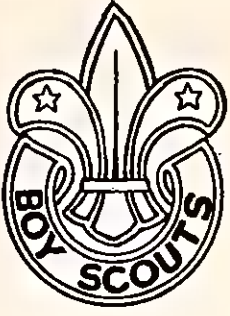


World Friend

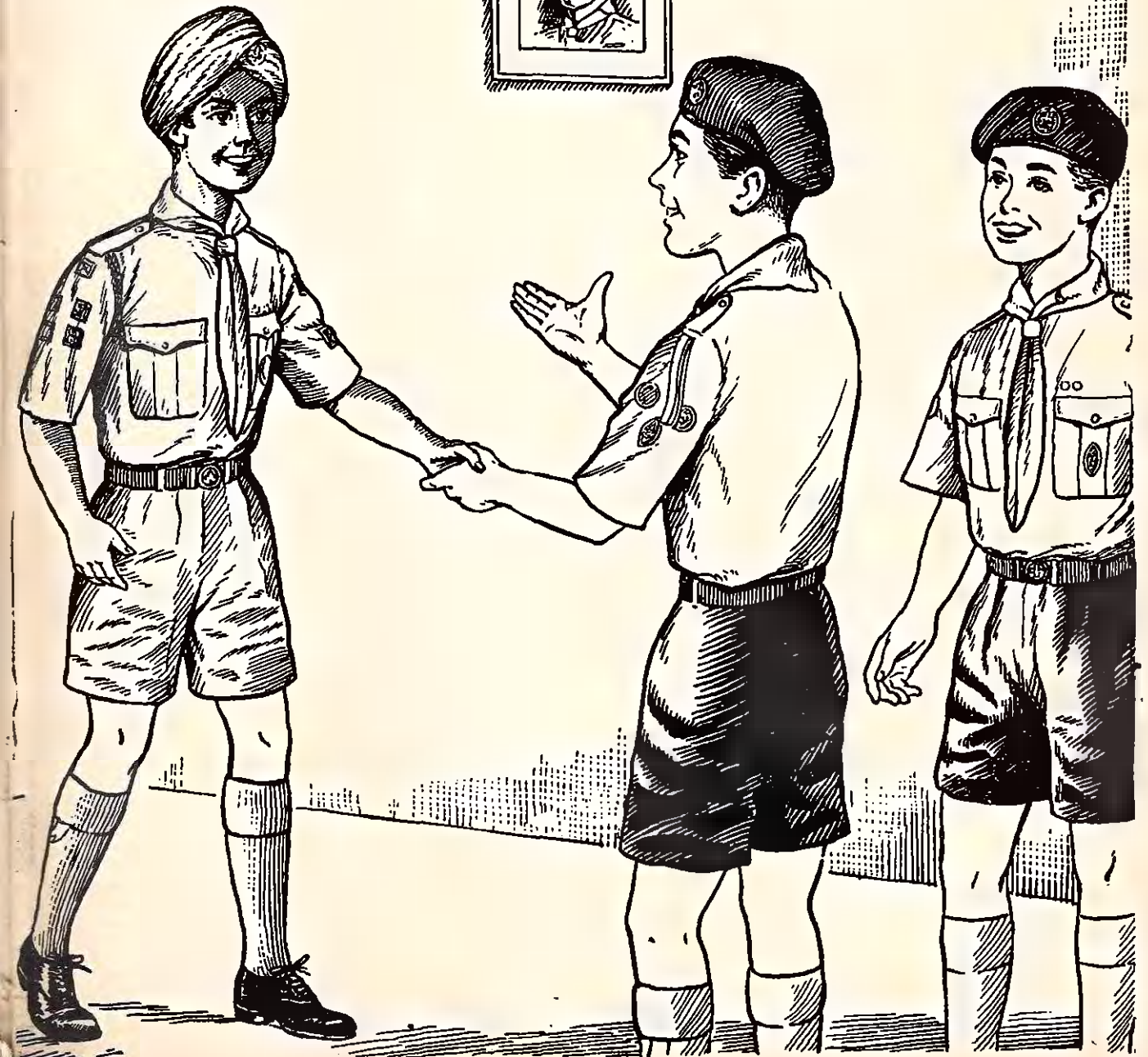


4th
SCOUT LAW

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.



dship Year



COME AND GET IT



MENU

THRILLING STORIES
TRUE ADVENTURE
QUIZZES

SCOUT NEWS
CAMPCRAFT
PHOTOGRAPHS

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The SCOUTS

PATHFINDER

ANNUAL



Illustrated by ALLAN RAE

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PURNELL

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY PURNELL AND SONS LTD.
PAULTON (SOMERSET) AND LONDON

Can You . . . Have You . . . Do You . . . ?

Can You . . . ?

1. Tie a reef knot behind your back?
2. Make a plaster cast of an animal's track?
3. Erect a hike tent by yourself?
4. Work a Primus?
5. Fix a washer on a tap?
6. Mend a fuse?
7. Cook a twist?
8. Whip a rope?
9. End-splice a rope?
10. Sew on a button?



Have You . . . ?

11. Slept at least once without cover in the open air?
12. Boiled, fried, poached, or scrambled eggs?
13. Made a camp oven out of a biscuit tin?
14. Set (or orientated) a map?
15. Lighted a fire with tinder and small twigs with two (or not many more) matches?
16. Covered a mile at Scout's pace—i.e., in about twelve minutes?
17. Mended a cycle puncture?
18. Sharpened an axe?
19. Cooked a meal in aluminium foil?
20. Followed a trail by means of hardly visible signs left for you by someone else?



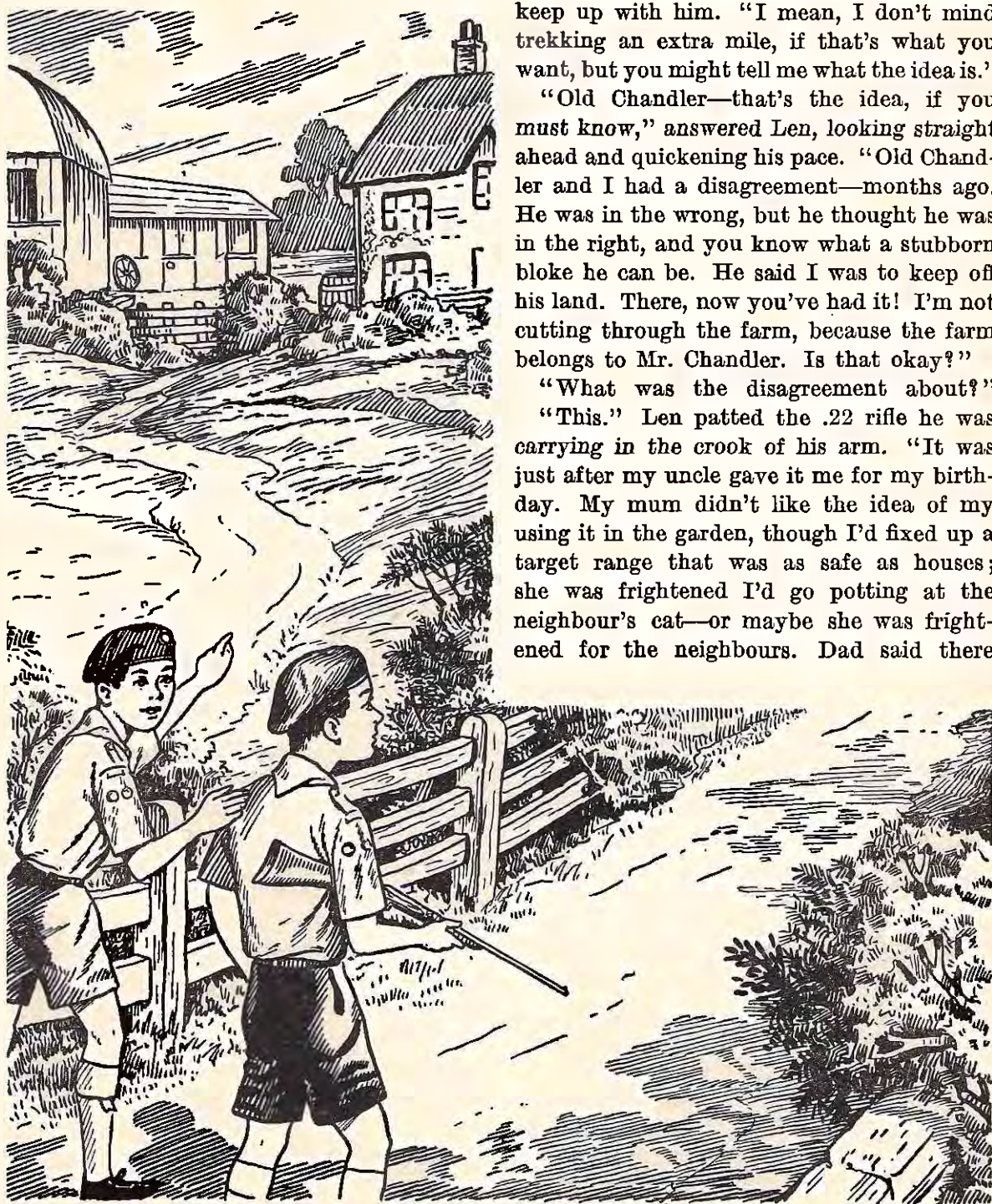
Do You . . . ?

21. Know an oak-tree, an elm-tree, a beech-tree, a plane-tree, a horsechestnut-tree, whenever you see one?
22. Know the sixteen points of a compass?
23. Know what you need for a weekend (or longer) camp?
24. Recognise black-birds, thrushes, chaffinches, rooks and robins whenever you see them?
25. Know what makes a good camp site?
26. Know your personal measurements—e.g., height, span of outstretched arms, height of knees from ground, span of thumb and little finger, length between elbow and fingertip?
27. Know all the roads, bus routes, and public buildings within a mile radius of your house?
28. Do a good turn to someone at least once a day?
29. Carry in your pockets things that will help you to some extent to live up to the Scout motto, "Be Prepared"—e.g., notebook and pencil, length of thin cord, clean handkerchief, etc.?

Second SHOT

by

Leighton Houghton



"If you ask me," said Peter disgustedly, "you're just plain daft."

"Nobody's asking you," retorted Len, with an obstinate shrug of his shoulders. "If I want to walk round to Skip's by the road, that's my affair."

"But if you cut through the farm it's only half the distance," said Peter, trotting to keep up with him. "I mean, I don't mind trekking an extra mile, if that's what you want, but you might tell me what the idea is."

"Old Chandler—that's the idea, if you must know," answered Len, looking straight ahead and quickening his pace. "Old Chandler and I had a disagreement—months ago. He was in the wrong, but he thought he was in the right, and you know what a stubborn bloke he can be. He said I was to keep off his land. There, now you've had it! I'm not cutting through the farm, because the farm belongs to Mr. Chandler. Is that okay?"

"What was the disagreement about?"

"This." Len patted the .22 rifle he was carrying in the crook of his arm. "It was just after my uncle gave it me for my birthday. My mum didn't like the idea of my using it in the garden, though I'd fixed up a target range that was as safe as houses; she was frightened I'd go potting at the neighbour's cat—or maybe she was frightened for the neighbours. Dad said there



were masses of rats round Chandler's out-buildings, so I wandered along there in the evening and waited near the barn. I went to the house first, of course, to ask if it was okay, but there wasn't anyone at home. Well, I figured no farmer would mind a fellow shooting his rats for him, so I went to the barn, settled myself behind the wall that runs alongside it, and waited. The light was beginning to fade and everywhere was as quiet as a grave. Then suddenly I saw a monster rat pop out from a hole in the barn wall. He popped back again almost at once, but I kept waiting, squinting down the barrel."

Peter said eagerly, "And you got him! So what? I don't see why Mr. Chandler——"

"But I didn't get him." Len clicked his tongue. "Oh, the blighter came back all right, but by that time the light was pretty bad. I waited till he was right out, hopping along the barn wall. I'd got the sight dead on his ugly skull when there was an interruption: the noise of a car driving into the stackyard on the other side of the barn. A dog barked

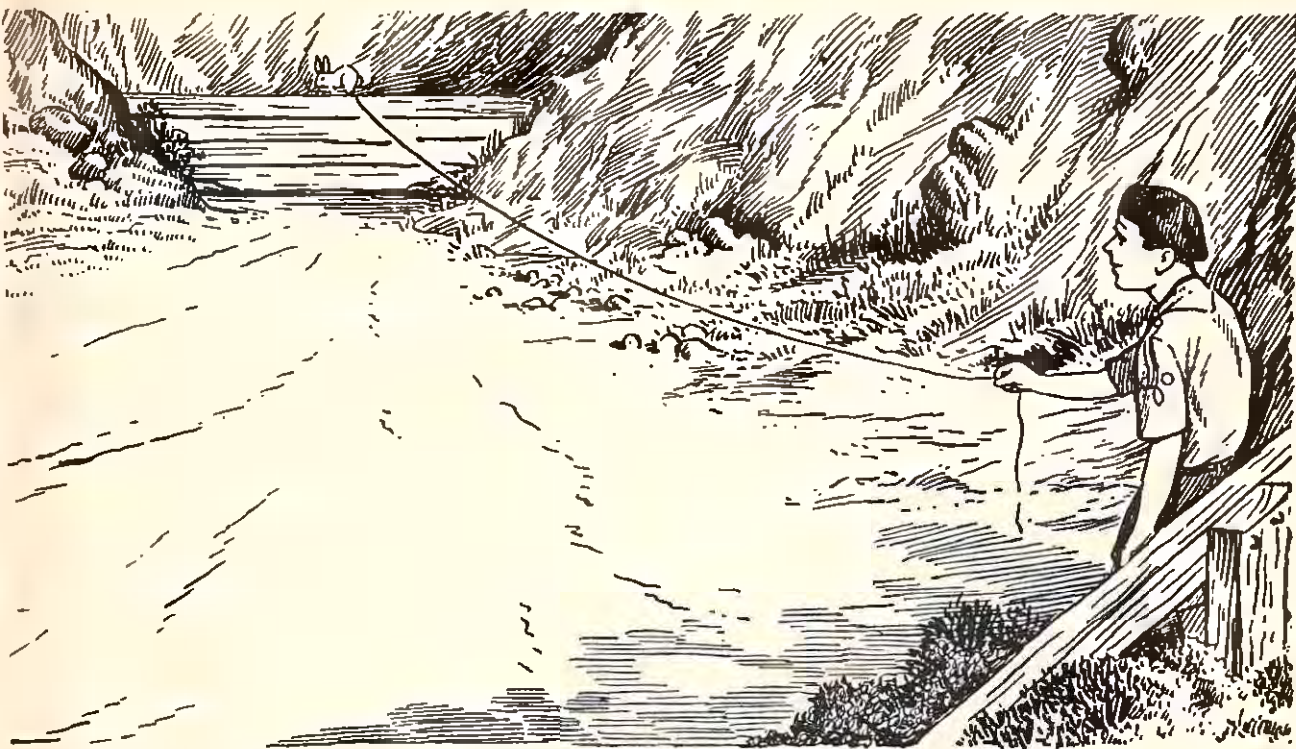
and came tearing round the corner of the barn like a fury. The rat wasn't waiting for that, you bet; he spun round and made a dash for his hole. I knew I wouldn't have another chance and I pulled the trigger in a kind of panic. I missed the beast."

Peter nodded. "You hit the dog."

"How did you guess?" Len paused, waiting for him to reach him. "Well, I'd only had the gun a day—hadn't fired it a dozen times. Mind you, the dog wasn't hurt—not badly. The bullet grazed one of its forelegs; it hardly bled at all. But you should have heard the fuss it made, rushing round in circles, howling and yelping. Then old Chandler burst on the scene and—oh, boy!—was he hopping mad? You see, he wouldn't believe that I'd been aiming at a rat, and there wasn't any rat there to prove my point. He accused me of potting his blessed dog on purpose. Anyway, he ordered me off his land and told me I was to keep off. That satisfy you? Now you know why every time I go along to Skip's I have to leg it by the highway."

"Chandler's a prize dope," said Peter.

Second Shot



Len practised shooting at a complicated arrangement of cardboard rabbits

"He does enough shooting himself. You'd think he'd have a bit of sympathy."

Len's quarrel with the farmer had not ended that evening. Mr. Chandler later paid a visit to his home and told his father what he thought of irresponsible boys who walked round the country trigger-happy with a .22 gun. Shortly afterwards Skip heard about it, too. Meantime, Len's father's solution had been to confiscate the gun and lock it away in a cupboard; neither he nor Len's mother had approved of Uncle Reg sending their son a rifle for his birthday, anyway.

But Skip had come up with a better solution. One evening, when the Troop meeting was finished, he called Len aside and handed him a copy of P.O.R., open at one of the pages which listed the Proficiency Badges for under-15s. Len frowned at the print, read the first few lines about the badge described, and shook his head.

"Skip, I'm not ready for my Lifesaver. I can't swim well enough—not by half."

"I'm not asking you to. Look lower down—paragraph 469."

"Marksman!" Len's face brightened. "You mean me and my gun? But Dad won't let me have it—says I've got to wait."

"Your dad will give it back to you if he realises you're going to use it properly. I've done a spot of thinking. Maybe you know there's a disused quarry at the bottom of my garden. Well, we could fix you up a range there and you could have all the target practice you need—and you'll need plenty, I can tell you; the standard's pretty high. I'll have a word with your dad, and you and I can get cracking Saturday morning."

"Smashing!" Len grinned. "Couldn't you come and see Dad right now?"

For the next three months Len practised his target-shooting in the quarry every Saturday morning and on other days when time and weather permitted. Skip perfected a gadget consisting of a length of wood and a complicated arrangement of strings: a string pulled at a safe distance caused one of three cardboard rabbits to appear for ten seconds above the board. When Len succeeded in hitting the rabbit more or less constantly

The Scout's Pathfinder Annual

Skip shortened the time of the rabbit's appearance to seven seconds, then to five.

Before long, other members of the Troop caught the enthusiasm and most Saturdays would find half a dozen of them at the quarry, taking turns with the gun.

Skip's house lay outside the village and, as Peter had remarked, by cutting through the farmyard and skirting a couple of fields one could lessen the distance by the best part of a mile. To Len, visiting Skip several times every week, the longer journey by the road was an irksome reminder of the injustice he had once suffered at the farmer's hands. He did not relish the possibility of meeting Mr. Chandler when he was passing, carrying the gun, but by good luck Mr. Chandler was never about when he went by. For more than three months he practised his shooting and the farmer knew nothing of what he was doing.

"You can have first shot today, Pete." In a sudden moment of generosity, pleased by Peter's sympathetic reception of his account of Chandler's treatment of him, Len passed him the rifle as they turned through the gate into Skip's garden. "Eighty in ten shots—that's the minimum score for a pass, and—oh, boy!—does it take some getting!"

Len himself was in good form this morning, and the first target he shot showed a score of 93.

"You keep that up and I'll okay you to the examiner," said Skip, passing him the target. "It has to be an outside examiner; you know that. Try another couple of targets, then we'll let Johnny have a second go."

Len dropped on to the old mattress which had been placed at one end of the range, brought the rifle up to his shoulder and levelled the bead on the bull's-eye twenty yards away. The quarry echoed to the shots. As he ejected the tenth cartridge Peter ran forward to retrieve the target.

"You've done it again!" He cocked a thumb at him. "All bulls except one, and that's an inner. Smashing!"

The third target produced a score of 91.

"I guess I could take it now, Skip." Len stood up, looking at him expectantly. "I'd like to be tested, if it's all right by you."

"Yes, I reckon you've got a pretty good chance." Skip nodded. "Actually, you'll be the first Scout in the district to gain this badge if you get it. In fact, when I told the D.S.M. what we were up to he had to admit there wasn't even an examiner appointed and we had to set about finding one. But it wasn't too difficult. Johnny, you shoot three targets while I nip back to the house and phone; I might be able to fix your test for this afternoon."

Johnny's targets produced scores of 91, 89, 94. Skip, coming back a few minutes later, agreed that it was worth risking a test for him as well.

"Good for you, Johnny!" Len linked arms with him. "Is it this afternoon, then?"

"Half-two." Skip grinned. "I hope you're lucky. The examiner wants you to call round at his place. He can fix you a range there, but you'll need to take your own targets."

"Where do we go?" asked Johnny.

There was a moment's pause before Skip replied, and a shadow of a smile hovered round the corners of his mouth.

"One of the locals, as a matter of fact. It's Mr. Chandler, up at the farm."

"Mr. who?" Len gaped at him, stuttering. "B—but, Skip, I won't have a chance. You know what he thinks about me. Mr. Chandler! If this is some kind of joke——"

"It's no joke, Len," retorted Skip seriously. "Now, just you think. It's because of your row with Mr. Chandler that I suggested him to the L.A.—apart from the fact that he's far and away the best shot in the village. Our Mr. Chandler got it stuck in his head that all you wanted a gun for was to go potting at anything that happened to be alive and just for the fun of it. Well, we've got to show him he's wrong. We've got to prove that he misjudged you."

Len frowned, biting his lip. "I suppose you're right—provided it's a fair test. Old Chandler! Just saying his name gives me

Second Shot

butterflies in my stomach! Gosh, if only I could shoot two super targets—make a fabulous score—if only I could show him!”

“It’s up to you, Len. You’ll have Johnny to give you moral support. Incidentally, Mr. Chandler doesn’t know it’s you that’s coming; I only told him there were two Scouts. He’s fixing a range in his barn. I reckon you’ll both pass—and with honours. You’ll wear uniform, of course.”

Despite Skip’s assurance that all would be well, Len felt nervous and uneasy as he walked up the road after dinner, glancing back anxiously to see if Johnny was coming.

“Now for it!” Johnny came running as he reached the gate to the farm. “Who’ll go first? Better toss for it!”

He spun a coin. Len called and won.

“First shot for me, then.”



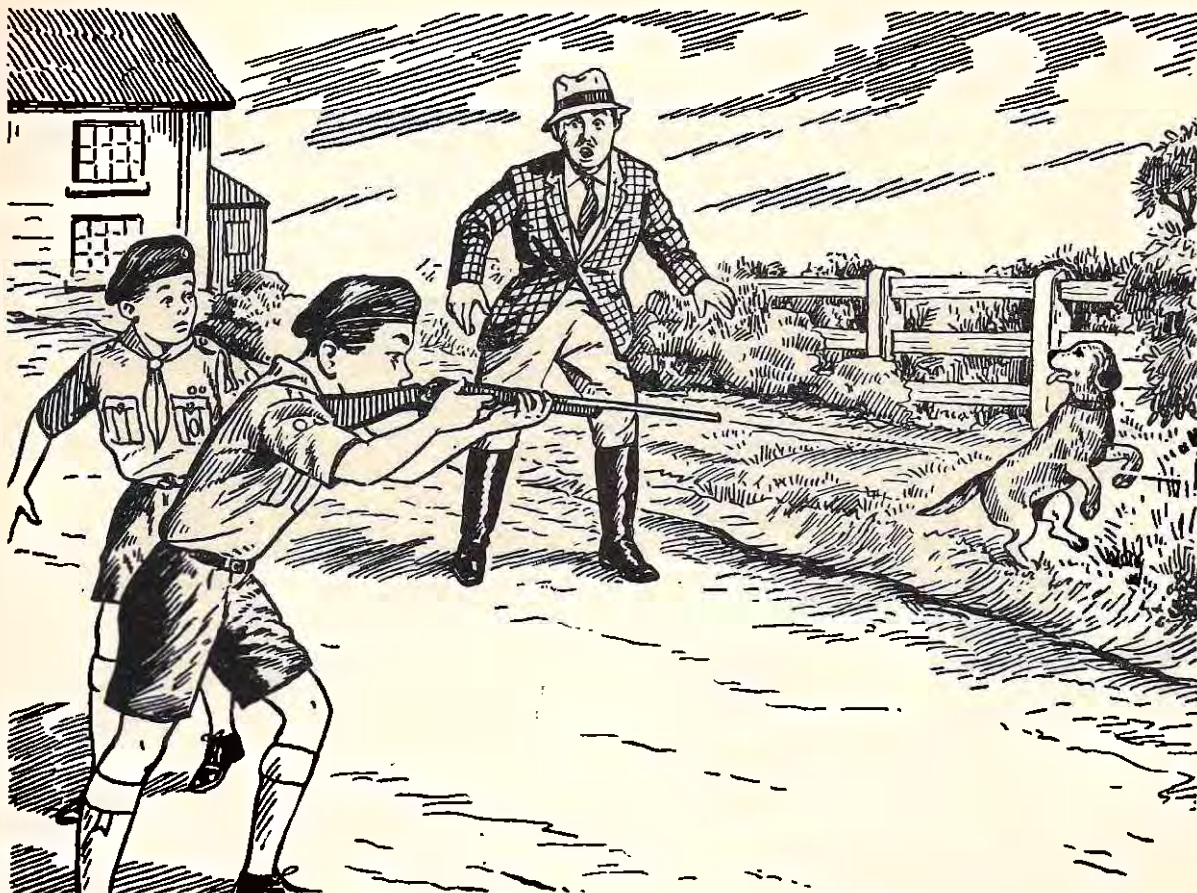
“So you’ve come,” said the farmer

“You hang on to the gun, in that case,” said Johnny, and pushed the gate open.

There was a long, winding drive to the farm, bordered by unfenced meadows, with dry ditches either side to keep the cattle from straying. As they came in sight of the buildings a dog barked and the golden retriever that Len had accidentally wounded six months ago came leaping towards them. Mr. Chandler was strolling behind it.

“So you’ve come.” He nodded brusquely to them, not recognizing Len, whom he had not previously seen wearing Scout uniform. “I’ve cleared space for you to shoot in the barn. Your Scoutmaster told me it would do if you showed me targets you’d already shot, but I said I’d prefer to see the job done properly and I’d like you to shoot ’em here. Two targets, as you know, an’ when you’ve shot ’em there’s a question or two I’ve to be asking you. Come along, then.”

He turned to lead them towards the stack-yard, but Len did not move. He was staring at the retriever, which had jumped the ditch



Before the farmer could move Len squeezed the trigger

and was standing, ears pricked and one paw poised in the air, near a patch of sandy earth. With a gesture to Johnny to remain still, he flicked the rifle open and slipped in a bullet. The farmer, finding that neither was following, spun around.

"What the blazes?" He caught the click of the safety catch being released. "Lower that gun, boy! What d'you think you're——?"

Before the farmer could move, Len lifted the gun to his shoulder and squeezed the trigger. The bullet pinged into the earth an inch beyond the retriever's paw, kicking up a spurt of dust. The dog uttered a shrill whine of fear, turned and fled.

"So it's you again!" The farmer was running towards them, red of face and brandishing his stick. "You're the boy I ordered off my land last spring, and you're back at your tricks again, as though you haven't done

enough harm to the dog, wounding her. She'll be gun-shy for the rest of her days. What crazy sort of shot are you?"

Len was not listening. He walked to the ditch, leapt it and, stooping, lifted something from the sun-dried grass.

Mr. Chandler stood gazing at him, suddenly silent.

"Last time it was a rat, sir." Len spoke calmly, facing him. "You wouldn't believe me. I never meant to shoot your dog that time nor this. This time I didn't miss."

He lifted his hand, displaying the object he had picked up. The sun glinted on something long and thin and shining, the olive body blotched with darker markings and with blood dripping from the flattened head.

"An adder!" The farmer stared at the limp corpse; then, glancing aside, measured the distance with his eye. "Twenty-five

Second Shot

yards and you've got its head. Boy, I reckon you're going to pass this test."

He wheeled round and strode towards the barn. Len winked at Johnny and dropped what was left of the adder into the ditch.

Johnny said excitedly, "It could have killed that dog if it had bitten it, Len. And he never even thanked you. Gosh, some folk are mean."

"Well, let's hope he's not going to be mean with our test," retorted Len and, clicking the safety catch, jumped the ditch and followed Mr. Chandler.

In the test that followed, Johnny scored a 91 and a 90; Len a 90 and 92.

"You've got your papers for me to sign, eh?" Mr. Chandler waited for them as they came from the barn, where each had shot his two targets. "They tell me you'll be the first Scouts to wear the Marksman Badge in this

District for as long as anyone can remember. I reckon I owe you an apology." The farmer passed the two papers to them, having scribbled his signature. "So it was a rat the first time. I believe you now. I was a trifle hasty."

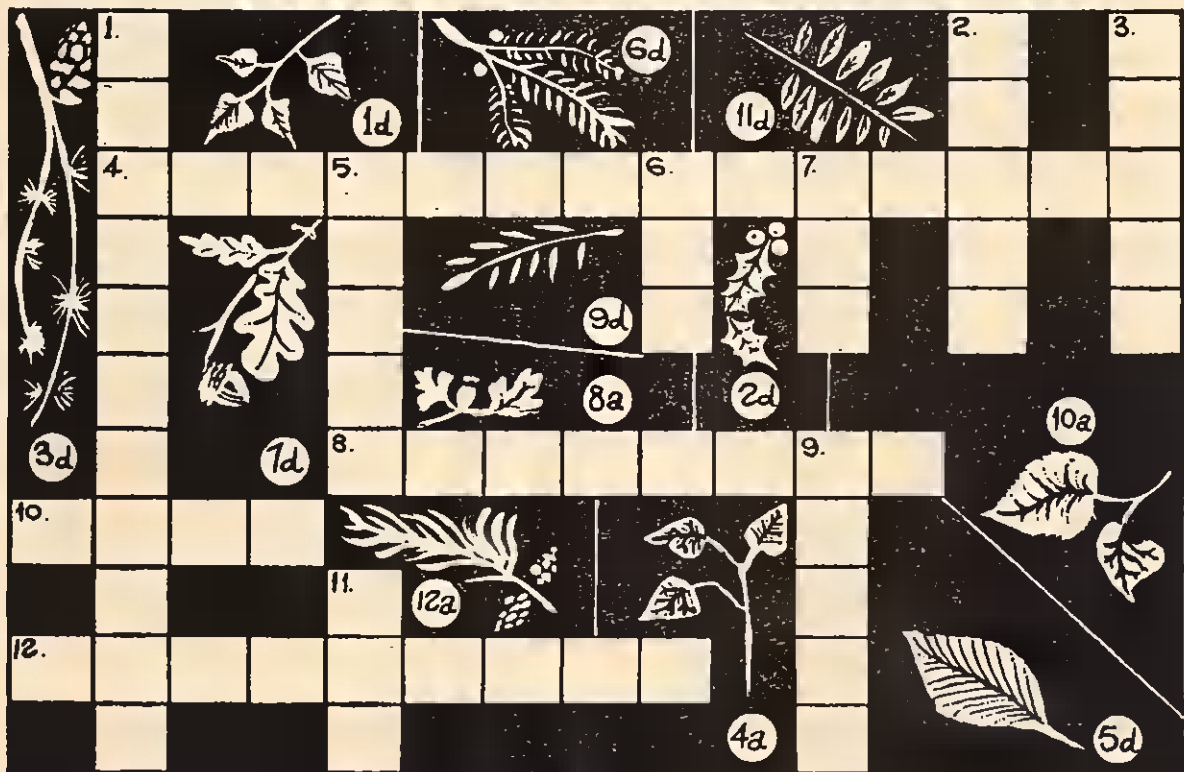
"I guess that goes for me, too." Len laughed. "I ought never to have fired—not with the dog so near. I'm sorry about it, sir."

"But the second shot probably saved her life, lad." Mr. Chandler slapped him on the back. "A moving viper at twenty-five yards—somehow I don't think you'll ever do much better than that. If it's rats you want I'll give you the right to shoot the vermin any time you like. You'll find more than enough on this farm for targets."

"Oh, thanks a lot." Len grinned at Johnny. "They'll be more exciting than Skip's cardboard rabbits."

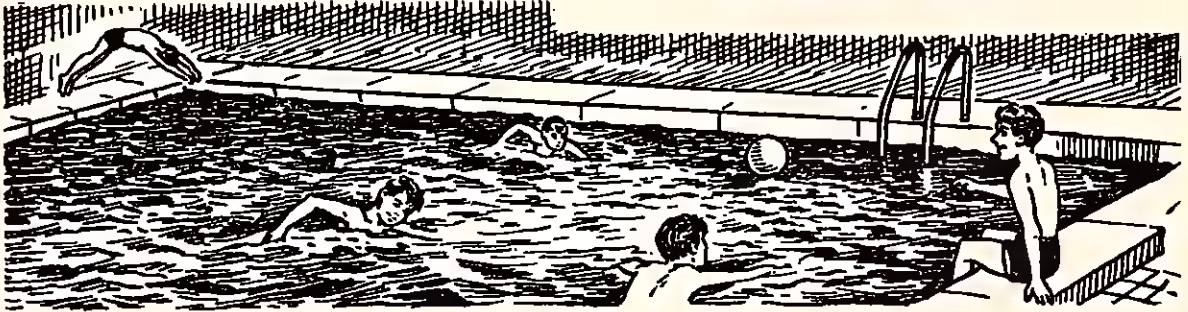
"I'll say," said Johnny.

TREE CROSSWORD PUZZLE



FUN in the WATER

by Brian J. Sims



It should be the aim of every Scout to be able to swim. To be proficient and to feel at home in the water is not only a fine thing; it is also an excellent form of exercise, bringing into use muscles which under normal circumstances are little used.

Confidence is important for the success of a would-be swimmer. Some of the following games can be played in shallow water to assist in the gaining of this confidence. With your Patrol, you can have a wonderful time, but remember to take every precaution possible for the safety of yourself and others. No fooling around. No pushing in or ducking; this could shatter completely any confidence a young learner has gained. Always have a strong swimmer at the side as a lifeguard—he should wear trunks under his coat; he must be ready for any emergency.

First of all, then, some games to play in shallow water.

Crab Race. Line up at the start. Each one has to support himself on his hands and feet, with the back facing down. In this position everyone races across the pool or down the length of beach to the winning line.

Shrimp Cart Race. In pairs. The one in front kneels in the water and supports himself on his hands as the chap at the back lifts up and holds his legs by his

side. As above, race over course and see who is first. No doubt many will collapse, but this will add to the fun.

Now progress to waist-high water. **Heave Away!** Two teams of equal numbers. Get a rope, as for a normal tug-o'-war, and proceed in the usual way. A leader decides when a team has won. **Variation:** play as above, but in deeper water, so that each one has to tread water or swim backwards.

Circle Ball. Form up in a circle with one member in the centre. The water



should be waist-high. A ball is passed across the circle whilst the Scout in the centre tries to intercept it. When he does this he changes with the Scout who last threw.

The last two games are for those who can swim. Don't treat the result too seriously, but let anyone join however slow he may be. We were all slow at one

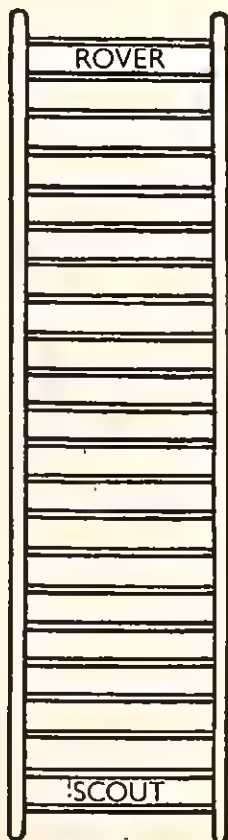
time, so encourage slowcoaches by letting them take part.

Dolphin Race. Divide into teams. In front of each team, about ten yards away, is an inflated car inner tube. On "go" the number ones swim to their tubes. They duck or dive under, using hands if need be, and pass through before swimming back and touching off number twos.

Water Knots. In this game you do some revision too. Form up in teams and on "go" number one swims to the finishing line, but during the swim he must tie a reef-knot without actually stopping. He then swims back, after untying the knot, and passes the rope to number two.

Get into the swim, then, Scouts!

LADDER PUZZLE



by
Cyril Donson

Start on the bottom rung with scout and climb up the ladder until you reach the top, where scout becomes ROVER. Remember that at each move you may change only one letter of a word to make the next.

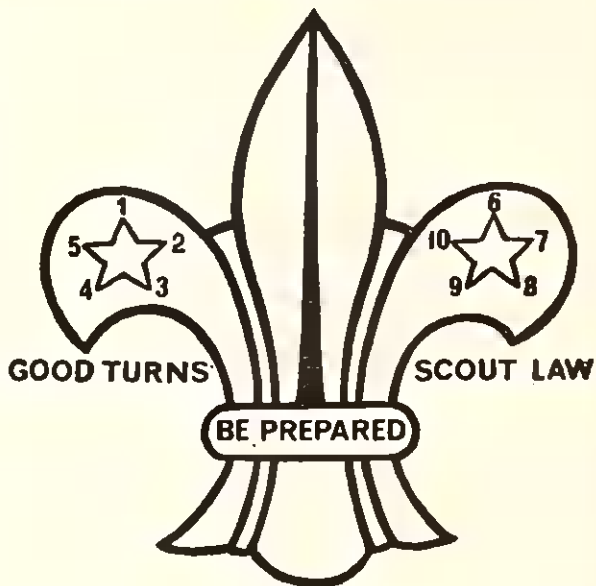
ANSWERS

SCOUT, Shout, Short, Shore, Shone, Shine, Shins, Ships, Shops, Slips, Slops, Slob, Blobs, Boobs, Bombs, Combs, Comes, Comet, Cover, Cover, ROVER.

THE SCOUT BADGE

Here is an interesting analysis of the Scout Badge. The meanings of the various figures are given underneath the illustration.

DUTY TO GOD



The points of the stars stand for the ten Scout Laws, as follows:

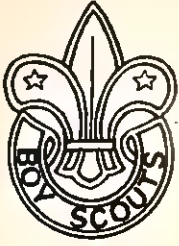
1. Honourable. 2. Loyal. 3. Helpful.
4. Friendly. 5. Courteous. 6. Kind.
7. Obedient. 8. Cheerful. 9. Thrifty.
10. Clean.

They Really Wanted a Scout

Wayne University wanted a new president to replace the retiring one. So the Wayne State alumni drew up the following advertisement for insertion in newspapers:

"Wanted, a pragmatic realist, tough, resilient, brave, determined, practical, objective, hard-working, intelligent, flexible, responsible, humble, religious, God-fearing, altruistic, no 'egghead', socially active, good-natured, friendly, and a rugged individualist with high moral character and good judgment."

Why didn't they just specify a Scout?



Wm. J. Bleeks Recalls Facts About

B.-P.

AND THE SCOUT BADGES



Take a look at the buttonhole badge you're wearing. Now take a look at the Scout badge incorporated in the First Class badge. If you haven't your First Class badge you will find one illustrated in *Scouting for Boys* or *Policy, Organisation and Rules*. You will notice a slight difference in the two badges. On the First Class badge there is a small knot hanging from the scroll. This was, in fact, included in Baden-Powell's original design for the Scout badge, but disappeared with the change to the badge we know today.

This knot was a reminder to the Scout to do his daily good turn. This custom of tying knots as an aid to memory dates from the time of Herodotus, one of the kings of ancient Greece. After crossing a river during one of his military campaigns he ordered a number of soldiers to remain and guard the bridge. He left with them a rope on which were a number of knots. The soldiers had to

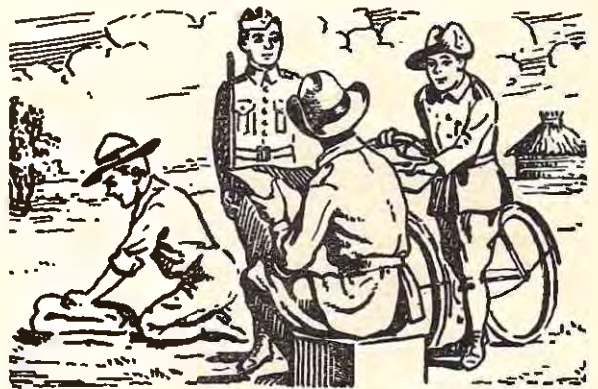
loose one knot each day, and if the King and his army had not returned by the time all the knots were untied the bridge had to be destroyed.

The main design of the Scout badge, the compass arrowhead, was used before the founding of the Scout Movement. In 1897 Baden-Powell was promoted to Colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards, then stationed in India. During his time with the regiment he introduced a new branch of warfare.

He selected specially qualified men and trained them as scouts for reconnaissance work in enemy territory. When the soldiers had completed B.-P.'s strenuous and exacting training course they were entitled to wear a small arrowhead badge on their sleeves.



The soldiers had to untie one knot each day



Boy messengers of Mafeking

During the siege of Mafeking, Lord Edward Cecil formed a corps of boy messengers, a corps which was, in many respects, the forerunner of our Movement.

B.-P. and the Scout Badges

Again the badge adopted was the arrow-head of the compass, which, like the boys who wore it, helped to point out the way.

Another interesting badge—though not, this time, one which you wear every day—is the Wood Badge. This is a badge which is presented to Scouters who complete a special training course. The badge itself is worn round the scarf. It is a leather bootlace and two beads, which are replicas of those on a necklace given to Baden-Powell by Dinezula, an African chief. At the very first Wood Badge course, held at Gilwell Park in 1919, actual beads from the necklace were presented.

In this way B.-P., as he built up the Scout Movement, drew on the traditions of the British army and of African tribes, on his own personal experiences, and on the books he read. He based the Scout uniform on that which he selected for

the South African Constabulary he was asked to form and train in 1899.

As he himself said, the uniform was designed not for show but for its neatness and practical use. It consisted of riding breeches, a khaki tunic and a wide-brimmed cowboy-style hat with a green feather. It is interesting to note that inside these hats were stamped the initials B.-P., which stood for "Boss of the Plains".

When he was not borrowing from far and wide Baden-Powell was, as you would expect of such a man, inventing. For example, in 1920 he decided it was time for Scouts of all nations to come together. This gathering was to take place at Olympia and when it was suggested that such a great gathering needed a special name B.-P. said: "We'll call it a Jamboree."

When asked why, he just shrugged his shoulders and said, "Why not?"



1st BURGESS HILL SCOUT GROUP YELL

Sent in by Peter Arden

If—you—ask—us—who—we—be,
We—will—answer—"Can't—you—see?
If—you—can't—you—darn—soon—will,
We're—the—boys—of—the—1st BURGESS HILL,
B-u-r-g-e-s-s H-i-l-l, Burgess—Hill".
(One Scout in ordinary voice): "Can you hear me,
Mother dear?"
(All together, as loud as possible): **BOY SCOUTS,
BOY SCOUTS, 1st BURGESS HILL.**

ANNUAL EVENTS TO NOTE

Founder's Day Service, Westminster Abbey.	National Sea Scout Regatta.
Bob-a-Job Week.	Jamboree-on-the-Air, Baden-Powell House.
National Scout Service, Windsor.	The Gang Show.
Cub Open Day, Gilwell Park.	World Friendship Year from October 1st, 1965, to September 30th, 1966.
National Scoutcar Races.	
National Canoe Scout Cruise.	

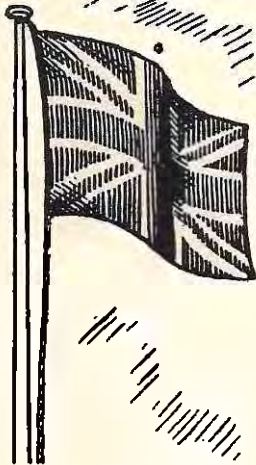
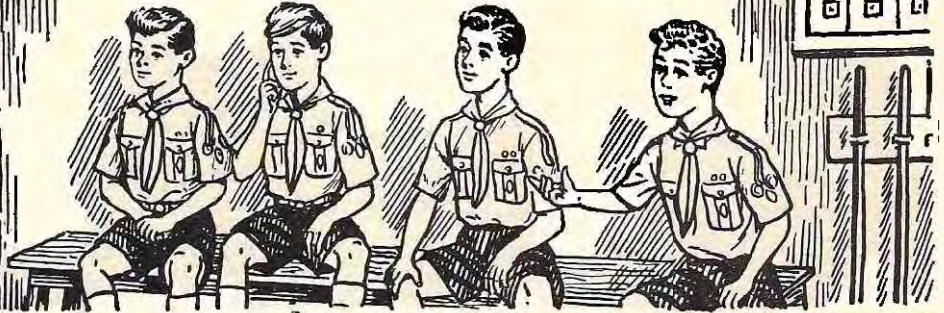


Try this form of **TWENTY QUESTIONS** With Your Patrol

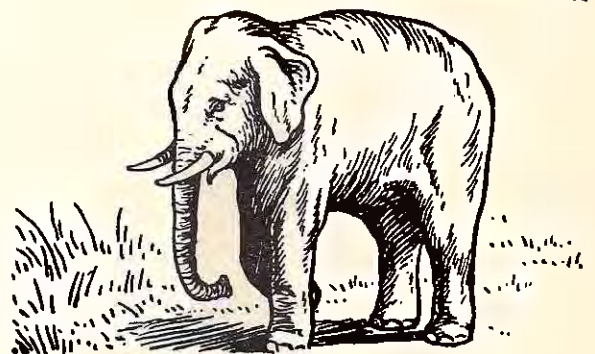
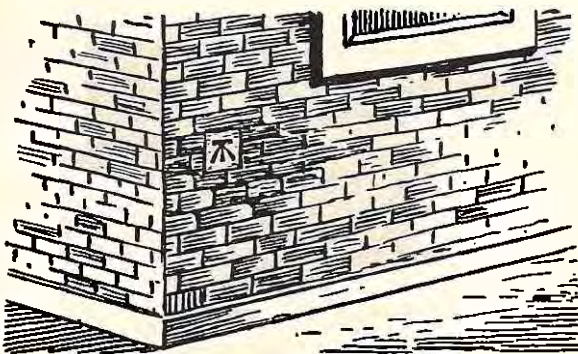
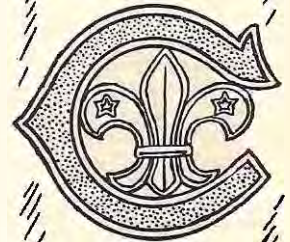
Set by Sydney R. Brown



The fact that the initial letters of the answers coincide with the first twenty letters of the alphabet may be of some help in answering the questions. Try them out for yourself first and then make a pencil-and-paper game of it with your Patrol.



