

# *The Scout*



*Week ending 20th October 1962*

*EVERY FRIDAY*

*6d*

# INFORMATION CENTRE

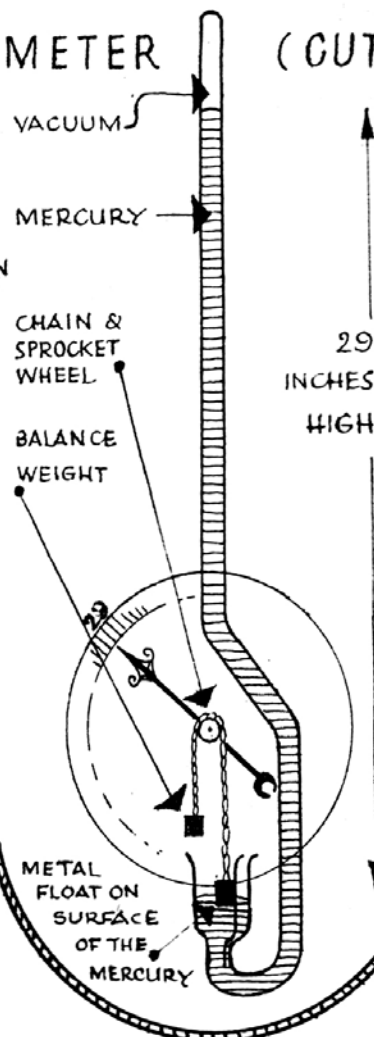


REQUIREMENT OF THE

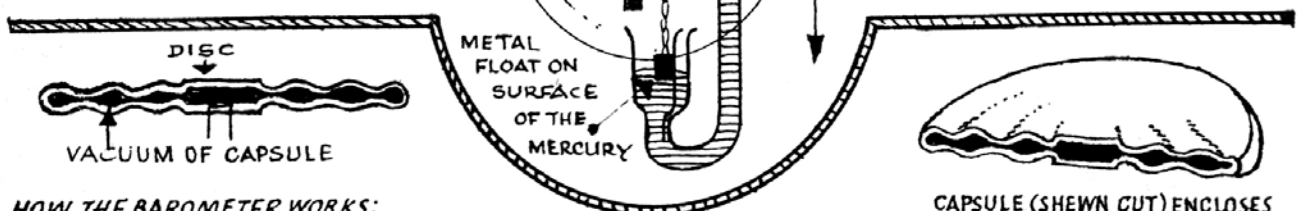
METEOROLOGIST BADGE

## A BAROMETER (CUT AWAY)

A BAROMETER REALLY MEASURES AIR PRESSURE. IT IS A BENT GLASS TUBE, HOLDING MERCURY. ONE END IS WIDE, & OPEN TO THE AIR, WHICH PRESSES ON THE MERCURY. THE OTHER END OF THE TUBE ENCLOSES A VACUUM. AIR PRESSURE FORCES MERCURY UP TUBE. THE MERCURY TRIES TO RETURN, AND BALANCE USUALLY OCCURS AT ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE OF ABOUT 15 LBS./1 SQ. INCH AT SEA LEVEL.

