

# *The Scout*



*Week ending 23rd June 1962 EVERY FRIDAY 6d*

# ARE YOU WITH IT?

P.L. Bob Hobbs of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Rainham Troop gives his views (in the second of his articles) organising a Patrol Camp. You may not agree?

## MENUS, FOOD LISTS, COSTS AND EQUIPMENT

FOLLOWING MY COMMENTS in "The Scout" of 31st March, we now come to perhaps the most important of pre-camp arrangements - what to eat, what equipment to take with you, and how much it will cost each Scout.

### Preparing Menus

This is the job at which all the Patrol will want to help! What I do is to get each Scout in my Patrol to prepare his menu at home, and then we all get together around my house and decide the final one. If you do this and Mum and Dad are watching tele., you will have to stop little Greg from yelling out such things as

"OH, NO, NOT THAT. I HATE THAT AWFUL MUCK. OH, NO 1" Try and impress upon your Patrol the fun and self-achievement there is in cooking such real camp dishes as Kabobs, or perhaps your Patrol has its own special delicacy. My former Troop, the 3rd Forest Hill, London, had a wonderful "trifle" called "Ugh!" which was connected with a formal ceremony. I am indebted to them for my concrete-lined stomach!

In the following paragraphs I will not give you what to cook or how to cook it ("The Scouts Cook Book", No. 23 in the Patrol Series, will though), but what meals to have and when.



"Oh, no, not that.  
I hate that awful  
muck!"



The comparatively new to British Scouts continental breakfast

### Breakfast

There are two main types to choose from. There is the English Breakfast of Porridge, Eggs and Bacon, etc., Bread and Marmalade, Tea. Then there is the comparatively new-to-British Scouts Continental breakfast of perhaps fresh fruit, tinned meat or fish, rolls with cheese or eggs hard-boiled the previous day, tea or coffee. Each type has its advantages and disadvantages. The great deal of greasy washing-up after the first sort is eliminated in the second, but perhaps the first sort seems to be more satisfying than the second. All the preparation the second sort requires is the boiling of the water for the coffee and the washing-up. (If some of your Patrol are like mine, you'll probably confuse the two!)

Some Patrols prefer dinner in the early evening, when it is cool and cooking over a hot wood fire is a pleasure. If you have dinner in the evening, you have the morning and early afternoon for your programme. At about one o'clock you can have a short meal of perhaps Pork Pies, Tomatoes, Fruit and Tea. It is quick to prepare and quite filling. Of course, I don't suggest that you always have this sort of meal at lunch-time, try and vary your meals: there is nothing better at camp than enjoying a meal that you yourself cooked.

## Tea

This is for when you have dinner at dinner-time! For a change, and a piece of experience too, why not try and bake a cake?

## Supper

The first and last nights at camp my Patrol usually sups on soup and cream crackers, but on other nights on Cocoa and Biscuits. This is the best time of the day: when the friendly warmth of the camp fire makes everybody feel really friendly and happy; the day's mistakes are forgotten and each looks forward to tomorrow.

## Food Lists

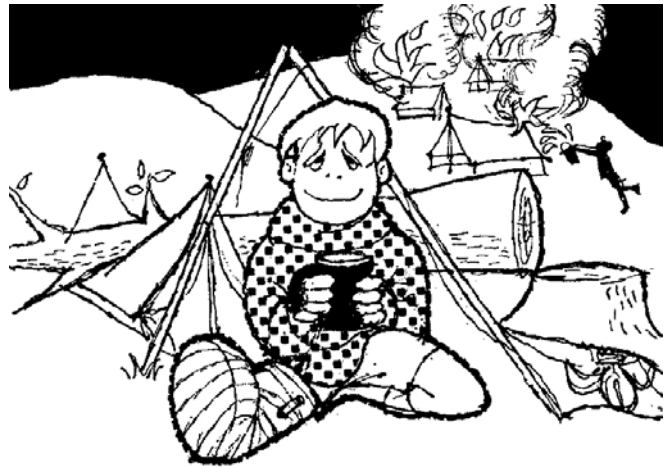
Preparing food-lists is really a matter of common sense. "The Scouts Cook Book", No. 23, will again help you, but here are the quantities of main foods you will need for a patrol of six:

- Bread: 1-2 large loaves per day.  
Bread Rolls (for the continental type breakfast): 1 dozen a day.  
Butter: ½ lb. a day.  
Sugar: ¾ - 1 ½ lb. a day.  
Tea: ¼ lb. will last 2 days.  
Milk: 4 pints a day.  
Jam: 1 lb. a day.  
Potatoes: 4 lb. per meal.  
Canned foods (Beans, Spaghetti, Peas, etc.): 2 Cans per meal.  
Sausages: 1 ½ lb. per meal.  
Eggs (fried, poached, boiled): 1 per Scout.  
Eggs (scrambled, omelettes): 2 per Scout.  
Bacon: 1 lb. per meal.  
Tomatoes: 1 lb. per meal.

These quantities should serve as a guide to other foods. Fruit, which I have not mentioned, should be plentiful, as well as Milk.

## Costs

The cast should be around 10s.-15s. for a week-end. To ascertain the cost, find the approximate cost of the food, the fares and camp fees and divide by the number in your Patrol. If one of your Patrol's Mum works in a shop the cost of your food-list should be fairly accurate. If you are going to the camp-site by car, there would be no need to take fares into account.



## The day's mistakes are forgotten

The camp fees on a H.Q. site are 6d. per night per camper, but on most district sites, 3d. per night

## Equipment

If you are going to your camp site by car, the equipment you take with you need not be cut down, but if you are going by Public Transport it will. I shall not deal with Personal Equipment here, but I shall with Patrol Equipment that you are taking with you by train or 'bus.

### Basic minimum for Patrol Equipment:

- Patrol Tent, small stores tent;
- Nest of three Billies
- One Frying-pan;
- Two or three Washbowls (preferably collapsible);
- Sisal for gadgets, etc.;
- First Aid Kit;
- Spare tent pegs (other than those of tent);
- Kitchen utensils (Egg-slice, potato peeler, etc.)
- Matches.

These can be taken down in a Kit-Bag.

If you are going by car, you will be able to take more equipment: Hurricane Lamps, Fire grid, etc., but remember, the less equipment you need, the better the Patrol you are.

Are you with it?  
From Uncle Jim's Cooking Log-book  
Information Centre  
Heron's Quest  
Butterfly Biography  
The Bat  
First Class Test in Pictures  
Council of Thirteen  
Dear Editor  
Mallory Patrol  
Pen-pals

Yesterday's Cars  
Bran Tub  
Tales told near a Crocodile  
Swops

### THIS WEEK'S COVER

An Isle of Wight Cub greets the Chief Scout during the Chief's tour of the island in April (Photo by R. B. Herbert).

# From Uncle Jim's Cooking

## Log-Book.

### Some tips for Camp Cooks



**PERHAPS** you would like some cooking oddments to put in your logs. They are really little gimmicks which make all the difference in the world to the completed article. In the food line they bring out the full value of the ingredients and give just that little extra flavour which makes the difference between an ordinary dish and one really off the top shelf.

First of all - let us take a stew. Now, all of you can make a stew - at least you think you can. "Why, it's easy - you just cut everything up shove it in the pot and boil it."

But just to prove to you what a stew really **SHOULD** taste like, will you try this one?

It's our own special Troop recipe and, should you ever be in this district, you will often hear about it.

This is what goes into it for a Patrol of eight

1 lb. Stewing Steak.	1 Cup cold strong black
1 lb. Apples.	Tea.
Swede Turnip.	1 lb. onions.
¼ lb. Sultanas.	2 Large Carrots.
1 Tablespoon Plum Jam or Marmalade	½ lb. Barley.
1 Teaspoon Mixed Spice Ground.	1 Tablespoon Curry.
1 Teaspoon Salt.	2 Large Parsnips.
2 Tablespoons Cuconut.	1 Teaspoon Cinnamon.
	1 Teaspoon Mixed Herbs.
	1 Tablespoon vinegar.

"What!! Put tea in the stew?"

Yes, my boy - you just wait.

Put the tea in the container and add enough water to half if it. Add the vinegar, salt and barley and bring to the boil. Peel and dice all the food into half-inch cubes and, when the water is **BOILING**, place **ALL** the food in and keep boiling hard for five minutes by your watch.

Then, on with the lid, put it in the hot box and leave for six hours. To serve, bring to the boil and thicken with cornflower mixed to a paste. If you have no hot box (cries of **SHAME**) boil for five minutes then move to the side of the fire to simmer for an hour, taking care- to replenish the water.

This is not half so good as the hotbox because the strength of the original liquid is weakened each time the water is added.

You try this and if you do not pass your plate up for a second go I will give up cooking.

**Now RICE.** Do you remember that awful stodgy mess - called boiled rice? Well - next time add two teaspoons of vinegar to the water before putting in the rice. The rice will be much whiter and all the grains separate. **REMEMBER** the water should be **BOILING** when the rice is put in.