1. What was the site of the World Jamboree held in 1929 to celebrate the 21st anniversary of Scouting?
2. A broad arrow-cut with a line over it on the corner of a stone building is a what?
3. What is commonly known as the "Scouts' V.C."?
4. These adventurers sail the sea and wear a royal blue scarf.
5. Do you know the American term for a Senior Scout Troop?
6. What is the free end of a flag, the part farthest from the mast, called?
7. Which scarf bears the tartan of the Clan Maclaren?



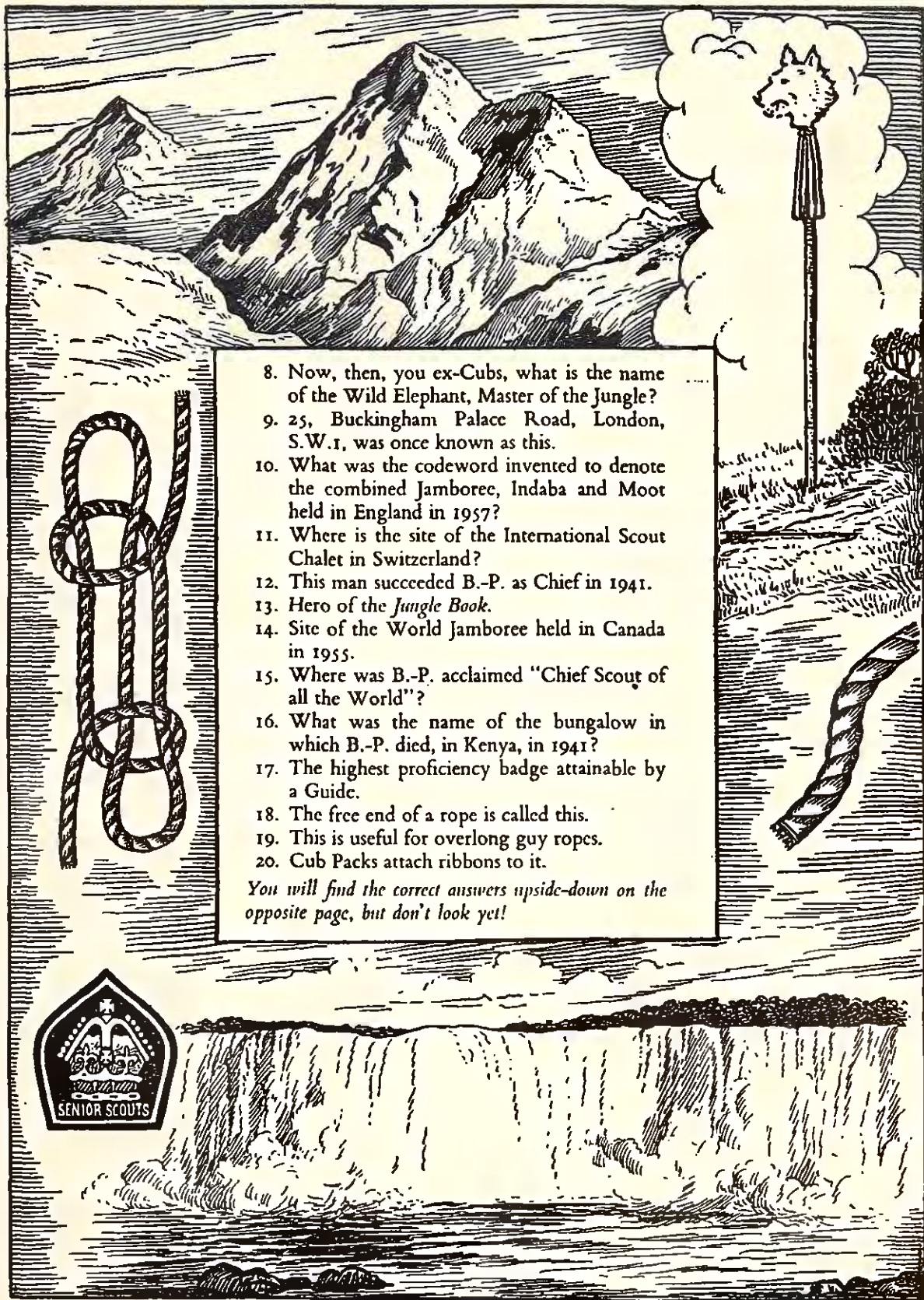
ANSWERS

13. Mowgli.
14. Niagara-on-the-Lake.
15. Olympia.
16. Paktu.
17. Queen's Guide.
18. Running end.
19. Sheepshead.
20. Totem pole.

7. The Gilwell scarf worn by Wood Badge holders.
8. Hathi.
9. Imperial Scout HQ ("I.H.Q.")
10. "JIM", from the initial letters of Jamboree, Indaba and Moot.
11. Kandersteeg.
12. Lord Somers.

1. Arrowe Park, near Birkenhead, Cheshire.
2. Bench Mark.
3. Cornwell Scout Badge.
4. Deep Sea Scouts.
5. Explorer Post.
6. Fly.

Twenty Questions



8. Now, then, you ex-Cubs, what is the name of the Wild Elephant, Master of the Jungle?
9. 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, was once known as this.
10. What was the codeword invented to denote the combined Jamboree, Indaba and Moot held in England in 1957?
11. Where is the site of the International Scout Chalet in Switzerland?
12. This man succeeded B.-P. as Chief in 1941.
13. Hero of the *Jungle Book*.
14. Site of the World Jamboree held in Canada in 1955.
15. Where was B.-P. acclaimed "Chief Scout of all the World"?
16. What was the name of the bungalow in which B.-P. died, in Kenya, in 1941?
17. The highest proficiency badge attainable by a Guide.
18. The free end of a rope is called this.
19. This is useful for overlong guy ropes.
20. Cub Packs attach ribbons to it.

You will find the correct answers upside-down on the opposite page, but don't look yet!





THE GREEN CHAIR

By MICHAEL BAYLY

“If you ask me,” said Pete, “the fellow’s plain bats in the belfry, missing in the top storey, crackers!”

I was inclined to agree with him.

The man had appeared at the Scout hut soon after we arrived there to sort the jumble. Every April our Troop holds a jumble sale to raise cash for camp equipment, and during the past week we had all been scouring the town in search of second-hand articles. Now the hut was stacked with goods—cast-off clothing, piles of books, a variety of hideous china ornaments, even a television set which didn’t work. Pete and I had been given the task of putting the goods into some sort of order and the other fellows were still out collecting.

Suddenly the door was flung open and the man strode into the room. He was a flashy-

looking fellow, with side-whiskers, sports jacket and a tie decorated with sequins.

“You’ve got a chair an’ I want it.” He made the announcement brusquely in a challenging voice. “How much? What d’you want for it?”

Pete straightened himself and regarded him, frowning. “Chair? What chair? We haven’t got a chair.”

“Now, come off it.” The man crossed the floor and prodded him in the chest with a nicotine-stained finger. “Don’t you try an’ fool me, son. You’ve got a chair with a green seat an’ I want it. I’m willing to pay. What you done with it?”

He glanced round the hut, moved across to a pile of old coats and dresses and kicked it over. When he turned round he was holding a shabby-looking wallet which appeared to

The Green Chair

be stuffed with dirty pound notes. He licked a finger, extracted a note and waved it.

"I'll give you a quid. There, now! It ain't worth a quarter of that, but it happens I took a fancy to it. Twenty shillings, cash down. Now you hand it over."

"Look here, sir——" Pete made an exasperated gesture "—no one's given us a chair. We haven't got a chair. You can see for yourself."

The man lit a cigarette, flicked the match at the stove and strolled casually round the hut looking at the jumble. Then, without so much as a word, he opened the door and went.

"Well, what d'you make of that?" Pete stood staring after him. "A chair we haven't got—and he offered us a pound. I tell you, the chap must be missing on three."

It was an hour later, when the light was beginning to fade and the first star winked

from a clouded sky, that Tich arrived. Tich is the Otters' Tenderfoot. He kicked the door, and I went to open it for him. He staggered into the hut, and he was carrying a chair with a green velvet seat.

I shouted to Pete and he ran over to look at it.

"Christmas!" One of the chair's legs fell off and rolled across the floor. "So we have got a chair! Where the dickens did you dig this up, Tich?"

Tich collapsed on to a locker and mopped his forehead. "Pontin Street. I thought I'd never get the blessed thing here. It was one of the shops in Pontin Street. There's some more stuff, which Mike's bringing. Don't know why I bothered, 'cept that I couldn't just dump it in the road—not after they gave it me. It isn't as though it'll fetch anything, though I reckon my dad might fix the leg."

"But the man offered us a pound." Pete walked slowly round the broken chair, looking at it with a puzzled expression. "If anyone gave us a couple of bob for that I'd say he needed his brains testing—and he offered us a pound!"

Certainly it seemed extraordinary. The chair was broken and the velvet seat was worn and faded. It was a pity, I said, that the stranger hadn't left his address.

"Anyway, you take it to your dad, Tich," said Pete. "If he can fix the leg we'll stick it in the sale. Maybe our crazy customer will turn up again."

And that was all we could do about it. Ten minutes later Tich had taken it away to be mended by his father.

Meantime, other Scouts arrived with sacks and bundles of jumble. It was quite dark outside before we had finished sorting it. At last Pete paused and sat down, regarding the jumble with satisfaction.

"Well, I reckon that's tied it up. I say, we've got a load of rubbish, haven't we? What I want now is a hot bath. I feel——"

He stopped abruptly, staring towards the window.



Tich staggered in with a green velvet chair

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I said, "What's the matter?"

"I heard someone. There's someone outside, snooping around."

He strode across the floor and pulled the door open. But it was pitch-dark and drizzling. If there had been anyone we could never have seen them. Pete turned round, shrugging his shoulders, then paused, looking at his feet.

The light from the hut poured out in a yellow stream, illuminating the ground immediately outside the doorway.

"Come and look at this. Now, why should anyone come here prying?"

Showing clearly in the damp earth were the imprints of rubber-soled shoes.

I said, "Who d'you think you are—Perry Mason? There've been a dozen of our chaps in and out of the hut this evening; any of them might have made those tracks."

"You're wrong, though." Pete was squatting down, examining the impression. "That was made by a full-sized shoe—a man's shoe—an' it's only just been made, because it's on top of the other footmarks."

There was no denying that the imprint was too large to have been left by a boy.

"And there's only the toe marks." Pete indicated the track with his forefinger. "Now, when does a fellow leave only toe marks?"

I said, "When he's running. Skip told us——"

"Wrong again, Geoff. When you run, your toe kicks up a little spurt of earth in front. This chap didn't do that. Besides, they're too close together. He couldn't have been running."

"What was he doing, then? You tell us."

"Tiptoeing, that's what he was doing. And that means snooping. I told you, I heard him. There was a man snooping around, and when he saw we were still here he did a bunk. If you ask me, he was up to something."

"Maybe he was after a broken chair with a green seat." I laughed. "More likely, it was some down-and-out being curious."

But Pete was uneasy, and before we left he went round the hut to make sure that all the windows were fastened.

Next day was Saturday and the sale was timed to begin at half-past two. I was down at the hut again soon after nine, for there was still quite a bit of work to be done. As I propped my bike against the wall I noticed that the door was ajar. I pushed it open, expecting to find some of the other Scouts inside. I took one step across the threshold and stopped with an exclamation.

The hut was empty, but it looked as though a hurricane had swept through the interior. The jumble which last evening we had arranged in neat piles was strewn over the floor, thrown in every direction; broken glass and china was scattered among a litter of books, coats, old shoes and hats; the television set lay on its face near the stove.

"What the dickens?" I turned to find Pete behind me, looking over my shoulder in horrified amazement. "What's happened?"

I said, "I guess there's been a break-in during the night. Maybe it was some of those teenage toughs who——"

"It wasn't teenage toughs." Pete stooped and picked something small and sparkling from the floor. "Someone was searching for something, and I've a pretty good idea what it was—a chair!"

He held out his hand. Lying sparkling on his palm was a silver sequin.

"That doesn't prove anything," I said. "Dash it, your crazy stranger might have lost that off his fancy tie when he was here with us. Anyway, if he did come back after Tich's old chair he didn't get it, did he? Anyway, if this lot's going to be shipshape in time for the sale this afternoon we've got to get cracking."

At first Pete wanted to phone the police-station. Whoever had been in the hut had opened the door with a key, for there was no sign of damage to the lock. It would be impossible to prove that anything had

The Green Chair



Pete kicked the chair in disgust

been taken; the jumble was a lot of rubbish, anyway. I persuaded him that the local police force had more important things to think about, and we set to tidying the mess. Most of the Troop turned up during the morning and by midday everything was more or less back in its right place. Just as we were talking about going home for dinner Tich arrived, carrying the chair.

His father had mended the leg. Though the chair looked pretty dilapidated, it did stand up now. Pete twisted it round and punched the velvet seat.

"Well, it beats me why anyone should think it's worth a pound." He stood staring at it, lips pursed. "You don't imagine there's a wad of money hidden in the seating, do you? I mean—well, you read about that sort of thing sometimes."

"Trouble with you," I retorted, "is that you've been watching too much TV. Still, for all we'll get for it, you might as well rip it open and satisfy yourself that there's no hidden treasure."

Pete hesitated, then he pulled out his sheath-knife and slit the velvet seat from corner to corner. Avoiding my eye, he pushed his hands beneath it and pulled out handfuls of black horsehair; there was nothing else.

"That's a bit of all right." Tich exclaimed, watching him with amazement. "My dad spends hours an' hours mending

the blinking leg an' then you go and tear the cushion up. You won't get anything for it now."

Pete, flushed with embarrassment, turned and walked away.

"It was a chance. If a fellow offers a pound there must be something. I reckon we'll have to use it for firewood now."

Then Tich said suddenly, "Well, old Elliot said he was going to use it for firewood, but he said we might be able to get something for it."

"Elliot!" Pete spun round, and there was a new excitement in his voice. "You got it from Elliot's in Pontin Street, Tich?"

"So what? He'd stuck it in his backyard behind the shop. I bet he thought I had a cheek going to a jeweller's shop an' asking for jumble."

"Elliot's the jeweller's!" Pete went down on his knees. He gathered the horsehair stuffing and searched through the matted pieces with renewed care. "That must tie up somewhere. Tich fetches a chair from a jeweller's shop and a fellow we've never seen before offers us a pound for it, then creeps back here in the middle of the night and turns the place upside-down."

But there was nothing! We tore that velvet seating to shreds and pulled almost every strand of stuffing apart, but all we found was a load of dust. Pete, exasperated, flung the last remnants of the green seat aside

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and kicked the wooden frame of the chair in disgust.

"Looking for precious stones?" I inquired.

"You can laugh!" Pete moved resolutely to the door. "There must be something. I'm going to call on old Elliot right now."

I ran after him and caught him up.

"No need for you to come if you don't want to," he said.

Pontin Street is a turning off High Street, a narrow, dusty little street with small, old-fashioned shops sandwiched between drab, neglected houses, their doors opening straight on to the pavement. We were a hundred yards from it when there came the sound of hurrying footsteps behind us and someone gripped my arm. A woman, smartly dressed, wearing strings of large pearls round her neck, tugged my sleeve.

"Here, you; wait a minute. You Scouts are collecting jumble, aren't you? I've a fine parcel of stuff at the house where I live; it's only a step."

I said, "We'll call in a minute. We've got to make another call first."

"I'll be out later. Better come now."

She was still holding my arm, determined that I should go with her. Pete had stopped a few paces away and was waiting impatiently. I jerked my head.

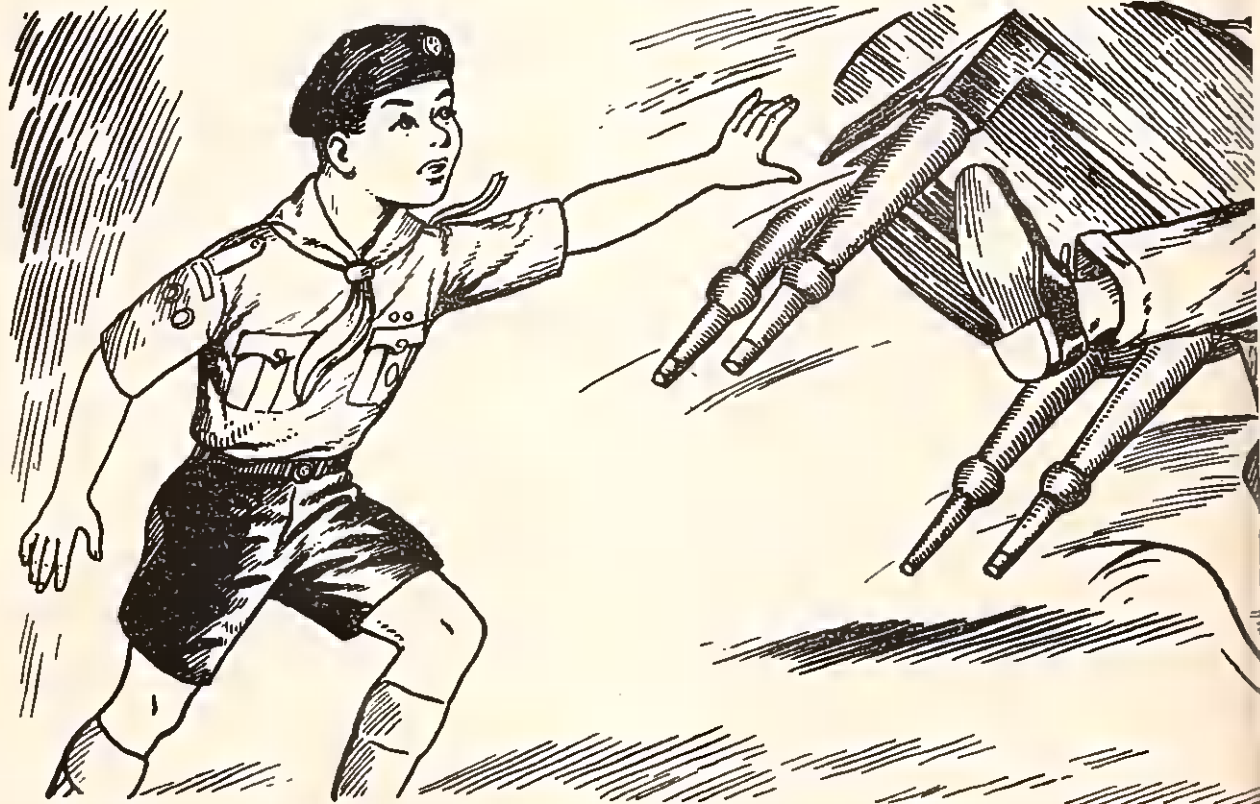
"We can go to the shop later, Pete."

"That's it," said the woman. "I've got quite a lot of stuff."

She led us across the High Street, down a side turning and through a dark passage into a dingy-looking courtyard. Only one house boasted curtains.

She pushed the door of this one open and waited for Pete to reach her, standing aside to let us pass.

Something suddenly warned me that there was danger in the dark room across the threshold, and I took a step backwards. At the same time the woman pushed Pete. He crashed into me and we both stumbled forward. I heard the door bang shut. The



The Green Chair

woman was leaning against it, barring our escape, a twisted smile of triumph on her face. Someone sitting in a tattered armchair by the hearth turned to look at us.

"I've got 'em. Now it's up to you, Sid."

I glimpsed a sports jacket and a flashy tie, which sparkled when the light caught it.

"Good for you, Glad." The man leaned over the table, his fists clenched. "Now, then, you kids, it's a little matter of a chair—an old chair with a green seat. One of your lot picked it up from Elliot's backyard. You've got it, ain't you?"

Pete said sullenly, "What if we have?"

"I want it, son. Yesterday I offered you a pound; now I'm having it for nothing, see?" He nodded to the woman. "We'll have one of them locked in the cupboard—sort of hostage. The other comes along with me and hands the chair over. If you're difficult there'll be trouble for the one that's left behind."

The woman had opened a door. Beyond it

was a dark cubby-hole half full of oddments of rubbish. She jerked me towards it.

Suddenly I caught a glint in Pete's eye. I ducked my head, butting at her, and she uttered a cry of surprise, falling backwards into the cupboard. At the same moment Pete acted.

A strip of worn carpet lay in front of the hearth, and the man was standing on one end of it. Pete bent, caught the nearer end and jerked it. As I slammed the cupboard door the man's feet shot from under him. He made a wild attempt to grasp the mantelpiece, crashed over the armchair, and fell heavily on to the floor. Before he could rise Pete had sprung towards me, sent the table with its untidy burden of dirty crockery toppling over, knocking him down again, then I had the door open and we were racing across the deserted courtyard, down the tunnel-like passage, and back to the High Street.

As we burst into Elliot's, the jewellers,



The man's feet shot from under him, and he fell to the floor



The bald-headed man seized one piece excitedly

a small, bald-headed man glanced up testily over gold pince-nez.

"Now, then, what's the meaning of this? If it's jumble you're after, some of you Scouts have been here already. I gave them——"

Pete leaned, gasping for breath, on the counter. Beneath the glass top trays of diamond rings and gold ornaments glittered and flashed. The story came out disjointedly, but before it was half told the little man was listening attentively.

"A man in a sports jacket—a tie with those sequin things? Bless my soul! I'm afraid this could mean Wilder was wrongly accused. Wilder was my assistant. He—er—well, he left under a cloud. A sapphire-and-diamond ring disappeared, and he accused this man you've described. The man was in here at the time, you understand. I had to call the police—most unpleasant—and they searched the fellow, but not a sign of the ring did they find. Let me see, it would be a fortnight ago. It was before the green chair broke. It

used to be by the counter, and I remember this fellow was sitting on it when the police came. But I can't imagine where the connexion can be—the chair and the missing ring—not if you've torn up the upholstery. Perhaps I'd better come round to this hut of yours."

The Scout hut was locked up; everybody was at dinner. When Pete opened the door there was no chair to be seen. One glance round the room at the jumble now arranged on trestle-tables along one side, waiting for the customers, was sufficient to assure us that the chair was not there.

"But it must be somewhere." The bald-headed man peered shortsightedly round the hut. "I mean, this might be most important. That ring was valued at over a hundred pounds."

He was interrupted by a shrill and tuneless whistle. The door was kicked open and Tich came in. He stopped at the sight of us. "Sorry; didn't know you had someone here. I'll go."

The Green Chair

"Wait a minute, Tich." I caught him by the shoulder. "The old chair—the one your dad mended—where is it? You wouldn't know?"

"You said to chop it up for firewood, so after you'd gone I did."

Pete said, interrupting him, "You haven't burned it, Tich?"

"I chopped it up and stuck it in the stove ready for when you wanted it lit."

There didn't seem much point in pulling out the splintered pieces of what had once been a chair with a green velvet seat, but as Pete took them from the stove the bald-headed man suddenly seized one piece excitedly. Judging by the shape, it had once formed the edging of the seat. Something brown—almost the same colour as the stained wood—was stuck to it. The bald-headed man prised it off with a penknife.

"Bless my soul, I ought to have suspected it! An old trick, though I've never known it actually done. It's plain enough why our mutual friend was so anxious to buy the chair."

He was holding out his hand. Lying on the palm was what appeared to be only a dried lump of clay.

Tich said, "What is it? It looks like putty."

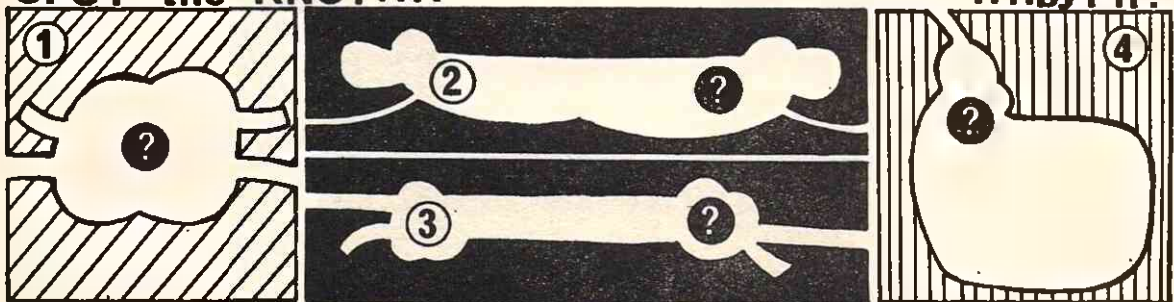
"That's exactly what it is, my dear boy." The jeweller blinked at us over his pince-nez. "It's a lump of putty stuck by our friend under the seat of the chair the day he came into my shop."

Suddenly he pressed the putty between his thumb and finger. As it crumbled into powder there were flashes of glittering blue and gold. The little man was holding a magnificent ring. Sapphires and diamonds sparkled with deep, brilliant fires.

"So Wilder was speaking the truth! Dear me, I'm afraid he's been greatly wronged, poor man! Our friend came into the shop and asked to see the rings. Somehow he persuaded Wilder to turn his back on him—only for a second. It was then that the ring disappeared. The police found nothing. You see, he must have embedded the ring in a lump of putty and stuck it under the chair before they arrived. He left it there for a week or so—just to lull any suspicions—then he came back to the shop on some trifling excuse, intending to collect it from its hiding-place. It was an extraordinary piece of ill luck for him that in the meantime the chair had been broken and turned out of the shop. He must have discovered that you had taken it for jumble. I'll have to contact the police at once—and then call on poor Wilder."

And that is really the end of the story of the green chair. So far as we know, the man with the sequin tie was never caught, but an hour later we were much too busy selling jumble to give him a thought. The jumble sale was a record success—even before Skip added on Mr. Elliot's donation of a five-pound note.

SPOT the KNOT....



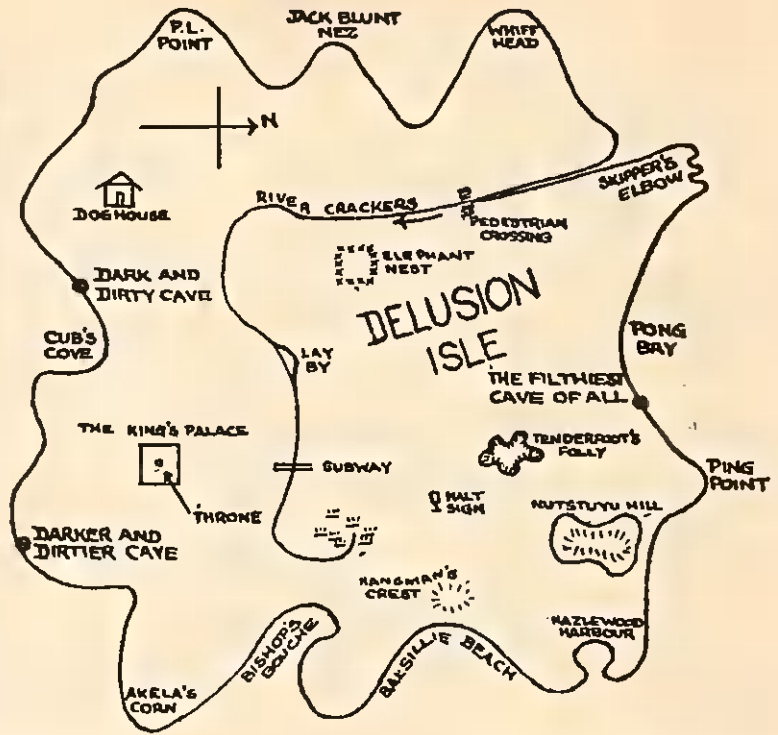
1—Reef Knot, 2—Sheepsbank, 3—Fisherman's Knot, 4—Bowline

FIND THE P.L.

Your P.L. has been marooned on *Delusion Isle*, but you have a series of clues to his whereabouts. These tell you how many squares to move and in what direction, starting from the centre of *Hazlewood Harbour*.

Clues

- U } II
- ← ↑ 2
- Where . . . that P.L.?
- Why-fore or should it be *why-four*?
- Three little full stops, one little full stop X 2.
- STIX—scrub a consonant, double the letter you first saw.
- It could be "ANYONE".



Answer on page 107

SUMMER CAMP MEMORIES



"Would you two bridge-building enthusiasts like to look at MY summer camp pictures?"

The Man With God in His Heart

by

Sydney R. Brown



Count Bernadotte in Red Indian dress

“Chief Ema-do-yena” the Blackfeet Red Indians of Montana called him, and a very appropriate name it was, for it meant “He who is loved by all.”

Count Folke Bernadotte, appointed Chief Scout of Sweden just before the Second World War, was one of the first of the United Nations’ men to meet his death while working for international co-operation.

World Citizen

He was a “World Citizen” in every sense of the word, and when he met a martyr’s death in the Holy Land thousands of peace-loving men and women all around the globe mourned his passing.

Folke was a prominent member of the International Red Cross, and at his funeral in Stockholm three emblems were placed upon his coffin: his Red Cross cap, his stick, and a white carnation,

the latter being a symbol of peace and purity and the flower he loved best of all.

A Boy Scout hat rested on his coffin all the way from Palestine to Sweden as a sign of his great interest in the Movement.

A vast procession, including many kings and princes, followed his coffin to the grave, and the four banners prominently displayed were those of Sweden, the Boy Scout Movement, the Red Cross and the United Nations—and to what more worthy causes could a man devote his life?

Folke was a member of the Swedish Royal Family, a nephew of the King, but he was not brought up in a regal manner. As a child he was one of five children living in a small house in Stockholm, where he had a very quiet and strict upbringing.

Peaceful Soldier

As a young man he was given a commission in the Royal Lifeguard Dragoons, the smartest cavalry regiment in Sweden, which had as its motto “Serve Only Honour”, a good one for young Bernadotte. He did not take very kindly to soldiering, as he was too peace-loving, but life in the Army was made more agreeable for him by his passion for horses.

It was when he was a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards that he made his first attempt at life-saving; he tried to save his horse from a watery grave when it fell through the ice.

Eventually he became known as “the best Regimental Quartermaster in the

country" and was commended for his devotion to duty.

He was fast becoming a superb organiser and a fine diplomat. He could mix with people of other nations with great ease, because he had learned to speak English, German and French fluently. A holiday in England as a boy of nine had helped him with his English at an early age.

Millionaire Wedding

In the United States he met a wonderful American girl, Estelle Romaine Manville, dark and slender daughter of a millionaire, whom he married. The wedding in New York was a wonderful affair, the social event of the year, and an American reporter remarked to Folke, "You're a pretty fast worker."

"You've got to be a fast worker to get the best girl in the United States," was Count Bernadotte's reply.

Folke looked resplendent in his light-blue uniform of the Royal Lifeguard Dragoons, and his bride wore a white

velvet wedding dress and Queen Sophia of Sweden's wedding veil clipped by a crown of mountain crystal.

His wife proved to be a wonderful partner in Folke's international humanitarian work. She returned with him to Sweden, quickly learned the language, and became his chief adviser.

The great turning point in Folke's life came in 1933, when he became interested in Scouting. At last he had found the organisation with which his high ideals were in perfect attune.

Scouting became his whole life. In 1935 he became Chief of Staff of the Swedish Boy Scouts and in 1936 a member of the HQ staff of the big international World Rover Moot held in Ingarö, near Stockholm.

In 1937 he led the Swedish contingent to the World Scout Jamboree in Holland, where he was thrilled to meet the Chief Scout of All the World, Lord Baden-Powell. He struck up a close friendship with Lady B.-P., and they visited one another several times in their respective homes.

In the following years he passed all his Wood Badge tests, attended an international Rover Scout Moot in Scotland and wrote his first book, *The Scout and Scouting*.

Advice to Scouts

His constant advice to all the Scouts he met, and he visited every one of the thirty-two Swedish Scout centres between the Arctic Circle and the southern tip of Scandinavia, was "Do what you like, but do it with God in your heart."

It was through Bernadotte that Scouting started up again in Germany after the Second World War, after having been banned by Hitler and his Nazi regime since 1933. Two dozen young men were invited from Germany to spend a month



Count Bernadotte's wedding

The Man With God in His Heart

in Sweden training to be Scout leaders. Later, more leaders were trained in Great Britain and Denmark, and the Movement was given a strong foundation in Germany, upon which it has since built.

In 1946 Folke Bernadotte ran a camp for 8,000 Scouts from all over Europe and in the following year attended the great Peace Jamboree at Moissons, near Paris. Here he was elected to the International Committee of the World Scout Union, and as Lord Rowallan, the then Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth, said afterwards, "His personality dominated the whole conference."

Wartime Go-Between

During the war Bernadotte worked to alleviate distress by exchanging sick and wounded prisoners-of-war between England and Germany. It was no easy task trying to negotiate between enemies who did not trust one another and Folke was probably the only person in the world at that time who was free to visit both London and Berlin. He was heavily bombed in both cities more than once and had many narrow escapes. Journeys in wartime were far from being a picnic, but he never spared himself where humanitarian ideals were involved. Belonging to the Swedish Red Cross, he managed to do much good work helping old people, children, the sick and the wounded of many nations.

Courageous Mottoes

The three mottoes he lived by were, "Nothing venture, nothing win," "Try anything once," and "Nothing is impossible."

He visited all the capital cities of Europe and undertook many fine projects designed to save human life. He received grateful thanks from Jews for saving ten thousand of their number from liquidation in Nazi concentration camps, and

from Poles for saving seven thousand of their compatriots from a similar fate.

One of the most thrilling of his achievements was the rescue of British, American, French, Belgian, Czech, Polish and Dutch women from the Ravensbrück concentration camp, where they were all in danger of being exterminated in gas chambers if they were too sick to work or if their weight fell below 85 lbs.

Twenty-five white Swedish buses, manned by doctors and nurses, among them Folke's sister, Countess Maria, evacuated all the "skin-and-bone" prisoners to a neutral country.

Bernadotte was even an instrument in bringing the most terrible war the world has ever known to an end.

At a meeting with Himmler, the dreaded Gestapo chief, the German leader acknowledged that his country was defeated and asked Bernadotte to forward a message to the Western powers saying



The Count (centre) at the 17th International Red Cross Conference



Men with Sten guns fired at the car as it was driven into Jerusalem

Germany was willing to capitulate to them.

This Bernadotte promised to do if in return Himmler would arrange for the 400,000 German troops in Norway to capitulate as well, and so within a few days came the complete and unconditional surrender of Germany.

Bernadotte's labours in the Red Cross cause continued unceasingly until he died in 1948, and in the last years of his life he visited nearly every country in Europe in his endeavours to help orphans and refugees.

Early in 1948 a telegram from the United Nations asked him to act as mediator in Palestine, where the Jews and Arabs were engaged in a bitter quarrel. He knew he was undertaking a dangerous mission, but did not hesitate. He wrote his last will and testament, made arrangements for his funeral, and then set off for the Holy Land.

He succeeded in persuading the Jews and Arabs to agree to a cease-fire, but he received letters threatening his life if he carried on as mediator for the United Nations.

His white U.N. plane "Whirlwind" was pursued over the Mediterranean by an unidentified fighter aircraft and plots to assassinate him were exposed. Two plain-clothes guards were posted to guard him everywhere he went.

At noon on September 17th, 1948, his white peace plane flew down the River Jordan towards Jerusalem. A radio message from an underground Jewish radio station near Haifa warned him not to land, but he would not be deterred.

As he drove into Jerusalem a bullet hit the running-board and entered the left wheel of the grey car with the Red Cross emblem. On his way back the car was stopped and men with Sten guns fired six shots at him and his companions. He died before reaching hospital

His body lay in state for a while in the magnificent temple of the Young Men's Christian Association in Jerusalem, and the Boy Scout hat of the Belgian Consul was placed upon his coffin, with the Swedish and Red Cross flags draping the catafalque.

As a memorial to Count Folke Bernadotte, their beloved leader, the Scouts of Sweden started a fund to support the charities for which he had worked. In all, the Sveriges Scoutforbund and the other Boy Scout and Girl Guide Associations in Sweden, supported by the Swedish Red Cross and other organisations, raised six million kroner for memorials that Count Folke Bernadotte, the great Scout, would have prized as "monuments more durable than brass".



Footprints in the sand—Scouts of the 1st Chalfont St. Peter Troop get instruction in tracking from their P.L.



"Charge!"

SCOUTING AT CHALFONT HEIGHTS

HEADQUARTERS CAMP SITE IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

INSTRUCTION IN KNOTTING

"You start like this . . .



. . . then go on like this"



Photos: Barry Hammond



Here he passes through the camp gateway built by the 41st Oxford at the County Rally in the grounds of Blenheim Palace



Martin Spalding of Bournemouth receives his Queen's Scout certificate from the Chief Scout at the Hampshire County Rally at Southampton

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE CHIEF SCOUT

The Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean, travels thousands of miles each year, making friendly personal contact with Scouts at home and abroad, furthering the interests of the Movement and cementing the bonds uniting the worldwide family of Scouts

The Chief Scout puts his foot in it on a tour of the Channel Isles—but only so that the Guernsey Scouts can make a cast of it

Photos:
R. B. Herbert



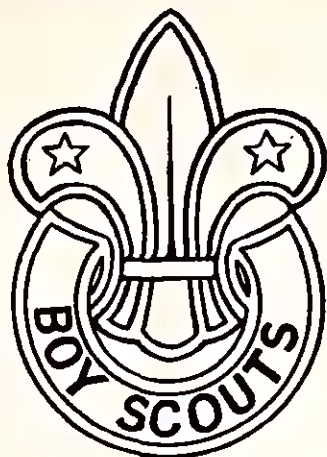
Queen's Scouts look on as the Chief Scout inspects the Freedom of the City scroll and casket presented to the first Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, by the City of Cardiff

Photo: Jim Lawrence



Sydney R. Brown Discovers Interesting
and Unexpected Points About

THE ARROWHEAD AND SCOUT BADGES ROUND THE WORLD



badge of a Scout because a Scout's job is to show the way.

The three points on the badge have come to represent the three parts of the Scout Promise, and the two five-pointed stars are a reminder of the ten Scout Laws.

The arrowhead must be one of the best known of badges in the world today, as it is worn by millions of boys and their adult leaders and supporters.

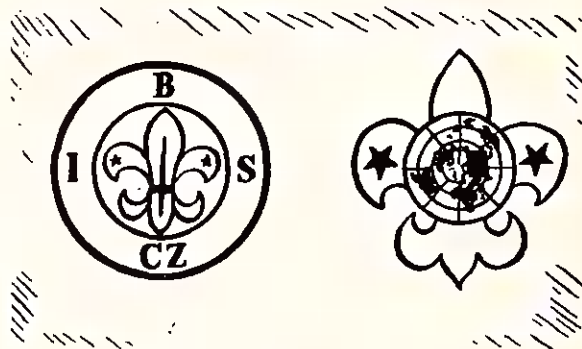
Each country that has adopted Scouting, in all five continents, has also taken the original fleur-de-lys badge which B.-P. chose as Scouting's emblem and altered it for their own purpose, some superimposing their national emblem and some simply changing its shape to make it a distinctive badge for their own country.

Even in Britain the details and proportions of the Scout arrowhead badge have changed over the years from B.-P.'s original design, which you can see as an illustration in the earliest editions of *Scouting for Boys*.

B.-P. first introduced the fleur-de-lys for Scouts when he was a colonel in the 5th Dragoon Guards, and it was officially authorised as long ago as 1898.

In the 1908 edition of *Scouting for Boys* he described it as "an arrowhead which shows the North on a map or on the compass," and he chose it as the

The two most unusual badges worn by Scouts are those belonging to the International Boy Scouts' Association of the



Panama Canal Zone and to the United Nations' Scout Association. The latter incorporates a drawing of the world as seen from the North Pole, similar to the one which appears on the United Nations' flag.

Among the countries which accepted the shape of the Scouts' badge as we know it in Britain, but have superimposed their own emblems, are Brazil, which added a small shield with the motto *Sempre Alerta*, and Chile, the first foreign country to adopt Scouting. They superimposed a strange-looking eagle and

The Scout's Pathfinder Annual

a shield bearing a single star. Their motto is *Siempre Listo* (Be Prepared).

China (Taiwan) also keeps our badge's shape, but adds an imposing design based on the sun. Costa Rica contents itself with adding the initials "C.R." The Dominican Republic fills the central portion with the sign of the Christian religion. Iran fills all the panels with oriental designs. Japan adds the sun, its national emblem; and the United States of America superimposes the bald-headed eagle with outspread wings, which also appears on American embassies throughout the world—there's a specially large one in London.

My vote for the two most unusual



national Scout badges would go to Salvador, with its three small fleur-de-lys on a cross, which stabs the motto *Siempre Listo* with a pointed end, and Iran's three leaves, which remind me of the Prince of Wales's feathers.

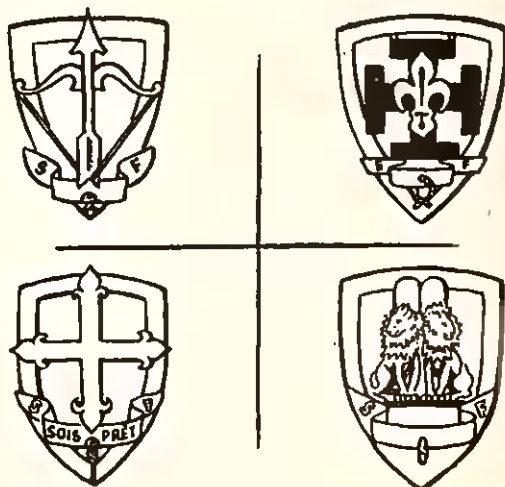
Interesting objects which appear on national Scout badges include the typical revolutionary's hat in the badge of Argentina; Mount Ararat, on which Noah's Ark found a last resting-place, in the Armenians' badge; and the two animals with crossed tails in the Burmese emblem.

Scouts of Ceylon are content to superimpose their country's name on the un-

adorned fleur-de-lys used by the Scouts of Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the Sudan, while South Africa's "Pathfinder" Scouts show a leaping springbok, their well-known national emblem.

European countries are especially rich in the number of Scout badges they possess, as they have more than one Boy Scouts' association in each country. Usually Scouts of each religion, Roman Catholic, Protestant, etc., have their own badges.

In France there are no fewer than four separate Scout badges. One, showing a

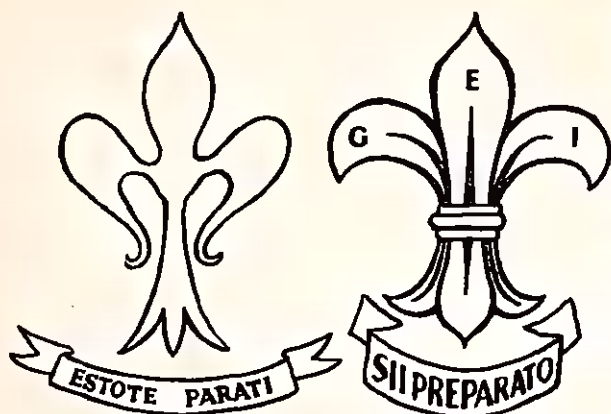


crossbow and arrow, is worn by members of "Les Eclaireurs de France." Another with a thick cross with bud-like terminals and sporting the motto *Sois Prêt*, belongs to "Les Eclaireurs Unionistes de France."

The badges of "Les Scouts de France" and "Les Eclaireurs Israelites de France" are as different again.

Belgium has three badges, one for each of the "Federation des Scout Catholiques", the "Vlaams Verbond der Katholieke Scouts", and the "Association Royale des Boy Scouts de Belgique."

