexpected*

It is most surprising, as I have found, how one can go round in circles and arrive quite near the starting-place, yet it is stimulating not to know where each new turn will lead.

To make it a treasure hunt the various clues could be laid in the usual way; the hounds would require to have a copy of the plan.

## *For a Second Patrol*

To come back to the opening suggestion of meeting halfway: another plan could be made out for another Patrol, but this time it would have to be made in reverse, with the last number and direction being the first on the list. The excitement from this comes from guessing where and when each Patrol will meet.

## *Keep Skip in the Picture*

Patrol Leaders should give a correct copy of each plan drawn up to Skip before the hike begins.

It would be better to arrange this hike on an afternoon rather than an evening because of the time factor. It would be an enjoyable outing while at camp.

# SCOUT CENTRE ON THE ROOF OF ENGLAND

by Jeremy North

I doubt if there is a higher Scouting centre in England than Hag Dyke, a remote cluster of grey buildings which for the past 15 years has been used by the 1st Ben Rhydding Group. Hag Dyke is tucked out of sight of the world, on some flattish ground which is not far short of the summit of Great Whernside, in the Yorkshire Dales. Those who use it—and it welcomes around 2,000 Scouts and Cubs from all parts of the country each year—eat and sleep at a height of 1,525 feet above the sea.

A small direction sign at the head of Kettlewell village simply states: *Hag Dyke: Up the Hill*. The tip of the sign points upwards to give emphasis to the fact. "Up the Hill" is a climb of around 800 feet, on a rough footpath which has virtually no level ground. This is the way taken by the visiting Scouts and Cubs, though a local farmer kindly transports the heavier equipment up another track, using a tractor and trailer. The last time I went that way, Great Whernside had a cap of mist, which cleared slowly to reveal the old farm, which is now a first-rate and well-equipped country centre for Scouting.

Older parts of the building date back to 1720. Here generations of sturdy Dales farmers tended the sheep flocks on the roof of England, occasionally chatting with the little groups of men who climbed into the area searching for a grey treasure, lead. Hag Dyke was empty during the Second World War. Then the Ben Rhydding Scouts had the opportunity of using it, and Mr. W. Becket Henderson, owner of the property, was later to prove even more generous to them, modernising the buildings and including showers, dormitories, common-room and kitchen in the reconstruction scheme.

Scouts have a duty to God. Just across



the broad, grassy space from the main buildings is a chapel which was built in memory of the late Cecil Findley, who was Group Scoutmaster at Ben Rhydding and who gave a great deal of advice and help when Hag Dyke was being developed. There is a plain wooden cross outside. You open the door to see an altar of stone, adorned by a wooden cross flanked by two shiny candlesticks. A rough stone pillar rises from the flagged floor to support a reading-desk. There are simple stone benches for the worshippers, and a plaque which commemorates David Priestman, a Ben Rhydding Scout who died tragically while caving. The passage in which he was moving, Dowber Gill, actually runs beneath Hag Dyke.

Mr. Alfred Jennings, who made the stone altar, was later to become warden of Hag Dyke, and one of the keenest supporters is Mr. Ron Ibbetson, the Ben Rhyding G.S.M. Scouts and Cubs who climb to Hag Dyke are usually sad to return to valley level again after a holiday on the roof of England. Some of them, wandering round about, found the wreckage of an American aircraft which crashed during the war. Near it were some small objects which had belonged to the crew, and where these had serial numbers they were forwarded to the authorities so that they could be returned to the relatives of the men who died.

When Scouts are in residence, their flag flutters from the tall pole in front of Hag Dyke. The Scout emblem catches the eye over 1,500 feet above the sea.





Photo: W. G. Mitchell

Hag Dyke, the old farmhouse 800 feet up Great Whernside, Yorkshire, known to thousands of Scouts and described in the article opposite

## ON TOP OF THE WORLD



Photo: Central Press

At another Scout centre, Baden-Powell House, South Kensington, London, Scouts synchronize their watches with the "world clock" in the entrance hall. The clock consists of an aluminium map of the world showing the time in various parts of the world. It is inscribed, *From all corners of the earth you have journeyed—B.P.*

Photo: R. B. Durbell



These Isle of Wight Scouts feel on top of the world as they receive their Queen's Scout badges from the Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean

# AT RALLY AND CAMP



Scouts try parachute jumping at an Oxford County Rally



Gateway at the Berkshire International Camp

Air Scouts at the St. George's Day Parade, 1962, the year Air Scouting came of age



The Queen Mother chats to handicapped Scouts at the St. George's Day Parade, Windsor

Photo: R. H. Bishop



# SCOUTING NEWS



FROM NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST

**HELP AT THE RACES.** An aspect of the annual Isle of Man T.T. Motor-Cycle Races not widely known is the help provided every year by the Scouts of the island. They run a messenger service, keeping the Marshals up to date with the riders' positions, carry the various countries' flags in the parade before each race, and staff the score-boards and progress-clocks. Isle of Man Scouts have been connected with the Races since as long ago as 1914.

**DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD.** Up to date nearly 6,000 Scouts have entered for the Award. No fewer than 1,281 have gained Silver Standards, and of these 434 have gone on and gained the Gold Standard.

**SCOUTS WERE THERE.** When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh gave a Garden Party for nearly 600 young Scots at the Palace of Holyrood house, Edinburgh, there was a large representation of Scouts. Among the youth organisations present were Girl Guides. There were also a number of young people from the Commonwealth.

**EVER-READIES.** Rover Scouts in the Luton area provide a relief scheme for Scouters. They are always ready to help out at a moment's notice if any Scouter is unable to attend a Troop meeting.

**FOLKSINGERS' TOUR.** A group of folksingers, all members of the 5th Potters Bar Scout Group, toured refugee camps in central Europe giving recitals of international folksongs. The Scout singers appeared on television and at Scottish Ceilidhs in the Outer

Hebrides. Their tour was sponsored by the United Nations Association and their Scouting friends organised concerts for them in the countries they visited, in addition to those they gave in the camps. The places visited included Belgium, Luxembourg, West Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, and Budapest. The team felt that their trip helped to further international Scouting.

**MICHAEL GRIMSHAW SAVES MICHAEL GRIMSHAW.** Fourteen-year-old Scout Michael Grimshaw, a member of St. John's Troop, Accrington, jumped into



the muddy Leeds and Liverpool Canal and saved the life of 9-year-old Michael Grimshaw. Rescuer Michael was no relation to the other Michael Grimshaw. The younger Michael was playing with a swing-bridge over the canal when he fell in. His namesake was just passing with a friend and was able to get him out.

**AWARDS FOR YOUNG HEROES.** The Chief Scout awarded the Gilt Cross to 12-year-old Scout Lee Mallalieu of Walkden, near Manchester, and 10-year-old Wolf Cub Ian Clarke of Stalybridge, Cheshire, for their Gallantry in rescuing two young boys from drowning.

Lee rescued 8-year-old Paul Tart after he had fallen through the ice covering a frozen lake. On the same day, a few miles away and only a few hours later, Wolf Cub Ian went to the aid of six-year-old Bernard Taylor, who had fallen down a slope through the ice covering a 15-foot-deep dam.

**DAUNTLESS QUEEN'S SCOUT.** Having Polio since he was a child has not daunted 17-year-old Senior Scout Alan Land of Lupset, Wakefield, Yorks. He has gone ahead in the face of all the difficulties and gained his Queen's Scout badge. For his journey Alan cycled over 60 miles, despite the handicap of wearing a caliper. He is a proficient swimmer and has represented Yorkshire in the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship gala. Alan, who is a member of the 12th Wakefield (Wesley Hall) Scout Group, also holds the Ambulance, Handyman, Despatch Rider, Fireman, Venturer, Meteorologist and Pioneer badges.

**LIFEBOAT GIFT.** The 4th Dovercourt Sea Scout Group were given a motor-lifeboat by the Shell Oil Company. A river-pilot friend of the Group approached the Company on their behalf and asked if they had an old lifeboat the Sea Scouts could have. They expected





to have to wait several years for one and were surprised when they received a very quick reply offering a motor-lifeboat from one of the Company tankers, which was due for breaking up.

**FAT MAN WANTED.** Scouts in the ancient Sussex town of Arundel had to look for a man with at least a 40-in. waist to play the part of Henry VIII in their carnival last year.

**SCOUT TARZANS.** Scouts in Letchworth, Herts, area took part in a novel "Operation Tarzan". In teams of four, they built themselves an eyrie in the trees overhanging a stream. These had to be a minimum of 10 feet from the ground and the teams had to stay up there for at least 24 hours. Once the teams were in the trees they couldn't come down until the end of the exercise. All they



needed for sleeping and eating was taken aloft and they had to make arrangements for cooking in the trees.

**SCOUT MO HING.** Thirteen-year-old Mo Hing from Hong Kong had never been a Scout until he joined the 1st Rochdale Group. Mo Hing came to the country in 1961 and struggled hard to learn English. He passed the Tenderfoot tests and entered the District handicraft exhibition—winning second prize with a Chinese transcrip-

tion of the Scout Promise. Mo Hing, whose father runs a Chinese restaurant in Rochdale, expects to stay in this country for three or four years before returning to Hong Kong for a year, after which he will come back to England.

**TROOPS MEET ON TAPE.** Members of the 17th St. Albans, Herts, Scout Group have formed a link with brother Scouts in Hull by means of tape recordings. Assistant Scoutmaster J. Boyland, who is a tape enthusiast, thought up the idea of sending a half-hour tape of messages and news of the 17th St. Albans to the 4th West Hull Group. The Hull Scouts replied with a tape of their Group show and now both Groups with their "tape link" make a regular monthly exchange.

**HIGHEST U.S. SCOUT AWARD FOR CAMP CHIEF.** At a special luncheon given in honour of Mr. Elleworth H. Augustus, President of the National Council, Boy Scouts of America, at Baden-Powell House last year, the Camp Chief—John Thurman—was presented with the Silver Buffalo. This award, the highest given by American Scouting, was made for his "distinguished service to boyhood". It is a rare award and is presented annually to only two people outside the American Movement. The lunch was presided over by the Chief Scout and was attended by Members of the Committee of the Council, Headquarters Commissioners and other senior officials. During the few days he spent in London, Mr. Augustus stayed in Baden-Powell House, where he occupied the suite fitted out with the personal furniture of the Founder, Baden-Powell.

**MORE SCOUTS THAN EVER.** The proportion of Scouts gaining

the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award increases all the time. At the presentation last year at Buckingham Palace out of the 429 young men receiving the award 150 were Scouts. One of the Scouts who received the award from the Duke was 18-year-old Paul Webster. For the expedition which has to be done as part of the requirements of the Gold Award, Paul cycled 1,900 miles from Land's End to John o' Groats and back! After he received the Gold Award Paul bought a motor-bike to use for future tours!

**SCOUT FIGHTS BULL.** Thirteen-year-old Roderick Irving, a member of the 44th Dumfriesshire (Dunscore) Scout Group, was helping his brother Donald move a herd of cows from a field when the farm bull suddenly attacked them. The brothers tried to run



to a ditch, but Donald was tossed by Rommel, the bull. Roderick grabbed a piece of fencing and fought the bull off until he was knocked down as well. When he finally got away, Roderick raced home for help. On the way he met his elder sister and returned with her in a Land Rover. They tried once again to get the bull away from Donald, but Rommel turned and tossed the girl. As no further help was at hand, Roderick got into the Land Rover and eventually drove the enraged bull away from his brother and sister. Then

he drove them back to the farm. The Chief Scout recognised Roderick's bravery by awarding him the Silver Cross.

**RESCUE PATROL.** Help for stranded motorists is the service that the Scouts of the 10th Salisbury Senior Troop are giving on the roads of South Wilts and in parts of the West Country. Led by their Scouter, they patrol in their Land Rover, HOT 953. They stay



mainly on the lonelier roads and offer their services to stranded motorists. A good supply of spare parts is carried and the Seniors are quickly acquiring a fund of mechanical know-how. They have winched a lorry stuck fast in mud and got it back on the road; they have also helped avert several accidents; and assisted with road-gritting in bad weather. During icy weather the Seniors kept the traffic moving on the A30 by helping cars up the steep Ludwell Hill. Their activities were recently extended. Using an outboard motor boat, they patrol Poole Harbour as well as the Wiltshire roads, offering their help to boats in trouble and if necessary going to the aid of bathers in distress.

**HIS COURAGE HELPS OTHERS.** Thirteen-year-old Scout Peter Muir was awarded the Cornwell Badge by the Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean. Peter, who lives in Shirley, Surrey, is a member of the 51st Croydon (All Saints'

Spring Park) Scout Group. He had four major operations and was completely immobilised and could only lay prone with his legs spreadeagled. His courage and cheerfulness during this time amazed the hospital staff. He was in a ward with younger children and was a great encouragement to them. A Governor of the hospital, who is also a Scout Commissioner, said of Peter, "I used to visit him every day so that he could remind me of my eighth Scout Law."

**TROOP ADOPTS ELDERLY WIDOW.** During Bob-a-Job Week 14-year-old Michael Kenny and 15-year-old Steven Anderson, both members of the 34th Great Horton Scout Group, in Yorkshire, called at the home of an elderly widow. As a result of this meeting the Troop decided to "adopt" the lady and help her with her housework all the year.

**NEW NAME FOR THE CHIEF.** Sir Charles Maclean, the Chief Scout of the Commonwealth, made a tour of Central Africa last year. During his previous tours the Chief has been given many interesting things, but this time he was given a name! At Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, he was asked to accept the African name "Maskaseka", which means "the man who smiles."

**INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD.** Many Scout Groups throughout this country have in recent years formed friendships with Scouts in other lands. They have exchanged visits and kept up a lively correspondence. This type of activity helps Scouts to a better understanding of other people and how they live. One of the latest to join this growing list is the 4th Welling Scout Group, Kent, who had a three-week visit from a Hamburg Scout Troop.

Last year the Welling Scouts went to Germany. The two Groups became friends by chance, when their Scouters met whilst hiking in Denmark last year.

**LITTER DRIVE ON DARTMOOR.** The Dartmoor National Park Committee is backing a scheme for youth organisations to help clear Dartmoor of litter. Taking part are the 1st Okehampton and 1st Buckfastleigh Scout Groups. The Committee issue paper sacks and arrange to collect the rubbish from central points.

**BOUQUET FROM THE BOBBIES.** Scotland Yard paid a tribute to the public spirit of five Senior Scouts of the 20th Ilford Scout Group. The Scouts journeyed to Loughton Police Station at their own expense to offer their help in searching for the body of a missing woman suspected of being in Epping Forest. Detailed to a particularly difficult area, the Scouts had to cross a wide expanse of swampy ground, getting thoroughly soiled in the process. In the early afternoon they found the body and led the police to it, saving the necessity of a wide and costly search planned for the following day.

