

# *The Scout*



*Week ending 3rd February 1962*    **EVERY FRIDAY**    6d

## The Editor writes

*My Dear Brother Scouts.*

This month, it is pleasant to give you all the details about our Third National Cooking Competition, which is being presented once again by "The Scout" and sponsored by our good friends, "The British Bottlers of Coca-Cola". This year, too, it consists of (i) a preliminary competition which, to give as many chaps as possible a chance of taking part, will be held during various week-ends at 16 widely-scattered campsites (see Rule 7 below); (ii) a final at Gilwell during the week-end of the 14th/15th July.

But I will go straight on and give you all the details I think you'll need. If there's anything else you want to know, don't hesitate to write to me (at 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, SW. 1.)

This year, you notice, there are six classes and you know right away the menus you will be cooking.

1. A Boy Scout is one under 15 years old on 1st May, 1962; a Senior Scout is one over 15 years old and under 18 years old on 1st May, 1962.

2. *Scouts may enter for any regional competition they like but not for more than one.*

3. The classes will be as follows

### **A: Elementary (Teams of 3 Boy Scouts or 2 Boy Scouts and 1 Senior Scout)**

Boiled bacon with carrots and dumplings.

Boiled potatoes with parsley sauce.

Lemon or Jam pancakes.

Tea.

### **B: Elementary (Teams of 3 Senior Scouts or 2 Senior Scouts and 1 Boy Scout)**

Braised steaks with vegetables.

Two other vegetables (at competitors' choice).

Steamed apple and date roll with custard.

Tea.

### **C: Intermediate (Teams of 3 Boy Scouts or 2 Boy Scouts and 1 Senior Scout)**

Beef Olives.

Two vegetables (competitors' choice)

Steamed apple pudding with custard.

Tea.

### **D: Intermediate (Teams of 3 Senior Scouts or 2 Senior Scouts and 1 Boy Scout)**

Fricassee of Veal.

Two vegetables (at competitors' choice).

Summer pudding.

Tea.

### **E: Advanced (Teams of 3 Boy Scouts or 2 Boy Scouts and 1 Senior Scout)**

Wiener Schnitzel *or* Filets of sole Duglere.

Two vegetables (competitors' choice).

Pineapple fritters.

Scotch Woodcock.

Tea.

### **F: Advanced (Teams of 3 Senior Scouts or 2 Senior Scouts and 1 Boy Scout)**

Madras Curry *or* Filets of sole Duglere.

Two vegetables (at competitors' choice).

Golden Sponge Pudding.

Devils on Horseback.

Tea.

4. The conditions of entry for the Regional Competitions will be as follows:-

(i) Each team of three must appoint a leader who will send to the Regional Organiser of their choice his name, address, Scout Group and age; the names and ages of his team; the class they wish to enter; a "Cooking Competition Coupon" from *The Scout* and a crossed Postal Order for 10/- (of which 7/6d. will be returned to the team on arrival but not otherwise, and 2/6d. retained for administrative costs, camp fees, timber, etc.).

(ii) Teams will supply their own food for the competitions unless instructed otherwise: "food" does *not* include canned or frozen or pre-fabricated foods. Teams will be permitted to bring elementary fire-building apparatus (e.g. iron bars), but anything unduly elaborate beyond what is normal for camp might inspire the judges to subtract marks under 'judges' discretion

"Fires" for the purpose of the competitions mean "wood fires".

(iii) Teams will also be responsible for their camping equipment and supplies for the week-end.

(iv) In answer to their entry the teams will receive from the Regional Organiser a permit to camp at the site and a card bearing the number by which the team will be known during the competition and instructions as to times of arrival, method of reporting arrival, etc.

(v) The competition itself will be held between 3 and 6.30 approximately on the Saturday afternoon and the decision of the Regional Organiser advised by his judges will be final.

(vi) Teams adjudged 1st, 2nd and 3rd in each class (and 4th if a class at any camp is particularly large) in each Regional Competition are eligible for the Final at Gilwell, 14th/15th July. In addition the Organiser may choose one "best loser" team who can be invited to enter for the Finals week-end at Gilwell. Details of the menus for the Finals will be announced in the Whitsun issue of *The Scout*.

(vii) It is hoped that all competitors will receive certificates, and the prize winners will receive certificates and special woggles designed and made for the occasion.

5. The Regional Camps will be organised as a pleasant and exciting week-end to include at least:

(i) A Camp Fire on Saturday evening at which results will be announced and woggles awarded.

(ii) A Scouts' Own on Sunday morning after which certificates of attendance will be distributed.

6. Winning teams placed in the Final will receive plaques and prizes, etc., as in previous years, and all finalists will receive certificates of proficiency.

7. No entries will be accepted after 20th April. But you can enter as soon after now as you like. An entry form and details of Regional Competitions are on pages 678 and 679.

I hope hundreds of Scouts will take part in this enterprise as in other enterprises which we Will announce later in the year.

Your friend and Editor,

REX HAZLEWOOD.

# INFORMATION CENTRE

REQUIREMENT OF



THE FORESTER BADGE

## FELLING

TO FELL A TREE, TWO KERFS ARE CUT (1 & 2). TREE TEND TO FALL IN DIRECTION OF (2) BUT NOTE ANY NATURAL SLANT & WEIGHT OF VARIOUS BRANCHES. BOTH EFFECT THE FALL.



KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE KERF



HANDS SHOULD HAVE SLID TOGETHER AT END OF HAFT AS THE AXE STRIKES



FEET ASTRIDE, GOOD BALANCE. RIGHT HAND SLIDES UP & DOWN HAFT WITH EACH SWING. KEEP BODY STILL, & YOUR EYE ON THE CUT. TAKE YOUR TIME.

START WITH AXE THEN SAW ACROSS AS LOW AS POSSIBLE

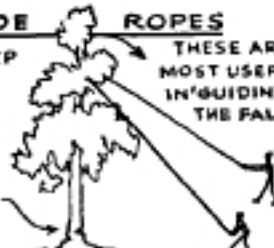
LESS WASTEFUL, HOWEVER, TO SAW DOWN, DIG UP ROOTS & LEVEL OFF

## GUIDE

\*KEEP WELL AWAY FROM THE BUTT

## ROPES

THESE ARE MOST USEFUL IN 'GUIDING' THE FALL



THIS IS THE ACCEPTED WAY TO CUT LOGS WITH THE AXE. IT IS SLOW WASTEFUL & TIRING

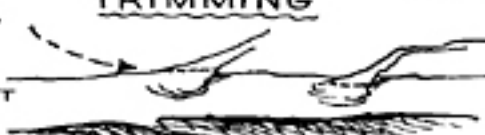
## LOGGING

MUCH BETTER IS TO USE THE CROSS-CUT SAW OR BUSH SAW. IF YOU MUST USE AXE BE SURE DIAMETER OF KERF - DIAMETER OF THE LOG



## TRIMMING

BRANCHES SHOULD BE TRIMMED IN THE DIRECTION OF GROWTH i.e. FROM BUTT TOWARDS TIP.



CUT WITH AXE FAIRLY FLAT, TO CUT ALMOST PARALLEL WITH TRUNK.

SPLITTING IS FAIRLY EASY IF WEDGES ARE USED. START SPLIT WITH A FELLING AXE. DRIVE IN WEDGES WITH SLEDGE-HAMMER

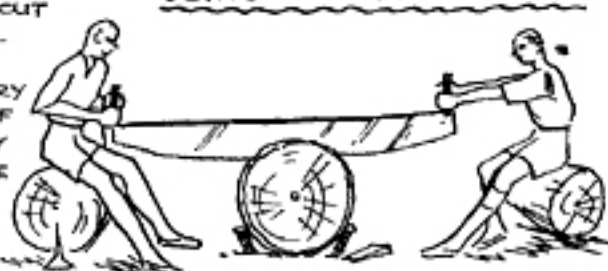
## SPLITTING OUT



'CHEEKS' OF THE WEDGES FORCE THE SPLIT OPEN UNTIL LOG FALLS APART. KEEP YOUR FINGERS OUT OF THE SPLIT

A CROSS CUT SAW WILL DO MUCH WORK, VERY QUICKLY, IF PROPERLY USED. HAVE A WEDGE HANDY TO KEEP CUT OPEN.

## USING A CROSS-CUT SAW



ART OF USING IS A SMOOTH RHYTHMIC. THE PULL DOES THE WORK. SAW MAY BEND IF PUSHED. KEEP SAW SHARP AND TEETH CLEAN

\*DO NOT OMIT THE CARE OF TOOLS: CLEAN, SHARPEN, GREASE OR OIL THEM

NEVER FOOL AROUND WITH AN AXE-IT IS A DANGEROUS TOOL



# Just a Second!?

says

## JACK BLUNT



Just to begin with, may I offer my congratulations to all the survivors of SENIORAMA 1962 .....always assuming that there *were* any survivors.

For those who may not know, I should explain that SENIORAMA 1962 was the Wiltshire Senior Scout Mystery Tour of that quaint little county. The mysterious thing about it was that it was destined to take place around about the New Year, and if memory serves me correctly, we had a slight fall of that peculiar white stuff that everyone longs for, but is so glad to see the back of, about that time.

Not that I am worried on behalf of the Wiltshire Seniors, they're a tuff enuff bunch if ever there was, but my dear friend Aggie Fenpecker, that screamie, sultry Siren so stunningly *sent* on Seniors promised to be there - just to keep a sisterly eye on the charming boys of course; and I haven't heard a word from her since!

### AGGIE WHERE ART THOU?

Perhaps she sits softly sobbing in some sporting store-keepers' deep freeze - just thawing out, poor girl. I'll bet she's got a numb tum, sitting singing her Siren's songs so sweetly to squads of splendiferous Seniors, surrounded by swirling snow the while.



Survivors of Seniorama

songs so sweetly to squads of splendiferous Seniors, surrounded by swirling snow the while.

I'd like to know if any surviving Seniors did see her at all. She's a tall, skinny girl with whacking great muscles that would put any B.G.G. to shame.

### THE SECOND TIME AGAIN

And now, Kiddy Winkies, it is time for Uncle Jack to talk to all his new friends the Seconds. Are you all sitting comfortably? Right, then we'll begin.

You remember that last time Uncle J. said that it was going to be one of his New Year Revolutions to turn his brilliant mind towards the Seconds, to spur them forward, to egg them on, to whip them up to near-revolt. In fact, to be as nearly revolting as he is.

Well, this has produced the desired result and got all the Patrol Leaders worried! Whoopee!