The Arrowhead



Germany's three badges are very distinctive, two of them being in diamond-shaped forms and two incorporating a cross.

Italy's two badges are also quite distinctive. Their mottoes vary, one being *Estote Parati* and the other *Sil Preparato*.

Camping Design

One of Luxembourg's two national badges has no sign of a fleur-de-lys on it; instead the emphasis is on a pictorial design based on camping. One of the Netherlands' two badges, that of "de Verkenners van de Katholieke Jeugdbeweging," is very similar to the French Roman Catholic Scouts' badge.

Portugal's two Scout Associations can be distinguished by their badges, one of which bears the motto *Sempre Pronto* and the other *Alerta*—both Portuguese versions of *Be Prepared*.

National Scout badges bearing pictures of animals and birds include those of Ecuador and Guatemala in the New World, Finland and Greece in Europe, and Indonesia and Thailand in Asia. A cedar, the tree of Lebanon, appears in the Lebanese badge.

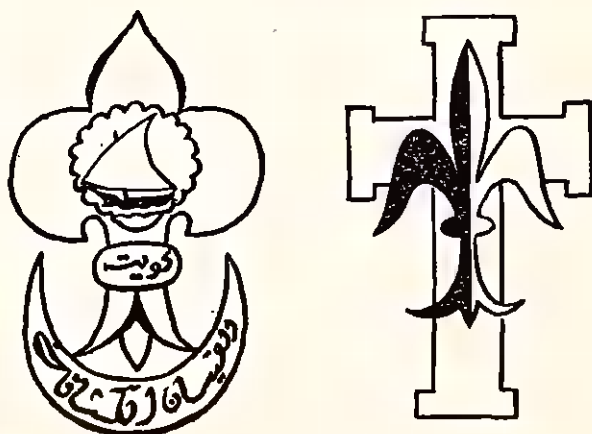
Crescent moons appear in the badges of Turkey and Pakistan, which are predominantly Moslem countries, and the

ancient six-pointed star of David backs the badge of the Israel Boy Scouts' and Girl Scouts' Federation.

Another country which has a single badge for a combined National Boy Scout and Girl Guide Movement is India, with a trefoil within the fleur-de-lys—just the opposite to the badge issued by our own B.-P. Scout Guild, a red fleur-de-lys backed by a larger white trefoil.

Kuwait's simplified fleur-de-lys serves as a backing to a picture of a dhow, an Arab sailing-ship, while the badge worn by the "Pfadfinderkorps St. Georg" of Liechtenstein reminds me of a spaceship with elegant wings.

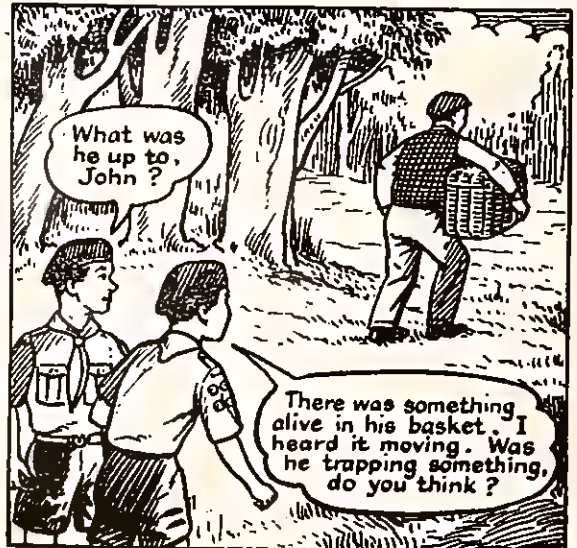
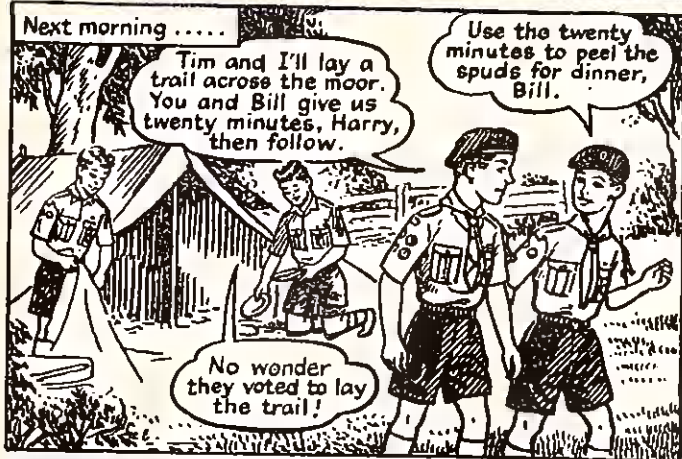
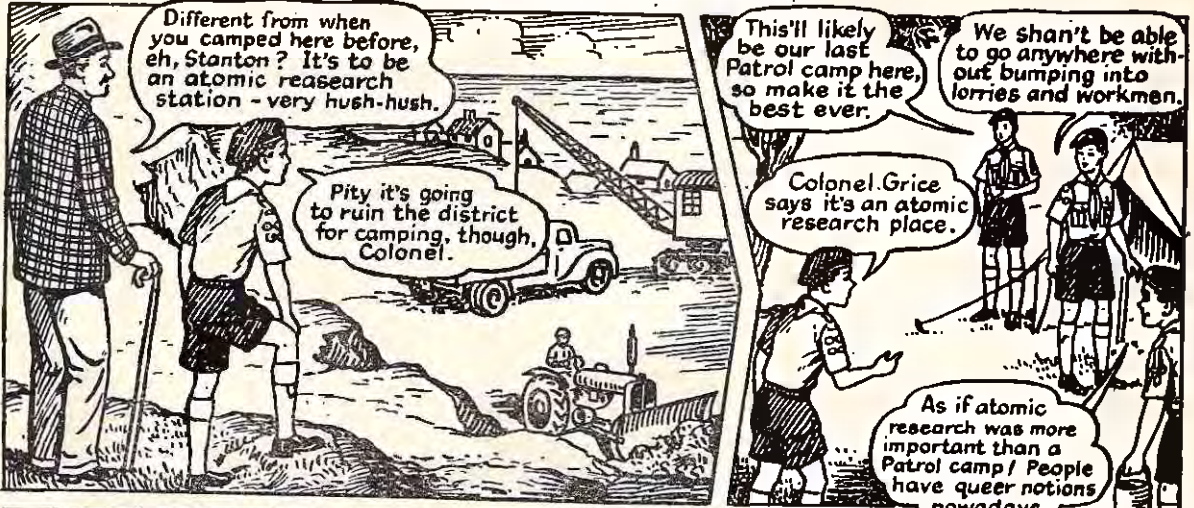
The only Scout badge which bears the figure of a man is that of Panama, which shows a likeness of Vasco Nunez de Balbao, who discovered Panama in 1519. "He scouted not only Panama but the entire world, including the enormous Pacific Ocean," says Senor Rolando Gonzalez Echemendia, the National Executive Commissioner of the Association de Scouts de Panama, "and we immortalised our patron by inscribing his name on our national money. The Panama Scouts honour and admire so noble a gentleman, who has shown to the world the true spirit of Scouting."



PATROL CAMP ADVENTURE

A THRILLING PICTURE STORY by LEIGHTON HOUGHTON

The Falcon Patrol of the 5th. Bingley Troop had been granted permission by Colonel Grice to camp in the grounds of Corndean Manor for the Easter weekend.



Forgetting the trail in the excitement of the encounter, John and Tim were overhauled by Harry and Bill.



There they are!

It's a fair cop!

Look - John, Harry, Bill - up over the wood!



It's a buzzard. Can you hear its mewling cry?

There's a huge nest at the top of this tree.

I thought buzzards were extinct.

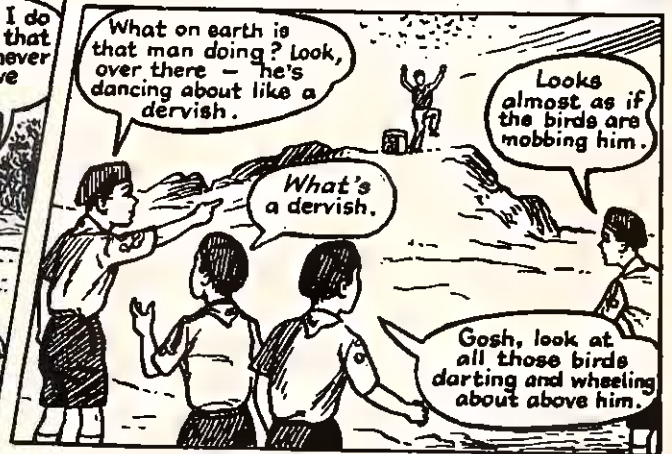
They're jolly rare. What a thrill to see one.

After watching the buzzard until it flew out of sight, the Scouts practised tracking. Early next morning they set off for a pre-breakfast hike.



You won't want any breakfast, Tim, stuffing yourself with chocolate.

It's because I do want breakfast that I'm eating. I'll never last out till we get back.



What on earth is that man doing? Look, over there - he's dancing about like a dervish.

Looks almost as if the birds are mobbing him.

What's a dervish.

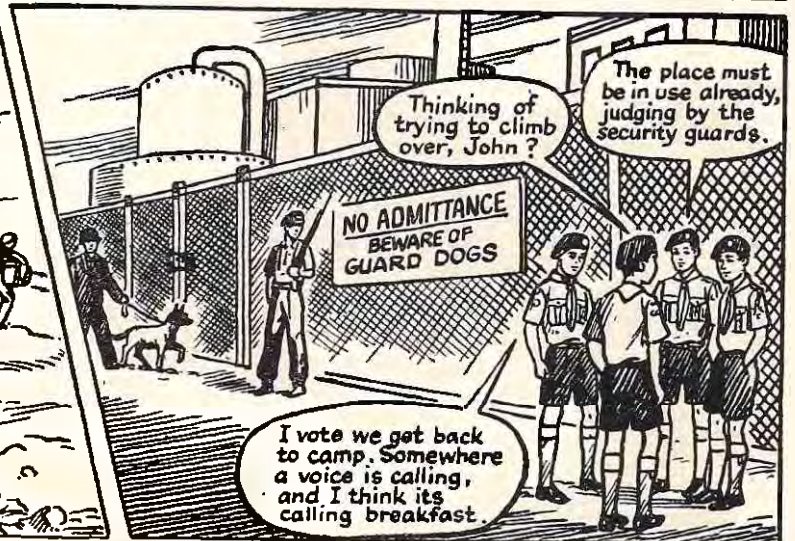
Gosh, look at all those birds darting and wheeling about above him.



There he goes. I'm certain it's the man Tim and I surprised yesterday.

I'd like to peep in his basket.

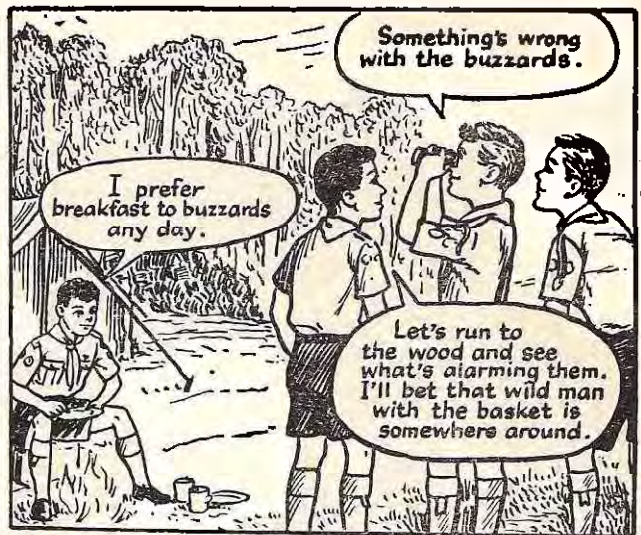
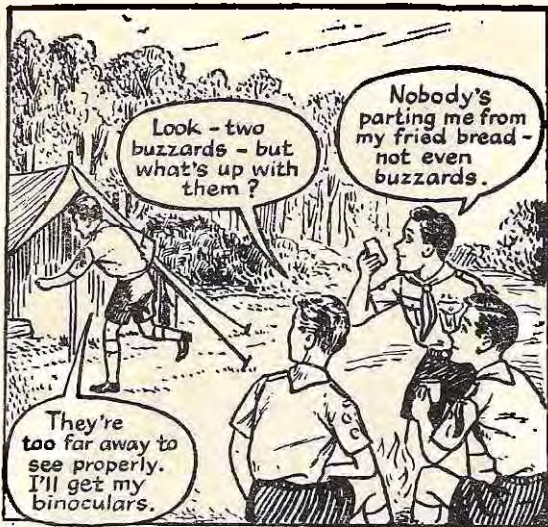
You'd hope to find grub, eh, Tim?



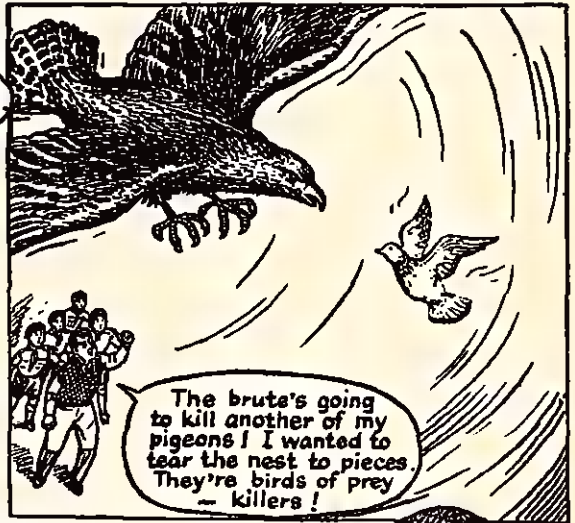
The place must be in use already, judging by the security guards.

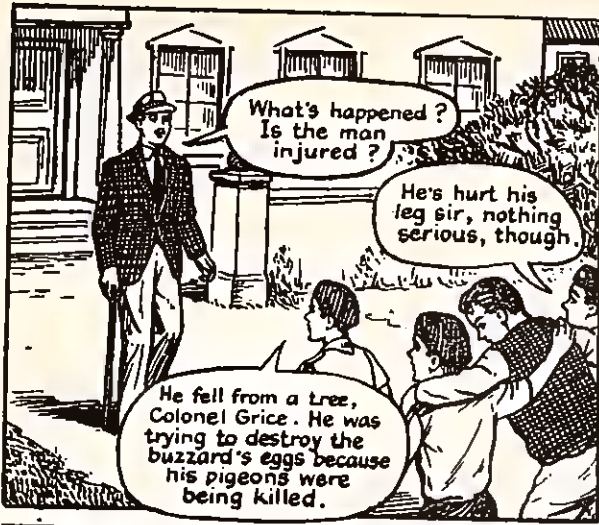
Thinking of trying to climb over, John?

I vote we get back to camp. Somewhere a voice is calling, and I think it's calling breakfast.



Trying to beat off the fierce bird, the man lost his hold.





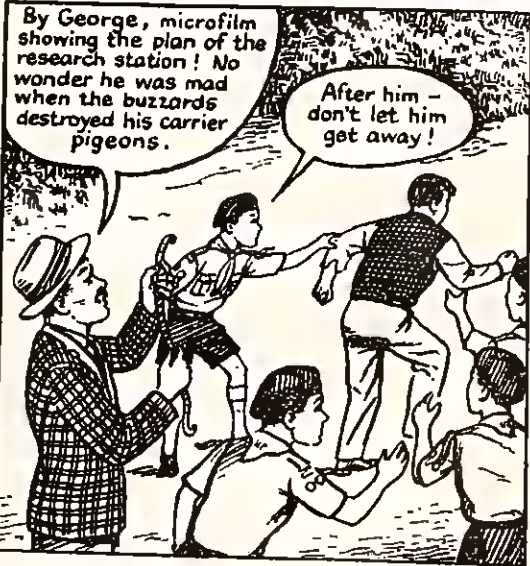
What's happened? Is the man injured?

He's hurt his leg sir, nothing serious, though.

He fell from a tree, Colonel Grice. He was trying to destroy the buzzard's eggs because his pigeons were being killed.



I found this on the pigeon the buzzard killed, Colonel. It's a metal cylinder, and it's got a film inside it.



By George, microfilm showing the plan of the research station! No wonder he was mad when the buzzards destroyed his carrier pigeons.

After him - don't let him get away!



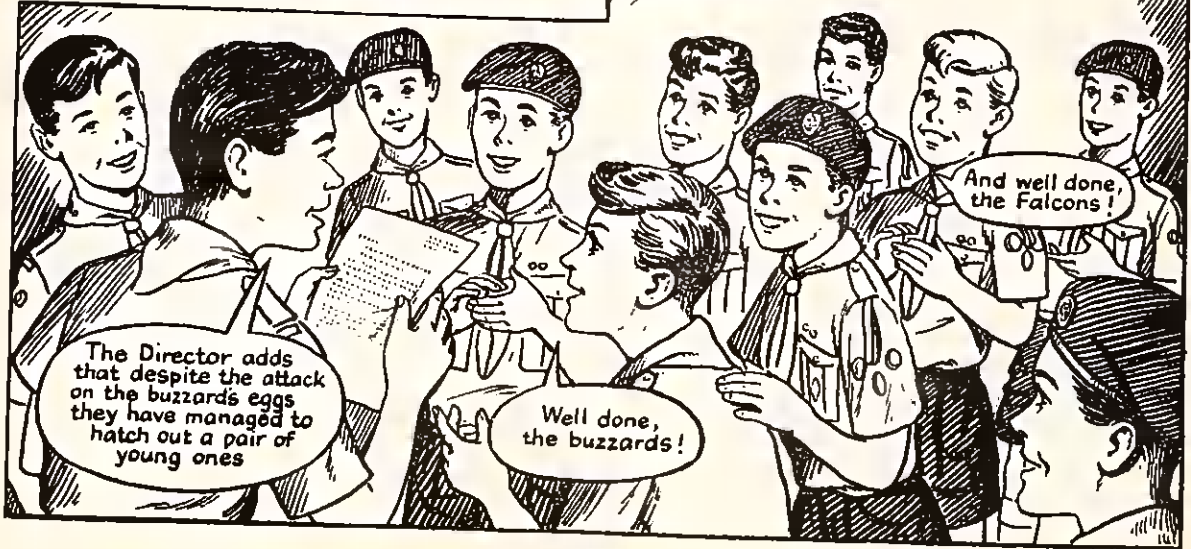
We'd better change our name to the Buzzard Patrol - it was the buzzards that did it!

How about our breakfast?

For once you'll have earned it, Tim.

Good for you, lads. We'll get this chap under lock and key. I reckon you'll see he doesn't escape. You've done a fine job in exposing this business.

A month later Skip received a letter of thanks from the director of the atomic research station for what the Scouts had done.



The Director adds that despite the attack on the buzzard's eggs they have managed to hatch out a pair of young ones.

Well done, the buzzards!

And well done the Falcons!

MAKING A SPOOR COLLECTION

by ALAN P. MAJOR

EXAMPLES OF SPOOR (NOT TO SCALE)



Rabbit spoor



Dog



Deer



House Sparrow

FIG. A

When out walking in the countryside you quite commonly come upon the tracks of birds and animals, either imprinted in the soft earth or made on fallen snow. Naturalists call these tracks "spoor". Around the edges of ponds or along river banks are also good places to find these tracks, left behind when the creatures visit the water to drink. If you have a bird-table in your garden, or throw out scraps, you will also find tracks of the birds that fly down to feed.

A lot can be learned by identifying these tracks, and you may be surprised how many different wild animals and birds there are living near your home, even in towns and cities. Of course, the best way to learn what birds and animals make these tracks is to find, or make, a suitable hiding-place nearby and then to sit and wait quietly for the creatures to arrive. This is easy at home, as you can watch from your room for the arrival of different garden birds.

When you see one clearly making tracks in the earth or snow, go to it and draw the shape, with a pencil, in a plain-sheet drawing-book. When you reach home this can be finished with Indian ink, writing the name, date, and where seen alongside it. In this way it is possible to build up a collection of different kinds of

tracks, and the more of them you discover the wider will be your knowledge of the countryside, so that walks can become really exciting and interesting as you follow the various tracks.

Remember that with birds the best results can be obtained in fresh, soft earth or mud. Do not choose a place where there are dozens of different tracks already imprinted, as you will find that when the bird has flown away it is difficult to decide which tracks, amongst those already there, the bird has made. If there are no unspoiled places, smooth out the earth or mud yourself with a flat piece of wood, so that the imprinted tracks of the first bird to alight on it will be fresh and clear.

Another way to collect these tracks, as well as draw them, is to make permanent plaster casts of them. This is quite easy and made in a similar way to the method used by the police to take casts of criminals' footprints at the scene of crimes. All you need is some strips

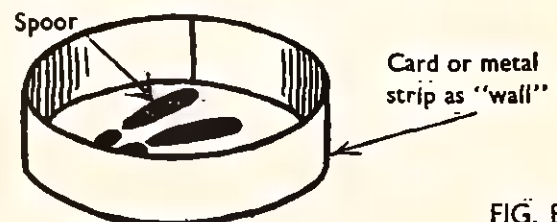


FIG. B

of cardboard or metal and some plaster-of-paris.

Upon finding a good track of a bird or animal, ensure that it is clean and that the impression is not filled with pieces of dirt, stones, grass, leaves, etc., which will spoil the casting. Next, make a "wall" around the track impression, by carefully bending a strip of cardboard or metal all round it, to prevent the plaster-of-paris from spilling over and running away. This can be any depth you like, according to how big and solid a cast you require, but a piece of card or metal an inch wide is ample. The deeper the "wall" the more plaster you will use to fill it. Alternatively, you can build up a "wall" of mud or earth around the impression for the same purpose, but the card method is more certain to keep the plaster from running, and by bending the

twisting the two ends together, and push the twisted end into the plaster at the back, which is uppermost, before it has set too hard. Then allow the plaster to set hard. It is a good idea, too, if you are making a cast of a very large print, to embed a piece of stick into the plaster before it has set. This will reinforce the cast and make it much stronger.

Once the plaster is hard, dig it up with a lot of earth around it, trying not to break the latter. On reaching home

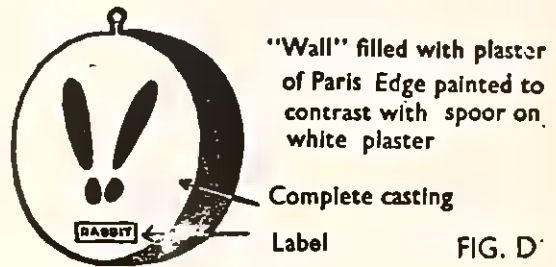


FIG. D

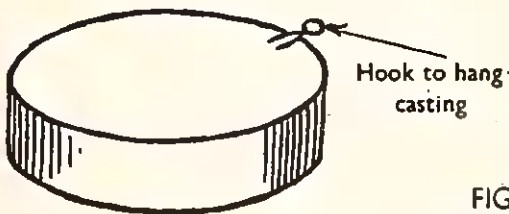


FIG. C

card or metal you can make the casting square, round, oblong, or whatever shape you want the finished casting to be.

Another method for an oblong "wall", for very small tracks of mice, shrews, wrens, bluetits, is a matchbox tray with the bottom removed.

Next mix the plaster-of-paris and water together in a jug, until it is like thick cream, then quickly pour this into the track impression until level with the top of the "wall" around it. So that you can hang up these casts upon a wall, make a hook or loop with a piece of wire by

lift off the strip of card or metal and then very carefully wash away the earth to reveal the raised cast of the bird or animal track. Only wash away the earth when the plaster is really dry and hard, and remember that a cast made upon wet mud will require longer to set hard than one made on dry earth. If the cast is not completely round or whatever shape you require, or smooth on the surface, it can be filed or sandpapered carefully to remedy this. The outer edges of the cast can be painted, or the spoor itself outlined in black paint or ink, to make it stand out better. Then attach a small label, giving the name of creature, place and date the cast was made, and you have an interesting, original exhibit for a Nature collection.

Not all animals move about during the day, of course; several, such as foxes, badgers and hedgehogs, being nocturnal and hunting during the evening and night.

Making a Spoor Collection

The way to obtain their tracks, though, is to discover where the fox or badger is living and where the "den" and "sett" is situated. When you have discovered this you can smooth the earth not too close to the entrance to the "sett" or "den" and so should be able to get a set of good tracks easily. Around the entrance itself, with the frequent comings and goings of the animals, the numerous tracks are usually blurred and confused. Some animals are very heavy on their

feet, which sink into the earth, but others, like mice, shrews, rats, dormice and voles, are very light, barely touching the surface, and their prints must be carefully searched for.

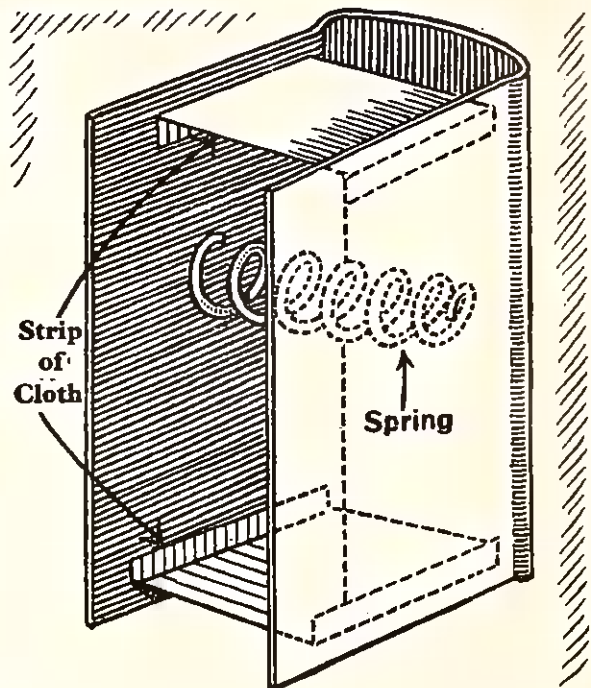
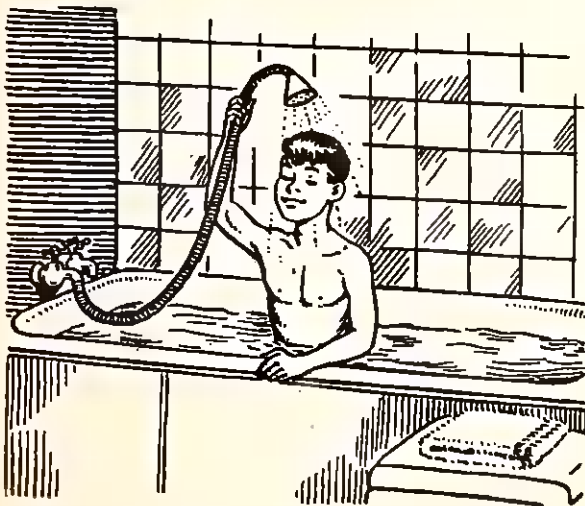
You will discover for yourself, too, whether the bird of which you have found the tracks is a hopping bird or a walking bird. Birds, such as sparrows, which hop have their tracks in pairs, whereas birds like rooks and pheasants, which walk, place one foot in front of the other.

M. BILTON SUGGESTS SOME USEFUL NOVELTIES TO MAKE

When a fairly thick volume is removed from a bookshelf for reference, this usually means that the remaining books either collapse or lean at an angle, which is most unsightly. The space left also allows dust to settle between the volumes.

This difficulty is easily overcome by using an expanding "dummy" book. This consists of a coil spring placed between the covers of an old book. The interior of the old volume is, of course, first removed and strips of cloth are glued between the covers at the top and bottom to prevent the spring from falling out!

For the Bookworm



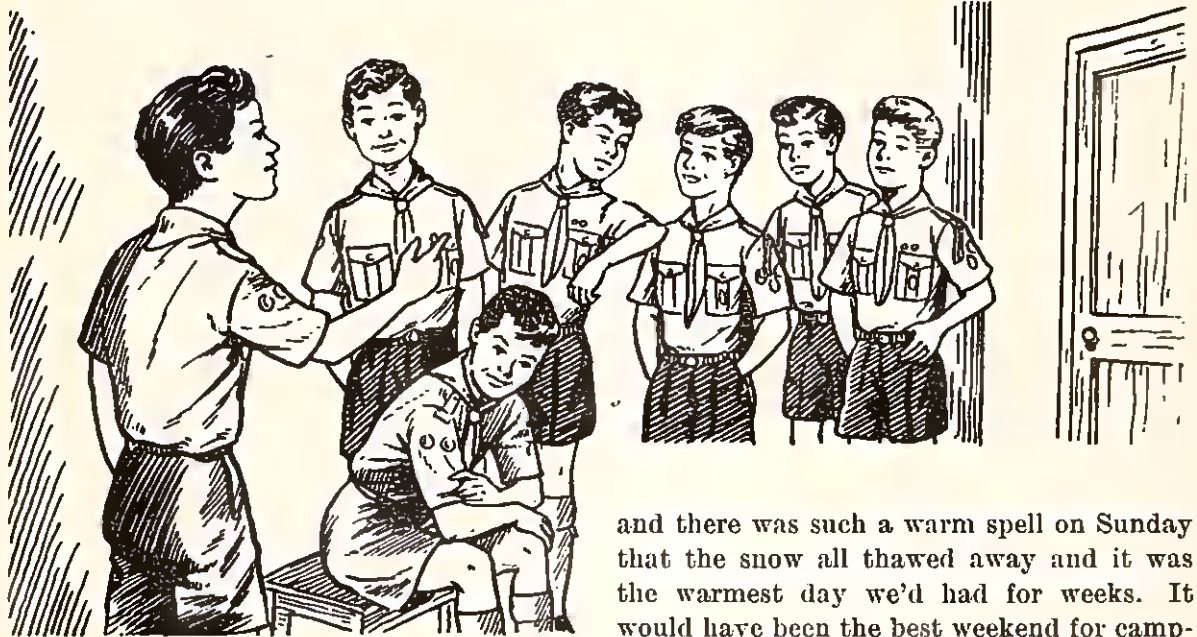
A Cheap Shower-Bath

In hot weather there is nothing so delightfully refreshing as a shower-bath; but very few people are lucky enough to possess a properly fitted one. It is, however, quite easy to make one for yourself. Follow these instructions.

Obtain about a yard of rubber tubing, and put one end over the cold-water tap in the bath. Into the other end fit the rose of a watering-can; then turn on the water, and you will enjoy a cool shower-bath.

COLD COMFORT CAMP

by D. E. Barden



“Winter camp,” said Ken.
“What about it?” I replied. “Anyone who thinks of camping in this weather is a nut-case.”

But as Ken himself so often remarks, you can't keep a good Scout down, so he came back at me with, “Right, then! Do we camp first and have our brains tested after, or the other way round?”

Well, what could I do? Especially when I found he had managed to work up five other stalwarts to look with rosy eyeballs at the prospect of winter camp.

After all, they said, there was always summer camp in the summer holidays, so why not winter camp in the Christmas holidays?

I compromised. One weekend only, no longer. So one weekend it was.

The adventure was arranged for the following weekend, and Dame Nature decided to make it all more seasonable by giving us a white ground-blanket for the occasion. Unfortunately, *she* got a bit over-enthusiastic, too, and the snow was so deep that the whole idea had to be postponed for the time being. Then Dame Nature changed her mind again,

and there was such a warm spell on Sunday that the snow all thawed away and it was the warmest day we'd had for weeks. It would have been the best weekend for camping, after all, if we'd only known!

By the next weekend the warm spell was, of course, gone and forgotten, but it wasn't snowing. It looked as if it was going to start at any minute, but it was NOT snowing. That was the important thing.

In the meantime, the six stalwart members of the Troop had had an extra seven days in which to build up their enthusiasm—or to get cold feet, which at that time of the year and in that weather was not particularly difficult. When it came to Saturday morning, there were only three to undertake the adventure. Half an hour of cycling about the town trying to round up the other three was remarkably unsuccessful, so the three pioneers went without them.

The only place reasonably near the town where we could get permission to camp was on the top of a bare, open hill. And I think the owner only agreed to our using that because he thought we'd come and look at it and then go home!

In the town it was chilly but possible. The north-east wind didn't start on the pioneers properly until they were nearly at the top of the hill, and by that time

Cold Comfort Camp

there was no turning back. For one thing, what could they say to the three chaps who had refused to come and share the delights of winter camping? You've got to be able to tell everyone what fun it was, haven't you?

So we went gamely on and set to work with a will fixing up the tents and preparing the kitchen. For one thing, the only way to keep warm was by working hard, and, for another, until the tents were up there was no shelter from the wind.

There are winds and winds; and this one was the spiteful kind. It simply didn't want us on its favourite chilly hill and didn't hesitate to let us know it.

So we quickly gathered wood from the copse on the next hill and got a camp fire going. That and a hearty dinner of hot stewed steak and curried beans helped to warm things up a bit.

It was a funny thing about that tin of stewed steak, though! Nobody remembered



Hot stewed steak and curried beans warmed us up



The only way to keep warm was to work hard

bringing one, and Peter, who was camp cook for the weekend, had been observed prior to preparing for camp out shopping for his mother loaded with tins of dog meat! As the label to the tin, strangely enough, couldn't be found, the whole performance was highly suspect. But it was jolly good slosh, and, as Ken said, there was no doubt Peter's mother had some pretty healthy-looking dogs, so why worry?

At camp-fire later, the pioneers were joined by one or two of the other members of the Troop "just to see how you're getting on!" Obviously, they only came because they hoped the three couldn't take it and would be coming home to bed like themselves. But it's amazing how stubborn a chap can be when he thinks someone's hoping to see him give in, isn't it?

The night was the worst part. True, we all crowded into one tent for warmth—lucky we weren't very big Scouts—but the wind seemed to get in everywhere and it was

even more determined and spiteful than it had been during the day. We put on all the clothes we had, day clothes and night clothes, raincoats, sleeping-bags, blankets, the lot. We took turns holding our hands over the hurricane lamp for warmth. We tried to do P.T. exercises, but with three Scouts in a two-Scout tent there wasn't much room for arms full stretch, although the knees full bend wouldn't have been too bad except that we collided and knocked each other over.

At long last, the dawn began to creep into the cracks where only the wind had come before. It didn't come up like thunder, as it's supposed to do in the East; it came up more as though it was half-frozen and didn't want to get out of bed.

The three pioneers were glad to see it, though. Off we went to the woods, racing each other down one hill and up the other to get our cramped, cold bodies back to life.

There was soon another camp fire blazing away by the tents and a plentiful supply of hot cocoa and kippers, all a bit mixed up together, because the billy with the cocoa in it had upset into the kipper pan. But who cares about a little thing like that in camp—especially *this* camp?

We cleared breakfast, then went for a cross-country. None of us were really keen cross-countryers, but we'd all got worn track-suits, so we thought it was a good idea. On the way back, we gathered more wood, ready to set about the task of preparing dinner.

No stewed steak this time. Beans, of course. What is camp without beans? Eggs and bacon; two kippers left over from breakfast time, cooked without cocoa this time; fried bread and bangers. A terrific dinner! Never in the world of winter camps has there been such a dinner! Those three who didn't turn up were going to be green with envy when they heard about it.

Strangely, after the meal had been eaten and the utensils washed, interest in the camp

seemed to die away. When Ken suggested that maybe we ought to go home early before it got dark we all felt quite seriously that he might be right. After all, our loving mothers had been very brave in allowing



They ran to get cramped, cold bodies back to life

us to come out like this as it was, and it really was only fair to get back early and let the folk at home see that all was well. Besides, we said, as an afterthought, there was all the camp gear to put away first.

So into the truck went all the equipment, folded tents on top, and off we went, swinging gaily down the hill singing at the tops of our voices:

“We love to go a-ca-hamping
Out in the frost and sleet;
Our toes are froze;
Oh, how it blows;
And we can't feel our feet.”

“How did you enjoy camp?” was the question on Monday morning.

Cold Comfort Camp

"Coo, smashing! You were daft not to come."

"We had the superest dinner any camp's ever had *ever!*"

"Fancy cooping yourselves up indoors!"

"When're you going again?"

"Haven't decided, but it's your turn next time—so don't miss it."



The pioneers boasted of the joys of winter camp

CYCLE TIPS

You will often find that when the inner tube of your cycle splits it will continue to do so even though a large patch is placed over it. The way to remedy this is to nick each end of the split with scissors in the form of a letter T before repairing. The slit cannot spread any farther and a sound job is made of the repair.

After a cycle tyre has gone for a long time without punctures, you will probably find the valve very difficult to remove. Force is not much use, for generally the valve tubing is left behind. To prevent this, hold two or three lighted matches under the valve for some seconds, when the metal will expand and the valve should come out quite easily.

If you have neglected your cycle and rust appears on the bright parts, here is a good way of removing it. Obtain some bath brick and grind a little in the lid of a tin. Then add enough lubricating oil to make it into a fairly thick paste. Rub this on the rusted parts and in a very short time the disfiguring coat will have disappeared.

Scouts whose cycles are fitted with rubber pedals will find that after a few months of constant wear the rubber will become worn and probably drop off. This hint, therefore, should prove of use: Procure a length of old motor-cycle or car inner tubing, and cut off a piece the length of your pedal rubbers. Slip the tubing over the pedals, where it will serve the dual purpose of preventing further wear and the old rubbers from falling off.



BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE

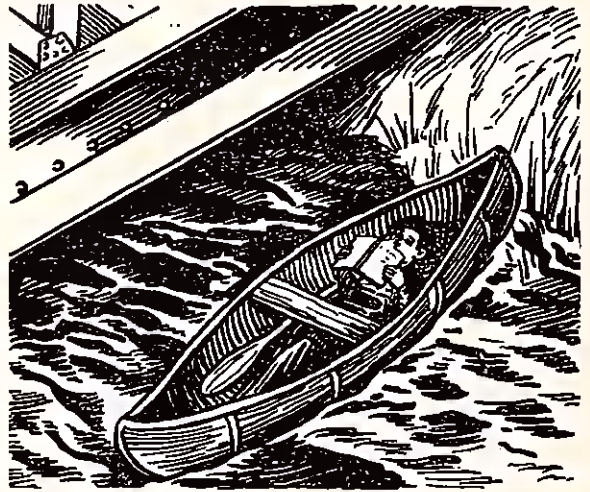
by WM. J. BLEEKS



When Baden-Powell was visiting the people of Ashanti the chief welcomed him by putting forward his left hand, saying, "In my country the bravest of the brave shake with the left hand." It was fitting that this should become the symbol of our Movement, because when during the Second World War many Scouts were faced with terror and extreme hardship they acted with great bravery. Courageous deeds were enacted, not only at home by British Scouts but by Scouts of many nationalities all over the world.

In 1940, when the Germans occupied Holland, eighteen-year-old Jan Van Hoaf was a member of the Dutch underground and helped to forge papers and carry messages. During the occupation, Scouting was forbidden, but carried on in secret, even producing its own newspaper, *Fighting Youth*. In 1941 Jan became a Rover. He was enrolled in a wood, and throughout the ceremony the thump of jackboots could be heard as the Germans drilled near by.

After many dark months of war the news arrived that the Allies had landed in Normandy. The Scouts immediately set about making plans to help them when they arrived in Holland. Jan saw that in order that the Allied advance should not be hindered the bridge over the river at Nymegen must not be destroyed. He joined the local canoe club and spent



many hours lying on his back in a canoe. He studied the massive steel structure and the complicated German fortifications. He also watched the enemy plant many charges of explosives in order to blow up the bridge should they be forced to retreat.

On September 17th hundreds of Allied parachutists dropped quietly into the woods around Nymegen, and the whole area became a battleground. For days the massive bridge was swept by shells and gunfire. It seemed impossible that anyone could get near it, let alone reach a position to render harmless the explosives.

Then one night Jan astounded his



Air Scouts give a wash-and-brush-up to the big York transport plane that is now a bunkhouse at the Scout Air Training Base at Lasham, Hampshire



Middlesex Air Scouts feel on top of the world on the York aircraft, which has behind it twenty years of active service with R.A.F. Transport Command and ten years as one of the Dan-Air fleet

AIR SCOUTING THRILLS



One of the 14th Chingford Senior Air Scouts prepares to demonstrate the special ascending parachute at an Air Scout display



Photos: Jim Laurence

Up he goes—the ascending parachute in mid-air

SEA SCOUTING



Guernsey Sea Scouts make a raft



One (shoeshine) for the road



Photos: R. D. Herbert

In the Solent at the Isle of Wight Sea Scout Regatta

Sea Scouts of the 3rd Hillingdon, winners of the silver cup for gig pulling at the National Sea Scout Regatta at Kingston-on-Thames

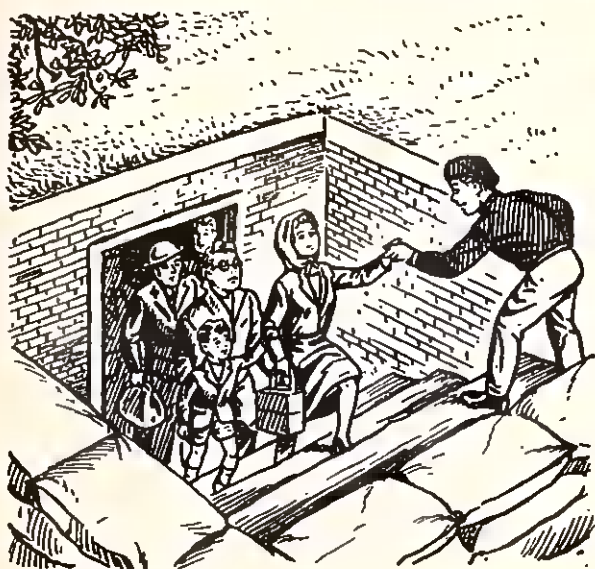
Photos: Norman A. Howe



Bravest of the Brave

family by calmly announcing, "Thank God, the bridge is saved." How he achieved his impossible task we shall never know. The day after he had carried out his magnificent act of courage he was killed by a German shell. Jan Van Hoaf is one of the greatest of the Scout Movement's heroes.

Throughout all Europe thousands of Scouts upheld their Law and Promise and carried on their activities in secret when the Movement was declared illegal by the Gestapo. When Czechoslovakia was overrun in 1939 this oath was renewed in



secret by Scouts in all parts of that country: "On my honour I will do my duty to my country. I shall love my brother Scouts, whom I shall never betray, and I am ready to make the sacrifice of my life."

The same bravery was shown by the people of Poland, a country which has suffered more than any other country in Europe. Some of the Scouts formed the famous "Beeches" patrol, so called because they made many expeditions and missions into the beech forest. They harassed the enemy in many ways, rang-

ing from the defacing of posters to blowing up ammunition trains. One of the patrol's members was captured, cruelly tortured and finally beaten to death. The brave Scout died uttering the words of a Polish poem: "I implore the still living not to lose hope."

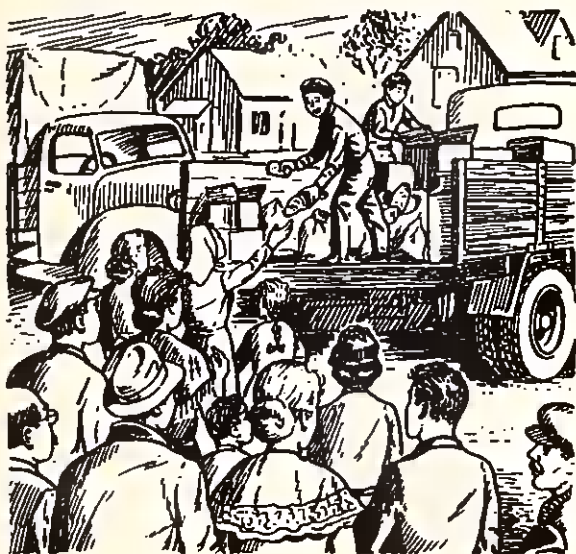
In Northern Europe the resistance of the stout-hearted people of Norway became a legend, and again the Boy Scouts played no small part. The most astonishing thing was the way in which extremely young boys faced their man-size tasks. Even the Cubs were active members of the underground!

One of the heroes of Norway was a fifteen-year-old Scout, Eric Knoll, who, because of his knowledge of map-reading, made nearly a hundred trips across the Swedish border, smuggling agents and prisoners out of Norway. His gallant work was the means of saving scores of lives and freeing valuable men. The Germans eventually captured him, but, unable to force any information from him, they sent him to a concentration camp, where he died.

France is the place most people usually associate with the Resistance, and it had been estimated that in some parts of that country seventy-five per cent of the underground workers had, at one time or other, been connected with the Scout Movement. But it was not only in the Resistance that the Movement played an important part.

One day a young French Scout, Noel, rescued four people from an air-raid fire, helped soldiers in other rescue work, and rounded off a busy day by helping the police direct traffic.

