

The Scout



Week ending 30th June 1962 **EVERY FRIDAY** 6d

"OPERATION—



—FLASHPOINT"

by P. G. Pearce-Smith

S.S.L. 10th Salisbury Group

WE HAD WRITTEN to The Junior Parachute Regiment, Aldershot, saying that we would very much like to visit them. Operating our Senior Scout tradition of Adventurous Activities, we also mentioned that we would like them to challenge us to perform some sort of mission.

They responded with a challenge to blow up a secret store of Rocket Fuel within the camp. They also invited us to stay the whole weekend and attend Sunday Church Parade and in the afternoon we could have a go over their Assault Course.

They also very kindly offered to supply sleeping accommodation and food.

It was obvious that if our raid was going to have any measure of success against alert and well trained boy soldiers a considerable amount of pre-training was going to be needed on our part. Also, as there are only 6 Seniors in my Troop, we were going to need volunteers from outside Troops to make up the maximum party of 30 boys.

A quick whip round the area soon produced sufficient volunteers, and with three weeks to zero hour we started preparations.

Reconnaissance and Training

The first weekend we visited Aldershot and did a reconnaissance of the camp area. Inside the camp we stood under the nearest lamp post and with all the assurance in the world made a complete sketch map.

We camped for the night near Bisley. Next morning we learnt another lesson to add to our Winter Camping knowledge. The water froze in our polythene jerrycan and being plastic we were unable to apply heat to melt it.

The second week we hired the village hall of an outlying Village. Here we laid on a number of demonstrations in personal camouflage, stalking, and general fieldcraft. We also had an interesting demonstration on various methods of hiding identification papers and "thunderfiash" explosive charge which each Scout would be carrying the next weekend. Two boys were equipped with specially prepared haversacks and objects. They were then brought out onto the stage and two members from the audience came up and searched them. After the search, we then showed them how many things they had missed. These included a bar of soap which blew to pieces after striking the concealed fuse. A torch battery hollowed out with fireworks inside it. A tin of milk emptied from the side and refilled with a dummy charge, and the label stuck back on. A packet of chocolate biscuits with the centre ones removed and replaced with fireworks. A couple of toffees with match heads concealed in them. A vacuum flask filled with hot coffee and a thunderfiash sealed in polythene inside, and lots more too numerous to describe. The next session was an operational briefing in which we gave as much information about the stunt as we could. Then with the aid of maps and diagrams each Troop planned its own method of attack.

After his capture (right) the Senior Scout disguised as his sister is interrogated (left). In spite of press ups, threats of an ice cold bath, etc., no information was extracted.

These were then checked to make sure that Troop Patrols were not going to clash with their schemes.

We then had a practice Wide Game in which each Patrol had to blow up a target. In this case it was a ruined farm. My own Seniors acted as the enemy. One group hiding in the hedge row had a grand time removing the end boy from each Patrol as they crept past. One leading Scout turned round to find his entire Patrol had vanished.

The exercise finished at midnight, and after a brief discussion everybody retired to bed.

Sunday morning we smartened ourselves up and asked the local vicar to give us a short service. I think he was considerably pleased to have been asked. I fear however the poor gentleman was not used to drinking coffee out of a pint enamel mug, and after noticing him clutching it rather precariously for a considerable time we tactfully removed it.

After lunch we had a further practice Wide Game and after cleaning up the hail everybody departed for home.

Order of Battle

Saturday morning I 'phoned up The Junior Parachute Regiment, pretending to be The Aldershot Provost Marshal. I said I had a letter from some Scouts saying they were having an exercise. Would they kindly tell me all the details so as to make sure it would not clash with the military police manoeuvres. The chief clerk very kindly gave us full details of the defence. However, not wishing to take advantage of this successful ruse, I told him to tell the Commanding Officer that Captain Brook Bond had rung asking details of the exercise.

As my code name was Brook Bond he would realise they had been "had" and would change plans accordingly. I understand afterwards the C.O. just caught the tail end of our conversation as he came in and there were ructions.

My own Troop's method of attack was the grand bluff. We disguised our Land Rover to look like a military vehicle and dressed ourselves in Military Uniform. To get over identification difficulties we assumed the cover story that we were army cadets on a map reading exercise.

In my disguise as a Cadet Officer I typed a form saying that my Identity card was held at H.Q. for documentation purposes.

Arriving at the camp we were saluted at the check points, drove through the camp and planted a time bomb made out of an alarm clock, torch batteries and thunderflashes. This went off an hour later when we were well clear.

To make the paratroopers think there was not much opposition two of the smallest and most innocent looking Scouts were smartly dressed in correct uniform nicely pressed and polished shoes. They then walked straight into a waiting Patrol and allowed themselves to be meekly captured. This gave the impression that the exercise was going to be easy, and the Paratroopers very kindly put them in the Television room. Sometime during the evening they crept out and blew up the C.O.'s office with concealed thunderflashes. When the guard came to check he found them back watching the television.

The next arrival was our biggest Scout immaculately dressed in civilian clothes, he introduced himself as a reporter from the local paper.



Accepted as such he crept round unchallenged all evening creating mild havoc.

One of the Patrols required paratrooper uniforms, so the Land Rover was driven around the camp and stopping at various check points I ordered the N.C.O. in charge to detail one man to show me the way to Company Office. Once moving I drove him straight to our base where he was captured and his uniform temporarily borrowed.

We carried this out three times and with the resulting haul of uniforms, managed to equip a full Patrol disguised as paratroopers.

At this stage, "The Vicar", alias A.S.M. Bob White, appeared complete with Bible, dog collar and small dog on a lead. To the greeting of "good evening sir," he was eventually caught out when a suspicious officer asked him the marriage ceremony.

Another Scout dressed in his sisters' clothes was given away by his boyish walk; when captured the still doubtful paratroopers threatened to get the W.R.A.C. duty officer to search him. This brought a quick confession.

I think at this point I should apologise to the two unknown Farnborough Scouts on their Second Class Hike. They stopped and asked me the way to Fain-borough and I am afraid I was very naughty and directed them past the Camp, where they were quickly pounced on and had considerable difficulty in protesting their innocence.

After all our other disguises, the paratroopers were getting very suspicious, and when a captured boy said in broken English "me Norwegian Colonel's Son" he was not believed. Eventually, proving he really was genuine, he was released only to be brought back by another Patrol. In the end they had to escort him home.

Trying my abduction stunt once too often I got caught and after a brief search was tied up in the C.O.'s office. Guarded by two N.C.O.s, escape seemed impossible, until another of our Scouts got to the door and threw in a thunderflash. In the general confusion while the thing fizzed on the floor, I broke loose and ignited my own thunderflash which was concealed in a large tube of Rowntrees Fruit Gums that had passed the search. I then locked the door from the inside and sat on my two captors, help now being unable to get in. At this stage I felt my part was over, and I became a neutral observer.

When our Scouts were captured they were given the opportunity of giving their word not to escape, or suffer the full fate of captured terrorists. I am glad to say that everyone preferred to play the game through to the bitter end.

The paratroopers tried various methods to get information out of the captured Scouts. One method was to take most of his clothes off and march him barefoot across a muddy field into the interrogation centre. There he was made to do press-ups while questions were fired at him from a group of three interrogators. If this failed to shake him he was locked in a steel cupboard which was then banged with pieces of iron or wood. At intervals various psychological stunts were tried like saying aloud, 'let's leave him there for an hour'; the light was then put out and they left. About five minutes later another two would come in and during a mock conversation would talk about the poor Scout who had suffocated in the locker next door.

When this failed the prisoner was blindfolded and told he was going to be put in a boiling hot bath; he was then led into a bathroom where the water was running and lifted up over a bath which was filled with cold water. They told him it was boiling hot and allowed his elbow to touch it; being blindfolded it really felt like it was burning. I am pleased to say that none of these methods produced any useful information, but feeling a bit worried over it I asked our boys how they felt. One and all replied that they had really enjoyed it and were not a bit scared.

Eventually midnight arrived and the operation came to an end.

Summing up, I feel that the Parachutists were at a disadvantage in as much that they had to put up a considerable number of first term boys.

Secondly, they were not quite expecting an attack on the scale that we launched and we were further helped by having the only vehicle and massive amounts of equipment, which, though fairly simple to buy as civilian *purchase*, is *not* always available through training sources.

After three escapes, the paratroopers made certain these two Seniors would not get away again



A Senior Scout, disguised as a Sergeant, with two captured paratroopers

Although we were partly successful in our various stunts every Scout was in fact captured before midnight.

Once the Parachutists realised what they were up against, they very quickly rallied and employed just as many smart ruses as us to capture our own boys.

In a nut-shell they gave us a very good run for our money.

We then had a good old army meal of sausages, chips and beans with thick, sweet hot cocoa to wash it down.

Sunday morning we marched through Aldershot behind the Junior Paratroopers for a service at the Garrison Church. I was very relieved to find our boys made a good job of marching and we were not disgraced.

After Sunday Lunch the Regiment very kindly lent us denims and boots and in the pouring rain we went over their assault course.

I am afraid this was not my cup of tea; but with the boys going over it I could not very well stand and watch. I still shudder when I think of the rope ladder going 50 feet up some scaffolding then a narrow plank about two feet wide, wet and slippery and in the middle a four foot gap to jump to

the next plank. However, most of the jumps were good fun, even the ramp you ran up and jumped off only to find a 10 foot ditch filled with water facing you. Motto look before you leap!