Many a Patrol Leader who has become used to going along to a Troop Meeting with the idea of having a quiet snooze has been rudely awakened to find himself confronted with a madly keen Second straining at the leash to **DO THINGS!!!**

I shall show no mercy. I intend to continue to give these power-maddened gentlemen IDEAS, the only really effective brain food. (Available at all good Chemists. Price 1/6d. per tin).

### DON'T GET ME WRONG

I am not suggesting for one moment that the Seconds should make a take-over bid for the Patrol. Not at all - but two heads are better than one, as Fred Phanackerpan, who HAS two heads, will tell you, and it is about time that the P.L.s made good use of their Seconds, so any suggestions that are forthcoming should be taken seriously, ironed out, brushed up and USED.

How's this for one?

The Seconds of two Patrols get together and arrange a Wide Game between them. Just a simple affair with straightforward rules so that it stands a fair chance of success.

Let me see

Yes The two Seconds get together and each writes out, on ten separate pieces of paper, ten clues each leading on from one to the next. These are going to be distributed around your local area like this.

The first one is slipped behind the name sign of a nearby street with just a little bit hanging out.

This will say something like "Go to the fifth post on the right-hand side of Something Street", which should send that particular team scurrying along Something Street, looking along the garden fences. When they find that clue it will tell them to go and look at the little trap door in the side of the third lamp-post somewhere else, and so on.

The reason for the two Seconds getting together is so that they can make the two routes roughly the same distance and arrange it so that the last clues lead back to the same spot, which might be a Patrol Den or the Troop Headquarters or even someone's house, if they have a nice Mum.

The first team back, of course, are the winners, and it is their pleasure to pay for all the buns and lemonade that you will no doubt guzzle.

To start the game going, the two Patrols meet at an arranged time under their Patrol Leaders, who will see to it that everyone is smartly attired in correct Scout uniform, since you are going to go sculling about the streets in full view of the public. Bearing this in mind, it is also up to the P.L.s to see to it that each Scout behaves himself properly, as becomes a member of the Movement to which I belong.



**Shall I ever see my Mummy again?**

For one thing it is going to be held on the Patrol System and YOU are going to see that it IS. If you have been paying any attention at all to my mad scratchings, you will know by now that a posse of Patrols is the only way to get anything at all done in Scouting.

When you are a Patrol Leader you will know that there is no greater thrill than taking your own Patrol away to Camp as a self-contained part of the Troop.

You ask Skipper.

**Have you been on to Mum and Dad about Summer Camp yet?**



**Straining at the leash**

The Seconds then carefully explain the game to the assembled crowd and ask if there are any genuine questions. Loftily ignoring such footling queries as "Shall we get back home tonight?" or "Shall I ever see my Mummy again?" they then proceed to give their teams the whereabouts of the first clues.

So that there is no chance of giving any help, each Second could go along with the OTHER team. This will have the double effect that should anything go wrong, the offended team will have a hostage to keep for a month or so until the other Patrol whip up enough cash to pay the ransom. If they feel they want to, of course.

Let me know how you get on!

### **SUMMER GOING, SUMMER NOT**

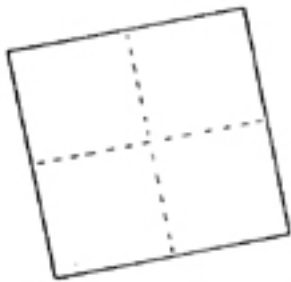
Have you been on to Mum and Dad about Summer Camp yet? You can be sure that Skip has got the site all planned, and this year it is going to be the smashingest Camp the Troop has ever held.

# ORIGAMI

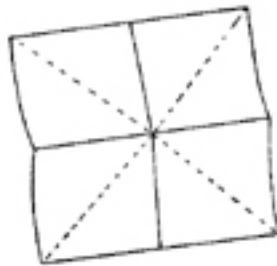
## THE WATER BOMB.

## BELLOWS.

Here are two further models produced just by folding paper. They are both of Japanese origin.



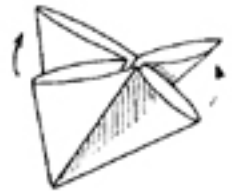
1. Take a square of paper and fold in half in both directions. Crease well and unfold.



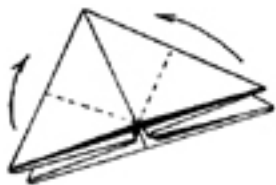
2. Turn over and fold diagonally in both directions. Leave folded on the second fold.



3. Hold the folded corners between the fingers and thumb and push inwards towards the point.



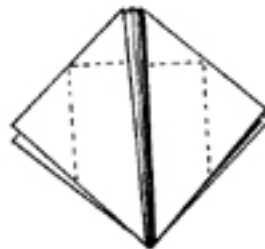
4. This will give you the familiar dart flight. Fold flat.



5. Press down firmly, then fold the corners up to the centre point.



6. Turn over and repeat with the other two corners.



7. Fold the outer corners to the centre and then fold the top points down as indicated by the dotted lines.



8. Turn over and repeat on the other side.



9. Fold the two small upper corners down into the pockets just below them. Turn over and repeat.



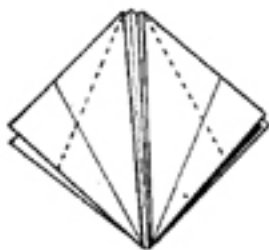
10. Press all folds down firmly and then, holding lightly, inflate by blowing into the small hole at the base (see arrow).



11. This is the WATER BOMB which really will hold water. It can be made in coloured paper for decorations.



12. Fold another piece of paper up to 7. Fold each of the lower edges to the centre. Crease well and unfold.



13. Fold each of the upper edges down to the centre. Crease well and again unfold.



14. Pinch up the two opposite corners and push inwards. This will make the sides close in and give you the position shown in fig.15.



15. Press the two ears down flat: turn over and repeat folds 12-13 and 14 on the other side.



16. Hold the two ears on each side with the first fingers and thumbs and pump in and out. You have a perfect pair of BELLOWS.

next

Look out further articles in this series. In the one we start on the animal world, showing you how to fold models, truly recognisable models, of birds and beasts. Some of them at least you will find great fun.



**THE STORY SO FAR:** Senior scout Patrol Leader John Warburton (known as War by) and two of his Patrol, Tug his Second, and Bret his cousin, are hiking across Wales. Warby's uncle, an Army Major on leave, and actually a British Secret Agent, has a low opinion of the younger generation. A boast that he and one colleague could prevent the Scouts keeping possession of a sealed packet over a fixed period, becomes a challenge and is taken up. The rules allow disguise and sabotage by either side. Unknown to the Major, the Scouts are carrying miniature radio transmitters and receivers made by Warby. To the Scouts' mystification, the Major declares that should he be recalled from leave before recovering the packet (which contains their reward) he will send a telegram to the post office nearest to where they happen to be spending the night. They are therefore to enquire at each post office. The Scouts, now deprived of their cooking utensils, and only compass, and unable to shake off their hunters in spite of sabotaging their motor cycles, using radio and disguise, have taken special precautions and hiked to their next halt by night. While washing in a stream the next morning, their tents are seen to be ablaze.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### Over to the Attack

**WARBY DASHED ACROSS** to the burning tents, closely followed by Tug and Bret.

"I'll take this one" Warby shouted, snatching pegs clear out of the ground by their guylines. "Tug, you take the grub tent. Drag it clear of the stuff inside, Bret, fetch water Bret looked around frantically for the canvas bucket. He gave a sudden yeli. "Here's all the stuff" He ran and grabbed the canvas bucket, and at once made for the stream, shouting as he passed Warby, and pointing back. "The stuff's there, among the trees. The grub, the rucsacs, the lot!"

"It's them again, all right" called Tug, unhooking the last guy on the windward side. "They've left a sign scraped in the ground."

Soon, all that remained of the tents were two small heaps of charred, sodden canvas.

For some moments, no words passed between the Scouts as they stood gazing at the smouldering remains.

Warby broke the silence. "I don't think much of this joke," he said quietly. "They're making us pay a stiff price for those four tyre valves. I suppose we should be thankful the tents aren't Group property."

"They'd be insured if they were," remarked Tug. "I suppose these are not?"

"Mine wasn't," said Bret mournfully. "It was only fit for grub tent, anyway. Still, it was a tent. It isn't now.

They must have used petrol on this job."

"Mine wasn't insured either," said Warby. "It was long past its best, but it did keep the rain out."

"The great Major Warburton has struck again, and no mistake," said Bret. "Another yarn for the Oficers' Mess, I expect."

"I must say it's got me absolutely beaten how they've found us here," admitted Warby. "We can't possibly do more to fox them than we did last night."

"They're a good bit too clever for us, it seems," said Tug. "They've had us on a string almost from the start."

"I don't agree, Tag," protested Bret. "We've still got the sealed packet. If they are as clever as they claimed in the first place, we'd have lost it days ago. It's Thursday today. We've only got to hang on to it till Friday midnight, then we're through and it's ours."

"Maybe you're right, Bret," conceded Tug. "But are we sure we've still got it?"

"Sure," confirmed Bret. "I checked that when we were at the stream!"

"Now we're so near to getting through," remarked Warby, "we can expect them to hot up the pace even more. Uncle Phil hates being on the losing side. It hurts his pride too much. Heaven alone knows how far they'll go now to get their Secret Service hands on that packet."

"What about our plans now this has happened, Warby?" asked Tug. "Are we making any changes?"

"There's only one change I favour," answered Warby, "and that's to go over to the attack. It seems a hopeless job trying to shake them off our tails. We must stop them good and proper. Sabotage that they won't recover from this time. And right here at Capel-y-Coed if they're still in the district. They've had things their way too long."

"I've an idea you've got something up your sleeve," grinned Tug. "Whatever it is, I'm with you. But it had better come off, Warby, or we really shall be for it."

"Don't see what more they can do to us," put in Bret.

"Apart from the bit of dirty work I've got in mind," resumed Warby, with a gleam in his eye, "our plans are the same. We'll carry on as if nothing had happened. The one thing that would please Uncle Phil more than anything else, would be to see us throw in the sponge."

"And we don't want to please him at any price," chimed in Bret.

"We'll get along without tents," Warby continued. "We've made backwoods shelters before. If the weather goes on favouring us, so much the better." He pointed a plimsolled foot at the smoking ruins that had been their tents. "When we've cleared this mess away, and had some grub, we'll give some serious thought to our too-active enemy, and if we put a stopper on them that they won't unstop."

While Warby and Tug went about the task of salvaging what they could in the way of guy-lines, runners, pegs and parts of poles before burying the rest, Bret sat by the stove with his collection of green sticks, tin cans and lids, and other make-do articles, and set about preparing a meal.