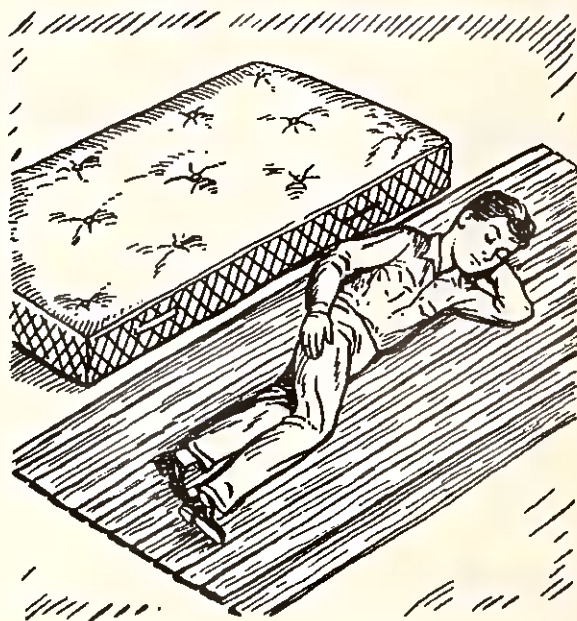
With two friends, two lorries and a motor-cycle, a Rover, Jean Pierre Com-boudon, set himself the task of collecting food for air-raid victims of Issy, a suburb of Paris. He went out into the surrounding country and in spite of being held up by a burst tyre, a fire in one of the lorries and an air raid he returned with thirty tons of food.



This helped twenty-five thousand people survive until the arrival of the Americans.

There is another kind of heroism, less glamorous and spectacular but requiring

to an even greater degree the resolution which was shown by all Scouts. If it was difficult to keep the flame of Scouting alive in the midst of the terror and danger of battle it was even more difficult in the midst of the degradation of captivity. Yet there was hardly a prisoner-of-war or concentration camp which did not have a Rover Crew of some kind. One of the most famous was that known as the Clan de L'Etape. Before becoming a member a candidate had to pass certain tests. He had to bathe in a pond of water in mid-winter when the temperature was well below freezing-point. He had to lie for three nights along the edges of wooden planks, with

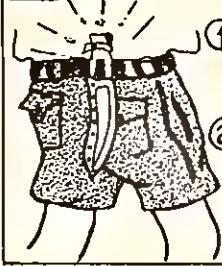


a soft mattress lying a few feet away. In this way they built up a spirit which was never broken. The members of this famous Rover Crew kept a log-book, and this remarkable record is now kept in the Training Centre at Gilwell. It is a record of the supreme courage of some of those who could truly be called "bravest of the brave."

TAKE A TIP....

....BY PIP

OCCASIONS WHEN YOU MUST NOT HAVE A KNIFE...



- ① CHURCH PARADES
- ② ROUGH & TUMBLE GAMES.

TO REMOVE A STUBBORN PEG



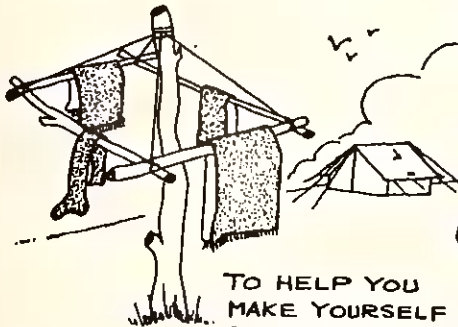
PRESS DOWN ON TENT PEG 'A'.

GET ALL YOUR PATROL TO FOLD THEIR SCARVES THIS WAY....

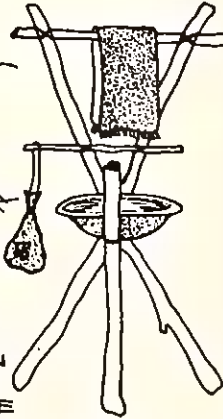


POINT AS LONG AS YOUR FIRST FINGER,

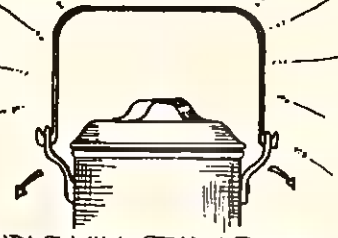
LOOKS NEAT AND TIDY.



TO HELP YOU MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE IN CAMP AND TO KEEP THINGS IN SOME SORT OF ORDER, BE SURE TO MAKE GOOD CAMP GADGETS.



IF YOU BEND THE LUGS OF YOUR BILLY-CAN HANDLE SLIGHTLY OUTWARDS, THE



HANDLE WILL STAY UP WITHOUT THE USE OF ANY GADGETS - NO BURNT FINGERS!



COUNTRY-SIDE CREATURES

THE SHREW

The Common Shrew, a red-brown, tiny, mouse-like creature with a snout-like nose, has such a large appetite that it cannot live for longer than two to three hours without food, such as insects, worms and snails. Thus it is active night and day. One kept

in captivity ate insects and worms continually for an hour, then was so full up it slept for an hour, when it woke up and continued feeding. It is able to run very fast and can bury itself within twelve seconds to escape from an enemy. It measures three inches in length; the tail is about another three inches long.

The Pigmy Shrew is the smallest British mammal, being about $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length, with a tail about the same length. It has a large appetite for so small an animal and must eat continually. If kept in a cage or box for only a few minutes without food it will die. It may also die of fright. If a box is placed over one, plunging it suddenly into darkness it will lie down and die at once.

The chief enemies of the Shrew are the Viper, the Stoat, the Weasel, and birds-of-prey such as the Hawk and the Owl. The Shrew does not hibernate and can often be seen during winter in ditches and woodland glades, searching amongst heaps of old fallen leaves and under small branches, twigs, etc., for hidden insects.



The CAMP that DISAPPEARED

By
**LEIGHTON
HOUGHTON**

"This is what I call a camp site." Nigel, squatting beside the newly made hearth weaving a lattice of green branches for the grease-pit cover, glanced round with a satisfied expression. "What price civilization now? Not a sound for miles except the wood-pigeons——"

He was interrupted by a piercing scream, followed immediately by a resounding splash.

"So much for your unbroken calm!" I stood up, turning towards the river. "Guess you reckoned without Denny. Something tells me he's fallen in."

We ran together through the trees to the river bank. Denny was sitting in the water, submerged to his waist, and the two billies which he had been sent to fill were bobbing slowly downstream, caught by the current. We each seized a hand and heaved him back on to dry land.

"You would have to slip." Nigel regarded his soaked and dripping figure without sympathy. "And those happen to be the only two billies we possess. You'd better wade after them before they disappear."

"Flipping mud!" Denny shook himself, his shorts sticking uncomfortably about his thighs. "Lucky for me it wasn't any deeper—might have been drowned. I'd just picked a way through the reeds when—whoosh! Took my breath away."

"The billies," said Nigel again. "For Pete's sake, go and get them."

"You're a heck of a comfort, you are," said Denny, with a look of disgust. "Chuck us that stick lying under the tree and I'll be able to hook them."

It was not until he had waded out and regained the billies and was back in camp

The Camp That Disappeared

changing into dry clothes that the full significance of his accident was apparent.

Nigel had made the fireplace, removing a turf and surrounding the hearth with stones, while I was collecting a supply of firewood. I had prepared a miniature pyramid of small, dry twigs round the remnants of an old bird's nest.

"All set!" I called out, without turning. "Heave over the matches, whoever's got them."

Nigel, engaged in peeling potatoes, yelled, "Denny, Chris wants the matches!"

Denny's head appeared between the tent flaps.

"Cor, I've only just remembered. I had them in my shorts pocket. I guess they've had it."

He came slowly towards me, holding a sodden book of matches from which the label had peeled; water still dripped from it. One glance told us that the matches were beyond hope.

"They're useless." I tipped them into my hand. "You won't get a flame out of these in a month of Sundays!"

"You might dry them by the fire——"

"When we've got a fire," Nigel cut in. "But we haven't got a fire and I don't see how we can get one, you dope. Of all the things to happen! If there was a bit of sun we might manage with my watch glass, but there isn't any sun. All that's left is rubbing sticks together and somehow I can't see us making that work. As though you haven't caused enough trouble already!"

It was, indeed, Denny's fault that we had failed to reach our intended camp site, which lay some ten miles to the north. His front tyre, patched already, had split, and as it was late afternoon there had been no choice but to camp on the spot. Nigel had spotted the big house lying back from the road. An elderly gentleman dressed in tweeds which smelt of peat and heather had told us we might pitch on his land "if you'll noo be gaffing the salmon on the quiet". Having been assured that we had no intention of

robbing his preserves, he had directed us to the glade where we had made our camp.

It was fine, wild country hereabouts, with the river cascading in angry flurries over a rock-strewn bed, the murmurous song of pigeons in the pine-trees, and sometimes the plaintive cry of the grouse on the moors behind us—*goback, goback, goback*. Cycling along the dusty, rutted road which skirted the moors we had seen two heavily antlered stags silhouetted against the sky. In fact, Denny hadn't done us such a bad turn.

We were arguing so fiercely about our inability to light our fire that none of us heard the approaching footsteps until a stranger came suddenly into view, his nailed boots crunching on the pine-needles. He nodded to us and stopped by the hearth.

"The laird mentioned you were down here, an' I thought I'd look by an' ken you were all right. It's groom an' gardener an' whatever you please that I am at the big hoose."

Nigel burst out immediately with an account of our predicament.

"Aye, now." The man nodded, his lips pursed. "You could borrow from the big hoose, but I'd no' do that this evening, for they've a dinner party an' would no' like being disturbed. If I were a smoking man I'd loan you a box, but I'm not. But didn't the laird tell ye that there's another Scoot camping a mile down the river? Aye, but it's so. He'll be able to help you, I haven't a doubt."

Nigel turned to me.

"You two go and see if you can find this lone Scout. I'll stay in camp and go on preparing the tea—in hope. Make it snappy, because I'm half starving."

Denny and I followed the river. For over half a mile the trees hugged the bank and we had to fight our way through tangled undergrowth and scrub, the river foaming and seething over its rocky bed at our side. Just as we broke from the woods Denny, who was ahead, gave a cry and fell forward on his face.

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"You're not hurt, are you?" I ran to his side, but he was up before I reached him.

"Caught my foot in an old rabbit burrow." He paused abruptly, staring at a clump of bushes. "I say, look what's under that bush."

He went on all-fours and dragged into view a bag made of stout, stitched paper, the kind used to hold fertilizers and cattle food. As he pulled it forward a handful of white powder sprinkled over the grass.

"Funny place to leave it, isn't it? I mean, well, there isn't a house or a cottage for a couple of miles. What is it, d'you think?"

I licked a finger, touched some of the spilled powder and put it on my tongue, but at the first taste I spat it out. It had a bitter, acid-like flavour and it burned. I went to the river and, cupping my hands, washed out my mouth with water.

"It's not sugar, if that's what you're thinking," I said, grimacing. "Better leave it alone. It tastes like a weed-killer."

But Denny had already pushed it back beneath the leaves and was pointing ahead where the ground, rough grassland now, rose in a gentle slope.

"Wood smoke! That'll be where he's camping."

Beyond the rise, in a shallow depression beside the river, there was pitched a one-man hike tent, and a few yards away, bacon and egg sizzled appetizingly over a small fire. A Scout, his back towards us, was squatting on the turf, writing in a note-book. He turned as we shouted, waving his hand.

"Where have you two sprung from?" He was older than either of us and wore a First Class badge. "I thought I had the place to myself."

We introduced ourselves and explained what had brought us in search of him

"Matches?" He clicked his tongue. "Never use 'em myself. I'm on a lone hike, doing a spot of work for my Bushman's Thong—one night stands, you know."

"Well, how did you light your fire?" I asked him. "You're not going to tell us you

rubbed two sticks together like an aborigine? You say you don't use matches."

"No, boy, I'm fully civilized." He grinned, and, putting a hand into his shirt pocket, tossed a brass petrol lighter into my lap. "There's my fire-maker—much more handy than a box of matches. You're welcome to borrow it, provided I get it back before bedtime. I'm planning to make an early start in the morning."

We stayed on a while, chatting about our respective Troops; then, promising to return the lighter within an hour, we set off back to our own camp.

Nigel had the tea ready, except of course for the cooking of it, and it was only a moment's work to light my fire. By this time we were all so hungry that we agreed the return of the lighter could wait until our appetites were satisfied.

The light was beginning to fade when I started back for the lone Scout's camp, Denny and Nigel staying behind to wash up and unpack the sleeping-bags. Among the trees the owls were calling and little bats flitted and dived in the shadows.

As I came into the open my foot kicked something and I glanced down. It was a dead weasel lying in the patch of white powder which Denny had spilled from the bag. As I picked it up I looked towards the bushes. The sack was no longer there.

The weasel was stiff and cold, its mouth gaping, showing needle-like teeth, the thin, red tongue protruding. I wondered vaguely what had caused its death, for its body appeared unmarked. I flung it into the undergrowth and went on up the slope, feeling in my pocket for the lighter.

But when I reached the crest I stopped, staring in astonishment. The lone Scout and his camp had completely disappeared. Faintly on the turf I could make out the place where his tent had been pitched—or was it only my imagination? There was no sign of his fireplace. I searched the place pretty thoroughly, but I did not find so much as a charred stick. I stood, gazing round me,

The Camp That Disappeared

puzzled and mystified. I was sure this was the place where he had been camping. Why, then, had he packed up and vanished without making any attempt to regain his petrol lighter?

A footstep sounded behind me and I spun round. The man who had visited us at our camp was standing on the edge of the woods, watching me. There was something suspicious and wary about his attitude.

I said, "I wanted the Scout who was camping here. You haven't seen him?"

"Scout? What Scout?" He spoke in a surly voice, making no move. "There's three Scouts a couple of miles upstream——"

"I'm one of them. There was another Scout here this afternoon. We borrowed his lighter. It was you who told me he was camping here."

"There's been no Scout hereabout," he said brusquely.

"But you told us yourself—and we talked to him."

"There's none but you three. There's been none camping down these parts."

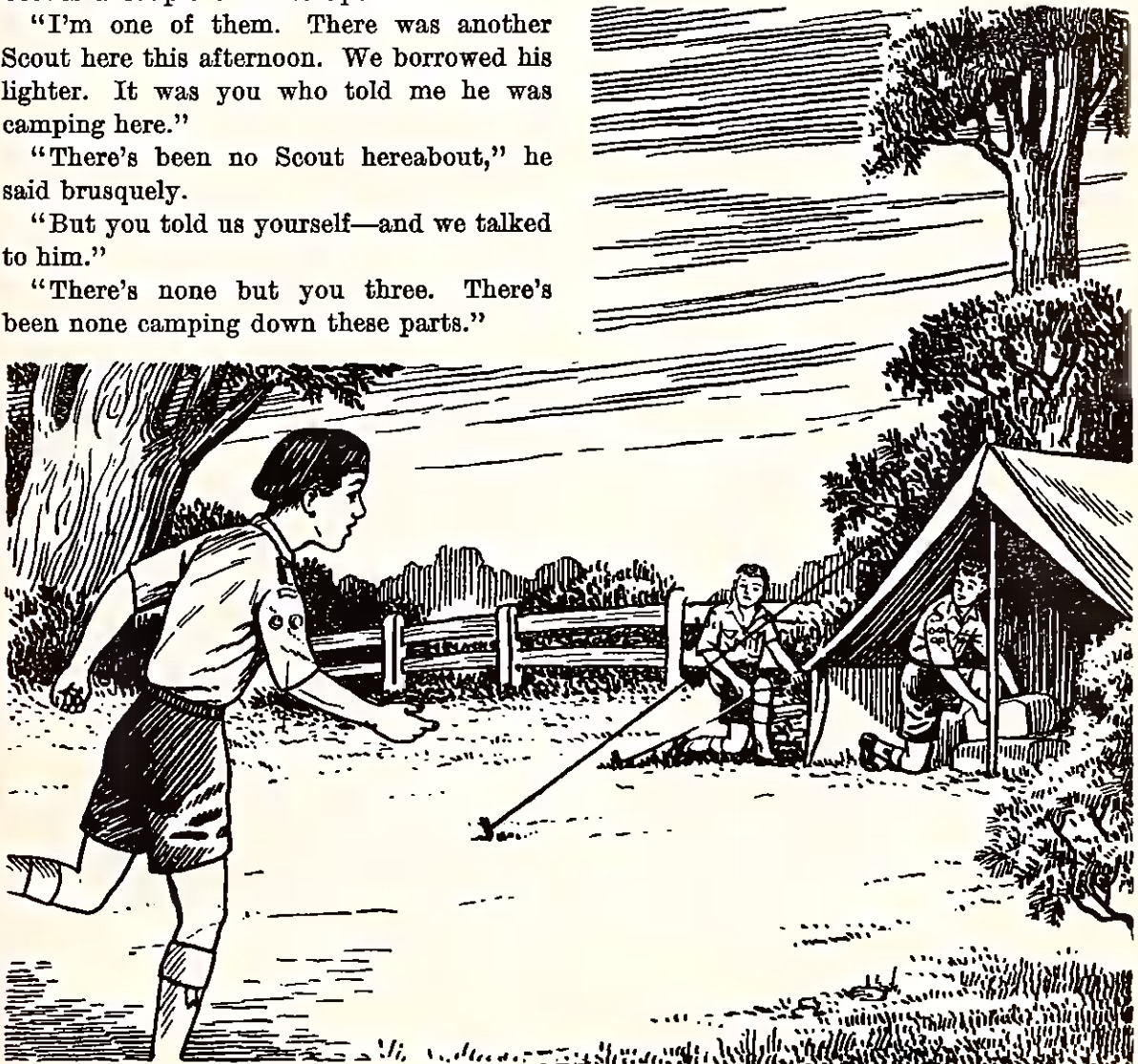
I felt suddenly angry and exasperated. "It was you who told us!"

"Hoch noo; it's dreaming you are! I told you no such thing. There's been no Scouts but yourselves."

He swung round on his heel and went quickly into the trees.

I ran all the way back to camp, bursting breathlessly on to the glade where our tent was pitched. Nigel was arranging the sleeping-bags in the tent and Denny was adjusting a guy-rope.

"What's up with you?" Denny regarded



"What's up with you?" demanded Denny, as I burst into the glade

me curiously. "You look mad about something."

"Denny." I collapsed on to the grass, panting. "That Scout, Denny. Well, he's gone—he's not there now. And that man who told us about him swears he never was there."

"So what?" Denny stretched lazily. "Maybe he decided to move off somewhere else."

"But I've got his lighter. What worries me is that the man who looked in on us and told us about him now says he never sent us there. There's not a sign of the camp. I couldn't even find where he'd made his fire. There's something wrong, Denny. I've got a hunch that Scout is in trouble!"

"What's all the hoo-ha?" Nigel peered out of the tent.

After a short discussion it was agreed that we should visit the camp site together. When we reached it it was as deserted as I had found it previously, except that now the man was squatting on the outskirts of the trees. He rose, frowning, as he saw us.

"What is it you're after noo?" His attitude was hostile. "Did you no' understand the laird does no' allow folks trampling over the grassland? It's in the woods you had permission to camp. My advice to ye is to stay there. If I find you hereabouts again I'll have to be telling him you ought not to be staying on his land at all. I'm warning ye."

Denny said, "We came to see the Scout that was here. We borrowed his lighter and promised to return it."

"Ach, noo, is this a joke you're playing?" The man came angrily towards us. "Have I no' told ye there was no Scout here—no Scout at all? The laird does not allow strangers except in the woods. And that's where you'd best be keeping to."

"But you told us yourself," insisted Denny. "Besides, we sat here and talked to him, and he lent us his lighter."

The man suddenly clenched his fist and came forward threateningly.

"I'll no' listen to ye! Will you be away?"

If I see any of ye around here again I'll have ye sent packing. It needs only a word from me an' the laird'll tell you to quit."

I caught Denny's sleeve and pulled him towards the trees, to which Nigel had already retreated.

"There's no sense in arguing," I said briefly.

As we reached the woods Denny stopped,



The Camp That Disappeared

gesturing angrily. "The man's lying! What's behind it, that's what I want to know? That Scout told us he was camping here till tomorrow, and now he's vanished." He swung round to face Nigel. "I suppose you don't think we both dreamed it up, do you?"

"Of course you haven't. While you were talking I picked this up." Nigel held out his hand. Lying in his palm was a metal

tent-peg. "That's not one of ours. I'd say it's time to do a spot of investigating. First thing, though, is to make that fellow think we've retired from the scene."

We made our way noisily through the undergrowth for a couple of hundred yards, then, led by Nigel, doubled back, moving now in silence, picking each step for fear of treading on a cracking branch, dodging into the deep shadows beneath the larger trees. Once a bird broke with a great cackling from a nearby bush, and we all stood frozen, straining our ears, for fear it should have betrayed our presence. As we crossed a glade an owl floated within a few yards of us, huge and ghost-like, on silent wings.

When at last we reached the wood's edge we were above the depression where the Scout had had his camp and the night-shadowed sky shrouded the open fields in twilight.

"Think with the mind of the hunted." Nigel paused, glancing round him. "That Scout didn't just pack up and leave of his own accord. He'd have come after his lighter first. Okay, then—somebody forced him to move. Where would he be taken to—to make sure he didn't come back or contact us?"

"You're giving me the creeps." Denny shivered. "Why would anybody want to move him?"

"Search me! You two wait here. I'll be back in a minute, but if I give you the owl call come to me. Don't let our friend see you, though; he's around somewhere, you can be sure of that."

He went down on all-fours and crawled into the open. For a moment we saw him moving through the rough grass, then the dusk swallowed him. For several minutes there was nothing except the quiet, weird noises of the woods: the fall of a dead bough, the startled cry of a bird.

Suddenly we heard the owl call.

"He's somewhere ahead." I pulled Denny on to the ground. "Keep low and no talking."

We found Nigel crouching beneath a loose-stone wall. We huddled beside him and he



Nigel was crouching beneath a stone wall

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spoke in a hoarse whisper. He was excited.

"I reckon I've found it. There's a kind of barn in the field over this wall."

I said quickly, "I'll go and see."

I slithered over the wall and found myself in a ploughed field. I could see the black mass of the barn against the farther skyline. It was a small building roughly made of creosoted boards, the walls unbroken by windows.

I ran, doubled up, round the edge of the field. The barn had a stout door closed by a hinged beam. I lifted it free of its slot, let it fall back and heaved the weighty door open.

"Anyone here?"

Something stirred in the darkness. I hesitated, straining my eyes into the blackness. There was an abrupt movement; something hurled towards me, crashing into my chest, and I was rolling over on the stony ground outside with someone on top of me.

"For Pete's sake!" I grabbed a leg, struggled out of a throttling grip and pushed him away from me. "I'm one of the Scouts who borrowed your lighter. What's the big idea? We came to find you."

"You tell me the big idea, buddy." He was standing over me now, breathing heavily. "I thought I was stuck there for the night. I gave up yelling an hour ago; it was pretty obvious there wasn't anyone to hear."

"Yep, but who put you there—and why?"

"You tell me," he said again. "I was sitting by the fire, supping cocoa, when—whiz-bang!—there was a sack over my head. I was carried up here and pitched into this place. Not so much as a word spoken or a by-your-leave. I tell you, I was mad—but there wasn't anyone to be mad with; they barred the door and did a bunk."

I was telling him how all signs of his camp had been cleared away when suddenly I caught the low mutter of voices.

"Someone coming. You nip back in the barn in case they take a look; I'll let you out as soon as they've gone."

I dropped the bar into place after him and crouched at the back of the building. There was the noise of approaching footsteps and three men came out of the darkness. They passed within a couple of yards of me, ignoring the barn. I recognised one of them as the man we had already met. He was carrying a stitched paper bag exactly similar to the one which Denny had found beneath the bush. All at once I remembered the dead weasel lying in the patch of white powder. Whatever was in that sack was deadly poison.

They went on towards the river bank. Presently I opened the barn door, and the two of us, moving with extreme stealth, crept to where Nigel and Denny were waiting.

We had hardly begun our hurried, whispered explanations when the darkness below us was lit by orange flames. A man's voice shouted something and there was a violent splashing. Nigel jerked his head towards the river and, following him, we crept on our stomachs to the top of the slope which sheltered the hollow where the Scout had camped.

There were flares burning on the river bank, their dancing flames blown this way and that by the night breeze, black, oily smoke trailing into the sky, the water flecked with patches of light. The man whom we had encountered had waded into the centre of the river upstream, his legs encased in thigh-length gum-boots, and he was throwing handfuls of the white powder on to the surface, so that a wide band of creamy water lapped from bank to bank.

But it was his two companions who caught our attention. They were fifty yards downstream, both waist-deep in the river, threshing and beating the water with bushy branches, shouting and yelling as they waded slowly towards us, fighting against the current.

"What on earth's the idea?" Denny's lips were pressed to my ear. "Are they all clean batty?"

It was then that the first fish leapt—a huge, silvery body somersaulting through the air where the powder had whitened the

The Camp That Disappeared

water. The man had thrown away the sack, and now he rushed forward, holding a landing net, to catch the salmon before it touched the water again. Hardly was it in the net than another leapt, and another, their great bodies glittering in the light of the flares, mouths gaping and tails thrashing.

The Lone Scout seized my arm.

"Poaching, that's what they're up to. They've poisoned the water so that the salmon can't pass through and those two are driving the fish upstream."

"And if there's any evidence to show what's happened when tomorrow comes," said Nigel hoarsely, "I've a pretty good idea who'll get the blame. You fellows stick here. I'm going to the laird's house."

But the poaching was all over before Nigel had returned. The men waded on to the bank,

where a dozen huge fish lay in silvery splendour on the grass, illuminated by the dying flares. The men had lit cigarettes and were resting after their exertions, talking softly.

It was then that Denny moved, and in doing so snapped a dry twig. In the stillness of the night it burst out sharply.

One of the men sprang up, staring towards the place where we lay. None of us moved, flattening ourselves into the ground, hardly daring to breathe.

The man said, "I heard summat." He came heavily up the slope directly towards us.

We all sprang up together and turned and fled, heading for the trees.

The man was taken by surprise. I heard his cry of fury and the heavy thud of his waders behind me, but already we were lengthening the distance which separated us.

Suddenly I heard Denny shout. I glanced back and saw him stumble and fall. The man came quickly on. I spun round, raced back, and as the man kicked savagely at Denny's ribs, missing him by inches, I lowered my head and butted at his stomach. He gave a



As the man kicked savagely at Denny I lowered my head and butted him

dry gasp, clutching at my shirt, and then we were rolling down the slope to where his two companions were waiting.

But as they sprang at me a brilliant beam of light stabbed the darkness. Voices shouted from above, and there were people running towards us. One of the three men sprang backwards, tripped and fell into the river, raising a great shower of spray. A second tried to gather up the salmon, flinging them into the landing net, only to find himself surrounded by the laird and his companions. The third—the one who had visited our camp—made a wild dash up the slope, where he was vigorously tackled by the lone Scout and brought down.

"Sodium chloride." The laird picked up the bag and tipped some of the white powder

into his palm. "Poison a belt of water with this and—hoch, mon!—there's not a fish that could pass it. I ken it's a fine way to poach the salmon, a great deal quicker than working with a gaff."

Later we found the lone Scout's camping equipment hidden in a nearby ditch. The laird treated us all to a fine supper at the big house and assured us that any time we had a mind to camp on his estate we would be welcome.

"Aye, noo, and if there's any of ye partial to a bit o' salmon-fishing, the river's all yours. What's more, I'll lend ye a fine rod and show ye the reet way to cast a fly."

AUSTRALIAN SCOUTS

Most Scouts in Australia live on the east coast in the states of New South Wales and Victoria. Periodically they hold a Jamboree, which, in Australia, is called a Corroboree. Places where they hold these Corroborees include Chatswood, Melbourne and Sydney. At these gatherings they may display models of all kinds and sizes as well as put on a display to show how well they have mastered hut-buildings and fire drill.

In aid of Troop funds they sometimes hold a "Salmagundo" and dance. Scouts in uniform take charge of the supper arrangements.

The Scouts on the west coast are mainly in Perth and Fremantle and do excellent charitable work in conjunction with the church, which is mainly Presbyterian in denomination. —M.B.

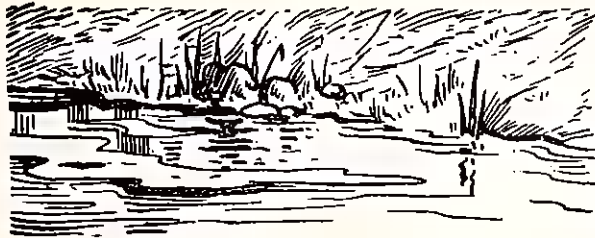


ANSWERS

1—Scout; Trout; 2—Wheel; Eel; 3—Bowl; Sole; 4—Pod; Cod; 5—Ark; Shark; 6—Gate; Skate.

EELS ARE FUN

SAYS CHARLES NORMAN



Many Scouts like fishing, and are usually happier when they camp close to the water—there is so much more to do. The average Scout who is an angler needs to be told very little about normal fishing methods, but there is one branch of the sport he always seems to forget—eel-fishing. Catching roach or perch is a satisfying and restful pastime; stalking the wary chub is wonderful practice in angling without being seen or heard; but for excitement and thrills, and a good meal there is a lot to be said for fishing for eels.

Eels Galore

You will find eels in pretty well any water that contains fish. They thrive in ponds and lakes and are equally at home in rivers and canals. In tidal waters, and in the fens and drains around our coasts, they abound. We never realise how many of them there are simply because we rarely bother to fish for them.

The chap who knows all the answers will tell you they are a nuisance, that they tangle your tackle into a hopeless mess, that they give no sport, and that they are foul feeders. Well, so far as being a nuisance is concerned, fish of anything up to six pounds or so that will almost certainly take my bait at any time of the day, give me an exciting tussle,

and provide me with a delicious meal into the bargain, are the kind of nuisances I like. The chap who gives you grim details of the hopeless mess they will make of your tackle has probably caught one eel in his life and had no idea how to handle it. True, eels will tangle your tackle if you let them, but you would do the same if you were an eel in a similar predicament. The answer is not to let them. Now, about their sporting qualities. Just try catching them in the ways I shall describe and see what you think. To call them foul feeders is pure slander. They are much fussier about what they eat than trout, who at times will feed on almost any kind of rubbish.

How to Catch 'Em

The secret of catching eels is the same as the secret of catching any other species. It is simply offering the right bait in the right way in the right place. This is just about as useful as saying that painting a picture is just a matter of putting the right colours in the right places. So let us go into details.

A very useful method, which these days seems to have been completely forgotten, is bobbing. This is not really angling, because it needs no hook or, for that matter, any other tackle specially made

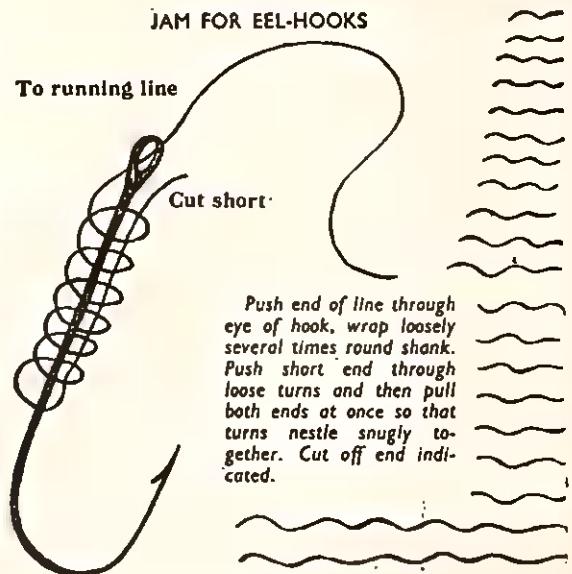
for fishing. But in river estuaries, in harbours and creeks, and in fenland drains, it gives terrific bags. To catch eels in this way you need a darning needle, some worsted thread, a length of strong twine, and a long straight stick—a fishing-rod will do. The bait is worms. Thread the needle with worsted and then thread the worms from head to tail. As this is rather a grisly business I would not advise asking your sister to do it for you, even if she is handier with a needle than you. Roll up the threaded worms into a bundle a few inches in diameter and attach this to the twine. At the water's edge tie the other end of the twine to your stick or rod and lower the worms to the bottom. If you arrange things so that the twine is about two feet shorter than the rod, you will find this tackle easy to handle.

Eels are Bold

Now settle down, holding the rod in your hands so that you can just feel the weight of the bait. Nothing will happen unless you have been lucky enough to drop your bait right under the nose of a customer. But eels have a wonderful sense of smell and very soon every eel in the neighbourhood will be making its way towards you. The first one that sees your ball of worms will jump at it and worry it like a terrier shaking a rat. Others will join in. You will feel first a vibration and then you will realise that the bundle of bait is being dragged over the bottom. Now all you have to do is lift the rod and gently swing the bundle ashore. At first the eels are too busy trying to get a good mouthful of worm to notice what is happening, and by the time they realise that something is wrong their teeth have become entangled in the worsted. Once they are out of the water, though, they

will soon disengage, and if you allow them will be off through the grass and back into the river like streaks of greased lightning. If you try to hold them they will wriggle through your fingers just as easily as through the grass. The best plan is to have a bucket handy and let the eels drop into this. Of course, some will drop off into the water and on to the bank, but as you will be pulling them out two or three at a time this should not bother you. It all adds to the excitement.

Bobbing, although in the right places it gives good catches, is not really angling. An even more exciting way to catch eels is to use a roving bait. Apart from your usual tackle, all you need for this is a yard or so of nylon or Terylene monofilament with a breaking strain of about six pounds and a few eyed eel-hooks. Size four is about the best. Attaching the hook may give you a little



difficulty at first. Monofilament is tricky stuff to knot and unless you use the proper jam you will lose both hooks and eels. The arrangement shown in the figure is not really a knot at all, but although it does not look very secure it will

Eels Are Fun

never slip if it is properly made and pulled tight.

For this exercise the bait is a dead minnow or any other small fish or piece of fish. A slice of herring is very good, because the eels can smell it a great way off. Whatever bait you use, though, it must be fresh or the eels will not want to know about it. If you are using a fresh-killed fish as bait, pierce its swim-bladder with a needle so that it will rest on the bottom and push the point of the hook through just behind its head so that the tail lies along the hook shank. If you are fishing in still water you will need no lead on the line, but in moving water squeeze on close to the hook just enough split shot to make the bait sink to the bottom.

Floatless Fishing

You do not require a float, which would be more hindrance than help. Just swing out the baited hook, let it sink to the bottom, hold the line between your fingertips, and wait for a few minutes. If there is no bite, pull the bait an inch or two towards you and again wait for a few minutes. Carry on in this way till you have the bait right at your feet, then lift it out and start again. Fishing like this you are not waiting for the eels to come to you. You search every square inch of the water for them, and if there are any at all you will find them. A bite is indicated by a gentle tug or series of tugs, followed by a firm steady pull as the fish moves off with the bait. Strike when it has gone about a yard, then be prepared for fireworks! The eel knows every trick in the book. He is tremendously strong for his size and can swim very fast for short distances. Just keep a steady strain on him, try to keep him away from snags and weeds, and, above all, do not try to get him out of the

water till he is exhausted. If you had hooked an ordinary fish of the same size, all you would have to do now would be to slip a landing-net beneath him and lift him out. But if you try this with an eel it really will make your tackle, landing-net as well, into the sort of bird's-nest you have heard about. Your best weapon is a sheet of newspaper, on which eels do not seem to be able to move fast—possibly because their bodies can get no grip on the smooth surface. Swing him out on to this, grab him behind the neck with one hand, cut the monofilament close to the hook, and pop him into your bag before he has time to realise what is happening. The hooks can be taken out later. For the present, just put on a fresh hook, bait it and catch another eel. With a little practice, you will be able to dispense with the newspaper and drop the eel tail-first into your bag. If you try this before you have got used to handling them, though, the eel is just as likely to finish up in your pocket or down your neck.



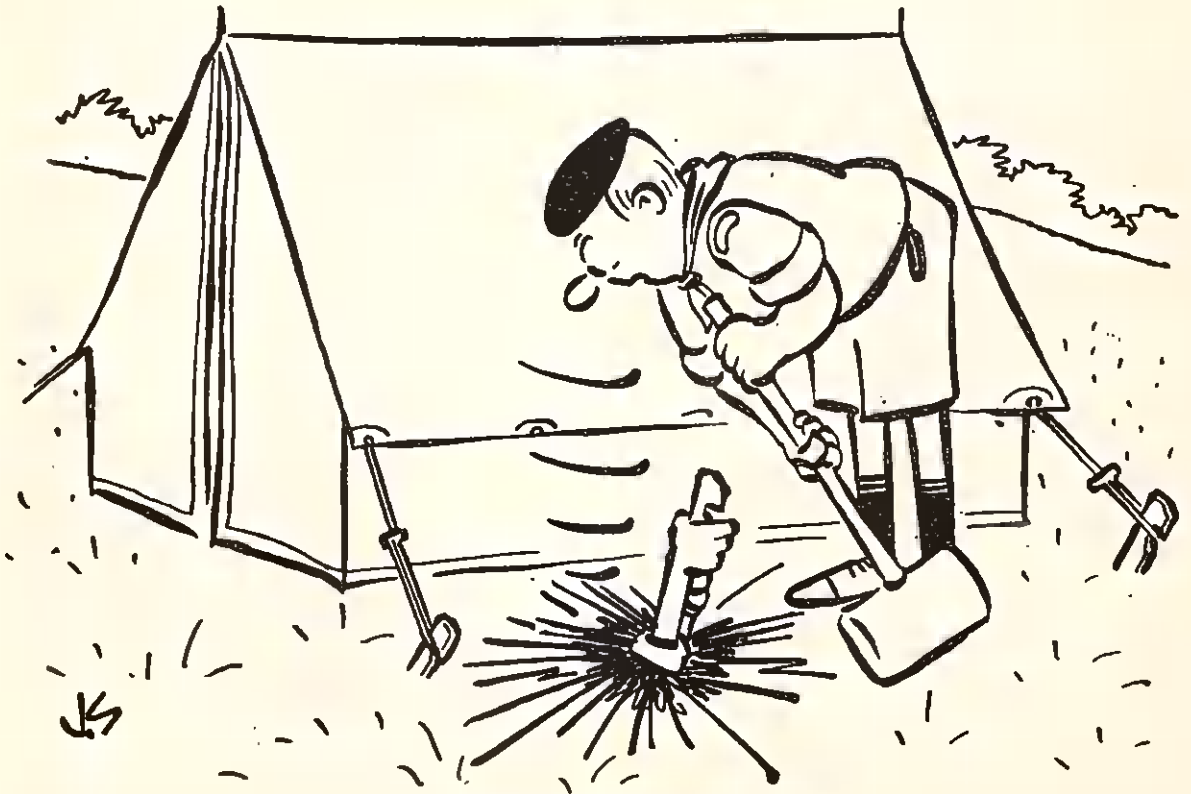
COUNTRYSIDE CREATURES

The Squirrel

The Grey Squirrel does not hibernate through the winter, although it is sometimes thought that it does. It builds its nest, called a "drey", amongst the topmost branches of a tree and therein spends cold periods during the winter asleep. As soon as the sun comes out on a fine day it wakes up and visits its store of food. The Grey Squirrel is an American animal. A few were brought to Britain and introduced as pets; others were kept in the London Zoo until they became so numerous that they were either set free or escaped into the surrounding countryside. Since then the Grey Squirrel has spread all over Britain and can even be seen in some of the London parks and gardens. It feeds on nuts, such as hazel and beechmast, pine-cones, young birds and eggs, fruit, some kinds of toadstools, insects, grain and roots. Foresters dislike it because it damages hundreds of young trees by feeding on the tender shoots. The Grey Squirrel opens a hazel-nut by sitting on its hind legs, holding the nut in its forepaws and gnawing away at one side of the nut with its razor-sharp teeth until the juicy kernel inside the shell is reached. It often runs down tree-trunks to search amongst vegetation near by. It will scamper quickly across roads, but it also crosses distances of several feet by leaping from tree to tree.



The true British squirrel, the shy Red Squirrel, is becoming rarer and is now mostly seen in the densely wooded areas of Wales and Scotland. It is sometimes killed by the fierce Grey Squirrel, which invades its territory.

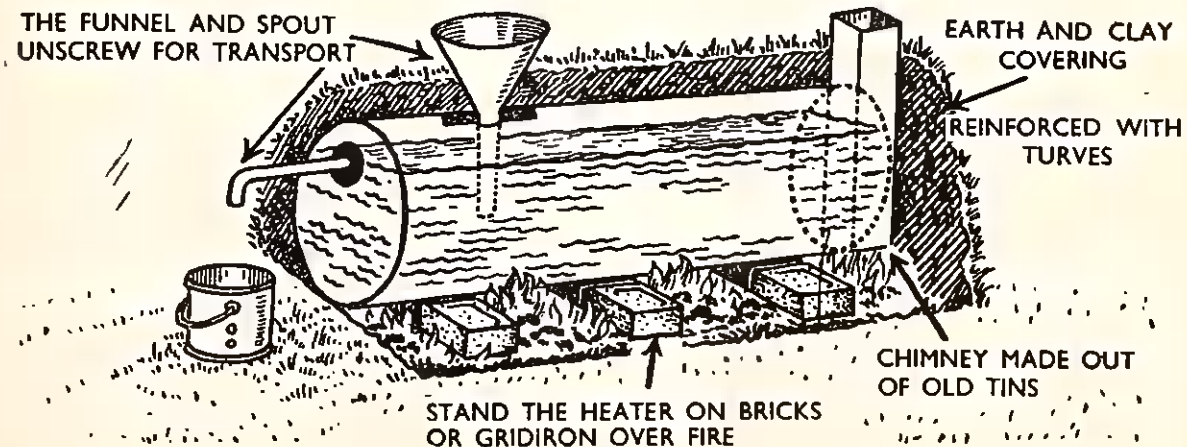


"Albert, did I hurt you?"

Scouting Has Many Faces

COMMONWEALTH P.L.'s TRAINING CAMP. A unique camp is to take place this year at Gilwell Park, the training centre on the edge of Epping Forest, Essex. It is a Training Camp for Commonwealth Patrol Leaders. The Chief Scout writes: "I want it to be clear at the outset that what is proposed is not a sort of Commonwealth Jamboree but an entirely new venture, which will bring together Patrol Leaders from every part of the Commonwealth. There will be a preference for those of 14 and 15." The Chief Scout has asked for the help of Scout Countries and Districts in offering hospitality to the Patrol Leaders from the Commonwealth after the Gilwell camp so that they will have an opportunity of seeing as much as possible of the United Kingdom before returning to their own country.

HOW TO MAKE A CAMP HOT-WATER MACHINE



AWARD-WINNING SCOUT FILM. When you see the 16 mm. documentary Scout film "Accent on Adventure", made by Scout Headquarters, remember it was awarded a gold medal for the best film of its class at the Second Scout Film Festival, Venice. In addition, it gained the "Golden Gondola Bow" as premier film out of the nineteen entries in the Festival. The film was mainly the work of Ted Wood and Jack Olden of Scout Headquarters Publicity Department, who travelled 6,000 miles and spent many weekends over a period of two years filming the many exciting scenes. "Accent on Adventure" sets to out show the tough and adventurous activities of Senior and Rover Scouts in the U.K. Included in the film are gliding, potholing, foreign expedition, rock-climbing, sailing, canoeing, pioneering and horse-riding. Additional sequences showing ski-ing and mountain-climbing under snow conditions were shot by Derek Mackenzie, an Edinburgh Scouter, in the Cairngorms, and scenes taken during a pony trek in Iceland were contributed by Robert Tate, an ex-member of the Epsom College Scout Group. "Accent on Adventure" was shot with no rehearsing and no professional actors. The film, which runs for 40 minutes, has background music and a spoken commentary. Copies have been purchased by the British Council for showing in seventeen countries.

QUEEN'S SCOUT CHANGES. Last year the Committee of the Council approved an additional requirement to the qualifications for the Queen's Scout Badge. The new rule means that to become a Queen's Scout a First Class Scout over the age of 15 years must on and after January 1st, 1965, have carried out a service to the community. The service should be approved by his Group Scoutmaster and can be done within the Scout Movement as, say, a Senior Scout instructor or by working with handicapped Scouts. Alternatively, it can be done outside the Movement as a Sunday School Teacher, in the hospital service or with any emergency service. The minimum qualifying duration is 24 working hours, either as regular service spread over six months or on a short-term project. It has always been a condition of the Queen's Scout Badge that the Scout gaining it places his training in Scoutcraft at the disposal of the community, but this is the first time that prospective Queen's Scouts have had to carry out specified acts of service.



