

The Scout



Week ending 28th July 1962 EVERY FRIDAY 6d

SIGNPOST



A new series for Senior Scout Hikers and Explorers

Expeditions may not be everybody's idea of fun, but the plain facts are that you're required to do an 8-mile journey for your Second Class, 14 miles for your First Class, and 20 miles for your Venturer Badge. Then for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award the Hiker or Master Canoeist and Senior Explorer Badges are essential, while badges such as Mapmaker and Conservation can qualify for parts of the Award. Hiking, as a means to an end rather than an end in itself, opens the way to these and other activities further a field - hike - camping, mountaineering, rock-climbing, caving, skiing, and so forth. In this series, emphasis will be placed on hiking, exploring, and expeditions generally.

One complete section of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award is based on Expeditions, and another on Pursuits and Projects, which can include many of the outdoor activities mentioned above. You'll be referred to courses and training for specialised activities, how to set about it, equipment needed, practical suggestions for expedition projects and, most important, where to find further information - in other words Signpost will be a "pointer" rather than an "end product" in itself.

For many activities it's necessary to go off "mid moor and mountain" in search of rocks, or caves, or even just a stretch of wild country, and this series, like all good signposts, will point the way.

Each month the right-hand page you see opposite is designed to be cut out and pasted in a notebook or filed for future reference. After a while you'll have quite a useful collection of routes, areas and practical ideas. You'll also find it useful to keep the chart shown on this page as a check of your own personal progress.

To start with, let's consider what we're aiming at. It's assumed that the objective of most Scouts is the Queen's Scout and Duke of Edinburgh's Award, while some may prefer to aim at one of these and qualify for the other later on. Now some badges are essential for Queen's Scout, and others essential for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award, while there are several which can qualify for both. The chart you see on this page summarises the position, and by putting a tick in the box when you hold a particular badge you'll be able to keep a check of your progress. Air Scouts and Sea Scouts will of course amend the chart accordingly.

The badges we shall look at in this series (although not all in detail) are shown in the chart in CAPITALS. The under-IS Guide and Explorer Badges are also included the former is a requirement for the Pathfinder Badge. So if you're under 15 don't skip these pages thinking they're not meant for you; now's the time to plan for your Queen's Scout and Duke of Edinburgh's Award. Of course, the chart is only a suggested method of approach and there are other badges you could choose for either Q.S. only, or D. of E. only, and you can find these in POR. or *The Scout's Book of Rules*. One point, though. You must plan your Badge Programme in advance and stick to it, and for a badge to qualify for the Award it must be gained after joining the Scheme. These, and other details of the Award, you'll find in the Record Book obtainable for 2s. 6d. from the Training Department at H.Q.

* Note that the revised Master Canoeist Badge is now an alternative to the Hiker for the Duke of Edinburgh Award.

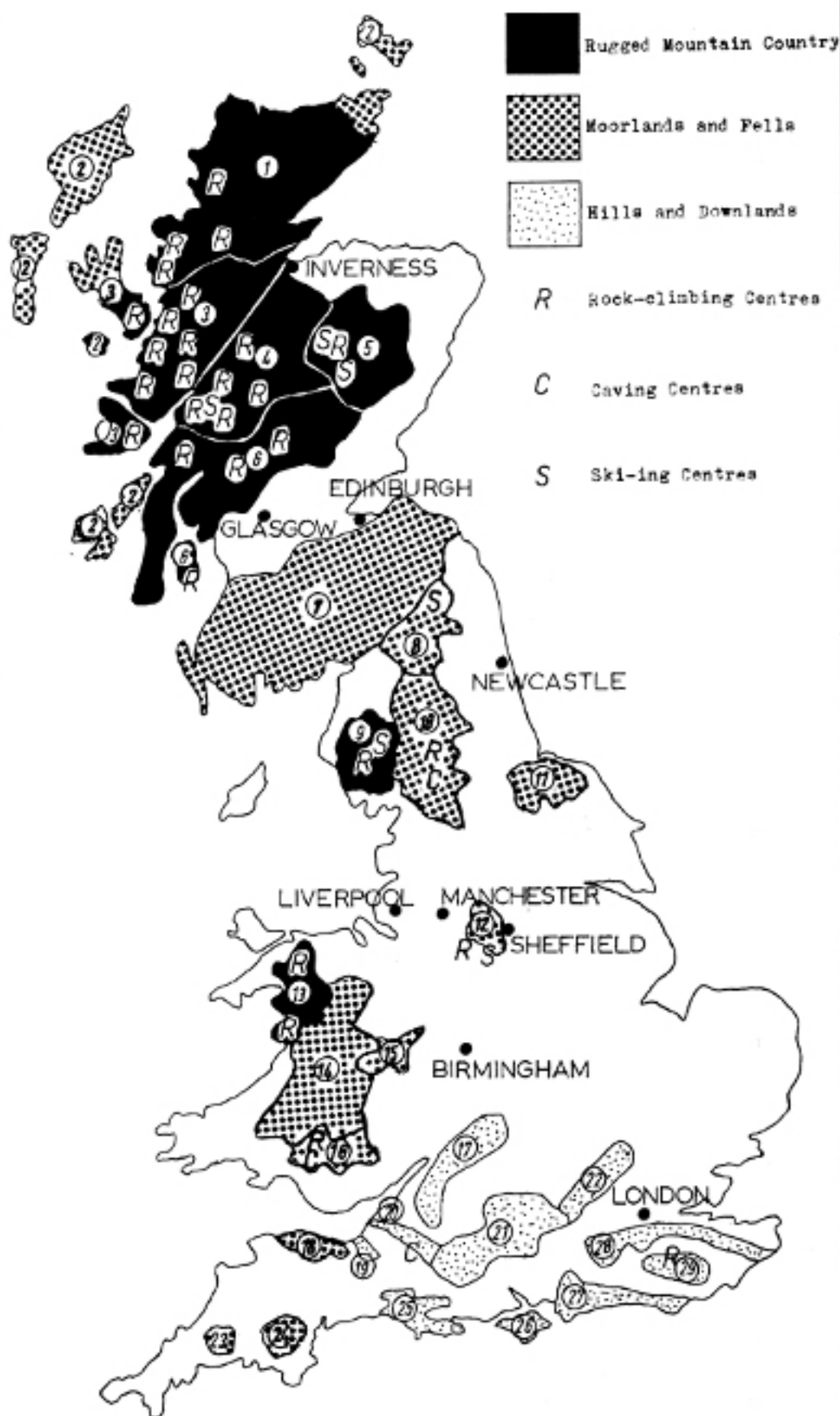
Aiming for QUEEN'S SCOUT only	Aiming for Q.S. and D.of E. ⑤	Aiming for DUKE OF E. AWARD only ⑤
First Class <input type="checkbox"/>	First Class <input type="checkbox"/>	First Class <input type="checkbox"/>
	Join Award Scheme ② <input type="checkbox"/>	Join Award Scheme ② <input type="checkbox"/>
HIKER <input type="checkbox"/>	HIKER <input type="checkbox"/>	HIKER* <input type="checkbox"/>
One of these: Astronomer, Camp Warden, Forester, Master Cook, Meteorologist, Naturalist, Senior Pioneer, or Tracker	One of these: Astronomer, Camp Warden, Forester, Master Cook, Meteorologist, Senior Pioneer, or Tracker	One of these: Ambulance, Fireman, or Public Health
Venturer <input type="checkbox"/>	Venturer <input type="checkbox"/>	One of these: ARCHAEOLOGIST, CAVE EXPLORER, CONSERVATION, GLIDER PILOT, ④ MAPMAKER, MASTER CANOEIST, MOUNTAINEER, PATHFINDER, SKIER, ROCK CLIMBER
BUSHMANS THONG ① <input type="checkbox"/>	BUSHMANS THONG ① <input type="checkbox"/>	
Ambulance <input type="checkbox"/>	Senior Athlete under 16 standard <input type="checkbox"/>	Senior Athlete under 16 standard <input type="checkbox"/>
	DUKE OF E. (SILVER) ⑥ <input type="checkbox"/>	DUKE OF E. (SILVER) ⑥ <input type="checkbox"/>
Three of these: Air Observer, Civics, CONSERVATION, Despatch Rider, Fireman, Handyman, Interpreter, Leading Signaller, PATHFINDER, Pilot, Public Health, Rescuer	Three of these: Ambulance ③, Air Observer, CONSERVATION, Civics, Fireman, Handyman, Interpreter, Pilot, PATHFINDER, Public Health, Rescuer	One more from list immediately above <input type="checkbox"/>
QUEEN'S SCOUT <input type="checkbox"/>	QUEEN'S SCOUT <input type="checkbox"/>	
NOTES: ① Also make own Thong. ② Send 2/6 to HQ for Record Book. ③ Essential unless taken already. ④ For others see Record Book. ⑤ Age at least 15. ⑥ Age under 18. ⑦ Age under 19.	RESCUE & PUBLIC SERVICE TRAINING <input type="checkbox"/>	RESCUE & PUBLIC SERVICE TRAINING <input type="checkbox"/>
	SENIOR EXPLORER <input type="checkbox"/>	SENIOR EXPLORER <input type="checkbox"/>
	Senior Athlete over 16 standard <input type="checkbox"/>	Senior Athlete over 16 standard <input type="checkbox"/>
	DUKE OF E. (GOLD) ⑦ <input type="checkbox"/>	DUKE OF E. (GOLD) ⑦ <input type="checkbox"/>