Over their meal, Warby's sabotage plan was worked out in detail, and an hour after, they had packed up and were ready to leave.

"Here's wishing us better luck," commented Bret, with a backward glance at their old site, as they set off through the pine trees down the valley slope. "If your plan comes off, Warby, we'll be able to wave a fond farewell to old Uncle Phil and his friend, and relax a bit."

"Unless," put in Tug, "they're prepared to foot-slog after us when they suddenly find themselves without transport."

"Don't think they will," said Warby. "They're not equipped for walking in this sort of country. Anyway, let's not be too sure our stunt's going to work. We haven't had all the luck so far." He looked at his watch. "It's just after half past two. We want to be away from Capel-y-Coed as soon as we can. By five o'clock at the latest. It'll take us best part of five hours to get to Nant-y-Glyd. And we've shelters to make."

Reaching the valley bottom they took the road leading to Capel-y-Coed village, and in ten minutes the road was becoming the village high street.

"Before we get right into the village," announced Warby, stopping. "Let's get some idea of the lay-out." He pulled his map out of his lumber-jacket pocket and opened it. "This road goes straight through the village and forks right for Nant-y-Glyd. There's a church here on the left. An inn on the right."

"There's the sign sticking out over the pavement," said Bret, pointing. "Looks like a swan. Suppose there's more than one inn here."

"The railway station's further up on the left. The rest we'll find out for ourselves," Warby went on. "Now, have we got it clear what we're doing?"

"I think so," said Tug. "First, we make sure we're seen around the village. Then we leave by the left fork, as if we're heading for Tregalan, and you and I come back in our spy togs, leaving Bret behind to watch the gear. We keep our eyes open for the bikes, and wait till the two are together, and with a bit of luck, we get them over to the station, and away on the first train to Penstone."

Carriage forward. To be called for," added Bret. "I hope it turns out as easy as it sounds. Suppose you don't see anything of the bikes?"

"We know they've been around," said Warby. "They're likely to hang about till they know where were heading for. Let's get on. And keep your eyes wide open."

In the high street they went into the post office.

"Don't think we need ask if there's a telegram for John Warburton," grinned Warby, sticking into his pocket two tie-on address labels he had just bought.

Outside, they decided to take a casual look at the station, and on the way, Bret added various items to his store of provisions. From the railway bridge over the road they could see the whole of the little station.

"There isn't much of it," complained Warby. "It looks as if goods for delivery have to be kept on the platform."

"Maybe not for long," said Bret.

"That's what we must find out," answered Warby. "We don't want to go into action too soon, and have the bikes standing there for hours, in full view of anyone passing by."

"I'll find out about the trains," volunteered Bret.

"Better leave it to Tug and me when we come back in our spy togs," suggested Warby. "Best not to be seen in uniform on the station. Now, let's make for that inn. That's the sort of place where we do want to be seen."

They made their way to the inn fronting the high street, which they had seen earlier. For a few moments they stood under the arched gateway at the side of the inn, and looked into the courtyard that opened out behind it.

They walked on through the gateway, stopped to look in at the side entrance, went on into the courtyard, and stood just inside gazing at the few cars that were parked there.

Warby touched Tug's elbow. "Look over there He nodded towards the far end of the courtyard at a small brick archway that looked like a relic of bygone gabbling days. "A motor bike, isn't it?"

Tug moved away from the inn corner to get a fuller view. He came back and whispered, "We needn't look any further, Warby. The black bike with panniers is there. There are two or three bikes. No green one."

"I don't fancy our chances here, Tug," said Warby, quietly. "Not at all. There are too many windows overlooking the courtyard."

"Are we giving the idea up, then?" asked Tug.

"No fear!" responded Warby. "Not after what they've been getting away with. You won't find them searching around Capel-y-Coed tonight for sticks and bracken before they turn in. That's what we'll be doing in Nant-y-Glyd, most likely. We'll come back here in our other togs, and we'll snatch any chance get. even if it means dealing with each bike separated."

"I'm with you, Warby," confirmed Tug. "We want to get the bikes together though, if we can."

"We'll make a start right now," declared Warby. "We'll advertise ourselves, and let them know where we're going. Or, more correctly, where we're not going."

Tug and Bret followed Warby back up the passage to the side door. Warby tapped on the open door.

"Anybody there?" he called in a loud voice. "Can anyone tell us the best way to Tregalan?"

A woman in a white apron came to the door. "Tregalan?" repeated the woman. "Turn the high street, go over the railway bridge and take the road to the left." She paused a moment. "There may be a shorter way." She turned and called inside. "Three Scouts here want to get to Tregalan. Is there a better way than the Tynyplas road? Can they go woods?"

A man came to the door and gave detailed instructions.

"Thanks," said Warby, when the man had finished.

He glanced at his watch. "What time do you serve tea here?"

"We don't have a regular meal service answered the man. "We're putting on a light tea today for some of our guests. We could find you something then. You can come inside and wait, or come back in half an hour. We serve tea promptly at four o'clock." "It's very kind of you, sir," said Warby politely. "It was only a thought. Perhaps we'll be on our way, and eat later."

"Just as you wish," smiled the man. "I hope you find Tregalan all right."

The three made their way into the street, and - set off purposely in the direction they had been sent. "Why all the patter about tea, Warby?" asked Bret. "Wake up, Bret," grinned Warby. "If our friends are among the guests having tea, and they're likely to be, both bikes should be in from four o'clock for at least half an hour."





**He ran and grabbed the canvas bucket.**

That's the time for us to be on the look out." He paused thoughtfully. "Pity about all those windows."

"If you're not back in two days," laughed Bret, "I'll go on without you."

The Scouts crossed the railway bridge, turned into the left fork towards Tregalan and carried on until they were round the first bend. Satisfied that they were not seen, they left the road and slipped through the trees. A hundred yards or so in, they stopped.

"This will do us," announced Warby, grounding his rucsac. "Suit you Bret? You're going to spend the most time here."

Half an hour later, Warby and Tug, their caps pulled well down, had crossed the bridge again, turned off the high street into the station approach and were enquiring about trains to Penstone.

"The next is at 4.50, and no more till tomorrow," said Warby, repeating what the old man behind the little window had just told him.

That gives us forty-five minutes to complete the job," remarked Tug, turning and following Warby out. They hurried down the approach, and into the high street. Coming to the arched gateway by the inn, they slowed down and walked leisurely past.

"Warby!" whispered Tug, excitedly, "I believe we're in luck!"

"You mean the obstruction?" queried Warby, continuing past the inn and stopping. "We'll take a closer look. It's a van of some sort. If there's space enough between it and the wall, and both bikes are there, our luck really is in."

"It looked big enough to blot out everyone's view," said Tug. "It's a horse-box, maybe."

"Believe you're right, Tug. That's what it is. Let's go through. They'll be busy with tea now. Come on."

Warby led the way past the inn, and turned under the archway, keeping to the wall facing the side door. They reached the horse-box, standing just inside the courtyard with its radiator towards them, and passed between it and the wall.

"No good," announced Warby, stopping half way. "We wouldn't get the handlebars through here."

Warby led on beyond the end of the horse-box, followed the wall to the brick gateway, and went through. They stood for a moment, silently regarding the three motor cycles standing there. One was black with panniers; and another, dark green.

"If only that horse-box was another foot from the wall," said Tug, "we'd have those two beauties away in ten seconds."

Warby suddenly pulled Tug in at the sound of approaching footsteps. They halted at the horse-box, and Warby peeped out.

"Looks like the driver. Taking it away, I suppose."

"What now, Warby? Back to the street while we've got cover?"

"I wonder....." muttered Warby. "I wonder if we could talk the driver into taking us and the bikes to the station."

"Eh!" exclaimed Tug. "He'll want a better reason than the one we've got. He'll tell us the station's near enough for us to wheel them ourselves. He may have no room, anyway."

"Suppose they can't be wheeled, answered Warby. He took the addressed tie-on labels from his pocket and handed them to Tug.

"Tie one of these on each handlebar., and let one of the tyres down – quietly. I'll go and have a word with him. He's started his engine up!"

Warby ran along the wall to the door of the vehicle, and tapped on the window. The driver let it down, and popped his head out.

"Can you do us a favour?" asked Warby appealingly. "We've got two motor bikes to take to the station, and one's got a flat tyre. We're doing it for friends of ours." lie glanced at his watch. "The train goes in less than half an hour."

"I'm not going that way," said the driver, curtly.

"And I'm in a hurry."

"I see by your badge," said Warby, trying a different line, "that you are an ex-serviceman. You must be proud of that, to be wearing a badge."

"So?" snapped the driver.

"You'd be doing this for one of the services."

"Which one?"

"Er - which were you in?"

"I said, which one?" demanded the driver.

"The Army," answered Warby, weakly.

The man got down from his cab and walked round to the back, lie followed Warby under the brick arch and looked at the machines, and felt the flat trye. He took hold of one of the labels, read it and grunted. and read the other one.

"You didn't say you were officers," he complained.

"Army officers," emphasized Warby, glancing at his watch. "Can we help you with the tailboard?"

Warby and Tug were already pulling out ramp pins. and as the driver did not seem inclined 10 stop what had been started, the ramp was soon down. No time was lost in getting the motor cycles loaded on, and the tailboard up again.

Warby, up in the driver's cab with lug, anxiously consulted his watch. Fifteen minutes to go before the train was due to leave. The driver slammed his door, pressed the starter and the engine roared into life. The clutch was let in, and the brake released and they were moving.

There was a sudden shout from across the courtyard, and a man, followed by another, came running towards the horsebox.

"Eh, there I want a word with you!"

A look of despair clouded Warby's face. "I'd know that voice anywhere," he muttered to Tug. "It's the Major."

Next Week:  
**MYSTERY SIGNAL**

**THIS WEEK'S COVER**

Cooking is tremendous fun as well as giving a sense of achievement. Our National Cooking Competitions provide both these ingredients. Make sure of following this recipe by entering for this year's Competition.

*Cover by John Annandale and Robert Dewar*

***tear round here*** ➔

but don't tear round the countryside where there's so much to see and do. Take your time, plan your own route, wander where the fancy takes you, and enjoy yourself, knowing that at the end of the day the friendly hostel waits to welcome you. Only 7/6 for supper, bed and breakfast (8/6 if 16 or over) and no charge for the companionship of the common room. Write today for details.