**PRUNES** go very well with rice. so soak them overnight in **COLD TEA** (what, again?) and cook them in the tea instead of water You'll be surprised.

**PORRIDGE.** When salting the morning porridge add a good pinch of brown sugar as well - it makes all the difference.

**TRY THIS ONE.** When peeling apples. save all the skins and cores, put them in a billy and cover them with water. Boil gently for fifteen minutes then strain the liquid and add to it an equal amount of sugar, a pinch of cloves, or lemon essence for flavouring, and boil till firm.

At the end you will have a small pot of lovely apple jelly.

If you have no lemon essence a teaspoon of lemon jelly crystals will do just as well.

**PIKELETS.** When making pikelets rub the griddle or frying pan over with butter the first time, then, after that, just rub with a cut potato. It saves butter and gives the pikelets a lovely smooth brown surface.

Do you like **CHUTNEY**? Well, get some stoned dates, put them in a screw top jar, cover them with vinegar and in two months` time you will have a lovely chutney.

Here is a good camp drink for the Summer:

½ cup Oatmeal.	1 Cup Sugar.
1 Teaspoon Ground Ginger	1 Teaspoon Lemon Essence.

Put the oatmeal and sugar into a large billy and mix with a little water. Add the ginger and lemon, then pour over it one gallon boiling water, stirring all the time. Boil for three minutes then strain and use when cold. A really **GOOD** drink for hikes.

A teaspoon of milk put on the top of a cake in a tin then spread with the back of a spoon over the top will make the cake rise more than usual and save it from cracking.

(Continued on page 18)

# INFORMATION CENTRE

REQUIREMENT OF THE



CAVE EXPLORER BADGE

## STALACTITES & STALAGMITES

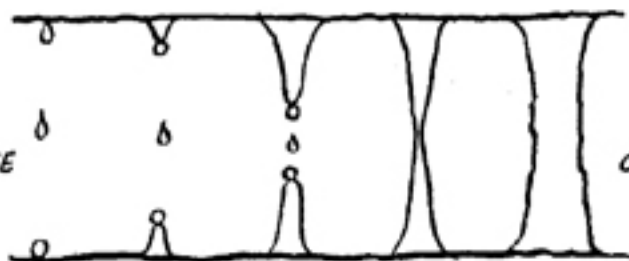
AS WATER IN LIMESTONE ROCKS DRIPS THROUGH, IT DISSOLVES SOME OF THE LIMESTONE, & WHEN WATER EVAPORATES, A DEPOSIT OF CALCIUM CARBONATE IS LEFT IN TIME, THE DROPS FORM A KIND OF 'ICICLE' CALLED A STALACTITE. SOME DROPS FALL, TO FORM A STALAGMITE.



THE STALACTITE (HANGING) AND THE STALAGMITE (RISING FROM THE GROUND) OFTEN JOIN, FORMING A COLUMN, OR PILLAR. IMAGINE THE COUNTLESS CENTURIES IT MUST HAVE TAKEN TO PRODUCE THE COMPLICATED CANGO CAVES!

MAGNIFICENT FORMATIONS IN THE CANGO CAVE SOUTH AFRICA

THE FORMING OF STALACTITE & STALAGMITE

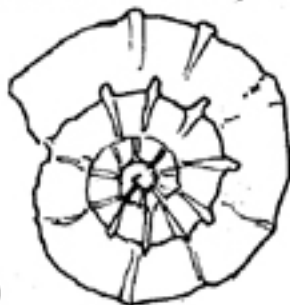


DROP BY DROP—CENTURY BY CENTURY!

## FOSSILIZATION

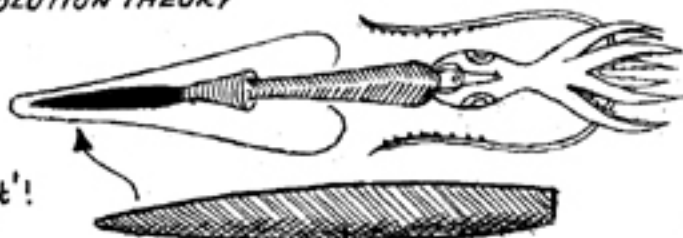
(From Latin 'Fossus, meaning 'dug-up')

FOSSILS ARE EITHER THE PETRIFIED REMAINS OF PLANTS OR ANIMALS PRESERVED IN ROCK OR THE PETRIFIED CAST OF AN IMPRESSION LEFT BY AN ANIMAL OR PLANT. THE STUDY OF FOSSILS (CALLED 'PALAEOLOGY') HAS SHED GREAT LIGHT ON EVOLUTION THEORY



FOSSILS OF ALL KINDS, SO SMALL AS TO BE JUST VISIBLE, TO THOSE OF THE GIGANTIC PREHISTORIC ANIMALS HAVE BEEN FOUND. FINDS IN CAVES, OF FOSSIL MEN AND ANIMALS HAS GIVEN US MUCH KNOWLEDGE OF ANCIENT MAN, OF HOW HE LIVED, HIS TOOLS AND WEAPONS...

THE ROUND FOSSIL IS AN AMMONITE, A COMMON BRITISH FOSSIL, SIZE? 2" to 2ft'!



ANOTHER COMMON TYPE IS THE BELEMNITE—A KIND OF CUTTLE FISH. THE BLACK PART IS THAT USUALLY FOUND. IT IS RATHER LIKE A TINY TORPEDO

# HERONS

## QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

**FOR NEW READERS:** *Due to an outbreak of chicken-pox and their S.M. suddenly directed to a job out of the district, the plans for Whitsun Camp have to be cancelled. As a substitute a treasure hunt type of expedition is enthusiastically welcomed. Pip, Mac and Berny of the Heron Patrol and Trevor, the Owl's Tenderfoot, combine to make preparations. The Herons agree that Trevor's cousin Carl, who is also a Scout, may join them. Obtaining their instructions, the party camp for the first night in a paddock. Berny decides to obtain a flashlight photo of an owl. Some hours later he returns to the camp-site and surprises an intruder behind the tent in which Pip and Mac are asleep. In escaping the intruder slips into a muddy ditch. The following morning he notices one of Carl's shoes and stockings caked with mud. Pip discovers he has lost the vital treasure map which later turns up again. Mac finds a copy of it floating on the river after Carl had fallen in the water. He reports the discovery to Pip and Berny. Convinced that Carl is up to no good, the boys alter details on the copied map before replacing it in Carl's pocket. After striking camp and travelling some distance Berny reports a tree is alight on the site they had left. Trevor admits to throwing the hot ashes from the fire into a hollow tree. The boys run to the site to try and put out the fire.*

### CHAPTER EIGHT RESCUE

THE HOLLOW man had acted on the ashes like a tall chimney, drawing them up into a red-hot mass of cinders which now sent a rising shower of sparks to catch the tinder-dry wood on the interior of the trunk. The whole trunk was blazing like an inferno, smoke pouring through a narrow split a dozen feet above the ground.

"It's absolutely raging." Mac lay on his stomach to peer through the twelve-inch gap between the gnarled roots. "What on earth was the idiot thinking about?"

"No need to worry." Carl was clambering up the trunk. "We'll have this under control in no time at all. Golly! the tree's quite hot to the touch; we'll have to be snappy."

"You're telling me!" Pip rose from his inspection of the narrow opening through which Trevor had thrown the ashes. "It's hopeless to try to get any water through the bottom hole; the fire's all the way up the trunk and we just couldn't reach it."

"Then we'll tackle it from up here," retorted Carl. "Come on, snap your fingers! Bucket chain to the stream, Mac, and heave me up some water."

"Some bucket chain!" said Mac dismally, regarding the two small billies, but he and Bemy moved towards the stream.



The hole, however, was too narrow to receive the water and the contents of the first bucket cascaded down the trunk, showering over Pip who was watching Carl from the ground. "Look what you're doing! For crying out loud! I'm soaked to the skin!"

Carl grinned at him from between the branches. "Terribly sorry, but the hole up here's so blinking narrow - much too tichy to get anything more than a drip through."

Mac, who had reached them with the two dixies filled with water, said: "Pity we didn't bring the hand axe; we might have been able to enlarge it. Like me to fetch it?"

"By the time you get there and back," answered Pip, "the tree will be a total wreck."

"What we need," said Carl, "is a pump."

"Well, we haven't got a pump," retorted Mac. "It seems that all we can do is to sit here till ifs burned right out and try to stop it spreading."

Bemy joined them, regarding the belching smoke with an expression of gloom.

"We'll be stuck here all night. We might as well bring the gear back to the paddock."

Their efforts to extinguish the fire with water had, indeed, met with dismal failure. The small quantity of water which they were able to transport from the stream in their scanty containers was lost, for the most part, during the operation of heaving it up to Carl, slopping over and trickling icily down their necks and sleeves.

Carl, shaken with coughing and enveloped in acrid smoke, peered down at them, his face black with grime.