**NEW BADGE.** The latest badge for Senior Scouts only goes to show how "with it" the Move-



ment is today. The Skier badge was added to the other badges for the over-fifteens last month. It's not an easy badge to get. Besides

the need for snow, any Senior taking it will have to be able to do kick turns, stem turns through gates and flags, and a timed descent at a rate of 5 to 7 minutes per thousand feet according to conditions. He will be expected to know all about snow conditions, how to look after ski-ing equipment, the ski-way safety code, and distress calls.

**QUEEN'S SCOUT HAT-TRICK.** Three brothers, all members of the 1st Preesall Scout Group, near Fleetwood, Lancs, set up what must be something of a record. They have each gained the Queen's Scout badge, and they are the first three Scouts ever to gain this award in their Group.

**VANISHING OAK.** In Twickenham in 1957 an oak-tree was planted to commemorate the Golden Jubilee Year of the Scout Movement and the centenary of B.-P.'s birth. Now all that is left in Marble Hill Park is the plaque and the stake which supported the young tree. No sign of the tree can be found, so for the present the plaque remains alone, bearing the quotation *From the Acorn Grew the Mighty Oak*.

**CAVE HEADQUARTERS.** The Senior Scouts of the 2nd Llandudno (St. George's) Group found they might have to disband because of lack of a meeting-place. They found a solution to the problem—



they now meet in a cave on the Great Orme.

**FISHY STORY.** The White Fish Authority ran a competition in Cheltenham under the title "Be Prepared—To Cook". The competitors came from four local Scout Troops and Guide Companies. The teams were given all the ingredients and 50 minutes in which to prepare a fish meal of their choice. The first prize of camping equipment went to Scouts—John Nightingale and John Chapman of the 1st Bishop's Cleeve Troop. Their meal consisted of fried fish, mashed potatoes, mixed vegetables and cheese sauce.

**POWER-CUT TEST.** During last winter there were several power cuts which left people without light, heat and cooking facilities. One of these unfortunate people was a Harwich Sea Scout's mum. However, thanks to her son's Scout training, she was able to hand over the job of getting the family lunch to him. The meal, cooked over the sitting-room fire, consisted of jacket potatoes, sausages, with dampers and jam or treacle to follow.

**A FIRST CLASS SCOUT.** Fifteen-year-old Robert Tyas of Holmfirth, Yorks, went into a Wakefield Hospital for an operation. Robert knew nothing about the Scout Movement before entering hospital, but he soon joined the hospital Group. He passed his Tenderfoot and Second Class badges and then gained his First Class, as well as the Designer and Observer proficiency badges.

**LONDON AT NIGHT.** Members of the 48th Greenwich (Christ's College) Scout Group spent an interesting night in London, when they saw some of the work done while the rest of us

sleep. They visited the Central Telegraph Office and saw the teleprinters at work. They then went on to see a special demonstration of how the streets and markets are cleaned. During the night they camped on a bombsite near Smithfield and cooked themselves a meal. Early in the morning they were at King's Cross, watching the trains arriving with meat, fish and mail. The tour finished with a visit to morning service at Southwark Cathedral.

**SLEPT IN IGLOO.** During heavy snow Senior Scouts of the 5th Wednesbury Troop built themselves an igloo. The walls were over 18 inches thick and the whole



thing took about five hours to complete. The Seniors were helped by their Scouter Sandy Tebbutt, who had some "know-how" on igloo-building. It had just enough room for two Seniors at a time. Two of them spent a night in it. They complained later that they were too warm.

**OPERATION PIPELINE.** Under this title Scouts and Scouters in the East Riding of Yorkshire were invited to find out for themselves what lay at the bottom of a hole when all the earth had been removed! The county organised work weekends at their Melton campsite to try to dig out a 300-yard deep trench so that water could be laid on in their new site chalet.



## SCOUTING NEWS

**LORD MAYOR'S SON SAVES BELGIAN FAMILY.** David Russel, 15-year-old son of Alderman Dr. Henry Russel, Lord Mayor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was awarded the Gilt Cross by the Chief Scout for his gallantry in rescuing a Belgian family of three from drowning. David, a Patrol Leader with the 27th Newcastle Scout Group, was on the pier of the Riviera Beach Club at Giens, France, when he heard shouting at sea. At first, he and his friends thought someone was playing about, but soon realised that it was a distress call. While other people looked on, David, with the help of another boy, managed to launch a boat and rowed out to the three people, mother, father and child, none of whom could swim and who were drifting out to sea on air mattresses. After an hour's rowing the boys reached the family and David dived overboard and brought both them and their mattresses into the boat. Because of currents and wind, they were unable to row back to the shore and drifted into a cove, where the Belgian father collapsed. David applied artificial respiration and later helped the family back over the cliffs to the Beach Club.

**GOODSON TROPHY WINNERS.** The winners of this trophy for 1962, for the fourth year running, were the 1st Sutton Coldfield Senior Sea Scouts. The 25th Warrington Senior Scouts came second



and the 1st Leighton Buzzard Troop third. The Goodson Trophy is an annual event and is open to all Scouts under the age of 18. It is awarded to the Scouts sending in the best log of a journey by water or land and water during the year finishing on September 30th. Logs have to be in the hands of the Training Department at Scout Headquarters by November 30th and they must be of a high standard, giving all the details of the journey and the craft used, and should include charts, maps, sketches or photographs.

**BREAKFAST AT DAWN.** Every year Scouts in New York hold a Dawn Patrol Breakfast. They usually invite a celebrity speaker to attend the event, which has now been running for twenty-two years. Every celebrity approached last year turned down the invitation because "I couldn't get up at five a.m."—the time of the breakfast. Mr. Edward Heath, Lord Privy Seal and an old Scout, was in New York for discussions with members of the American Government, and he agreed to step into the breach and attend. When Mr. Heath arrived at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel he was cheered to his seat by 1,500 past and present members of the Boy Scouts of America.

**AWARD FOR LOST SCOUTER.** Assistant Scoutmaster Graham Manton of Cliffeield road, Sheffield 8, and his friend Gordon Priddey, were surf-riding at Holywell Bay, Near Newquay, Cornwall, when a girl ran up to them, asking if they could help her fiancé, Richard Turner, who was in difficulties. Together, Manton and Priddey got Turner to the edge of the surf. At this point a large wave separated Priddey from the others, but he managed to

reach a lifeline and got ashore. By the time a rescue helicopter arrived both Manton and Turner had disappeared. The Chief Scout posthumously awarded the Bronze Cross for Gallantry to Graham Manton, who was Assistant Scoutmaster with the 285th Sheffield (Mount View Methodist) Scout Group.

**BIRD GUARD.** Queen's Scout Bryce Reynard, a member of the 127th Glasgow Scout Troop, spent some of his time as a volunteer



guard to a pair of nesting ospreys at Loch Garten, in the Scottish Highlands. The fish-hawk, as the osprey is sometimes called, feeds almost entirely on fish. A constant watch was kept on the eyrie. The ospreys were the only known breeding pair in the British Isles.

**ADVENTURE H.Q.** Last year the Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean, opened the new Hertfordshire adventure headquarters at Lochearnhead, in Scotland. Previously a disused railway-station the headquarters serves as a centre for climbing, sailing and other adventure projects. Rover Kenneth Tuffen was probably relieved when the opening was over. He had spent the previous week cycling from Hertfordshire to Lochearnhead to deliver the County pennant used for the opening ceremony. He covered a total of 450 miles, arriving just

one minute before the opening was due to take place.

**HANDICAPPED QUEEN'S SCOUT.** Senior Scout Graham Fuke of Hayes, in Kent, became the first Scout in his Group to gain the Queen's Scout award for five years. An achievement for any Scout, but a remarkable one for a Scout like Graham, who is confined to a wheelchair.

**CARAVAN GIFT.** The 1st Burley-in-Wharfedale Scout Group, Yorks formed a Rover Crew. To start them off, the aunt of one of their members—John Clough—gave them an old-fashioned caravan to use as a Rover Den. The caravan is horsedrawn and has the traditional rounded roof, stove-pipe chimney and carved woodwork. On what was probably its last journey, the caravan was driven from Bramhope, Yorks, where it had been for the past five years, to a new site at the side of the Group's headquarters. It is the last of eight, all built by John Clough's grandfather. During its 30 years on the road it has covered hundreds of miles, touring all over the North of England and Scotland.

**BRONZE CROSS AWARD.** The Chief Scout awarded the Bronze Cross for gallantry to 14-year-old



Patrol Second David Thurwell of Orchard Close, Shaw, near Newbury, Berks. A rare award, the Bronze Cross is the highest possible Scout award for gallantry and

it is only given for special heroism or extraordinary risk. David, a member of the 2nd Thatcham Scout Group, Berks. was on holiday at Tamarui, on the Costa Brava, Spain. He had gone away with one arm in plaster, as he had cracked two bones in it while playing rugby at school. However, this didn't stop him from going to the rescue of his friend Stephen Lawrence, who fell 30 ft down a cliff on to a beach which was being washed by mountainous waves. When David reached him, Stephen was unconscious, so David had to hold on to his collar with one hand and cling to the rock face with his injured arm. His cries for help brought other members of the party to their aid, but if it hadn't been for David, Stephen would have been swept out to sea. When the pair reached the cliff-top David was only semi-conscious. His friend was still unconscious and had his thigh bone broken in three places. Mr. L. D. Jones, David's schoolmaster, reported that when told how courageous he had been David replied: "I didn't think it was being brave—Stephen needed help and I tried to give it."

**BE PREPARED.** Living up to the Scout motto of "Be Prepared", the Scouts of the 189th Birmingham Troop from Castle Bromwich took the bacon and eggs they needed for their first breakfast with them when they went to camp in Eire. With a pan of sizzling bacon and eggs in their mind they passed through the Customs at Dun Laoghaire, where their Scouter answered the usual questions, mentioning the breakfast the Troop were looking forward to. Neither the Scouts nor their Scouters were "prepared" for what followed. The Customs officers confiscated the bacon and

the two dozen eggs! Their import into Eire is banned because of the dangers of fowlpest and swine fever. Instead of the meal they had planned, the Scouts breakfasted on cornflakes.

**80 MILES TO BLOW A TRUMPET!** Nineteen-year-old Rover Scout John Hewitson lives and works in Oxford, but he is a member of the 13th Coventry Scout Band. Every time the band makes an appearance he travels the 80 miles to and from Coventry on his motorcycle. During the Coventry Cathedral Festival the Scout Band took part in a pageant, and every night John arrived on time, never missing a performance. And when he got there he still had enough puff to blow his trumpet.

**LIGHTHOUSE H.Q.** The 4th Dovercourt Sea Scouts, Essex, use a lighthouse on the promenade as their headquarters. There is only one problem with this unusual 75-ft-high headquarters—the Sea



Scouts have to dodge some pretty big waves to get to it when it is high tide.

**GERMAN QUEEN'S SCOUT.** For the past few years Scout Kurt Ruskowski, a German National, has been a member of the 1st Geilenkirchen Scout Troop. This Troop is one of those organised for British Scouts living in Western Europe. Kurt, who is a keen member of the Troop, has now qualified for his Queen's Scout badge.



# ONE GOOD TURN

by

SYDNEY HOWARD JONES

Old Tom Dunn was a favourite with the Scouts of the Curlew Patrol in the village of Mildmay. He lived alone in May Tree Cottage.

Tom was old. Retired from work as a gamekeeper, he spent much of his time in his beloved woods. The Scouts had learned a great deal from him about the ways of animals, birds and other wild creatures, and they liked nothing better than to listen to the old man talking of his gamekeeping days.

P.L. Bob Saunders and his two cronies, Jack Thomas and Ginger Metcalf, were just setting out for a ramble in the woods. As they reached May Tree Cottage, Bob stopped suddenly.

"Wow! Look at that!" he exclaimed, pointing.

Outside the garden-shed a huge pile of logs and wood blocks had been dumped—Tom's stock of winter fuel—half as high as the shed itself.

Bob was indignant. "The chap who deliv-

ered that lot might at least have put the load in the shed for the old man."

"I should jolly well think so, too," echoed Ginger. "Look at it—like the Albert Memorial."

Jack was thoughtful. "I say, how about shoving the stuff in the shed for Old Tom?"

"Just what I was thinking," agreed Bob. "Come on! We've bags of time."

They opened the gate and walked up the long path. Bob knocked on the door of the cottage and after a moment or two peered through the front window, while Jack tried the back door. There was no response. Old Tom was evidently out.

"All the better," said Bob. "We'll surprise the old chap. Now get cracking."

The scouts worked with a will, and at length all the firewood was neatly stacked inside the shed and the door closed.

"Well, that's that!" said Bob, brushing himself down.

"Bet the old boy will be bucked when he sees that," said Jack.



"When he *doesn't* see it, you mean," grinned Ginger.

Suddenly Bob called, "Look out! I think he's coming. I can hear his stick. Let's scarper behind the shed and watch his face when he gets here."

Quickly they scrambled behind the shed. Ginger started to giggle.

"Sh, you goob! Keep quiet, can't you?" muttered Bob.

"And get off my foot," growled Jack.

They huddled together, as slowly along the path came Old Tom, his stick tap-tapping on the ground. Nearer and nearer he came, with a shambling kind of walk. He had nearly reached the cottage door when he glanced towards the shed. Then he stood stock-still, as if glued to the spot. His jaw fell and he peered forward, a puzzled frown on his face. He just couldn't believe his eyes. Where was all his firewood? He hurried to the shed, opened the door, and gasped.

"Dang me braces! I can't understand it—that I can't." He tilted his hat back to scratch his head. The look on his face was too much for the Scouts. They tumbled out from behind the shed, laughing as they explained what they had done.

Old Tom looked a bit stunned, as though

lost for words; then he gathered them around him, and his rugged old weather-beaten face creased into a smile.

"Thanks, m'lads," he said. "That was a very kind thing to do for an old man." Then to the Scouts' amazement he began to laugh. Tears streamed down his cheeks.

Bob looked at the others, baffled. "What's the big joke?" he enquired.

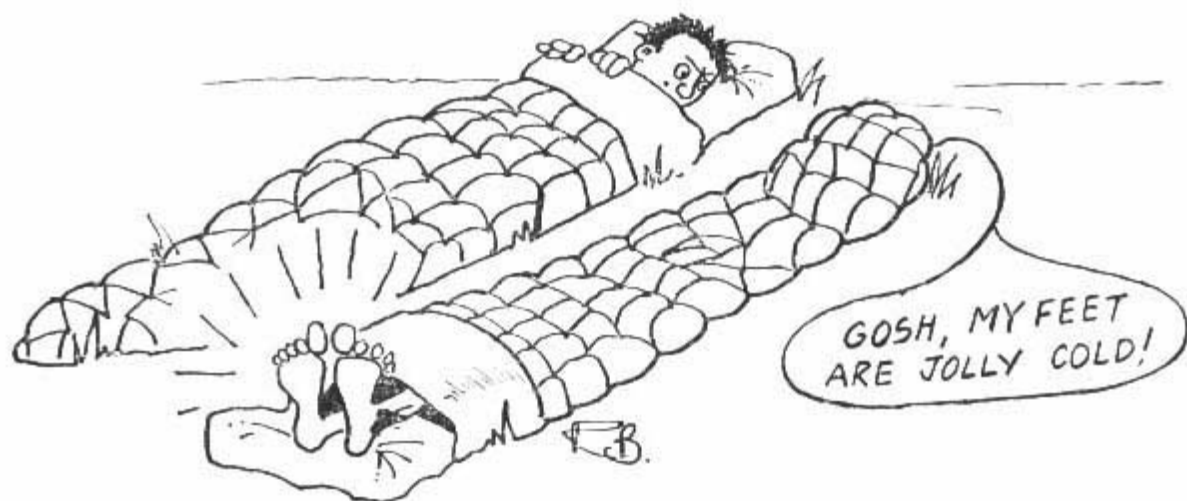
Ginger stepped forward and took Tom's arm. "It's just that we thought we'd like to help you by moving the wood for you."