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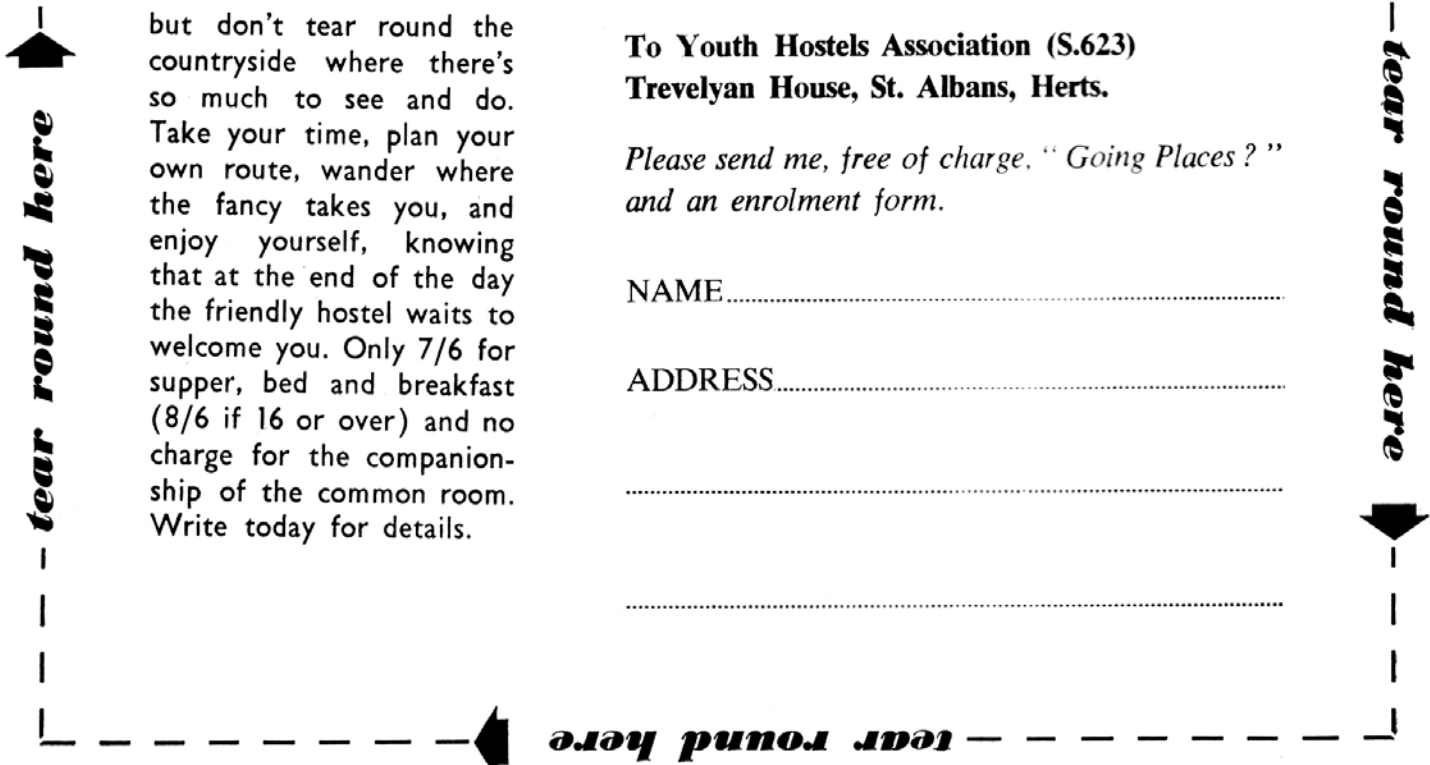
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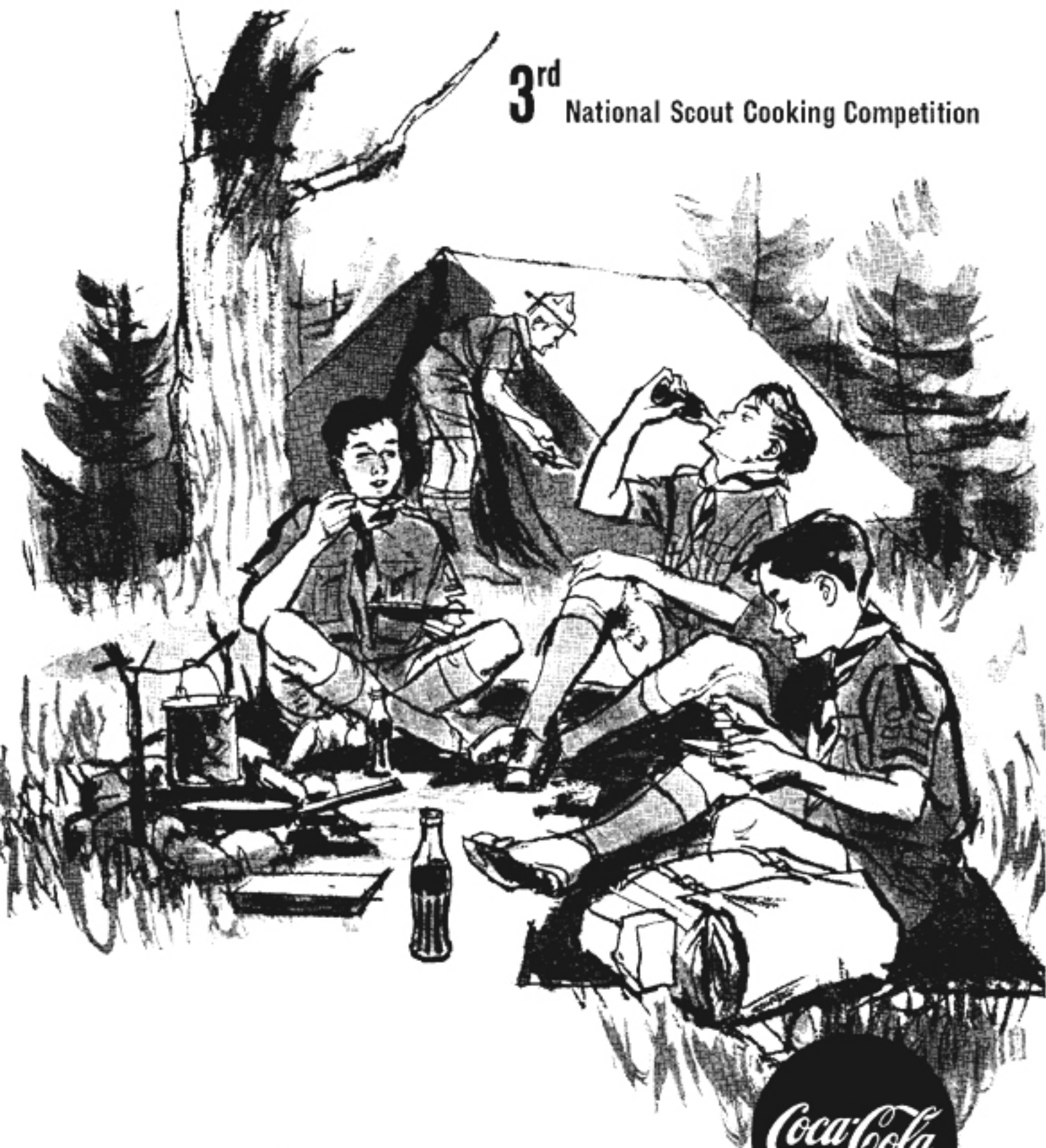
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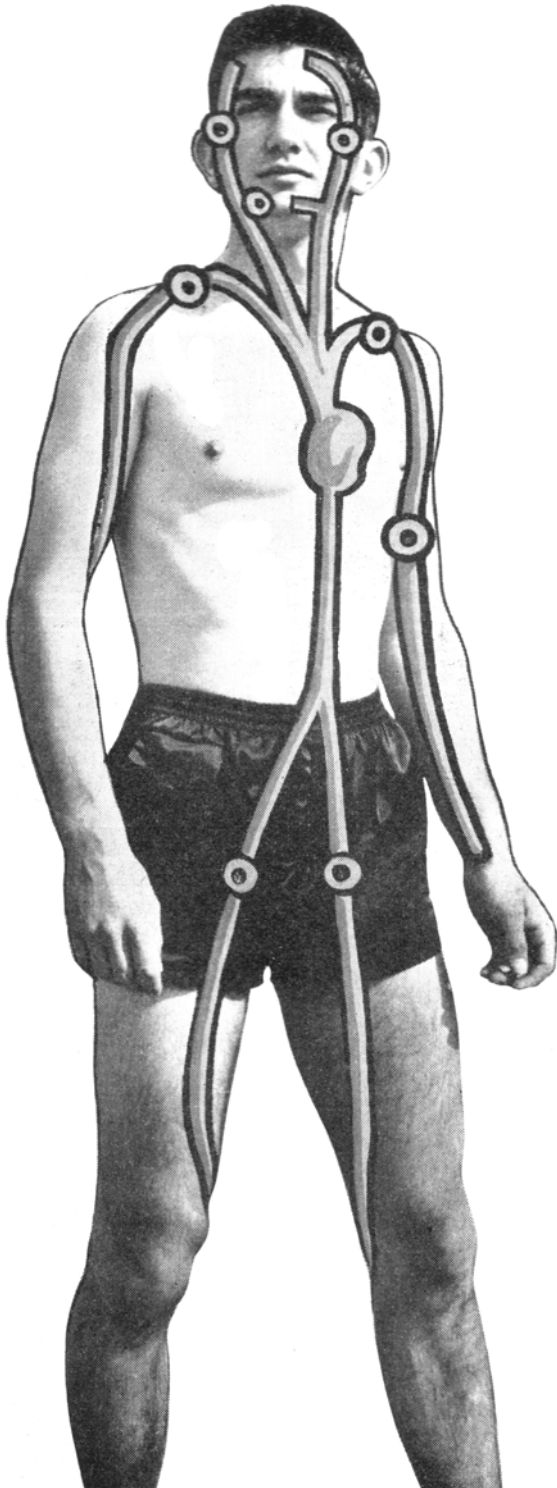