"For Pete's sake, think of something or let me come down," he shouted. "I'm half smothered up here."

Berny suddenly gave a shout.

"Smother! That's what we've got to do. Water's no good at all, but fire can't burn without air. We could smother it by blocking the two holes in the trunk."

Carl jumped down. His uniform was green with lichen and blood was trickling from a graze on his knee.

"Berny's right. No need to worry. We'll save the tree yet."

Pip was already tearing up roots of tangled grass from the nearby scrub and soaking them in the bucket.

"Of course! It's the obvious way. Good for you, Berny. Everyone fetch lumps of mud and stuff them into the holes."

Five minutes later Mac was balanced among the boughs, stuffing the upper opening with earth and roots, while the others raised a great hummock of damp turfs against the lower opening. The last wisps of smoke curled into the foliage; the trunk was sealed.

They stood back to regard their handiwork, breathless and filthy, their faces black with dirt and their uniforms spattered with mud.

"It's worked!" Pip spoke with jubilant relief. He moved to the tree, feeling the trunk with his palm. "It's practically cold already and there isn't a sound of crackling. Berny, you deserve a medal. The fire's out and the tree still stands!"

"And no one," added Mac, "would ever guess that it had been alight inside. Well, fellows, let's have a wash and get back to the gear. We'll never be pitched till after dark."

They had, indeed, been working on the tree for over an hour and now the sun stood on the horizon showing up the farm buildings in black silhouette.

They found Trevor huddled among the rucsacs, snoring.

"You wake him, Carl," said Mac. "I reckon I'd better keep out of his way in case my tongue gets the better of me."

He picked up his rucsac, jerking it from under Trevor's shoulder. Trevor sat up, blinking.

"You haven't half been a long time," he said. "Cor! I'm famished! Are we going to have something to eat?"

"No, we're not," Mac answered and moved away.

The trek into the valley presented no difficulties. Spread out in single file, hugging the hedges, they crossed the fields which separated them from the river.

Rooks cawed harshly among the trees which sheltered the farmstead on the opposite bank and in the water invisible fish plopped, leaving widening circles of ripples. A heron rose unexpectedly from among the reeds, flying off with leisurely beats of its peat, arched wings.

Mac stood on the bank, surveying the wide, quiet waters which flowed darkly beneath the leaning willows.

"Where do we go from here? It looks too chilly for a swim."

"I can't swim; I told you," said Carl in a complaining voice.

"I can't swim a stroke."

Nobody took any notice of him.

Berny said, "If there's a farm on the other side there must be a bridge somewhere. You all wait here and I'll walk down the bank."

They waited a long time before he reappeared. It was almost dark now and there was no sound but the lapping of water among the reeds and sometimes a sheep coughing in the farther fields. They saw him suddenly on the other side of the fence, his figure outlined against the shadowed sky, as he mounted it.

"There's nothing. There must be a bridge somewhere, but I've walked about half-a-mile downstream and I haven't found it."

Pip gave a sigh. "You can't do any more searching - not in this light. We'll have to bivouac where we are."

Trevor said, "I've got to have something to eat first. I'm so hungry"

"You always are," said Pip. "Mac, can you manage anything?"



**Carl grinned at him through the branches**

"Sausages - and cocoa without milk, but at least it will be hot - and I've got a couple of cold dampers left; we could eat them with cheese."

"Sounds like a banquet," said Berny. "Let's get a fire going."

The fire was blazing in a remarkably short time and presently there was a hot bed of embers above which the grease sizzled invitingly in the frying pan and the fat, brown sausages sent out a delicious aroma. Two dixies of water bubbled on the edge of the make-shift hearth and everybody helped themselves to cocoa and sugar and poured the boiling water into their mugs.

Squatting on the groundsheets, the orange glow of the fire lighting their features and the air scented with the smell of wood smoke, Pip thought that never had fried sausages tasted so good. Mac, it seemed, had forgiven Carl, for they were chatting amicably together, but Trevor, one of the blankets draped round his shoulders, was too busy eating to engage in conversation.

"I vote we leave the tent tonight," said Berny. "There's practically no wind and we can spread the groundsheets under the hedge."

"All right by me," agreed Pip, nodding, his mouth full of damper and cheese. "I like it like this. Mac ought to try fishing - all those plops in the river.

I might do worse." Mac rope and strolled to the edge, staring at the dark water. "It would surprise you if I provided us all with breakfast, wouldn't it?"

Trevor said, "I'm not sleeping under a hedge - not me. Cor', I'd never shut an eye all night."

"You and Carl fix your own tent, then," said Berny. "I'm for the open. It's going to be a night of stars."

Mac had found his fishing rod and strolled upstream to be lost among the dappled shadows of the trees. The moon rose, brilliant and full, touching the river with streaks of silver. Beyond the huddle of darkness which marked the position of the farm on the other bank a fox barked sharply several times and a dog answered it, whining disconsolately. Little bats dipped and dived among the willows and once they heard the reverberating padding of some animal running fast across the field.

"Hare," said Berny and, gathering the used dishes, carried them to the river's brink to wash them.

Trevor and Carl had managed to pitch their tent, though they had left behind the home-made poles and had to make do with their thumb sticks. The canvas sagged drunkenly, but the guys held it. Presently Mac returned, proudly carrying ten silver fish strung on a loop of gut.

"They lust couldn't stop biting. I tell you, it was almost a massacre. I could have got dozens more if I'd waited."

"They're not very big," said Pip, his head cocked on one side. "Can you eat them?"

"Of course you can: they're dace." Mac held them up and they twisted, glittering, in the moonlight. "There's a polythene bag somewhere among my kit; I'll stick them in that and hang them on the fence. We'll have them for breakfast."

"Hope they don't poison us," said Berny ungratefully. "Golly, I'm tired. What about turning in?"

Trevor and Carl had already retired to their blankets and they could hear Trevor snoring.

"Wants his tonsils out," remarked Mac, unrolling his sleeping bag. "It may not be in the best tradition, but I'm sleeping in my pullover." They beat shallow hollows in the ground where their hips would rest and lay for a long time, chatting and staring at the stars.

The Great Bear hung almost directly over the farmhouse, the Pole Star above it in the centre of the sky; away to the right was the cluster of Cassiopeia and the Pleiades peeping above the gaunt outline of the trees. The owls were calling on the farther bank and once there came the harsh purring of a nightjar.

A twig cracked and fell into the fire and a small, bright flame leaped into brief life to lick it up. Mac rolled over and prodded Pip in the back.

"There's a tree upstream that leans half over the river. I reckon we could fix the rope to it and swing ourselves across."

Pip grunted and edged away from him, too sleepy to reply. Berny had disappeared into his sleeping bag and only a tuft of hair was visible on his pillow. Mac was warm and content, pleased with the success of his fishing; it would be fun to swing across the river on a rope . . . The owls were silent now and the fish had ceased to rise. He yawned, turned over and cuddled down.

\* \* \* \*

When Pip woke Mac was already out of bed and there was no sign of him.

It was a bright, fresh morning, dew sparkling on the grass and the fire crackling merrily. Mac must have revived it. He glanced at his wrist-watch : half -past-seven; he sat up, startled to discover that he had slept so late, and shook Berny.

"Show a leg!" He wriggled out of his sleeping bag and stood up, stretching. "I'm going to have a swim before breakfast; I need a wash. You coming?"

Berny said sleepily, "W-what about breakfast?"

Don't say you've forgotten Mac's fish - and we can cook porridge." He dragged his swimming trunks from his ruesac and kicked off his shorts. "Rouse yourself, you lazy lubber! Bet the river's as cold as ice.

He ran across to the hike tent where Trevor and Carl were still slumbering and shook them into wakefulness, dragging off Carl's blankets to the accompaniment of much grumbling and exclamations of angry protest. Then he raced along the bank, found a place where there were no reeds and dived in, swimming with powerful strokes against the current. Berny joined him, jumping in with a tremendous splash and beating the water with a clumsy breaststroke.

"Hey, there! Pip!"

Mac was standing on the farther bank holding up a shining can and a white paper bag. Pip stood up, waist high in the river, and brushed the water out of his eyes.

"How did you get over there ? Mac, he noticed, was fully dressed. "Come and have a dip."

"I swung across on my rope. rye got milk and eggs. But the rope swung back and I'll need you to throw it over to me."

"You'll have to wait till I've had a rub down." Pip waded to the bank and ran back to the groundsheet where Berny was already diving himself.

At Mac's suggestion Pip tied the canvas bucket to the rope before he flung it across the water to him. Mac, knee-deep among the sedge grass, caught it, placed the eggs and milk inside and swung it gently back.

Haying released the bucket.

Pip returned the rope and Mac crossed himself. While he went back to the camp to prepare breakfast. Pip and Berny practised the crossing.

It was easier returning than swinging to the opposite bank; for the former achievement you had to take a run and a jump. lifting your legs high to avoid trailing your feet in the water.