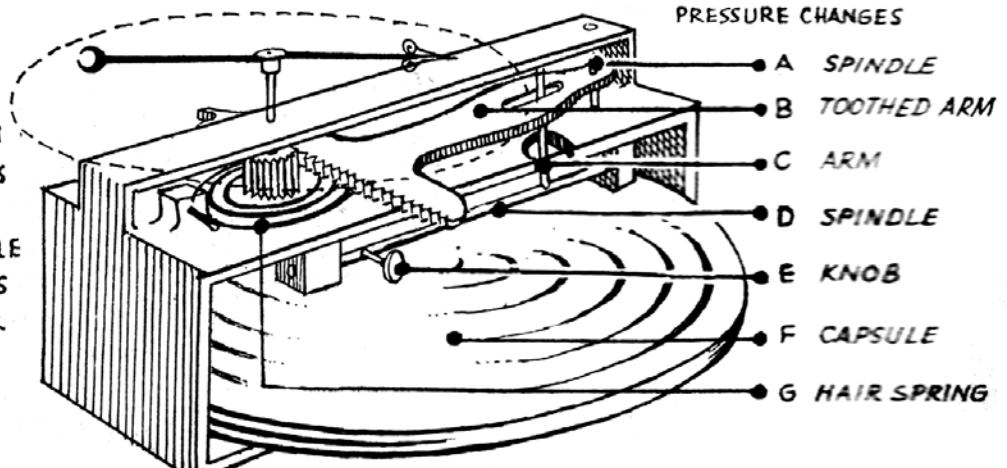


TO GET A READING ON THE DIAL, A FLOAT IS PLACED ON THE SURFACE OF THE MERCURY AS PRESSURE VARIES WEIGHT ON SPROCKET & CHAIN WHEEL IS ACTUATED, WHICH THUS MOVES THE POINTER TO CORRECT POSITION i.e. IT SHOWS THE HEIGHT OF THE COLUMN OF MERCURY. THUS, WE SAY 'GLASS IS LOW OR HIGH'. SINCE AIR PRESSURE IS SOME GUIDE TO WEATHER, DIAL CAN INDICATE POSSIBLE WEATHER



**HOW THE BAROMETER WORKS:** KNOB 'E' RESTS ON THE CAPSULE. AS ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE CHANGES, DISC MOVES UP OR DOWN. KNOB ALSO MOVES, ROCKING SPINDLE 'D' ARM 'C' WHICH PROJECTS FROM 'D' ENGAGES SLOT IN TOOTHED ARM 'B', ROCKING IT ABOUT SPINDLE 'A'. TOOTHED ARM TURNS A PINION OF THE POINTER AGAINST TENSION OF THE HAIR SPRING 'G'

## AN ANEROID BAROMETER.





**FOR NEW READERS:** *The Eagles are camping at Woodvale Manor, a stately home owned by the widowed Lady Wykeham-Smith, and staffed by Herbert (the butler) and Catherine (the maid). The house has its own electric generator, and is isolated but for Crossways Farm, rented from the Manor by Mr. Jenks who is in arrears with his rent, but runs a Jaguar. The Manor becomes a private hotel the day after the Eagles arrive, and the Patrol has agreed to tidy up the garden. Catherine says that Madam owes money, but Nick (the P.L.) is told that the debts are death duties. When one of the felled trees blocks the drive, they borrow a tractor from Farmer Jenks. Madam tells Nick two engaged staff have let her down, and the Patrol agrees to let Tiny help Catherine, and Jim aid Herbert. The guests start to arrive one of whom is curt and insists his car is parked in the drive and not in a garage. Bob puts the tractor in a garage. The dining room is set for dinner and Herbert asks Jim to light a fire in the lounge where the guests await the gong. The lone man strides across the room to the radio.*

## CHAPTER TEN Midnight Shock

"DON'T mind if I switch over to the other programme, do you?" he said brusquely. From the tone of his voice he made it quite clear that he would change to the other programme whatever reply was forthcoming. The four guests stopped talking flabbergasted by the suddenness of this remark. They merely nodded their heads mechanically. "Must listen to the weather forecast," he went on. "I want to do some fishing tomorrow."

He turned the knob, and tuned in as the clear voice of the announcer said". . . That is the end of the general forecast. The Regional Forecast follows at once. Here is the forecast for the South-East Region until noon tomorrow. The weather will be fine with mostly clear skies throughout the night. It will be rather cool. Temperatures will fall to 35.0 (20 Centigrade) tonight. There is likelihood of some ground frost in exposed places. There will be bright intervals in the morning, but some showers will also occur and one or two of these may be heavy. The showers are expected to die out by afternoon. The winds will be N.W. and will moderate to fresh this afternoon and veer W. to N.W. That is the end of the Regional forecast."

The man grunted and turned the dial back to the other programme. "They say a nor'wester is good for the fish. Must get an appetite for dinner now. I'll go out for a short stroll, and see what those lads are up to."

The two couples followed the man with their eyes as he marched staunchly across the carpet.

Not one of them breathed a word until he had gone out and closed the door firmly behind him.

"I know we weren't exactly listening to the wireless. but I thought he might have asked us a little more politely," Jim heard one of the ladies say.

"And who's interested in his fishing?" gossiped the other. "I've never heard that a strong north-west wind attracts fish."

"Whatever wind's good for fishing - if there is one - he could have been more civil," agreed the first woman's husband.

Jim thought the comments were justified, but he did not listen to any more of the conversation as the fire was now blazing merrily in the grate. He picked up the twig boat and made his way back to the kitchen.