TO start the ball rolling, this map shows the main mountain, moorland and hill-walking areas of Britain, wild and rugged, and far from civilisation. While you can, of course, hike in almost any part of Britain, it's to these areas, chiefly in the north and west, you must go for a worthwhile expedition, and for many of the Badges required for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award.

These 29 areas are all fine Senior Scout country, where maps and compasses are not just useful but essential to finding the way. Nearly all are upland areas, including the highest peaks in England, Wales and Scotland, but unfortunately most of us live in the "white" areas shown on the map. Now there are many parts of Britain included in these "white" areas which offer fine open land for hiking, but for really wild country for expeditions, hill-walking, rock-climbing, caving and so forth, you must go further afield.

The map shows that apart from Eastern England, nearly all parts of Britain are within reach of at least one stretch of ideal Scouting Country. During the course of this series we shall be considering what these areas have to offer for camping, hiking and other activities in connection with the Duke of Edinburgh's Award. The areas are as follows:

1. Northern Highlands.
2. Islands of Scotland.
3. Western Highlands.
4. Central Highlands.
5. Cairngorms and Central Grampians.
6. Southern Highlands.
7. Southern Uplands.
8. The Border and Northumberland.
9. The Lake District.
10. Yorkshire Dales and Pennines.
11. North York Moors.
12. The Peak District.
13. Snowdonia.
14. Central Wales.
15. The Shropshire Hills.
16. Brecon Beacons and Black Mountains.
17. The Cotswolds.
18. Exmoor.
19. The Quantocks.
20. The Mendips.
21. Berkshire Downs and Salisbury Plain.
22. The Chilterns.
23. Bodmin Moor.
24. Dartmoor.
25. Dorset.
26. The Isle of Wight.
27. The South Downs.
28. The Surrey Hills and North Downs.
29. The Weald and Ashdown Forest.



WHITSUN COMPETITION RESULTS

Your voting for the first seven went as follows:-
C, A, K, I, G, E, M.

The seven results nearest to the popular opinion (and therefore the chief prize winners) were:-

First: Scout Malcolm McManus, 7th South Shields.

Second: G. Gibbons, Spalding, Lines.

Joint Third: Robert Bickerdike, Ashford, Middlesex;
Calum Ferguson, Fort William, Inverness-shire.

Fifth: P.L. S. Bannister, Blackley, Manchester.

Joint Sixth: Scout C. A. Funnell, 24th Purley;
P.L. Paul Williams, 24th Ipswich (St. Matthew's).

Please write and tell the Editor your choice of prize from the list published in "The Scout" dated 9th June.

Two entries who only just escaped a winning prize have been awarded special consolation prizes of a Folding Saw.

They are:-

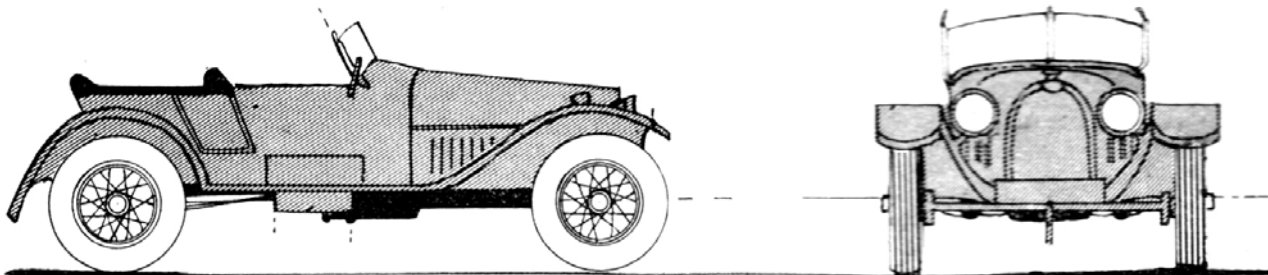
P.L. Adrian J. Shaw, Cheltenham, Gloucester.

John Robinson, Bilborough Estate, Nottingham.

Fifty consolation copies of "The Patrol Goes to Camp" to:-
J. Adams, 18th Brighton. P.L. T. Baldwin, 1st Wolverton.
P.L. J. Barnard, 42nd Croydon. P/2nd F. Bickerstaff, 46th Preston. PL. P. Bill, Stourbridge. B. Blackman, London.
P.L. G. Chipps, 1st Chessington. C. Cowdrey, North Kensington. S. F. Davis, Bexley. P.L. D. Doakin, 63rd Newcastle. Scout D. Evans, 1st Tregaron. P.L. G. Fancy, Flixton. C. Fergusson, Harpole. F. Field, Highgate. J. Foord, 18th Brighton. SS. G. W. Fowler, Leyland. P.L. K. J. Foxon, 71st St. Francis, Coventry. R. Gardner, Edinburgh. R. Gordon, 4th Leicester. P.L. W. Grozier, 2nd Godalming. K. Hale, 18th Brighton. R. Harris, 1st Urchfont, Devizes. R. Harrison, Crawley. S. Hartley, Leyland. R. Heaps, 4th Boreham Wood. J. Kean, Edinburgh. F. Uoyd, Peckham. 3. McCabe, North Kensington. Guide R. Massey, 2nd Abergele. D. O. Neill, Liverpool. F. Newton, Leeds. S. Nikel, Northampton. D. Pinkney, Edinburgh. P.L. V. G. Pollard, Pontefract. P.L. P. Rayner, Norwich. J. Rosser, Abergavenny. SS. P. Rossiter, Deptford. S. Sherry, Ayrshire. P.L. J. Sloway, 15th Portobello. D. E. Smith, 21st Emmanuel, Barrow-in-Furness. J. Smith, 1st Momifieth. D. Stanway, Dudley. A. Stark, Edinburgh. P.L. G. Taylor, Sunbury-on-Thames. 3. Tybjerg, Harlow, M. Tybjerg, Harlow. J. D. Warren, 1st Newlyn. Scout S. Westbrook, 1st Walton Sea Scouts. J. Williams, 24th Ipswich. J. Yorke, Eltham.