However, a hot shower and a change to dry clothes saw the end of a second and last day. So we bid farewell to what had been a glorious weekend.

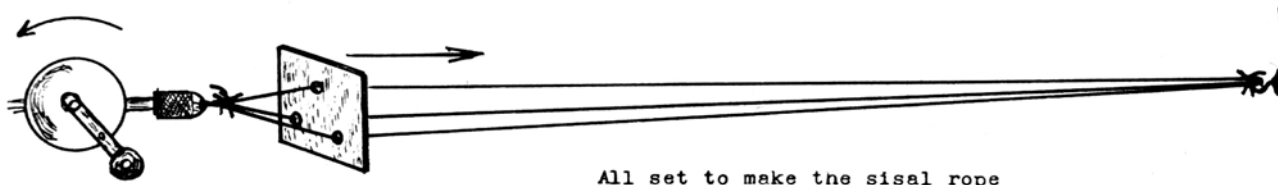
Later in the year we hope to arrange a return competition to be held in our own area. Probably an escape and evasion stunt.

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We understand from Military sources that they would appreciate not being bombarded with challenges from further Scout Troops, as they have a very busy Military and Educational Programme, and there is regrettably very little spare time for such delightful episodes as above.

Making Rope from Sisal

by Martyn Lamb



You will require one hand drill, one hook (made from a 6" wire nail), one wooden (or hardboard) guide with three holes equidistant apart, three lengths of sisal and one assistant.

1. Thread a length of sisal through each hole in the guide.
2. Make a small loop at each end of the sisal and check to see that all three are the same length.
3. Place one end of each length of sisal over a firm hook or nail.
4. Take the free end of one piece of sisal and place it over the hook which has been fixed in place in the drill chuck.
5. Keeping the sisal taut, turn the drill handle in a clockwise direction (away from you), twisting the sisal more tightly. (9 feet lengths usually require about 160 turns of the hook.) If the sisal begins to twist up on itself, unwind a few turns. As the sisal is twisted the length will shorten so a slight movement forward will be found necessary whilst turning the drill.

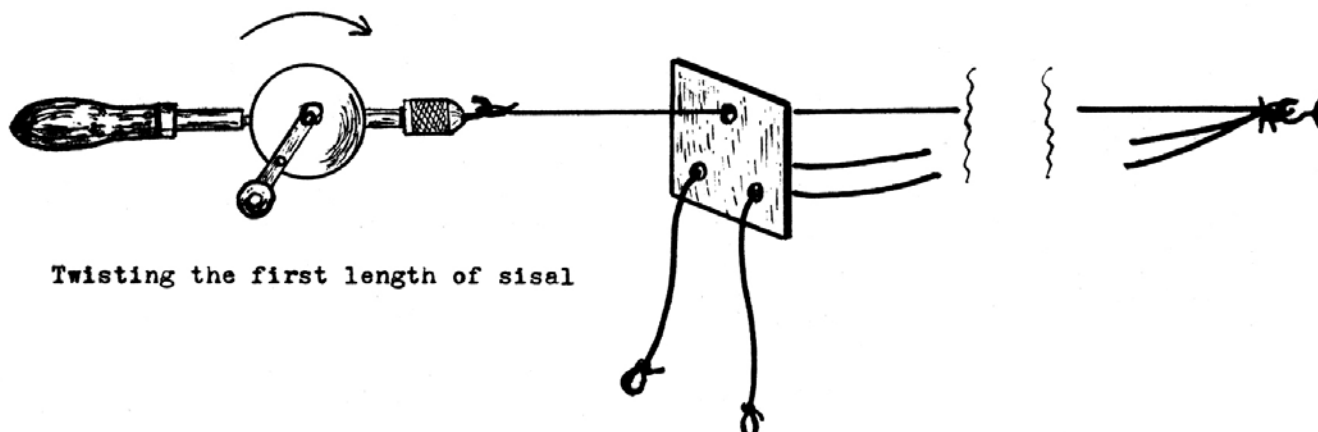
6. Remove twisted sisal from *drill* hook and ask your assistant to hold it very firmly to prevent it untwisting.

7. Repeat the same operation for the second length of sisal.

8. Twist the third length but do not remove from the drill hook. Hold the handle of the drill firmly and get your assistant to replace the first and second lengths of twisted sisal on to the drill hook. The three twisted strands should be the same length.

9. Ask your assistant to slide the guide as near to the drill as possible and as you SLOWLY turn the drill handle in an anticlockwise direction your assistant will SLOWLY slide the guide away from you along the twisted sisal, leaving behind an evenly laid sisal rope!

10. Allow all tension to relax, remove the small loops allowing the guide to be free. Whip the ends of the newly made rope before use.



National Scout Canoe Cruise

There are still vacancies on the fourteenth National Scout Canoe Cruise which will be on the Rivers Avon and Severn during the week 25th August – 1st. September. 1962. The leader will again be Percy W. Blandford (A.C.C. Sea Scouts, Warwickshire) and he looks forward to meeting many new canoeists as well as some who have been with him on previous cruises. To take part you must be 14 or over, able to swim, and have your own camping kit and canoe, or arrange to share.

The cruise will start near Stratford-on-Avon on the Avon and will finish near Gloucester on the River Severn. Full details and application forms may be obtained from the Training Department, Headquarters, Boy Scouts Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Closing date for applications: 15th JULY, 1962.

HERONS

QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

FOR NEW READERS: *Due to an outbreak of chicken-pox and their SM. 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. Returning to the camp-site he 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 return to the site and put out the fire. Later while swinging across a river, one of Carl's shoes falls into the water.*

CHAPTER NINE TRECHERY

CARL SAT DOWN on the piled kit, grumbling under his breath his shoeless foot revealing a large hole in the toe of his stocking. Berny and Trevor came running along the bank, peering between the trees to follow the progress of his floating footwear, stopping occasionally to search for stones to throw at it. Trevor flung a large clod of earth which caught the heel, making the shoe bob up and down.

"You mind what you're doing," Berny warned him. "If you hit it you'll sink it and then where will we be? Chuck 'em on the far side. and try to make it come over to this bank."

But the current had caught the shoe and there was no diverting it from its course, then a gaunt, forked branch appeared on the surface, part of a submerged tree, and Carl's footwear floated into its grip and remained there, firmly captive. When their stones failed to dislodge it Berny ran back to where Mac was shouting directions to Pip.

"It's all right, Carl; it's caught in a branch. It only needs someone to swim."

Pip, wearing only his bathing trunks, was tying his bundled clothes to the rope preparatory to swinging them over to Mac. He waved to Berny.

"Leave it to me. I'll get it. And while you're waiting you might show him how to tie a reef."



Mac caught the clothes and released them, holding on to the rope's end, while Pip scrambled along the branch and untied the knot which held it. It splashed into the water and Mac drew it in, coiling it on his arm. Pip hung for a moment, suspended by his bands, then dropped into the flyer, swimming downstream with easy, leisurely strokes.

Trevor was watching the shoe and gesticulated, shouting, as he saw Pip come round the bend. Pip trod water while he reached for it, threw it to Trevor and, turning, swam back. The only greeting Trevor received from his cousin was an exclamation of disgust.

"It's soaking. Fancy having to wear this all day! It will take ages and ages to dry."

Pip was robbing himself down while the others sorted the gear, each seizing on his respective kit.

They moved slowly up the steep fields, climbing the loose stone walls and coming eventually to the moor. A stiff breeze blew in their faces, but the sun was hot and, though the going was rough, for the only paths were sheep tracks, they made good progress. Pip had taken a compass direction on the next farm shown on their map. It lay beyond a gully through which the river flowed, several miles farther on. The moorland stretched away on all sides, desolate and barren, the silence broken only by the cries of the sheep and the plaintive mewing of the curlews.

Pip led them to the upper end of the gully where it seemed from the map that it would be easier to cross the water, though it meant going off at an angle and added an extra mile to the journey.

"We ought to reach the farm in the *early* afternoon," he had said, "then I suggest we camp for the night. We'll be about five miles off our objective, so we'll be certain to get to the treasure spot tomorrow."

The moor descended in long, undulating slopes to meet the river, then rose again on their right to form the steep cliffs which imprisoned the water in a narrow bed. This river was quite unlike the one which they had left behind, a troubled, turbulent stream cascading over great boulders and dropping down miniature water-falls with much display of foam. It was, indeed, hardly a river at all, being a mere two yards wide, and they could easily jump across it.

They sat beside it, eating a rather sparse meal of hard-boiled eggs and cold bacon wrapped in thin, but unappetising dampers. Mac had preserved some of the milk in one of the billies and though most of it has escaped during the morning's trek, there was a drop for each of them; afterwards he produced a block of chocolate and divided it between them.

"Well, let's get moving." Pip stood up, anxious to be on his way. "We'll have to follow this bank downstream for about a mile, then I reckon we ought to be able to see the farm on our left."

"I suppose those sheep belong to it," remarked Berny. "Maybe we'll strike a path."

"Likely as not the sheep belong to the farm we've left," said Mac.

But Berny shook his head. "They've different markings. Where's your observant eye? I say, look up there!"

He stopped abruptly, pointing towards the sky. Two birds soared and wheeled far above them, their bodies silhouetted blackly against the white of clouds; one of them suddenly rolled over, shooting downwards with half-closed wings, and the other sped after it, uttering a harsh, vibrating cry.