If you were adept it was possible to keep hold of the rope on reaching the farther bank and then you could anchor it to a tussock of reeds and swing back at your leisure; but this took practice and it was simpler to loose the rope before you landed and end the crossing flying through the air, the rope swinging back again behind you. Then it was necessary to climb the leaning sycamore to which it was attached, crawl precariously along the gnarled branch which stretched across the water and heave the rope up hand over hand.

There were large helpings of porridge for breakfast, sweetened with lavish spoonfuls of Golden Syrup. Mac fried the fish in the fat left from the sausages and made thin cakes of flour and oatmeal which were also fried. Though each of the dace provided a mere two mouthfuls, everybody agreed that they were delicious, and Mac was pleased by the compliments.

They broke camp before ten. Mac crossed the river first, then they swung the baggage over to him; by a miracle it reached the other bank safe and dry.

Carl, who had watched the operation with evident misgivings, said, "I can't do it. It's no good; I just couldn't. I'd fall in and I can't swim a stroke and I'd be drowned." His voice trembled with rising panic.

"It's easy enough," Pip reassured him. "And if you do fall in I'll get you out in no time, honest I will. All you've got to do is to hold tight with your hands, then loose when you're over the other bank."

"But I can't. I know I can't. There must be a bridge somewhere - because of the farm. I'll follow the river down till I find it, then I'll join up with you again."

"You can't do that," said Berny. "You might have to walk miles. Trevor isn't scared, are you, Trevor?"

"N-no," said Trevor who had lost his colour. "I-I'll go next if you want me to."

Mac shouted impatiently, "What's the hold up? Who's coming?"

"It's Carl," answered Pip. "He doesn't want to do it."

"The rest of you come and then he'll have to," said Mac heartlessly. "You can't stand about all day, arguing."

"No," said Pip, feeling rather like the captain of a sinking ship, "I'll be the last. Go on, Trevor, you next."

Berny ran with Trevor and gave him a final push as his feet left the ground. It was a perfect swing, but he loosed the rope too soon and sat down heavily among the sedge grass. Mac ran to help him and there was a sucking sound as he pulled him out of the mud. But Trevor was undismayed. He waved to them, grinning.

"It's dead easy. You try, Carl. It's easy as pie."

But Carl still hung back and Berny crossed next without incident. Pip, meantime, had been arguing, cajoling and threatening, and when Berny flung the rope back he was relieved to see that it was Carl who received it.

The first effort was a fiasco. Carl failed to loosen the rope at the crucial moment and swung back, crashing heavily into Pip and sending him sprawling. At the second attempt he was more successful, but as he let go something black fell with a faint splash into the water and twirled there, bobbing on the surface.

Carl, who had fallen on all fours on the verge of the bank, pulled himself up, gesticulating.

"My shoe! I've lost my shoe! It's fallen into the river. I've only got one shoe!"

Berny, who had been throwing the rope back to Pip, came running towards him.

"What's happened now? Oh, Christmas! Look at Carl's shoe.

It's floating away down the river! Just shows you ought to tie your laces with reef knots."

Mac shouted, "Hey, Pip, you'll have to swim over or there'll be no one to untie the rope. What's up with you, Carl?"

"He's lost his shoe," said Trevor. "Look, there it is - going downstream."

"I can't do without it," said Carl, hopping in circles. "I haven't any spares. Someone's got to get it."

The shoe reached the bend, twirled for a moment in the current, then shot forward out of sight to be lost beyond the overhanging willows and the tall reeds.

**NEXT WEEK:  
TREACHERY**



No. 12 in the series  
by L. Hugh Newman

## Butterfly Biography

### THE MEADOW BROWN

**Where.** This common butterfly has a very wide distribution in the British Isles You can find colonies in most uncultivated fields and meadows or on waste ground, on commons and heaths, on hillsides and downs and even in open woodland clearings. There is a distinct difference between the sexes. The males are rather smaller insects and are much darker brown than the females and if you look carefully you will notice a patch of almost black scent scales on the forewings. Both sexes carry the characteristic black eye-spot with a white centre, set in a ring of lighter brown but in the female this eye-spot is more prominent and is surrounded by a large golden-brown blotch which extends deep into the wing. The hind-wings are marked with a wide band of medium brown, varying in shade in different individuals. These butterflies have a slow, floppy flight and often you may almost tread on them before they take to the wing. They usually settle on grass stems or on the ground, with wings closed.

**When.** This is a high summer butterfly and is on the wing in July, August and sometimes well into September. It overwinters as a small caterpillar deep down in a clump of grass and feeds up slowly, only coming out of hiding after dark, so it is no use looking for the caterpillars during the daytime. It remains in the caterpillar stage for 8 ½ months of its life. Fully fed it only measures just about one inch in length and is grass green in colour, the upper side lighter than the lower half, the two shades of colour separated by a thin white stripe. It has rather a plump body but tapers off towards each end in a curious manner and, there are two white points at the tail end. Before pupating it spins a pad of silk on a grass blade and then hangs head down.

The chrysalis is also grass green but is freckled with pale yellow and the wing cases are marked with conspicuous dark brown, irregular lines and there are two short horns on the head. It remains in the pupa for nearly a month before emerging as a butterfly.



## NATURE NOTES

# THE BAT

by

Jeremy Lingard

*(Photographs by John Markham)*

I have a noctule bat which was kindly given to me by Lord Cranbrooke, who has made a study of hats. Given adequate exercise and insectile food, most of the British bats can be kept in captivity for short periods, and they quickly become tame. The noctule is the largest British species. When full grown the wing span is about fourteen inches, and the length from the nose to the tip of the tail is just under four inches. The noctule also has unpleasantly large teeth, which can inflict a painful bite.

When handling the bat I am careful to hold the animal firmly behind the head, so avoiding his bites, which are usually accompanied by furious squeaks. The chief drawback of captive noctules is their insatiable appetite and as I am not prepared to spend the greater part of my time hunting for insects, I replace these with maggots (which can be bought from an angling store), meal-worms and a few insects. He also eats small lumps of sugar with evident enjoyment. The bat seems to thrive on this diet.

Feeding a noctule by hand with a regular supply of one hundred maggots a night is fortunately not as time consuming as might appear, for he usually eats the lot in just under ten minutes. Providing him with sufficient exercise is another difficulty, but since the noctule normally only flies at dusk and at dawn in the wild, a long flight around my bedroom each evening is a reasonable substitute.

During the early months of the year the noctule was in hibernation. Now this period has passed, but he is still living in the house and has consumed several thousand maggots. I have developed quite an affection for him and do not look forward to the time when I shall probably return him to the wild.

**I SUPPOSE A HAT** could be regarded as one of Nature's oddities, and most people find them slightly revolting. Their blind, erratic flight, their curiously mouse-like bodies, their scaly-looking wings and their habit of fluttering uncomfortably close to the night walker are not very endearing qualities.

In spite of the sinister legends and mystery associated with nocturnal creatures, the bat is a quiet and harmless little being, which seeks little more than access to a comfortable retreat and a population of insects on which to feed. He is not a rodent, but an insectivore, his nearest relative being the shrew.

There are 12 species in Britain, and few people can with certainty identify them all. Roosts are hard to find, and the bat has often to be identified while in flight. Partly because of this, the study of bats was rather neglected until quite recently, and their distribution in England is still not completely understood.

The tiny pipistrelle or common bat is our most abundant species, and the noctule, which is distinguished by its much greater size, is also common over much of the Country. In common with most species, the pipistrelle and the noctule are skilful in flight, and at dusk can be watched, twisting, turning and diving in a manner which is surely as masterful as the flight of many birds.

The food of these nocturnal creatures consists almost entirely of insects, which are normally caught in flight and this is why we often find bats flying about lampposts, where the light attracts insects.

It is well known that bats find their way about by the process of echo-location, but it is not always realised just how efficient this is. I was surprised to find that a captive lesser horseshoe bat could fly quite safely inside a small car in which he had been released.