YESTERDAY'S CARS (14)

By Ray Evens



BUGATTI 1925
[France]

This car was built from 1922-26 as a touring car. It has an 8 cylinder engine (known as a straight eight). 4-speed gearbox with shaft transmission with foot brake on four wheels and hand on rear wheels.

HERONS

QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

FOR NEW READERS: Due to an outbreak of chickenpox and their SM. suddenly directed to a job out of the district, the plans for Whitsun Camp have to be cancelled. Pip, Mac and Berny of the Heron Patrol and Trevor, the Owls' Tenderfoot, make preparations for a treasure hunt type of expedition. The Herons agree that Trevor's cousin Carl, who claims to be a Scout, may join them. During the first night in camp Berny 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 one of Carl's shoes and stockings are caked with mud. Mac finds a copy of the treasure map floating on the river after Carl had fallen in the water. The boys alter details on the copied map before replacing it in Carl's pocket. Berny overhears Carl persuading Trevor to join with him in making off to get the treasure before the others. Pip, Mac and Berny leave Carl and Trevor during the night and move to another site. Carl tells Trevor he is not a Scout and they will hitch-hike to their destination. Carried past their turning, Carl and Trevor eventually reach the place where the treasure is buried. En route Carl uses all the money to get himself a meat and Trevor is very hungry and dispirited, but later gets a meal from Andy, a boy camping nearby who strikes up a friendship with Carl. Meanwhile Pip, Mac and Berny find an O.S. map on which a crimson circle is drawn around the valley where the treasure is buried. Mac meets Andy and tries to give him the map. He does not believe Andy's flat denial and reports the mystery to Pip and Berny with the added news that Carl, Trevor and Andy are camping within half a dozen yards of the buried treasure.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

A Cry in the Night

"THAT'S ALL VERY WELL," said Trevor crossly, "but there must be a reason. How wouldn't do it without a reason." "Quit worrying, can't you?" Carl spoke impatiently. "And just wants to be friendly, that's all."

"Well, it seems jolly funny," retorted Trevor uneasily. "He keeps us in food - masses and masses of food, and gives you money whenever you want to buy anything. And what do you give him? We've no food and no money. What's he getting out of it? You must be doing something for him."

"Natter, natter, natter," answered Carl crossly. "He's not getting anything. Andy likes us; he's glad to have someone to camp with. Now, just you take that ten bob and the list I gave you and get yourself off to the village shop; if you hang about much longer they'll be closed and Andy wants those supplies this evening. For goodness sake, hurry yourself."

Trevor turned away, looking for his beret. Carl took the opportunity to walk off, but Trevor's mind was still full of suspicions.

"And what about the treasure?" he shouted after him.



"I fetched you a spade and you haven't even used it."

Carl shrugged his shoulders, answering without troubling to turn.

"The treasure can wait. It's still there, isn't it? And I can't see your friends laying hold of it while we're camping right on top of it. I'll get the treasure before we pack up."

Trevor crammed the note into his pocket and slouched towards the farm, grumbling to himself. This was the third time that Carl had given him money - Andy's money - sending him twice to the farmhouse to purchase milk and eggs. Meantime, except for one brief absence, Andy had squatted at his fire, cooking a variety of delicious and appetising dishes which he pressed upon Trevor until he could eat no more.

Yet something lay behind this generous show of friendliness. Three times now they had sent him on errands, as though they wanted him out of the way, and even when he was present there were whispered conversations between Carl and Andy and furtive glances in his direction to make sure that he was out of ear-shot. Andy might indeed be glad of their company and he certainly appeared to have plenty of money and supplies; all his gear was expensive and new, from the green tent and his feather-filled sleeping bag to the gleaming cooking pots. and the clothes he was wearing.

But a restless voice inside Trevor's mind insisted that he had made some bargain with Carl, a bargain to which they feared Trevor might not agree and so they kept him from their secret and tried to hush his suspicions with unending gifts of food. Yet what such a bargain might be, what was the nature of Carl's service to Andy, Trevor could not imagine. Only he felt with increasing uneasiness that it was a bargain which could not stand the light of day.

He threw a quick glance backward as he reached the stream. Carl and Andy were standing together, staring after him. He knew they were waiting for him to go. It occurred to him that, once round the end of the copse, he might double back and spy on them, but then he would be too late for the shop and there would be difficult explanations. Already the sun had sunk out of view and the sky had turned from blue to pearly grey. From the reed beds below him came a sudden harsh squawking of birds and a heron rose, its great, arched wings clearly outlined in the evening light, flying with leisurely beats across the flat marshy ground. Trevor crumpled the ten shilling note in his fist and plodded on towards the stack yard.

Berny lay in the long grass where the river twisted past the foot of the hill, gazing towards the marshland. A small duck skimmed the water, uttering a clear whistling cry, the white streaks on its wings flashing, the evening light catching the metallic bronze and green of its head. A few yards away a pair of mallards were swimming sedately, the drake with its handsome, bottle-green head and the drab, brown duck following at his tail. He spotted shovelers, too, distinguished by their white breasts and bright chestnut under parts, and a solitary heron erect on one leg among the sedge grass, the long tuft on its head laid back, waiting motionless to spear a passing fish with its yellow beak. It was evident that these marshes were the feeding ground of a great variety of water birds.

A slight movement from behind made Berny glance across his shoulder. A few yards away a brown lurcher dog was standing, staring at him, one forepaw raised and its nose sniffing inquisitively for his scent. Then a whistle sounded and the dog turned and trotted away.

Berny rose and saw a boy coming round the shoulder of the hill. His patched trousers were tucked into gum boots and a cloth cap was perched at a jaunty angle on his head. He waved, seeing Berny, and came towards him, grinning.

"Never knowed the place so crowded." He stood, looking Berny up and down, the dog waiting close behind him. "Them your tents over by the trees?" Berny shook his head. "No, we don't belong to that lot. The two Scouts were with us, but they've gone off on their own. Who's the other boy?"

"Dunno his name; he's been down here a couple of weekends lately. Dad says he's been taking the ducks' eggs, so he thinks, an' he won't half learn him summat if he catches him."

"I was watching the ducks." Berny looked back towards the marshes. The heron had gone and a moorhen was swimming past the spot where it had been standing, four black balls of fluff close behind her. One of the chicks broke from the party and the mother bird swung round on it, pecking at it and driving it back to its place. "There are all sorts down there. I was thinking I might build a hide and try to photograph them."

The boy shrugged his shoulders. "Them are just ducks to me. Me an' the Dad get a bit of sport shooting around here when the autumn comes; that's why he don't approve of them as take eggs.

I have a walk around now an' again - just in case. . . . I don't reckon you'd have much chance with your photographing; most of 'em don't show their selves till the light fades an' them as do be as shy as courting maidens."

"I've got a flashlight attachment I can use when the light's bad, and if I build a hide among the reeds some of them might come near enough. I'm going to try, anyway."

The boy stood in silence for a moment, gazing towards the marshes. A redshank, with bright scarlet legs, rose from the reeds, calling in shrill agitation *tu-le, tu-lee. its* white rump showing as it flew away.

"I'll be going."

The boy turned, whistling to the lurcher, then paused abruptly, looking at Berny with a hesitant air.