Mac was staring at them, shading his eyes with his hand.

"What are they - carrion crows?"

Berny shook his head. "Not on your life - too big! Boy, that's a pair of ravens. You don't often see them nowadays. There's every chance they'll be nesting somewhere on the cliff. Now, if I could get a photograph that really would be something

"We'll all keep our eyes skimmed," said Pip without enthusiasm, trudging ahead. "Come on, you lot, step it out. This time we want to get pitched before the light goes."

The ravens had tired of their acrobatics and, flying up the gorge, they were soon lost to view, their cries - cruck, cruck - echoing desolately between the steep cliffs which now rose either side of the narrow, turbulent river.

The Scouts went forward in silence, straggling out in single file, separated from the river by a sheer drop of forty feet and nothing but a sea of heather stretching away on their other side. Once Trevor shouted that they should wait for Carl, who, far in the rear, had been dropping farther and farther behind. They waited impatiently, leaning on their staves, till Carl had limped slowly up to Trevor. Pip saw him pass his cousin some of his gear as they met.

"Trevor's a mug," he said to Berny as he reached his side. "Carl ought to be ashamed, making the poor kid carry for him."

"Trevor would take Carl on his back if he told him to," retorted Berny. "He daren't say boo to him, though heaven knows what's so wonderful and awe-inspiring about him."

Pip turned towards the moor, scanning the horizon. "We ought to spot the farm any time now. There are trees over there; maybe it lies behind them."

But Berny was not following his pointing finger; he was staring up the gorge, frowning.

Pip said impatiently, "Hey, Berny, wake up. "There are the ravens again. What d'you make of them, Pip?"

Glancing up the gorge, Pip saw the two birds fifty yards away from where they were standing. The ravens were flying excitedly above an outcrop of rock, uttering short, deep barks. One of them landed, sidled along the rock, its wings half open, then suddenly' launched itself. downward to rise again almost immediately, its companion beating the air above it and crying cruck, cruck, cruck.



He descended the cliff carefully

Mac joined them, hitching up his rucsac, his face wet with perspiration.

"If we have to wait for Carl every time he falls behind we'll never get anywhere." He nodded towards Berny who was in the act of freeing himself from his gear. "We're not making this a halt, are we? Much better get on to the farm."

"I won't keep you half a minute." Berny dropped his rucsac at Pip's feet. "You wait here."

He began running along the edge of the cliff. Pip saw the ravens rise at his approach, but they did not fly away; they soared high above him, rebuking his intrusion with harsh, angry cries. Berny was on all fours, peering into the ravine, then he was running back again, waving his arms excitedly.

"I suppose he's spotted the nest," said Mac. "There's no reason why we should all watch him photograph it; he can catch us up."

"It's a lamb." Berny reached them, speaking breathlessly. "I thought it might be something like that. There's a lamb down below"

"So what?" enquired Mac crossly. "There are sheep and lambs scattered all over the moor"

"It's hurt, though - lying on its side by the water. We can't leave it to be killed by the ravens. I want the rope. Pip; I'm going down."

They followed Berny back to the place from which they had seen the wounded lamb. It lay on its side at the edge of the river, struggling weakly, but unable to rise. On a nearby patch of grass the ewe was standing, bleating distractedly, pausing sometimes to nuzzle her injured offspring, but quite unable to help it.

If it hadn't been for the sheep," Berny said, tying one end of the rope about his waist, "the ravens would have killed it before now. They're only waiting for her to go."

"You mind what you're doing," said Pip. "We don't want you landed at the bottom with a broken leg."

Berny patted the knot which he had tied.

"It's as sound a bowline as ever was tied. Better tie the other end round your waist, Mac. Pip, you pay out the rope as I need it."

He descended the cliff slowly and cautiously, digging his toes into any niche that presented itself, clawing at almost invisible cracks. Trevor and Carl arrived as Berny's feet touched the ground.

"What's he think he's up to?" enquired Trevor. He was shouldering Carl's valise and his face was red with exertion. "Is he after another blinking photograph?"

Pip explained what was happening, his eyes on Berny who had picked up the injured lamb and was coming back to the foot of the cliff.

"Those ravens were after it; they'd have pecked out its eyes at the first chance and then torn it in pieces."

Berny, clutching the small, woolly creature to his chest, was shouting up to them.

"I shan't be able to use my hands. Reckon if you heave me up slowly I could sort of walk up the rock - you know, use my feet to keep me from bumping against it."

"You tell us when," shouted Pip, gripping the rope. "Throw your weight backwards, Mac."

Berny brought the knot round to the front of his body so that it rested in the centre of his chest above the lamb, then he leaned against the noose, placing his feet firmly on the rock. As Pip hauled on the rope very gradually he "walked" up the cliff, his legs at right angles to his body, but halfway to the top the strain proved too much for his muscles and his feet slipped, swinging him against the rocky surface. He thrust out a forearm to guard the lamb and, though he succeeded in this, there was blood dripping from a livid gash when Pip, leaning over, called to him.

"I'm all right," Berny answered. "Slowly does it now. I'm nearly at the top."

The lamb lay quiet and unprotesting in his arms, but below him the ewe was uttering distracted cries, making wild attempts to scramble after him. Trevor, having shed his load of gear, ran forward and, lying on his stomach, thrust a hand under Berny's armpit, then, while Mac kept the rope taut, Pip helped him on to the grass.

"Guess it's a broken leg," said Berny.

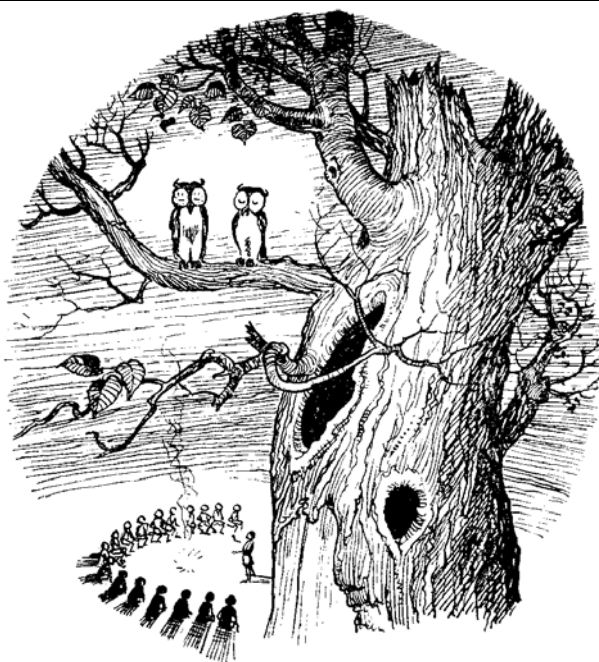
"You ought to bathe that arm of yours," advised Pip. "Likely as not, the ewe belongs to the farm where we're heading."

"If we walk along the top probably the ewe will follow us beside the river," said Berny, "and we might find a place where she can get up to us. My arm will be okay; I'll wash it when we reach the farm."

Keeping close to the edge so that he remained in sight of the mother sheep, he carried the lamb upstream. The ewe, bleating anxiously, ran along the river's bank, leaping and springing over the uneven ground and making repeated attempts to climb the cliff. After a mile Berny spotted a narrow, zig-zagging track clinging to the rock face and he waited where it reached the top. The ewe came bounding up it, swift and sure-footed, to lick and nuzzle her offspring as it lay on Berny's lap.

Now they made a bee-line for the trees, the ewe trotting close behind them, and presently they could see the out-buildings of the farm and blue smoke rising from the chimneys of the squat, grey house. A half-breed collie came running to meet them, barking and wagging its tail. The farmer was leaving the barn as they crossed the stackyard.

"We'll soon mend that," he said, taking the lamb and gently feeling the injured limb. "I'll be after them ravens with a gun tomorrow; this wouldn't have been the first of the lambs they've taken. I'm grateful to you for your trouble."



"They're singing our song, Oily"

His wife, hearing the story, insisted that they must all sit down to tea in the great, flag-stoned kitchen where hams and a side of bacon hung from the low ceiling and polished brass glittered in the flickering light of a log fire. The meal she provided was so ample that it was an hour before anyone thought of pitching the tents.

"You can have your pick of the fields," the farmer told them, "though I'd not advise you to be sharing one with the bull. It'll be all of seven miles to Melbury as the crow flies and rough going at that."

The barn doors were still open as they crossed the stackyard again and Berny, glancing inside, suddenly paused.

"I say, look at that - those beams ! Gosh, there's a photo, if you like! I bet that barn's hundreds of years old."

"The light's practically gone," said Pip.

"I can use the flash. I won't be half a minute. You two go on.

"What the dickens are Carl and Trevor doing?" enquired Mac testily. "I suppose they're still toasting themselves in front of that fire, the lazy beggars."

"Hoping to find we've done all the work when they join us," said Pip. "When you've finished your photographing, Berny, you might give them a shout."

It was some time before Berny had discovered the right position for the camera. Looking through the view-finder it was almost impossible now to distinguish the details of the deeply shadowed roof; the result would be largely a matter of luck. A hen clucked to a family of small chicks in a coop on the earthen floor and a mouse scurried behind the hay bales. Just as he was about to press the release he heard footsteps and paused instinctively. Then he heard Carl's voice as he passed the entrance with Trevor.