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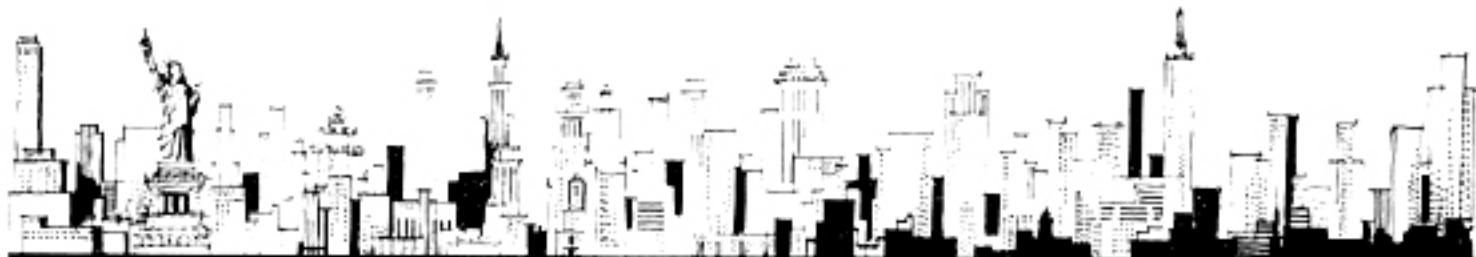
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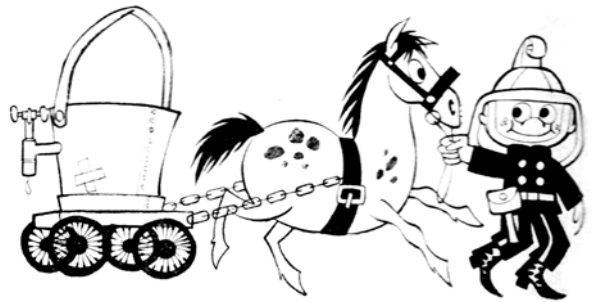
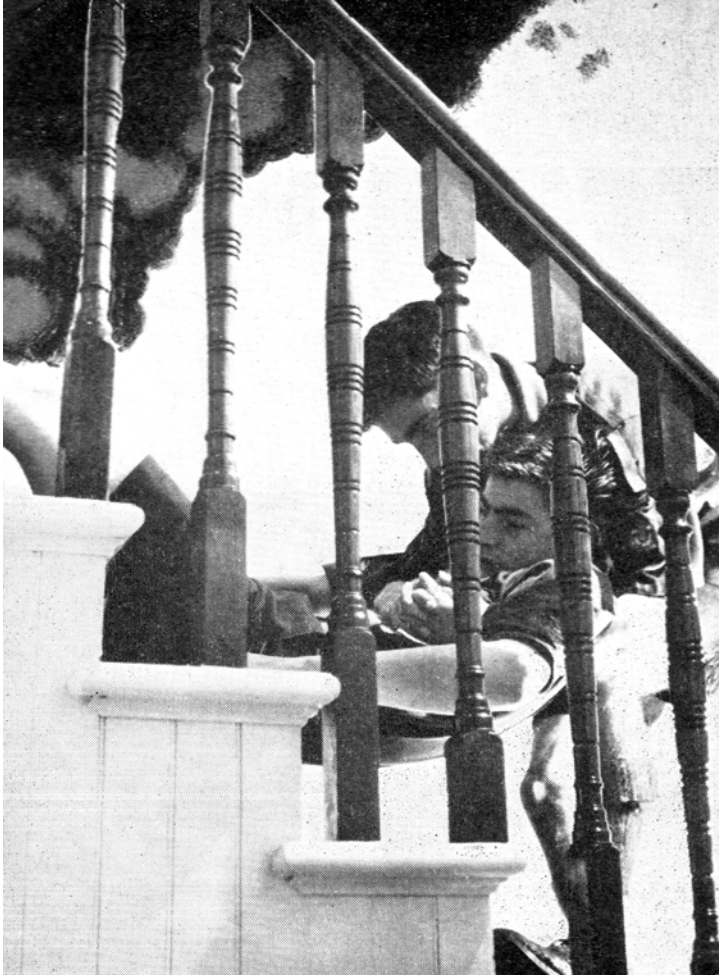
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## **TWENTY-FIFTH WEEK**

### **EMERGENCIES (i) FIRE**

**Bring an unconscious person downstairs head first making sure the head does not bump against she stairs.**

The important thing to remember in dealing with any emergency is to keep a cool head even though some fast teamwork may be necessary.

In trying to give you sonic suggestions to help in facing the emergency of coping with a fire we lay stress upon the thought that must be uppermost in your mind. First is the rescue of people from burning premises. We assume that you will show commonsense in this matter and not attempt the impossible. Nor, indeed will you overlook to see that the fire Brigade is brought to the scene as quickly as possible.

**NEXT  
WEEK**

**ARTIFICIAL  
RESPIRATION**

**(Right) A practical use of that first Class Know, The Fireman's Chair Knot.**



**(Above & below) In a smoke-filled room the rescuer has to keep as near the ground as possible.**

**Here is one way of bringing out an unconscious person from such a room.**



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# Developing Ideas

**IT ALL STARTED** when we were levelling the ground on which our new Headquarters was to be built. Bill suddenly dropped the pick he was using and bent down.

"Look here, you chaps, here is last year's camp site. See the gorge at the back of the store tent? There's the pond we put the monkey bridge over." We all looked hard. Some couldn't see what he was getting at, but sure enough, I found myself taking an aerial view of our old camp. I'm afraid we found it so interesting that very little was done that evening. At the next meeting of the Court of Honour, Bill mentioned what had happened, and was surprised at the interest everyone took in it. Suggestions were made to carry on with this idea and use it in our programmes. Great interest was shown and all the P.L.'s contributed ideas.

It happened to be just two months to our Summer Camp, so at the next Troop Meeting we talked about past camp sites and their good and bad points.

Then we took the two most recent and asked P.L.'s to take their Patrols outside to find pieces of ground which looked like these sites in miniature.

Some found it very hard to visualise a camp to such a small scale. In fact they just couldn't confine their eyes to the small area and let the background come in to spoil things. Other Patrols did well, perhaps having P.L.'s with greater imagination.

The following week we lead off with the P.L.'s discussing with their Patrols all the points that go to make good camp site; prevailing wind, shelter, level sites for tents and so on. Then outside to find such a site in miniature on our own ground. Meantime the Patrols on their own were making up sets of miniature tents, latrines, flag pole, camp kitchens, trees, fences, hedges and so on. The P.L.'s at the Court of Honour had set the scale, so it was all comparable. They brought these to a Troop Meeting on a night when it poured, so we had an indoor programme. It took up most of the evening. The P.L.'s had been to see this year's site and had a large scale map of it. They had enlarged this on to a sheet of paper about four foot square, using the scale of the tents, etc. So we had the old relay with a topical slant, the Scouts going up one by one to a similar sheet for each Patrol and copying the master plan of the camp site. Each time the gong went the "artist" was changed. Points for speed, neatness and accuracy.

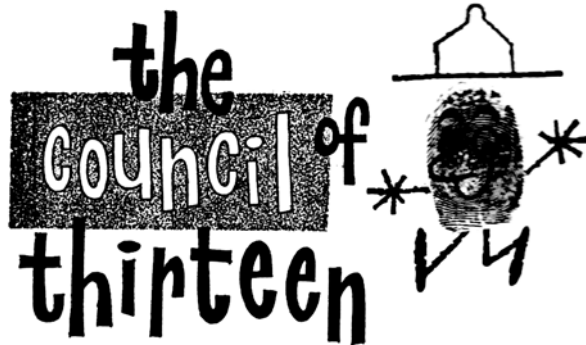
With the maps finished, we had a change of activity for fifteen minutes, and then on to stage two. Skipper had a few words about the camp and how he couldn't decide just where each Patrol would like to set up its camp. He ended by suggesting that the best way out of the puzzle was for the Patrols to set up their ideal camp for all the Patrols on their new map, using the models they had already made.

The P.L.'s took charge and soon tents were going up at top speed.

While the activity was at its height, Skipper called for silence in his usual gentle way and said, "I forgot to tell you that I'm going to call out all the Seconds and all the No. 7's in turn to ask why you have done certain things on the maps."

So of course the P.L.'s had to make sure that every Scout knew what was going on. Skipper was lucky, for when he checked up on the maps he found that all the Patrols had chosen different sites for their own camps, and his worry was over. It was interesting when we got to camp, to see the Patrols making straight for their sites and setting up too quickly to get everything up. It certainly speeded things up.

After the first exciting days of camp, someone's mind went back to the modelling idea, and at inspection one morning we found a miniature camp beside the real thing. That started something, for the other Patrols had to follow, of course. Each site expanded, great ingenuity being shown in making streams, trees and so on. Then miniature pioneering bridges appeared and we were off on a new phase which lasted to the end of the camp. In fact I'm sure the P.L.'s breathed a sigh of relief when we packed up for they had never had to think so fast and so hard at any camp before.



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Each week a member of the secret Council of Thirteen writes on this page for Patrol Leaders. If you have any problems or queries, or want advice or ideas, write to "THE COUNCIL OF THIRTEEN" c/o The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road. London, S.W.1.

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This is not the end of the story, for when the nights began to draw in, the camp photos were produced and the idea came up again. Wouldn't this be a help in mapping, asked the Court of Honour. So we started on sand trays. Ever spilled sand on the floor and had to crunch over it all evening? We have. What a weight a tray of sand is. We got over this simply. Each Patrol had four battens of 2" x 2" wood four foot long with pinned joints to form a square. This was laid on the floor and a sheet of stout polythene sheeting laid over it. This made a grand tray and the sand was brought in in buckets. Clearing up just meant gathering up the four corners of the sheet and carrying it out. We had a useful winter modelling conventional signs, modelling bits of maps and reversing it all by making maps of our sand tray models. We used them for practice reports on Second Class and First Class journeys and our standard rose. Altogether we had a most interesting year of sand tray Scouting. Have a try yourselves.