On the dot of 6.45 Herbert went to the entrance hall to sound the gong summoning the guests to dinner. Tiny watched him through a crack in the kitchen door and giggled when he announced to Catherine that he didn't think Herbert was quite up to the standard of the man who appeared at the beginning of Rank films. However, in spite of the youngster's cheeky remark, Herbert's exertions had the desired effect, for almost before he had time to replace the gongstick on its stand, the lounge door opened and the four people came out and tramped across to the dining room. A few minutes later the man returned from his constitutional and sat at a table by himself at the far end of the room.

Jim's butterflies settled and his stage fright dispersed as soon as the activity of delivering the food began. Herbert thought he had better take in the soup, so Jim dealt with the rolls and butter. When the guests had finished their first course, the butler started to serve the fish while Jim carried the dirty soup plates to the kitchen. He had just put them on the draining board for Tiny when Nick blustered through the back door.

"Another two car loads have just arrived," Nick blurted out somewhat breathlessly. "There are five of them. Three in one party and two in the other. They want to know whether there's any room."

"I'll nip along and ask Herbert," said Jim. "I won't be a second."

True to his word, Jim was back again within a minute.

"Herbert says it's all right, but he can't look after them himself as he's too busy," said Jim. He joined his Patrol Leader and they walked out into the courtyard. "Herbert suggested I should collect the bags and take them to their rooms and he wondered if you could show the drivers where to put their cars."

"There's only one garage left now," reminded Nick. "The two on this side have the other guests' cars and we've put the tractor in number three I suppose we could move it out, though I'd have been happier if it could have been locked up and under cover, especially as it doesn't belong to us."

"I guess that the cars are more important than the tractor as far as the Manor is concerned anyway," replied Jim as they



**He saw a column of dense black smoke**

passed the garages and made their way across the cobblestones to the drive. "We'd better ask- Bob to move it, I think."

By the time Nick had issued instructions to Bob to get out the tractor, Jim had unloaded the cars. Both the boots were full of luggage, and it took Jim two or three trips to complete his task. He directed the three ladies of the parties to their respective rooms and left the men in Nick's capable hands. Bob and Fish appeared round the corner on the tractor and the former applied the brakes when he came to the drive. Nick then directed the two drivers to the garages, and after the padlocks had been secured, and the gentlemen had gone into the house, Nick met the rest of the Eagles by the tractor.

"Where on earth are we going to put it for the night?"

Bob enquired. He sat in the tractor's seat scratching his head.

"We can't leave it here, that's certain," said Fish firmly. "It's blocking the drive, and as we're not likely to be so early getting up tomorrow as we did today, we must park it somewhere else. A tractor in the front garden isn't a very good advertisement for an establishment," he explained.

"It looks as though it's going to be a fine night," observed Bob peering into the cloudless dusk sky. There's a nip in the air which might mean a touch of frost, but if we put sacking over her engine, she shouldn't come to any harm."

"The most sheltered part around here is just in front of the stable," said Nick. "So why don't we put it there?"

The other three agreed, and Bob drove the tractor back down the cobbles and parked it by the wall of the house, far enough away from the stable door to enable it to open

Once the tractor had been safely put to bed, Nick suggested that the four of them should return to camp and help Taffy with the supper. They re-filled the water buckets and, on the way back, Nick put his head round the kitchen door to tell Tiny of their movements and to ask him to bring Jim with him just as soon as they had both finished their evenings work.

It was nearly nine o'clock by the time the Eagles sat in a circle round the blazing fire to eat their meal. The two "hotel workers" had had to work longer than they had expected as the late arrivals wanted dinner, which meant starting the second sitting at 7.30. Jim had changed back into his camp clothes with the utmost speed, but even then, it was 8.30 before they had left the Manor. They were all very tired, but this did not prevent each of them tucking away an enormous quantity of food.

Washing-up was easy as there wasn't a scrap left either on the plates or in the cooking pots. It was agreed that Tiny and Jim could be excused that particular chore as they had been performing domestic duties at the house almost continuously since lunchtime.

Taffy made a large brew of cocoa, and the Patrol relaxed with their steaming beverage before for the night. The five outside workers were all very interested to hear about the experiences and the butler and the deputy kitchen hand, who were only too pleased to answer the numerous questions. Jim said that he thought he would be able to give the Patrol a hand during his breaks in the middle of the morning and afternoon, and although Tiny was as keen as mustard to do likewise, he said he might find escape more difficult. The subject of conversation subsequently changes form what they had done to the plans for the next day.