Old Tom wiped his eyes with a red-spotted handkerchief. "Took me nigh on two hours, it did, to get that there wood OUT OF THE SHED this morning!"

"OUT of the shed?" said Bob, faintly.

Still struggling to restrain his mirth, Old Tom explained. "Aye, lads. Bill Crowther, the carpenter, has made me a fine new 'and-cart, which he'll deliver today. As there weren't room for it in the shed, I took all the wood out, meaning to cover it with a tarpaulin. It took me over two hours!" He chuckled again. "Never mind, young fellers; it was mighty kind of you, all the same. Thanks!"

At this point the Scouts saw the funny side of it and—set to work to move the wood again, to *outside* the shed!



# Do You Know Your CAMPING?



## TRUE OR FALSE?

20 out of 25 = Very good.

15 out of 25 = Not bad.

10 out of 25 = Well...!

Below 10 = You don't!

1. Tent guys should be loosened last thing at night.
2. Pricking sausages before frying prevents them from bursting.
3. When lighting a fire, stand (or stoop) with the wind between you and the fire.
4. When tying up the brailings to air the tent you should tie them with a slip reef knot.
5. Tent pegs should be knocked in at an angle of 45 degrees.
6. When frying eggs and bacon the eggs should be fried first.
7. When sleeping you need more on top than underneath.
8. It is more sensible to wear plimsolls or sandals without socks in camp.
9. Cooking-fires should be covered last thing at night.
10. Ash is the best wood for burning.
11. Twists, dampers and flapjacks are all forms of camp-made bread.
12. Hot water is better than cold for cleaning billies.
13. The most important thing when choosing a camp site is nearness to Woolworth's.
14. You should keep stew at the boil.
15. Scouts salute when the Union Jack is lowered at sunset.
16. A cook must keep his hands spotlessly clean.
17. The store tent should be situated in a sunny spot.
18. A deep hole in the earth in the shade makes a good cool larder.
19. A good gadget is one which allows the cups to be mouth downwards.
20. Wire wool can be used as tinder for a camp fire.
21. Root vegetables should go into cold water for cooking.
22. Adhesive tape can be used for minor repairs to tent fabric.
23. Batter to make pancakes should be allowed to stand for two hours beforehand.
24. Newspapers underneath you or between your blankets will help to keep you warm.
25. Soap rubbed on the outsides of billies will make them easier to clean.



# Do You Know Your SCOUTING?

TRUE  
OR FALSE?

40 out of 50 = *Very good.*  
30 out of 50 = *Not bad.*

25 out of 50 = *Well...!*  
Less than 25 = *You don't!*



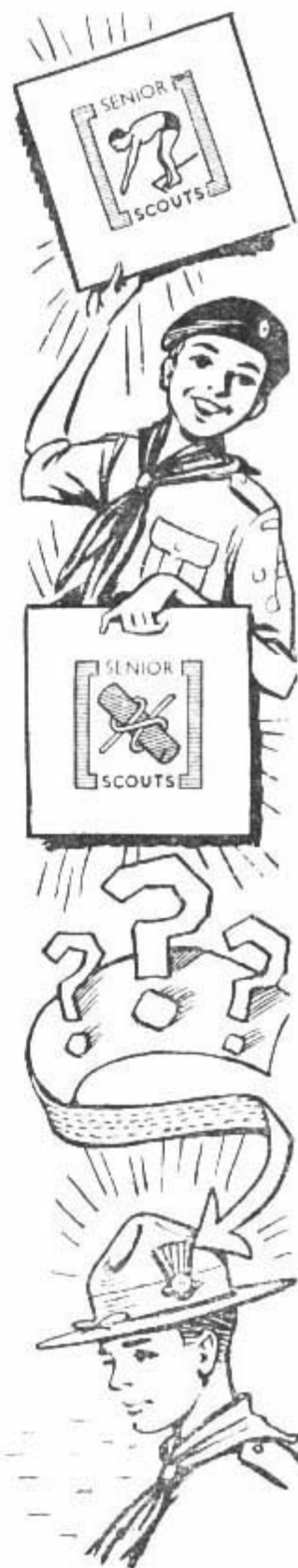
1. A First Class Scout may wear a Leaping Wolf Badge.
2. A Rover Scout's shoulder-knot is dark blue.
3. The Swift Patrol's shoulder-knot is dark blue.
4. The present Chief Scout opened the 1957 World Jamboree.
5. Binoculars are the symbol of the Observer Badge.
6. The latest World Rover Moot was in Australia, in 1960.
7. "Scout's Pace" is a mile in 12 minutes.
8. The 11th Scout Law is "A Scout is not a fool."
9. The Gang Show was first presented in 1932.
10. A crown knot is worn by Queen's Scouts.
11. The design for the Pioneer Badge is an axe.
12. There has only been one Chief Scout of the World, B.-P. himself.
13. Before the war Wolf Cubs wore yellow garter-tabs.
14. Scout Headquarters is at Baden-Powell House, Kensington, London.
15. Baden-Powell House was opened by H.M. the Queen in 1957.
16. Air Scouts celebrated their 21st birthday in 1962.
17. The American Scout Badge is an eagle on a fleur-de-lys.
18. A sheetbend is for joining a rope to a fence.
19. Any person suffering from shock should be kept warm and comfortable.
20. Among the Senior Scout Patrol names are Drake and Raleigh.
21. Also Hillary and Fuchs.
22. The farthest distance for a First Class Journey is 12 miles.
23. A District Commissioner wears a yellow plume.
24. A County Commissioner wears a purple plume.
25. You shouldn't be a Wolf Cub till you're eight.
26. Scouts have a chalet they can stay in at Kandersteg, in Switzerland.





## DO YOU KNOW YOUR SCOUTING?

27. You can't become a Queen's Scout unless you first get your Bushman's Thong (or Air or Sea Scout equivalents).
28. Bed and Breakfast for a Scout at Baden-Powell House costs 12s. 6d.
29. The colours of the Crow Patrol are black and dark blue.
30. The history of the Movement can be read in a book called *B.-P.'s Scouts*.
31. The Silver Wolf is awarded by the Chief Scout for exceptional services to the Movement.
32. A Troop Leader wears three white stripes on his right-hand shirt pocket.
33. The man in charge of Gilwell Park in Essex and all the training there is called the Camp Chief.
34. The present Camp Chief is Mr. John Thurman.
35. The tartan on the back of a Wood Badge holder's scarf is the Maclean tartan.
36. The Second World Jamboree was held in Denmark in 1924.
37. B.-P. could write and draw with both hands.
38. B.-P.'s favourite sport was angling.
39. Lord Somers succeeded B.-P. as Chief Scout of the Commonwealth.
40. Canadian Scouts don't have separate Senior Scout Badges.
41. Great Tower is a camp site belonging to Scouts on the shores of Lake Windermere.
42. The Swimmer's Badge is a compulsory badge for a Queen's Scout.
43. World Rover Moots have been held in Switzerland, Norway, Scotland and Australia.
44. B.-P. is buried in Westminster Abbey.
45. He spent his last years in Kenya.
46. The Bushman's Thong is worn on the left breast.
47. The Cuckoo Patrol shoulder-knot is scarlet and grey.
48. Only Rover Scouts can gain and wear the B.-P. Award.
49. The Leaping Wolf goes to a two-star Cub who has also 8 Proficiency Badges, one of which must be the First Aider.
50. B.-P.'s experimental camp for boys was held on Brownsea Island in 1907.





Carrying a plate of cake, Tom came out from the farmhouse to join his Second, who had thrown himself on the grass to rest after the spell of hard work he had put in.

"As there's nothing else we can do just now, we might as well take our elevenses along to the tent and have a breather before we do anything more," Tom said.

So Frank scrambled up, and the two strolled off towards the field in which the tent was pitched. It was grand weather, real harvest weather, in fact, so the Scouts camped there each weekend and helped the farmer with the harvest.

"Where's young Gerry?"

"Oh, in the kitchen garden, I expect," Tom said. "Better give him a shout." And he lifted his voice in a lusty hail: "Hey, Gerry! Grub up!"

"Coming!" shrilled a distant voice. Within a few seconds a small figure appeared round an angle of the farmhouse.

Tom and Frank sauntered on. Gerry padded along behind them. He was younger than they and small for his age. The newest member of the Badger Patrol, he had jumped at his P.L.'s invitation to join him and his Second at their weekend camp, but now he had the sneaky feeling of being "odd man out." It was not that the other two were

consciously superior towards him, but Tom and Frank were experienced campers and were of the same age as each other: quite without knowing it, they made Gerry feel a bit out of things. Sometimes, too, there may have been just a shade of good-humoured impatience in their manner if Gerry failed to keep up with them in some job that was going forward. Lately, therefore, rather than make a third, he had taken to sloping off on his own.

When the two Scouts came to the field gate, which opened from the farmyard, they had an unpleasant surprise.

"Why, there's one of those gipsies who're camping in the Long Field," exclaimed Tom. "He must have crawled through the hedge. Check! Why's he prowling round our tent?"

"I bet we shall soon see, if we wait a minute."

Tom drew his Second a little aside from the gate, to a spot from which they could peer through the hedge without being seen themselves.

Artfully, the gipsy dawdled several times round the tent, evidently to suggest to any possible onlooker that he was merely inspecting it from curiosity. But after that he made a swoop into the entrance.

"This is where we run," whispered Tom.

In a jiffy the Scouts had opened the gate

and were padding over the turf with swift, silent steps.

So noiseless were they that they cheated even the keen ears of the gipsy and were within a yard or so of the tent before he came out. He did not come out empty-handed; instead, he had one of their sleeping-bags rolled into a bundle.

"Here! What are you doing with that?" demanded Tom.

"I was only looking at it," growled the man.

"Well, you put it down, and don't 'look' any longer," retorted Tom. "You'd better get out of the field, too. The farmer may be letting you camp in the Long Field, but you've no right to be here."

"I don't want no lip from you," shouted the man. His temper well lost, he flung the bundle at Tom.

"Now, then, what's all this about?" cried a voice just behind the group.

They all looked round sharply—to see the farmer, who had come up unnoticed.

The gipsy adopted a whining tone now. "I was only looking——" he began, but the farmer cut him short.

"I've had about enough of your 'looking'—or pinching, rather—likewise of your damaging my land," he declared. "I've treated you decently, and I'm just about tired of the way you've served me in return. So off you go now, and if you and your crowd haven't cleared out of the Long Field by this evening I'll have you moved out."

Surly, but not daring to defy, the gipsy slouched away.

The farmer watched him crawl through a small gap in the hedge. "We'll block up that hole," he remarked. Then he, too, went off, leaving the Scouts in possession of their camp.

The boys themselves blocked-up the hole, making it their last task before settling down for the night.

"It's a good job that fellow didn't get away with my sleeping-bag," remarked Frank. "I'd be pretty chilly without it."

Tom agreed. "I'm glad Farmer Todd warned the gipsies off his land; now perhaps we shall be left in peace."

Those were his last words before he sank into a deep sleep, in which Gerry speedily joined him.

Frank, too, was soon off, but he was a much lighter sleeper, apt to be disturbed by any of the small night-time noises of the out-of-doors. Round about midnight, some trifling sound aroused him. He lay looking out sleepily through the tent doorway, which was directly in line with his eyes. The field and opposite hedge were clearly shown, drenched in the light of the full moon.

All at once Frank sat upright. Something unexpected had moved across his field of vision. A figure was flitting along the path that fringed the farther side of the hedge—a figure moving not only with speed but with evident stealth. Because of the weaving branches of the hedgetop Frank could pick out no features, but something in the man's loping run gave the Scout a sudden suspicion that it was the gipsy.

But what was he doing, at that spot and at that hour? Vaguely uneasy, Frank turned to his P.L. and gave him several prods.

"A man has just sneaked by on the other side of the hedge," he muttered, as Tom opened his eyes. "The gipsy, I believe. What's he up to, I'd like to know?"

"Up to no good, you can be sure," replied Tom, thoroughly awake by now. "Let's squint through the hedge and see if we can spot him."

They scrambled up and pushed their feet into their shoes.

As they were leaving the tent, the slight scuffle of their departure aroused Gerry, who sat up and eyed in bewilderment their retreating forms.

"Hi! What's up? Where are you going?" he called after them, preparing to follow.

"Shush!" hissed Tom, looking back. "Keep quiet and stay where you are for a minute."

Snubbed, Gerry hung back; but he meant



if possible to find out what was afoot. Instead of returning to bed, he lingered in the tent doorway and kept his eyes and ears alert.

Tom and Frank dashed over to the hedge, but although they craned their necks between the brambles they could see no sign of an intruder.

"Oh, well, trust him to be out of sight in less than two shakes," said Tom, drawing back his head.

"Um!" said Frank. "Anyway, he or someone was there all right. I wasn't dreaming."

"Am I dreaming or do I smell something burning?" Tom exclaimed, holding up his head and sniffing the air.

"Something smouldering, and not far away," cried Frank. "Smells like oily rags. Phew! What a buzz!"

Just as he finished speaking there came an odd sound from quite near at hand. It was something like a huge sighing breath, as though a giant said "W-w-uff!"



"It's hopeless," wheezed Tom

In a second the Scouts sprang to face the direction of the sound. What they saw drew shouts of horror. A brilliant orange light was beginning to glow through the hedge that ran at right-angles to this one and that bordered a cornfield. It was a light that could mean only one thing—fire! Fire amongst that waving sea of ripened grain meant loss—monstrous loss.

Without a word, the two raced madly for the gate that linked the two fields, and hurling themselves over it pelted along by the hedge towards the corner from which slow clouds of smoke were beginning to billow.

As they came nearer, hot breaths from the flames began to puff out at the scantily clad runners, and in a moment or two they were forced to pause.

"Beating by both of us is the only chance of doing anything," Frank panted. "If we, or even one of us, goes for help, the whole field will be ablaze before anyone can get here."

"We must be quick," muttered Tom. "Come on!"

Running to the hedge, he began tearing out the largest branches that would yield to his efforts. Frank followed suit, and within two or three minutes each had an armful. Bunching the branches together, they advanced on the fire and began to beat at the flames with all their strength.