"It's only for a lark - just to show 'em they haven't got all the answers - take 'em down a peg."

"I don't like it." Trevor spoke in an uncertain, complaining tone. "It isn't - isn't Scouting."

"Oh, bosh! You and your stupid Scouting! Well, I didn't pinch their map and copy it for fun. I did it because I'm going to get that treasure before they do. Bet it's not worth having when I do find it, though. You do as you please, but I'm doing a bunk tomorrow before they're awake and I'm taking the cooking pots and the stores with me. That'll make them think! Before they're in sight of Melbury I'll have got that treasure and be on my way home. Are you coming or aren't you?"

Trevor said something which Berny could not hear. Carl cut in on him angrily.

"You're soft, that's what you are. Anyway, you're not one of them - you said so yourself. They're Herons; you belong to the Owl Patrol. And anyway, look how they gang up together. I tell you, they don't give a tuppenny cuss for you. You come with me and we'll show 'em!" They passed out of hearing, their footsteps fading.

Berny sprang down from the bale on which he had been standing in the dark corner behind the door; the photograph could wait. Mac had been right, then. There was, indeed, treachery afoot. He must lose no time in telling Pip of Carl's perfidious scheme.

**Next Week:
OPERATION MOONLIGHT**

THIS WEEKS COVER

Peter Lingard and David Steel taking readings at the weather station they constructed.

Photo by Peter Burton.



No. 13 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

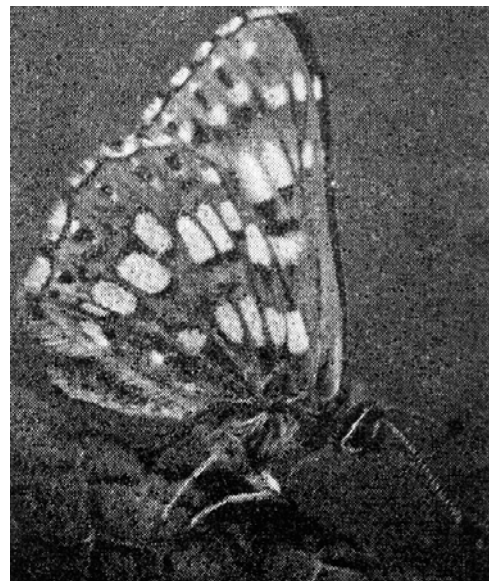
Butterfly iography

THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY FIUTILLARY

Where. This tiny orange-brown butterfly, with a wing span of only one each, has a very curious story attached to its name. When butterflies were first given their English names people thought that this insect was a Fritillary. Then, when its life history became known, it was discovered that it was in no way related to them, but belonged to a family all its own, and its nearest relative was in South America! The butterfly usually sits with its wings closed and the picture shows the bold straw-coloured markings on the darker brown ground colour. It has a fast, restless flight, flitting from spot to spot and not settling long in any one place. You can find it as far north as the Midlands, but not in Scotland or Ireland, Grassy hillsides, rough, uncultivated land, usually in the shelter of a wood, or open clearings and woodland rides are its favourite haunts.

When. This is one of the few butterflies which spend the winter in the chrysalis stage. It emerges late in May and is on the wing for most of June. The females, which, by the way, only have four legs instead of the usual six, lay their eggs in small batches on the under surface of primrose or cowslip leaves. The caterpillars hatch within a fortnight and begin to feed on the surface layer of the leaf, gradually perforating it, so they give themselves away and are not difficult to find in the wild. They seem to prefer the older yellowish decaying leaves at the base of the plant, to the young green foliage and always feed at night, so you must part the leaves to find them in the daytime. They are pale buff in colour, covered with hairs and dark bristles and are rather plump and shaped like woodlice. They pupate on the ground beneath the plant, or attached by a silk girdle to a low leaf. The chrysalis is also short and rounded, rough to the touch and dotted with black spots.

*(Photo
L. H.
Newman)*

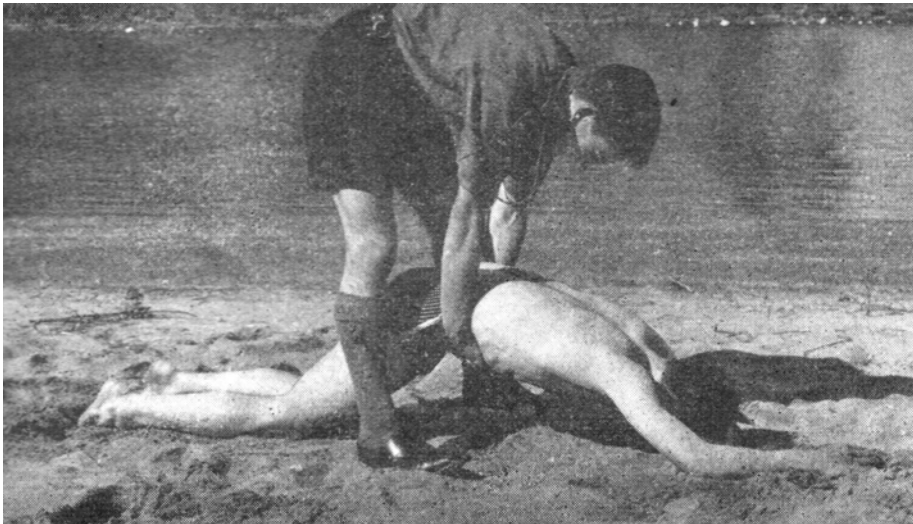




your first class test in PICTURES



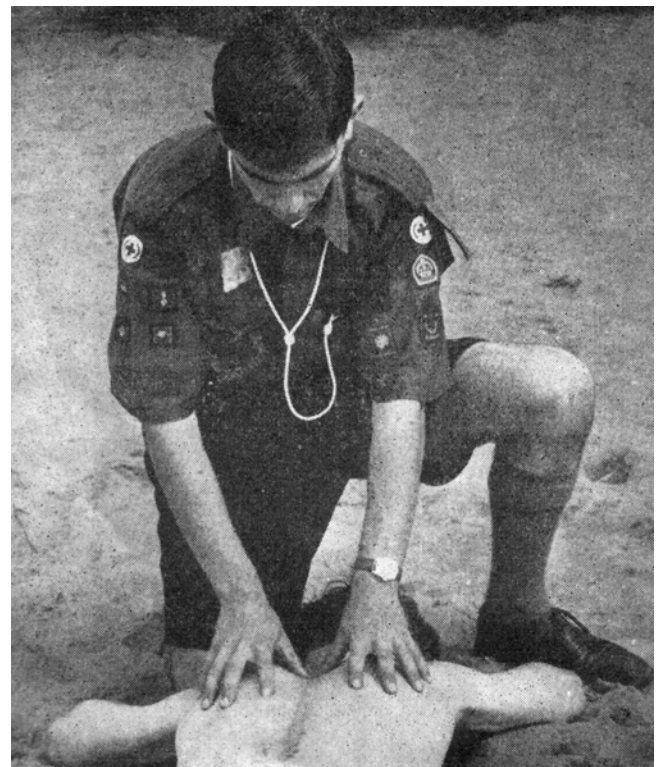
by John Annandale & Robert Dewar



1. in treatment for drowning it may be necessary to drain lungs of water as shown above, in all cases needing artificial respiration, ensure that there is free passage for air at the nose and mouth. Check that the casualty's tongue does not fall back and so obstruct his air passages.

EMERGENCIES (ii) “The Holger-Nelsen” Method of Artificial Respiration

2. Lay casualty in prone position. Place casualty's hands one over the other, under his forehead. The head must be turned to one side. Operator kneels on one knee at head of casualty and places his hands on lower part of casualty's shoulder blades.





3. Keeping the arms straight rock gently forward until the arms are almost vertical. Use no special force. The movement takes two seconds, counting "one, two".

4. Rock back counting "three" for one second and slide hands past casualty's shoulders gripping the upper arms near the elbow.



5. Raise and pull on casualty's arms until tension is felt for two seconds counting "four, five". Take care not to raise the chest from the ground.

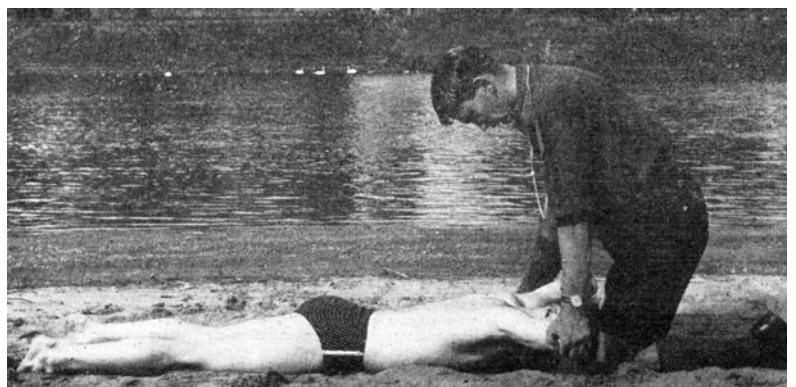
TWENTY-SIXTH WEEK

Knowledge of use of Artificial Respiration can only be obtained with plenty of practice. Ask a pal to help you. You never know when your knowledge will be required.