# your first class test in PICTURES



\*\*\*\*\*

by John Annandale & Robert Dewar



## Arteries

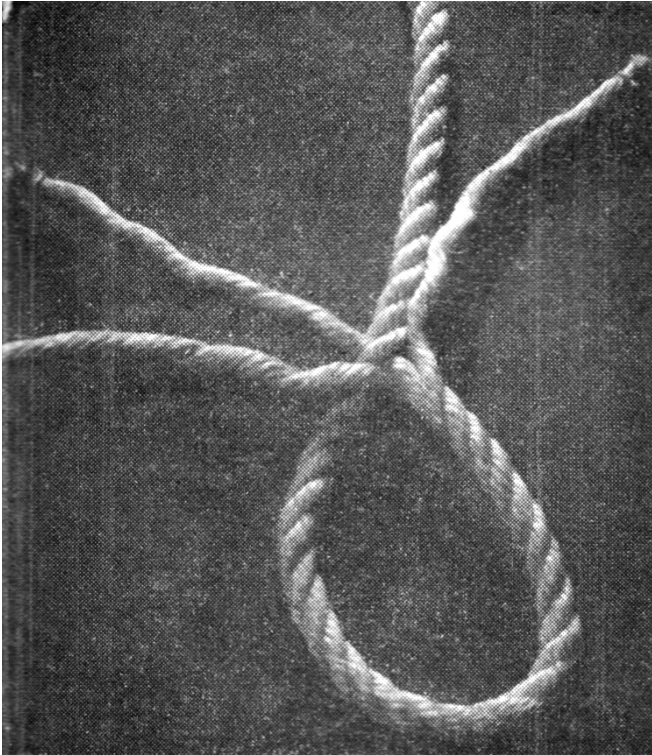
FIRST CLASS TEST No. 3

*The main arteries carry the blood from the heart and you have to know the course they follow. Our artist provides you with a handy guide. Space prevents him from showing you that the arteries branch into parallel routes at the elbows and knees. You can check these for yourself in a first-aid manual.*

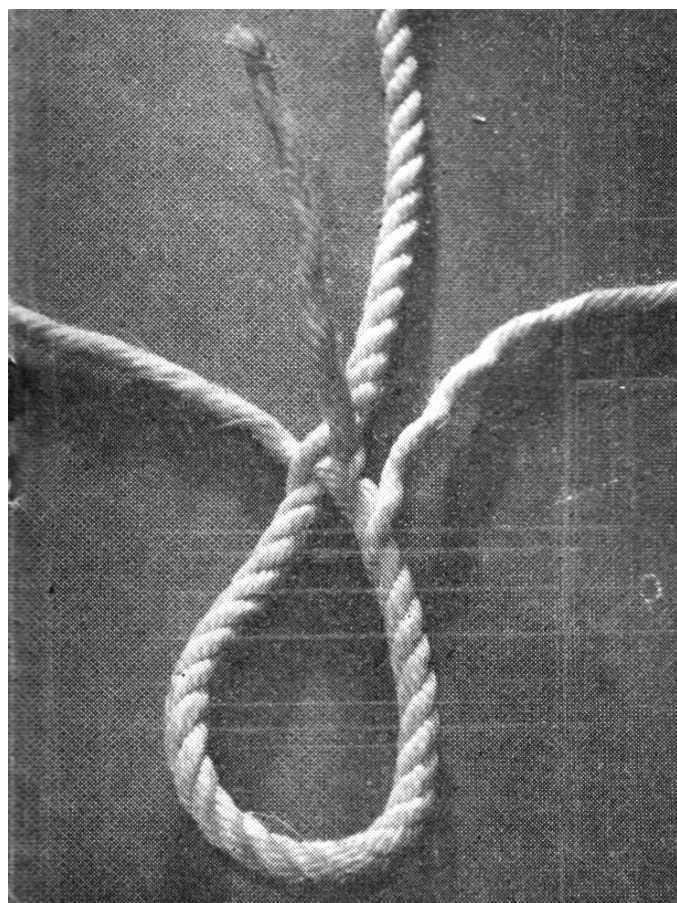
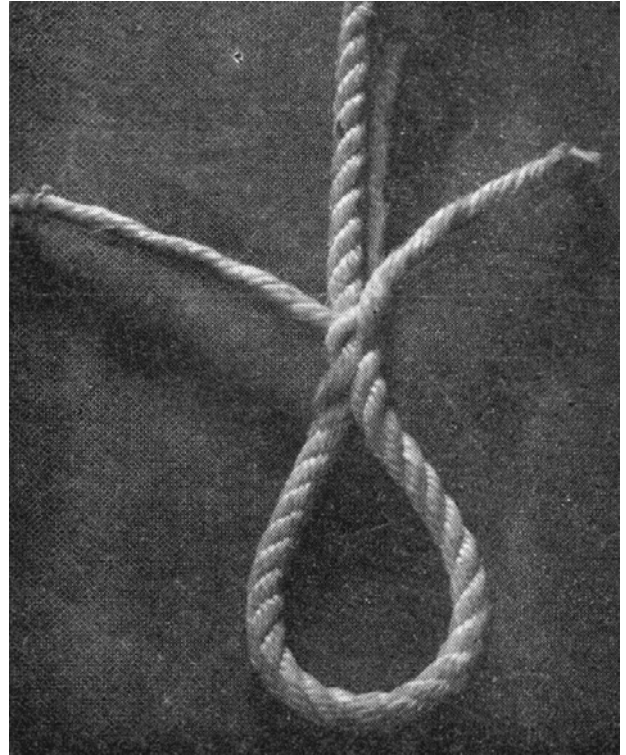


# THE EYE SPLICE

## FIRST CLASS TEST No. 8

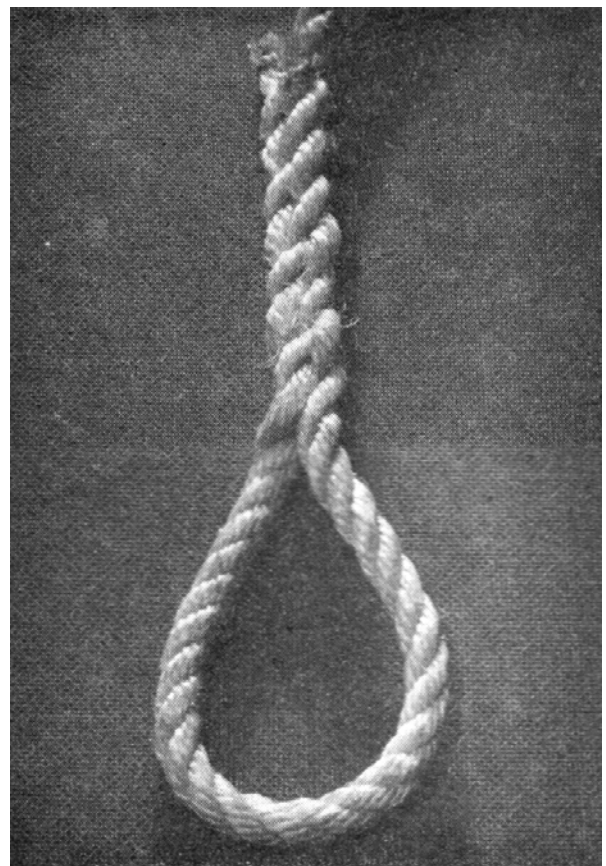


1. unlay 6" of rope. Determine size of eye required and tuck center strand as shown.



2. Take the left strand of the unlayed rope over the strand used for your first tuck and tuck it under the next strand.

3. Turn work over and tuck third strand under strand which has not yet been used. This last strand is tucked from right to left.



4. Complete your splice by making a further two circuits of tucks.

*Remember the Golden Rule of Splicing – Splice against the lay of the rope – Go over one strand and under next.*

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# CASUALTIES

I am writing this on the last day of the old year. To me, a queer sort of period. One of changes in many fields, for one thing, although I have been busy in the Scouting world, it has been as an observer and correspondent rather than an active participant. But I have watched - closely.

My house is so situated that two or three times a week I see members of the Movement on the way to and from their meetings, Cubs, Scouts, Seniors - all sizes and shapes. From the waist up - normal, uniformed Cubs and Scouts, but from the belt down - the most *un-uniform* raggle taggle of sloppy slacks imaginable. Many of them with their nether limbs encased in what must be the most hideous of all garments ever designed. Skin tight jeans, in grubby black and washed out blue.

Most of them look like escapees from the nearest corn field! Worst of all, the wearing of P.L.'s or Second's stripes does not appear to affect this "uniform above the waist" tendency. I spoke to a mixed group of Cubs and Scouts, only one of them in shorts, a few days ago and asked what had happened to their uniforms. Shorts were out, they told me, under the new rules Headquarters had authorised long trousers, their Skipper had told them so - hence the scarecrow rig!

May I suggest that they, and anyone else of like mind - have a look at the addition to Rule 286 in P.O.R. Just in case they have no copy of POR - or have forgotten to amend it. The rule applies to Senior Scouts only - not Cubs or the Scout section: and only, I quote, when the "trousers conform to the shade and pattern approved by H.Q." Boiler suits and jeans are *not* approved!

Another casualty seems to be the "Good Turn

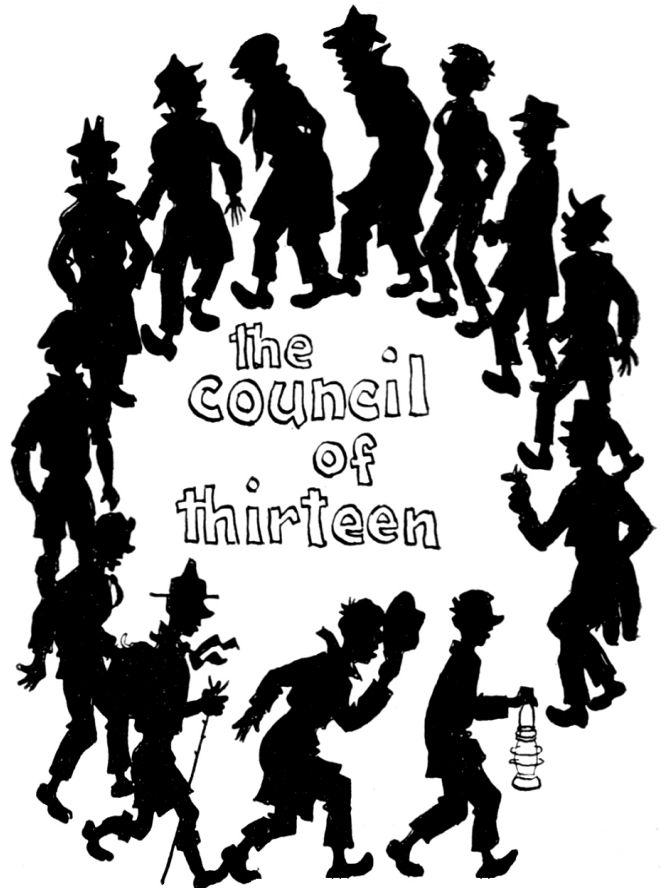
Maybe I've been in a bit of a backwater recently but I have noticed that what we used to regard as normal activities a few years ago just did not happen this year. For example, after snow it was an accepted Scout Good Turn for a team to turn out and clear the paths leading to the houses of a number of old people. This year the old people had to wait for a thaw! A friend of mine offered some Seniors a couple of largish apple trees - the idea being that they should fell them and log them for distribution where they would do most good. All necessary tools were available on the spot and the owner was quite prepared to give a hand. But the trees are still standing. Worst of all, the Scouts had agreed to do the job with apparent enthusiasm - at the time - but simply did not turn up on the appointed day!