The heat was fearful, and the Scouts were soon pouring with sweat, nearly choked by smoke and blinded by sparks. Beat as they did, the fire seemed to mock them, for while they fought it at one spot it shot out red tongues in several others.

"Fraid it's hopeless," wheezed Tom. "We need a whole squad of beaters."

"I believe I can hear voices!" Frank cried hoarsely.

Hardly daring to believe him, Tom paused for a second. Faint hope became joyful certainty. People were hurrying over the boys' camp field. In another moment or so the gate swung open and the farmer and the

rest of his household came into the burning field at a run.

It wasn't long before their united efforts had overcome the fire.

"I thought the crack of doom had come. Gerry hammered on the door fit to wake the dead," the farmer said. "My word, how he raised the house! But if you lads hadn't been on the spot to keep the fire under, it

would have got too big a hold before we got here. I'd have lost the whole field."

"You were quick off the mark, Gerry!" Tom said to the younger boy, with an approving glance.

"And we are always telling him to buck up, thinking he couldn't move fast enough to keep up with us!" said Frank ashamedly.

"Well, we live and learn," said Tom. "What a jolly good job Gerry was camping with us!"

Gerry smiled. He knew that after this he'd no longer be "odd man out."

## FIRST SCOUT PRESIDENT

President John F. Kennedy is the first Boy Scout to become President of the United States of America.

President Kennedy's old Scoutmaster, Donald Mackinlay, recalls the days when John Kennedy was in Troop 2 in Bronxville, New York.

"He was a regular Scout," he says.

He remembers that young John Kennedy spent about one and a half years with the Troop.

"He came with us in 1929," Mr. Mackinlay said. "He was a fine, clean boy—the type you would say had been very well brought up. We had a very active programme in the Troop—frequent hikes and overnight and two-day camping trips. I guess our Troop ranked as high as any in Westchester County. They were a nice group of boys. About all of them went to the same public school—Bronxville. Most of the fathers commuted to offices in New York City. I believe Mr. Kennedy did, and I did myself."

Mr. Mackinlay doesn't recall the rank Kennedy attained in Scouting before the family moved back to Boston—whether he made Second Class or First Class.

As President of the United States, ex-Scout Kennedy is honorary President of the Boy Scouts of America.



"But, Skip, I can't have my hair cut and wear the Artist Badge!"



WM. J. Bleek Tells You How to Get Training  
and Fun in the Dark

One of the aims of Scouting is to train you to work under adverse conditions, and this includes being able to do things satisfactorily in the dark. There is no substitute, of course, for getting out on night hikes, tracking and playing wide games at all sorts of creepy hours, but you can get good training and fun by merely switching off the lights in the Troop room or Patrol den. Some of the stunts suggested here can be done with your Patrol. Others are more successful when the whole Troop take part.

What about that routine for falling the Patrols in for inspection? I know you may be a Second Class or even a First Class Scout, but can you really tie those Tenderfoot knots—with the lights out? You could even suggest at the Court of Honour that when re-passing the Tenderfoot tests for Second Class the Scouts should be able to do all the practical tests in the dark.

Much the same applies to map and compass work. For really keen Scouts, getting lost in the middle of the night is an occupational hazard. A little practice beforehand in the Troop room will stand you in good stead when it comes to the real thing. As a competition, see who can devise a means of estimating in the dark, using only a torch and a staff.

If you are a Scout you will or should have a reputation for your powers of observation. We often overlook the fact, however, that we have other senses as

well as sight. Put out the light and see who can locate a hidden watch "by ear". Lay a trail on the floor, using matchsticks to make the woodcraft signs, and follow it by touch.

You could also test the Troop's sense of taste in the dark. Then when you go to camp you could have a little competition when the Troop are having supper round the camp fire. Give a prize to the boy who comes nearest to identifying the "brew" in his mug.

Now here are two games which are always a great hit when played in our Troop. For the first you need a mat, or, better still, a number of mats of different sizes. The mat is placed on the floor and the whole Troop gather at the opposite end of the room. When the lights are switched out and the whistle blown everyone tries to get on the mat (no holds barred). After a few seconds the lights are switched on again and anyone who is not on the mat is "out". As the game progresses the mat can be replaced by a smaller one. Try shifting the mat to a different part of the floor or removing it altogether after the lights go out—but before the whistle is blown!

The second game can also produce some hilarious results. It is best played as an inter-Patrol game with the Patrols formed up roughly equi-distant from the centre of the floor. Before this, everyone takes off his shoes, which are placed in a random heap in the middle of the room. The lights are put out for a certain time—say, two minutes—and everyone tries to fit himself out with a pair of shoes—any pair. The lights are switched on again and the Patrol scores are counted up. Award ten points for each pair of matching shoes tied and on the correct feet. Give five for a pair of matching shoes on the wrong feet or a pair which do not match but which are on the correct feet. Subtract two points for each untied shoe, etc. This is only a suggestion and you can devise your own scoring system—in fact, you can devise your own game.

Think of all the games and stunts you have had on your Troop programme and see how many of them you can adapt for playing in the dark.



# SCOUTING IS FUN



Handcraft—a Nottinghamshire Scout with the fine Patrol totem he has made.

Shoe shining



Pioneering



Patrol cooking

# FIRST CLASS TESTS



(5) "Read the meaning of a series of simple tracks made in sandy or other suitable ground. These should include running, limping, carrying a weight, walking backwards, and blind gaits"

(12) "Go on foot, alone or with another Scout, a 24-hour journey of at least 14 miles. In the course of the journey he must cook his own meals, one of which must include meat, over a wood fire in the open; find his camp site and camp for the night. He must carry out any instructions given by the Examiner as to things to be observed *en route* and make a log of his journey sufficient to show he has carried out these instructions. A Sea Scout may do this journey partly by water and partly by land—at least 5 miles of the 14 to be done on foot"



(2) "Demonstrate the proper method of dealing with the following emergencies: fire, drowning, ice-breaking and electric shock"

Photo: Jim Leavitt



(9) "Use a felling axe for felling or trimming light timber, or, if this is impracticable, be able to log up a piece of timber and demonstrate the theory of felling a tree, and use a bush or cross-cut saw. Demonstrate the care and maintenance of an axe"



# MORE SCOUTING NEWS



The site of the 1963 World Jamboree was of special interest to members of the 12th Royal Eltham (Eltham Park) Scout Group, whose motto is "Rejoice, O Comrades, We Conquer". The jamboree was held on the ancient battle site of Marathon, under the deep-blue skies of Greece, where in 490 B.C. the Persians invaded Athens and other Greek states. Pheidippides, an Athenian runner who appears on the back of the 12th Royal Eltham Group's scarves, ran from Athens to Sparta to ask for help. After obtaining an answer he returned quickly to Athens in time to help the Athenians beat the Persians at the Battle of Marathon. He ran back to Sparta to announce the great victory, but as he reached the gates he fell exhausted. With his dying breath he exclaimed, "Rejoice, O Comrades, We Conquer". The Athenian's long run was the origin of today's "marathon race" at the Olympic Games.

## Lost Church

A Rover Scout Crew in Cornwall joined a vicar and a small committee in the struggle to save one of Britain's oldest churches. The church—St. Piran's—half submerged in water and partly buried in sand, stands on the Cornish coast near Perranporth. The Rovers helped to dig the church out and repaired some of the damage. St. Piran's was founded over 1,500 years ago, but it was covered by deep sand until it was rediscovered about 150 years ago.

## Scouting Estate

All the roads in the new Orchard Housing Estate in the Essex town of Colchester have been named after Scouting events or

personalities. The main road is called Baden-Powell Drive and the roads leading from it are named Somers Close, Rowallan Close, Gilwell Park Close, Brownsea Way and Sutton Park Avenue. A further Scouting connection was the scheme for planting trees along Baden-Powell Drive; this was sponsored by the Colchester and District Association.

## Scout Archaeologists

Fossil-hunting is the latest idea to be taken up by some Scouts and Cubs. A Cub dug up a fossil that proved to be 100,000 years



old, and then John Firth of Baildon, Yorkshire, followed suit by finding an axehead dating back to 500 B.C. John, who is a Scout in the 9th Shipley, Baildon Troop, made the find when he was at camp on Low Fell, in the Lake District. A few years ago he found a fossilised tree when he was potholing, and as a result joined the local Archaeological Society.

## Cadet Scouters

The Girl Guide Movement has had Cadet Guides for some time, but only recently has the idea been taken up in the Scout Movement. Young men and women are taken as trainees for their new jobs as Scouters as soon as they leave the Senior Scout or Girl Guide section. The first Cadet Scouter

course ever held in the world was in Southern Australia, where the pioneer Cadet system was started a couple of years ago. The motto for the course was "Variety is the spice of life", so sessions were held in a great variety of places. Group activities for the Cadet Scouters included organising First Class hikes and camps, acting as A.S.M. or A.C.M. for three months, acting as an assistant in "the other" section for a month acting as a Scouter in another Group for a month, organising visits, making a Troop inventory, finding three new possible camp-sites, organising a Nature Day, and introducing new games.

## Weighty Problem

Every November 5th the Vicar of the tiny Devonshire village of Shebbear has a rather large problem on his hands—a one-ton problem to be exact. Traditionally a large boulder on the village green, weighing one ton, has to be turned "to keep the devil away" from the village. In previous years the ceremony has been



performed by the village bell-ringers with the help of crowbars. Recently, however, there were only four bell-ringers, and the job takes at least six. Two Dorset Scouts offered to rig up a system of ropes and pulleys so that he could lift the boulder on his own!



# FIRST CLASS HIKE

by  
WM. J. BLEEKS



The dense blanket of fog was now complete. The stretching moors and the sky were now nothing but a thick grey. Only in a narrow circle about them could the two Scouts see each other and make out the hazy outline of an isolated shrub or boulder.

"Still on course?" John asked.

Mervyn peered down at the compass. "I think so."

The mist had obliterated the landmarks and necessitated an almost constant watch on the compass.

"We have to make the farmhouse this evening. We can't afford to fall any further behind schedule."

Mervyn nodded. "We've probably walked round and round the place about four times."

Slowly and blindly they continued.

"Farther into the unknown," John announced, after halting for a habitual but useless look at the map.

"First Class hike! Huh!" Mervyn growled. "Magician's hike would be more like it."

They pressed on into the swirling mist. John stopped and stubbed his toe in the ground. "It's wet here," he said.

"We've probably got stuck in the marshes."

"According to the map there're no marshes for miles around."

"I had a feeling we weren't even on the right moors," Mervyn joked. "Come on!" They plunged on into the fog.

"I say, it's getting wetter here," John complained.

Suddenly there was a splash, and the shadowy figure of Mervyn in front disappeared.

"Hey! What's happened?" John shouted.

From below came the sound of gurgling and splashing. Through the commotion Mervyn managed to convey the fact that he had fallen into water. John stood helpless as his companion carried on the invisible struggle. The splashing and exclamations continued until finally Mervyn re-emerged into the field of vision, bedraggled and dripping.

"What are you laughing at?" he growled at John. "I thought you said there was no water for miles around."

"There shouldn't be."

"Well, there is," Mervyn snapped in disgust.

"You can't wander about like that all day. We'll go flat out for about half an hour and if we don't seem to be getting anywhere we'll just have to stop and try to get a fire going. What's wrong?"

"The compass!" Mervyn gave a helpless wave in the vague direction of the water. "I've left it in the bog."

"Oh, no! We're well and truly lost now."

"Not yet. We can still use a watch."

John looked at him threateningly.

"Point the hour hand in the direction of the sun and——"

John aimed a blow at his stomach.

## FIRST CLASS HIKE

"Ouch! You didn't have to do that. I was only trying to be helpful."

There was nothing for it now but to try to light a fire and get Mervyn dried out. They each took a few handfuls of dry sticks from their rucksacks. Throughout the hike they had carried this reserve supply because fire-wood, and dry kindling wood especially, could be very scarce on the moors. In the fog it was even worse, and the most they could have done would be to wander blindly around in the hope of coming across a stray shrub.

"That won't make much of a fire," John said. "You stay here and I'll have a look round."

"Look round! Huh! A feel-round, you mean."

"Blow your whistle now and again so that I'll have some idea where I am. Give three short blasts if you fall into another bog or anything."

He stumbled away into the mist as Mervyn made a dash at him.

Eventually they got a fire going, and by a combination of drying and changing Mervyn got rid of most of his soggy clothing. John did manage to find some wood, although it was rather green and damp, and it hissed and sizzled for a long time before it decided to burn. Before, the air had been very still, but now a slight breeze blew up and this helped to keep up some resemblance to a fire.

"Maybe that wind will clear away the mist," Mervyn said.

"It will, eventually," John replied, "but it'll take a long time."

Suddenly through the stillness came the bleat of a sheep.

Mervyn started up. "Listen to that! That means we can't be very far away from the farm."

From the sound of the bleating it seemed as if there was only a single animal.

"Maybe it's lost," John suggested, "or there could be something wrong with it. It doesn't seem to be moving around at all."

The bleating kept on furiously.

"We'd better go and try to find it."

"What about these?" Mervyn waved at the kit spread around the fire. "We mightn't be able to find our stuff again."

"We should be able to. I don't think we'll have to go very far away from it."

The Scouts walked out into the mist, and behind them the fire faded away into a glimmer and eventually disappeared. They kept on going in the direction of the crying animal. Soon they could make out the outline of a sheep. It was bleating and struggling wildly. When they went up to it, it stopped for a moment and gave them a startled look. Then it started its antics again, more furiously than before. It had become entangled in the remains of an old barbed-wire fence. The wire seemed to be wrapped around it in all directions, and in places its wool was spotted with blood.

"Poor thing," Mervyn stroked it.

The animal increased its activity.

"Oh, stop dancing around," Mervyn yelled at it. "You're only tying yourself up."

"You hold it," John told him. "I'll try to get some of the wire off."

"What do you mean—hold it?"

"Keep it from jumping around."

"Huh!" Mervyn grunted. "You'll be lucky."

He placed one leg on each side of the sheep and gripped it between his knees. This was inevitably followed by a renewed burst of struggling. Yelling "Ride him, cowboy", Mervyn held on grimly. Finally the sheep was reduced to a state of doubtful acceptance, giving only an occasional nervous start. Slowly John began to remove bits of the wire, being especially gentle where there was blood. The wire in many places couldn't be disentangled and John had to cut away a lot of the wool with his knife.

"We'll be getting into trouble for defleecing it," Mervyn said.

At last they had disentangled the sheep from the wire. Mervyn released it and it ran off into the mist, calling excitedly to the distant flock.

"It's probably going roughly in the direction of the farm," John said. "Pity we couldn't follow it."

"Maybe we could."

"We'd better start running, then. It's got about half a mile start."

Mervyn stood looking in the direction of the retreating bleats. "We could go from here and keep the breeze directly in our faces. That would be near enough the same direction."

John thought for a moment and nodded. "You're right. It's worth a try, anyway."

Carrying out the same procedure as before, they collected the rucksacks from the campfire. Then, keeping as much as possible into the wind, they set off into the mist again.