IN LEOPARD COUNTRY

An Account of Scouting in Malawi

by Sydney R. Brown

When Sir Charles Maclean, the Chief Scout of the Commonwealth, visited Nyasaland, in East Africa, before it became the independent republic of Malawi, one of the most interesting places he inspected, from a Scout point of view, was the National Scout Headquarters at Zomba, in the southern part of the long and narrow country.

He flew there after seeing many other parts of the "Leopard Country", such as Lilongwe, Dedza, Mzuzu, Mzimba and Nkata Bay, and being impressed by the wonderful view from the air of "The Land of the Lake", as Malawi is also called.

At Zomba the National Headquarters is built half-way up a mountain, 3,250 feet above sea-level, and above it, also dug out of the mountain, is a camp-training site.

The Chief was met at the camp-fire circle and carried to the main "bwalo" in a "machila" made by one of the local Scouters. The Scouts and Cubs were hid-

ing in the long grass, and as the Chief from over the water was carried past them they ran out to join in the procession.

The boys then formed up on the bwalo and the Chief Scout opened the Zomba rally, the local Cubs giving the Grand Howl in both Nyanja and English.

The two highlights of the afternoon were a demonstration of lighting fires without matches and the presentation of a fine wall-plaque and a walking-stick in honour of the occasion to the Chief Scout.

Thanking the boys later, Sir Charles Maclean said, "I am thrilled with the stick and beautiful wall-plaque. It will give the many thousands of boys who will see them a tremendous thrill to know they were given to the Chief Scout by Scouts of Nyasaland."

Dick Belcher, the man who conducted the camp-fire at which the presentation was made, was then living at the National Scout Headquarters. He is an English-

In Leopard Country

man who went to Nyasaland in 1950 to act as Organising Commissioner for the whole country. He first joined the Scout Movement at Abbey Wood, near London, in 1924, and was one of the first members of his Troop to gain the First Class and King's Scout badges. The first complete Scout Group was registered at Imperial Headquarters in 1946, and by 1950 there were 314 Scouts in the country—not a very great number. Thanks largely to the efforts of Nyasaland's Organising Commissioner this number grew to over 4,000 by 1962 and to 5,000 by 1964, when he resigned.

"This number could be 50,000," said Dick Belcher recently, "if only we could find sufficient leaders."

Warrants are only issued to Scouters who have been to a training course, and as the standard of education is very low few proficiency badges are earned.

In one way the Scouts have to be more proficient than the boys in England—or France or Germany, for that matter—because they have to learn two languages: English and their native tongue.

Here is the CiTumbuka version of the Scout Promise and Law for Malawi. Can you decipher it?

KUPANGANA KWA SCOUT

Na mtima wane kupangana kucita makora.

- (a) Kutevetera Ciuta na calo cane
- (b) Kovwira vantu vose pa nyengo yose
- (c) Kupulikira dango la Scout.

MALANGO YA SCOUT

1. Wa Scout ncindi yake nkugomezgeka.
2. Wa Scout ngwa magomezgeko.
3. Wa Scout kacitiro kake nkakwenerera na kovwira yose.
4. Wa Scout ndi mbali wa vose na munyane wa wa Scout yose, nango ngwa fuko linji panji pimngo wunji.
5. Wa Scout ngwa ulemu ku vose.
6. Wa Scout ndi mbali wa vyakuveta.
7. Wa Scout wakupulikira kwambura kunyuntuta marango ya vose avo vali na mazaza pa iyo.
8. Wa Scout ngwa cimwemwe mu maunonono yose.
9. Wa Scout kuti ndi mutayisi cara.
10. Wa Scout ndi murunji mu mayanoyano, mu mazgu na mu ncito.

Here is their version of the Cub Law, Promise and Grand Howl:

MAPANGANO GHA KABU

Nkupangana kucita makora:

- (a) Kutebetera Ciuta na Queen.
- (b) Kusunga Malango gha Kabu.
- (c) Na kovwira muntu yose dazi na dazi.

MALANGO GHA KABU

Wa Kaby wakupulikira Wolf mulala

Wa Kabu wakurondezga makhumbilo ghake cara

KUCEMEREZGA KAW KABU (GRAND HOWL)

A—Ke—La, Ti—ci—tenge, Mako—la

(Sixer No. 1) DYB—DYB—DYB—DYB

(citani—)

(Kabu bose) el—Tici—DOB—DOB—DOB—DOB.

(Ticitenge—)

The ideals of Scouting are hard to "get over" to the native boy.

"Many of the Europeans here said that it would never do to expect a native to keep the ten Scout Laws," wrote Dick Belcher some time ago, "but they were wrong. Every boy in this world of ours is honest and trustworthy at heart if only we can give him the chance to prove it while he's young."

In 1961 there were but one Queen's Scout and twelve First Class Scouts in the whole of the country, but the most important thing about Scouting is the influence the Law and Promise has on the Africans who come into contact with the Scout Movement.

Camping means far less to a native boy than it does to an English one—the open-air life is nothing novel to him!

When Malawi Scouts have travelled to an international Jamboree they have worn a black scarf with a gold edge, with a Golden Leopard as their emblem on the point of the scarf and on their shirt pocket. The leopard is shown rampant, on a rock, with the sun's rays as a background.

The Malawi Scouts' leopardskin woggles look very distinctive. The leopard is



a common animal in Malawi, as you must have guessed by now, but it is no hero. When talking to Malawi Wolf Cubs you hear "Shere Khan" sometimes described as "a kind of leopard", because, of course, there are no tigers in Africa. When Scouts play the game we know as "British Bulldog" they refer to it as "Leopard of Malawi".

Lions and other wild animals roam the Malawi Scouts' camp-sites, and baboons ("bandarlog" to the Cubs) visit the garden at the National Headquarters to steal the fruit. The "bandarlog" set two of the largest members of their tribe on look-out duty. Dick Belcher called them "the best Scouts in Africa". They know a man with a walking-stick is not dangerous, but if you appear with a gun they warn their fellows at once.

"I've levelled a walking-stick at them before now, and they do not take fright in the least. Go along with a gun and they flee at once."

Other creatures the Belchers have had to deal with at National Scout Headquarters have been an 11 ft. 6 in. python, which "had teeth in its tail", a dangerous black mamba, which Dick kept at bay in his children's bedroom one night, and soldier ants, which descended on the headquarters from three directions at once and ate up all the lizards, mice, cockroaches and bats, leaving only their skeletons behind in the house in the morning!

When going to camp, the Malawi Scouts carry everything on their heads—rucksacks are conspicuous by their absence. The main camp-site of the Malawi "Lake-shore Local Association" is near

In Leopard Country

the place where David Livingstone first sighted Lake Nyasa, so a few years ago, on the centenary of the sighting, the Scouts erected a memorial to Livingstone, including one stone supplied by each of the Scout Groups in the country.

When Dick Belcher, to the general regret, resigned as Organising Commissioner in 1964 he was succeeded by Mr. Clifton Mjumera.

Not long ago a party of twenty-one Scouts climbed to the top of Africa's highest mountain, Kilimanjaro, in Kenya, taking four days to complete the climb. Towards the end of the long trek upwards they had to ration their food and wash with snow. A sixteen-year-old Scout from Malawi was the first to reach the top.

Women and girls do all the work and carrying in Malawi. It is a custom that has existed there for centuries, so it is very hard for a Scoutmaster to encourage boys to help members of

the opposite sex, even if they are Girl Guides.

"On one occasion," said Dick Belcher, speaking to a gathering of the Royal Eltham district branch of the B.-P. Scout Guild when in England on leave, "the Malawi Girl Guides were going to join the Scouts at camp and I suggested that the boys should collect wood for them; they had already collected some for themselves."

"Oh, no, Bwana!" they chorused.

"All right, then," Dick replied; "if you won't collect for them I will give them your wood."

They were quite happy about that.

"Oh, yes," they agreed; "that would be very good. And we can go and collect some more for ourselves."

So there's more than one way, as Dick Belcher well knew, of getting around their differences in tradition. But, then, he should know how the native boys think, having worked with them for nearly fifteen years.



"Mum, Skipper congratulated me on my consideration and thoughtfulness"

The PATHFINDERS by P. BROOKS



Glyn Thomas and Roy Bannister skirted the cabbage field at the back of Dolwyddelan, climbed a low stone wall and were out on the lower slopes of Moel Siabod.

Glyn and Roy were determined that today they would qualify for the Pathfinder's Badge. They had already done some work on the history of the district and were now to do the cross-country walk, keeping a log and making a map of the surrounding countryside. It was a bright May morning and all the rocks, wet from yesterday's rain, gleamed almost silver in the sunshine.

Roy said: "This is real swishish."

Glyn said, "Yes, but look at those clouds over the Glyders. It will change this afternoon."

"Quoth the sage," said Roy.

Glyn grinned. "I know these mountains."

The first part of the walk was easy—just low rocks amidst clumps of bright-green bracken. There was no discernible path, but Glyn knew that soon they would strike the track made by the Forestry Commission which would lead them to the dark belt of trees that they could see in the distance.

Roy pulled a notebook from his pocket. "I'd better start on the map," he said.

"Okay," agreed Glyn. "You do the map and I'll do the flora and fauna."

"The what—er?"

"Flora and fauna—you know."

"Ah, the birds and the bees," said Roy, with a grin.

The Pathfinders

"The plants and the animals, you ignorant clot."

Then Glyn spotted something golden in the distance and dived after it.

"Ah, trollius!" he exclaimed, making a note.

"Looks like a buttercup to me," said Roy.

"Buttercup! Did you ever see a buttercup this size? I tell you it's a trollius—globe-flower to you."

"I'll take your word for it, boy," said Roy.

"It's pretty rare. I'll take just one flower, just to prove we *did* find it," and Glyn placed the flower-head carefully in his pocket-book.

They left the rocky ground and squelched across a bog. Glyn, to his delight, found a rare bog violet. The going was heavy, and both were glad when they reached firm ground, climbed a wall and were out on the rough track which led to the forest. Now they could swing along in unison, hearing the clang of their studded climbing boots on the stony road.

It must have been half a mile before the track ended at a gate in the wire fence which surrounded the plantings of the Forestry Commission. Instantly they were in another world. All sounds were muted as they trod on the soft carpet of pine-needles. The boys walked in silence, each feeling the deep aloofness of the still wood. When at last they came out of the wood and into the sunshine, they heaved a sigh of relief.

"What a spooky place!" said Roy.

"Most oppressive," agreed Glyn.

"That's what I said," laughed Roy. Glyn's habit of using long words was the joke of the Troop. They usually said in unison, "Yes, Professor! Indubitably, Professor!"

The path through the woods must have climbed almost imperceptibly, for the boys found that they were now quite high and on the mountain proper. From now on it would be real climbing. With Glyn, who was the most experienced climber, leading, they began to make their way upwards, twisting round

the great boulders, scrabbling across drifts of scree, but always climbing upwards. Roy did his best to keep up with the nimble Glyn, but often Glyn had to wait for him.

"Got blooming suckers on your boots, you have," he grumbled, as he came puffing up a rather nasty patch.

Glyn laughed. "I'll make a mountaineer of you yet," he promised.

"Not me," said Roy. "I like my ground nice and flat, something you can get wheels on." He flung himself on the ground, groaning loudly.

"I suggest," said Glyn, "that we partake of a modicum of refreshment."

"If that means 'we eat' I am in complete agreement, Professor," agreed Roy.

They tucked themselves behind a group of rocks that faced the sun and ate some of the food they had in the rucksacks. Roy then continued sketching his map and Glyn made notes of the flowers and birds he had seen. When at last Glyn shut his notebook he saw that Roy was leaning back with his eyes shut.

"Hey, wake up, sleeping beauty," he said, and punched Roy gently on the nose.

"Don't be so blooming energetic," sighed Roy, but he scrambled to his feet quickly.

"Whew! Look at that!" said Glyn, pointing to the west.

Roy, following his pointing finger, saw that the sky in the west was covered with lowering black clouds that had already blotted out the mountain tops.

"Well, carry me home in a little basket!" exclaimed Roy. "How did that happen?"

"I told you it was too brilliant this morning," said Glyn. "Anyway, you can never trust the mountains."

"Is it coming this way?"

"Bound to be," said Glyn cheerfully.

"Come on. Let's get goin'."

Picking up the rucksacks, they started off again. They were now making a traverse across the shoulder of the mountain, so that, although the going was pretty rough, it was not steep and they moved fairly quickly. But however quickly they moved Glyn realised



There below them they could see a plane, one twisted wing sticking up in the air

that the storm clouds were quicker. Soon he felt the first cold touches of the mist.

"Doomy job, this," said Roy, as he stopped and looked downwards towards the valley, which was now completely blotted out.

"Keep going," replied Glyn tersely. "We've got to get off the mountain."

"Sez you," answered Roy, moving onwards.

They were going more slowly now, for the swirling mist was beginning to blanket the rocks in front of them, so that it was more difficult to pick their way.

Glyn said: "Keep behind me, Roy. Don't want to lose you over a precipice."

"No. I'm not carrying my parachute."

Moving carefully, they continued onward. Roy, not feeling too happy, began to whistle. Then suddenly Glyn said, "Listen!" "What was it?"

"A plane."

"A plane up here? Don't be daft, boy!"

"Quiet!" urged Glyn.

They stood still, listening quietly. Then it came again—the sound of an aeroplane engine—an engine that was spluttering and coughing.

"Holy smoke!" said Roy. "That's a plane all right."

"A plane in trouble," said Glyn quietly.

Even as he spoke the engine roared again, then suddenly stopped.

Glyn and Roy looked at each other apprehensively, but before they had time to speak there came a roar, a shriek of rending metal, a great crash, and then a terrible, sudden silence.

"Good grief, he's crashed!" whispered Roy, but Glyn was already moving.

The Pathfinders

"Come on!" he shouted. "He's up here," and he began climbing swiftly upwards.

Roy followed, making a great effort to keep up with his skilful companion. After climbing for about ten minutes Glyn stopped.

"Curse this mist," he muttered. "Can you see anything?"

Roy, peering into the swirling mist, said, "Not a thing."

"He must be somewhere up here. That crash wasn't far away."

"Let's shout," suggested Roy.

"Ahoy there!" shouted Glyn, cupping his hands over his mouth. "Ahoy!"

"Where are you?" shouted Roy.

Then they stood silently listening, but only an echo of their own voices came back.

"Let's get a bit more over to the right," suggested Glyn, moving as he spoke.

They began climbing again, straining their eyes to see through the mist. Roy was panting with the effort to keep up with Glyn when he heard Glyn's voice calling.

"Roy," he called, "I've found it! Come quickly."

Roy took a deep breath and began to climb upwards again. When he reached Glyn he could not, for the moment, see the plane, then Glyn said: "Look—just down there."

There, slightly below them, they could see the great shape of an aeroplane, one twisted wing sticking up in the air and a wheel neatly perched on a rock point.

"He was lucky," said Glyn soberly, and began to climb downwards. "Do you see what





Halfway through, he stuck

happened? He hit that great drift of scree and slithered down on it. If he'd gone smack into the rocks that plane would have been in tuppenny pieces."

"Looks pretty nasty to me as it is."

They reached the scree and clattered across it to the plane, Glyn shouting as he went. At first they could see no sign of life.

"The pilot must be somewhere," said Glyn.

"Perhaps he baled out."

Glyn was about to agree when they both heard a slight sound. It was a groan and was coming from somewhere inside the wreck.

"There's someone there," exclaimed Glyn.

"How in blazes are we going to get him out?" Roy looked up at the twisted metal rearing above him.

"I don't know," said Glyn, "but we must. Come on—help me."

He swung himself up on to Roy's back and then on to what was once a wing of the plane, and moved cautiously along it.

"This is pretty ropy. Stay there till I call you," he said to Roy.

Tearing with his hands, he made a hole in the broken body of the plane. Another groan urged him on. At last he made a hole and began to climb carefully through it. Then he saw the pilot lying in a twisted heap. Leaning forward, he touched the man, saying, "Hello, there! Are you hurt?" There was no response. Glyn pulled his body back through the hole and called down to Roy: "The pilot's in here. I think he's crocked."

Roy said grimly, "We'd better get him out then, and quickly. Can you smell what I smell?"

Glyn sniffed and then, in a tone of horror: "Petrol!"

"Yes," said Roy. "Give us a hand up. We've got to get him out—fast."

They never quite knew how they moved the pilot. It was a slow and difficult business.

They tore furiously at broken metal to enlarge the hole, somehow managed to get the pilot half-way through, and then stuck.

The Pathfinders

Roy panted. "We'll never do it."

"We've got to," said Glyn grimly. Then he added: "You get down below. I'll push and you try to break his fall."

"We'll hurt the poor blighter," protested Roy.

"He's out cold," said Glyn, "and this lot is liable to go up at any minute, so go on—get cracking."

Somehow the pilot was eased to the ground, Roy taking his weight in an effort to avoid injuring him. As Glyn jumped he shouted: "Come on, pull. Let's get away from this lot."

With their hands under his shoulders they pulled the pilot across the scree and on to a space between the rocks where the moss grew in a deep-green cushion. Then they let him gently down and stood panting, looking down at him.

"Wonder who he is?" said Glyn.

"Has he had it?" asked Roy.

Glyn knelt and felt the man's wrist. The pulse beat strongly under his fingers. "No," he said. "He's just unconscious. He may be badly hurt. It's hard to tell."

"Do you remember any of your first-aid stuff?" asked Roy.

"Yes, a bit," said Glyn. Then he added, "But there's only one thing we can do for him."

"What's that?"

"Get him off this mountain and into hospital."

"But we can't . . ."

Glyn cut him short. "No. We can't move him. He needs a stretcher. One of us must go and get help."

"Oh," said Roy.

They looked at each other. There was a moment's silence, and then Roy said: "Can't we . . . ?" and then stopped.

"No. Someone must stay here with him."

"Oh!" said Roy again and looked down at the unconscious man. Then he said, with an effort, "Well, you'd better get going, hadn't you?"

Glyn glanced at him. He knew what he was thinking. It wasn't going to be pleasant to be left for hours on this cold, deserted mountain-side. But he knew that he could probably find his way down to the valley, while Roy could not . . . not in this swirling mist.

He said gently, "I'll be as quick as I can. It's the only way, Roy."

"How long?" asked Roy.

"Several hours. I've got to get to Capel Curig, then ring up the Pen-y-Pas Hotel. They'll organise a rescue party from there."

With an effort Roy said: "Okay, Professor. Be on your way."

Glyn pulled a jersey from his rucksack. "Wrap him up in this," he instructed, "and you'd better take all the food we've got left. You're going to need it."

"Thanks," said Roy. "I'll be okay. You go cannily and don't try dropping over any cliffs."

"I won't," promised Glyn, "and I'll be as quick as I can." He tucked his scarf down into his anorak, and, with a wave, was gone, almost immediately swallowed up by the mist. Roy heard the scattering of stones, the clang of a bootnail for a few seconds, and then silence came.

For a second he stood looking after Glyn, and for the first time in his life felt fear. He could not have told what he feared, but he was certain that he would much rather have been clambering downwards to the village than be left alone up here in this wet, swirling mist with a man who, if not already dead, was probably dying. He turned back to the pilot and looked down at him. He lay with his head on one side. A thin trickle of blood ran down his forehead. One of his arms looked queerly twisted. He looked quite young, and Roy felt a sudden rush of pity for him.

"I must do something," he thought. Then he caught sight of Glyn's rucksack and hurriedly tipped out the contents. There, as he had hoped, was a small tin, marked with a scratched cross.

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"Trust the old Professor," he said to himself, with a grin, as he saw the tin contained lint, bandages, some sticking plaster and scissors. He knelt by the injured man and gently began to wipe the blood from his face. As he worked, the pilot groaned slightly, moved, and then opened his eyes.

Roy said: "Hallo! How are you feeling?"

The pilot looked at him blankly and then closed his eyes again.

Roy made a pad of the lint, and with the sticking plaster fixed it to the cut which ran across the pilot's forehead. He looked at the twisted arm, but decided to leave it alone as he had nothing with which to make a splint. Then, taking off his own jersey, he tucked both it and Glyn's around the pilot, twisting the sleeve under his head to lift it from the damp moss. This done, he sat down and prepared to wait.

The wet mist, twisting and swirling, seemed almost to have a life of its own, and the deep intense silence began to press down upon Roy. He sprang up and began to walk about, stamping his feet and banging his hands in an endeavour to keep warm.

A faint sound made him turn. The pilot's eyes were open.

"Hallo!" Roy said, as he knelt down.

The pilot groaned slightly and turned his head to look at the plane.

"Yes," said Roy, "you crashed. I guess your plane has had it, but you'll be all right." The pilot made an effort to speak.

"Get help," he said in a low, strained voice.

"It's on the way. My pal has gone down to alert a rescue team. Don't you worry. We'll get you down soon."

The pilot gave a faint smile. "Cold," he muttered.

"Yes, I know, but I can't do a thing about it. Daren't light a fire. The place is soaked in petrol."

"Petrol!" exclaimed the pilot, and then: "The papers! Where . . . are . . . the . . . papers?"

"What papers?" asked Roy.

The pilot made a great effort and tried to

get up. "I must get that brief case," he muttered . . . "carrying . . . some important . . . papers."

"Hey, take it easy! You can't move. You'd never get in the plane. It's all smashed up."

"Must . . . get . . . that . . . brief . . . case," insisted the pilot weakly, speaking with a great effort.

"Look!" said Roy. "The rescue team will get 'em when it gets here."

"Petrol!" said the pilot. "Go . . . up . . . any time. Must get . . . brief-case."

Roy looked from the smashed plane to the pilot, and then back at the plane. The petrol fumes, held down by the mist, were stronger than ever, and he knew that any small thing, like a spark from a nailed boot, would ignite them. The pilot murmured again: "Papers . . . must get . . . them."

"Okay!" said Roy. "I'll get them. Where are they?"

"In . . . brief-case . . . down by . . . my seat."

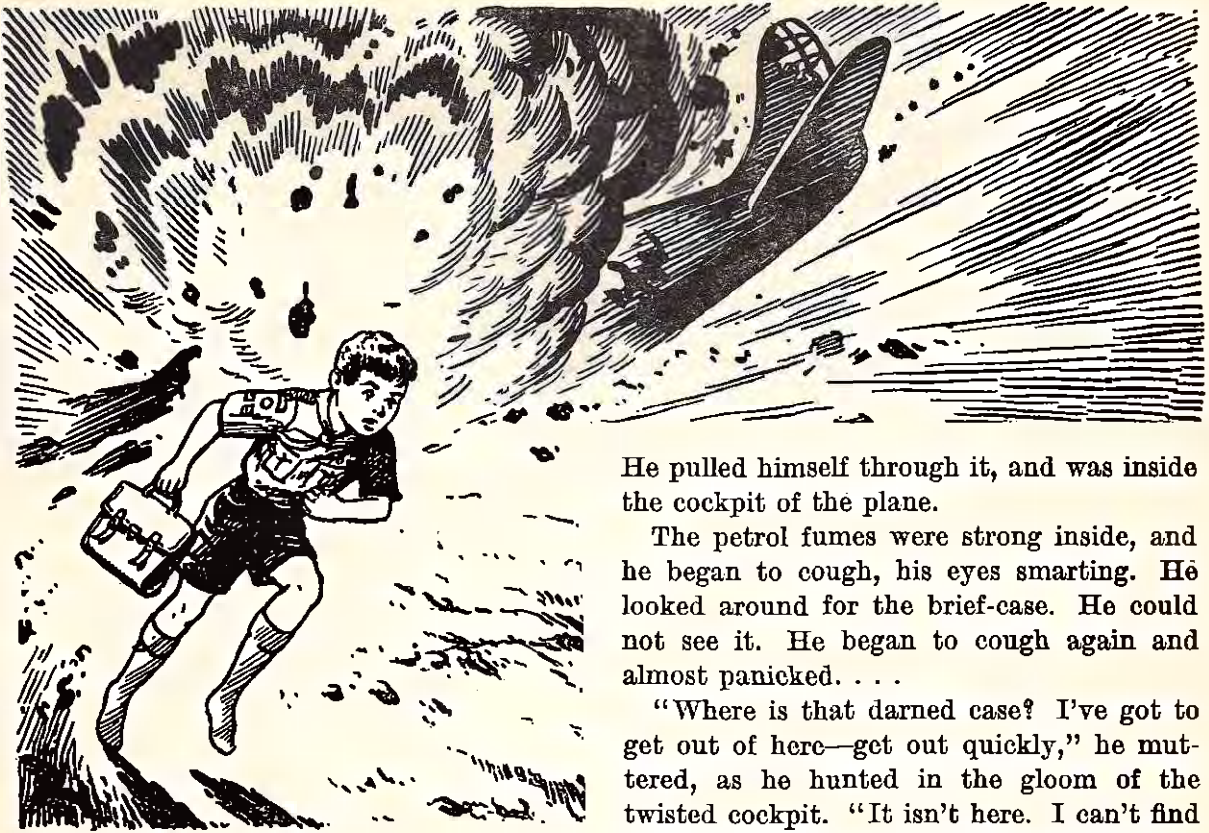
"Rightio!" said Roy, as he began to take off his climbing boots.

"Very . . . important . . . papers," said the pilot, slowly, and then closed his eyes again.

Roy limped across the rocks and scree towards the plane and then stood looking at it. He was going to have some difficulty in getting up and into the body. He put a tentative hand up to the twisted wing. It moved, slightly. It was then that he realised the real danger of this job. One piece of wreckage crashing on to the rocks could cause a spark, and then . . .

He walked slowly round the plane, carefully treading over the ever-slipping scree. There was only one way to get inside and that was the way Glyn had made. Somehow he must get up on to that wing. An unrecognisable piece of wreckage had been flung among some rocks. If he could get that over he could perhaps stand on it. The wreckage appeared jammed between the rocks, but after a little pushing he was able to move it. He began to drag it gently across the scree, immediately starting a great rush of stones

The Pathfinders



He ran to get away from the flames and heat

downwards. He stopped instantly, turned to run, and then stopped again. He *had* to get into the plane and get those papers.

The fall of stones ceased and the silence came again. With a great effort he got his arms under the piece of wreckage and with infinite caution began to move over the scree. It was impossible to move without disturbing a few stones, but he found that if he put each foot down very carefully he could avoid starting an avalanche.

Gasping with the effort, he somehow reached the plane and lowered the piece of wreckage carefully to the ground. He wiped his forehead and hands and, without giving himself time to think, stepped on the piece of wreckage, reached up and pulled himself on to the plane's wing. He held his breath as it tilted a little under his weight, but it held and he moved cautiously towards the hole that Glyn had torn in the broken fuselage.

He pulled himself through it, and was inside the cockpit of the plane.

The petrol fumes were strong inside, and he began to cough, his eyes smarting. He looked around for the brief-case. He could not see it. He began to cough again and almost panicked. . . .

"Where is that darned case? I've got to get out of here—get out quickly," he muttered, as he hunted in the gloom of the twisted cockpit. "It isn't here. I can't find it. This lot will go up. Oh, where is it . . . where is it?"

Suddenly he saw it, covered by some debris. He reached out and lifted it, causing something to fall with a loud clatter; but now he had found the case he felt better, less frightened, though his head was swimming from the petrol fumes. He moved back towards the hole in the fuselage, coughing and almost blinded. His eyes streaming, he clambered through the hole and was out on the wing. As his feet touched the wing he felt it give way and then crash sideways. Even as it crashed he jumped . . . jumped wide and clear as he heard, rather than saw, the great rush of flame as the whole plane went up in a great *whoosh*.

He was running now, falling, running again, regardless of his cut feet, his blinded eyes, running to get away from the roar of the flames and the pursuing heat.

He found himself lying, gasping, his face on a cushion of damp moss. He heard the pilot shouting feebly, but for the moment

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he could not move. The danger over, his limbs were shaking and his hands were trembling. After a minute or so he pulled himself together and sat up. The plane was one great sheet of flame from end to end. The heat of it fanned his face. He heard the pilot call weakly to him again, and he scrambled to his feet.

"It's all right," he called, holding up the brief-case. "I've got it."

"Thank heaven!" murmured the pilot. "I was afraid you'd . . . gone up . . . with that lot."

They both lay and silently watched the consuming flames.

Then the pilot, who was feeling stronger, told Roy that his name was Paul Cameron and that he had been flying an experimental plane to Valley, in Anglesey.

"When she began to croak I tried to make for the valley down there, but couldn't do it. When I saw those rocks coming up at me I thought I'd bought it."

Roy explained about Glyn and the Pathfinder's badge they were working for.

"Ought to get a medal, not a badge."

"We'll settle for one Pathfinder's badge."

The first strength of the fire was over now. The heat was dying away and the mist appeared to be lifting a little.

"Good!" said Roy. "They'll get up here in no time now . . . I hope," he added under his breath, for the pilot was lying back, his eyes closed, his face pinched and grey.

Roy had no idea how long he kept watch over Paul Cameron. He only knew that the time seemed interminable. The injured man opened his eyes once or twice and gave a slight smile, but seemed too weak to speak.

Roy was standing staring into the thinning mist when he heard the first sounds of the rescuers, a man's voice, the clang of a boot.

Instantly he shouted out, "Ahoy, there! Glyn, Glyn, I'm up here!"

He heard a man's voice say, "There they are," and knew that the rescue team had arrived.

Glyn came up at a run. "Roy," he called,

"Roy!" and then as he saw the still burning plane, "Holy smoke! She went up! How did that happen?"

Roy told of the search for the papers and the fall of the damaged wing.

"'Struth!" exclaimed Glyn.

"Nearly had fried Scout," said Roy.

"How's he been?" asked Glyn, looking across at Paul Cameron.

"Not so bad," said Roy. "You did a good job getting that lot up here."

"You didn't do so badly yourself, laddie," said Glyn, clapping him on the back, and they both laughed.

They watched the efficient rescue team go into action and then followed the stretcher down the mountain. Both were tired and Roy was limping with cut feet, but both felt an immense satisfaction at a job well done.

Several days later they cycled over to Bangor Hospital to see Paul Cameron. He was, he assured them, "doing fine" and insisted that he owed his life to them.

Roy and Glyn looked at each other in embarrassment as he thanked them.

"Those papers you rescued," he said to Roy. "There are a couple of V.I.P.s who want to see you about those. They were very important, you know."

"Aw!" said Glyn, seeing Roy's red face. "It was just luck we happened to be on Moel Siabod at the right time."

"My good luck, certainly," said Cameron. Then he added, "What about that badge of yours . . . the Pathfinder's? Did you get it?"

Roy and Glyn laughed.

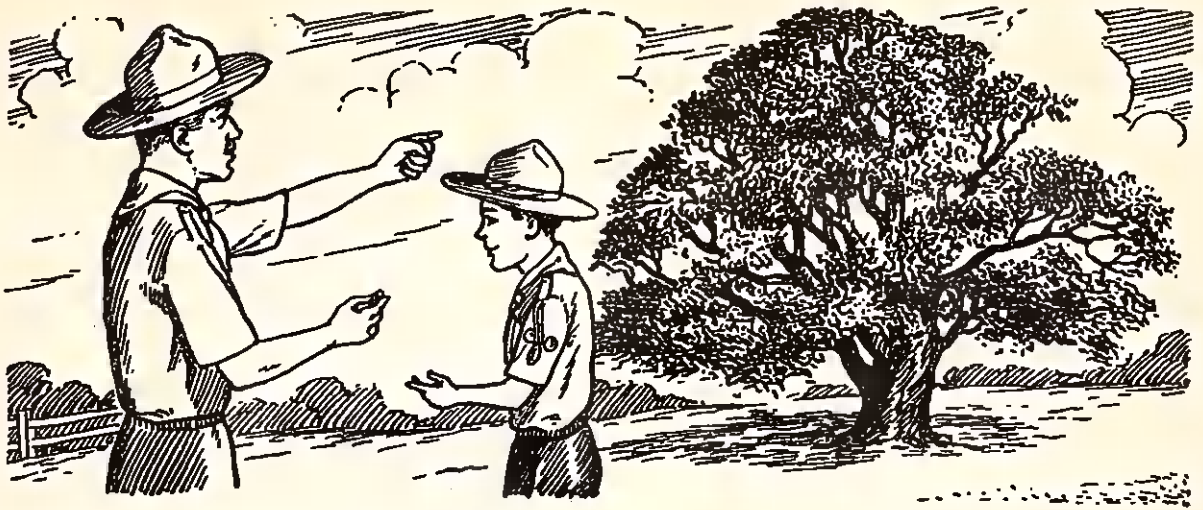
"I think we'll get it, though Skipper didn't think overmuch of Roy's map."

"Your blooming flora and fauna weren't exactly received with joy," retorted Roy, and they both laughed again.

"Surely," said Cameron, "I could come under the heading of fauna. I should count as a most unusual find."

"Let's put it up to Skipper and see if he'll buy," said Roy.

They did . . . and he did . . . so up went two Pathfinder badges.



BOY SCOUTS WHO BECAME FAMOUS

by SYDNEY R. BROWN

Every day we read in our newspapers and magazines of the doings of famous people and tend to think of them as persons apart, quite different from ourselves. This is not really the case.

When people like Stirling Moss, Jack Hawkins and Ted Ray, and even Ministers of the Crown and Members of Parliament, were young they were very much like ourselves, with very little idea of what the future had in store for them. However, it is "from little acorns that large oak trees grow," as B.-P. reminded us once in talking about the Scout Movement, and it is the same with individuals. Many a Scout or Cub has the seed within him which may one day make him grow into a person of some importance in the world.

Not so long ago Ted Ray was telling me that it was in his capacity as a Wolf Cub that he made his first public appearance as an entertainer. He spent five years as a Cub and Scout in the

Group attached to Richmond Baptist Church, in Liverpool, his local place of worship.

"They dressed me up as a soldier and wrapped me in a big sheepskin coat," he said, "and in this warlike apparel I was instructed to sing 'Pack up your troubles in your old kitbag' at one of the Scout concerts."

His performance could not have been too bad, for the next day he had the pleasure of seeing his name in print for the first time, in the *Liverpool Echo*. It was his very first "Press notice".

Quite a number of other people well known in the entertainment world first found out that they had their particular kind of talent when they were members of the Scout Movement.

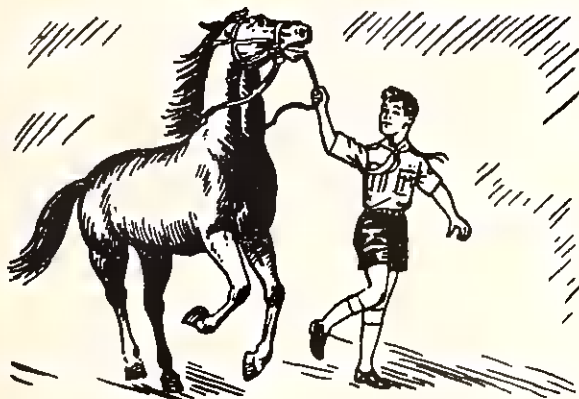
Wilfred Pickles, who spent ten years as a Scout in the 19th Hendon Troop, London, told me, with his usual modesty, "I was not a very good Scout, as the

only proficiency badge I ever got after my Second Class was the Entertainer's."

He has gone on since those days to show his powers as an actor and entertainer in radio and television.

Richard Attenborough was another Scout whose gaining of the Entertainer badge forecast the interest he was to take in his future life's work. Both he and his brother David spent a number of years as Wolf Cubs and Scouts in the 9th Leicester Group, and both became King's Scouts, Richard being appointed Troop Leader.

Another Richard, Richard Hearne, better known on television as "Mr. Pastry," was a member of the 13th North London Troop. He thoroughly enjoyed being a Scout and performed some fine good turns. He is still doing these! Once he was successful in rescuing a boy in danger of falling over a cliff,



and on another occasion he managed to stop a runaway horse. As for his experience in passing tests for proficiency badges, let him speak for himself.

"My try for the Cook badge was disastrous," he said, "and the same thing happened when I tried for the Plumbing (Handyman) badge."

But it all gave him wonderful experience for future television scripts!

When I told Brian Rix, the star comedian of so many stage farces, who was a Scout in Hornsea, Yorkshire, many years ago, that I was thinking of including him among the famous men who have been in Scouting his answer was typical.

"Mention of me," he said, "could only bring the Scout Movement dishonour! I have the very highest regard for Scouting, but I am sorry to say that I was not a very good Scout. True, I was a Troop Leader, perhaps the only one who could never tie a reef-knot, but I think the position was assigned to me because I was head boy at my prep school. I did win a prize for catching the most fish during a limited time, but I hasten to add that I paid rather too much attention to the Scouts' motto 'Be Prepared' and took the precaution of setting out night lines!"



His answer to a request for a photograph of himself in Scout uniform was also very typical.

"Sorry I have not a photograph in uniform," he said, "but I assure you that I have the knees for it."

Other well-known actors and entertainers who have been members of the Movement include Jack Hawkins, who after holding high rank in the Army starred in such films as "The Cruel Sea",



Lamb for dinner



Another use for knots

Photos: Lawrence D. Curllis

"Won't it ever boil?"



Patrol camp cooks at Frylands Wood

Photos: Norman A. Rowe

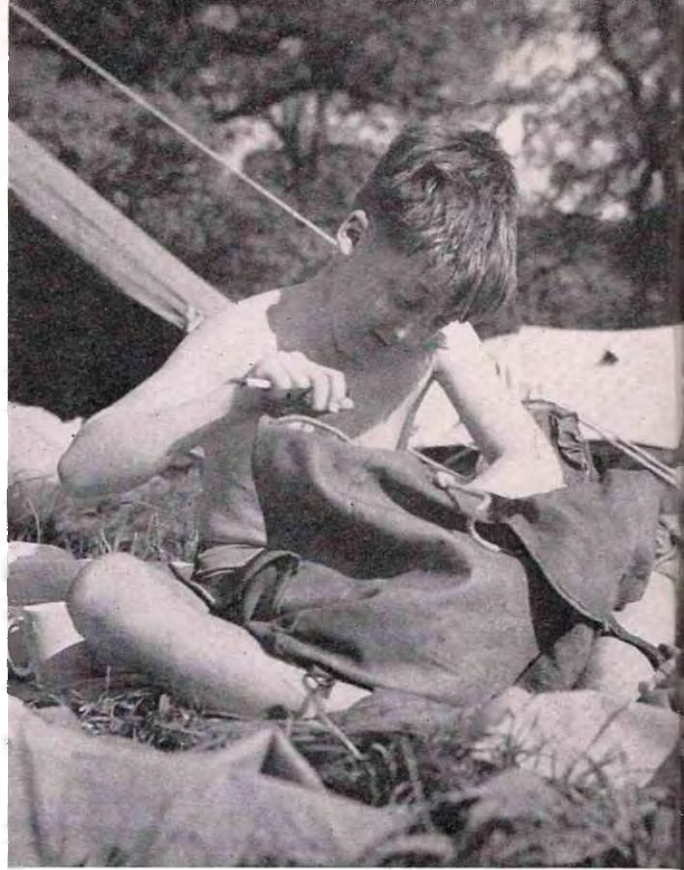


CAMP COOKS



Uphill all the way

Photo: Norman A. Rowe



"Where is it?"

Photo: Lawrence D. Curtis

CAMP CAMEOS

Hot-water supply

Photos: Norman A. Rowe



Inspection—Pewit Patrol, 6th Wallington

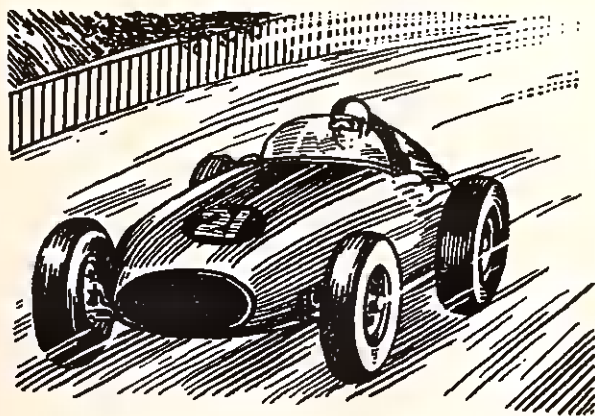


Boy Scouts Who Became Famous

"The Bridge on the River Kwai", "Ben Hur", and many others. He spent eight years as a Cub and Scout in the 159th North London Group.

Bernard Bresslaw, whose residence in North London is called "The Nutcase," was a member of the 11th Stepney (Cooper's School) Group. Ronald Shiner, the film actor, was a Scout for five years in the 10th St. Pancras. Harold Smart, the famous organist, was a Wolf Cub at St. Mary's, Kenton. James Mason was with the 11th Huddersfield, and Billy Cotton the 1st Westminster. Edmundo Ros, the band leader who specialises in Latin-American rhythms, joined the Scouts when he was grown up, in London, "because when I was of Cub or Scout age the Movement had not extended to my home-town of Caracas, Venezuela."

Moving to the world of sport, we find that Stirling Moss, so often the fastest driver in the world, was once Patrol Leader of the Dove Patrol, spending five years as a Scout at Holyport and



Clewer, Berkshire. He has no photographs of himself in Scout uniform, "which is rather a pity," he says, "as it would have come in handy for various books that I have to or will write."

Gordon Pirie, who has probably run



more miles in training and in competitions than anyone else in the world, and has represented Britain in scores of countries, spent two years in the Cubs at Coulsdon, Surrey, and then became a member of the Air Scouts at Coulsdon South. He still thinks very highly of the Scout Movement and does all he can to support it.

Christopher Chataway, another representative of Great Britain at the Olympic Games, who held the world 5,000-metres record for a while, rose from the rank of Wolf Cub to Patrol Leader while in the 3rd Swanage Group. He is the Member of Parliament for North Lewisham. Telling me of his five years as a Cub and Scout, he said, "The most painful experience of an otherwise delightful association with the Scout Movement was at camp one year when the indescribably horrible tea was found to be due to the fact that I had left half a pound of lard inside the kettle."

Other prominent M.P.s who have worn Scout uniform include the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, P.C., O.B.E., Wing Commander Eric Bullus, Mr. J. McCann, Sir Malcolm Stoddart-Scott, and Mr. Leslie Spriggs. Mr. Harry Hynd, M.P., who followed up achieving King's Scout status in the 53rd Perthshire Group by putting in seven years' service as a

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Wood Badge Scouter, still plays a prominent part in Scouting. He acts as chairman of that all-important section of the B.-P. Scout Guild known as the "House of Commons branch."

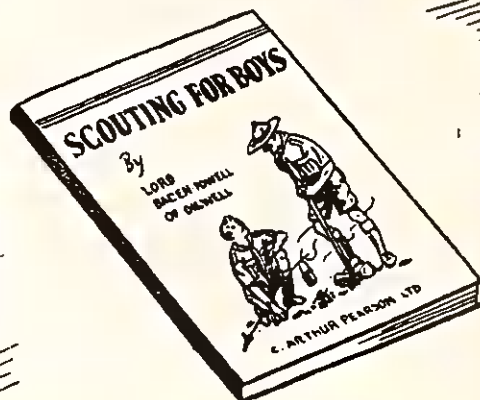
Other members of the House of Commons branch of the B.-P. Scout Guild, all former Scouts, include Col. Arthur Young, the Head of the City of London Police, and the Earl of Buckinghamshire.

Lord Hill, formerly Dr. Charles Hill, once known as the "Radio Doctor" and at present Chairman of the Independent Television Authority, was also a Scout at one time, serving for seven years in the 51st South London Group, where he gained his King's Scout badge.

Moving to the Upper Chamber of the Houses of Parliament, we find some very important former Scouts.

Class badge and went on to gain twelve proficiency badges, including Ambulance and Pathfinder, in order to become a King's Scout.

"I have still the most vivid memories of my first reading of *Scouting for Boys* over fifty years ago," Lord Kilmuir said. "It invested the ordinary duties



David Maxwell Fyfe, who was created Viscount Kilmuir in 1954, when he became Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, was a very keen Scout in Scotland many years ago. He went to his first Scout camp one year after the Scout Movement was formed, and two years later, in 1911, transferred to the 9th Edinburgh (George Watson's College) Troop, in which he went through all ranks from Scout to Assistant Scoutmaster. He passed all his tests for the First

and decencies of the daily round with an aura of novelty and romance. In addition, the Seven Hills of Edinburgh took on a new look as places of Scouting expeditions. I can still remember the words (although my family are doubtful whether I recall the tunes) of every song that was sung round the campfires. The Movement provided not only indelible influences but happy memories which I shall always treasure."

He also still treasures a photograph of himself astride a wall on the seashore, taken when a mixed Patrol of Scouts were doing coastguard duty in Fife in the First World War, in 1916.