"Tell you summat He spoke slowly, as though wondering whether it were wise to divulge his information. "There's summat queer down there." He nodded vaguely towards the marshland. "There are them in the village that has heard it; Charlie Russell was one, not that he'd own to owt, for it would have been poaching that had brought him hereabouts. And I heard it t'other night when I was late home an' took a short cut around the hills. It weren't bird nor beast I heard, I can tell you that. I'd keep away from the marshes once the light's gone, if I were you."

He strode off before Berny could reply, embarrassed by his confidence and perhaps afraid that Berny odd laugh at him.

Berny, his curiosity aroused, ran after him, calling, but the boy was not going to be questioned and he could not catch him. Presently he dropped the pursuit. A jot of rubbish Some tale the poacher had put around to keep people away from his hunting ground. Berny, anxious to build his hide before nightfall, hurried towards the shelter to fetch the axe.

Pip had been to the farm and brought milk and eggs. He had seen Trevor going through the stack yard and hidden behind a wall until he had disappeared. Mac, meantime, had cut a hearth a short distance from the edge of the wood and built a large fire which had burned down to a bed of red embers by the time Pip returned. Berny joined them as Mac was beating up four eggs with butter preparatory to scrambling them.

"I say, we're camping in an absolute bird sanctuary." Berny ran up to them, speaking excitedly. "There are masses of ducks down there - every kind: teal, mallards, sandpipers - I even saw a heron. I'm going to build a hide among the reeds."

"Good luck to you," said Mac, pouring his mixture into the billy, "but for the moment you might give Pip a hand with the dampers; scrambled eggs get ruined if you don't eat them at once. Seen anything of Carl?"

Berny nodded. "I had a look at them before I went down to the river. No doubt about them staying. It's going to be a question which of us can hang out the longest."

"Sooner or later," said Pip. "they're bound to tumble to it about their map, then I guess they'll pack up."

"Whoever the kid is they're camping with he's no Scout," Berny added. "He's made his fire almost on top of his tent and the smoke's blowing through the flaps. If a breeze gets up tonight it will be on fire."

"Then they'll have to go home," said Pip heartlessly. "I'm going to keep a watch on their camp and the first sign of it being deserted I'm going down there with a spade."

"You'll have to mind what you're doing." Mac began dishing the egg on to their pieces of buttered damper. "If you're not careful they'll interrupt you in the middle and then they'll know where the treasure's hidden. Put some water on, Berny; we'll each make cocoa in our own mugs."

Berny chose a place where the reed beds were thickest.



“And after we’ve eaten and washed up,” said Berny, “you’ll give me a hand building my hide, won’t you? Not that I think there’s much chance of me getting near enough, but if it’s going to be a waiting game we might as well do something.”

“You’ll be lucky if you get it finished tonight,” said Pip; “it will be dark in a couple of hours.”

“By the way,” said Berny, “I met a boy when I was down there - son of the farmer, I think. He threw me some sinister hints about the marshes - tried to make out they were haunted.”

“What price a photograph of the ghost?” Mac laughed. “Now, that really would be something to write home about! We can leave the washing up until later if you like, and get started on this hide of yours right away; you’ll have to tell us what you want.”

Berny chose a place where the reed beds were thickest, out of view of Carl and Trevor’s camp.

The appearance of all three of them caused a panic-stricken disturbance among the ducks which had gathered nearby to feed, and they were greeted by high pitched squawks and cries and the distracted beating of wings on water as the birds flew away, skimming the pools.

They brought with them a collection of stout branches from which they built a small, firm platform, anchoring it among the tussocks with stakes and lashing an upright pole at each corner to form the chief supports of the walls. Three of the walls were made of an interlacing of supple boughs with quantities of tall reeds stuffed between them.

The fourth side, farthest from the marsh, was left open and there was no roof. Crouching on the platform, Berny could set up his camera with the lens peering through a small window in the reeds, surveying a wide, placid pool and, beyond it, a sea of waving sedge grass.

“I’d soon get bored, squatting down there,” remarked Pip. “Rather you than me, I say. I hope it gets results.”

"You might be lucky with a moorhen," said Mac. There are plenty of birds, I must say."

Berny stood, his shoes sunk in the squelchy ground, looking round at the quiet scene. The first dark fingers of the night were thrusting themselves across the fading sky and in the south an early star winked down on them. A slight breeze rustled the reeds and fish plopped in the river twenty yards to their right.

"There must be nests," he said. "Dozens of nests, I shouldn't wonder. At least I ought to be able to discover one or two by tomorrow and get a photograph."

Mac had stepped back on to more solid ground and was regarding their handiwork with his head on one side.

"It's not bad; it's not bad at all. From over here you'd never even notice it - not if you didn't know."

"Give the birds a few hours to get used to it," agreed Berny, "and they'll p-probably ignore its presence completely. Thanks a lot for helping."

They walked back to camp round the shadowed hill. Owls were calling in the woods and little bats flew, dipping and diving on silent wings in pursuit of insects.

The fire had died to grey ash, but it gave sufficient heat to boil a billy of water for the washing up. Later they spread the groundsheet beneath the lean-to shelter and unrolled their sleeping bags.

"Not a bad spot of Scouting," said Pip, unlacing his shoes and tearing up a handful of grass to wipe the clogged mud off their soles; "we've constructed a shelter for sleeping and a hide for bird-watching."

"And tomorrow it will be Carl and Trevor watching," retorted Mac. "Those are the birds I want to catch. We've got to get hold of that treasure before tomorrow's gone, before we pack up."

But despite the labours of the day Berny could not sleep. Bright moonlight bathed the glade, showing up the boles of the circling trees in hard silhouette, casting deep shadows beneath them. Invisible creatures stirred among the scrub and sometimes a bird flapped noisily out of the foliage.

Mac and Pip were slumbering contentedly, the sound of their regular breathing increasingly annoying to him as he lay wakeful, listening to the soft movements of the night prowlers of the woods. At last, unable to lie still any longer, he sat up and reached for his pullover and plimsolls.

He slung his camera over his shoulder and went quietly across the glade into the darkness of the trees. But beyond the wood it was like daylight, the hillside bathed in moonlight and the river and marshland as distinct and visible as though it were day. He reached the hide and knelt on the rough platform, peering through the gap in the reed wall.

There was nothing - no stirring of life, not even the sound of rising fish. The pool immediately in front of the hide was still and unruffled, the only sounds the eerie rustling of the sedge grass and the faint rippling of the river.

He waited for twenty minutes, then aware of the chill breeze and the stiffness of his muscles, rose to go back to bed.

It was at that moment that he heard it. It came from the marshes, perhaps a hundred yards from where he was standing a strange, unearthly cry echoing across the river and between the hills, a deep, bellowing note which prickled the hairs on his neck and made him let out an involuntary gasp. It came again, seeming to fill the moonlit valley, and then there was silence.