"I hope that animal's going home," Mervyn said. "Maybe the freedom has gone to its head and it'll just charge up some mountainside or into the marshes."

The breeze continued to get stronger and the mist began to swirl and clear away. With the improved vision they made much better time, and eventually a light appeared in front of them.

"At last!" Jim shouted triumphantly.

"It mightn't be the farm," Mervyn warned him cautiously.

"It's somewhere. At least we're not lost any more."

As it turned out, it wasn't the farm, but a small workman's hut. As they approached it, a dog barked and a man came out to investigate. The man was in charge of the sheep and the boys told him about the one they had freed.

"Good work," he said. "I'll pick it out in the morning and see if it needs attention."

The shepherd asked them into the hut, but they refused.

"We haven't much time," John explained. "You see, we're doing a test for a badge and we've got to be at the farm by eight o'clock."

"You should manage that all right. It's a straight walk."

"Even in the mist?" Mervyn asked.

"I could go blindfold." The other laughed.

"You might fall into the marshes," John joked.

"There's no danger of that. The nearest marshes are miles away. The only water around here is the sheep's drinking-hole."

The boys started to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?"

"It's just that Mervyn's already had some contact with the drinking-hole." John chuckled. "He fell into it and we thought he was going to be sucked under by quicksands or something."

"Come on!" the man grinned. "We'd better get you to the farm."

## BUSY SCOUTS

**FIREMAN SCOUTS.** The 40-strong service crew at Thriftwood camp site at Brentwood, Essex, have a new week-end duty to attend to—manning a fire-engine. In the past they have had to call out the fire-brigade to deal with any fires on the site, and the delay has caused damage to some areas of the site. Now, with the fire-engine presented by the Ford Motor Company permanently on call, they are able to tackle any fires before they get out of hand. Professional firemen gave the Scouts instruction before they started their fire duties.

**BOOKS FOR ZANZIBAR.** Scouts in Wales contributed £60 towards the start of a library of Scout books for Zanzibar Headquarters. The books are sure to be of value to Scouting in Zanzibar. This type of gift to Scouts in dependent territories is of great assistance in their development. The Commonwealth Commissioner will be glad to put prospective donors in touch with branches in need of this kind of support.

**10th SCOUT MAYOR.** For the tenth year in succession the Mayor of Chingford is an old Scout. This year's Mayor, 57-year-old Councillor Charles Staig, is an active member of the B.-P. Guild. Councillor Staig started his Scouting career during the first world war in Stoke Newington. He had his first taste of public service during this period, when he rode round the streets on his bike giving air-raid warnings with his whistle.

After the raids he rode round again, sounding the "all clear" on a bugle.



## CAMP-FIRE LORE

You can sit by the camp-fire, watching  
The leap of each yellow flame,  
But the wood of each tree is different, son,  
And no two burn the same.  
ASH I reckon the finest kind;  
Burns good whether green or dry.  
POPLAR, now, is no manner o' use;  
You might just as well let it lie.  
PINE-CONES and FIR-CONES, they're  
kindling wood,  
They're handy to use as such.  
Dry JUNIPER boughs burn fierce and hot,  
But flare and crackle too much.  
BIRCH burns quickly, is mighty good  
If your fire be newly lit;  
And remember that FIRS are useful too,  
But, I warn you, they spark a bit.  
There's magic, son, in the camper's fire;  
It's been told of in song and rhyme,  
And the light of it shines down darkened years  
To the dim beginnings of time.

G. BRIGGS





# The Man They Called "B.-P."

BY A. W. Dalby-Phillips

Robert Stephenson Smythe Baden-Powell, 1st Baron, was born in 1857. Those first two Christian names he owed to his famous godfather, Robert Stephenson, the bridge-builder and engineer, but the world remembers him as Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, founder of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements.



B.-P. joined the 13th Hussars in 1876. In India he soon made his name as a polo player and hunter.

He was educated at Charterhouse, where he was given his first nickname.



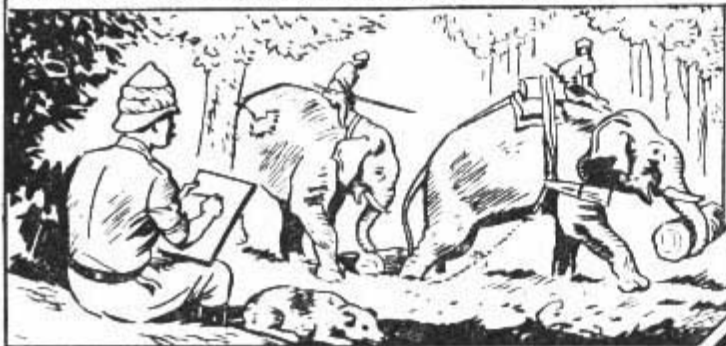
It was a proud moment for B.-P. when he won the Army's most coveted trophy for pigsticking, the Kadir Cup.



Promotion came. Later at Meerut, a young lieutenant named Winston S. Churchill happened to be watching a garrison concert.



B.-P. put his flare for dramatics and make-up to good use on leave in India. He used to slip quietly away and sketch.



In 1884, B.-P.'s regiment was sent to South Africa, where trouble was brewing between the British and the Boer settlers. He landed at Port Natal, now Durban.

I WANT THE MEN LINED UP ON THE QUAY FOR INSPECTION, MR. HASTINGS.



YES, SIR.

Disguised as a newspaperman, B.-P. made a secret reconnaissance of the Natal frontier, 600 miles in length.

AH, YOU PEOPLE KNOW YOUR STRATEGY! MY EDITOR WILL BE VERY INTERESTED.

THE BRITISH COULD GET THROUGH HERE, BUT THEY ARE STUPID. THEY WILL CHOOSE THE BIG PASS TO THE NORTH— AND WALK INTO OUR AMBUSH!

This was B.-P.'s first big intelligence job. He found a safe route through the Drakensburg Mountains, and added many details to the maps of the country. His second visit to South Africa was during the Matabele rebellion.

ABOUT TWENTY STRONG, I SHOULD SAY. I MUST GET BACK TO BASE.

He spent many nights prowling about the Matoppo Hills, locating rebel strongholds.



Later . . . .

B.-P.'s scouting ability enabled many successful surprise attacks like this one to be launched on the Matabeles.



But one day B.-P., in a party fording a river, came very near to death.

WE'VE BEEN  
AMBUSHED! TO  
THE BANK—FOR  
YOUR LIVES!

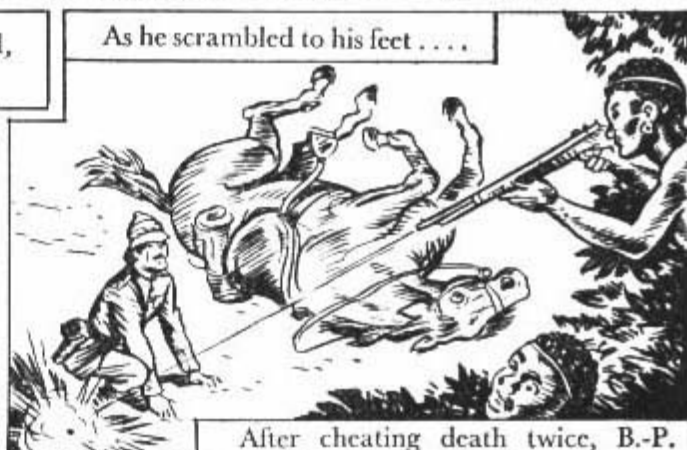


B.-P.'s horse floundered to firm ground, but he still faced deadly danger.



Unbelievably, the shot missed, but B.-P. was unscathed.

As he scrambled to his feet . . .



After cheating death twice, B.-P. came through unscathed.

In 1890 he became Military Secretary to the Governor of Malta, and next year Intelligence Officer for the Mediterranean. Master of disguise, he turned up at the Adriatic fortifications of Herzegovina.

HE'S STILL  
DRAWING  
BUTTERFLIES!



Yet into those butterfly wings B.-P. was drawing details of their siege guns.



When the Boer War began, in 1899, B.-P. was in Mafeking with about 800 men. The Boers set siege to the town with 9,000 men.



WE'VE GOT TO BLUFF THE BOERS ABOUT OUR STRENGTH. WE'LL MAKE LIFELIKE DUMMIES AND DRESS THEM UP IN UNIFORMS.

So dummy men guarded dummy forts around the town.

IT WORKED, SIR! THEY'RE WASTING THEIR AMMUNITION ON THE DUMMIES.



For week after week the siege continued. Food ran short. Life became more and more difficult. B.-P. established a postal service of boy cadets and issued postage-stamps bearing the figure of one of these cycling messengers.

YOUR PORTRAIT OUGHT TO BE ON THIS NEW POSTAGE-STAMP SIR.



NO! WE'LL HAVE ONE OF OUR MESSENGER BOYS, WITH HIS BICYCLE, ON THE STAMP.

B.-P. never forgot those boy messengers. In April, 1900, Mafeking was relieved—and London went wild.



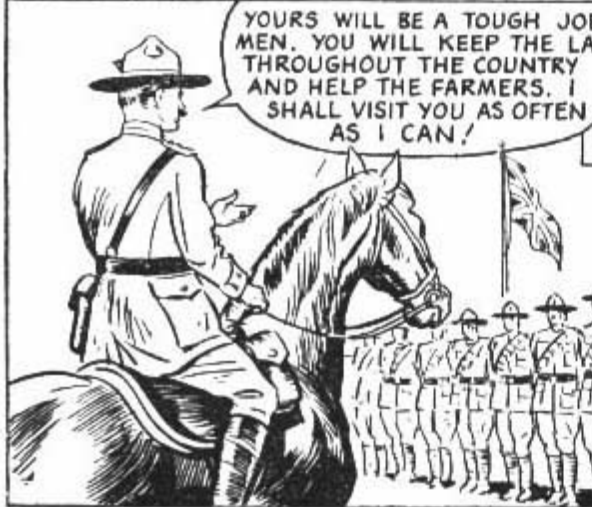
MAFEKING'S RELIEVED

THREE CHEERS FOR BADEN-POWELL.

LONG LIVE BADEN-POWELL HURRAH!

Now a General, B.-P. was asked to form the South African Constabulary to keep order when the war was over. He designed their uniform.

YOURS WILL BE A TOUGH JOB, MEN. YOU WILL KEEP THE LAW THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AND HELP THE FARMERS. I SHALL VISIT YOU AS OFTEN AS I CAN!





True to his word, he rode thousands of miles to visit his stations.



Having established the S.A.C., B.-P. was called back to England, where, with those boy messengers of Mafeking in mind, he began to develop the idea of Scouting for Boys.

He held his first camp for boys on Brownsea Island, Dorset, in 1907.

... AND JUST AS YOU BOYS ARE FROM ALL CLASSES OF SOCIETY, IT IS MY DREAM THAT A SCOUT WILL BE A FRIEND TO ALL, AND A BROTHER TO EVERY OTHER SCOUT, NO MATTER TO WHAT CLASS OR CREED THE OTHER BELONGS.



From that small beginning sprang the greatest Youth Movement in the world. In 1908, B.-P. wrote *Scouting for Boys*—and very soon Scouts became familiar in the British landscape.



In 1910 B.-P. took two Patrols to Canada.



He toured the Dominions and Colonies, watching new Troops spring up everywhere. Lady Baden-Powell—who became World Chief Guide—accompanied him. He was made a Baron in 1929.

The Chief and Lady Baden-Powell were in New Zealand after the disastrous earthquake of 1931.



THE SCOUTS HAVE HELPED BY GIVING FIRST AID, LOOKING AFTER THE HOMELESS AND PROVIDING FOOD. I'M PROUD OF THEM.

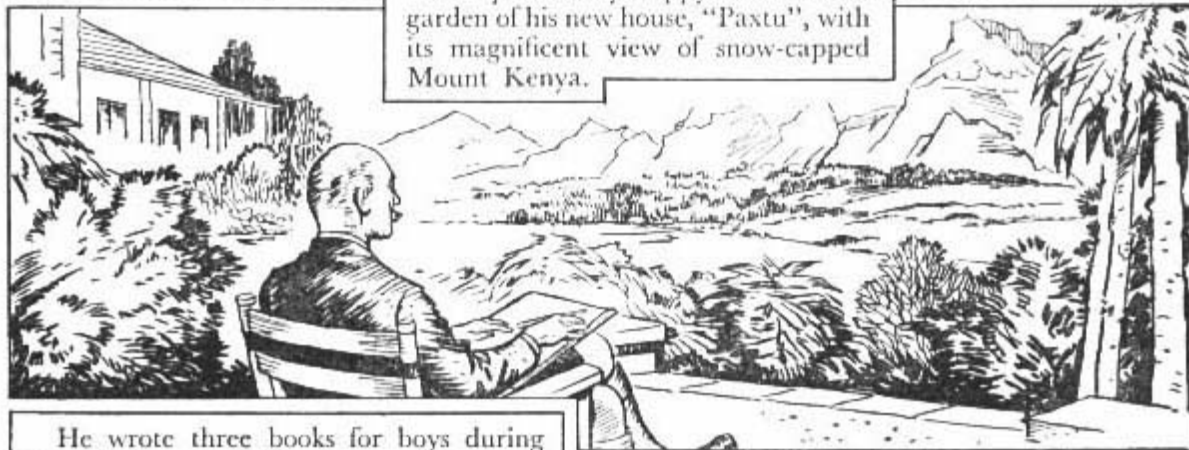
Scouts multiplied in numbers and soon World Jamborees were being held. B.-P. was at Melbourne, in 1934, when 10,000 Scouts of all nations assembled to greet him.



B.-P.'s last Jamboree was the World Jamboree held in Holland. At the age of 81 he set sail for South Africa. This was his last glimpse of England.



He spent many happy hours in the garden of his new house, "Paxtu", with its magnificent view of snow-capped Mount Kenya.



He wrote three books for boys during those last years before he passed on, on January 8th, 1941. Black and white soldiers and Scouts carried him to his last resting-place at Nyeri.



B.-P. left behind him a spirit that lives on in the Scout and Guide Movement he founded. Boys and girls the world over remember with pride the great man they call "B.-P."

# TREE TOPICS

A NATURE QUIZ

SET BY

SYDNEY R. BROWN

*Do you know what the oak-tree's marble is called?*

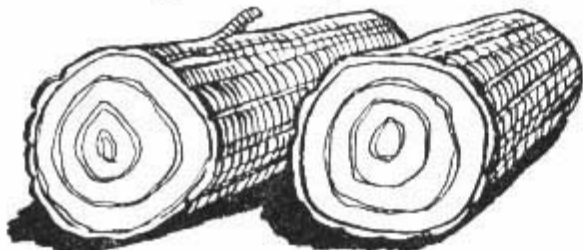
Each winter certain insects pay a visit to the oak-trees near my home to deposit their eggs



in punctures they make in the heart of the leaf buds. This irritates the oaks so much that they grow a woody tissue around the eggs, forming a perfect marble-like object protruding from the twigs during the next summer. If you cut this "marble" in half you may find the insect larvae at home, but if you notice a neat round hole on the surface of the marble you will know that you are too late. The hole is a sure sign that the perfect insect has formed, tunnelled its way out and flown away. This usually happens in the autumn.