**Every Scout who goes to CAMP  
should have with him:-  
The Patrol Goes to Camp  
The Scouts' Cook Book  
Lightweight Cooking  
1/- each (plus 2d. postage) from any Scout  
Shop.**

**GET THEM NOW**



## FIVE SHILLINGS FOR *YOUR* LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### Useful camping containers

Dear Editor,

I find that the containers which are used for putting foodstuffs in while hiking are very unsatisfactory. Glass is very heavy and breaks easily while polythene passes on its flavour to all the food it comes in contact with.

I found the solution in the aluminium containers that the chemist gets his supplies in. The chemist is glad to give them away, because he would otherwise throw them out.

These containers come in all sizes, are waterproof, do not break, their weight is negligible and have no aroma. They have screw on lids and after sterilising are perfect containers for food. They are also useful for keeping watches in as well as other valuables.

T.L. Graham Alder,  
12th Whitley Bay.

### A Reader's Crossword

Dear Editor,

I enclose a crossword puzzle compiled by myself. I hope you think it is worth publishing in your smashing magazine, so that the readers can have a try at it.

P.L. P. R. Head,  
Kingston Schools Scout Group.

### CLUES

#### Down

2. Your camp should be in a good one.
3. An eye and a billy have one.
4. Part of a simile.
5. You should make one for litter at camp.
7. Your pots should not be this.
9. Whether you . . . or not, be cheerful.
10. Keep it oiled and sharp.
11. A type of tent.
12. Turns down the lamp.
13. Used more than, 10 down, nowadays.

#### Across

1. Every other Scout should be this.
4. A snake.
6. These parts of 12 across should be cleaned often.
7. Every Scout looks forward to this, at camp.
8. A favourite hot drink at camp.
9. Treatment for shock (abbr.).
12. Large billy-can.
13. If 12 across is this, get out the elbow-grease.
14. Imperative of going (always obey).
15. Your S.M. should have one "down the wind"

### A training tip

Dear Editor,

Some of your P.L. readers may have noticed that a lot of fellows cannot go right through the Scout Law correctly. They remember about five or six and then begin to get "shaky". Here is a very interesting game that might be able to solve the problem.

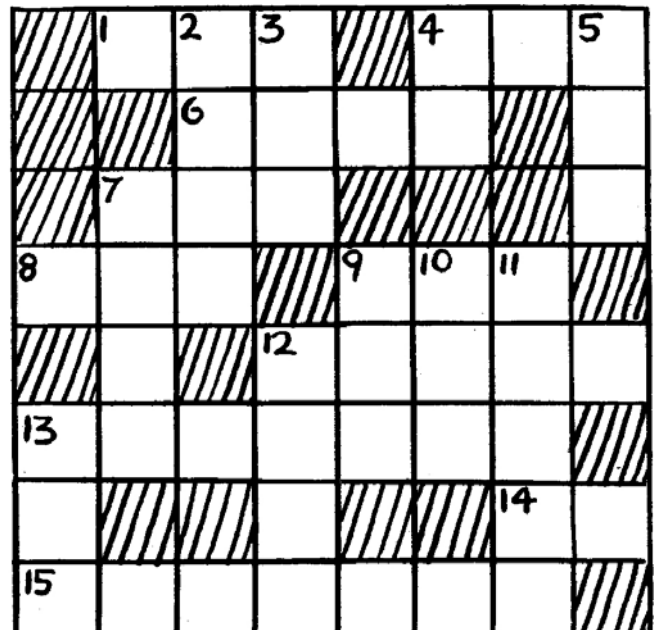
First get sixty pieces of card, about 3 inches by 2 inches. Then divide the cards into twelve bundles. Each bundle will have five cards. Then write the Law on each set. (Each set must have same Law).

Then put a capital letter on each set.

Now to play the game. First shuffle the cards, then deal out to the players. Each player looks at his cards, and sees how many he has towards a full set of Laws (corner letters). He keeps these and puts them to one side, the rest he keeps in his hands.

The whole idea of the game is to get as many full sets as possible. To do this (when your turn comes) you ask the player on your left has he got a certain letter. If he has, he will hand it over, if not, it is his turn to ask for a card. The player with the most sets wins the game.

P.L. Desmond Ryan,  
87th Boldoyle Dublin.





## Patrol Meetings

Dear Editor.

If any new P.L. is thinking of organising a Patrol Meeting evening, I would like to give him some helpful advice.

In recent weeks I have been running a Meeting where I try to cover all the interests of every member of the Patrol. Each member of the Patrol takes his turn in running an interesting game and giving a very short talk on their particular hobby. Then a short, quick discussion on topical events in the Troop and future activities. Refreshments normally consist of soup and biscuits, which I leave for my Second to organise. The evening is then rounded off with a hearty farewell and thanks to the parents who put up with us. This amongst other things is an excellent way of getting to know the boys in your Patrol.

P.L. K. P. Smith,  
16th Royal Eltham.

Dear Editor,

Some of the P.L.'s in our Troop complained to our S.M. that they could not think of any new things to do at their Patrol meetings.



### Thursday

Troop Night. Martin introduced us to the subject of Meteorology, bringing along a rain-gauge and anemometer (I think that's what it's called - anyway it's for measuring wind velocity) he made for his Meteorologist's Badge. Cohn and Johnny are both going to tackle the Badge.

Afterwards we finished off the relief model we had been asked to make for the Sunday School. They wanted a scale model of Palestine so we agreed to help them out. Tracing the contours from an Atlas we fixed strips of tin on a baseboard with pieces of wire and filled in the spaces with plaster of Paris. This gave a good impression of the relief once the plaster was dry and a coat of paint added.

Final plans for Whitsun Camp. It's going to be a hike-camp along the County Boundary. We certainly shan't be able to get all the way round but according to Dizzy, who brought along some maps to show as, we ought to be able to average 15 to 20 miles a day. Fortunately there aren't many places where the boundary runs through lakes or reservoirs.

### Whit-Saturday

Well, so far we're one day along our route.

We took the train to Sand hills and started the hike from there.

It's been tricky following the exact line. Dizzy's got 2 1/2 inch maps for part

of tomorrow's route, but today we had to rely on the one-inch, which doesn't show the boundary so precisely.

I suppose in prehistoric times when the boundaries were fixed, they followed the natural features as far as possible, like rivers, the edges of woods, and ridges of hills.

But in the lower parts where we've been today, where the country is mainly open with fields and hedges, it's not at all easy to say where the line runs.

We did, though, pass several Boundary Posts which convinced us we weren't far off route - pillars about 3 feet high, of cast iron, I should think, with letters and numbers on them.

Late this afternoon we got onto the Roman Roads south of Blindley - the boundary runs along this in a dead straight line for nearly 8 miles. We didn't come across any Roman chariots as it happened, but at one point a stretch of the original road surface has been preserved between railings by the local Archaeological Society, and you could see how the camber was made up of different layers of stone, all graded in size. We passed two chaps doing their First Class Hike a bit further on.

Dizzy has just measured the distance and finds we've covered 17 miles today.

### Whit-Sunday

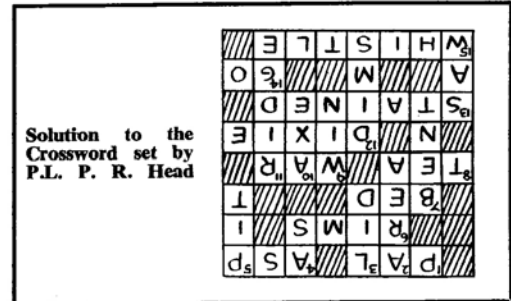
Moved off once more this morning and spent some time getting through the outskirts of a large town almost on the boundary.

So he decided to give the Patrols homework to do each week, at the Patrol Meetings, such as Each member of the Patrol to make a lashing, whittle a tent peg, make a scrapbook of leaves and birds.

I think that this is a good idea and helps you to learn your tests.

P.L. K. Maddrell,  
4th Runcorn.

(They should have bought "The Patrol Year" Patrol Book No. 12.)



As Johnny says, if we're going to keep to our route at all, we may as well do it properly. Then rather an obscure stretch through some woods before reaching the Blackbridge Canal. Here there was a good tow path for several miles.

Of course, although the boundary is shown on the map it just isn't possible to follow *all* of it exactly, and we've had to make several detours to avoid walking through people's back gardens!

### Whit-Monday

Just back from the three-day hike. 52 miles altogether. Today it's really been too hot to cover much ground, but we've seen what the country is like further a field, and Cohn and Frank have got to know us a bit better.

### Thursday, 14th June, 1962

Well, this is the last entry I shall write in this Diary of mine. The Mallory Patrol Log will go on, of course - Ken keeps that, anyway. But tonight I formally left the Patrol and tomorrow night at Crew Meeting I'm to be invested as a Rover Squire.