(Continues on page 19)



No. 17 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

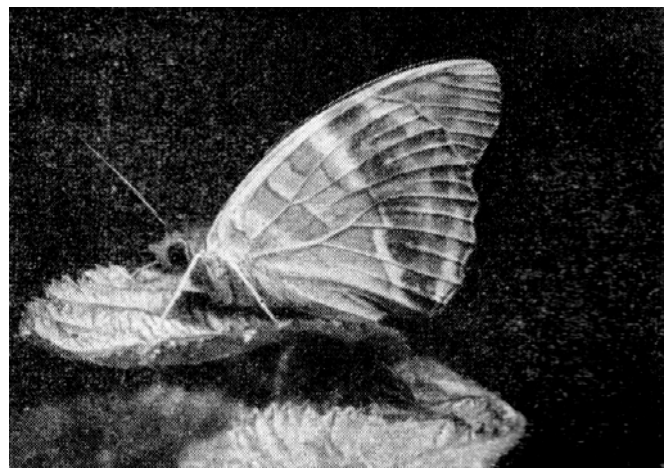
Butterfly Biography

THE SILVER-WASHED FRITILLARY

Where. You can easily tell the difference between the male and the female of this butterfly. The male is a bright orange-brown marked with black in the familiar Fritillary pattern, and in the middle of each forewing there are three black bars which are scent scales. The female is tawny-olive, deepening to dark olive at the base of the wings round the body. Both sexes have greenish undersides, crossed by four bands of silvery scales, from which the butterfly gets its name. The Silver washed Fritillary is essentially a woodland insect and has a powerful soaring flight, often flying high up into the trees to roost when the sun goes down in the evening, or in periods of bad weather. It likes to feed on bramble blossom in company with the White Admiral. You do not find it further north. than the Lake District, but it occurs in wooded country in Ireland.

When. The female lays her eggs, not on the food-plant like most butterflies, but tucks them into Chinks of bark on the trunks of oak trees. A fortnight later the tiny caterpillars hatch out and go straight into hibernation, sheltering in a crevice close by their partially eaten egg-shells. Here they remain from early August until about the end of March, a period of nearly eight months without any food at all. On awakening they crawl down the tree trunk to search for violet plants and start to feed on the new young leaves. Fully grown they are about 1 1/2 inches long and rich brown with two dull yellow stripes divided by a thin black line running down the entire length of their very spiny bodies. The chrysalis, which is a light buff, has two short pointed horns on its head. It is also decorated with metallic points or "studs", which glitter in the sun like rain. The caterpillar crawls away into the undergrowth to pupate and hangs up on a twig, head downwards, before casting its skin off for the last time. It is very difficult to find the caterpillars in the wild, and the best chance is to look for them on violet plants in June.

(Photo L. H. Newman)





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.

Isn't it Strange

ISN'T IT STRANGE that whenever Patrol Leaders meet together they don't talk about football or cricket or such, but immediately start chatting about camp or competitions or Wide Games or something of the sort. Peculiar folk these Scouts and especially the P.L.'s.

It was a beautiful night and we were sitting round the cooking fire after an interesting day during our Court of Honour training week-end. Skipper had gone off to the farm where he had been invited to spend the evening and so we were on our own and we were free to talk as we wished.

"You know," said Ron of the Peewits, "I often think what an awful time Skip has, putting up with us for a whole week-end when he might have been off somewhere in his car."

"Yes," Tommy remarked, "but you see Skip is fond of us even if we are a bit of a nuisance at times." After a moment he continued. "He would be completely lost without us, he'd just sit around, put on even more weight, and soon had go all to seed." It's true Scouting does keep men young, at any rate in outlook, if not in years.

"Well," enjoined Ken of the Pigeons, "Skip does spend a lot of time with us and if it wasn't for the Curlews the blokes in our Patrols wouldn't be as good Scouts as they are. The things I learn at these meetings of the Court of Honour Patrol go across well at my Patrol Meetings."

I had to join in here - "You've never said a truer thing, Ken, for you remember how he showed us all the way to tackle some of the dishes which were on the menu of *The Scout* National Cooking Competition - well I used his methods with

NOTICE BOARD

LONGRIDGE Training Course

1st/6th January, 1963; Boatswain Badge; Scouts over 14.
Fee: 60/-.

This course will commence at 4.00 p.m. on the first day and disperse at 2.00 p.m. on the sixth day. The cost includes food and accommodation.

Annual Regatta

This event will be held at Longridge over the weekend 8th/9th September, 1962.

Further particulars and application forms for both Training Course and Regatta, may be obtained from:

The Bailiff, Longridge Scout Camp, Quarry Wood Road, Marlow, Bucks.

my Patrol and as you know in the Regional Heat three members of my Patrol were chosen to go to Gilwell for the Final. No they weren't winners there but they were very near."

Ron threw another log on the fire. "My Patrol is certainly progressing on the road to First Class and although I usually think that's because I'm such a good P.L. -" "Sez you," we echoed. "No, seriously it's really because I do try to put over to my fellows the things we learn in the Curlews," he continued. "I mean look how interested they are at the moment when I'm showing them how to build Pioneering Projects so that we can beat you fellows in the competition at this year's Summer Camp. All I know about pioneering I learned through trying out the ideas Skip passed on to us at camps like this one."

"How on earth can a Troop call itself a Scout Troop if it doesn't run a Court of Honour Patrol like we do?" was Tommy's contribution at this point. He had made a cup of coffee while we had been talking and we were indeed grateful to him. Yes, I often wonder how some Troops manage.

Now the talk turned to other aspects of the Group. What a wonderful Group Committee we had, how lucky we were to have a Group Scoutmaster who did his job, but didn't interfere with the running of the sections and how lucky we were to have recently managed, with the help of many friends, to build our own Headquarters where we could really have our own Patrol Corners, put up our own model bridges, kitchens, towers, etc., and also where we could hold our own Patrol Meetings.

"Here we are back to Patrol Meetings," put in Ron, taking a dig at the fire with a stick he was using as a poker. "I once thought, when I was only a Tenderfoot, that the Patrol Leader thought up all the ideas for the Patrol Meeting, but now I know better. I now know that the P.L. makes out the Programme, but that the ideas come from the hints dropped at the meetings of the Curlews both from you fellows and from Skip - I think it must be grand to be a Scoutmaster, to have such grand fellows as we are around you and to know how to manage blokes like us."

"Blokes like you are difficult to manage all right," said Ken and so a scuffle began between Ron and Ken - a good-humoured scuffle of course. It was now about time to turn-in, so off we went to the stream to have a wash and clean up and then to bed. What a wonderful end to a wonderful day and in the company of such wonderful blokes. Just before getting into bed I remembered to Thank God for the world and for the wonders in it and especially for the companionship of our Troop.



your first class test in PICTURES



by John Annandale & Robert Dewar

EMERGENCIES (iv)

Ice-Breaking



Our two pictures give you a couple of ideas on getting a victim out of his hole. Don't forget that the victim will need treatment for shock, drying and restoring of blood circulation.



Revise your Fire Routine

1. *Keep head low in smoke*
- 2.&3. *Close doors and windows.*
4. *When entering or leaving a burning building keep close to the walls.*
5. *A method for dragging out an unconscious person.*
6. *Bring an unconscious person head first down stair and protect the head from bumps.*



NEXT WEEK

Electric Shock



The Editor reviews some
new books for your
HOLIDAY READING

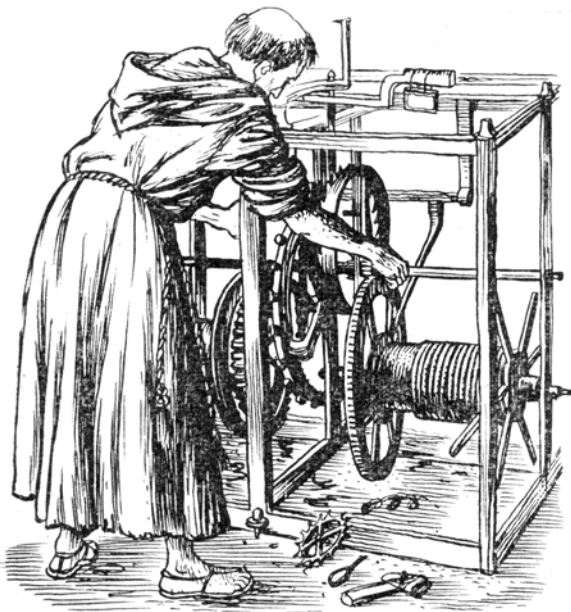


FACTS

Exploring Time and *Exploring Maps* are by Patrick Moore and Henry Brinton (Odhams 8/6 each). The one goes briefly but entertainingly through clocks, calendars and time in relation to our universe; the other tells you something about the history of maps and map projections and map making. Both are pleasantly illustrated and will be enjoyed by younger Scouts who like facts.