*Do you know the name given to this pattern?*

For every year that a tree grows, a layer of new wood is added immediately under the bark. These layers form the rings which we see when the trunk is cut across, and the age of the tree can be calculated by counting the rings. If the tree is cut lengthwise these rings appear as wavy lines, making a kind of pattern that appears



under the polish on furniture.

*What are these round objects called?*

These rings vary a great deal in thickness, the widest part usually being on the south side of the tree, where the sun encourages growth. Wherever branches grow out from the trunk,

sections of these branches form the well-known hard round objects found in timber. These round bits of wood sometimes fall out, leaving a neat hole.



*Do you know what these objects are called?*

The ash is so graceful that it is known as the "Venus of the Woods", while the silver-barked birch is called the "Lady of the Woods." Hanging from the ash trees in the autumn are bunches of narrow scales, each with a notch at one end and a seed lying within at the other. Each has a slight twist in its wing which causes it to spin steadily in the wind and reach the earth seed-end first.



## ANSWERS

- (1). An oak-apple or oak-gall.
- (2). The GRAIN of the wood.
- (3). Knots.
- (4). The correct name is SAMARAS, but if you called them KEYS or SPINNERS give yourself half a mark.

## TREE TOPICS

Can you say what outdoor folk, like Scouts and Guides, use it for, what Hiawatha made with a large strip of it, and what use it has in industry?



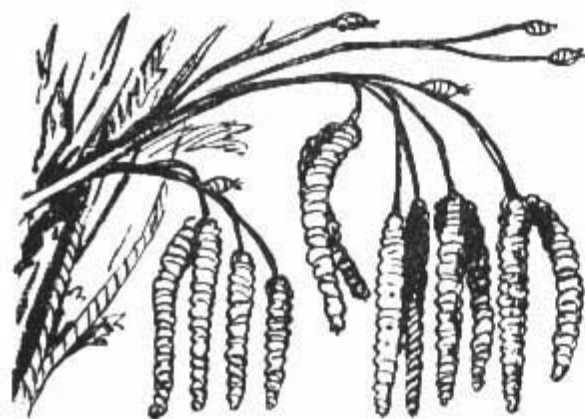
Birch-bark can be stripped off the tree fairly easily, and is found to be very useful by a number of people.

Do you know what these "candles" really are, and what they portend?

On a certain Sunday in May crowds of Londoners flock to Bushey Park to see the huge "candles" on the horse-chestnut trees.

Can you name the "lamb's tail" tree?

One of the most popular trees of the countryside early in the year is the one that bears "lamb's tails" before its leaves appear. These are the male catkins, which in February can be found a



couple of inches long, pliant and yellow, with abundant pollen, which blows out of them as they swing in the breeze. It bears a sweet nut in the autumn.

Do you know for what purpose yew wood was famous hundreds of years ago?

It is said that a post of yew will outlast a post of iron, the timber being not only elastic but exceedingly durable.

Can you name this spiky-twigged tree?

The leaves of a certain hedgerow tree are eaten by some country children, who call them "bread and cheese". They are also favourite food with horses and cows, who would demolish the hedges that confine them to the fields but for the spines which protect at least the older branches. It bears crimson "fruits" in the autumn, beneath the ripe, mealy flesh of which there is a hard, bony core in whose cells the seed are protected from digestion when the fruit has been swallowed by a bird.

What is the real name of this tree?

Lastly there is a tree whose shoots, when only a year old, are used in basket-weaving, especially on the Continent, and when a year or two older serve for pipe-stems. Its branches are so supple and elastic that they are often used instead of



withy to bind up a bundle of sticks or vegetables, or to make a loop for a gate fastener. It has many local names, including mealy-tree, whipcrop, cotton-tree, coventree, lithe-wort, twist-wood, lithy-tree and cottoner. Mealy-tree, cotton-tree, cottoner and white-wood all have reference to the fact that its young shoots and leaves are covered with white hairs.

## ANSWERS

- (5). Birch-bark is useful as tinder for starting camp-fires, was made into a canoe by Hiawatha, and is used for tanning certain kinds of leather. The peculiar odour of "Russian leather" is due to the use of birch in its preparation.
- (6). The flowers of the horse-chestnut, which portend the well-known CONKER.
- (7). Hawthorn or may-tree.
- (8). For making bows for use in archery.
- (9). The hazel.
- (10). The wayfaring-tree.



# Night Hike

by  
Wm. J. BLEEKS



Eric flashed his torch at the signpost. "Just another few miles," he said. "We should be able to make it now."

Ian nodded. They pulled their oilskins closely around them and pressed on into the rain and the near gale-force wind. They were taking part in a challenge night hike. A local business man had put out a challenge to the Scouts of the district and was offering twenty pounds to the Scout Troop whose team of two were the first to complete a thirty-mile course—by night! He could hardly have selected a more testing night. The wind howled and shrieked in the trees and the rain swept down the tracks and the country lanes. The course avoided all half-decent roads and was, in fact, almost cross-country.

The two Scouts knew they had built up a substantial lead. As Ian said, they had only to stay on their feet for another hour and the prize would be theirs. It had been quite early when they left the town. The street lamps and shop windows had still been lit up. Gradually, however, the frequency of the houses had become less and less.

"Decent, sensible people!" Ian had grow-

led as they passed each dark, sleeping house.

Now it seemed a long time since they had seen any sign of human life at all. Once an ambulance had passed them and they had had to crouch into the side of the narrow road as it swished past, spraying them with dirty water.

Ian muttered and shook his fist as well as the mass of dripping oilskins would allow.

The rain had eased quite a bit, but the wind was gradually increasing. The Scouts were now passing a fir plantation and they could hear the ceaseless creaking and groaning of the trees. Now and then there was a burst of snapping twigs and a swish of rain-drenched branches as a tree went crashing down.

As they came round a corner they saw the glow of tail-lights in front. It was the ambulance—stationary.

"Come on!" said Eric, increasing his pace. "Someone seems to be in trouble."

Ian nodded. "I think the road's blocked. Probably a tree's blown down."

Ian was right. When they reached the ambulance the driver was standing looking ruefully at a massive tree-trunk sprawled across the road.

"You chaps give us a lift with this?" he asked drily.

Despite this attempt at a joke Eric could see that the man was worried.

"Got anyone inside?" He nodded towards the ambulance.

"No, not yet. I was going to pick up someone, the old gentleman who lives in the big house over there. He's been hit on the head by a falling slate. He lives alone except for the housekeeper. It was her that phoned us."

"What about the phone?" Eric said quickly. "If one of us could get to the house, he could phone the fire-brigade."

In answer the driver waved upwards. The tree had fallen across the telephone wires; a few loose ends dangled from the pole.

As Ian walked round the vehicle he noticed that the front was rammed close up against the tree and was slightly bashed in.

"The tree fell just as I was turning the corner," the ambulance man explained. "I just managed to keep from crashing into it completely. I don't think there's any serious damage done."

"It doesn't make very much difference, anyway," Eric said, "unless we can get this thing out of the way."

"We could borrow an axe and chop it up," Ian said helpfully. "It would only take us about three months."

"How far is the house?" asked Eric.

"About three-quarters of a mile from here. There's quite a long drive up to it."

"Quite a distance to carry a stretcher."

"Yes." The man nodded slowly. "But I don't see any other solution."

Behind them a tree was creaking and swaying ominously. It would only be a matter of a minute before it fell across the road.

"We'll be caught in between the two if we don't get back quickly!" Eric shouted.

The driver jumped into the driving seat and pulled the starter. There was a long whirring noise, followed by a choke. He tried again. "It's no good!" he cried. "Something must have got broken in the collision."

"What now?" Eric asked him.

"We'll have to try to push it back."

He let off the brake and jumped to the ground. The three of them crouched down against the front of the van and heaved. The vehicle wouldn't budge. Then it began to move slowly as it disentangled from the mass of clutching branches. The tree groaned and there was a dull tearing sound as part of the roots loosened in the ground.

They pushed harder. The ambulance freed itself from the branches and ran smoothly on the wet road. There was a violent crack and the tree came crashing down behind them.

Ian whistled. "That was close enough. A few seconds later and we would have had to scrape the ambulance off the road."

He looked upwards at the trees. "There's a few others that don't look too steady, either."

The driver disappeared under the bonnet of the ambulance.

"I can see what's wrong. I think I can fix it all right."

"How long will it take you?" Eric asked him.

"About half an hour."

Eric thought for a moment. "You've got a stretcher?"

The man nodded.

"Ian and I'll go to the house. You stay here and see if you can get the engine right. We'll save time that way."

"Sure you can manage? I don't think he's in a very serious condition. The housekeeper'll give you a hand."

The boys grabbed the stretcher and stumbled into the darkness.

The road to the house was fairly straightforward. Before they reached the house they could see the housekeeper waiting anxiously in the lighted doorway.

"Isn't there an ambulance?" she asked quickly.

Eric explained the situation.

"Mr. Mason's in here," she said.

The boys followed her into a room, where



The Scouts slid the stretcher in

the old man lay unconscious on the bed. His head had been quite expertly bandaged.

Eric took off his Scout scarf. "We'll put this on. It'll give a bit more protection."

Folding the scarf, he made a head bandage and tied it firmly over the others.

Back on the road, the ambulance driver sat in his seat, tapping the steering wheel in frustration. He peered repeatedly into the darkness beyond the headlight beams. At last he heard the slap of footsteps on the wet road. He jumped down and helped the Scouts slide the stretcher into the back of the ambulance.

"Did you get the engine going?" Eric asked.

"Yes, but it's not much use. Take a look up the road."

The Scouts looked. Another tree had blown down about thirty yards behind the ambulance.

"Oh, no!" Ian groaned.

"It's not very big," Eric said. "Do you think we could move it?"

The driver shook his head. "I doubt it, but we'll have a go."

The tree was not very big. They were able to spring it back and forward, but couldn't get it round sufficiently to allow the ambulance to pass.

"It's no good," Ian said. "If only there were another two of us we'd soon shift it."

"The other Scouts!" Eric suddenly shouted. "They shouldn't be far away now."

The driver gave him a puzzled look. Eric explained about the hike. "There's quite a crowd behind us. Some of them should be close."

"I hope you're right."

"I think one of us should go and meet them and tell them to hurry up. You're faster than I am, Ian. You'd better go."

A few minutes later Ian went galloping off into the rain. The other two climbed into the back of the ambulance. The patient was breathing heavily and there were several smudges on the scarf where the blood was beginning to soak through.

"He's bleeding badly," Eric said.

"He's in pretty bad shape. It'll be serious if we don't get him away soon. I hope your friends won't be too long."

## NIGHT HIKE

Eric went outside again. He looked down the road and listened. At last, above the sound of the wind, he heard the sound of running footsteps. Two Scouts materialised out of the gloom—three—four! Ian came panting up. Eric gave a gasp of relief.

"Hullo, Eric!" one of the Scouts said. "You'll be all right now we're here."

They had little difficulty now in moving the tree. The road was soon clear.

"Good work, lads!" the driver said.

"You've done a real good turn tonight." He jumped into the driving seat. "Anyone want a lift back to town?"

No one did. The driver shrugged his shoulders and shook his head as he watched the Scouts plod on into the rain to continue their challenge hike—the hike that Eric and Ian would have won easily if they hadn't chosen to do something more important than winning twenty pounds—answer a call for help.

## MODERN PILGRIMS



"Oh, don't be so stubborn, Jackson—why not admit you took the wrong path?"

## THE FLEUR-DE-LYS

How often one hears the Scout Badge referred to as the fleur-de-lys, even by Scouters in the Movement.

The fleur-de-lys (flower of the lily) is a heraldic device based on the white iris (lily). It was used by the Bourbons (1150-1789) and became embodied in the Arms of France.

The Scout Badge was selected by Lord Baden-Powell from the north point of the compass. He explained that it points in the right direction (and upwards), turning

neither to the right nor to the left, and that the stars on the two side arms stand for the two eyes of the Wolf Cub having been opened before he became a Scout, when he gained his First Class badge of two Stars. The three points of the badge remind the Scout of the three points of his Promise—Duty to God and Queen, Helpfulness to Others, and Obedience to the Scout Law.

So when we speak of the Scout Badge, don't let's call it the fleur-de-lys.





# Underground Wonderland

by Norman Thornber

Did you know that below the grass-moors of England's largest county, Yorkshire, there is an underground wonderland? Many people outside the West Riding have never even heard of the amazing caves and "potholes" honeycombing the limestone of the Craven district, and only the most daring of residents and visitors ever undertake the hazardous but thrilling task of exploring them.

It is crazy to venture underground alone. There are potholing and cave clubs in Yorkshire specially formed to explore and chart this strange hidden world. No boy could ask for a greater thrill than to accompany an expedition into the dark and mysterious bowels of the earth, into which the sunlight has never penetrated and where waterfalls thunder into weird grottoes, and stalactites and stalagmites glow fairylike in the torchlight.

With tried comrades who are not afraid of the dark, or of getting wet, and who do not suffer from claustrophobia (that is, fear of low crawls), let us go potholing. We need good fellowship, for we may require a helping hand through some narrow passages—and some certainly can be tight!

## *Good Lights and Old Clothes*

First, we equip ourselves with lights. The ideal is an electric light strapped on to a safety-helmet, with the battery in a pocket. This leaves both hands free. Candles, torches or bicycle lamps will do, but carry a spare candle and matches. Even with electric torches, take spare bulbs and batteries. Rocks and mud are hard on clothes, so old clothes should be worn—and as the caves and potholes are wet and draughty wear plenty! Cave exploration needs no other equipment, but for descents of potholes by ropes and ladders, stronger parties of explorers, cooler nerves, and greater precautions are required. In the limestone area streams seemingly disappear into the ground. If the entrance is wide enough and we follow the stream, and there are no drops (or "pitches", as they are called) a *cave* is being explored. A *pothole*, or chasm, contains these sudden "pitches".

As you go, make sure there is no sudden hole in the floor. If there is a stream flowing through, the noise of the falling water often gives warning of that "pitch" or descent.

Beware of these sudden "pitches". Some potholes start with a *cave-passage* and have one or more "pitches" in them; others are open shafts on the moors. They can

## UNDERGROUND WONDERLAND

be varied by an immediate descent with cave passages, and some of them contain a maze of passages. The "pitches" vary from ten to twelve feet or four hundred feet. It is only by comparing four hundred feet with some landmark like a church-tower or a mill-chimney that you can get a true idea of that depth. Just imagine slipping from the top of a church-tower!

We will hope our chosen pothole is dry. Some caves or potholes are—or at least they contain no running stream. But it is easy to follow a stream and step into the deep, still pool in which it generally ends without realising it is there, so clear is it! On reaching the first "pitch", a firm piece of rock is found, to which a length of rope is attached and the ladder tied on. The ladder is "belayed". A suitable belay may be yards from the edge of the pitch. If the ladder is not long enough to reach the bottom of the descent another may be tied to the end—tied in such a way as not to interfere with anyone descending or climbing it. Another rope is fastened to a separate belay, if possible.