NEXT WEEK:

DROWNING

6. Counting "six" for one second, the operator lowers the casualty's arms to the ground and replaces his hands in the original position as in 3. The whole operation, occupying six seconds (that is ten times a minute), should be rhythmic in character and be continued until breathing recommences.



E-X-T-R-A!

THERE ARE, as even the most backward Commissioner well knows, 52 weeks in any year, and we are now slap in the middle of 1962. Why then is this issue of "The Scout" Volume LVII, Number 53?

Whether or not you can work out a reason, there are only Thirteen members of your Council, and so someone has to produce something extra to fill the gap. So let's write an obituary to Dave, the P.L. of the Eagles. No, we didn't succeed in poisoning him at Whitsun Camp - he's just gone up into the Senior Troop, and I can't decide whether to be relieved or sorry.

I've told you about some of his ideas and bees-in-the-bonnet in these columns, and on the Friday before he was "elevated" I reminded him of them and asked him what he had learned from his experiences as a P.L.

You may remember the four articles that described the effects of his inspirations in greater detail "Operation Sandwich" (1st July, 1961) proposing a Patrol programme for the summer holidays on a rather ambitious scale!

"Take Over Bid" (30th September, 1961) concerning the running of the Troop by its P.L.'s., leaving the Scouters almost redundant.

"Scouting on the Cheap" (30th December, 1961) urging a more realistic approach to Troop equipment and funds.

"The Patrol Leaders' Charter" (3rd March, 1962) dealing with the P.L.'s personal rights and responsibilities.

"Do you think," I asked Dave as we both sat on the stage to recover from his own rather exhausting Farewell Troop Night Programme - pause for breath - "Do you think you tried to do too much in last year's summer holidays with your 'Operation Sandwich'?"

"Yes, definitely," he replied without hesitation, "and I should jolly well hope that when Graham takes over as P.L. he'll learn from that mistake and won't try to arrange more than three or four activities outside Summer Camp. All the Patrol needs is something extra, and enough is as good as a feast."

"Agreed. Then, how about the 'Take-Over Bid'?" I went on. "Do you still believe that Scouters are unnecessary?"

He grinned. "Since I wrote you all off, the P.L.'s. have been running a complete Troop Meeting every month, and believe me, that's quite enough for us. I can't imagine how you manage the other three.

Still, you could give us more to do in your meetings."

"We'll see what can be done," I assured him, "though I expect Graham could do with a little time to get used to being a P.L. before he's loaded with too much extra responsibility."

"If he isn't already used to acting as P.L. then I haven't done my job properly!" was Dave's indignant retort.

"Sorry! Let's pass on quickly to the next point. Do you still wish the subs. were a shilling so that the Troop could spend more on decent equipment?"

Well we haven't done too badly on sixpence, and there may be one or two chaps who can't afford more. But I'm quite sure that any Troop that tries to make do on less than sixpence doesn't deserve to keep its boys. Look what a difference giving each P.L. the 'Patrol Leader's Handbook' has made."

"You're right there," I agreed. "I was very impressed with some of the ideas that came out at the last P.L.'s Council. And there's been a sudden spate of Patrol Camps and other activities."

"Exactly. Now all you need is a few pounds worth of maps, first aid, pioneering and games equipment for all the ideas to be put into practice.

Then the Troop will really be able to offer something extra."

"Yes, and I'll bet you almost wish you were staying with us to enjoy it.

Now how about the last thing - the P.L.'s Charter. Have you anything to add about that?"

"Not really," Dave replied. "Unless you'll excuse that word 'extra' again the Charter just put into words the little bit extra that a P.L. can expect from the Troop - not forgetting what the Troop can expect of its P.L.'s."

It was at this point that Brian interrupted to tell me the date of his Patrol's second weekend camp this year, and since then I haven't had the chance of any further discussions with Dave.

But thinking over again what he said I've now decided I am sorry to lose

him to the Seniors given time he might have made quite a good P.L.!

That word "extra" seems to sum it all up, this business of leading a Patrol. Being a P.L. is something extra to being a Scout - the Scouter treats you as somebody special (and you really are the Most Important Person in the Movement).

But it also means extra responsibility on you, in running the Troop, in keeping your Patrol working happily together and in your personal example to each Scout. Properly trained, with the best equipment. available and with the ideas and advice of the experts in your library, you can offer an extra dose of fun and adventure that can rarely be found elsewhere.

Just bear one thing in mind. Since Scouting began, its methods have been emulated by a great number of people in many organisations.

But we can still claim something extra which is our "exclusive" - that very foundation of our Movement, the Promise and Law. Don't let's neglect it.





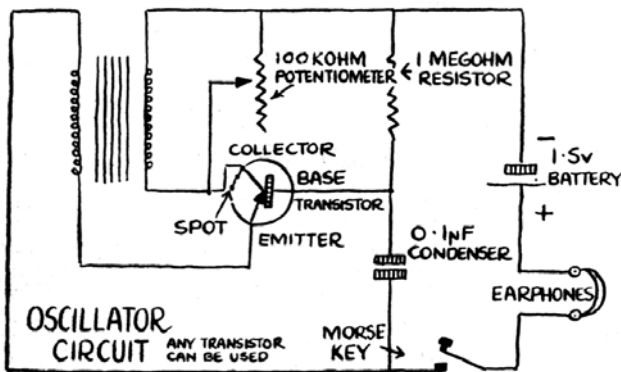
FIVE SHILLINGS FOR *YOUR* LETTER TO THE EDITOR

OSCILLATOR CIRCUIT

Dear Editor,

When practising Morse, it is soon noticed that the note from a buzzer is not very satisfactory, not only because it does not resemble the note made by a Morse transmitter, but also because the volume and general efficiency is low.

I enclose a circuit for a transistor Morse oscillator which is very easy to build and is vastly superior to any buzzer. The oscillator is constructed on a piece of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick plywood. Size about 4 in. x 4 in. The Morse key can be mounted on this base if desired. A small piece of plywood (4 in. x 2 in. x $\frac{1}{2}$ in.) is tacked on one side of the base for supporting the potentiometer (RI).



S.S. D. T. Cooper,
2nd Hatfield.

UNIFORM MATTERS

Dear Editor,

In "The Scout" for 10th February, P/2nd Richard Fullerton wrote complaining about the Scout Cord. I think the Scout Cord is a very good part of the uniform and makes those who wear it very smart and it is not as cumbersome as R. Fullerton suggests.

I would like to complain about the Service Stars which have to be taken off every time you wash the shirt otherwise the cloth at the back fades. This leads to the Star breaking and to prove my point I have had two new Stars since Christmas. Couldn't the Stars be replaced by a Badge in the colours, yellow, green, etc., with a star and the number of years service embroidered on it. This I think would be much easier and I would like to hear from other Scouts on the subject of uniform.

P.L Neil Levis,
4th Leyton.

CHALLENGE HIKE

Dear Editor,

As a Scouter I would not normally dare to invade the pages of "The Scout". However, after reading the last instalment of "Challenge Hike". I feel that I must offer a word of warning.

When the Scouts are keeping the men at bay with rockets, Warby cuts the lines off the line throwing rockets. These rocket guns are moderately accurate but are meant to work with the line attached. The makers warn very strongly against firing without the lines and those who have chosen to ignore this warning have had some rather hair-raising experiences when the rocket goes out of control. I feel it worth mentioning as it is just possible that one of your readers might be in a position to use one of these guns one day.

David Wilcox,
Fleet Commissioner, B.P. Tanker Crew.

PROJECT X

Dear Editor,

Novel competition? "Project X" for Senior Scouts in different Troops in Londonderry organised by the Scouters. Each project had to be brought before the Scouters' meeting to be judged. Some of the questions needed a great deal of thought and hard work.

The competition started in February with ten questions to be completed and handed to the Committee before 1st March, 1962. An example is a five minute prepared talk on Scouting subject. Maximum points 100.

To be completed and handed to the Committee before 1st April, 1962. Here there were sixteen questions. One example is - Woggle, original designs wanted. Maximum points 30.

To be carried out at, or brought to the Scouters' Meeting before 2nd April. This time there were only two questions. An example is - spend half an hour in a cell, photographic evidence, and without breaking the law. Maximum points 100. In one police barracks they would not let us in a cell and unfortunately caused some publicity in the local papers.

We tried another cell and managed to get in.

To be carried out and handed to the Committee before 1st May. Here there were eleven questions. One example is - Hike, produce log, three nights (consider Senior Explorer). Maximum points 1,500.

To be carried out at, or brought to the Scouters' Meeting, 7th May. An example is - Write and sing a Camp Fire song with local flavour. Maximum points 150. This was the final project.

I think it was a very good idea put forward by the Scouters and very well organised and was very enjoyable to carry out the different projects.

P/2nd Blyth Latimer,
4th Londonderry.

IS THIS A CHANGE FOR GOOD?

Dear Editor,

According to the amendments to P.O.R. as published in "The Scouter", the Tenderfoot Badge, worn on the left breast pocket, is to read Senior Scouts and Rover Scouts instead of Boy Scouts as it now reads. Surely this destroys the original idea of the badge; a badge that every Scout gets on Investiture and which is worn by all Scouts: Boy Scouts, Seniors, Rovers and Scouters, all over the country.

S.S. Michael J. Smithson,
8th Hove, Sussex.