It was quite a party tonight. The D.C. came to present Ken with his Queen's Scout at last, Roger was presented with his P.L.'s stripe, and Andy with his Venturer Badge. At the back of the Den we got a good fire going and the D.C. joined us in Hot Dogs and Cocoa. The D.C. proposed a toast - holding up his mug he announced . . . The Mallory Patrol!

I can't say I've ever drunk a toast in cocoa before!

*Dave Norrington.*  
P.L.(S)

# FROM UNCLE JIM'S COOKING LOG-BOOK

(Continued from page 4)

Another JAM which can be made in camp or at home ready for the next "fair".

Put 21b. CHOPPED DATES in a billy with one and a half pints of water, one packet lemon jelly crystals and 21b. PRESERVED GINGER. Boil altogether for half an hour and make four and a half pounds of jam.

Next time you have BEETROOT cook, peel and slice it then set it in a fruit jelly of any flavour.

It's delicious with cold meat and salad.

When making CUSTARD get a nice clean round pebble and put it in the billy when boiling the custard. It will stop the custard burning and also help with the stirring.

Nothing is worse than a runny CUSTARD so if it is not sufficiently thick, allow it to cool till lukewarm then add a junket tablet dissolved in a little cold water.

Always put a spoonful of sugar in the water when cooking cauliflower., no smell that way; and remember, too, a little grated nutmeg added to the water will bring out all the flavour.

The next time you buy a new tin billy grease' it inside and out and heat it in the oven for fifteen minutes then it will never rust.

Add a tablespoon of golden syrup to the next bread-and-butter custard and omit one egg.

This adds to the flavour and helps the custard to set.

## PEN PALS

### WANTED

**Clement Collins** (12), 10 Romney Close, chynnton Estate, Seaford, Sussex. - Pen-pal in any Commonwealth country, U.S.A. 11-12. Hobbies: Photography, stamps, Scouting, philumeny.

**P.L. Brian Service** (15), 3 Glenbrook St., Remuera, Auckland, S.E.2, New Zealand. - Scout pen-pal anywhere exc. N.Z. Hobbies: C.B.s. hiking, mountaineering, swimming, camping.

**Philip Pearson** (12 ½). 12 Fawley Rd., Hilses. Portsmouth. Hants. - Pen-pal in Australia or. America. Hobbies: Collecting butterflies, moths, train spotting, camping.

**Fred Lindow** (15), 8721 Duviap, Houston 36. Texas. U.S.A. - Pen-pal in England.

**Sam H. Blair**, 1005. Princeton Drive. Albuquerque. New Mexico, U.S.A. - Pen-pal in England. Interested in exchanging books and pamphlets on Scouting.

**P.L. Keith Moss** (13), 6. Cromarty Road. Ipswich. Suffolk. - Guide or Scout pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Scouting, swimming, camp.

**Geoffrey Breeden** (11), 11, Walton Court. Gosforth. Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 3. - Pen-pal in Australia. N. Zealand. America or Canada. Hobbies: Scouting, stamps, chess. cycling, rugby.

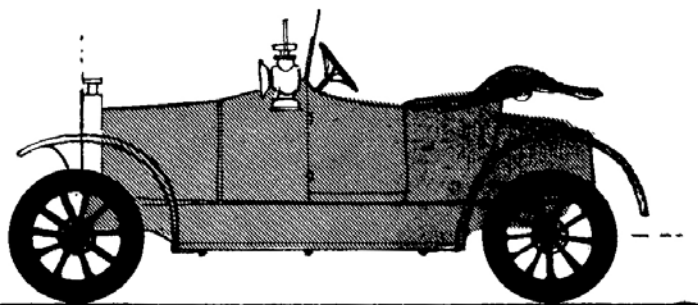
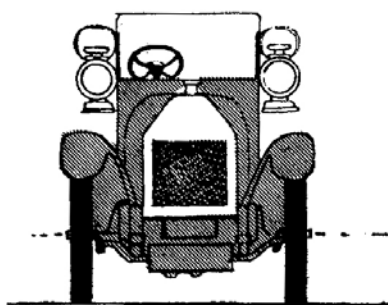
**Carl Sylvester**, 144. Sutherland Street. Barrow-in-Furness. Lancs. - Pen-pal in Canberra. Perth or Brisbane. Australia. Hobbies: foreign coins, stamps, birds, photography.

**David Murray** (12). 215, Fagley Rd.. Bradford 2. Yorkshire. - Pen-pal anywhere (English speaking). Hobbies: Y.H.A.. cycling, fishing, pets, Scouting.

**David C. Shaw**, 38, Angerton Ave.. Marden. N. Shields. Northumberland. - Pen-pal anywhere 12-14. Hobbies: Motorcars, model aircraft. Scouting.

## Yesterday's Cars (12)

## By Ray Evans



**Singer 1914**

**British**

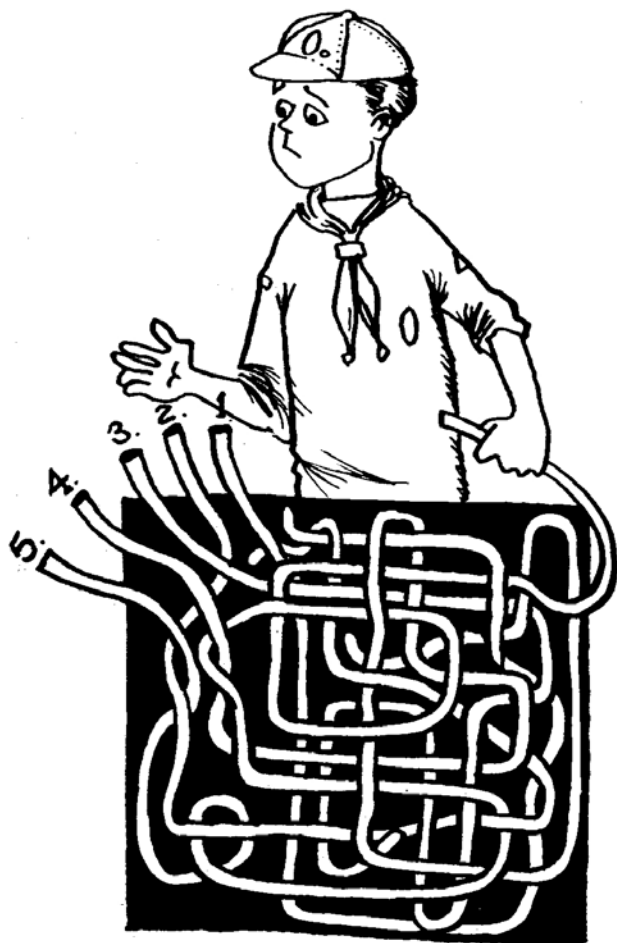
**This ten horse power car was built from 1912 to 1921 and was a very successful model. It has a four cylinder engine with a three speed gearbox. Foot brakes on transmission and hand on rear wheels.**

**BRAN  
TUB**  
No. 338  
by PIP



**Peter's Puzzle**

Peter wants to practise his knots, but he always seems to find the Pack rope box in a jumble. Which of the five ropes is the one he wants. Can you find it first time?



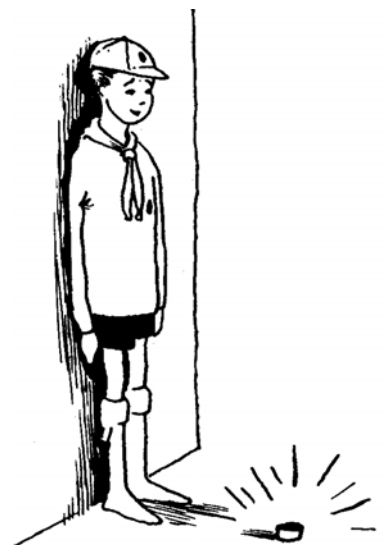
**First Camp of the Year**

Connect the dots in numerical order, add your own caption, cut out the drawing and send it home from your first camp of the year to Mum and Dad.



**Pick up  
the Woggle**

Try this little stunt with your friend, it should provide you both with a lot of laughs. Ask your friend to stand with his heels against a wall, then place your woggle about two feet from his toes. Now ask him to pick up the woggle without moving his heels!



# Tales told near a Crocodile

a collection of stories from Nyanza

by Humphrey Harman

(2)

## Podhu and Aruwa

OLD RAMOGI lived with all his family by the shores of the Great Lake. And what a family! There was Ramogi's wife, and his seven sons:

Onyanga and Ouma and Agwanda and Obwavo and Oyako and Podhu and Aruwa. Then all the sons were married and so there were seven wives and a swarm of small brown naked children and half a dozen poor relations and . . . and . . . and . . . More like a village than a family. Dozens of solid little houses with mud walls and yellow thatch and round them all a big hedge of ojuok and, outside that, gardens full of maize and millet and beans, and herds of cattle grazing in the water meadows, and bands of young men hunting deer and pig in the reeds.