Another very keen member of the Movement in the House of Lords is Viscount Amory. Other famous people I should mention as former Scouts are Richard Dimpleby of B.B.C. fame, two years a Scout at Strawberry Hill; Sir Ian Frazer, a Scout from 1907 to 1911 at Woking, Surrey; the Bishop of St. Albans,

Boy Scouts Who Became Famous

who earned the Silver Wolf in 1958; Lord Kenyon, the Chief Commissioner for Wales since 1948; Brian Johnstone, a Scout at Eton College; Bob Monkhouse; George Melachrino, who was with the 45th Paddington Scout Group; Cary Grant, a Scout in the 1st Bristol; Jack Parnell, in the Brighton, Hove and Sussex Grammar School Troop; James McKechnie, in the 1st Glasgow.

Last, but by no means least, come three Marshals—Field Marshal Sir Francis Festing, G.C.B., K.B.E., who served two years as a Scout when a boy and two and a half years as a Commissioner in the Suez Canal Zone before he became Chief of the Imperial General Staff and A.D.C. General to the Queen; Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Sanders, G.C.B., a Scout for nearly three years in Highbury, who was later Commander-in-Chief of the Middle East Air Force and Commandant of the Imperial Defence College; and Field Marshal Sir Gerald

Templer, G.C.B., G.C.M.B., a Scout and a Scouter since 1908, the first year of Scouting. He joined the Royal Irish Fusiliers in 1916, became Director of Military Intelligence at the War Office in 1946, High Commissioner in the Federation of Malaya, and Chief of the Imperial General Staff from 1955 to 1958.

When they first joined the Boy Scout Movement these celebrities took the same tests as you have done, failed some and did well at others. You may well progress as far as they have done.

Constant practice and study, year after year, is the real secret of success. I believe it was Thomas Edison, the famous inventor, who said that what makes a genius is "ten per cent inspiration and ninety per cent perspiration."

Who knows—perhaps in twenty or thirty years' time you may find yourself mentioned in an article like this about famous men who were Scouts!



"To think I'd be having the usual old roast beef and two veg at home!"

TROOP YELL

of the

1st LLANISHEN (CARDIFF)

Chickeracker, Chickeracker,
Chow Chow Chow,
Boomeracker, Boomeracker,
Bow Wow Wow.
Chickeracker, Boomeracker,
Zis, Boom, Bah,
1st Llanishen, Rah, Rah, Rah!

TRAINING SCOUTMASTERS

The 100,000th Scouter in this country recently completed the Preliminary Training Course at the Adult Leaders' Training Centre at Gilwell Park, Essex. This is the first step to the Wood Badge awarded to training Scoutmasters. The Director of the Training Centre is John Thurman. During a single year, 218 Scouters from 63 countries attended Gilwell courses.



TREE PUZZLE

by Barbara Bradley

Solve these clues, and the answer to each one will give you the name of a tree.

1. Is this tree dead already?
2. The senior tree in the wood.
3. This tree asks a question.
4. A girl's name? Nuts!
5. A cool drink.
6. Cricket-bat tree.
7. A seaside tree.
8. An animal, a box, your head.
9. To waste away in sorrow.
10. Sounds like an island in the Mediterranean.
11. A musical instrument and a ray.
12. A smart tree.

Answers on page 107



OURS IS A QUEER LANGUAGE, OURS IS

by A. M. Collis

We'll begin with a *box*, and the plural is *boxes*;
 But the plural of *ox* should be *oxen*, not *oxes*.
 Then one fowl is a *goose*, but two are called *geese*,
 Yet the plural of *mouse* should never be *meese*;
 You may find a lone *mouse* or a whole nest of *mice*,
 But the plural of *house* is *houses*, not *hice*.
 If the plural of *man* is always called *men*,
 Why shouldn't the plural of *pan* be called *pen*?
 If I speak of a *foot*, and you show me your *feet*,
 And I give you a *boot*, would a pair be called *beet*?
 If one is a *tooth*, and a whole set are *teeth*,



Why should not the plural of *booth* be called *beeth*?
 Then one may be *that*, and three would be *those*,
 Yet *hat* in the plural would never be *hose*;
 And the plural of *cat* is *cats*, and not *cose*.
 We speak of a *brother*, and also of *brethren*,
 But though we say *mother*, we never say *methren*.
 Then the masculine pronouns are *he*, *his*, and *him*,
 But imagine the feminine, *she*, *shis*, and *shim*.
 So English, I fancy, you all will agree,
 Is the funniest language you ever did see.

*J. Heath Gives Some Interesting Facts
About*

THE PEAT FIRE

In these days of central heating, convector and smokeless fuels, it is interesting to go to a place where none of these things are known or cared about.

In the Eastern Isles the fireplace is still the centre of family life. On the isles of Lewis and Harris I think it always will be; but the fuel used is not even coal.

When anyone buys a house or croft out there, they become the owners of their own peat bed. Unlike us, they have to cut their own fuel, and the moor where they get it could be miles away.

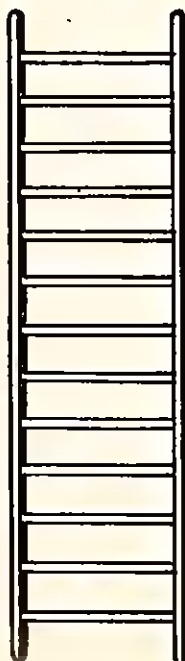
After cutting, the householders leave it to dry, generally in stacks. There it stays until they can get transport to take it to their homes. There it is re-stacked, dried outside, stored, and then used during the long winter months of high winds and rain.



LADDER PUZZLE

by

Cyril Donson



Starting with SCOUT at the foot of the ladder, complete the puzzle until you arrive at KNOTS at the top of the ladder. At each step change only one letter of the previous word, and so on up the ladder.

ANSWERS

SCOUT, Spout, Sport,
Spurt, Spurs, Slurs,
Sluts, Slots, Slows,
Snows, Knows, KNOTS

It is quite free, coming under an island law about peat rights. It is seldom or never stolen, and it is greatly prized by the islanders.

The peat is a brown, turfy substance, which dries hard and gives off a fragrant aroma when burning. Actually it is decayed vegetable matter. It is found in boggy places, often where sphagnum moss and sedges are found.

Some old places still enjoy the "right of turbary", as permission to cut peat free is called, but few exercise it nowadays. Perhaps many do not even know of it. If they did, they might gather some in the summer and use it during autumn and winter, enjoying the distinctive and pleasant scent of their own peat fire.

I do. I'm just burning some now, brought from Nont Sarah's, high up on the Pennine Chain, in Yorkshire.

THEO. LYNCH TELLS YOU
ABOUT THE
CREATOR
OF KIM

When the Founder, the first Lord Baden-Powell, had the brilliant idea of starting Wolf Cubs he used much of the lore of Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Books*, which he greatly admired.

B.-P. often referred to "Kim", the hero of another of Kipling's books, telling Scouts and Cubs that they too should try to follow his example of being "little friend of all the world." You will have



Rudyard Kipling

Later he went to school, where he was very happy. You can read some of his adventures in *Stalky and Co* and of his friendship there with two other boys.

When he left school he went back to India and became a reporter on the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore. Later he transferred to another newspaper, the *Allahabad Pioneer*.

While in India he began writing, and sent home *Plain Tales From the Hills* and his first book of poems, *Departmental Ditties*, both based on his life and activities in that country.

He returned to England when he was twenty-four, and five years later wrote the first of the two *Jungle Books*. Although he wrote much other work he is best remembered by young people as the author of these.

For a time he lived in America. During the Boer War he went to South Africa as a newspaper correspondent. While there he became a friend of the great Cecil Rhodes and worked with him for the development of Africa; but India was always his first and greatest love.



Kim's game

played Kim's Game, which helps develop powers of observation and memory.

Rudyard Kipling had an interesting life. He was born in Bombay, India, and though he came to England when only six years old he had already acquired what was to become a lifelong interest in the country of his birth.

In England he was left in the care of a woman who ill-treated him so badly that he became half blind and almost a nervous wreck. It was lucky for him that his mother arrived from India for a holiday and immediately took him away.

Creator of *Kim*

His book *Kim* gives a most colourful and delightful insight into the life in India at that time. The illustrations for the book were drawn by his father.

Kipling married an American woman, and after much travel he finally returned to these shores and settled in Rottingdean, near Brighton, where his uncle, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, lived. Later he went to live at Burwash, also in Sussex, in a house called "Bateman's". This is now owned by the National Trust. Hundreds of people visit it each year to see where the great man lived and worked.



"Bateman's"



Gunga Din

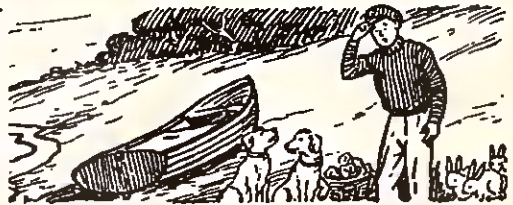
His books include *Just So Stories*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Captains Courageous*, and many poems and ballads such as "Gunga Din", "Mandalay", "The Thousandth Man", and "If".

He became so famous in his lifetime that he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, which is the highest honour that can be conferred on a writer.

He died in 1936, but his books are still read and their influence is still felt, not least by those who are or have been Cubs or Scouts.

THE FERRY PUZZLE

A man with two dogs, three rabbits and a basket of lettuces had to cross a river. The boat would only hold one of each of these groups at a time. If he took the dogs the rabbits would eat his lettuces. If he took the lettuces the dogs would eat the rabbits. What did he do? What would you do? The sensible thing to do is noted on page 107.



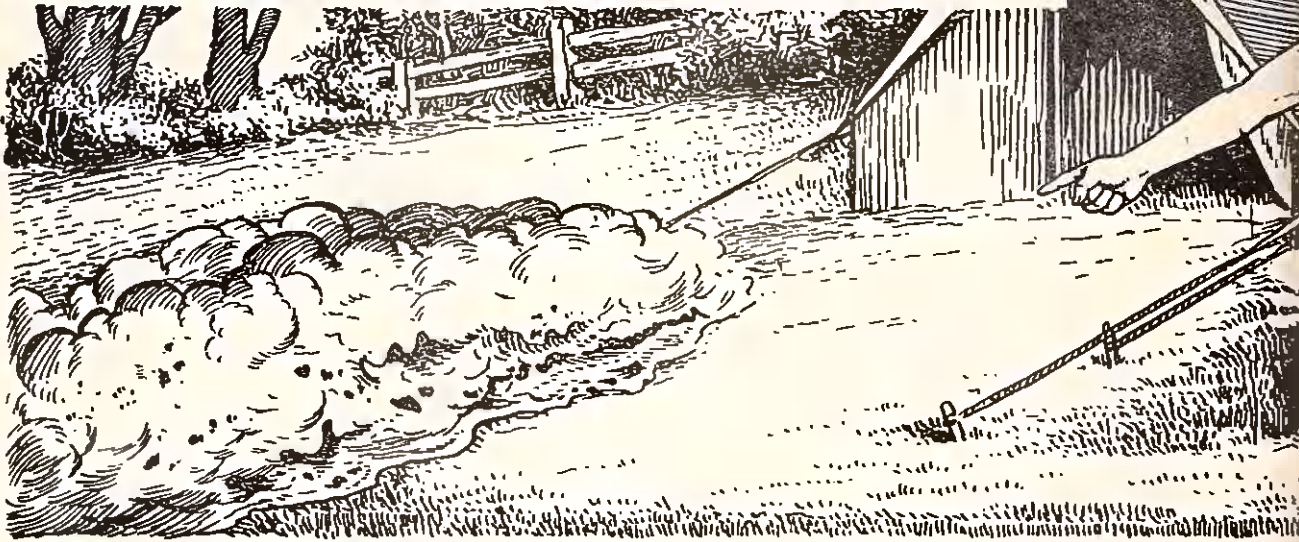
WORD WISDOM

One picture worth a thousand words? You give me a thousand words and I can have the Lord's Prayer, the Twenty-third Psalm, the Hippocratic oath, a sonnet by Shakespeare, the Preamble to the U.S. Constitution, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and I'd have enough left over for just about all of the Boy Scout oath—and I wouldn't trade you for any picture on earth.

—*Reader's Digest*

THE HORROR *in the* STORE TENT

By
J.
STRANGER



Whenever the 2nd Britsea Scouts talk of that summer camp there are gales of laughter, and several members of the Plover Patrol get very red in the face. The rest of the Troop are sure they will never live it down.

It really began on the third evening in camp. The Scouts were in their sleeping-bags, there was ten minutes to go before lights out, and Dodge of the Plovers decided to practise reading aloud to the other Scouts in his tent. He shone a large torch on his book and began. He had a deep, thrilling voice, into which he put much feeling; he intended to take up drama after leaving school. The story was the kind it is wiser not to read just before going to sleep.

"Jet faced the Creature," he read. "It came towards him, unbelievably evil, a frothing mass of bubbling, yeasty mould that covered and digested everything in its path. Jet stood in front of it, firing useless bullets into its heaving body. His legs were paralysed with fear. His heart raced as he watched the progress of the monster, coming inexorably towards him."

"This monster will come inexorably towards you if you don't put the light out and go to sleep," Skip said, grinning, as he poked his head through the open flap. "Early start tomorrow. I only hope you don't have bad dreams after that particular piece of nightmare literature."

Fortunately, nobody dreamed at all. The next day was so hot that Skip abandoned his intended programme and decided to practise life-saving in the river.

Hawks were left to cook and fetch bread and milk from the farm; they were promised a turn in the afternoon. The Troop raced happily down to the sandy beach, hardly able to believe their fortune in having a day so hot.

As Dodge dived into the deep pool underneath the willow, Dave, also of Plovers, gave a cry of dismay.

"I think a fish has bitten me," he announced, and scrambled out of the river.

Skip came over to examine the injury. "That's not a fish-bite," he said, laughing. "It looks like you trod on glass. It's not



too bad, but you'd better go back to camp and disinfect it and put some plaster on. Dodge can go with you. He's a properly qualified first-aid assistant."

Jerry, of Lapwings, dived into the river, and came up with half a milk-bottle in his hand.

"Good lad!" Skip said approvingly. "It's a good job the water is so clear. Everyone examine the ground before they walk in."

Dodge and Dave walked back to the camp, Dave limping slightly, as the cut was underneath his foot.

"Try hopping," Dodge suggested, lending a shoulder for Dave to lean on, and they made slow and ungainly progress across the high embankment that separated the flood plain from the fields beyond.

"It's too hot to go back to the river," Dodge said, gasping, as they reached the field in which the tents were placed in neat rows. "Skip won't mind if you rest that foot. I'll read to you."

"Thanks," Dave said, grinning. Dodge liked nothing better than a captive audience.

"Camp's quiet," Dodge said. "I thought Hawks were on duty."

"That's odd," Dave answered. "Let's go and see if they're in the store tent."

The store tent was deserted. The cooking fire blazed brightly, and a smell of baking potatoes came from the stone oven. Everything was in order, yet not a soul was left in charge.

Dave looked at Dodge. Then he looked at the ground near the store tent, and gave a gasp.

"Look!" he muttered.

Dodge looked, and took two steps backwards. "I don't believe it," he said quakily.

The two Scouts stared. In front of the tent was a foot-high mass of bubbling, evil-looking froth. Grey-coloured, seething, it heaved and shuddered and bubbled and boiled, creeping along the grass towards them.

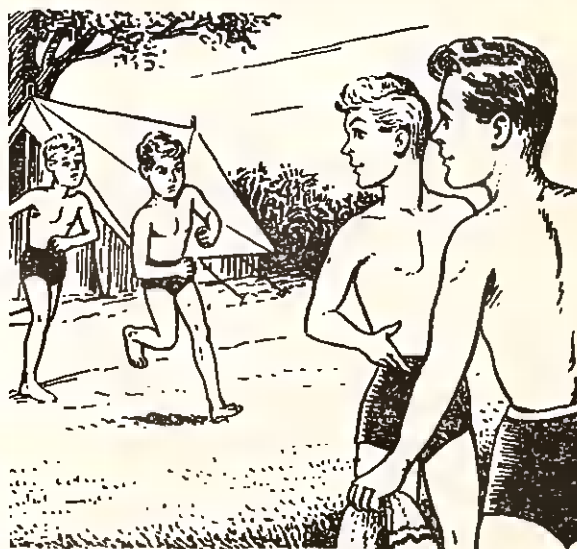
Panic momentarily swept over the two. "The—the—Creature!" muttered Dodge. His face turned grey. Dave tried to swallow, but couldn't.

"Better—run!" he croaked out at last.

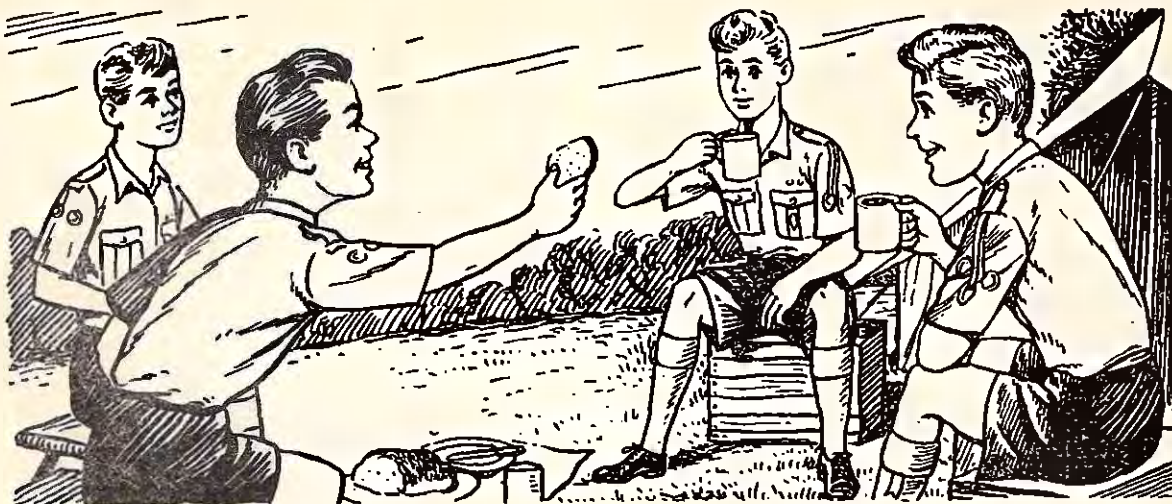
The returning swimmers were astounded to see Dave and Dodge flying towards them as if chased by Red Indian scalp-hunters.

"What on earth's wrong?" Skip demanded.

"Hawks have vanished," Dodge said when



"What on earth's wrong?" Skip demanded



"Here's a piece of your monster"

he became coherent. "And there's a—
Thing in camp."

"Nonsense!" Skip said briskly. "You've
been reading too many stories of outer space,
Dodge. Let's go and look at this Thing."

The Troop followed him, Dave and Dodge
with them, gaining courage from numbers.

Skip reached the store tent and stared.
"What the——?"

"It's from Mars," Dodge said shakily. "It's
like a sort of giant amoeba. . . ." His voice
tailed off.

Skip was laughing. The four cooks were
coming across the field, bringing the milk.

"Oh!" wailed Geoff, when he saw what
was standing beside the tent. "My bread!
It's risen too much and all boiled over!"

When the laughter had subsided Skip
helped to salvage the dough and clean the
bucket. When the tins of bread were baking
on metal sheets over the fire Geoff explained
the situation.

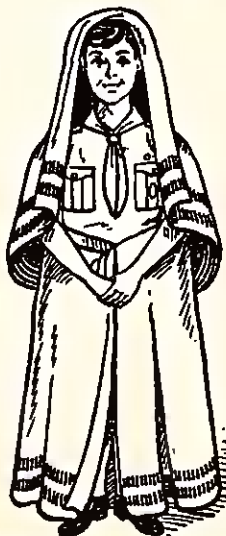
The farmer's wife had not had time to go
to town, as, owing to an electricity power
failure, milking had had to be done by hand.
As a result, she was about to make her own
bread, and the boys suggested that they could
help by baking theirs. Armed with flour,
yeast and a recipe, they set off to try their
luck. Half-way through, as the dough was
slow to rise, they all decided to go for milk,

for the sake of something to do, as dinner
was well under control and the farm only a
short way away.

The bread was excellent. At teatime Geoff
offered Dodge a piece, saying, "Here's a piece
of your monster."

Ever since, mention of summer camp or
homebaked bread has sent the Troop into
hysterics and Dodge and Dave into scarlet
and shamefaced retreat, while in Skip's house,
when he passes bread to visitors, he often
mystifies them by saying, "Try a piece from
outer space."

THE CAMP-FIRE BLANKET



If you have not got a
special camp-fire blanket
here is the way to fold one
of your other blankets so
that it makes a good cere-
monial dress. Place the
whole of the blanket length-
wise behind you so that the
centres of the two sides
come in front of you. Now
the top end of the blanket
is carried over your shoulders
and the other ends tucked
under the front of the blan-
ket and held in place with
a pin. The picture makes
this clear.

COUNTRYSIDE CREATURES



The Dormouse

The laziest British animal is probably the Dormouse. It sleeps for almost six months of the year. During the summer it eats as much as possible so that it has a stock of fat in its body, and it collects grain and nuts in its nest. In October it curls up and goes to sleep, living on its fat. Sometimes a warm winter or early spring day may wake it up, when it eats a few nuts or some grain and goes back to sleep again, finally waking up in April or early May. Even then it only comes out at night and sleeps in its nest of twigs, moss and grass in a thick

hedge during the daytime. The dormouse grows to five or six inches in length, half of which includes the length of its very furry tail. It is light brown in colour, with whitish-yellow under-parts. It has big ears, long white whiskers, and large black eyes. It feeds on nuts, especially hazel-nuts, hawthorn and whitethorn berries, insects, birds' eggs, fruit, apples, etc. It makes a very good pet, as it is quickly tamed and does not bite, but it sleeps during the day and only wakes up at night, when its owner is in bed!

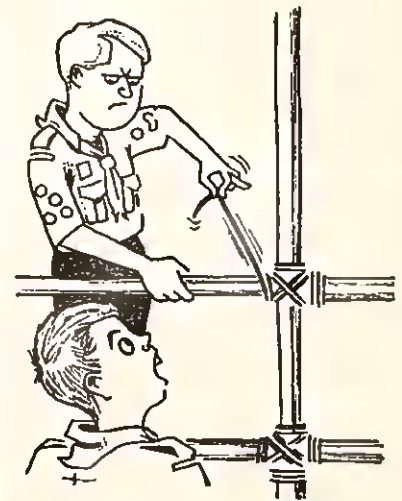
DID YOU KNOW? That a grasshopper can spring more than two hundred times its own length? That to make a pound of honey the bees must visit between 100,000 and 200,000 flowers? That mice can sometimes be drawn from their holes by whistling? That a snail would take fourteen days and five hours to travel a mile? That a frog cannot breathe with its mouth open?

The Mole

The Mole is so poor-sighted that it cannot see properly in daylight, and so could be called "blind". This is not likely to worry it, as it spends most of its life tunnelling in the earth for food—earthworms, beetle-grubs, and similar. Like the Shrew, if kept

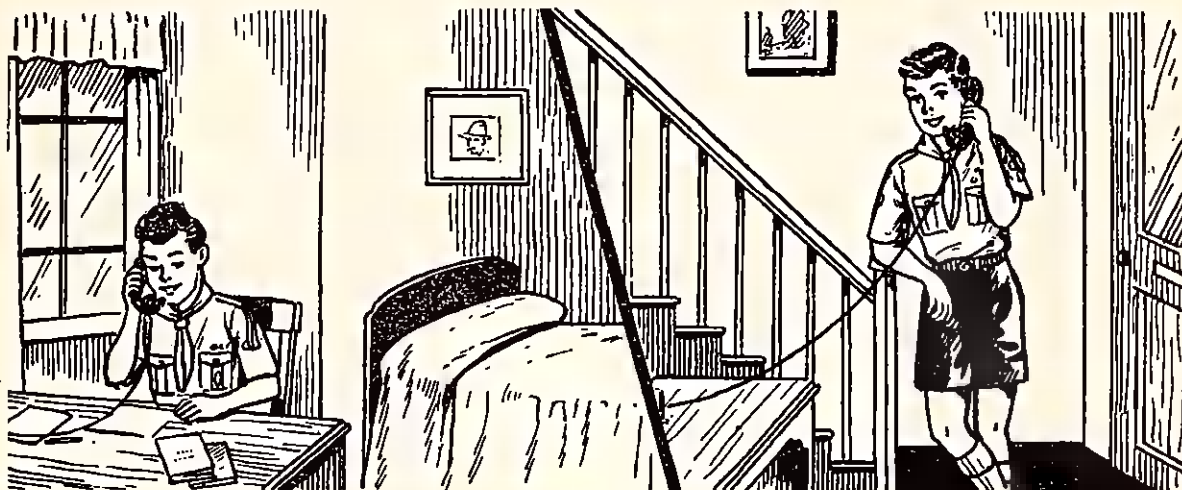
without food for only a short time, the Mole will die of hunger. It has a highly developed sense of smell and can track its food with this. It also has wonderful hearing. Its ears are set deep amongst its fur, and it is said to be able to hear worms crawling through the ground. The Mole's body is covered with dark-grey velvety fur. Its pink, broad, shovel-shaped forefeet, with long nails, are set sideways, the palms pointed outwards, and have powerful muscles for digging. It cannot walk with its forefeet if it comes to the surface, and pushes itself along with its hind legs. The thrown-up molehills, or "tumps" as they are sometimes called, are the Mole's way of getting rid of the earth it excavates as it travels in search of food. Because many of these occur on lawns, golf-courses, grass tennis-courts, etc., man has become one of the Mole's chief enemies. Dogs, foxes,

weasels and sometimes badgers kill the Mole, but rarely eat it. The Mole does much good: it rids the farmer's land of many insects and other pests, and the old mole-runs help to drain the water from the soil. In a small way, the Mole also brings rich earth to the surface, so improving the land for plants.



"Why not use nails?"

M. Bilton Shows You How to Make AN INDOOR TELEPHONE



You will need two $4\frac{1}{2}$ -volt dry batteries similar to the kind used in electric door-bells. If possible, get ones of a good make. Then you will be sure of the best possible results.

If you inquire at your area Telephone Manager's office, for the address of which look in the telephone directory, the authorities may be able to let you have two receivers—one for each instrument—which have been condemned for post-office use but which are in quite good order. Failing this, if you get in touch with one of the private telephone companies—most of them have offices in London and in the larger cities in the provinces—making a similar request, they may be able to help you.

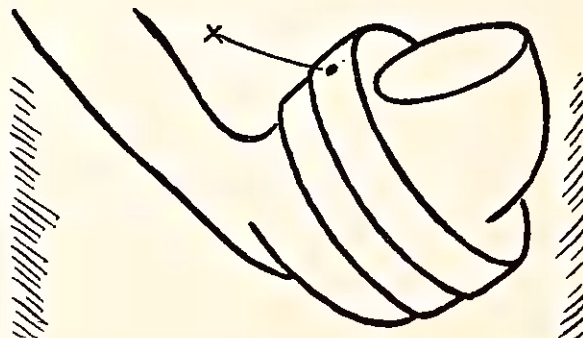
Now obtain a wooden box of a convenient size. Then with ordinary insulated bell wire connect the parts of your instrument as shown in the diagram.

Fix the wire to the bottom of the box with small staples. Fix the battery securely to the side of the box with wire or a strip of leather.

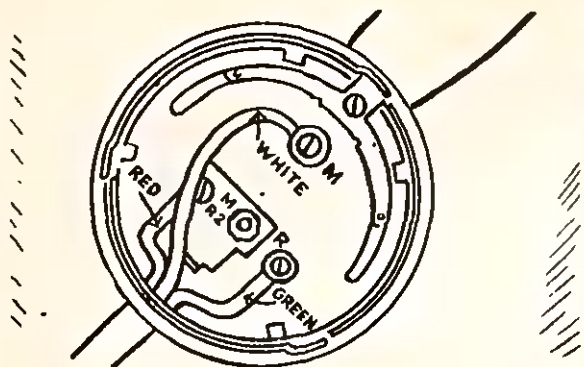
The four terminals can be made by putting fairly long screws through the side of the box, about half-way up, so that wires can be made fast to them both on the inside and on the outside.

You will see that both the receivers have three leads coming out of the mouth-piece. For this simplified system, only two are required.

First you must remove the mouthpiece. Free the spring inside by pushing the point of a drawing-pin through the tiny hole (X in the diagram), then the mouth-piece will come away easily when you turn it to the left.



How to Make an Indoor Telephone



Inside the mouthpiece three terminals are visible: the white lead is connected to "M", the red to "MR2", and the green

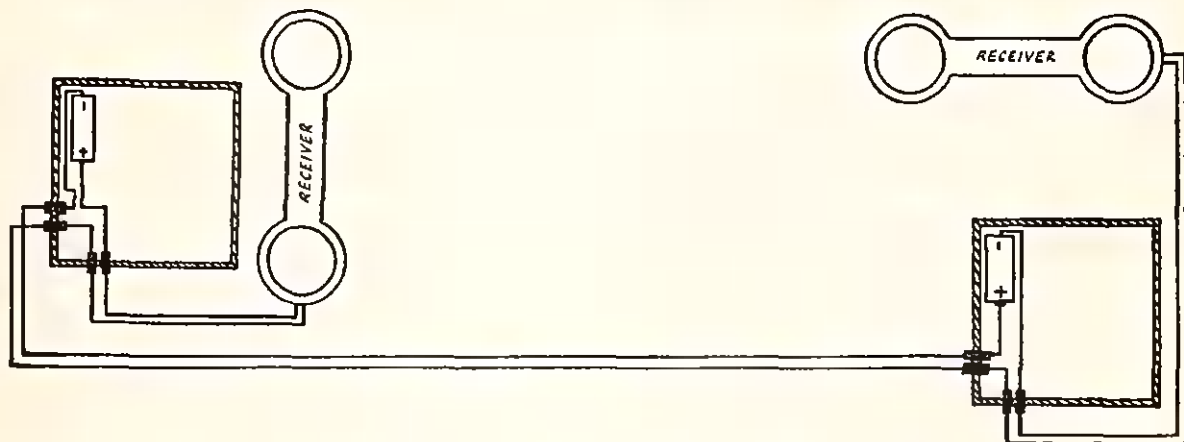
short piece of wire, making sure that it does not touch any part of "MR2", and screw them down tight.

Do this to both receivers.

If your box has a lid, your instrument will be protected against the weather.

You can run the wires from one room to another so that a Scout may talk to another Scout in any part of the house, club-room or den.

You will have endless amusement and instruction by being able to talk to each other in different rooms.



to "R". You do not need the white lead, so you can unwind it from the other two, disconnect it from terminal "M", and take it right away. To complete the circuit, all you have to do now is to connect terminals "M" and "R" with a

Don't forget to say "Over and Out" at the end of your conversation, when one Scout should disconnect one of the leads from his battery. If this is not done the batteries will run down in a few hours.

FACTS ABOUT SCOUTING

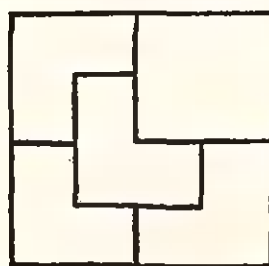
During World War II a newsletter for Scouts serving in the armed forces was published. It began in 1940.

The Air Scout branch of the Movement is a vigorous and lively part of it, but when it was first suggested, in 1927, it was rejected.

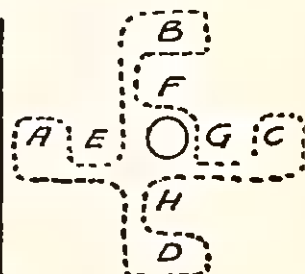
B.-P. resigned from the Army in 1910, though it was not until 1938, after 62 years' service, that he was gazetted out.

In 1947 Viscount Mountbatten of Burma became Commodore of Sea Scouts. Another Commodore of Sea Scouts was the late Duke of Kent, father of the present Duke.

SOLUTIONS



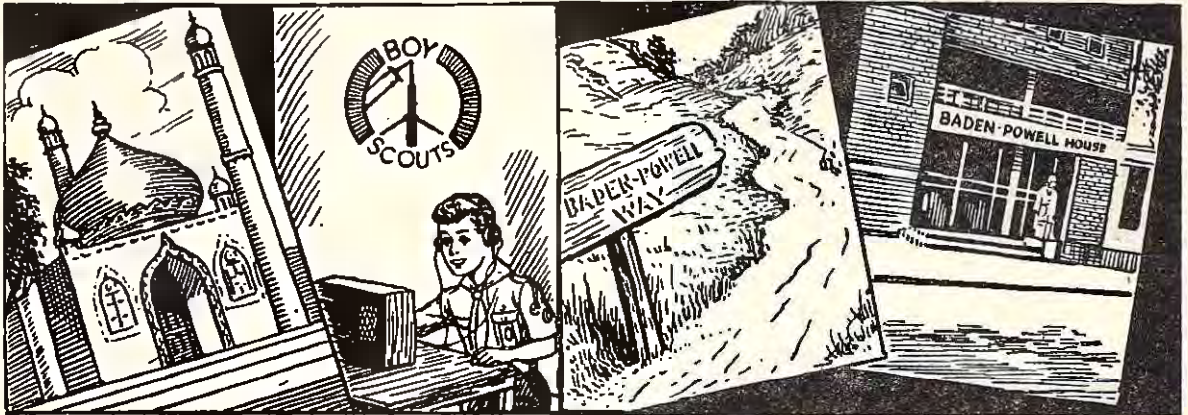
THE FARMER'S FIELD
(page 112)



THE WELL and the WALL
(page 112)

Scout News from Near and Far

By courtesy of the Information Bulletin, The Boy Scouts Association

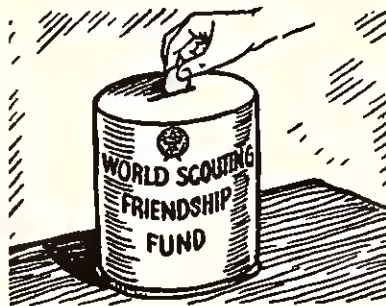


MOSQUE FOR GILWELL. Plans are in hand to build a small mosque for Scouts and Scouters of the Moslem faith who camp at Gilwell Park, the International Training Centre in Epping Forest. Funds for the building will come from Moslem Scouts all over the world. The idea was first suggested to John Thurman, Camp Chief at Gilwell Park, when he was attending a conference in the Far East. He hopes it will prove to all who visit Gilwell that when we say "No matter to what creed the other may belong" we do mean it.

FREE HOLIDAY ABROAD. Forty Scouts between the ages of 13 and 15 enjoyed a twelve-days' summer camping holiday, all expenses paid. The camp was in the tiny country of Liechtenstein, tucked away between Switzerland and Austria. The Scouts were winners of a written Scout quiz competition, sponsored by Crosse and Blackwell Ltd., the famous food firm.

STAMPS FOR FIJI. The Scout Movement started in Fiji in 1914, and today has nearly 7,000 members. To celebrate the 50th anniversary a special Jamborette was held last year, near Suva. About 1,000 Scouts attended, including some 200 from Australia, New

Zealand, New Guinea, New Hebrides, Tonga, Western Samoa, and the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. To mark the occasion, the Fijian Post Office issued 3d. and 1/- commemorative stamps. The 1/- stamp showed three Scouts, representing the three major races—Fijian, Indian and European—with the Fijian wearing the traditional *sulu*.



WORLD FRIENDSHIP. Scouts and Scouters all over the world now have the opportunity to give one small coin—pennies, dimes, centimes, pfennigs, pesetas, or cents—to the "World Scouting Friendship Fund". The Fund, instituted by the Boy Scouts World Conference, will be used to spread Scouting to more boys of the world. At first the money will be devoted to helping the Scout

Movement in Africa. Robin Gold, Scout Headquarters International Commissioner, says " 'A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.' Here is how we can show friendship and brotherhood in a really practical form".

INTERNATIONAL VISIT. Last year thousands of British Scouts visited Egypt, Finland, Germany, Libya, Nigeria, Norway, Portugal, Spain, and the U.S.A. Scouts of the 11th St. Marylebone went to Japan. They raised £2,000 and visited Japanese Scouts, also seeing something of the Olympic Games. They stayed at the World Youth Camp in Tokyo, set up for members of youth organisations attending the Olympics.

SCOUT AWARD FOR FIRE HERO. Twelve-year-old Patrol Leader Nigel Harper-Tarr of the 1st Turweston Scout Group, Northamptonshire, has been awarded the Gilt Cross by the Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean, in recognition of his gallantry in attempting to rescue a friend trapped in a blazing barn. Nigel was playing in a barn with two friends, Derek and Bernard Page, whose father owned the barn. The barn contained about 100 tons of baled straw and the



boys had made a "den" in the centre of the stack by removing some of the bales. The "den", about 10 feet square, was approached through a tunnel at the top of the stack and then down a rope. Usually the boys relied on an electric torch for light, but on this occasion they took a candle and matches, which set fire to the straw. They tried unsuccessfully to put out the fire, then made their way out of what was soon to be a blazing inferno. Derek, the youngest, first, followed by Nigel. Bernard stayed in the barn, trying to beat out the flames. Nigel raised the alarm, then dashed back into the barn and crawled along the tunnel to the "den", where Bernard was now trapped. He tried to drag his friend up to the tunnel but failed. He raced outside and was going to re-enter the barn, but his father, who had arrived, held him back as he could see the position was hopeless. Nigel was already badly burned about the head and hands.

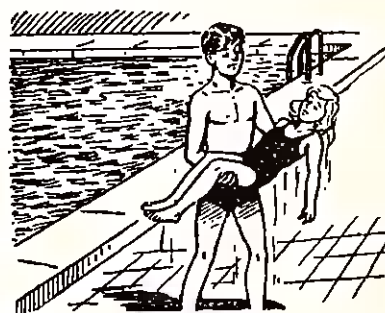
B.-P. HOUSE VISITORS. Since Baden-Powell House—Scouting's social and residential centre in Kensington, London—opened in 1961 nearly 40,000 Scouts from 73 countries have made use of the facilities. In two months 18 different nationalities visited the House. Some came from as far away as Australia, Brazil, Iceland and India; others from nearer home—Germany, France and all parts of the U.K. All these visitors

with their many different tongues helped the House fulfil its main function as a living memorial to Baden-Powell, Founder of the world-wide Scout Movement.

PROMPT ACTION. Thirteen-year-old Andrew Pink of the 1st West Malling Troop, Kent, hit the headlines in his local paper when he brought a school bus to a halt before it crashed into a low railway bridge. Another few hundred yards and the top deck of the bus would have been smashed against the bridge and most of the 15 passengers, as well as the driver, would have been injured. The relief bus was taller than usual and the driver didn't know the route. Only Andrew realised that there was insufficient room for the bus to pass and warned the driver in time. Andrew is a go-ahead member of his Patrol, the Panthers. He has several proficiency badges to his credit. Observation is obviously another of his strong points.

GALLANTRY AWARD. Sixteen-year-old Senior Scout Patrol Leader Paul Newey of the 1st Gossoms End, Berkhamstead, Scout Group was awarded the Gilt Cross by the Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean, in recognition of his gallantry in attempting to rescue two people from drowning. Paul was on an Outward Bound course in Devon. Returning from an incident with other members of the course across the rocks at Cradlerock, near Berry Head, a Senior Scout, Barry Rowbottom, and one of the course

instructors, Richard Cadwallader, were swept into the sea. The rest rushed back to the spot, but found the two men had been carried about 40 yards out to sea. Paul Newey volunteered to swim out with a lifeline in a rescue attempt, but he kept being swept back. Heavy seas eventually forced the party to give up when it became dangerous for them to remain on the rocks. Mr. Edwin Turner, an Outward Bound Course Instructor, says of the tragedy, "It was impossible to do more in such conditions, as the waves swept us all over the rocks, and I felt it was



risking the other boys' lives to keep them there. Under the difficult and frightening conditions, Paul Newey showed great courage and presence of mind."

YEAR'S FREE SWIMS. For rescuing an unconscious ten-year-old girl from drowning in Knightstone Swimming Baths, Weston-super-Mare, Patrol Leader Roy Warner was presented with a year's pass by the Baths Committee. Mr. F. Colburn, the Baths Manager, said that the girl fell into the deep end, bumped her chin and knocked herself out. She went straight to the bottom. Of Roy's action, Mr. Colburn said, "This lad spotted her and without waiting to call anyone else went in and got her out. It was a remarkable bit of quick thinking and action on his part."

AWARD FOR "LAKONIA" SURVIVOR. Seventeen-year-old Senior



The Scout's Pathfinder Annual

Scout Julian Miller of the 2nd Hove (Brighton and Hove Grammar School) Scout Group was awarded the Gilt Cross by the Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean, in recognition of his gallantry during the rescue of survivors from the *Lakonia* disaster.

RECORDED REQUESTS. Scouts of the 2nd Chaulden (Bourne Methodist) Group in Hemel Hempstead New Town, Herts, record various requests made by residents of the Abbeyfield Lodge Old People's Home. Some of the requests made to the Group are for music, church bells pealing, and messages from relatives. The Scouts do all their recording "on location" and then play them over to the old folk.

TALL SHIPS RACE. Of the 36 young men who faced selection for the final crew of 23 for the 52-ton Bermudan yawl *Tawau*, six were Scouts. *Tawau* was Britain's entry in the Tall Ships Race last year, the fifth arranged by the Sail Training Association. The race was from Plymouth to Bermuda, with a stop at Lisbon. *Tawau* was lent to the Sail Training Association by her owner, Viscount Boyd. In command was Captain James Myatt, R.A., who has considerable ocean-racing experience and is no stranger to the Tall Ships Race, having led Scout crews in previous years.

ROVER MOOT YEAR. 1965 was designated a "Rover Moot Year", during which Rover Moots took place as follows: Pacific Moot in New Zealand, South Asia Moot at Kandy, Ceylon, Africa Moot in Nigeria, European Moot at Lake Vanaru, Sweden, Micromcot at Kandersteg, Switzerland.

KEEN N. RHODESIAN. A Scouter travelled from Sichili, in Eastern Barotseland, to Mongu, 400 miles away, on two separate occasions to attend a Cub and then a Scout

Preliminary Training Course. He then returned home, a distance of 800 miles each trip. Later, hearing there was to be a Wood Badge Course near Lusaka, he again travelled 800 miles by various means of transport, including an 80-mile walk, to attend the course, all at his own expense.

THE TRAVELLING COMMISSIONER. Mr. George F. Mitchell, the Travelling Commissioner, last year visited the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. He wrote: "The Scouts on these coral islands are all expert swimmers and canoeists. Their islands are small—some of them only about 200 yards wide—and distances between islands are often very great. There are 33 islands in an area of 2 million square miles of sea. The Scouts are keen and smart. Some of them wear their traditional *lava-lava* as part of their uniform. In a society where most tasks are shared, it is not easy to find good turns to do. On two islands, at least, the Scouts dig the graves and bury the dead—an unusual good turn. At Tarawa, the capital, the Scouts and Guides went carol-singing for the past two Christmases and bought two radios for the hospital with the money that they collected. The ship I travelled on was collecting copra, and sometimes we arrived at an island in the middle of the night. The Scouters of Tamana were there to meet me in uniform at 3 a.m. Many of the activities Scouts do in other places are diffi-

cult or impossible on the islands, but it seems to me it is wonderful that there are Cubs, Scouts, Senior Scouts and Rovers on many of these lonely islands. They are an important link in the chain of brotherhood which encircles the earth. One Scout in the Ellice Islands said to me, "Scouting is something which you carry in your heart."

KINDNESS REPAID. Scouts of the 20th Bedfordshire (St. Mary's, Goldington) Scout Group were quick to rally round their friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. Farmer, when they were released from hospital after recovering from a serious car accident. The Scouts remembered how much the Farmers had helped with raising funds for the Group's new headquarters, so they set to and helped out. Mrs. Farmer says, "They came to me out of the blue and did everything—household chores, shopping, window and brass-cleaning—the lot. They even made an egg custard one day!" The Group also looked after the family dog, hurt in the crash.

BLINDNESS NO HANDICAP. Bob Byers overcame the disability of total blindness to gain a wide variety of skills and knowledge. These won him the top award of the Boy Scout Movement—the Queen's Scout Badge. He is the first blind Scout in Australia to win the Queen's Scout Badge, and one of the very few in the world. In five years, since joining the Scouts, he has gained Bushman and Public Service badges for forestry, meteorology, ambulance work and signalling. He also wears a Musician's badge; he is a keen pianist.