Poor show? Yes - but why? Scarecrow rig - lack of example, toss of pride in appearance? If the P.L.s, the most important factor in our Scouting scheme, fail to set the correct example - well, what can you expect?

The Good Turns that failed to materialise were both due to one omission. In each case the P.L. concerned - for both matters had been discussed and agreed, forgot to make definite arrangements with his members. He failed to lead.

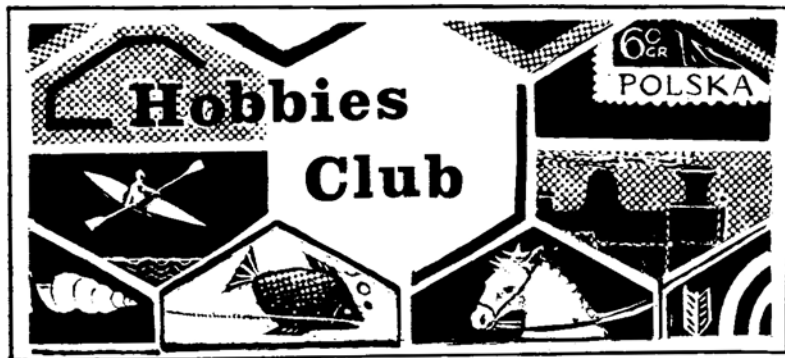
One of our national daily papers has been running a scheme for their readers very much on Scout lines. Readers have been pledging themselves to visit old people during the Christmas season with the idea of giving them a cheery word and a helping hand. The scheme has been a great success and hundreds of good turns have been done - but, will it last? I doubt it. Not because people are unwilling to help others, but simply because the paper will, in the usual course of events, move on to another "stunt" and the reminders will cease to be given.

There are about half a million active members of our Movement in the country at the moment - and goodness knows how many millions not so active, who have, during the past fifty-odd years, pledged themselves, in all seriousness and with every intention of really carrying out their obligation to "Help other people at all times." Yet a newspaper managed to make a "stunt" of our proudest claim, A Scout is useful and helps others. Lack of Scout spirit? Not on your nelly - the spirit is as strong as ever it was. Ability, know-how, opportunity, greater than ever before - only one thing is missing - reminders. The memory and conscience of the Patrol is in the care of its leader - the P.L.



Our Scout sign reminds us of our threefold promise - perhaps it would not be out of place to point out that the three upright fingers also indicate that the third Scout Law needs a little rubbing in?

Do you remember what our Founder wrote about the third Law in 1908? May I quote from the first Scouting publication of all - Part One of Scouting for Boys. "And he is to do his duty before anything else, even though he gives up his own pleasure, or comfort, or safety to do it. When in difficulty to know which of two things to do, he must ask himself, 'Which is my duty?' that is, 'Which is best for other people?' - and to do that one. He must Be Prepared at any time to save life, or to help injured persons. And *he must do a good turn to somebody every day.*" The italics are B.-P.'s own - today the law reads, "To help other people at all times." but the spirit is still the same, it's just a little stronger today because the modern Scout has greater ability - and capacity. But he still requires prodding. Go to it - don't let the newspapers steal our thunder!



# BIRD WATCHING

## BOOKS TO CONSULT

*Stamps and Musk*, by James Watson (Faber, 15s.). A companion volume to "Stamps and Aircraft", "Stamps and Ships", "Stamps and Railways" by the same author. For the theme collector particularly, but pleasant and informative reading for any stamp enthusiast. Photo illustrations.

*Coarse Fishing*, by Harvey Torbett (Methuen Press, 15s.). Chapters with plenty of illustrations on Tackle, Baits, Methods, etc. The author is well known in angling circles.

*The Bicycle*, (Iiffe Books Ltd., 2s. 6d.). This booklet gives many practical tips to cyclists on keeping their machine in perfect trim. The numerous clear, non-technical drawings in two colours show each stage of every operation and are amplified by descriptions in the text.

ONE OF THE best ways of attracting birds to your garden or window sill is to provide them with food. A number of suggestions for Bird Feeders are to be found on the opposite page. All these ideas are simple in design and easy to build so it should be possible to find one that will suit your particular need.

To get to know the habits of birds even better you can also provide them with a home. Nesting boxes are not difficult to construct. Basically they consist of a wooden box, with a hole in the front large enough for the bird to pass through. The refinement of a sloping roof projecting over the entrance hole will keep the weather from driving into the nesting box. Also a small dowel rod jutting out from the box can be fixed in position just below the entrance so as to provide a perch on which the bird may alight before entry into its nest. Don't make the hole too low down on the front otherwise the nesting materials will block the entrance.

Handled carefully, an ideal nesting place can be made out of a flower pot. For the "Door" carefully chip a lin. hole in the side above the centre line of the pot. File hole smooth. Obtain two pieces of light metal to block hole in base of pot.

One piece of metal goes inside the pot the other goes outside.

A piece of wire passing through these pieces of metal keeps them in place and provides a means of hanging up the flower pot nesting place. The large top of the flower pot which is now the bottom of the nesting place can be closed in by wiring a metal plate in place. A small enamel plate turned upside down is ideal for this purpose.

There is no end to ideas on the subject of bird nesting places. They can be made out of all sorts of scrap material and even hollow logs.

Whatever you use or however you make a nesting place birds will not make a home in it unless they feel safe. Make sure, therefore, that as far as is possible the nesting place is in such a position that it cannot be easily reached by cats and other animals that are likely to worry the birds. It may be possible for you to fasten your bird-home to the wall of your house, on top of a post, or hang it from the limb of a tree. It is a mistake to place the nesting place in dense foliage and should you decide to have several "houses" these should not be placed too close together.

## BADGE OF THE MONTH



The choice of a design for the Scout emblem of Britain's largest county was no easy matter. In the sheere live Lochiel, Chief of the Camerons; Lord MacDonald, Chief of the MacDonalds; Macleod of the Macleods; the Mackintosh of Mackintosh; Lord Lovat, Chief of the Frasers; MacPhersons, Grants, Chisholms, and other clans and sects. The choosing of an heraldic device, might have resulted in a revival of clan warfare - at least among Scouts.

For many years Inverness-shire went without a County emblem and it was not until someone suggested the use of the head of the Red Deer, Britain's largest native wild animal, that the problem was solved.

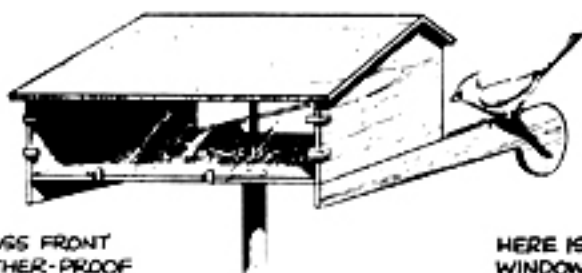
The Red Deer is to be found in every part of the County, in the glens of the north, on the high moors of Badenoch, in the corries of Lochaber, and on Skye and the smaller isles. The stag shown on the badge is a "Royal". That is, its antlers have twelve points. The true Highland deer has a "blue hare like appearance astern", which the semi-wild deer of parks lack, and it is to these hindquarters that the Red Deer of the Highlands owes its grace and easy movement.



# BIRD Feeders

HERE ARE SEVEN KINDS OF BIRD FEEDERS YOU CAN EASILY MAKE AND PLACE WHERE YOU CAN WATCH THE BIRDS EAT. YOU'LL FIND IT'S LOTS OF FUN AND WILL HELP YOU TO KNOW MORE ABOUT BIRDS.

IT WOULD BE A FINE TROOP PROJECT TO MAKE A NUMBER OF THESE FEEDERS AND DISTRIBUTE THEM TO PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIKE TO WATCH THE BIRDS. THEY WILL APPRECIATE IT AND THE BIRDS WILL GET A BREAK.

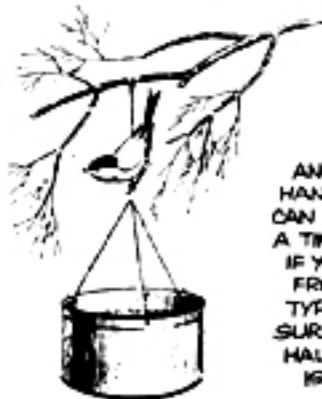


GLASS FRONT WEATHER-PROOF FEEDER. THE BACK IS LEFT OPEN. SET ON A POLE HIGH ENOUGH SO CATS CAN'T REACH IT.

HERE IS A FINE GLASS-TOPPED WINDOW SHELF FEEDER THAT CAN BE SET RIGHT IN THE WINDOW WHERE IT WILL BE EASY TO WATCH THE BIRDS. JUST RAISE THE WINDOW A BIT TO TOSS IN THE FEED.



A HALF A COCONUT SHELL MAKES A GOOD FEEDER. TIE IT FAR ENOUGH OUT ON THE LIMB OF A TREE SO THAT CATS AND SQUIRRELS CAN'T REACH IT.



ANOTHER GOOD HANGING FEEDER CAN BE MADE FROM A TIN COFFEE CAN. IF YOU MAKE ONE FROM A TALLER TYPE OF CAN, BE SURE TO CUT IT IN HALF SO THAT IT ISN'T TOO DEEP.



THIS IS A SIMPLE SHELF-TYPE FEEDER TO SET ON A WINDOW SILL. ITS ONLY DRAWBACK IS THAT FOOD CAN BLOW OR WASH AWAY. HOWEVER, IT WILL ATTRACT LOTS OF INTERESTING BIRDS.



STILL ANOTHER GOOD HANGING FEEDER IS THIS SUET HOLDER.

DRILL A NUMBER OF HOLES IN A SMALL LOG. FILL THE HOLES WITH SUET.

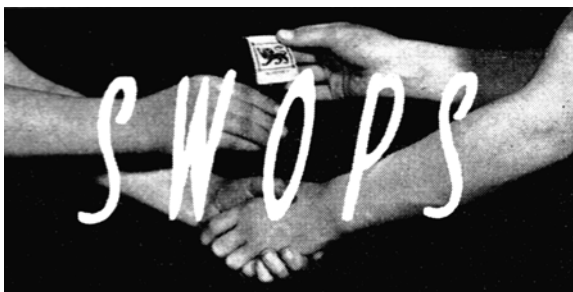


A METAL SCREEN BASKET MAKES A FINE SUET HOLDER FOR MEAT-EATING BIRDS

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courtesy of  
"Boys Life"

SEED EATING BIRDS WILL FLOCK TO YOUR FEEDER IF YOU KEEP IT WELL STOCKED WITH COMMERCIAL BIRD FEED, SUNFLOWER SEEDS, BREAD CRUMBS, ETC.