Descending the ladder, you have this rope tied round your waist as a lifeline. The lifeline must have plenty of length so that those paying it out can stand well clear and pay it out very slowly and steadily. A sixty-foot ladder descent requires eighty feet of lifeline. After the first man has descended, the other tackle (ropes and ladders) can be securely tied to the lifeline and lowered, and as the others descend it can be worked forward to the next "pitch". Ropes and ladders thrown down a "pitch" might cut the ropes or break ladder rungs. I always calculate that any pothole descent requires three times as much rope as ladders.

### *Underground Wonders*

Before you now are the unknown wonders of the underground. How far down are you? You may be hundreds of feet! Stalactites, some of them no thicker than a piece of straw, can be seen. They are of all colours, varying from the pure whites to the deep reds. There are stalagmites rising from the floor to meet them and in some cases actually joining up. There are stalactitic curtains, cascades and musical pendants. These remarkable formations are the result of the drip, drip of water, through the limestone during thousands of years. Waterfalls lit only by the light of the electric torch, underground streams murmuring along, lofty caverns—all unfold as you explore. Sometimes, however, you have to work forward flat on your stomach through low "crawls".

What you discover underground cannot be predicted. You are liable to meet all sorts of adventures. A party of us were once exploring Lost John's Pothole, on Leck Fell, near Ingleton. I had been delayed, and I told my friends to go ahead; I would follow. With an electric light strapped on my head, I set off down the top passage. After going about three hundred yards, my electric light failed, and I was left in the dark, wet, underground passage. My friends, I knew, were away out of hearing, and the only course left was to try to get back to daylight, where there were spare bulbs and candles. That, with matches to help me find my way through deadly blackness, and at the cost of a soaking and of bumps and bruises that I bore for many a day, I at least succeeded in doing. But I never went potholing again without spare bulbs and candles.

Only once have I known a serious fall of rock to occur. It was grave enough while it lasted, a three-ton piece of rock slowly descending towards us. One man was jammed

in a narrow passage directly underneath, and I was on a rope-ladder trying to seek shelter from falling stones. There was some excuse for this happening, for we were the first party ever to reach this point in Bull Pot, in Kingsdale. We had walked underneath that huge piece of rock on our way to the final pool. On our way out, the first man put his hand on the jutting pinnacle to help himself up. He could not have noticed that it was on the point of balance. Down, slowly, it came. It was an awful few minutes. Luckily, none of us was injured. As it was, one side of the rope-ladder was cut, and two of us crawled out underneath the fallen rock.

A week later a potholing club was in the same passage and the rock had fallen still further, so that they had to climb over it: there was not room underneath.

The guiding rule of moving rock is for the person who feels it moving to keep hold of it until someone else can come to him. A decision can then be made as to whether it is so dangerous that people from below should be recalled and the tackle taken out of the way, or whether the rock is till firm. Don't let go of it, though, for it may be on the point of balance the whole time.

#### *What's the Secret?*

What is there in potholing that makes young fellows go crawling along dark passages, wading through underground streams, and climbing swinging rope-ladders? The thrill of the unknown, the spice of discovery, the pioneer spirit!

Once one has been caving and potholing the urge to explore more difficult caves or potholes grows. There are over two hundred caves and potholes on the slopes of Ingleborough, Penyghent and Whernside. Some of these are only accessible to large, experienced parties with unlimited ropes and ladders, but there are plenty of caves and small potholes that can be explored by three or four boys.

Yorkshire's underground wonderland was formed by geological upheavals. Whole sections of the earth slipped or "faulted". The limestone rock is like a brick wall with joints in it and shale bands acting like mortar. As a section of the countryside slipped, the break came at some of the joints, where the rock was ground to powder. The main road from Leeds to the Lake District at Settle runs along one of the best known of these "slips", the North Craven Fault. Geologists state that the amount of slip at Ingleton is a mile vertically. Compare this with earthquakes, caused by a settlement of less than an inch of the earth's crust. Water pouring into these crevices has washed away and dissolved the powdered rock and small limestone rocks. The mountain-streams flow off the millstone grit, which is impervious, into these chasms and crevices and emerge where the Silurian rock begins.

There are still discoveries awaiting the new caver and potholer—discoveries that may occur in quite simple fashion. Once at Nick Pot, near Horton-in-Ribblesdale, I had to





## UNDERGROUND WONDERLAND

stay on the surface while my friends were below. They were exploring some new chambers discovered a fortnight earlier. I noticed a small cave opening, and, crawling along it for a few yards, saw my friends sixty feet below me. That chance discovery saved hours of hard going, for in all future explorations the three hundred feet of ladders and ropes required to reach the bottom of the new Nick chambers were taken through Thornber's Passage.

Any small opening in the limestone rock can lead to underground chambers large enough to hold a row of houses. For years no new caves or potholes have been found around Whernside. There are some on the slopes facing Ribbleshead, but nothing on the Dent side of the mountain, and there are bound to be some there.

Some caves attract because of the sporting "crawls" and tricky climbs they offer; some are interesting as having once been the home of prehistoric animals.

### *When Tap Water Ran Green*

Moorland streams that dive underground sometimes give a clue to an unsuspected underworld. Fluoroscin is used for tracing underground waters. It colours a million times its size of water. Nearly all the underground waters of Yorkshire have been traced and charted by this method. Once, at Ingleton, all the water in the taps ran a vivid green. Apologies were made to the guests at an hotel for the colour of their morning cup of tea, but the guests drank it eagerly. They were responsible for this harmless colouring, which elucidated the mystery of where a certain mountain-spring, which suddenly decided to go to earth, finally emerged.

One last word. No sane caver or potholer would think of doing any exploration in wet weather. Just before the last war the local police asked me, as secretary of the Cave Rescue Organisation, to find six men who had gone potholing and had not been heard of since. They had set off by car on a Sunday morning. It had rained all day and night.

### *Never Explore Alone*

It was Monday noon when we found the car. We searched various potholes until we came across one, Penyghent Long Churn, where a rope-ladder was hanging down. It was easy to visualise what had happened. The ladder had been hung down the ninety-foot shaft directly in the path of the stream. Heavy rain resulted in a flood against which the men could not battle their way up the ladder. We re-hung the ladder and then pulled them out, very cold, very wet, and very hungry. It started to rain as soon as we had finished, and within two hours the stream was in flood again.

So, you new young potholers, explore in dry weather—and don't go underground alone!





# PROTECT THAT MAP WITH A MAP CASE

says

KEITH PENNYFATHER

It is sometimes said that a map is one of the Scout's tools. This is certainly so: it is invaluable for hikes, camps and all the other varied and interesting outdoor activities which come into the realm of Scouting, quite apart from the map and compass requirements for the First and Second Class Tests. This being so, it is quite likely that the local sheet of the map will come in for a great deal of use—in the Troop Room for practice, and—even more so—outdoors in all weathers. Even the best maps will not stand much rough treatment out in the hills, and will soon tend to become worn along the folds unless some protection is provided. A polythene bag is better than nothing, and this will keep the map clean and dry, but polythene, being a very thin and pliable material, is itself not particularly strong and is easily torn.

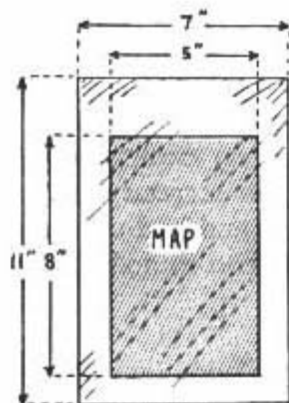


FIG. 1.

## *Celluloid and Leather*

A much stronger and more serviceable map-case can very easily be made from two sheets of celluloid fastened together at the sides with strips of leather. For size, allow about an extra inch each side above the size of the actual map, plus an extra inch or so in depth (see Fig. 1). For an Ordnance Survey One-Inch Map the overall size of the case will thus be about 11 × 7 in. The extra space is to allow for the thickness of the map when folded, which is otherwise not accounted for.

First, then, obtain two sheets of stiff celluloid (about  $\frac{1}{64}$ -in. thick) of the size shown in Fig. 1, or cut a large sheet into two pieces of this size. Celluloid can be bought quite cheaply from any handcraft shop, and is occasionally stocked by hardware merchants and others. Next, having trimmed the two pieces to size, pierce a row of small holes about  $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. from the outer edge with some sharp pointed tool; these holes should be about  $\frac{1}{8}$ -in. apart, and should run along one short side and both the longer sides.

## *Stitch on Leather Straps*

Now you will need some strips of leather  $\frac{7}{8}$ -in. wide: four pieces equal to the length of the case, and two equal to the width.

Taking each sheet of celluloid in turn, a strip of leather is stitched around each of the three edges, using the pierced holes to take the stitches; strong thread should be used (see Fig. 2). Now you should have two sides of the map case finished. All that remains is to join the two together by stitching along the *outer* edge of both

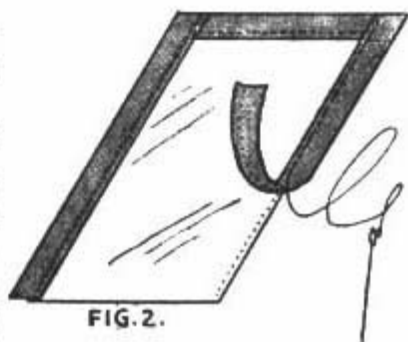


FIG. 2.

### PROTECT THAT MAP WITH A MAP CASE

strips, as shown in Fig. 3, and the case is complete. A semi-circular cut can be made midway along the top edges, which remain open for the map to be inserted.

It might be thought that the leather strip between the two faces of celluloid could be continuous, and that the stitching of the two pieces along the outer edges is unnecessary, but unless some other form of attachment is used it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to stitch along the *inside* of the case when the celluloid is of such a stiff nature that it will not bend easily, and even then only slightly.

When in use the map can be folded with the two relevant sections back-to-back, thus avoiding the necessity of removing the map to refold it each time a "crease" is crossed.

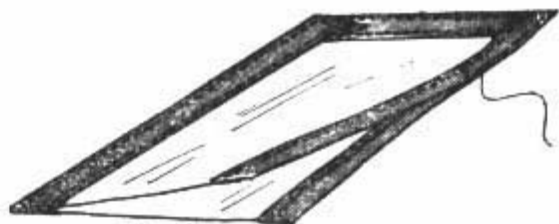
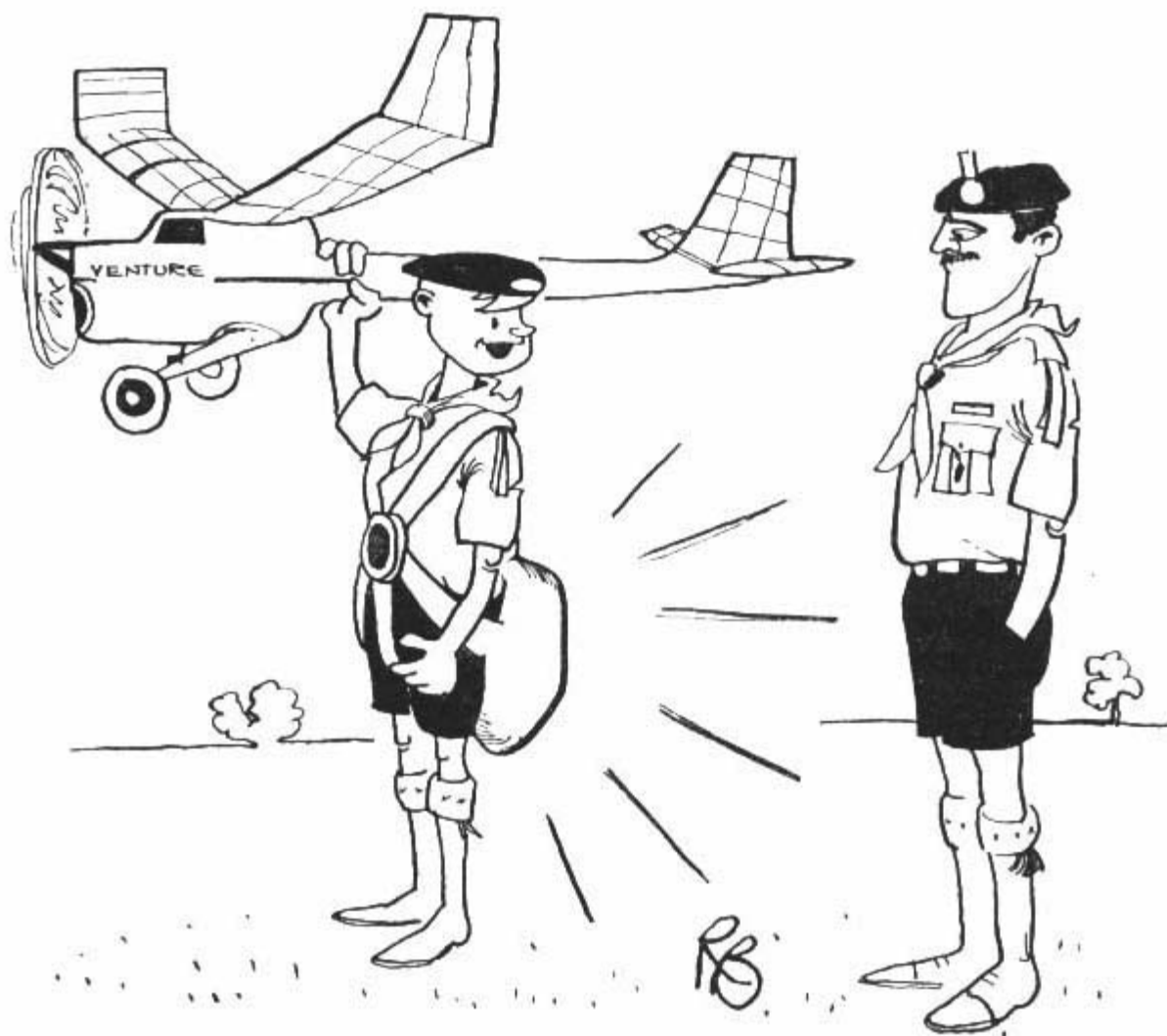


FIG. 3.



"Just in case I forget to let go, Skip"

# WANTED - A SCOUTMASTER



by Wm. J. BLEEKS

"Scout, huh!" Ginger snorted at Gary. "You call yourself a Scout?"

"All right, Ginger, that's enough," said David, the Patrol Second. "There's no need for all this just because Gary didn't go out cycling with you. I'm sure he had a good reason."

"I told him yesterday morning I wouldn't be going. Arthur was teaching me how to paint."

"Arthur was teaching me how to paint," Ginger mimicked. "Arthur seems a bit of a softy to me."

At this Gary's face flushed, and he moved quickly forward. Just then the door opened and the Eagles' P.L., Jack Williams, came in.

"What's going on here?" he enquired. "I could hear you squabbling about a hundred yards down the road."