TACKLEING THE JOB

Dear Editor,

I am writing about two subjects which have been brought up in "The Scout" recently. Firstly, about homework and Scouting. I am writing my G.C.E. this year, as are many other Scouts I know, and I therefore have a lot of homework which has to be done. Fortunately, my Troop meets on Friday nights, so homework does not interfere with my Scouting very much. If all Troops met on Fridays or Saturdays, homework would not be a reason for missing Scouting.

Secondly, about Bob-a-Job week. I think the public should be given much more warning before Easter Week, so that they would have jobs ready for calling Scouts. All too often do intending Bob-a-Jobbers get the reply:

"All my jobs have been done" or "No, I can't think of anything for you to do."

P.L. David Stavris,
1st Lilliput Sea Scouts, Dorset.

WATER-OIL COOKER

Dear Editor,

I read your debating column weekly with great interest. I understand the difficulty of some Troops who cannot get constant supply of wood at camps. The cost of Butane Gas and Paraffin for cooking are very expensive items. I have a very old Army Cookery Book which gives the attached drawing and I think this method would solve a lot of problems for such Troops. An oven could also be fitted.

The instruction for the "Water-oil Cooker" are as follows:- This form of cooking is more suitable when other types of fuel are unavailable. Any kind of crude oil or waste oil from lorry sumps, may be used.

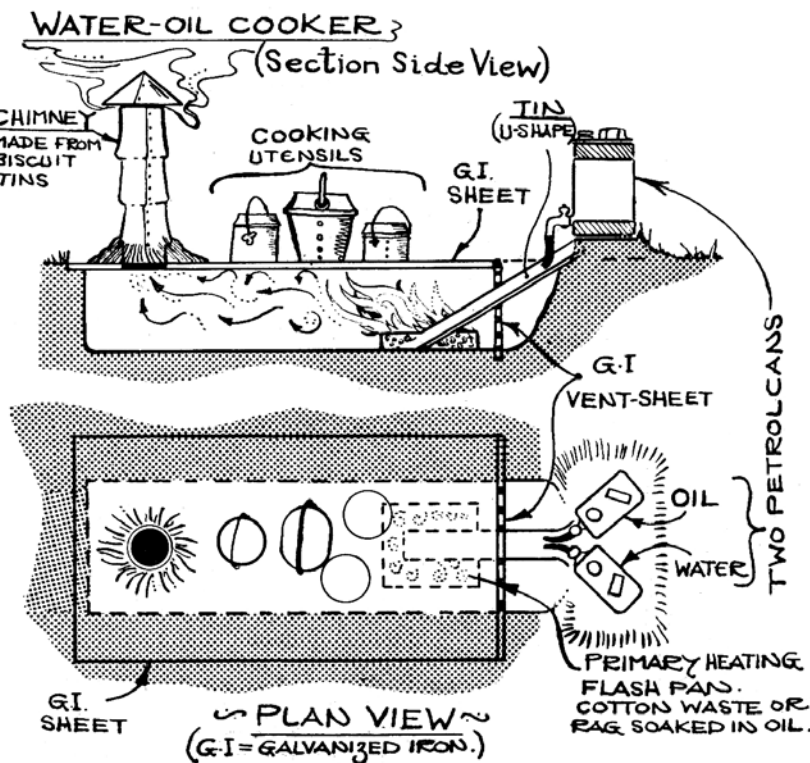
Pass the oil through a filter or piece of muslin, and pour into a container. Fill another container with water. Petrol cans or drums are suitable for this purpose.

Place a handful of cotton waste or rags, soaked in oil, in the flash pan, and set alight. Allow this to burn for a minute or two, until the pan is warm. Turn on the oil and water together, in the proportion of one drop of oil to two drops of water. If too much oil is released, a heavy smoke accompanied by excessive soot will be given off. If the correct proportions are used, little or no smoke will be apparent, and a sharp and continuous crackling noise will be heard from the flash pan. Water may be brought to the boil in 20 minutes by this method. This system can be adopted to most types of improvised Camp kitchens.

P.L. C.I. Dobson,
14th Lancaster

(THE CAMP CHIEF WRITES:-

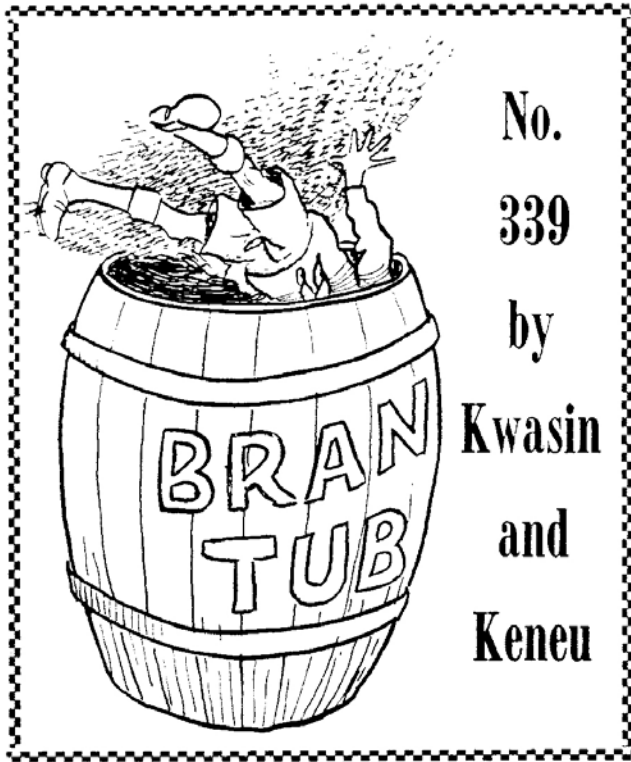
The only other comment I can usefully make is that where the letter says "Water may be brought to the boil in twenty minutes", it is one of those misleading statements which gives no indication as to the quantity, and in any experiment as to relative fuels and different methods of cooking, I find it is essential to use a measured quantity of water and always to start the operation with a cold pot of identical type for each method. - Editor)



S.O.S.

(or Send On Snaps)

Captain Ardern, 2nd Heisby Girl Guide Company, 7 Springfield Avenue, Heisby, Warrington, Lancs., is anxious to get into touch with the three Scouts from the Manchester area who called at The Anglesey Guide House, Penrhoslligwy, near Amlwch, last July whilst camping at Anglesey and took some photographs of the Guides and Brownies at the Guide House.



No.

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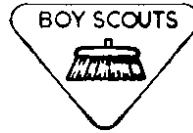
by

Kwasin

and

Keneu

HAVE YOU A HOUSE ORDERLY BADGE? (5)



For Part 4, you have to clean windows and silver or brass work. Let's clean windows first!

1. Get a bucket or bowl with warm clean water, a cloth or wash leather (chamois leather is best) for washing the windows and a clean non-fluffy cloth for rubbing up afterwards.

2. If washing the inside of the windows start by dusting the frames to get rid of dirt and fluff.

3. Wring out the cloth or leather in the water, so that it is completely damp, but not dripping. Start from the top left hand corner of the pane and work steadily over the glass, being careful not to miss any patches. Rinse out the cloth in the water, squeeze it free of drips and continue, as soon as it becomes dirty.

Change the water in the bucket when it is getting dirty, for water that is not clean will leave the glass smeary.

4. Give the glass a final rub with the clean, dry non-fluffy cloth.

Note: An alternative method is to use a special window cleaning preparation sold in the shops. If using this, be careful to read the instructions on the label, and to follow them. This is usually used indoors.

Now let's clean silver.

1. If silver is dirty and not just tarnished, wash carefully the pieces in clean, hot soapy water. Dry the silver with a clean soft cloth, and then rub with a chamois leather or soft duster, to get a good shine.

2. If the silver is tarnished - i.e. dull and stained looking - and this is the job that the test is really asking you to do Hardware shops sell different types of silver polish - (a) a special wadding with polish in it;

(b) a liquid into which you dip the silver, and then wash in clean, hot, soapy water and dry normally;

(c) a special silver cleaning powder-paste.

Read the directions carefully. A lot of dirt will come off the silver so always give a good final polish with a soft, clean cloth.

Remember, the harder you rub, and the more energy you use, the shinier the silver will become.

Finally, here's some help when you begin to clean brass

1. Wash thoroughly with hot soapy water, rinse in clean water and dry the brass carefully.

2. Use a special metal polish, and put it on evenly but not too thickly with a soft cloth.

3. Brush off with a dry, soft cloth, preferably before the polish has completely dried.

Remember, as with silver, "elbow grease" counts!

True or False: (3) The Badger - Answers All are T except (4) - they *do* eat flesh and (6) - they have very poor sight.