One of my young friends would rather read history than anything else, and I dare say there may be many of you similarly inclined after all history is what real men and women did in real times, not something imagined about imaginary people. So I want to recommend to you a new series being published (at 9/6 each) by Messrs. Faber called *Men and Events*. The three titles I have so far seen are excellent and I hope the young historians among you will get hold of them. They are: *Sir Winston Churchill* by Alan Yarrell, *The English Civil War* by Sutherland Ross, *The Man who freed the Slaves* (the story of William Wilberforce), by A. B. H. Lawson and *The Battle of Britain* by N. D. Smith. They are illustrated, too, and would make a really nice series for interested chaps to collect.

Many of you will know about the Chindits: Brigadier Bernard Fergusson's account of the expedition led by Orde Wingate into Burma in 1943 has now been reissued and is called *Beyond the Chindwin* (Collins 12/6).



An illustration from "Exploring Time" by Patrick Moore (Odhams 8/6d.)



An illustration from "Exploring Maps" by Henry Brinton (Odhams 8/6d.)

The Book of Power Stations by Geoffrey Gerard (Warne 10/6) is presumably for would-be engineers. It has a lot of very fine photographs and deals with dams, pipelines, turbines and hydro-electric schemes, atomic power stations and so on.

Inventions of the World by I. O. Evans (Warne 12/6) has chapters on Inventors from Archimedes to Frank Whittle, including Morse, Graham Bell, Edison and Baird.

Underwater Swimming by Michael Brennan (Arco 12/6) is surely the complete Handbook for the skin or free diver, with diagrams which are instructional and useful, and photos which are pleasant but largely ornamental.

Animals of the Forest by Marceile Verite (Oliver and Boyd 17/6) is a large, rather expensive book which you couldn't afford yourselves but could borrow from your library or perhaps hope for from your favourite aunt when a birthday comes along. It is full of fine coloured and black-and-white drawings of forest animals and birds, and the author writes very interestingly about them all. This is a handsome book which a young naturalist would be lucky to possess. In any case if you're fond of both reading and wild life ask for it at your library.

Switzerland by Garry Hogg, and *Greece* by Chris Jecchinis (Weidenfeld and Nicolson 9/6 each), belong to a new "Young Explorer" series and are well-illustrated introduction, extremely suitable for young people hoping to visit these countries. As most Scouts go sooner or later to Kandersteg, and the next World Jamboree is near Athens in 1963, these two books should be noted specially.

Flightdeck by George Bruce and Clifford Farndell (Constable 12/6) contains chapters - very clearly written - on the A.B.C. of Air Navigation, Radio aids to it, Meteorology and jets, Flight Plan for Intercontinental Flight and Air Traffic Control etc. It has diagrams and an appendix of Jet and Turbojet Airliners in Production. Strictly for Air Scouts or at least Air-minded (and technically-minded) Scouts. But good value if you want some serious reading and it's your sort of subject.

Buffalo Bill by Philip Dennington (Nelson 12/6) is a brightly illustrated biography of a famous character of the Wild West. Written for older Cubs or younger Scouts.

The Walls of Windy Troy by Marjorie Braymer (Gollancz 12/6) tells excitingly and well the story of a remarkable man who, beginning as a grocer's apprentice, taught himself eight languages, became through his own industry very rich and then began to dig for Troy, that great city of which Homer had written long ago. To everyone's surprise (but not his) he *did* discover the most fantastic things. It's a true and wonderful story which you'll find much more exciting than most thrillers: specially for young historians and would-be archaeologists.

The Young Scientist's Approach to the Weather by T. H. Whitney (Warne 7/6) would make an excellent handbook for your Weatherman Badge.

Birds of the Night by E. Bosiger and P. Faucher (Oliver and Boyd 7/6) is a collection of fine photographs of all kinds of Owls, with just enough text: a delightful book for the Scout-naturalist.

Messrs. Weidenfeld and Nicolson (who are among the liveliest and most enterprising of modern publishers) have now three series for young people under way, all under the General Editorship of our friend, Patrick Moore, a member of our Movement, even if nowadays his working and broadcasting don't allow him to do as much Scouting as he would like. The series are *The Young Scientist* series, *The Young Engineer* series and *The Young Historian* series. Each book costs 9/6d. Those I have seen are illustrated with excellent photographs and some line drawings and a straightforward, sensible text. They are *Diesel and Electric Trains* by K. Cooper, *The Sun's Family* by James Muirden (planets, comets and the like) and *Lands of the Bible* by E. Royston Pike, which gives a brief picture of the Bible as history, and I hope will be an introduction to the subject which many of you will read.

Also from the same publishers comes a series *Finding out about Science* at 7/6d. each, in colour, and meant for younger brothers. The two books I've seen are *Telescopes and Observations* by Patrick Moore himself and *Light and Colour* by Frederick

An illustration from "The Walls of Windy Troy" by Marjorie Braymer (Gollancz 12/6d.)





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The cover jacket of "Fast as the Wind" by Gine Leclercq (University of London Press 15/-)

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John Stewart Murphy

10s. 6d. net

The third book in the *How They Were Built* series, *Roads* is the history of thoroughfares from the first tracks worn by man and animal to the great motorways of today.



Books for Children and Young People
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

SOME NEW STORIES

Fast as the Wind by Gine Leclercq (University of London Press 15/-): a boy's love for a wild foal on the Mongolian Steppes: strange ways and places and a good tale.

The Moving Finger by Frederick Grice (Oxford 12/6). Expedition to look at the rock paintings of the Sahara with misfortune and mystery accompanying the party who triumph in the end of course ! Intensely interesting background not impossible plot.

Ginger over the Wall by Prudence Andrew (Lutterworth 13/6). A gang of four cockney twelve-year-olds who live in the sort of streets that are not far from railways or the canal, get mixed up with an older gang and a robbery. It would make a good Junior Hour television serial : naturally told, very exciting.

One of the most distinguished writers of our day is Lawrence Durrell. Some time ago he wrote an absolutely smashing secret service adventure story for young people called *White Eagles over Serbia* which Faber have now published as a 5/i- paper-back. Just the book for the rucsc pocket as you go off to camp!

Nunto by L. N. Lavolle (University of London Press 12/6). How a Portuguese boy succeeded in becoming the sea-fisherman he wanted to be. For lovers of boats and fishing only.



An illustration from "Ginger over the Wall" by Prudence Andrew (Lutterworth 13/6d.)

Farmer in the Sky by Robert Hankin (Gollancz 12/6): Science fiction about farming on Ganymede, one of the moons of Jupiter. Written in American about American boys.

But listen to this: "There was Scouting on Ganymede even if the news hadn't got back to earth". And a lot of Scout rivalry between the Scouts on Ganymede and the new arrival of "the Baden-Powell Troop". In fact there's a lot of Scouting in this packed, lively, imaginative book and if you've ever wondered about being a Scout on another planet, read this book. Read it if you haven't, because this is a very unusual story.

The Leather Hand by Anne Sinclaire Mehdevi (Gollancz 12/6) Underwater swimming and treasure hunting and villainy off Majorca. Very well written.