QUEEN'S SCOUT TOP APPRENTICE. Eighteen-year-old Queen's Scout Peter Edwards of Sutton, Surrey, won the Institute of Engineers' Tipping Medal as Best Apprentice for 1964. Peter was completing his third year of





First Class journey

Photo: Norman A. Rows



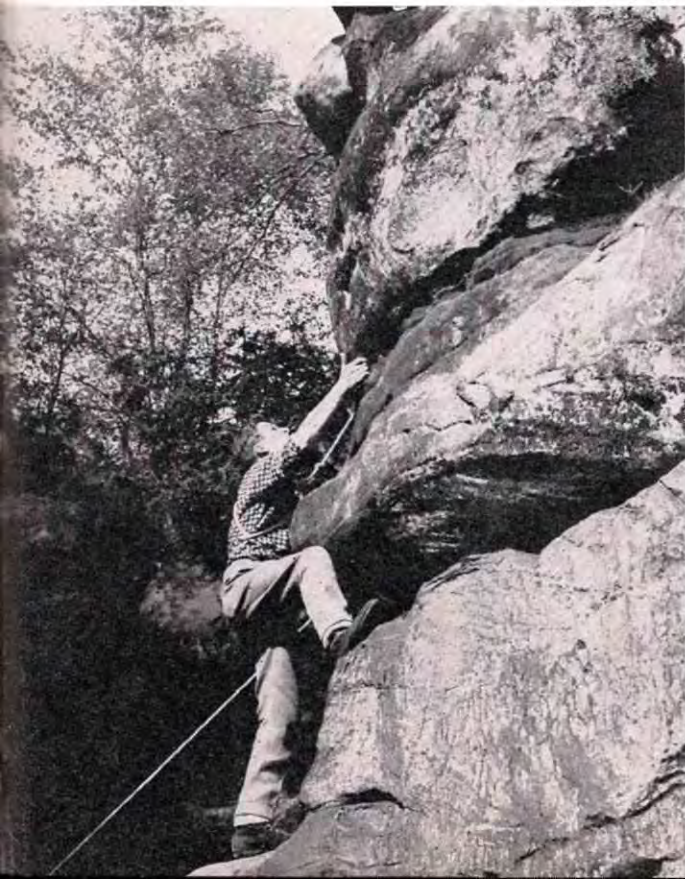
Photo: Jim Lawrence

Senior Air Scouts of the 8th Basingstoke Troop pitch camp for the night in Sweden during a Scandinavian tour

HIKING, TOURING, CLIMBING

Rock-climbing at Tunbridge Wells during an Essex County Senior Scout course

Photo: Neil D. Davis



Another kind of climbing—in an obstacle race at S.E. Essex Local Association's Open Day

Photo: Neil D. Davis





Nature study

Photo: Lawrence D. Curtis



Pond life

Photo: Norman A. Rowe

INDOORS, OUTDOORS, AND ON THE AIR



Model-makers

Photo: Lawrence D. Curtis



Hams—at the 6th Wallington Scouts' Jamboree-on-the-Air station

Photo: Norman A. Rowe

Scout News from Near and Far

training in all aspects of manufacturing marine and general radio communication equipment, including workshop practice, production techniques and works administration. In addition to his academic achievements, he has reached the Silver Standard of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and has entered for the Gold Standard.

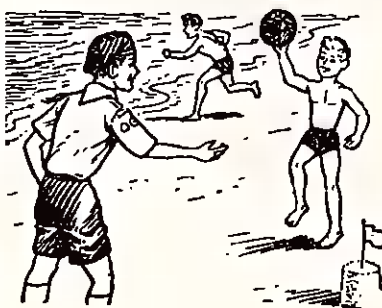
SAND BOX SAMARITANS. Scouts in Quebec, Canada, have collected wooden boxes, originally used for packing butter, and turned them into useful motorists' aids. The boxes are filled with sand and sold to drivers, who keep them in the trunk of the car so that the additional weight will improve traction on snow and ice-bound roads.

5TH ESSEX INTERNATIONAL JAMBOREE. Scouts from some thirty different countries attended the Jamboree at Belchamps, Essex, last year, which was again a great success. The Chief Scout was there, and a thoroughly good time was had by all.

SKI-ING WITHOUT TEARS. Scouts, lady Cubmasters and Girl Guide Captains enjoy the Easter Ski Course for Beginners in Switzerland. The fortnight's course is held at the International Scout Chalet, Kandersteg. The length of the course is an extension on previous years; before, it was restricted to seven days. Parties stay in the centrally heated Scout Chalet and can hire skis and sticks locally. Essential personal equipment that must be taken includes goggles, snow-boots, sun-glasses and sun-burn cream. Total cost to the under-21's is less than £28; for everyone else it is £32.

HOLIDAY HOTEL. Lewisham Scouts have helped to establish a holiday "hotel" with a difference—different because residents will not have to face a bill at the end of

their stay. In fact, many will be supplied with pocket-money to help them enjoy their holidays to the full. The "hotel"—a detached house called "Golden Acre" at Westgate-on-Sea, Kent—has been established to enable under-privileged families to holiday by the sea, perhaps for the first time. The project has been organised by the Coombe Holidays Trust Fund, a charity, founded by members of the W.V.S., Lloyds, Lewisham Scouts and the Jersey Rotary Club. Patron of the Trust Fund is the Chief Scout, Sir Charles Maclean. The idea originated in 1957, when Don Coombe, as Assistant District Commissioner in Lewisham, was asked by Lady Zuckerman to escort a group of under-privileged boys



from the Midlands to an "all-found" holiday in Jersey. The scheme has gradually developed and children who have benefited from it include victims of cruelty and children of disabled parents. "Golden Acre" is a separate project organised by the Fund to enable entire families, parents and children, to holiday together.

SCOUTING'S FUTURE. A team of twenty-four Scoutmasters and Commissioners are planning the future of the Scout Movement in this country. Under the leadership of the Chief Scout, the Advance Party are taking a close look at the Scout Movement. Special attention is given to Scout principles, methods of training, age ranges,

and uniforms. Terms of reference for the investigating team are "To study all aspects of the future of Scouting and to make recommendations, after consultation with the Movement, to the Chief Scout as to the development of the Movement, both in the immediate future and for the 1970s." The members of the Advance Party are all under 45 (average age 37). This ceiling was chosen by the Chief Scout as an age when Scouters "have some experience and some years in Scouting ahead." At their first meeting the Advance Party was divided into eight working sub-committees each consisting of six Scouters. Each sub-committee will be looking into a different aspect of the Scout Movement—Wolf Cubs; Boy Scouts; Senior Scouts; Rover Scouts; Organisation and Finance; Scoutmasters; Relations with other Organisations; Publicity. Later the Chief Scout will be asking for ideas and comments from the whole Scout Movement, right down to the youngest Scout.

A PROBLEM OF LANGUAGE. The Interpreter Badge brought a headache to Northampton's Local Association Badge Secretary. Most Scouts choose French, German, Italian or Spanish for the test, but brothers Daniel and Arthur Reid, both members of the 34th Northampton Group, chose Icelandic! They spent three months in Iceland visiting their grandmother. While there they got down to learning the language; they also spent some time with Icelandic Scouts. The problem was to find an examiner who speaks the language well enough to test the brothers in conversation and translation.

BROWNSEA ISLAND. Brownsea Island, in Poole Harbour, Dorset, was the site of Baden-Powell's first Scout camp. This was back in 1907. Now, after many years as a

forbidden island, it is open to the public, and part of the shore has been reserved for use as a camp-site for Scouts and Guides. Don't miss paying a visit to the island if you are anywhere near it. Admission costs 1/6 (2/6 for grown-ups). The castle on the island is not open to the public, but there is plenty to see elsewhere, and Scouts will have a special interest in it as the island where Scouting began.

BOB-A-JOB WEEK. In previous years every member of the Scout Movement in this country has contributed 2/- to Headquarters funds from their Bob-a-Job earnings. With the introduction last year of a 5/- capitation fee to Scout Headquarters it was decided that all future Bob-a-Job earnings should be devoted to local Scouting. The chance to opt out of the fund-raising scheme was given to the Movement's 571,000 members, but hardly any have done so. Scout Headquarters will continue running Bob-a-Job Week on a national basis for the benefit of Group and Local Association funds.

CANADA'S FIRST AIR SCOUT SQUADRON. Sponsored by the Montreal Regional Scout Council and authorised as an experimental Group by the Scouters' National Council, Canada's first Air Scout Squadron now flies gliders at the Dominion Aviation Airfield, one mile south of St. Jerome, Quebec. They use a Schweltzer 222 glider, which is towed into the air by a tri-pacer Piper plane. Before the Air Scouts are allowed into the air, they must take an extensive ground course, covering navigation, air-manship, meteorology, Department of Transport regulations, and theory of flight.

BADEN-POWELL WAY. Testwood Boy Scouts, Hampshire, erected a headquarters at the end of Cheam Way, Testwood, in the

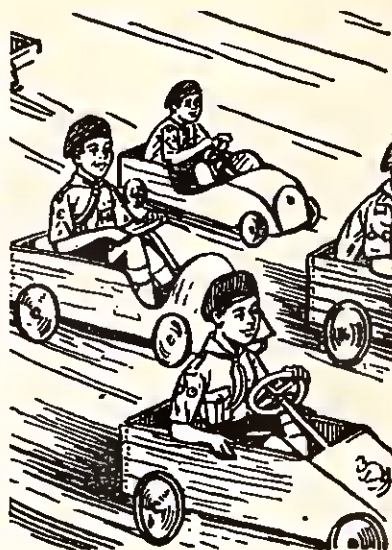
New Forest, and the Parish Council approved a request that the footpath on to which the hut abutted be called Baden-Powell Way, subject to the Rural District Council's approval. The Rural District Council gave their permission and the footpath is now officially in the local records as Baden-Powell Way.

COW-PUNCHING SCOUTS. Leaving their Headquarters to go on a night stunt, Scouts from the 1st Kettering Troop, Northants, walked right into a herd of cows. For the next fifteen minutes the Scouts turned cowboys, herding the cattle back into Kettering market. The cows had a short tour of the town, the Scouts had first-hand experience of "cow-punching",



and one motorist was left wondering how his car was damaged, all because some unknown local youths had let the herd free.

FRIENDS OF THE HOUSE. The "Friends of Baden-Powell House" scheme aims to give a stake in the House to the many people who have asked how they can continue to help now that the endowment fund has reached its target. The annual subscription has been kept to a 10/- minimum so that Scout Troops and Wolf Cub Packs will be able to take part. Many new Scout Groups have started since the original House Founder scheme closed, and the new scheme will offer them a chance to be associated with Scouting's very practical memorial to the Founder.



NATIONAL SCOUTCAR RACES. Since the event started in 1939 as the "Soapbox Derby", an unofficial competition has grown up among the teams for originality in naming their Scoutcars. Some of the unusual names seen are "A Man-Eating Prune", entered by the 20th Purley, Surrey, "Nulli Secundus Mk 1", entered by the 2nd Deptford, and "Ikanoppit", entered by the 4th Lytham St. Annes. **WORLD SCOUTS SAY "THANKS"**. At a special ceremony held at Scout Headquarters in 1964, Major General D. C. Spry, the Director of the World Scout Bureau in Ottawa, presented a plaque to Mr. Leslie Mitchell of Wareham, Dorset. The plaque was a "thank-you" from the world's 9½ million Scouts to the originator of Jamboree-on-the-Air, the annual short-wave radio Scouts get-together. The ebony plaque bears the purple-and-white World Scout badge with the names of all five continents. The inscription reads: *Presented by the Boy Scouts World Committee to Leslie R. Mitchell in appreciation of his contribution to World Brotherhood as the originator of the Jamboree-on-the-Air.*



A TEST OF INITIATIVE

by J. Stranger

"Tracking," said Ian Campbell of Eagle Patrol, "is a mug's game. Let's drop out."

"What?" exclaimed Nick Anderson, of Hawks, who was the only other member of the Troop to have got so far. "We're miles ahead of the others. Why give up now? Besides, you never know when it might come in useful."

"Useful for what?" Ian demanded.

He was an impatient, red-headed boy who liked to get quick results and hated anything that took long and patient plodding. Now he sat beside Nick, who was small and blond and agile, and stared down at the wide tarn that glittered like sheet-metal in the middle of the moors.

Frequent rain had made the ground very damp, and up to now the footsteps of the trackmaker, Brian Burnett, of Owls, had been plain and easy to see. Far behind them, on the hill, Nick could see the scattered members of the Troop following the trail.

"They've got our footsteps to help," he said.

"Well, we haven't got anything here," Ian said in disgust.

"Brian must have changed his tactics. I

bet he's walked along the wall, and we'll find his trail further along," Nick said.

"It's still a mug's game," Ian answered. "Who ever heard of tracking being any use in everyday life?"

"It might not be useful every day, but it comes in handy in the right place," Nick said, prospecting carefully on both sides of the wall. "Policemen need to be able to follow a trail, and hunters, and soldiers."

"I'm not going to be a policeman or a soldier, and I don't expect I'll ever hunt," Ian said morosely. "I'm going to be an accountant."

"Oh, come on! Right now you're being an idiot," Nick answered impatiently. He and Ian had been friends for several years, but he often found the older boy exasperating. "I want some points for Hawks. If you drop out you'll be letting your Patrol down."

"I don't care," Ian said. "I'm sick of playing games on the hills. I'd rather be at the Youth Club. You get a bit of fun there."

"Okay, you go off to Youth Club," Nick answered irritably. "I've found the trail again, and I'm following it."

A Test of Initiative

Ian watched his friend lope off along a small path that led towards the woods higher up. He hesitated, and then turned away. Presently he was running lightly along the bridle-path back to the town. He skirted a wood, climbed a stone wall, and found himself looking over the barren stretch of moor on the edge of the town. He stared. Several policemen were walking slowly and carefully towards him, searching the ground.

A burly inspector, standing near the ruins of a small cottage, called out to him.

"Here—Scout!"

Ian walked over, his heart thumping suddenly as he wondered guiltily if he had done something wrong.

"Have you been out on the moors?" the policeman asked.

"Yes, sir. We were tracking." Ian hoped he would not have to explain why he had left the rest of the Troop.



Ian wondered what he had done wrong

The inspector was too busy with his own thoughts to ask about that. "A little boy has been lost on the moors," he said. "He is about five. He wandered up here instead of going straight home from school, and no one has seen him since. He's wearing a brown blazer and cap and grey shorts. You haven't seen him, have you?"

Ian shook his head. "We haven't seen another soul this afternoon," he said truthfully.

"You were tracking, eh—with other Scouts?" the inspector asked suddenly.

Ian nodded.

"Think you could round your friends up and bring them here?" the inspector asked. "You never know, they might be able to help, and we haven't as many men on the job as I'd like. It might turn mighty cold tonight—not the weather for a little kid to be out in who's not even warmly dressed. His house is only a few yards from the school gates. He told his friend he was going to look for an eagle. I ask you, eagles—on these moors!"

Ian's heart did a sudden leap. "What's his name?" he asked.

"Barry—Barry Nuttall. Know him?"

Ian nodded. "His brother's in my Patrol—Rog Nuttall. Barry was looking for an eagle. I expect he meant—you see, we're Eagle Patrol, and Rog always calls himself the Eagle, as he's the Patrol Leader. I expect Barry knew we were going tracking and he wanted to come too, so he just tried to find us all."

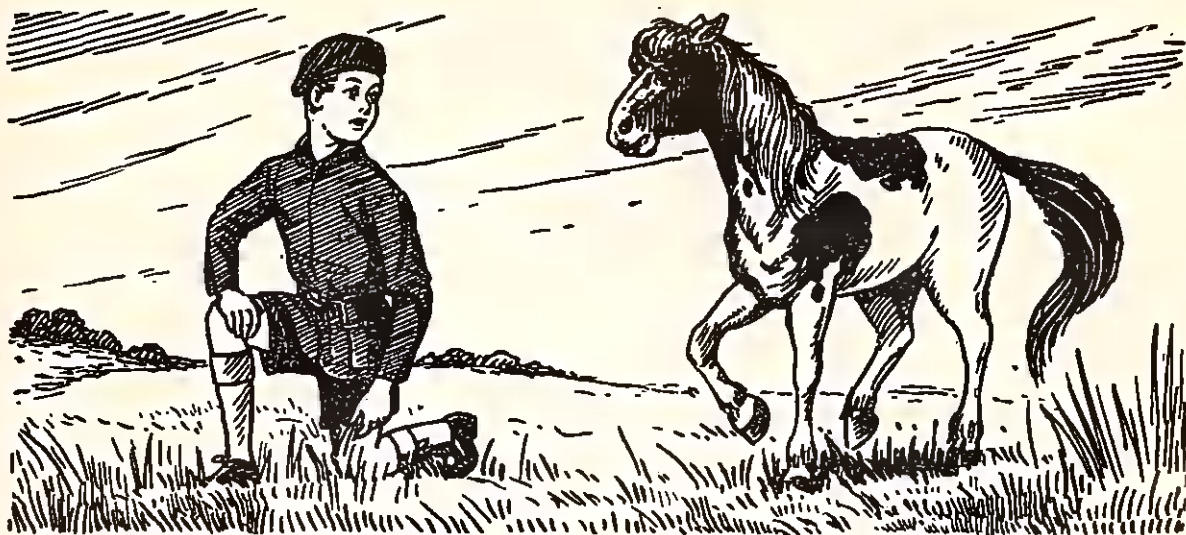
"That gives us something to go on," said a big sergeant, who had come up.

"Run off and round up your Troop, there's a good lad," the inspector said.

Ian turned back and leapt the wall. He followed the trail of the other Scouts for as long as he could, and then met Skip, who was following so that he could see how well the Troop had been tracking.

Hastily, Ian explained what had happened.

"I'll send the Troop back," Skip said. "Go back and see if you can be of any help, Ian."



Ian found himself looking at a frightened wild pony

Ian nodded, and turned round again. He was beginning to feel like Dick Whittington. This time he kept his eyes on the ground. He walked to one side of the path, looking carefully for any place that was crossed by footprints. If Barry had come up here, the child had had some idea of the route, and it was possible that he had known his way and found the trail by himself.

Ian found himself looking for signs that had not bothered him before: crushed grass in a hollow, giving the impression that a body had crouched there. He bent down and looked more closely. Then behind him something rustled suspiciously. He turned his head as a strange voice sobbed in his ear. He found himself looking into the eyes of a wild pony that was as frightened as he.

The pony turned and crashed blindly away.

Ian looked up and saw his friend scrambling down the hillside towards him.

"I met Skip. Have you found anything?"

Ian shook his head.

"I think I have. That's why Skip sent me to find you. There's a small footmark in the bog just beyond the Hollow."

"The quarry's over there," Ian said.

"I know. We know the way, so Skip said we'd better go up there quickly. He's sent Dai Williams back for the police, and he's gone

up on the far side of the quarry. It's steeper on that side, and there's water at the bottom."

"Why the quarry?" Ian asked a few minutes later, as he climbed over the rocky crags that separated them from the part of the moors where the quarry lay, wide open to the sky.

"Remember who was trailmaker?"

"Brian."

"That's right," Nick answered. "He was at Rog's house last night and told Barry he was going to make the trail up round the quarry. He hoped Barry would tell Rog and mislead him. He's just told Skip."

"Did Barry tell Rog?" Ian asked.

"No. He kept it secret. I think he wanted to surprise us all and get to the head of the trail first."

"Oh, gosh!" Ian said miserably.

"Eyes on the ground from now on," Nick told him. "Look, we can't hunt everywhere. I'll take this side of the path, and you take the other."

Ian began to wish he had been more interested in tracking. He looked down at the ground, but it held no message for untrained eyes. He frowned at a coarse hair caught on a bramble. Nick glanced across.

"Fox," he said briefly. "I saw its tracks a few feet back. Thought it was a dog."



Nick crawled to the edge and called out "Barry!"

Suddenly Ian let out a whoop. Nick ran across to him. There, plainly in the mud, was the mark of a small child's shoe.

"He's been this way," Nick said.

They climbed on, following the track. Most of it was stony, but here and there mud showed the print of the shoes, now the left one and now the right.

"Do you know," Ian said after a moment, "the little imp's been trying not to leave his own trail. He was probably afraid somebody would spot it. He wanted to surprise Rog."

"He often practises stalking and tracking," Nick said glumly. "I've seen him. He thinks Rog is marvellous. After all, Rog's fifteen and Barry's only five. Rog must seem almost grown up and Barry's longing to be a Scout."

Ian bent down again and peered at the ground. "His prints are quite plain here," he said. "Look, he wouldn't climb down into the quarry, would he? It's sheer rock, and though there is a path it'd be awfully slippery after all that rain."

"He certainly headed that way. Come on. Let's go and see. If he isn't there we might find him. If he is there, he's in danger."

The two Scouts pushed on up the hill. The sky was overcast, threatening heavy rain again, and wind surged among the trees.

The quarry top was bare of everything but a sheep, which ran away bleating.

"The ground's wet enough round here," Ian said, looking down at the grass. "But this won't show footprints."

"It will show other things, though," Nick said. "Look!" He pointed to a place a few yards away from where they stood. The grass at the quarry's edge was torn and muddy, and two skid marks, made by sliding heels, showed plainly on the ground.

Nick crawled to the edge and looked down. "Barry!" he called. "Cooeee!"

A faint sound answered him.

"Was that an echo or an answer?" Ian asked.

He received an immediate reply, for a voice drifted up to them. "I'm here. I've fallen down. I can't come back."

The Scouts peered down. The quarry had been used for marble for centuries and then abandoned as transport costs made the stone too expensive an item to be used regularly. The slippery walls were gashed and cracked, and a rough path led down to the water, far below.

"Can't see you," Ian called.

"I'm here." The child's voice was frightened and impatient. Nick, trying to look down, almost slipped, and Ian gripped him.

"Hi!" he said. "That won't do. I'm going

A Test of Initiative

to try the path," he went on. "Can't leave the kid there alone."

"That would be daft," Nick answered.

He moved sideways, taking care not to slip. A moment later he said excitedly, "We were on an overhang. Come here."

Ian followed him, and together they crouched down. The rock on which they had been standing had sheltered them from a full view, but now they could see Barry, who was caught on a tiny ledge, a small bush keeping him from falling further into the quarry.

Ian looked at Nick and knew that the same thought had crossed both minds.

"The roots are coming out of the cliff," he whispered.

Nick nodded. "We've got to try something," he said. "The police can't get here



They could see Barry caught on a ledge

for some time, and Barry might fall long before then."

"Neither of us dare go down," Ian said.

"The path is only a goat-track, and it's as smooth as glass. Barry was lucky to fall like that, and not on to rock."

Nick shuddered, his mind suddenly filled with a vision of the child's body hurtling down the sheer walls to the water.

"Keep still, Barry, won't you?" Nick begged.

"I'm frightened," the child said, his voice a whimper.

"We're going to help you, and policemen are coming too," Nick answered. "Just keep as still as you can."

"Please come and help me," Barry cried, panic entering his voice.

Ian lay flat on the quarry edge and looked down. "You're a Scout now, Barry, just like Rog," he said. "Scouts obey orders, and you must obey too. Understand?"

The thought caught the child's interest. "Yes," he said.

"You must keep quite still, just like a real Scout who mustn't be seen by anyone." Ian's voice was insistent. He thought he could hear creaking from the branches of the bush.

"I'll keep still," Barry promised.

"Now," Ian said, suddenly inspired to leadership, "we need a rope. What have we got?"

"Two belts, two neckers, the cords of our anoraks, a small piece of nylon rope, my dog's lead."

Ian frowned. "If you attach the dog's lead to my belt, and thread your belt through the lead, do you think you can hold me?"

"I'll have to go," Nick said. "You're nearly a stone heavier than I am."

"I've got a longer reach too," Ian said. "Hm, perhaps it would be safer."

"We won't need the anorak cords. The dog's lead is a long chain, and it's very strong. Sable needs some holding."

Ian nodded absently. He had unthreaded his anorak cord and was using it to anchor his shorts. He fastened the dog's lead firmly

to the metal ring on Nick's belt, and was thankful to see that it had a police-dog fastening that was safer than the normal dog-lead clip. He moved back the catch, making sure the lead was firm.

He threaded his own belt through, and was thankful to find that the lead, belt, and the length of his own arm gave him several feet to play with the improvised rope.

Nick took both neckers and the nylon rope and stuffed them into his pocket. Then, feeling like a spider on a thread, he began to edge his way down the path.

"I can't!" he gasped. He moved quickly back to Ian. "It's so slippery that my shoes won't grip."

"Try it barefoot," Ian answered grimly as a faint moan came from the child below. He grabbed at one shoe and sock as Nick took off the other. The bush gave another warning creak.

To Nick's relief, his feet did not slip on the stone, although it felt unpleasantly cold and wet beneath him. Once he was below the edge of the overhang, he found he felt more like a fly on a wall, and he stared in horror at the tiny ledge and the flimsy bush, which gave only token protection to the child.

Barry saw him coming and turned his head. The bush protested again, and Ian, from above, saw the roots shudder and slip a few more inches out of the sparse soil covering.

"Keep quite still, Barry," he called. "You're still a Scout."

Nick reached the ledge, and leaned back against the cliff. His knees were shaking, and the belts and dog-lead holding him felt ridiculously inadequate. The drop in front of him looked unbelievably deep.

"I can't come back," Barry said. "I'm frightened."

Ian held the improvised rope grimly. Nick was balanced on the narrowest part of the ledge, and had barely sufficient anchorage.

Nick closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He thought of his Scout Promise. He declared



Ian watched as the policeman went over the side

there was only one thing possible. He leaned back against the marble walls and knotted the two neckers together. Praying that Ian could hold him, he bent forward, anchoring them round Barry's body. He tied him securely, and threaded the length of nylon rope through them. Barry was held as if by a pair of child's reins. He moved towards Nick, wriggling cautiously.

The bush came right out of the ground, and fell. The child screamed as his body slid towards the edge of the tiny parapet on which he lay.

Above them, Ian flung himself face down on the cliff, and wrapped the belt tightly round both wrists, digging his toes into the ground. Sweat drenched his face. His wrists were being dragged from his sockets. He dared not look down.

Nick stood terrified, afraid that the strain would cause his flimsy protection to fail. He could feel the child's body rolling outwards, pulling him with it. He reached out a hand and grabbed Barry's arm. His foot slipped, and for a moment both of them hung out, balanced over space.

Then he recovered, and his strong arms pulled the child back on to the ledge, where he lay sobbing uncontrollably. Nick leaned,

A Test of Initiative



feeling like candyfloss, as the police lowered a man over the side, firmly anchored by a strong nylon rope. Within a few minutes Barry lay sobbing beside him, and Nick was helped up, and sat, shaking, to recover himself, beside them.

Later that evening, after a meal and well-deserved praise from both Skip and the police, Nick and Ian called on Rog to find out how Barry had fared.

They found the little boy sitting up in bed, telling Rog how he had tracked him to the quarry, and how he had slipped.

"What did he track?" Nick asked, puzzled, after they had left.

"Probably a sheep," Ian answered. "I saw several fresh tracks up there."

"Still think tracking's no use?" Nick asked slyly.

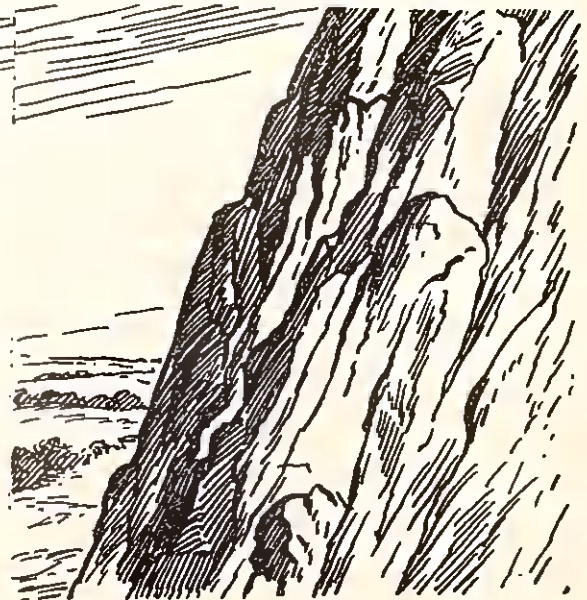
Ian grinned. "I've changed my mind," he answered. "In future I'll learn everything we're taught. You never know what's going to come in useful in everyday life." He patted his Scout belt, thankful it was a new one, and that Nick's was too.

Nick nodded his agreement. What a good job he had put so much time into practising his knots!

white and shaken, back against the cliff, knowing that he could not possibly climb back again with the little boy's extra weight, and that now only Ian was stopping him from hurtling downwards and taking the child with him.

Ian felt as if his arms were being drawn from his body. He lay biting his lips, so intent on holding the other two in position that he almost screamed when strong hands took the belt from him and strong arms pulled him away from the edge.

He watched, dazed and shaking, his knees



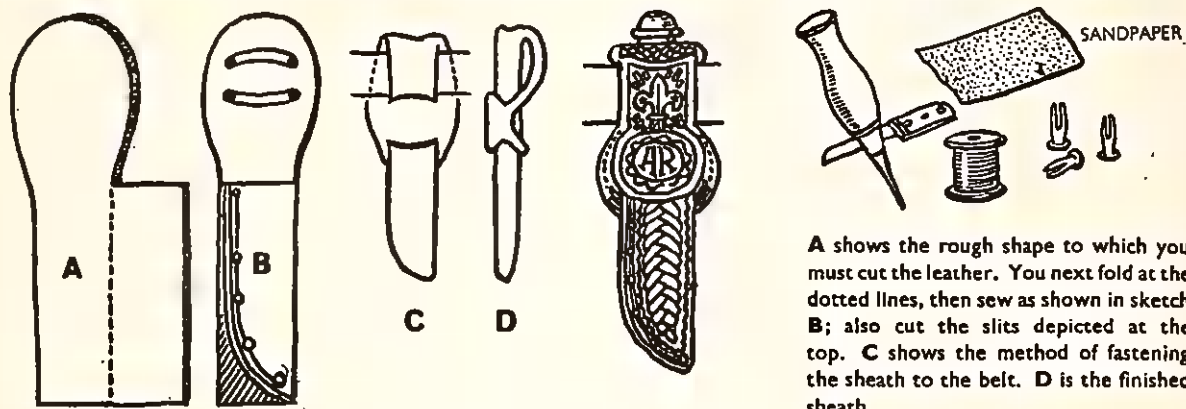
Make a Natty Knife Sheath

by M. BILTON

Nearly every Scout nowadays carries a sheath-knife, and very handy it is too in hands that know how to use it, but a sheath-knife is not for kids or fools. You should not abuse it by driving screws in with it, or making it perform the function of a poker, or splitting firewood by hammering the back of it. One clot even tried to open oysters with his sheath-knife. The point broke off. Used for knife-throwing, it will soon be minus its tip. If you want to acquire the knack of knife-throwing, get an old, cheap knife, and practise on something

If you decide upon the one-piece, which gets rid of one seam, cut it out as you see in diagram A. Soak it well in water so that it becomes quite soft, then cut out of a piece of $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. board a sort of wooden knife, roughly the same shape as your knife blade and about eight inches long. This is to use as a mould on which to build the sheath.

Lay the leather on a board and fold it over this wooden knife. Stretch it well over, rubbing hard all round where the edge of the blade comes with the handle of an old toothbrush, so that



A shows the rough shape to which you must cut the leather. You next fold at the dotted lines, then sew as shown in sketch B; also cut the slits depicted at the top. C shows the method of fastening the sheath to the belt. D is the finished sheath.

soft, such as a cork mat or a chunk of lime or other soft wood. Whatever you do, don't start slinging your knife at trees.

The important thing for keeping a knife in good condition and in safety is a sheath. Here's one you can make for yourself. It is far more satisfactory than the usual affair generally sold with this type of knife. It is modelled on the cowboy's revolver holster, and is not very difficult to make if you know how to sew leather.

You need a piece of leather about five inches broad and a foot long in order to make the whole holster out of one piece, but you can make it quite easily out of two pieces—one twelve inches by three inches, the other eight inches by two.

it shapes well all round. Then tack it here and there to the board, but do not cut it yet.

Next pierce your holes—about six to the inch—through both top and bottom leather and also through the little fillet of leather slipped underneath, which you will see shown by the dotted line in the diagram. This is inserted to prevent the blade from cutting the stitches.

Now sew it firmly round, using two needles and strong wax-end, and when you have sewn right round the edge cut off the surplus leather to shape. Then you can deal with the flap. Punch four holes, as shown by the black dots (diagram B), and cut two slits as illustrated.

This flap is then folded back and the

Make a Natty Knife Sheath

bottom of the sheath pushed through the slits; and that's about all, though you can put in a few rivets if you like to make assurance double sure.

Put the knife in and leave the sheath

to dry, after which you can go round the cut edges with a bit of sandpaper on a wooden block just to put a finish on. You might like to try your hand at embossing or some other form of decoration to make it look really beautiful, as in the drawing—but no fringes, please.

The advantage of this sheath is that no retaining strap is needed to keep the knife from falling out. The sheath coming right up over the haft keeps the knife quite secure.

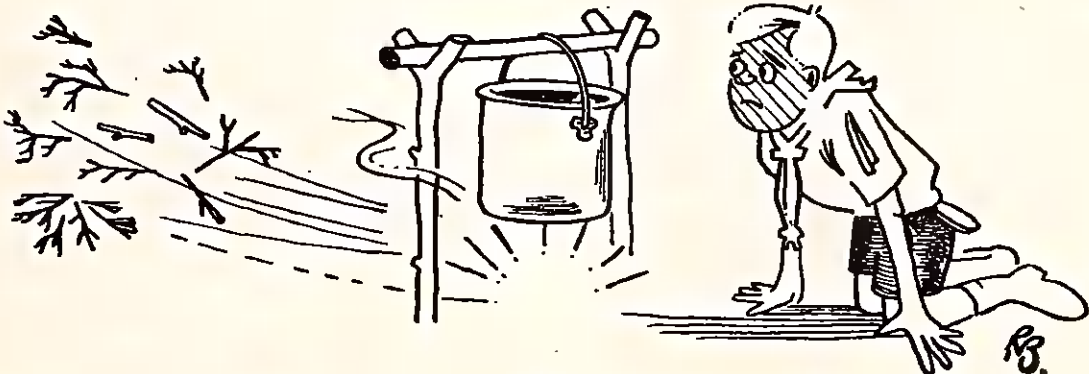
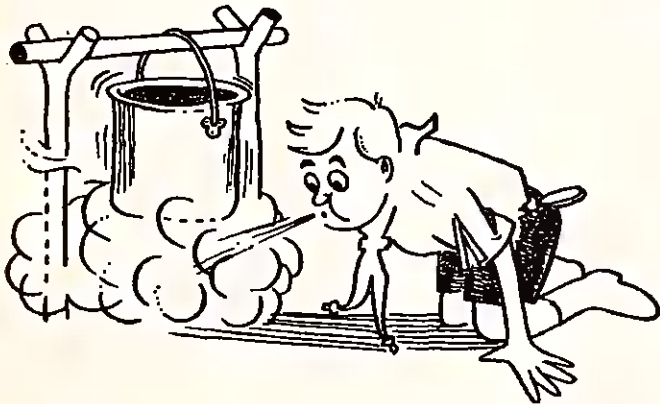
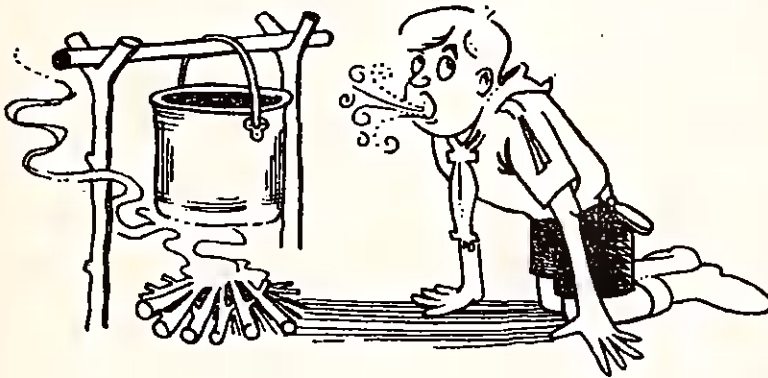
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

TREE PUZZLE (p. 84)

1. Ash. 2. Elder. 3. Wych Elm. 4. Hazel. 5. Lime. 6. Willow. 7. Beech. 8. Horsechestnut. 9. Pine. 10. Cypress. 11. Hornbeam. 12. Spruce

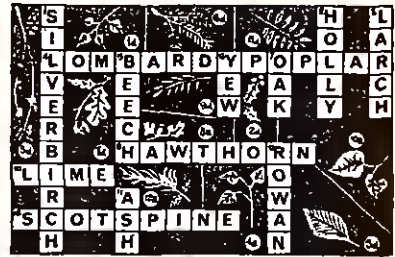
THE FERRY PUZZLE (p. 115)

First he took the rabbits. Next he took the dogs, but took the rabbits back with him. Next he took the lettuces. Finally he returned for the rabbits. Did you?



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

TREE CROSSWORD (p. 13)



FIND THE P. L. (p. 28)

1. Double-U two (W.2); 2. S.W.2; 3. IS; 4. W4; 5. S.E.2; 6. S6; 7. N.E.1; P.L. on the throne in the palace.

CAN YOU READ IT? (p. 115)

To keep cows in.

“T’S”-ING

TTTTTTTTTT

A few letters that are extremely useful in camp—ten T's—TENTS.

SYDNEY R. BROWN Tells You About

B.-P., Military Detective

"SHERLOCK HOLMES OF AFRICA"



From his very earliest days in the Army B.-P. was attracted to the role of "military detective", or "scout", as they called that occupation in the Army. He learnt his first Scouting methods in the cove at Charterhouse School and was using his knowledge within a few months of arriving at his first station in India. Whilst on military campaigns he made a point of studying the methods used by native scouts and trackers and within a few years had become an expert himself. He was convinced that the result of all military operations depended on accurate knowledge of what the enemy was doing and on the ingenuity of the scouts. He also believed that scouting was the best training for every soldier, as it made him an independent unit, mentally alert and ready for all emergencies.

He devoted his life to becoming an expert Scout. He did not smoke, because he found the habit affected his sense of smell. He said that an enemy could be "smelled out" if a scout kept downwind from the place where he expected an enemy to be posted. A man carrying tobacco could be "smelled out" sooner

than one who did not, provided the scout's sense of smell was unimpaired.

When B.-P. became Chief Scout he did not make a definite rule against smoking (as has been done in many countries since), but pointed out that anyone who wished to be physically fit would not smoke. He quoted as an example famous explorers, big-game hunters and pioneers he had known who refrained from the noxious habit.

In his book *Aids for Scouting* he noted



A lighted cigarette could be seen 300 yards away



He noticed two pigeons fly up from a rock

the fact that a lighted cigarette could be seen nearly three hundred yards away at night and a lighted match as far as nine hundred yards. He also suggested that men should be instructed in such things as tracking, finding their way in strange country, map-reading, observation by sight and hearing, deduction from signs, concealment, sketching, reporting information, and looking after themselves and their horses.

Deduction and Observation

B.-P.'s acute senses of observation and deduction often saved his men in difficult situations. Once he was leading a troop of soldiers across country to a river, but when they reached the place marked on the map there was no sign of a river. Lack of water was a very serious matter in such a hot climate as South Africa, so he and one or two others rode on in search of the river or a pool of some sort. They carried on until the moon set, and again at dawn, until B.-P. noticed a hole in the ground which had been dug by a buck searching for water.

B.-P. knew the animal would not have dug so deeply without reason, so he dismounted and dug even deeper himself,

with his bare hands, until he reached damp soil. Water began to trickle into the hole, and then he noticed two pigeons that had flown up from a rock not far off. He immediately searched there and found a small pool. An hour later the rest of the men joined them and during the heat of the day they were able to rest by the refreshing water.

Here is a wonderful bit of deduction from a sign worked out by B.-P. during a campaign in South Africa. While he was riding with a native scout over a grassy plain he noticed the footprints of several women and boys leading to a suspected enemy position in the hills five miles away. Several yards from the tracks they discovered a leaf, although there were no trees nearer than a village fifteen miles off. The leaf smelt of beer, so B.-P. drew the inference that it had been used to cover pots which women carry on their heads in that part of the world.

It was early morning and he knew that there had been no wind that could blow a leaf several yards for two hours. From this he knew approximately how long before the "refreshment party" had passed. B.-P. guessed that the native warriors



The leaf smelt of beer

would drink the beer as soon as it arrived and that by this time they would all be very sleepy. He and the native scout, acting on this assumption, met with great success and mapped the enemy positions with great accuracy. During the days that followed they mapped an area of 1,200 square miles, showing the positions of all the local warriors and their cattle. When these positions were attacked by British troops his sketch-maps were completely justified.

B.-P. learned a great deal from the native scouts of South Africa. From the Zulus he learnt how to cross the skyline in long grass on hands and knees, then raising the head slowly, inch by



He would remain still for long periods

inch, to see what lay below. If they thought they had been spotted they would remain absolutely still for incredibly long periods, hoping that their heads would be mistaken for rocks or tree-stumps.

For his part, B.-P. would not wait for a suspicious object to move; he would note where it was, carry on as if he had not noticed it, and then look again later. If it had disappeared he knew a Zulu scout was at work.

B.-P. always took care to wear clothes that faded into the background, and made sure that he took nothing bright which might shine in the sunlight and give him away. He would wear Army boots on wet, slippery ground, but in dry weather he would wear rubber shoes.

In Matabele land B.-P. was constantly



Once he brought back a herd of Matabele cattle

leading patrols to find the enemy in their rocky fastnesses. Once he brought back a whole herd of Matabele cattle, which provided welcome fresh meat for the British troops for quite a time.

The Matabele knew of him, but could never catch him. Their nickname for him was "Impeesa", the wolf that never sleeps.

It was while commanding forces fighting the Matabele tribe that B.-P. met with what he afterwards called "the best adventure of my life". The witch doctors in the land now known as Southern Rhodesia had roused the natives to murder men and women on outlying farms. They had strongholds in the Matoppo Hills which would have to be taken one by one, but first the site of each would have to be mapped. This was a job right up

B.-P., Military Detective

B.-P.'s "street" and for a time he had a famous American scout, F. C. Burnham, to help him. Burnham was so struck by B.-P.'s skill in reading signs that he nicknamed him "Sherlock Holmes".

Wearing soft-soled shoes, B.-P. used to spend his nights prowling about the Matoppos, spying on the rebels, calculating their numbers and locating their camping grounds. On four separate occasions he led troops to attack rebel strongholds in the hills, and every time he brought them right on top of the enemy, surprising them and thus ensuring victory.

Once when three columns were sent out from Bulawayo to harry the rebels three miles from the town B.-P., scouting with one of his troopers, discovered a Matabele regiment in ambush and hastened to warn the troops. This was when the incident happened that B.-P. described as his greatest adventure. The fight took place by the Umgusa River, when two hundred and fifty British soldiers met twelve hundred Matabele who lay hidden in the shrub. As the mounted soldiers forded the river the Matabele fired, and as the horsemen closed with them they stabbed the horses in the belly to bring them down.

One trooper was grassed and rushed by Matabele. In the standing position he shot four of them in one burst of rapid fire. A native warrior knelt straight in front of B.-P., took careful aim, fired, and missed! Then from a tree above



The gun pointed directly at B.-P.

his head poked the menacing barrel of a gun pointed directly at B.-P. The bullet struck the ground at B.-P.'s feet, the marksman was dealt with, and B.-P. obtained a knobkerry as a souvenir.

Seventy-five acres of land in these same Matoppos Hills, near Bulawayo, now form a permanent Scout camp-site known as the "cradle of Scouting".

COUNTRYSIDE CREATURES *The Frog*

There is a frog in Britain that can be eaten. It is the Edible Frog, which is common in Europe. It is the same frog whose hind legs are served at a meal in France and Belgium and in French restaurants in London. It was first introduced into Norfolk and Suffolk in the late nineteenth century and in recent years it has been released in large numbers in Surrey, Oxfordshire and Hampshire, and it has spread into several other counties. It is larger than the Common Frog, being from three to four inches, and is coloured from a greenish-brown or light-brown to bright-green. The Common Frog is usually a bright yellowish and brown in colour. The young Edible Frog is also hatched from spawn and grows into a tadpole in the same way as the well-known tadpoles of the Common Frog.



THE WELL and the WALL

Four men, Mr. A., Mr. B., Mr. C., and Mr. D., came to live in a district where the only water available was from a well. So they built their four houses around the well.