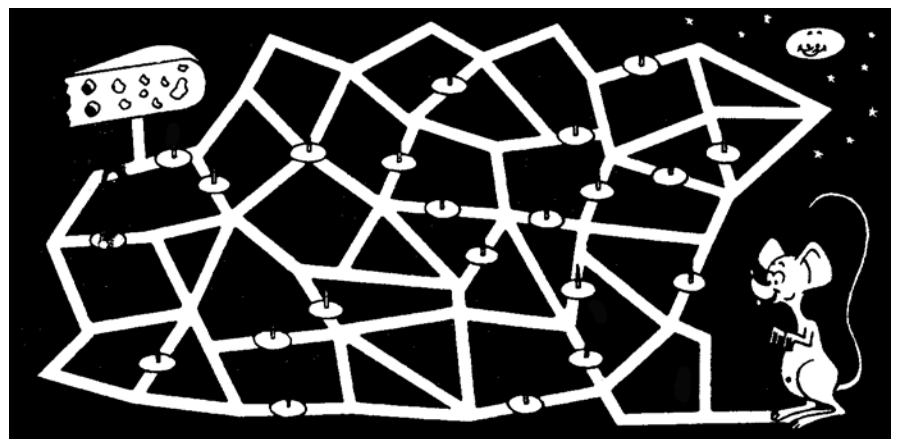
True or False: (4) The Fox

	T	F
1. A Fox has a brush.		
2. It is a member of the dog family.		
3. It kills lambs, poultry and game birds.		
4. A female Fox is called a vixen.		
5. The average weight of a Dog-Fox is about 15 lb. and the female is a pound or two lighter.		
6. Foxes are dumb.		
7. Cubs are born in autumn.		
8. They are red brown in colour with touches of white.		

(Answers next month)

0 LOVELY CHEESE!

We're sure you'd like to help the little mouse to reach his cheese by showing him the right path to follow. But be careful! He must avoid those drawing pins which would wound him!



Tales told near a Crocodile

a collection of stories from Nyanza

by Humphrey Harman

FOR NEW READERS: *When Ramogi dies Aruwa is given his magic spear. One day the Elephant Folk are spoiling the maize and Podhu throws Aruwds spear at them. The spear sticks in an elephant's side and the whole herd turn in panic and crash into the forest. With them went Aruwds spear. Aruwa is very angry when he learns of his loss and sends Podhu to find his spear.*

(2)

Podhu and Aruwa (continued)

AT last he slept and when he awoke it was as light as it ever got in that forest, and he stretched and finished his food and went on his way. Many hours later he came to a track which, it seemed to him, had not been made by an animal. He followed it slowly to a small clearing in the trees and there he found a tumble-down hut with the smoke of a cooking-fire streaming through its thatch. As he watched this, uncertain what to do, an old bent Dorobo woman came through the doorway carrying a chopper and began to cut herself some wood from the dead boughs that lay about the clearing. As she worked she grumbled to herself.

"Eh! Eh! What it is to be old and have no grandson to cut wood for his grannie!"

Podhu listened to this, and more, for a while and then finding nothing dangerous here he stepped into the clearing. The old woman gave a little scream of fright and surprise.

"I'll cut the wood, Mother," said Podhu, and he took the chopper from her hand, laid aside his spear and set about it. In ten minutes he had a fine pile and taking an armful he carried it to the door of the hut.

"May I enter your house, Mother?" he asked; for among Podhu's people, as among others, one does not walk into strange houses without asking.

The old woman had got over her fright and had seated herself upon a log to watch him work. Now she gave a cackle of laughter.

"Eh!" she babbled. "A fine young man. The first I've seen for many a long year. And what are you doing here, all alone so far from your friends, eh? Asking to go into my house! How do you know I'm not a witch, young man? How do you know that once you're in my house I shan't turn you into an ape, or a snake, or a little crawling lizard, eh?"

"Mother," said Podhu, "I'm tired and I'm lost. I don't think you're a witch, for I listened to you before you saw me and if you had been one I think you would have known I was there. You only sounded like an old woman who needed the help of a strong grandson. I'll tell you why I'm here, but first let me go in and put down this wood and sit by the fire, for I've not seen one for two days."

Then they went into the house and mended the fire and the old woman shared her meal with Podhu and afterwards he told her his story. She listened, nodding her head at the important places, and when he had done she said:

"An, but you're a bold young man to come to such a dangerous place as this on such an errand. Perhaps I will help you and perhaps I won't. Perhaps I can help you and perhaps I can't. We'll see. Meanwhile let's find out what sort of a grandson you make. You stop here and chop the wood until I make up my mind."

So Podhu lived with the old Dorobo woman and what a time she gave him! Up in the morning at the crack of dawn, fetching water from the stream, gathering roots, hoeing her little patch of vegetables, chopping wood. That little fire of hers burned more wood than a family of charcoal burners. He chopped wood every minute of the day that he was not do-big the other tasks she demanded. And all day long her scolding banged about his ears.

"Eh! What a grandson! Lazy, worthless, idle, graceless I Fit for nothing but polishing the seat of a stool! Podhu! Wood! You haven't brought the wood and the fire's almost out. Eh!"

Every evening he asked her: "Mother, are you going to help me get Aruwa's



spear?" and she answered: "What? What's that he says? ... Spear? Ah, we'll see about that. We'll see."

When he had worked a month for her and was in despair, suddenly, one afternoon, she smiled and told him to stop what he was doing and come and sit beside her.

"Now listen, my son," she said. "Perhaps you think that you've wasted your time here, but that's not true. We Dorobo know the Elephant Folk and we know that a man must have three things if he is to succeed with them. He must have courage and that you have or you would not be here. He must have also patience and goodness, and that I had to find out. Even with these it will be dangerous to speak with them, for you have injured one and they do not easily forget that. But I'll give you something that may help a little and after that you must just trust to your luck."

Then from underneath the skin she wore the old Dorobo woman took a small blue bead as big as a bean. It glowed like a piece of sky and when she placed it on Podhu's open hand he could see into it but not through it.

That, my son, is a magic bead. Our hunters carry it when they hunt the elephant and if they are good and patient and brave then *sometimes* the elephants do what they wish them to. Tomorrow I will show you the path that leads to the kraal of the Elephant Folk and you must take your chance or go home without your brother's spear."

Early next morning the old Dorobo woman took Podhu to a small track that left the clearing. "Follow this," she said. "Where it divides take the bigger; where it becomes three, take the middle one. In perhaps four hours you will come to the kraal of the Elephant Folk. Leave your spear and everything that you carry or wear except the bead and go round the kraal wall until you find the entrance. Then enter boldly and stand where they can see you, with your eyes to the ground. Don't speak until you are spoken to and then, if they don't kill you first, you must speak up boldly and ask for what you want."

Then Podhu thanked her and followed the track. And where it divided he took the bigger and where it spread into three he took the middle. He went as silently as he was able and the trees about him seemed to get bigger and older and more twisted, until suddenly, after four hours, the path stopped at the foot of an immense wall of uprooted trees piled and flung higgledy-piggledy one on top of the other.

This must be the hedge of the elephants' kraal, he thought, and looking to the right and left he saw this wall of branches and trunks and creepers curved away through the trees on either side. Podhu turned along a small path that followed the hedge until he saw before him a wide road beaten out of the forest by many huge feet. He saw that this road ran through a gap in the kraal wall and he judged that this was the entrance. Then, remembering the old Dorobo woman's advice, he laid his spear and skin bag and the skin he wore and the necklace round his neck, all on the ground; and, taking only the blue bead, he stepped naked into the road. and with his heart thumping in his chest he walked slowly through the entrance.

Before him was a vast expanse of beaten earth many times greater than the biggest field Podhu had ever seen. There seemed to be only the entrance he had come through, for the great hedge curled right round him and the trees outside this hung, over their branches giving shade. In this were hundreds and hundreds of elephants, more than Podhu had imagined to be in the whole world. All kinds of elephants, old and young, great bulls with polished white tusks, wrinkled cows fussing over calves which stood between their legs. All about him ears flapped, heads tossed, tails twisted and black trunks swung. One great fig tree stood within the hedge on the far side of the kraal and beneath this rested a gigantic old bull as big as a hill, so old that his skin hung in folds, his tusks so heavy that his head hung down with the weight of them. This Podhu judged to be the chief and, marking his position, Podhu bent his head and walked unsteadily towards him, panting through dry lips.

When first he had entered there had come a silence over the elephants, then all about him Podhu heard them stirring like rocks rumbling down a hillside. The deep grumbling in a thousand throats turned to a roar of anger and a young bull screamed:

"Kill him! It's the man who threw the spear."

By the time that Podhu stopped in front of the chief (he could only see his feet for he kept his head bent), he knew, although no one had touched him, that they were all pressing close and he could feel the ground trembling as they rolled forward. Or perhaps it was his own trembling. He stood still waiting to be killed and then the noise about him grew less and at last there was nothing except for a monstrous breathing.

It seemed to Podhu that he stood like this for a long time, a small, naked, shivering Podhu. Then he heard a thin tired voice that somehow sounded grey. It was the old chief and he might have been speaking to himself.

"A man," he said gently. "An animal who walks more upright than an ape, looking like a forked stick. A creature without mercy or pity. Of all living things why have you come here?"

Podhu was so surprised that he forgot to be afraid. He had never thought of himself as being like that. He looked up at the old bull and spoke up boldly so that all could hear.

"Elephant Folk, when you came to graze in my garden I was unkind to you. I took my brother's spear and threw it and by ill luck it struck one of you who took it with him back to the forest. My brother now says that I must give him back his spear or he will kill me. That is why I have come here. Either give me back my spear or kill me as I deserve." When he had finished his speech there was a long silence, and then all the elephants began to talk at once until they realized that their chief was speaking. Then immediately they were quiet.

my brohers .. " he was saying. "We must not behave like this or our visitor here will mistake us for men."

The elephants shuffled their feet on the beaten mud (they rasped like giant files on wood), and grumbled.

"My friend," said the old bull to Podhu. "I think that you had better leave us for a little while so that we may decide what shall be done with you."