"Oh, it's just Ginger in one of his moods," David told him. "He'll soon calm down."

It was not unusual to find Ginger in one of his moods. He had a temper which matched his flaming red hair, and he often flared up for very little, even against Gary, who was his best friend.

"He stayed at home with that painter who lodges with them," Ginger growled. "He promised to come for a cycle run."

"I didn't promise."

"Cut it out," said Jack sharply. "We've got enough on our plate at the moment."

The Troop had just lost their Scoutmaster. He had been a teacher in the village school, but he had moved to a town over fifty miles away. In a small place like this it was difficult to find a replacement.

"What about your brother, David?" Jack asked. "Did you mention it to him?"

"Yes," David replied, shrugging his shoulders. "Like all the others we've asked, he hasn't time."

"Come on, lads!" shouted one of the Scouts, lifting his haversack. "It's time we started on the hike. Let's forget all about painters and Scoutmasters for a few hours."

"We can forget about Scoutmasters all right, but I don't know about painters," said

## WANTED—A SCOUTMASTER

Ivan. "The old Patrol Corner could do with a spot of redecorating."

"Clot!" David said to him. "He's not that kind of painter. He's a picture-type painter."

"Oh! I thought he was a house-type painter."

A few minutes later the Patrol set off towards the nearby hills, a rough, rugged area that was excellent for hiking and week-end camping.

"Oh, my heel!" Ivan groaned, as the Patrol came trudging back towards the village that evening.

"Stop moaning," begged David. "It's your own fault. You should know by now never to wear darned socks on a hike."

"Well, I can't walk much farther. I think I'll go and ask that fellow for the loan of his chair."

"What on earth are you talking about now? Don't tell me your head's affected as well as your heel."

In answer, Ivan pointed across to a small shelf on the hillside. The boys stopped and looked at the figure crouched on a small stool.

"He seems to have a book on his knees. I think he's writing something."

Then Gary recognised the stranger. "It's Arthur!" he shouted. "He must be out sketching."

"Wonder how he got here?" Ginger inquired innocently. "A taxi couldn't get up here."

At this Gary turned and flew at him. There was a short scuffle, then Jack stepped in between them.

"That's enough of this nonsense. It's time you realised that a thing isn't silly just because you don't happen to like it, Ginger."

"I think we'll all go with Gary and meet Arthur," David suggested. "You never know; he might even give Ginger a few tips on how to pass the Designer Badge."

Ginger scowled as he followed the rest of the Patrol, and soon the Scouts were crowding

round, expressing their admiration of the sketches.

"Boy!" Ivan whistled. "We haven't got many sketches like that in our log-book. I couldn't draw like that in a hundred years."

"It isn't so very difficult, really," said Arthur modestly. "Anyone can make a reasonable attempt once he gets the hang of a few basic techniques. Isn't that right, Gary?"

"Sure! I've only had two lessons and I can draw ten times as well as I could before. I say, couldn't you give us all a lesson when you get time?"

"I daresay I could find time, but we'd need somewhere to meet. We couldn't all crowd into your mother's front room."

"Don't worry about that," Jack said eagerly. "You can come along to the Troop headquarters."

"It's a date," agreed the artist.

"It's time we were off," said the P.L. "We have to call on Ben before we go home."

"Who's Ben?" asked Arthur.

"An old man who's a great friend of ours. We always drop in when we're near. He lives in the cottage across the river."

"Yes, I've seen it. Queer little place, that; it would make a good subject for a painting."

The Scouts said goodbye to Arthur and set off in the direction of the river. They crossed over the simple plank bridge near the small waterfall where they sometimes went for a "shower bath". Soon they were crowding into Ben's small, dark kitchen. Ben lived alone in the cottage and only rarely came down into the village. He spent most of his time working his stony garden or on the hills watching over his few sheep.

"It's a long time since you Scouts have been here," he said, getting up from his stool. "I thought you'd forgotten old Ben altogether."

"No, we haven't been here for quite a while." Jack admitted. "We've been having a spot of trouble lately."

"You have?"



"Yes. Mr. Pearson, our Scoutmaster, has gone away and we can't find anyone in the village who'll take over."

The old man shook his head slowly. "It's nearly enough to make me take on the job myself," he joked.

When they left the cottage the Patrol hurried over the last stage of their journey to avoid being caught in the storm. Ben had warned them that one was approaching, and where weather was concerned Ben was never wrong.

This time was no exception. Later that night the storm broke, and Jack lay in bed listening to the howling of the wind and rain. Suddenly something rattled on the window pane. Above the noise of the storm came the sharp whistle that the Eagle Patrol used as their call sign.

"Gosh, it's one of the boys! There must be something up."

He waited a moment to make certain. Another handful of gravel rattled on the window. He jumped out of bed and flung open the window. The rain lashed his face and the wind swirled it into the room. Down in the garden he could just make out a dim figure.

"Who's there?" he asked, but the words were drowned by the moan of the wind.

The pile of oilskins below was making frantic signals for him to come down. He went and opened the door. There, the rain running over him in sheets, stood Gary.

"Come in," Jack said, in a low voice, "and don't fall over anything. I don't want to waken the whole family. Has anything happened?"

"It's Arthur," explained Gary, emerging from the oilskins.

"What about him?"

"He hasn't come back home yet. He must have been caught in the storm, and still be out in the hills."

"Gosh!" said Jack. "We'll have to find him quickly. I was lost out there on a night like this once and it was pretty unpleasant—and I had a tent and a rucksack full of equipment!"

"Arthur hasn't got anything but a folding stool."

"He had a haversack with him."

"Yes, but that was probably only for his painting gear," said Gary. "It isn't only that I'm thinking of, though. We know the hills well. Arthur doesn't, and I'm scared he might walk over a cliff or into a bog."

"You're right there," said Jack gravely. "I'll go and get dressed. I'll bring a rope. You can start rounding up the rest of the boys."

"What about Tiny?" asked Gary, referring to the smallest member of the Patrol, who had just come up from the Cubs. "I don't think we can bring him."

"No, but he'll never forgive us if we leave him out of it altogether. Tell him to stay behind and inform the police if we're away too long."

Within an hour the Patrol were on their way back up to the hills, the rain lashing their cheeks and the wind bulging their mackintoshes. The Scouts, especially Jack, knew this area like the back of their hands, and they were soon able to find the spot where they had last seen Arthur.

"No sign of him anywhere," said David. "He must have taken shelter somewhere."

"Are you sure this is the right place?" asked Ivan.

"Certain," David replied, taking his torch and flashing it over the flat mossy turf. He searched the ground closely for a few yards around. "Here!" he called triumphantly. "See the marks of the stool! They haven't been washed out yet by the rain."

"The Scouts held a conference, uncertain what to do.

"We'll just have to spread out and search this area thoroughly," said Jack.

Then Gary remembered something. "Maybe he went down to Ben's cottage. Remember he said it would be a good subject to paint."

"You're right," said David. "He did say that. I think we should try there first before we go any farther, Jack."

"Yes, but we don't all need to go. You

take Ivan with you. The rest of us will keep on looking around here."

David and Ivan went down the steep slope which led to the river. When they reached the bank David cried out in amazement.

"Gosh! You'd think we were in the Rockies!"

The river had collected most of the rain which had fallen on the bare hill-tops and swollen into a torrent of rushing water. The Scouts had known the river to rise many times before following a heavy storm, but had never seen it anything like this.

"I hope the bridge is okay. I don't feel like wading across that," said Ivan, peering down at the dark swirling water.

As they moved downstream a few yards towards the bridge they could hear the water rushing over the waterfall.

"Just right for a shower-bath," commented Ivan.

"It seems to have held all right," David said, flashing the beam of his torch along the three planks that made up the bridge. "But we'll have to watch the wind doesn't blow us off balance."

The two Scouts moved gingerly along the planks, steadying themselves against the gusts of wind. In the centre it was much more dangerous, as the water often came swirling up over the wooden bridge around their feet. Suddenly Ivan slipped. He stumbled forward, off balance. Then there was a splash as he went tumbling into the river. David moved quickly back to the bank. Taking out his whistle, he started to give the generally recognised distress-signal—a short blast, at ten second intervals, for a minute. In between the blasts he called out anxiously to Ivan.

"Are you okay? Where are you? I can't see you."

He was relieved when Ivan shouted back, although he couldn't make out the words.

There was nothing Ivan could do but keep swimming desperately against the rushing water and try to slow down his drift towards the waterfall. He was a strong swim-

mer, but the roaring river was too much for him. He was being carried steadily downstream.

David tried to keep track of his position, guided by the sound of the swimmer's fierce efforts, which reached him only as a faint splashing above the din of the storm and the river. The roar of the waterfall was becoming louder and louder.

Behind him, David heard a shout and the sound of a whistle. In answer he blew his own whistle furiously. A few seconds later the rest of the Patrol came stumbling out of the darkness. They quickly got the rope, and Jack prepared to cast it out into the river. He stood, trying to pinpoint Ivan's position by the sound of the splashing.



He went tumbling into the river

They had tried to pick him out by the light of their torches, but he was too far out in mid-stream and in the torch beams they could see nothing but the stabbing rain-drops. Jack swung the rope out into the darkness but the wind hurled it wildly off course.

"It's no use," he said despairingly, as he recoiled the rope for another throw. "Even if I do manage to throw it near him he won't be able to see it."

"Oh, yes, he will," someone said from behind. It was Arthur.

He took the rope from Jack, and snatching one of the boys' torches quickly passed the end of the rope through the ring on the torch and tied it expertly.

"This is where you start praying," he muttered, as he gave the rope a few trial swings before throwing it.

It curved through the air, and the Scouts saw the torch hit the water just upstream of where they had judged Ivan to be.

"What a throw!" Jack whistled in admiration.

The bobbing torch stayed lit for about five seconds and then went out. But five seconds were enough for Ivan to judge its position. The rope went taut and Arthur began to haul it in.

"It's lucky you arrived just at the right time," Jack said to the artist as they pulled a dripping Ivan on to the bank.

"Oh, it wasn't really luck! I heard the whistle signal; but let's not stand here talking. We'd better get up to the fire."

"Ah, fire!" gasped Ivan. "That's the best word I've heard for years."

Arthur led the way back up to his "camp" in the middle of a huddle of rocks. The place was perfectly sheltered from the wind and rain.

"Did you plan to sleep out here tonight?" asked Gary, looking at the sleeping-bag spread out at the base of a rock.

"I often do when I'm out painting. I always go prepared."

"And that fire!" cried Ivan. "However did you get a fire like that going on a night like this?"

"I was in the Scouts too, a long time ago."

"And he's just about to rejoin," said Ginger. "He's going to be our Scoutmaster."

"That's the first I've heard of it," said Jack.

"Ginger did ask me on the way up from the river. I told him I was willing to learn."

"Learn!" laughed Jack. "You haven't much to learn, judging by tonight's display."

"I thought you said artists were soft," Gary said to Ginger.

"I've changed my mind. If it wasn't for Arthur old Ivan would be down at the waterfall now, taking a shower-bath!"

"If it wasn't for him in the first place old Ivan would be sound asleep in bed," growled Ivan. "But then I suppose we'd still be without a Scoutmaster!"

## SCOUTS AND SCOUTERS

BRICKS. When the Baden-Powell House Appeal was launched 2,500 collecting boxes in the form of bricks were distributed. The bricks provided a useful sum for the House. A few of them are still in use and John Rapley—the House Warden—had over £13 sent to him recently from one of them. This brought the total collected in this one brick to nearly £20—all from "fines" on Scouters who were found to be incorrectly dressed! If anyone still has a brick collecting-box the House Warden can find a good use for any cash in it.

LONDON VISIT. A party of sixteen Lebanese Rover Scouts arrived in this country for a two-week holiday. They were all members of the Daniel Bliss Group, which is attached to the International College in Beirut. With their leader, Shukri Khuri, they stayed at Baden-Powell House. Most of their stay was spent in sightseeing, but they visited Scout Groups around London to see them in action. Members of the International Scout Club made themselves responsible for showing the Lebanese visitors around.

IT SUITS HIM. Queen's Scout Allan Howlett found £500 in the street as he rode to work on his motor-scooter. Allan, the son of a detective, handed the £500 to the authorities and it was later claimed by the director of a tailoring firm, who had lost the packet out of his car. The firm rewarded Allan with £25 and a new suit.

SCOUT AND GUIDE CLUB. Mr. John Jarrett started a club in Solihull, Warwicks, for former Scouts and Guides under the age of twenty-one. The Club aims to attract back youngsters who have left Scouting or Guiding.



"The rice got wet"

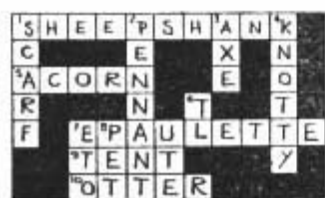
## ANSWERS

### Picture Quiz for Scouts (page 15)

1. Scotch Pine; 2. Wimbledon Common, where B.-P. wrote part of *Scouting for Boys*; 3. 1929 at Arrowe Park (Scouting's 21st birthday celebration); 4. Highwayman's hitch; 5. Be a member of the Scouts' Alpine Club; 6. On a sailor's arm; 7. A double sheetbend; 8. A sailmaker's; 9. The Scout Chalet at Kandersteg, Switzerland; 10. Willie Winter and Robert Hindmarsh (see *Scouting for Boys*).

### Scout Quiz (pages 58-59)

#### Picture Crossword (page 62)



- "Agoon," first used for a camp held in Holland about ten years ago;
- Bagheera; the black panther; 3. Corroboree; 4. Damper;
- Eagle Scouts; 6. Fisherman's knot; 7. Girl Scouts; 8. Haybox;
- International Bureau; 10. Jamboree; 11. Kabobs; 12. Leaping Wolf;
- Moot; 14. Naturalist; 15. Olympia; 16. Pax Hill; 17. Quest;
- Ralph Reader; 19. Service; 20. Thrift Badge; 21. Ursa Major;
- Vigil; 23. Woggle; 24. Xmas Good Turns; 25. Youlbury;
- Zoological Gardens.

### Do You Know Your Camping? (page 89)

No's: 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 are true. The rest are false.

### Do You Know Your Scouting? (page 90)

*True.* No's: 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12, 13, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 30, 31, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 43, 45, 48, 49, 50. *False* are therefore: 1, 2—it's yellow, green and red; 4—it was opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester; 10—a crown knot is the first phase in back-splicing a rope; 11—it's a clove hitch on a spar; 14—25 Buckingham Palace Road; 15—it was in 1961; 18—it's for joining ropes, especially of different thicknesses; 21—neither; 23—it's purple, a yellow plume is worn by a Service Auxiliary; 28—it costs 10/6d; 29—there is no Crow Patrol; 32—it's the left pocket; 35—it's the Maclaren tartan in memory of the donor of Gilwell, W. de Bois Maclaren; 42—the Ambulance Badge is compulsory; 44—B.-P. is buried at Nyeri, Kenya; 46—no, on the right; 47—no, it's grey only.