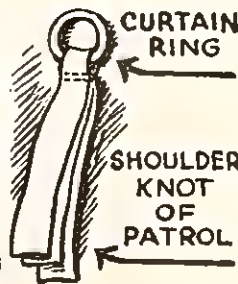
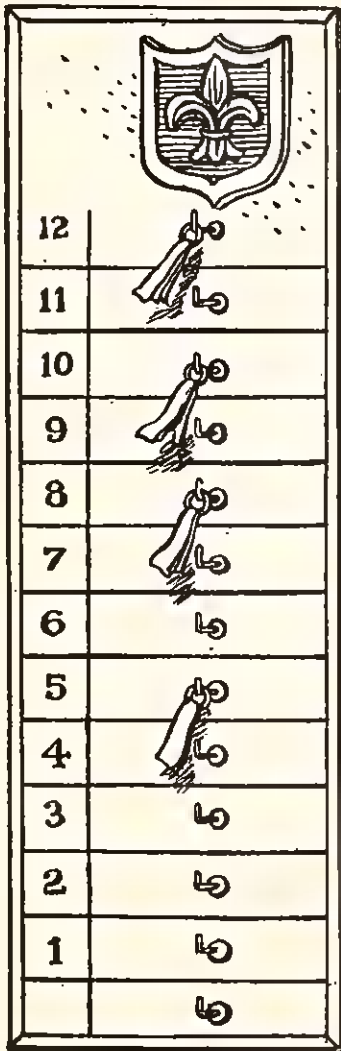
Later, four other men, Mr. E., Mr. F., Mr. G., and Mr. H., came and built four houses nearer the well.

Mr. A. thought this very unfair, so he built a wall to prevent Mr. E., Mr. F., Mr. G., and Mr. H. from going to the well.

How did he build his wall?

For solution see page 93.

MAKE A PORTABLE TROOP PROGRESS BOARD



Not every Troop is able to leave its charts and pictures on the wall from week to week. Most of the things may have to be packed away at the end of each meeting. This simple Progress Board is quickly made, and will take up very little space in a box or cupboard. You will need a strip of board about 12" long by 3" wide. Take a piece of paper about the same size, and divide it into the number of weeks your contest for your Troop shield or trophy continues. Decorate it with your Patrol emblems and a copy of your shield.

Glue this to the board, and bind the edges with passe-partout to neaten it. In each section screw a small curtain-hook. You will need a shoulder-knot for each Patrol. To each knot sew a small curtain-ring. At the end of each week, count up the number of points gained and hang the knots in the positions achieved.

W.S.

THE FARMER'S FIELD

A farmer shared a square field between his four sons.

He kept a fourth part and divided the remainder equally between them, giving each son a plot of exactly similar shape and size. How did he divide up the field? The answer to this and "The Well and the Wall" is on page 93.





An aspect of trees useful for Scouts to know is the value of their woods for fires, though naturally Scouts don't look on trees merely as firewood! Soft wood will always burn away quickly, but is very useful for starting a fire. Two dry sticks with upward cuts made in them with a knife, leaving shavings sticking out rather like a miniature Christmas-tree, will act as tinder if stuck into the ground side by side and covered with thin, dry twigs.

The best woods for camp cooking are from the ash, apple, beech, birch, maple and sycamore. Chestnut, elm, poplar and willow burn

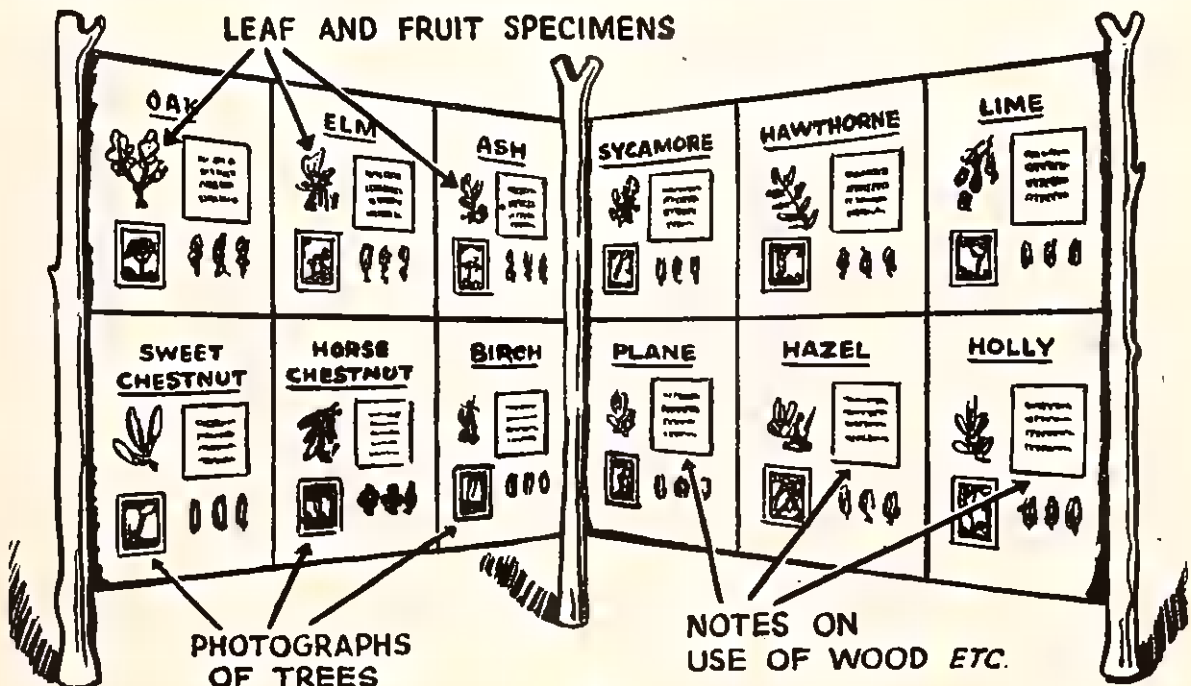
Make a TREE-BOARD

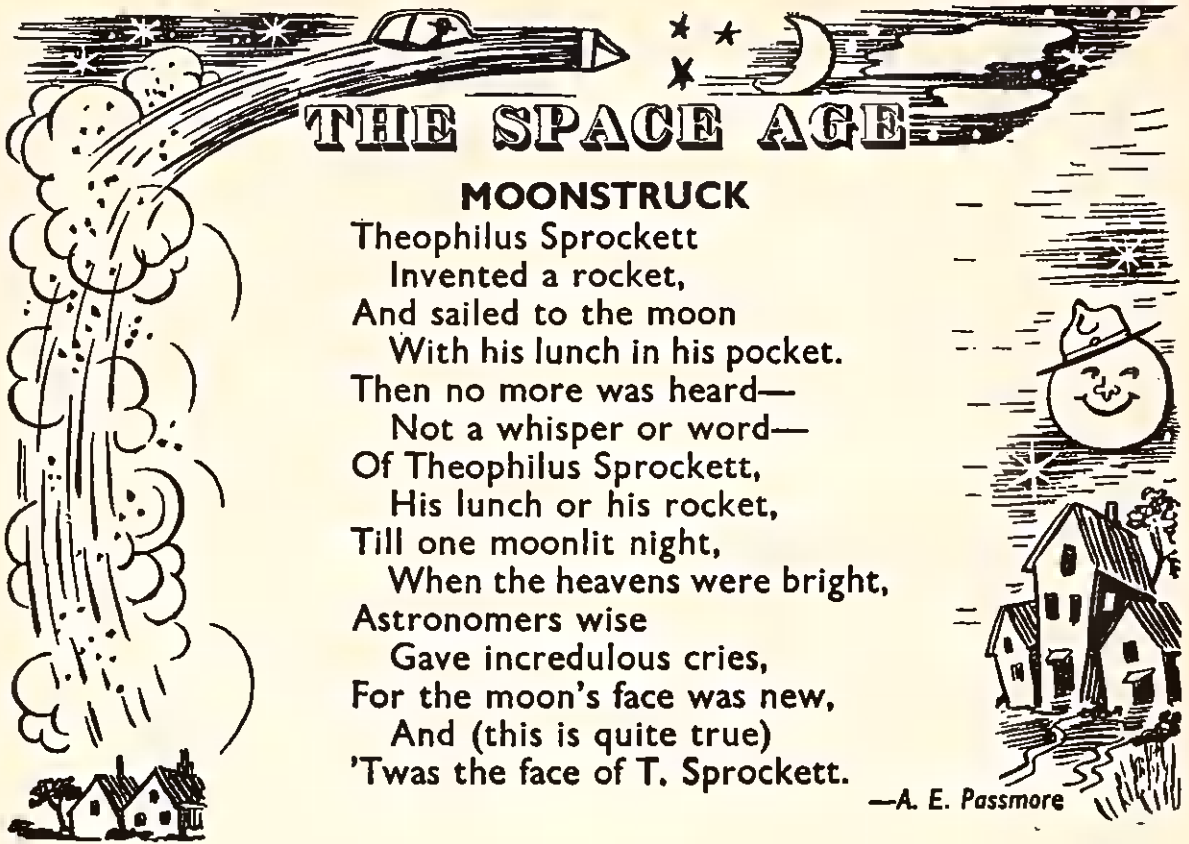
Have you ever made a "tree-board"? It makes an interesting pastime for summer camp and can afterwards be kept for reference purposes and study in the Patrol Corner. The idea is to collect as many examples as possible of particular trees and mount them on a sheet of three-ply or hardboard.

On each board can be glued samples of a tree's seeds, bark, leaves, fruit or berries, surrounded by sketches and photographs of the tree itself. With the addition of a few notes on where the type of tree can be found, and what use can be made of its wood for fires, furniture, etc., you have a really Scouty board. The whole project can be made to cover a number of camps.



badly. Nothing can beat birchbark for lighting fires, but it should never be peeled off a living tree. You can usually find some lying at the foot of a tree, or take some from a dead branch, if you look long enough. —S.R.B.





THE SPACE AGE

MOONSTRUCK

Theophilus Sprockett
 Invented a rocket,
 And sailed to the moon
 With his lunch in his pocket.
 Then no more was heard—
 Not a whisper or word—
 Of Theophilus Sprockett,
 His lunch or his rocket,
 Till one moonlit night,
 When the heavens were bright,
 Astronomers wise
 Gave incredulous cries,
 For the moon's face was new,
 And (this is quite true)
 'Twas the face of T. Sprockett.



—A. E. Passmore



Learner Driver

There comes a sudden flash up in the sky—
 You can't think what it is, hard as you try.
 It couldn't be a plane—it's far too quick.
 You think you are the victim of a trick!
 You cannot tell your friends in case they nod
 And say, "We always thought that fellow odd."
 You keep it to yourself, although you know
 The Thing just missed your head, it flew so low!
 I'll tell you in a whisper what you saw.
 It was a flying saucer, nothing more!
 I'm just a Martian Scout who's flying mad—
 The owner of the saucer is my Dad.
 So when you see that flash you'll know I'm there,
 With all the winds of heaven in my hair.
 Perhaps you'd like to wave to wish me luck—
 But as I'm only learning—better duck!

—P. D. CURTIS



CAN YOU READ IT?

Is the farmer who inscribed these letters on his gatepost a foreigner? Are the words in code? The answer to both questions is NO! It's plain English—but can you read it? If not, turn to page 107.

SEASIDE JEWELS

There are semi-precious stones and jewels strewn over the beach at the seaside, just waiting to be picked up by somebody with sharp eyes.

If you walk along the sands by the edge of the waves you may notice some white shining stones which are almost transparent when held up to the light. These are rock-crystals or "British Diamonds". When cut by a Jeweller they form pretty necklaces and bracelets. To buy a necklace of rock-crystal in a shop would cost you anything up to five pounds, but if you thread your own stones or take them to the Jeweller to be cut and threaded you will only have to pay a third of this.

Cornelians and Cairngorms

On the beaches of the Scottish Highlands will be found a rich variety, which includes the mountain cornelian, or, as it is more commonly known, the Scotch pebble. Its colour is brown, and it is of every shade from very light to very dark. Many of these stones are streaked or tinged with red. The cairngorm stone, also found there, is a clear golden colour. In Victorian times nearly every girl possessed a Scotch pebble-brooch framed in a narrow golden rim, and since this sort of jewellery is becoming fashionable again a really good cornelian is a precious find.

Another stone which is plentiful on Scottish beaches is the purple amethyst. Outside, it is a dull grey-brown colour, and it is usually found in rocky caves. Quite a trade is done by the local people, polishing the semi-precious stones that have been found by visitors.



But there are other and even more precious stones to be had if you are willing to spend some time looking for them. Agates can sometimes be found on a pebbly beach. These are gleaming, almond-shaped stones, one inside the other. Agates make charming brooches and pendants, and if you can find one which has a regular shape it will not need to be cut. Sometimes very large pieces of agate can be found, and these can be used for paper-weights, knife-handles, ash-trays, inkpots, and powder-jars.

Moss-agate is a precious find, but it is hard to recognise. It is just a dull green-and-white pebble when you find it, but when cut it has a beautiful shining pattern as though a moss or fern were growing inside a crystal. It is worth while collecting any green-and-white pebble you come across and breaking it carefully with a light hammer on a hard surface. If you can manage to break it cleanly in two, the pattern will be revealed, and you can congratulate yourself on quite a precious find.

Amber is another substance which is difficult to recognise, but which is very pretty when used as an ornament. Amber lies about our shores in great profusion, but it is in the form of ordinary dull-brown stones. It is only by testing these by polishing them that you can make sure whether they are amber. If they will not take a vivid shining polish they are of no value. All kinds of trinkets can be made from amber—necklaces, brooches, ornaments, bracelets, and ear-rings.

The rugged west coast is perhaps the best hunting-ground in Great Britain for precious stones. Besides the ones already mentioned you may find pieces of the lovely rose-quartz, clear yellow beryls, gleaming onyx, and blue-and-white aquamarines.

But the most precious of all is the English pearl. Many years ago an English pearl was found on the Welsh coast, and it is now one of the most valued gems in the State Crown of England.

CAVING QUEST

By
Sydney J. Bounds



Senior Scout Don Taylor studied the sky with an expert's eye. High above the foothills at the base of the Pyrenees, close to the border between France and Spain, heavy dark clouds were massing.

"Looks like rain coming," he said, "so we shan't go far inside the caves this trip. They might flood. We'll just take a quick look to see what we're up against."

"That makes sense," Norman Webb agreed.

The two Seniors were camping abroad. Don, an experienced potholer, and Norman, an art student, had joined up in a quest for prehistoric cave paintings.

They had pitched their tent close to the cave mouth, a small dark hole obscured by an overhang on the hillside, with a tiny stream running into it. They both put on boiler suits, miner's helmets and climbing boots. Don carried a rope and pitons, axe and rolled ladder, Norman their emergency pack with extra batteries, candles and ironations.

Beyond the cave mouth a tunnel sloped sharply downward, a scree slope made slippery by the stream. The first cave was small and opened into a larger cavern where blue-green stalagmites rose from an uneven rock floor. The bare limestone walls were cold and damp and a chill wind blew.

The tunnel led them deeper underground, through a network of small caves.

Don paused. "Reckon this is far enough—no point in taking risks. I've seen enough to——" He broke off, staring hard along the tunnel. "Hello! Did you see that, Norman? I glimpsed a light down there. It's gone now."

"I didn't see anything," Norman admitted.

Don hesitated, took a deep breath. "We'll go on a bit," he decided finally. "Could be some other cavers ahead of us who went down before that cloud came up. We ought to warn them."

He pushed on, more quickly now, till he came to an opening leading into a large cave. Boulders were scattered across the floor, casting queer shadows in the light of their headlamps.

Don raised his voice and shouted, "Hello, there! Anybody here?" His voice echoed round the cave and died away. There was no answering call. "Must have imagined it," he muttered. "Yet I could have sworn——"

Norman tugged at his arm, pointing. "Over there," he said. "What's that?"

Don crossed the cave. Behind some rocks were packages wrapped in oiled paper—and one lay open, revealing a handful of glittering gems.

"Treasure trove!" Norman exclaimed. "Now, how d'you suppose these got here?"

Don heard a slight movement behind him, and wheeled round. A beam of intense light

Caving Quest



Don hurled himself back as the gun exploded

hit him squarely in the eyes. He blinked, blinded, aware of two shadowy figures rising from behind a rock. And he was almost sure that one of them had a gun in his hand . . .

"Nosy parkers," a voice said bitterly. "Snoopers! See how you like this . . ."

The gun lifted. Don hurled himself back, knocking Norman down as the gun exploded. He saw the bright stab of flame and smelt cordite. The bullet smashed past him and ricocheted. The echoes of the gunshot had not died away before a soft Spanish voice said, "You fool, Alex!"

Overhead, an ominous cracking sound started and a shower of loose rock fell. Don scrambled to his feet, pushed Norman ahead of him, and yelled, "Run! Run for it—the roof's collapsing!"

The man with the gun hesitated. Don struck him with his shoulder, twisted his wrist, kicked the gun away. He heard it clatter on stone, saw it vanish over the brink of a chasm.

Don and Norman and the two men, ran then, as the rumble of rockfall increased to a thunderous roar. Behind them huge boulders crashed down. Choking dust filled the air. Splinters lashed them. The terrifying sound

seemed to go on for hours; the following silence was even more frightening.

Don stopped running and turned to look back. He saw a vast rock pile filling the cave mouth, jammed solid from floor to ceiling. And there was no way past.

The Spaniard spoke cuttingly. "You won't need your gun now, Alex. *Madre de Doís*, how many times must I tell you? We're trapped underground . . . all of us!"

Alex panicked. His thin face turned grey, and he seized the Spaniard's arm. "You can get us out, Carlo! You've got to. You're a guide."

Carlo shrugged. "A sham, *señor*. I am no more a guide than you. I knew the old tunnel, now blocked, and that's all."

Alex cursed. "And all our stuff—thousands of quids' worth—buried under that lot." He turned on Don and Norman. "I'd like to—"

Don said curtly, "Never mind what you'd like to do. Seems I'm the only experienced caver here—so you'll do what I tell you if you want to see daylight again! First off, we've got to find higher ground."

"Higher ground," Alex said suspiciously. "Why?"



As they ran, huge boulders crashed down

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"Listen," Don said. Far off, the sound of running water came to their ears. "Cloud-burst—these lower caves will be flooded soon."

"The boy is right," Carlo said. "We must climb. But, to my knowledge, no one has explored off the main gallery before."

Don moved round the extent of the cave, poking into dark crevices, pausing to listen to the sound of the torrent. Even as he found the entrance to a tunnel, just above head level, icy-cold water swirled about them.

"Give me a bunk up, Norman." He scrambled up and pulled himself into the hole, wriggled along a short tunnel. "Seems to be going up," he called back. "Come on!"

He crawled on, headlight showing bare rock, the noise of water filling his ears.

Norman murmured, "The level's rising fast behind us."

The tunnel sloped up. Water began to splash Don's face. Ahead of him was a waterfall—and a dead end, with a chasm to one side.

"Good thing most of the water's going straight down."

Sweat beaded Carlo's swarthy face, and he crossed himself. "We are finished, señors."

Don stared up at the fall. It was not yet in full flood—and where water could come he reckoned he could go.

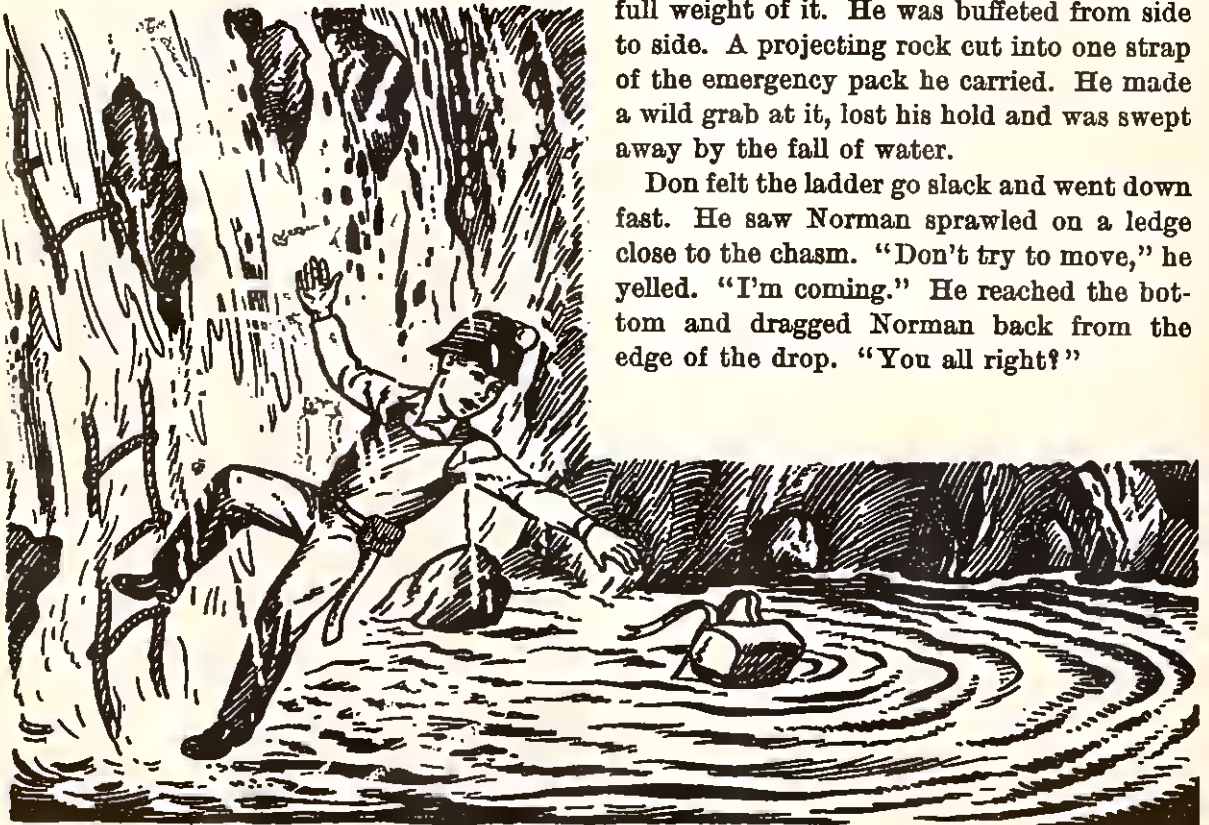
"We've got to get up there," he said. "There's no other way."

He fastened one end of a light line to his waist, the other to the rope-ladder. Then he hammered a piton into the rock-face under the fall. He balanced on it and hammered in a second, higher up. Slowly, he worked his way up to the opening, climbing his improvised stepway of steel pegs. At the top, he hammered another piton into the tunnel floor, hauled up the ladder and secured it.

Alex was the first up, with Carlo close behind him.

A heavier body of water was moving faster now, and Norman, last on the ladder, got the full weight of it. He was buffeted from side to side. A projecting rock cut into one strap of the emergency pack he carried. He made a wild grab at it, lost his hold and was swept away by the fall of water.

Don felt the ladder go slack and went down fast. He saw Norman sprawled on a ledge close to the chasm. "Don't try to move," he yelled. "I'm coming." He reached the bottom and dragged Norman back from the edge of the drop. "You all right?"



He made a wild grab at the pack and then lost his hold

Caving Quest

Norman smiled wryly. "Twisted my ankle a bit. But that's not the worst—I lost the pack. It went over the edge before I could stop it."

Don felt a sudden chill. The emergency pack contained their spare batteries and candles. They had light for only a few hours now.

"Switch your headlamp off," he said quietly. "I'll give you a hand up."



He turned to grasp at the ladder. It wasn't there. From above, Carlo's voice jeered: "Sorry to leave you, boys, but we've got to go now!"

Don yelled back, "You dirty crooks!"

High above, Carlo was grinning as he carried the rope-ladder away.

Alex said, "You sure you can find a way out, Carlo?"

"Si, I am sure. It is easy—we follow the water now. Where it come in, so we go out. But we don't want those two boys telling stories."

"We don't," Alex agreed. "Running gems stolen in France across the border to sell in Spain is too good a racket to lose. You did the right thing, Carlo. Now let's get out of here."

The tunnel roof lifted, and presently they were walking through a narrow gallery. They passed several branches, but always followed the flow of water, tracing it back to its source. The light from their lamps began to dim. The water became a mere trickle and finally stopped.

Alex looked at Carlo and licked his lips. "What do we do now?" he asked tensely.

Carlo muttered, "Keep going."

Alex followed him reluctantly. He was sure they were going in circles. He began to laugh hysterically. "We've got to go back—back, I tell you."

Carlo stopped, baffled and uneasy. "If only we had more light. It's no good going on like this—we'll be in the dark soon. And these twists and turns—it is a labyrinth we are in."



Don yelled back, "You dirty crooks!"

Panic welled through Alex. "We'll go back," he said. "Get the Scouts' lamps off them. It's our only chance."

Slowly, Carlo nodded. "Si, we go back, Senor Alex. You are right—we must take their lamps."

The two men turned to retrace their steps in a dim and failing light.

Don stood beneath the waterfall, looking up. "The fall's slackening," he said. "We

might make it now—we've got to. I'll go first, and give you a pull on the rope."

Norman waited in the darkness, watching the small beam from Don's headlamp disappear above him. He limped to the lowest piton and gripped it, knowing he would never make the climb alone. A rope came snaking down and he secured it round his waist with a bowline.

Above, Don took his weight on the rope as he climbed slowly. When Norman reached the top, Don handed him the axe and said, "Here, lean on this—use it to help yourself along."

He moved up the tunnel to an intersection and paused. "There's a draught coming from somewhere—we'll follow that."

They moved through several small caves, along another tunnel into a larger cavern. Don's headlamp was failing badly now.

"Change helmets," he said briskly. "I want to see where I'm going."

The new lamp shone brightly, and Norman gripped his arm. "The walls," he said. "Look at the walls!"

Don stared. In the light of his lamp he saw an outline engraving of bison, further along a red-and-ochre painting of horses, then a bear.



"Look at the walls!" cried Norman



He slammed it d

"Palaeolithic cave art," Norman whispered. "Just look at that beauty, polychrome and engraved! We've done it, Don—we've found what we set out for!"

"Good enough," Don agreed. "But right now I'm more interested in finding a way out of here."

He flashed his lamp round the cavern, glimpsed majestic stalagmites rising from the floor. He took another step, and stopped dead.

"Careful, Norman; there's another chasm here, a wide one. We shan't get across that, but we must be near the surface because the air is fresher and the draught stronger. There's an exit close by if only we can find it." He followed the chasm a short way, then groaned. "Of all the rotten luck! Look, over there—an opening in the cave wall—and daylight beyond . . . but it's on the far side of the chasm."

Norman gripped his arm suddenly. "Listen!"

Don heard it then, the sound of soft footsteps moving towards them. He switched off his lamp and pulled Norman down behind the cover of a boulder.

Carlo's voice sounded, "Alex! A way out!"

Caving Quest



on Carlo's skull

Alex snarled. "Good! Settle the kids' hash first—we don't want them talking." He scooped up a rock and threw it.

Carlo laughed. "That is the way, *señor*."

Don crouched low as rocks flew round him. He felt trapped, with the brink of the chasm only a few yards away.

Norman snapped, "Two can play at that game," and began hurling rocks back. He heard Alex exclaim and knew he'd scored a hit.

The two crooks backed off, muttering to each other.

"What now?" Norman asked, peering cautiously from behind cover.

Don pushed the axe handle into his hand. "Use that," he whispered, and fashioned a slip-noose in one end of his rope. Gently he laid the noose in deep shadow and crawled away.

"Now!" Alex shouted. "Rush 'em, Carlo!"

The two men rushed forward. Don jerked on the rope as they passed over his noose. Carlo crashed into Alex and knocked him off balance, and both men stumbled as Don hauled hard on the rope.

Norman rose, limping. He slammed down the axe-shaft, first on Alex's skull, then on Carlo's. Both men slumped over, knocked out.

Don grinned as he began to gather his rope. "Let's hope we haven't forgotten those useful knots we spent so many hours learning in the Patrol den."

In a few minutes both men were securely tied.

Norman drew a deep breath. "That's something, I suppose, getting that pair off our backs—but we've still got to cross the chasm."

Don nodded. "Not to worry," he said cheerfully. "I've got an idea about that. Just let me have the axe." He switched on his headlamp and inspected the cave thoughtfully. "This one should do us!" He swung his axe, chipping rhythmically at the base of a tall, thick stalagmite. "We'll use this to bridge the gap."

Norman helped him lower the stalagmite into position, sliding it gently across the chasm till one end rested on the far side. Don straddled their impromptu bridge and worked his way across while Norman steadied it. Then Norman crossed over.

They scrambled out of the cave onto a sloping hillside with a tiny village below.

"We'll come back for that pair, with the police," Don said. "And then we can take a closer look at those paintings."



Don worked his way across

DO YOUR OWN DUPLICATING

If you're thinking of producing a Troop or Patrol magazine this will solve your printing problems

This article appeared in the Scout's Pathfinder Annual of 1961 and proved so useful to so many Troops that it is reprinted here, with additional information about where to obtain the aniline dye and the ink.

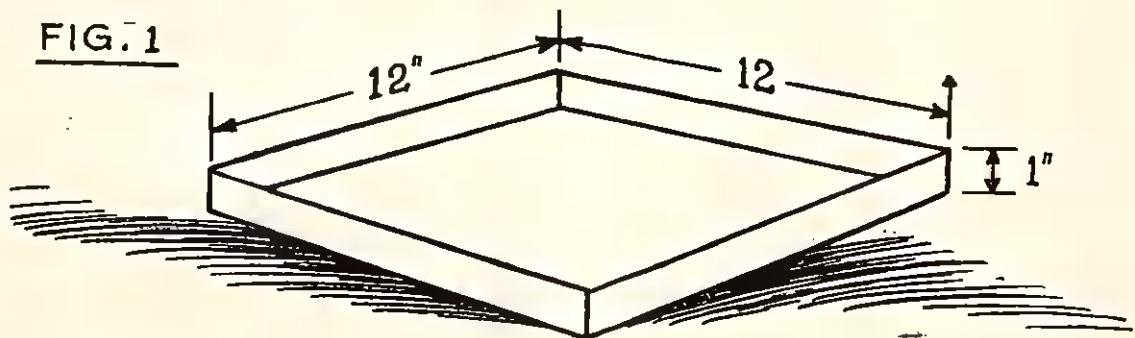
This easily made machine, called a hectograph, is a useful thing for any Scout Troop to process. It is specially useful for producing a Troop or Patrol magazine or for circular letters, invitations or reports of meetings. A good hectograph will make about 200 copies from one original. Good Christmas cards may also be made with the machine.

You will require a tin tray such as Mother uses for baking. It should be about 12 inches square and about 1 inch deep. A biscuit-tin lid will do very well, but care should be taken to see that it is quite flat and that there are no sharp edges on which you can cut yourself. It is essential also that the corners be soldered so that the tray becomes watertight (Fig. 1).

The hectograph is made as follows: Cover 2 ounces of pale gelatine glue (obtainable from ironmongers who are also colourmen) with cold water, and soak until it has the appearance of a thick jelly. Place it in a piece of fine muslin, and squeeze away any surplus water. The jelly is next placed in a thick earthenware vessel (a 2-lb. jamjar would suit) with half a pint of glycerine, and put into an oven. Let it simmer very gently for a while, stirring frequently to prevent the jelly sticking to the bottom of the jar and burning. When thoroughly mixed add a few drops of oil of cloves. This helps prevent the preparation becoming sour. Pour this solution into the tray and set aside to cool. It will take about four hours to set.

How to Use the Hectograph

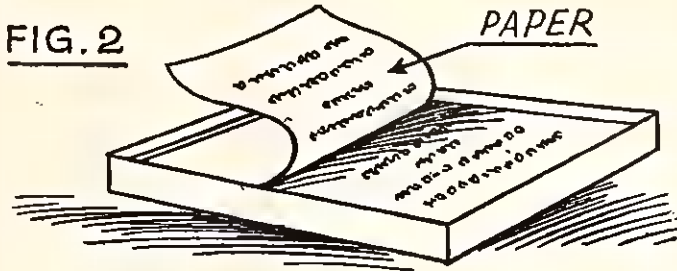
Write out or draw whatever you wish to copy on a sheet of writing-paper with the special ink described on the next page. Allow the ink to dry. It is essential that the ink used be made from aniline dyes, as described on the opposite page.



The hectograph is now moistened with a soft cloth, or, better still, a sponge, and the paper with the writing on it placed so that the ink will come in contact with the jelly. The paper is then rolled all over, as evenly as possible, with a photographic roller or squeegee. It is then peeled from the jelly. A perfect copy of the writing in reverse will be seen on the hectograph (see Fig. 2). It is a good plan to test the copy by examining one corner of the paper before the complete original is removed.

Do Your Own Duplicating

By placing a clean sheet of paper on the hectograph and rolling with the squeegee as before the writing will be transferred to the clean paper. A number of copies can be made. When you have made all the copies you require, the surface of the hectograph



The Squeegee

This is made from a piece of broomstick about six inches long over which a piece of plain (not ribbed) rubber garden-hose is fitted (see Fig. 3). A strong wire hoop (about $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch diameter wire is required) is bent as in Fig. 4 and the ends inserted into the holes at each end of the roller (Fig. 5).

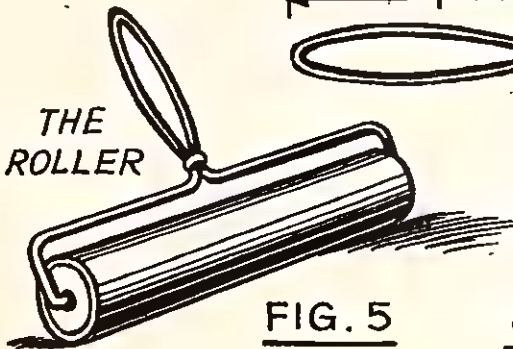


FIG. 5

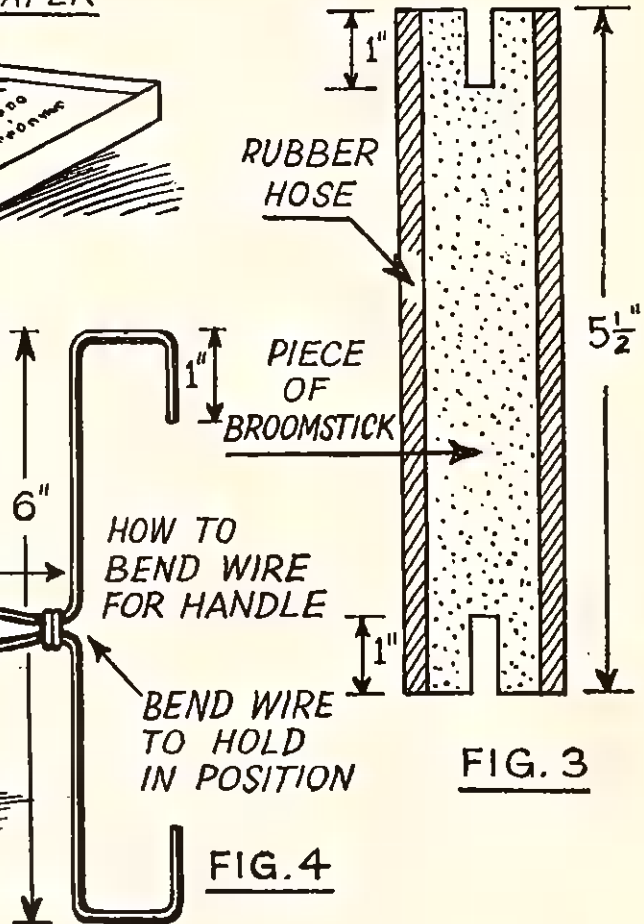


FIG. 3

FIG. 4

should be cleaned with a soft sponge until all the ink is removed, then slowly remelted in the oven and allowed to set for further use.

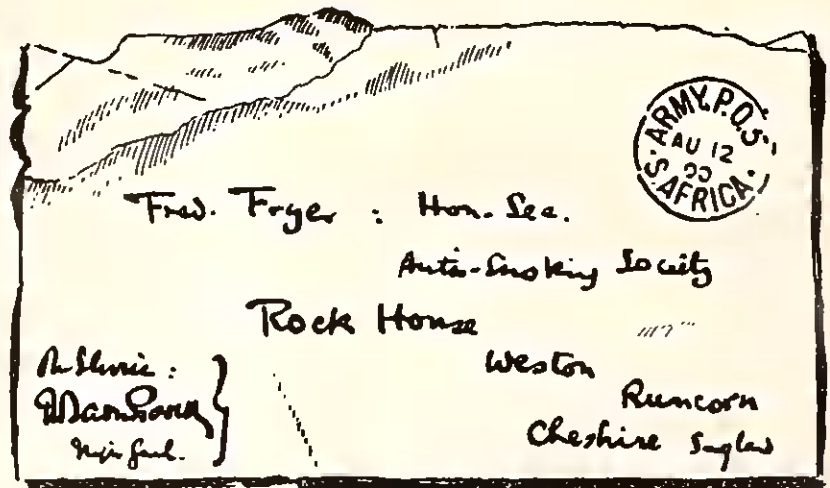
The Ink

Take one drachm of aniline black (obtainable at about 2s. 6d. an ounce from iron-mongers who are also colourmen), one ounce of methylated spirit, one ounce of water, and two ounces of glycerine, and put all together in an earthenware vessel. Heat gently until all the aniline black is properly dissolved. (*It would be a good plan to let Mother or Father make the ink, as methylated spirit is very highly inflammable and must not be used near an open fire without great precautions.*) The aniline black is very dirty, so take great care when handling. Different-coloured inks are made in the same way, except that the colour of the aniline dye is altered to red, blue, green, or yellow as required. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the dye you can buy a small supply by post from Brodie & Middleton, Colourmen, Long Acre, London W.C. 2.

Ready-made hectograph ink can be bought at stationers' shops at about 2s. 6d. per bottle—all Straker's shops in London sell it.

**B.-P.'s
Letter
of
65 Years
Ago**

*It applies today
to You!*



In the vestry of Weston Church, near Runcorn, in Cheshire, hangs a rare treasure. It is a five-page letter from B.-P., then Major-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, to the boys of the Anti-Smoking Society. It was written from Rustenberg, in the Transvaal, under the date 23 July, 1900.

The Vicar of Weston, very rightly, won't allow the letter to be taken out of the church, but he permits it to be photographed, and the illustrations on this page are copies of the envelope in which B.-P.'s letter was sent and of the picture of the great man framed above it in the church.

This is what the letter says:

My dear Boys,

I was very glad indeed to get your kind congratulations on the Relief of Mafeking.

I am very glad to be elected Patron of your club—and I have three reasons for taking special interest in it.

1st. Because I was for five years myself a Choir boy: In the Charterhouse choir.

2nd. Because I am not a smoker.

3rd. Because I was partly educated as a boy at Northwich and used often to go over to Runcorn. So you see I feel qualified to take more than outside interest in your doings.

I quite agree with your principles that it is at your time of life that your habits and character are formed and remain yours during your manhood.

A feeble youth who smokes because he thinks it is manly, is just as liable to drink or to swear because he has known grown-up men do it—not because it is any pleasure to him; then he gets into the habit of it and the fault becomes part of him for the rest of his life.

The stronger-minded boy thinks a bit for himself—as you in your, or may I say in our club do—and keeps himself clear of faults which he recognises are fallings in men.

Your recognition of the good work being done by the soldiers out here in their devotion to their duty shows that you are looking in the right direction to see what is the proper example of man to follow.

And I think that if boys would take the line of always trying to do what is their Duty it would become in a short time part of their nature and would thus guide every action of theirs as men.

B.-P.'s Letter of 65 Years Ago



You as Choir Boys will recognise that if each sings his part in the harmony under the direction of the leader—that is if each one does his duty—the result is a pleasing anthem, whereas if each sang what he liked best there would be a fair old cats' chorus.

So it is in life—if each does his duty in his proper line or profession the whole community runs prosperously and successfully.

Fellows are very often in doubt as to which of two courses may be the proper one to take or are tempted to take one line because it is more pleasant or easy than the one which their conscience tells them is the right one.

Well—if ever you are in such doubt there is an easy way of deciding and that is to ask your conscience "which is it my duty to do?", and that will nearly always guide you right.

In this way you will soon find that it comes as a habit to do your duty by your leader, whether that be the choirmaster, the head of your department, employer, or officer, or the Queen.

And remember always—that in thus doing, conscientiously, your duty to your leader, you are also doing your duty to God.

And also remember that as you lads may often, without knowing it perhaps, be imitating the examples of men before you—so, also known to you, there may be and probably are, other boys watching you and imitating your example.

So let your example to them be always a good one.

In this way the whole of England's boys and men will in a short time be what the best of them now are, viz. a lot living honourably up to what their conscience tells them is their duty.

Wishing the Club every success I am,

Yours truly,

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

Below the address on the envelope is written: ON SERVICE: R. BADEN-POWELL, Major Genl.

The letter goes back very nearly a lifetime, but the truths and advice it contains hold good today.

I men before you — So, also unknown to you, there may be and probably are; other boys watching you and imitating your example.

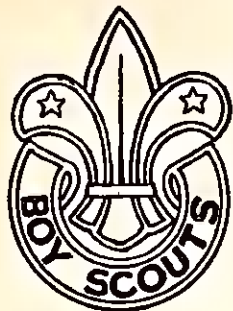
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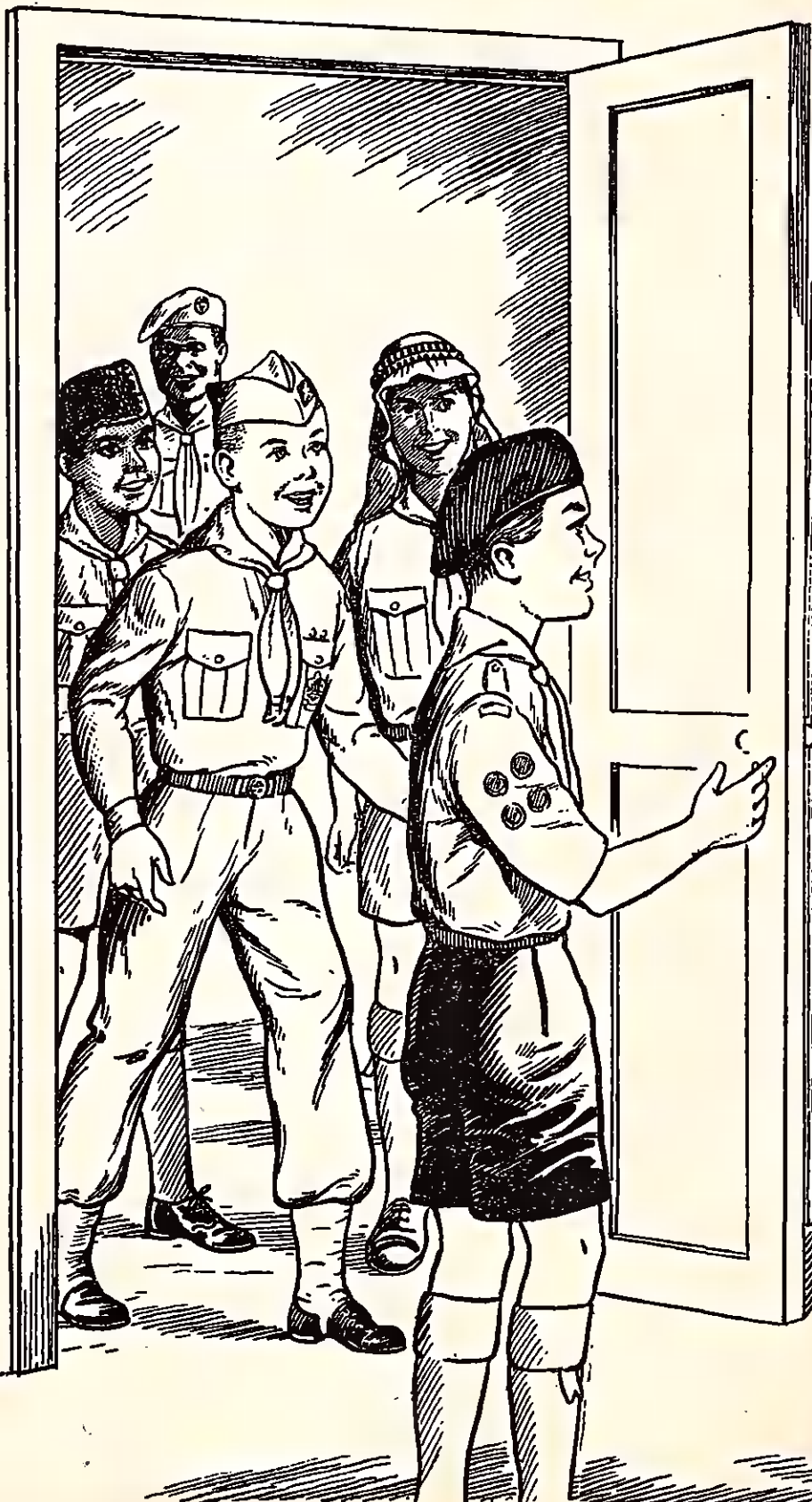
Yours truly
Robert Baden-Powell

World Friend



4th
SCOUT LAW

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.



Friendship Year