Of course with so many people living on top of one another one could expect arguments and rows and so indeed there were, little ones all the time but sometimes big ones when everybody shouted for hours. Then, when a pot had been broken and someone had lost his temper properly and reached for a spear, Ramogi would bellow from the house where he was resting and that would be that and everyone would be quiet until the next time. He was the head of the family and you did as you were told or you could go and carve yourself a field out of the Great Forest and live by yourself.

No one wanted to do that.

The Great Forest began a mile away to the east, very dark, very secret, full of strange sounds at night. It was a threatening place and mixed up with magic of the worst kind. The Elephant Folk lived there and the family of Ramogi left it strictly alone, for no one wishes to be turned into a tree or an ape or wander for ever lost in a place where the sunlight is strained through so many leaves that it hardly reaches the ground.

On the other side of the village was a hill that was covered in rocks.

But this was a cheerful place and was

called Ramogi, but whether the hill was named after the man, or the man after the hill no one was quite sure, and indeed the matter was one for much argument on hot afternoons in the shade of a tree when the crops were in and nobody had much to do. Ramogi could have cleared the matter up perhaps, but he preferred to leave it alone, believing that it kept everyone harmlessly occupied and out of mischief.

Well, Ramogi had lived a good life but in the end he grew old and died, and Onyango, the eldest son, took his place, and then it was time for all the other brothers to move on and make villages of their own. For although one usually listens to a father when he tells you to behave, no one takes much notice of a brother. And so they moved, going west along the lake or north into the plain, but not east, for that was towards the Great Forest. You couldn't go south unless you had webbed feet and anyone who has listened properly can understand why.

All the brothers went singly with their wives and children and followers and all of them settled on good land and built strong houses and did well and since five of them don't come into this story again, we needn't bother about them any more.

Except for Podhu and Aruwa, the youngest. They loved each other so dearly that each was unhappy if he did not know where the other was. Always they had been together. As little boys they had watched Ramogi's cows in the pasture and made their own toy cows out of wet clay from the ant heaps. At night they curled asleep on the same skin and when they were bigger they hunted together. They had married sisters. Always they did the same things and thought the same thoughts and sometimes one would start a sentence and stop and the other would finish it without a thought. Generally people considered them as one person, which was sometimes awkward for their wives, wives, because if you borrowed something from one brother's house and returned it to the other it could lead to misunderstanding.

And so when all the brothers had gone, except Onyango who was asking pointed questions about when they expected to move, Podhu looked at Aruwa and Aruwa looked at Podhu and then Podhu said:

"Brother, it is time we also were going to look for land of our own."

Aruwa was busy covering the two mouths of a small drum with well scraped skin and had got to the ticklish bit where you lace the skin tightly and although you hold the drum with your feet and one hand and pull one thong with the other and another with your teeth, you could really do with two more hands. So he took a long time answering and it came out in jerks.

"Mm...yes...(mumble, mumble)"

"...hold this thong a moment, Brother... yes, indeed...which direction...bother the thing! ah, that's better . . . which direction did *you* think of going, Brother?"

"Well," said Podhu, "it's a mite difficult."

He began ticking off names on his fingers.

"Agwanda and Ouma have gone along the lake shore and so *they* won't want anyone else there. And Obwavo and Oyako have gone north and anyway, I never did think much of that plain country. I thought of going east."

"Into the forest, Brother?"

"Beside the forest, Aruwa. There's good land there running right down to the lake and plenty of wood to hand for the houses.

Aruwa finished knotting the thongs, put the drum between his knees and tapped a little tune. He was a good musician.

"You know, Podhu," he said shutting his eyes to listen to his own music, "I had something of the same idea. But is there room for two?"

Podhu considered.

"Not for two farms. Hardly enough for that. There would be enough for one big farm if we lived together."

Aruwa opened his eyes and looked at the sky and said to no one in particular:

"There is a saying among our people that although even cats and dogs can

live peaceably together, brothers never can."

"I know" said Podhu, "but I thought we might try."

"An excellent idea," replied Aruwa. "We'll go east to the Great Forest."

And so, very shortly afterwards, they did, and built their house just where the forest became thin and gave up and turned to grass and everything went so well with them that "to agree like Podhu and Aruwa" began to be a saying in that part of the world.

All might have gone on well if it hadn't been for Aruwa's magic spear.

Before Ramogi died he gave one thing of his possessions to each of his sons. Onyango got his feathered head-dress, Ouma his fly-whisk made from a cow's tail. Aruwa had been given a spear.

Ramogi had had many spears and this was not the one he used for hunting before he grew too stiff in the legs, or any of the half a dozen that lay across the rafters of his house end were borrowed by the boys when they became old enough to use them. This was an old, old spear that had belonged to Ramogi's father and his father before that and had been made by the smiths of a people called the Nandi who were skilled in all kinds of ironwork. It had a long narrow blade shaped like a reed and Ramogi had treasured it and never permitted any of his sons to touch it. When they had asked why, he had always told them it was a magic spear and they had believed him. It became Aruwa's most treasured possession and leaned against the centre post in the new house that he shared with Podhu.

One morning, when they had lived in their new house for a year and the season was at its height and the maize stood straight and stiff in the fields like soldiers, the tassels wet with dew. Aruwa drove the cattle out and Podhu stayed at home and slept late.

He was awakened by cries from the women and behind all this noise a splashy sound of green maize stalks being crushed.

He sat for a moment, muddled with sleep, and then he made out words from the cries.

"Elephants ! The Elephant Folk are in the maize!"

Podhu jumped up and seized a spear (it was Aruwa's precious one), ran out of the house, through the gateway in a moment, leapt a thorn hedge into the maize, and then stopped suddenly. The field seemed full of elephants. With their great backs shiny black with dew and wide ears spread, they forged through the maize like ships and the wet

stalks smashed beneath them.

Dozens of elephants, each spoiling more than a man could eat in a year, tearing it up by sheaves with their wicked, snakey trunks and stuffing it into their mouths.

Podhu lost his temper and became reckless. He ran through the maize until he reached the edge of the desert of smashed plants, burst into the open and gave a great yell of rage. There was a sudden silence. Every elephant stood rock still and their great heads turned and regarded Podhu with grave amazement.



Then he flung Aruwa's spear with all his strength at the biggest elephant. He saw it stick in a wrinkled side and at that all the herd turned, screaming with anger and panic, stamped flat a hedge in their way and crashed off into the forest... and on, on... the noise fading . . until at last it vanished.

And with it Aruwa's spear.

As a matter of fact, when the elephants were out of sight of Podhu they stopped, pulled themselves together and were more than a little ashamed. They took the spear out of the old bull, who grumbled dreadfully but was not much hurt, and then they took it back to the great clearing, deep in the forest, which was their home and which no one had ever found. There they stored the spear carefully with the other things they had picked up in their wanderings. Elephants are wasteful only about people's crops, they can be very economical about other things.

When Aruwa came home with the cattle, tired and hungry, his wife told him about the spear. He was furious. His precious spear gone off, stuck in the hide of an elephant!

Were there not a dozen other spears of no particular value to throw at elephants if that was what Podhu wanted to do?

Podhu said that he was sorry. Aruwa muttered under his breath and went to the edge of the forest to see if the spear had been knocked out against a tree. There was no spear and the sight of the ruined maize didn't improve his temper.

Podhu, who was very hurt, offered to buy him the best spear that could be made in the country.

Aruwa shouted: "I want my father's magic spear and only that. I'll not forget it if you give me the whole world. And if you don't bring it back I will kill you!"

"Very well," said Podhu, "I will get it or die in the attempt."

"You'll get it," sneered Aruwa. "And how? I suppose that you will go and ask the elephants for it back?"

"Yes," said Podhu. "I will do exactly that."

That night everyone went to bed in the kind of sulky silence that follows a big family row.

The very next morning, before anyone else was awake, Podhu took a spear, slung a skin bag over one shoulder and, leaving the house, walked to the forest. At its edge he took one last look at the morning sun rising over the lake shore and then he grasped his spear firmly and pushed his way in among the trees.

There all was cold and green and gloomy, like a fishes' world at the bottom of a pond. He found paths made by wild pigs and timid deer, and these he followed, his feet silent on the wet leaves. All that day he walked, going deeper and deeper until he knew he was where no man had been before, but still he found no sign of the Elephant Folk.

At last it grew even darker and, although he could not see it, he knew that the sun 'was setting. He found a tree whose great roots writhed halfway up its trunk and fell in gigantic careless coils on the forest floor, and crawling in amongst these, he discovered a hollow full of dry leaves. In this he sat and ate his cold maize cake and then tried to sleep. Light vanished and the forest, so silent all day, grew full of noises: rustlings and croaking sounds, the hooting of owls, once a mysterious scream from high above his head and another time the heavy trampling of something big. Podhu trembled with cold and fear and at any moment expected to find himself changed into something unpleasant.

*(To be continued)*



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