MEAT EATERS LOVE SUET BUT BE SURE YOU PLACE THE SUET IN CONTAINERS (SUCH AS THE TWO SHOWN HERE). IF YOU LAY SUET ON THE OTHER TYPES OF FEEDERS, THE BIRDS WILL PECK IT TO THE GROUND.



VERY IMPORTANT If you write to one of these Scouts enclosing badges you should also ENCLOSE A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. When writing to a Commonwealth country, instead of stamps enclose Commonwealth Reply Coupons (5d. each) one if to a country not in the Commonwealth, "International Reply Coupons" (1/- each). These may be obtained at main post offices. It may be some time before you get a reply because your correspondent may get a large number of letters. Any Scout who asks for his name to be put in "Swop" is expected on his Scout's honour to reply to all enquiries resulting from it.

**D. Cifford**, 22 Belle Vue Rd., Walthamstow, London, E.17. - Has London, Kent, Guernsey C.B.'s for others, esp. Scottish and Welsh.

**P.L.(S) G. Crosby**, Springside Cottage, Faldouet, Gorey, Jersey, C.I. - Has 25 assorted stamps for 1 C.B. or 1 D.B., 15 for 1 Patrol Flash, and 5 for 1 name tape.

**Jeffrey Wain**, 16 Mortlake Ave., Red Hill, Worcester. - Has Worca. C.B.s for any U.K. C.B.'s.

**Scout R. Fraser**, 24 Dudleston Rd., Little Sutton, Wirral. Cheshire - Has Cheshire C.B.s for others (no name tapes, please).

**S.S. G. Head**, 43 Roberts Rd., Shirley, Southampton. Hants - Has Hants. C.B.'s for others eap. Scottish (will swop up to 3 a time).

**P.L.(S) D. A. Thomas**, 32 Moss Lane, Churchtown. Southport, Lancs. - Has SW. Lancs. C.B.s for D.B.s and C.B.'s exc. Oxford.

**P.L. Peter Lawton**, 11 Raleigh Rd., Northcote. Auckland, New Zealand. - Has 80 New Zealand stamps for any Welsh or Irish C.B.'s.

**Guide P.L. Lynda Sykes**, 188 Northenden Rd., Sale, Cheshire. - Has Guide SE. Lancs. C.B.'s for others exc. Lanes, and Cheshire.

**S.S. J. Rambrook**, 76 Fairmead Ave.. Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex - Has Isle of Bute, 1.0. Arran, Ross & Cromarty for best offers in C.B.'s and D.B.'s.

**D. M. HoIwill**, 49 Paulsgrove Rd., North End, Portsmouth. - Has a few badges from Jamboree Cymru 1961, for best offers in Scottish B's.

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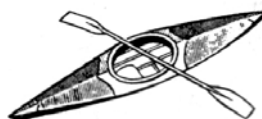
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## PEN - PALS WANTED.

**S.S. P French**, 4 Friday Rd Mitcham Surrey. - (15 1/2) Guide Cadet pen-pal in Britan Hobbies: Scouting, records aircraft. C.B.'s. Photo if poss.

**P/2nd Ian Greenaway**, 32 Cranbrook Dr. Esher., Surrey - Pen-pal in Western Germany, Switzerland Austria. 12-13 Speaking English' or German Hobbies: Scouting, stamps, CB s. cheese labels, hiking.

**Sea Explorer Stuart Siedel** (16), 915E 48 St. Brooklyn 3, N Y., U.S.A. European Sea Scout pen-pals. Hobbies: Camping, hiking, sailing, badges, stamps.

**P.L. David Atkinson**, "Silverway". 46 Sydenham Ave., Abergele, N. Wales. - Scout pen-pal in Canada. America. Bobbies: Golf, hiking, Scouting, fishing, camping, pets.

**S.S. Martin Stevenson**. 47 Western Park Rd., Leicester. - (17) Guide or Scout pen-pal in England. Bobbies: motor-racing, stamps, hiking, correspondence.

**P/2nd Howard Threadgill** (14), 7 En-more Ave., South Norwood, S.E.25. - Scout pen-pal in Australia or New Zealand (14). Hobbies : Scouting. biology, stamps, model making, reading. Photo if poss.

**P/2nd David Eunnah** (12), 28 Henllan St., Denbigh, N. Wales. — Guide or Scout P/2nd pen-pal (British). Hobbies: Swimming, rugger, Scouting, hiking.

**Scout A. Callagher** (12). 17 Cumberland St., Glasgow, C.5, Scotland.- Scout pen-pal in U.S.A. (12). Hobbies: Camping, golf, model. aeroplanes, hiking, records.



# the Rock Council

by MAO

**HERE IS A STORY** about the 7th Scout Law: "A Scout obeys orders of his parents, Patrol Leader, or Scoutmaster, without question,"

It's easy enough to say, but Roger Hall, who was just learning the Scout Law to qualify for his Tenderfoot Badge, found it pretty difficult to do. He had been a Cub only the week before, but now he was the youngest recruit in the Wolf Patrol, and on his very first Troop Night they'd gone out for a night game. The Troop met in a small Country town, and the Wolves were to guard the town, while the Peewits tried to sneak through from the south side to the north.

Malcolm was the Patrol Leader of the Wolves, and he stationed the Patrol at key points and told them to keep their eyes skinned; if they saw a Peewit they were to take him prisoner. Some of them were to be on patrol, between two or three streets, but Roger was told to stay put outside Woolworths and jolly well not to move.

"You'll lumber about like an elephant," said Malcolm, "so keep still. In the shadow. Don't breathe. But *look!*"

"How can I catch a Peewit if I'm not allowed to move?" asked Roger.

"You won't catch one anyhow," said Malcolm, "you're too little. But you can watch out and I'll lend you Tom's whistle. If you see a Peewit, give one blast."

Tom was the Second, but he didn't mind. "If I catch a Peewit I'll kill him single-handed," he said. "I shan't have to whistle for help."

They all treated Roger rather as though he was a silly kid, but he didn't say any more as they moved off quietly, and at once it seemed to grow very much darker. The shops were shut and dark; only a few upstairs windows were lit up, and very few people were about. It was cold, and Roger wanted to stamp his feet and blow on his hands, but Malcolm had told him to keep still. Of course Malcolm was only fourteen, younger than Roger's big brother, but still he was a P.L. and a Scout has to obey his P.L.'s orders.

Hours went by, or so it seemed to Roger, who was beginning to wonder if Scouting was really going to be such fun as Akela had always said it would be. Perhaps they'd all gone home and forgotten him? But Roger still stayed put.

Suddenly he saw a light flicker in the window of a dark building opposite. Someone, inside the room, had switched on a torch, just for a second, and then turned it off again. No-one would have seen it, if they hadn't been standing exactly where Roger was. What was that tall building? Oh yes, of course it was the Bank. No-one would be in the Bank at this time of night. Had he imagined it? But Roger knew that he had seen it, and if the person inside the Bank had any right to be there he would surely have switched on the electric light.

Roger began to shiver, and not only with cold. Should he rush to the Police Station to give the alarm?

But that would take ten minutes, and the man might escape - if there was a man... The nearest telephone box was a long way away, too.

Anyhow, Malcolm had told him to stay put.

Without stopping to argue with himself, he put the whistle to his mouth and blew and blew as hard as he could.

Almost at once he heard footsteps running from both directions, and first came Malcolm's voice: "Roger? Shut up, you ass! We don't want to wake the whole *town!*"

"We do," said Roger. "There's a thief in the Bank"

"Rot!" said Malcolm, but another voice interrupted:

"What's all this?" The Scouts could just make out a big figure in police uniform.

"It's true," said Roger. "I saw a light in the Bank there!"

"Are you sure it wasn't a reflection?" said the Policeman.

"I'll bet it was," Malcolm agreed. "Reflection or imagination, or both!"

"I thought it was a Police whistle" remarked the Constable. "If I'd known it was you lot, I'd . . ."

"There was a light, I'll swear!" said Roger. "Just the flash of a torch, on and off. Is there a back way out?"

"Well, yes." The Policeman paused and then: "Look, will you chaps help? The side door's in the alley there. Slip round and bang at the door. If you see anyone, yell, but you're more likely to scare him out this way - if there is anyone there, which I doubt."

"O.K.! You stay there, Roger!" Malcolm and the others ran off.

The Policeman moved over to the door of the Bank and stood quietly in the shadow. Roger stood still and watched that window. Now he could see the moonlight reflected in the glass. Was that all it had been, all the time? The Wolves would never stop laughing at him, if so.

But at that moment he saw something moving in the shadow of the doorway. The door of the Bank had opened a crack, as though someone was peering out, and then a dark figure appeared, ran out and fell headlong over the Policeman's outstretched foot.

Another dark figure darted past them, started to run, and then dodged into the alleyway, only to run full tilt into the rest of the Patrol as they came back. In no time at all the Policeman had one man, with both arms pinioned behind him, and five Wolves were sitting on top of the other one.

They all went up to the Police Station together, the men were locked up, and two big bags of money, which they had been carrying, were safely on the desk.

When the Constable told Malcolm he'd done a fine job, Malcolm said: "It was Roger who did it."

"And your name?" asked the Constable, starting to write it all down. "Scout Roger -?"

"Roger Hall. But I'm not a Scout yet."

"You will be jolly soon!" said Malcolm. "You know your Scout Law O.K. And I'm glad you're in the Wolves!"

Roger has decided that Scouting is going to be even more fun than Akela had said. I hope you'll find it so, too!

Good Hunting!

# THE YOUNG BADEN-POWELL

From the book published by Max Parrish  
& Co. Ltd. © Arthur Catherall, 1961

by Arthur Catherall

**FOR NEW READERS:** *As a very young boy, B.-P. – “Ste” to his family - meets William Make peace Thackeray who gives him a shilling. B.-P. later loses this shilling and his grandfather finds it. B.-P. learns from his grandfather about the adventurous life led by Captain John Smith and is determined to be like his distinguished explorer great, great grandfather. John Ruskin gives “Ste” advice on painting and urges Mrs. Bad en-Powell not to worry about B.-P.’s ability to work with either hand. “Ste” sets off with his elder brothers to spend a weekend living as backwoodsmen. After proving himself as no mean fisherman, B.-P. prepares the catch for cooking. That night his brothers show him how to set snares. Having caught three rabbits, his elder brother Warington enquires if “Ste” is yet tired.*

## CHAPTER TWO

### Head Cook and Dish Washer

It was just possible to see a red glow between the crevices where the pieces of turf met. To Ste it all seemed very odd. He could not imagine what the three rabbits would be like next day; certainly breakfast for the morrow did not promise to be appetising. He had a feeling that the fire would soon be smothered, and if it was not then the three rabbits must certainly be burned to a cinder.