Expedition Venus by Hugh Walters (Faber 13/6). Man has already a station on the moon and a probe sent to Venus returns with a deadly spore... Read on!

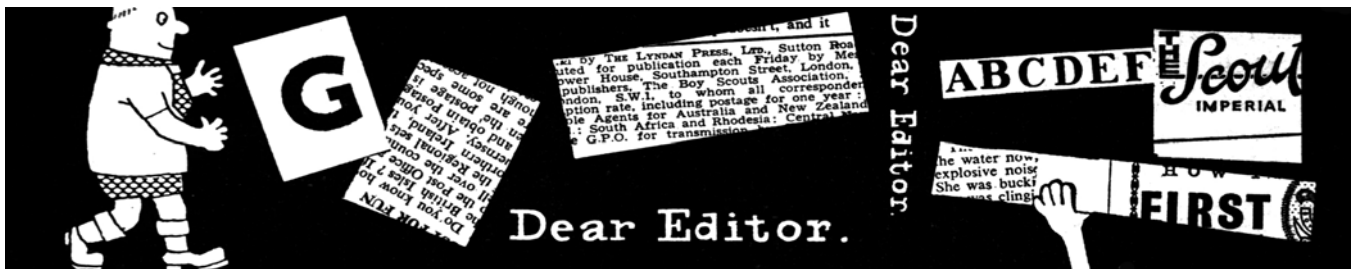
Bandit Gold by Eric Leyland and T. E. Scott Chard (Ward 7/6). Another "Skyways Investigation Ltd." story by these indefatigable and enjoyable authors, well-known to Scouts. You can rely on them for action.

White Horizons by Charles Kervern (University of London Press, 15/-). Shipwreck in the Arctic with informative background : specially recommended for those interested in ships and exploration.

Vagabond Ape and *Orphan Otter* are by Arthur Catherall (Dent 11/6 each), well-known to readers of *The Scout* and a prodigious writer of all kinds of stories for boys. Here is I think a new line for him, stories of a langur ape in the jungle of Northern India and an otter in the Canadian Backwoods. These are of interest to younger Scouts and older Wolf Cubs - and also can be recommended to the Wolf Cub Instructors among you looking for something to read - serial fashion week by week - to the Pack.



An illustration from "Orphan Otter" by Arthur Catherall (Dent 11/6d.)

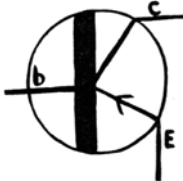


A FIVE SHILLING POSTAL ORDER FOR EVERY LETTER PUBLISHED

Correction

Dear Editor,

I must apologise for not sending this letter sooner, but as I have been at Scout Camp, I did not manage to find time to write.



The letters you received were quite correct; the transistor should have been as shown in the enclosed diagram.

I think the mistake was made in a copy of the transistor radio set given to me by a friend.

Also the value of the parts are:-

R1 = 220 K.ohm resistor, ¼ watt,

R2 = 22 K.ohm resistor, ¼ watt,

R3 = 4700 K.ohm resistor, ¼ watt,

R4 = 220 K.ohm resistor, ¼ watt,

R5 = 22 K.ohm resistor, ¼ watt,

C1 = 500 P.F. Solid dielectric tuning condenser,

C2 = 2 mfd electrolytic condenser rating 15 volts approx.

C2 = 3 mfd electrolytic condenser rating 15 volts approx.

Coil is a dual range crystal set type D.R .R.2 but other crystal set coils can be used.

The two transistors = O.C.71 or O.C.70; similar red spot transistors can be used.

John Bruce,
134th Craiglockhart.

An Interesting Voluntary Service

Dear Editor,

This Easter I was very fortunate in being accepted as a volunteer warden to guard the pair of nesting ospreys at Loch Garten in the Scottish Highlands.

The fish-hawk (as it is sometimes called) is unique among British birds of prey because it feeds almost entirely on fish. Ospreys are easily recognised by their large wing span (5ft.), brown upper parts, white under parts and white head with a black stripe through the eyes. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds keeps a constant guard day and night on the eyrie where the birds are incubating as this is the only known breeding pair of ospreys in the British Isles.

Visitors can view the eyrie through powerful binoculars in the public observation post. I hope that Scouts who are on holiday in the area during the summer will visit the osprey observation post.

Q.S. Bryce Reynard,
127th Glasgow.

Cleaning Dixies

Dear Editor,

S.S. Arnold Johnson ("The Scout", 28th April) states his method of cleaning dixies with whitewash.

I have a similar, but I think more effective way, of cleaning dixies which has been used in our Troop with great success.

Before going to camp, make a thick paste of soap powder and water. Apply this all over the outer surfaces of the dixies and leave to harden into a crust. After camp, all you need to do is spend five minutes washing off the crust and your dixies are as clean as at the start of the camp.

M. Lodge,
2/241 Manchester (St. Catherine's).

Check That Solution

Dear Editor,

I read with interest the letter from P/2nd 3. Bruce (18th May). His chemical cooler would be most impractical, as the temperature of the solution would soon adjust itself to that of its surroundings.

— addition to this, potassium nitrate, when mixed with two other very common chemicals, becomes gun powder, and no chemist should sell it to school children.

However if Mr. Bruce is determined to go ahead with his cooler then I can recommend citric acid crystals as being far superior to potassium nitrate in the way of cooling.

S.S. R. J. Kay,
33rd Middlesbrough (St. Oswald's).

Good Turn

Dear Editor,

Every year each Scout in Blackpool is expected to work hard for a shilling. This money is spent on a day outing for Blackpool invalid Scouts. The day outing is to the lakes.

I would like to hear from any other Group or town who do Good Turns in the summer-time.

Scout David Summerscales,
37th Black pool (St. Paul's).

Dear Editor,

In "The Scout" dated the 31st March, 1962, Peter M. Smith of the 2nd Chatteris Troop, Cambridgeshire, asked to hear of any other Troop that had arranged a Christmas Good Turn. Last week (19th May, 1962) Chris Royffe mentioned his Troop's turn, a "Polio Party", which I think is a very good idea. My own

Troop every Christmas always goes to a nearby refugee home, for refugees from Communist countries, to sing carols. We are also profusely thanked after every performance.

Q.S. Ian Cornelius,
1st Milton.

NEW BADGES

Dear Editor,

From time to time I read letters in "The Scout" demanding new badges on the writers' pet hobby, whether connected with Scouting or not.

In my opinion Proficiency Badges are there for the purpose of showing that the wearer is qualified in a certain section of Scouting*. Now Scouting is an adventurous way of training boys into good citizenship, not a boys' club whose members dress like Christmas Trees. Therefore we must look at the proposed badges and say, "If a boy is proficient in that subject, will it help him to be a better citizen, or help him in any type of emergency?"

If the answer is no, then the badge is not worth having. If it is a very definite yes, the badge could be considered.

I challenge any train spotter to prove that his hobby helps him to better citizenship. What is the use of an Air Spotter Badge, then? In my opinion, also useless, as well as a couple of others.

I put the same challenge to match box label collectors. If they ask the value of a Stamp Collector's Badge, I think it is justified by the understanding of conditions and of the history of other countries.

One of the duties of a citizen is to develop a love for his country, including wild life, but this section is dealt with in the Naturalist Badge. So this eliminates the Bird Watcher's Badge. I could also ask for a badge for Butterfly Collectors, or Leaf Collectors, but what for? Just for five Scouts in the country to have an extra badge?

On the other hand badges like the World Friendship and Civics Badges are more than justified.