Then two elephants led Podhu away across the kraal and allowed him to sit in the shade while the rest called a meeting. The discussion was long and excited. Podhu could hear one or more of them trumpeting from where he sat with his two guards, but at last all grew still and he realised that they had made up their minds about him. He was led back to the council and the old bull spoke again.

"Young man," he said. "If we have your brother's spear we will give it to you because you are brave and because we like your impudence in coming here. But first you muse promise us two things."

Podhu, whose heart had begun to sing with relief, became serious again.

"First you must teach your sons to build little huts beside your growing maize. And in those huts, in each field, a child shall sit and watch.

Then when we Elephant Folk come to eat,

the child shall run out and bang an iron pot and when we hear that we shall go away and leave the crop alone. How else can we tell what is yours by planting and what is ours since it grows by nature?"

"That I'll do," said Podhu (and so he did, for always now in Africa a child watches the ripening maize and the animals will usually respect the clatter of his beaten pot.)

"Next," went on the chief, "you must promise not to tell anyone the way to this place."

"That I'll do willingly," said Podhu (and no one has ever again found the elephant's kraal, as they would have done if Podhu had broken his promise).

Then they led him round behind the fig tree, and there, stacked in rows were hundreds of spears that had been brought by the elephants and, among them, Podhu's eager eye at once saw Old Ramogi's magic spear. He took it and bowing low to the old bull he thanked them all for their kindness and went away.

He collected the kraal hedge he had left beside the kraal hedge and began his journey home. He meant to thank the old Dorobo woman who had helped him but he could never again find the clearing where she lived and sometimes he wondered if she *had* been a witch after all, for not all witches are wicked. But indeed on that journey he became so thoroughly lost that he wandered for three days before he found his way out of the forest and back to his home.

There all his people came running to meet him and he waved Aruwa's spear on high and Aruwa took it with shining eyes, he was so happy to get it back.

He was in fact so pleased that he forgot to thank Podhu.

Then everyone asked questions and Podhu told his story (he was, of course, careful to say nothing that would betray the elephants' kraal) and when he reached the end he took out the blue bead and showed it to them all.

Everyone gasped at its beauty. It glowed more wonderfully than ever in that sunny place and it passed from hand to hand with exclamations of admiration and wonder. Down the line of women it went, who handled it enviously and parted with it slowly, until it reached the children. They hardly dare touch such a magic thing and passed it on quickly until it reached the hands of Aruwa's smallest son, whose name was Onyango. And Onyango, who was not old enough to know better, popped it into his mouth and swallowed it.

Consternation!

When they realized what had happened you never heard such a row. Everyone shouted advice. Podhu's wife (who fancied wearing that bead) screamed and picked up little Onyango by the heels and thumped him on the back. Onyango yelled. Aruwa's wife thought her son was being killed and attacked her sister (the brothers had married sisters, you will remember) and pulled her hair. Three cooking pots were broken and an old servant of Aruwa's fell in the fire and had to be sat in the stream to put him out. He wasn't hurt and no one was very sorry for him because he was always doing it to attract attention.

But the bead was inside little Onyango and there it stayed.

Then Podhu, who was grey with anger, said to Aruwa: "My brother, when I lost your magic spear you said that I must get it back or you would kill me. Then when I risked my life with the elephants and did get it back you failed to thank me. Now, Brother, I think that the stick is about another back. Your son has swallowed my magic bead. What are you going to do about it?"

Aruwa answered: "Brother, before we came here I mentioned the saying of our people that it is easier for cats and dogs to live together without quarrelling than it is for brothers. We have between us showed that to be a true saying. Tomorrow I will move to another place and make my village alone like the rest of our brothers."

"I think that will be best," said Podhu, "but Onyango, your son, must stay with me as my son, for he has my magic bead."

Then Aruwa bowed his head, for he loved his son, but admitted the justice of what Podhu said.

And so it was done and afterwards the brothers lived apart and there were no more quarrels. As for Onyango, he stayed with his new father, Podhu, and didn't mind a bit after the first few days, for Podhu loved him also. But he got a new name, for always afterwards he way known as Onyango Who Has the Bead.

And so far as I know he has it still.

Next Week:

THE YEAR OF THREE NAMES

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) or 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 Swops" is expected on his Scout's honour to reply to all enquiries resulting from it.



Ian King, 38 Coltsfoot Ed., Ipswich, Suffolk. - Has new Suffolk C.B.'s for others (will only swap badges in good condition).

Malcolm Ferraris, 17 Adam St., Kimberley, Cape Colony, S. Africa. - Has Orange Free State and Griqualand West Badges for others.

P.L. P. Waddington, 20 Wells St., Kimberley, S. Africa - Has Orange Flee State, Griqualand West, Natal B.'s for others.

R. A. Underwood, Town Hall Flat, Town Hall, Chichester, Essex. - Has Essex B.'s for others.

S. Smith, 297 Hitchin Rd., Luton, Beds. - Has Beds, for others.

S.S. Derek C. Taylor, 36 Verney Rd., Langley, Slough, Bucks. - Has Bucks. C.B.'s and tat Langley Troop flashes for all others.

P.L. Jeffrey Segal, 16 Chiltern House, Stamford Hill, London, N.16. - Has Hants. Lancs., others and few foreign B.'s for others (C.B.'s only).

P.L.(S) J. Riley, 56 Hollyhedge Rd., West Bromwich, Staffa. - Has W. Bromwich, B'ham. St. Staffs., Warwick for others.

P.L. Alastair Keir, 45 Paidmyre Rd., Newton Mearns, Renfrewshire.. - Has various British B.s for all osolete Eire. most Scottish, D.B.s Commonwealth, foreign.

P.L. Ian Hearn, 86 Edinburgh Dr Ickenham, Middlesex - Has Middx. C.B.'s and Troop flashes for others exc. London, Bucks.. Essex.

L. Anderson. 10 Corbett Rd., London. E.17. - Has all Scottish C.B.'s for Rutland, S.O. Peterborough, Weatmorland, foreign. Also has Oxford, Essex. London, Guernsey N.&S. Staffs. for others.

R. U. Horst, Cottage West St., Gt. Granaden, Sandy, Beds. - Has Huntingdon C.B.'s for others. No name tapes, please.

Geoff Morgan, do R. Sinclair, R.D.9, Waimate. South Canterbury, N.Z. - Has Canterbury, North Otago and few Auckland for others.

PEN PALS

WANTED

Ian Davidson (13), 62, Carisbrooke Ave., Thorntree Est., Middlesbrough. Yorks. - Pen-pal anywhere exc. British Isles (English speaking). Hobbies Cycling, Scouting, collecting Tourist and Scout Badges.

Harakhchand M. Shah (16). P.O. Box 8284, Mombasa. Kenya - Pen-pals anywhere. Hobbies stamps, swimming, football, volleyball, cycling, studying.

P.L. Jim Cameron (16), Allan View, Asbfield, Dunblane, Perthshire. - Guide pen-pal in England 15-16. Hobbies: Scouting, pop records, sport.

S.S. Bill Blyth, Cahill and Tulip Sts., Aithenvale, Townsville, Queensland, Australia - Pen-pal in France. Hobbies Science. Interested in finding out more about French way of life and Scouting.

V. Peru (14). 352A, Perak Road, Penang, Malaya - Pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies : stamps, songs. All letters answered.

P.L. Yassin Mohamed, Lot 8. Uitvlugt Railway Line, West Coast Demerara, British Guiana. - Pen-pals in Europe, S.Africa. Hobbies : reading, Scouting, stamps, swimming. games, sport, friendly correspondence.

P.L. David Fisher (15). 48, Norton Ave., Surbiton, Surrey. - French Scout pen-pal in a position to exchange visits (English speaking). Hobbies: Radio, stamps, model aircraft.

SWOPS (continued)

P.L. John Champion, 15 Laura St., Crewe. Cheshire - Has Cheshire C.B.S for others esp. Rutland. Hunts. Also various name tapes for C.B.'s and flashes for C.B.'s.

P.L. D. Elwick, 30 Edenbridge Rd., Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middx. - Has Herts., London C.B.'s and London Diocese for others.

A. Thompson, 155 Princess St., Burton-on-Trent, Staffs - Has S Hunts., 1 Rutland, 1 Angus, 2 Wilts., 1 Isle of Wight, 1 Cumb, N. & E., and 2 Brecknock C.B.s for best offers by next Thursday.

R. Farmer, 11 Rhyswg Rd., Abercarn, Mon - Has Mon. C.B.'s for others. Also 28 stamps for every C.B. received.

F. A. Moorehead, 185 Maldeth Rd., Burnage, Manchester 19. - Has new Manchester, S.E. Lancs. (Old & New) and Lancs. for any other B.s.

P.L. R. Greer, 91 Eade Rd., Norwich, Norfolk - Has 20 stamps for one C.B. will swop up to 4 B.'s.

P/2nd Geoff Cave, 4 Maniri Rd., Kilburn, Wellington. New Zealand - Has Wellington Provincial B.'s and Troop name tapes for others in British Commonwealth.

P.L. A. Edmonds, 137 Claughton Rd., Birkenhead, Cheshire. - Has Cheshire C.B.'s for others.

P.L. Scott McLean, 204 Newbaven Rd., Edinburgh, 6. - Has 25 duff, unused beer bottle labels for each duff. C.B. or D.B.

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