He lay down under a larch, and the deep bed of needles, accumulated over the years, felt almost as comfortable as bed at home. Warington showed him how to wrap himself securely in his waterproof against the dew. He crept over later to make sure that his ‘tenderfoot’ brother was all right. He was! Ste was sound asleep, and breathing as quietly as a babe.

They were wakened by the dawn chorus of the birds, and though Ste had enjoyed many a family picnic in the country, for his mother was very keen on the outdoor life, he had never before been in a wood so early, nor had he known a morning quite like this.

The sun was coming up, and because there was a little cloud in the east, the lemon yellow rays as the sun first pushed above the horizon seemed to streak across the sky like wonderful banners.

It was all changed in a matter of minutes. The sun came up, its colour deepened, then the four brothers stripped and had a swim in the stream.

Warington was the last to get down to the water, for he had stayed behind to disturb the little pile of turf which masked their fire and the three clay-covered rabbits.

A little puff of grey dust shot into the air when he moved the first turf, and then the merest suggestion of smoke. Their ‘banked’ fire was still alive, and when he waded into the stream the suggestion of smoke had grown to a thin column of pale blue, and what had looked like a pile of dead ashes about the three clay-wrapped rabbits was beginning to glow pink.

Ten minutes of racing about to dry themselves and get the blood racing through their veins, then back to the fireside to dress. It was then that Ste realised how much could be done with the minimum of tools. With thin string they had constructed rabbit snares. With clay they had covered their catch, and when Warington told him to break off the baked clay with a stone, three beautifully cooked rabbits were revealed.

‘You need never starve, even in this country,’ Warington said as he laid a rabbit on three plates – his own, and those of George and Frank. ‘God has provided us with firewood, with flesh, with water. What more could we want?’

He gently pulled off a leg and began to munch. George and Frank did the same, while Ste watched them.

‘The cook gets what is left,’ Frank said, and then at a nod from Warington he gently cut off a hind leg from his rabbit and passed it to Ste. George did the same, and Warington contributed his share.

‘We wouldn’t let you starve,’ George chuckled, munching. ‘After all - we need somebody to be dogsbody.

As a matter of fact, Ste, if ever you go to boarding school you’ll thank us for making you do the dirty work, won’t he, Warington?’

Warington nodded.

‘Yes, at school you start at the bottom – and, if you survive, there will come a wonderful day when *you* will be a Fifth, maybe even a Sixth Former. Then you will have a fag. You can order him about –’

‘Or twist his arm up his back if he gets you up late for First School,’ George said, grinning.

‘Don’t worry, Ste,’ Warington said, feeling in his knapsack and bringing out a piece of loaf. ‘If *we* managed to survive, you will. Who’s for a piece of bread? Catch!’

## CHAPTER THREE

### The Collapsible Boat

The building of the collapsible boat amazed the Baden-Powell family. Warington had drawn up the plans, and by post had given instructions to George and Frank at Balliol College, Oxford, about the parts they had to make. Young Ste, who was now twelve and had been at his father’s old school, Rose Hill, Tunbridge Wells, had merely been advised to learn how to look after a glue pot, and how to keep tools sharp.

When the four brothers assembled at their home in Hyde Park Gate at the beginning of the long holiday, Warington, George and Frank brought with them mysterious and oddly shaped packages. From those packages was to come the boat, if Warington’s plans had been well made.

Early next morning Ste was out in the garden with the tool chest and the glue pot. His fire was like their outdoor cooking fires, small, with little smoke, but providing the maximum heat. Soon the water was boiling briskly, and the fish glue changed from a solid, dark brown mass to a not very pleasant smelling liquid.

Warington, George and Frank unwrapped their mysterious parcels, and Ste, not daring to leave his fire in case

the glue pot boiled over, stared in fascination at the slender pieces of wood which were to form the skeleton of their collapsible boat.

In his eyes they looked far too thin for the work they had to do, but when they were sorted out, and laid on the grass his excitement grew. Some of the wooden strips had holes drilled in them, some had their ends socketed. Soon, while the summer sun lit up the scene, the outlines of the boat began to take shape. It was amazing. It was like watching a queer, outsize jigsaw puzzle grow, each piece falling neatly into shape, although everything had been made by three separate pairs of hands, merely from written instructions.

Mrs Baden-Powell came out to watch for a minute or so, and with her was Agnes and young Baden Fletcher. They screwed up their faces at the smell from the glue pot, and B-P showed a flash of that wit which was with him to the end of his days.

'You can pull faces,' he said, 'but the chap who looks after the glue pot just has to *stick* to the job – or else.'

'It had better be good glue, young 'un,' Warington said, starting to pull the framework apart. 'We've done our job well, but if the glue is poor we'll find ourselves swimming instead of sailing.'

'What about taking Ste along with us?' George asked, winking at his elder brother. 'Then if the glue doesn't do its job – he'll get a wet shirt into the bargain.'

'Oh, but you weren't thinking of taking Ste, were you?' their mother asked, at which young B-P rose from his crouching position by the glue pot, alarm on his freckled face.

'But I *am* going, Mother,' he protested. 'Warington promised.'

He looked at Warington pleadingly, and George, who enjoyed pulling his younger brother's leg, said:

'I think he'd better travel to Llandogo with you by train. He likes looking out of the train window, don't you, Ste?'

'Warington's the captain,' Ste said firmly. 'And he promised.'

'Ste will be all right, Mother,' Warington said, then briskly: 'Come on, young 'un, bring the glue pot over here. I'd rather be enjoying the sunshine somewhere up the Thames than here.'

The sooner she's launched and sailing the better I'll be pleased.'

Throughout the day the sections of the collapsible boat were glued and pinned. The metal fittings which held some of the parts together were screwed in place, and tried time after time, for ease of fitting and for rigidity.

Finally the framework was ready.

Ste would have gone without his afternoon tea if Warington would have given the word, so that they could fit on the canvas outer covering which would change the framework to a watertight boat.

They stretched the canvas 'jacket' over the framework, then worked the frame sockets into place. When that was done the canvas was tightened to perfection; but instead of taking their boat to try it on water as Ste was longing for, they dismantled it again.

Not until they had dismantled and packed up the boat several times was Warington satisfied that it would be a success. Each bundle of parts was weighed, for along the route from London to the house at Llandogo on the Wye which their mother had taken for the holidays, there would be a number of portages to be made, and even Ste, youngest and smallest, would have some weight to carry.

At dusk, with few people to see them, they tried the boat on a quiet stretch of water.

Warington was the first to use the oars; short, light ones specially made for the purpose. When their craft was taken out of the water there was hardly a 'weep' on the inside of the canvas.

*(To be continued)*



**"It had better be good glue, young 'un"**

# **DETAILS OF THE REGIONAL COMPETITIONS**

(Scottish details will be announce later)

	<b>Place</b>	<b>Date</b>	<b>Organiser to write to</b>
1	Boy Scout Camp, Gosforth Park, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 3	April 28/29	Mr. Dugald Paulin, Boy Scout Camp, Gosforth Park, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 3.
2	City of Manchester Boy Scouts, Ryecroft Camp, Ashley, Cheshire.	May 26/27	Mr. K. A. Hume, 9 Russell Avenue, High Lane, Nr. Stockport, Cheshire.
3	Miskin Training Ground, Nr. Pontyclun, Glamorgan. (OS. Sheet 154, Ref. 045807).	May 5/6	Mr. C. Cory. Merthyr House, James Street, Cardiff.
4	Ruabon Scout Headquarters, Llangollen Road, Ruabon, Wrexham.	June 16/17	Mr. J. R. Park, Half Acre, Acrefair, Wrexham.
5	John's Lee Wood Camp, Newtown Lane, Markfield, Leicestershire. (O.S. Sheet 121, Ref. 505105)	May 26/27	Mr. R. R. Siggers, 214a, Uppingham Road, Leicester.
6	Thriftwood Camp, Cherry Avenue, Brentwood, Essex.	May 12/13	Mr. Denys Branch. 7. Cosgrove Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.
7	Kibblestone Camp, Oulton, Nr. Stone, Staffs.	April 28/29	Mr. C. Marshall Amor, Copeland House, Marsh Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. Staffs.
8	The Gloucestershire Boy Scout Headquarters, Cranham, Glos.s.	May 26/27	Mr. Ken Woollorton, Porlock. Laburnum Walk, Stonehouse. Glos.
9	Buckmore Park, Maidstone Road, Chatham, Kent.	April 28/29	Mr. Roger Williams, 53 Riefield Road, Ejtham, S.E.9.
10	County Training Ground, Well End, Shenley, Herts.	May 5/6	The Regional Organiser, Kentish Corner, Kentish Lane, Brookmans Park, Hatfield. Herts.
11	Polyapes Scout Camp, Knoll Hill, Oxshott, Surrey. (OS. Sheet 51, Ref. 130597)	May 5/6	Mr. P. A. Neville, 12, Grove Road, S.W.19.
12	Bradford Boy Scout Camp, Blackhill's, Cottingley, Nr. Bingley, Yorks.	May 5/6	Mr. John Butterfield, 3, Bankfield Drive, Shipley, Yorks.
13	Walter Davies Camp Site, Hedgeley Lane, Stoke Common, Bucks.	May 26/27	Mr. Jack Beet, 52, Longley Road, Harrow, Middx.

	Place	Date	Organiser to write to
14	Great Tower Scout Camp, Windermere. Westmorland	May 19/20	Mr. E. Loten, Lake Bank, Sawrey, Ambleside, Westmorland.
15	Norfolk County Headquarters, Old Lakenham Hall, Mansfield Lane, Norwich, Norfolk. Nor. 50C.	May 19/20	Mr. W. J. England, Norfolk County Headquarters, Old Lakenham Hall, Norwich, Norfolk Nor. 50C.
16	Blindman`s Wood Hartley vale, Plymouth, Devon	June 2/3	Lieut.-Cmdr. W. H. Taylor, G.C., R.N.R., Hartgrove retreat, Trinity Hill, Axminster, Devon.

# "THE SCOUT" COOKING COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

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