So I appeal to all Scouts to compare their proposed badges in this manner before sending letters demanding badges so they can gain personally. Just remember the aims of our Movement.

H. Annegarn,

4th Benoni (8th Air Scouts) S. Africa.

(*your opinion isn't correct! - Badges are there also to encourage hobbies. - Editor).

Advice Please

Dear Editor,

When I was passing my First Aid Badge recently, my examiner questioned me on the ways to remove a person from a live electric wire. One method I gave was to take a running jump at the victim and knock him off while you are in the air. Not being earthed, there would be less risk of you being electrocuted than if you followed the usual methods of standing on a sheet of glass, getting a long dry pole, etc. I consulted numerous ambulance books but none had this method in them.

This method, however, would, of course, not work if the victim was lying across the wire.

This being such a good method, although seemingly unknown here, I wondered if any English ambulance books mentioned it. Do they?

P.L. Ian Greenshield,

1st Heathcote, Victoria, Australia.

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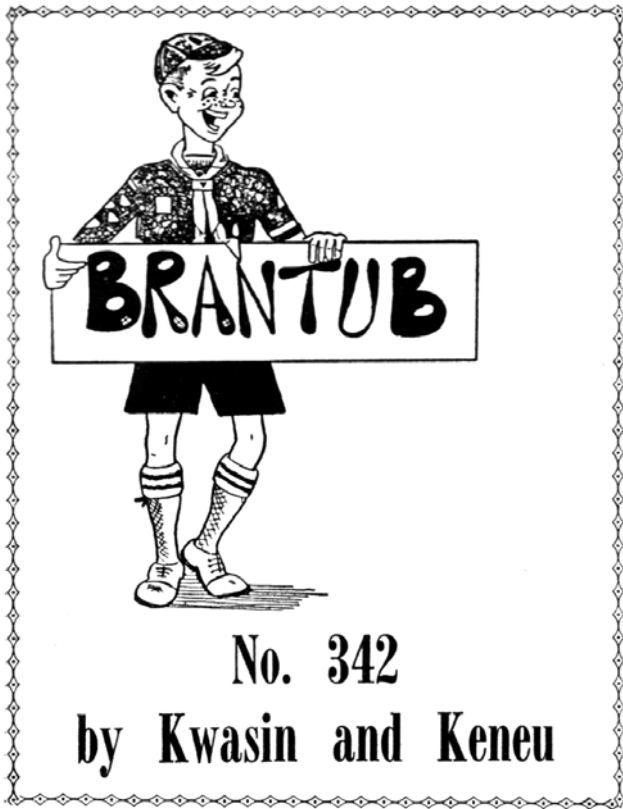
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True or False: (4) The Fox - Answers

False:

- 6. The Dog-Fox barks, the vixen screeches.
- 7. No, they're born in late March or early April.

True or False: (5) Bats

T F

- 1. Bats sleep suspended by their feet.
- 2. Bats make some sounds beyond the range of human ears.
- 3. They avoid obstacles by hearing the reflected sound - beams of their own cries.
- 4. Bats do not eat insects.
- 5. They see and smell well.
- 6. Bats fly at night.
- 7. They hibernate (i.e. go to sleep in winter).
- 8. Wild bats produce their young - usually only one - in late June or early July.

(Answers next month)

tear round here ➔

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

**To Youth Hostels Association (S.623)
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Please send me, free of charge, "Going Places?" and an enrolment form.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

➔ **tear round here**

Berny stood, frozen, for a full two minutes, but the cry was not repeated. This, then, was the ghost of the marshes of which the farm boy had spoken. His imagination was completely at a loss to guess from what strange throat the cry had issued; he suddenly felt afraid. The sleeping hills and the desolate marshes all at once appeared sinister and hostile, as though they hid watching eyes and invisible, creeping spies. He leaped from the platform to the firm grass and, without a backward glance, fled from the valley.

Pip stirred restlessly, grumbling in his sleep, as Berny kicked off his shoes and slid into his hag. He rolled over, closer to Mac, shivering. He would like to have shaken them awake to tell them of what he had heard, but the story must wait until morning. It was a long time before he closed his eyes.

**Next Week:
BLOODSHED**

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Dutch Scouts at Haarlem in north-west Holland build and use a Scout Transporter.

Photograph by Alan S. Marshall.

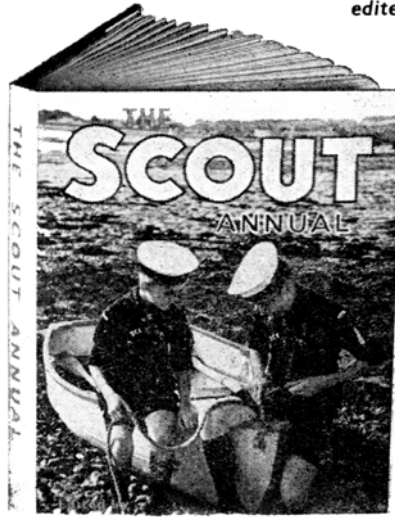
We apologise that due to incorrect information from an agency the Air Scout in our cover photograph of 7th July was wrongly identified. The Scout pictured was Christopher Winsland of Maidenhead.

Don't be disappointed this year . . . reserve your copies of these popular annuals NOW!

Supplies of both these annuals were exhausted well before Christmas last year . . . why not place an order with your supplier today to make sure you receive copies on publication in August.

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edited by Rex Hazlewood



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Peter Symmons (15 1/2), 8 Station Rise, Marlow, Bucks. - Pen-pal anywhere exc. Gt.B. Hobbies: Match box labels, cigarette packets, stamps. C.B.'s.. name tapes.

W.O.Keife (14), 16 Gipps St., Waverley, N.S.W., Australia. - Pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Swapping C.B.s., postcard views. Scouting.

Mazi Patrick N. C. Nweke (16), Railway Stn., Shogunle, via Ikeja Air ort. Lagos. - Pen-pal in England. obbies : Reading, football, etc.

Carol Buckham (14), 21 Bolam Place, Bedlington Stn., Northumberland.- Pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Rounders, helping sick animals and birds.

Helen Neale (12), 28 Wood Lane, Bedlington, Northumberland. - Pen-pal anywhere. Hobbies: Cycling, camping, outdoor sports.

Tape-Pals Wanted

The 2nd South Shields Scout Troop, c/o A.S.M. Norman Harrison, 35 Lake Ave., South Shields, Durham, wishes to exchange tape recordings with Troop in U.S.A., Canada, or Australia.

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PRICE 14/7 Post 1/6

TOUCAN

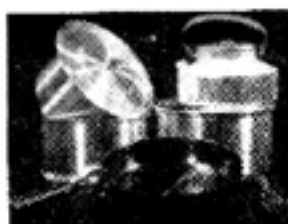
Popular tinplate canteen at a price to suit the younger Scout. Consists of boiler, frypan and plate.

PRICE 10/9 Post 1/6

CONTINENTAL

This new cooking set is a really light-weight set, made from aluminium, comprising a frypan, plate, saucepan, plastic mug, fork-spoon combination for cooking, and grip handle for any of the components.

PRICE 18/- Post 1/6



"SAN REMO" COOKING SET

A complete camp cooking set at a reasonable price. Consisting of three saucepans, 3 pt., 3½ pt., and 4 pt.; a lid to fit all sizes; the saucepans can be used for tinner cooking (ideal when only one stove is available). A tea kettle with filter enabling alternative use as coffee pot. Steel pan for frying, etc., an all-purpose grip handle. A leather strap to secure the set as a carrying unit. (Illustrated left).

PRICE 35/- Post 2/3

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THE Scout Shop
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