Nick pointed out that as the really big job of felling the trees had been completed, it would probably be better for the gardeners to split into two groups. Taffy and Bob could help him carry on with clearing the beds at the side of the drive, whilst Sandy and Fish could start a new project down by the lake. Fish jumped at the idea with enthusiasm as he wanted to explore the derelict boathouse. "We'll clear some of the weeds, of course," he added.

"I wonder if there's a boat down there," commented Sandy. "It'd be fun to do some fishing."

"There's nothing like a plump fresh fish for a good meal," said Taffy, thinking it would cut down the expenses of his quartermaster's department.

"We haven't any tackle." Bob reminded him. "Unless you want to try your hand at tickling some trout, I've got a feeling we're going to be hungry!"

"I'll ask Herbert about a boat," Jim offered, "and if there is one it's quite conceivable that there's some tackle as well. The lone man wants to fish as well."

"I don't want to dampen your hopes. but Catherine told me that the late Colonel used to do some painting Tiny started.

"Was he an interior decorator?" Sandy chipped in. "No, you chump! He was an artist" scoffed Tiny, knowing full well that Sandy was playing the fool. "And she thought he used that wooden house as his studio. He was evidently quite good."

"Well, it's worth having a look at all events," concluded Fish. "We might be lucky."

The heat from the dying embers of the fire made them feel pleasantly drowsy. but they chatted on, lulled into a dreamy state of laziness so that it became difficult to summon up the energy to get up and wander over to the tent only a few yards away. However, at half past ten Nick reluctantly pulled himself up to his feet and rubbed his eyes.

"Come on, Eagles. Time to doss down for the night," he yawned heavily. "I'd like to see us on the job by half past eight at the latest in the morning."

"I'm nice and comfortable, Nick. Can't you let me stay here?" mumbled Sandy.

"Not on your life!" replied Nick. He dug each one of his Patrol in the ribs with the toe of his shoe, and gradually they heaved themselves into a standing position, and went over to their tent to get ready for bed.

"Everyone else seems to be asleep," remarked Fish casually as he doused his face with water. "I can't see any light in the Manor, or in the farmhouse for that matter."

"I expect most people around here rush for their beds as soon as the Archers are over," Sandy said, the moonlight catching the twinkle in his eye.

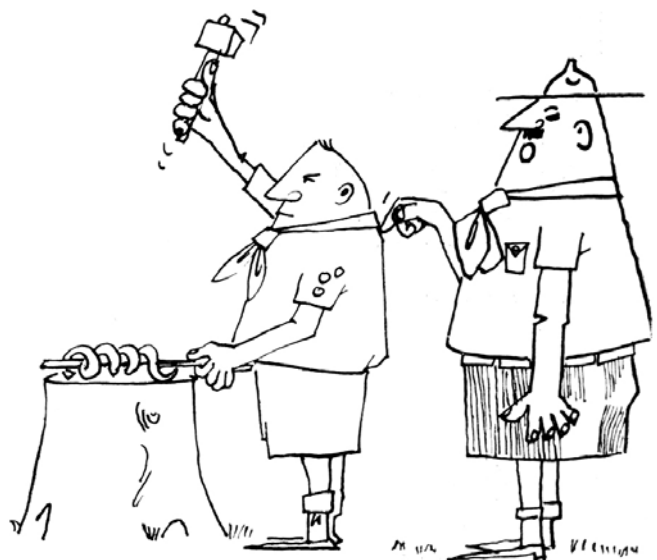
"Then I'm surprised all the guests at the house have gone to bed." Jim remarked. He sat up in his sleeping bag, looking at a book and focusing the beam of his torch on the pages. "Because none of today's arrivals come from anywhere near these parts."

"What makes you say that?" enquired Bob, heaping his clothes into a pillow.

"I've checked up on their car registrations in the AA book," he said looking carefully down the columns. "One of the first couples comes from Hertfordshire and the other from Exeter. Both cars of the late arrivals who came together are registered in Edinburgh.

"And what about our lone man in the VW?" asked Sandy.

"His car was PNE. so that means he's probably from Manchester. His car is registered there at any rate," answered Jim.



**"No, my boy, we don't straighten them out before we eat them"**

"That explains his temperament. You can't expect anyone to be placid if they come from a place where it rains all the time!" concluded Sandy with a sigh.

There was hardly a sound once they had climbed into their sleeping bags, for they were all so tired that they dropped straight off to sleep. Everyone, that is, except Fish. He lay on his back listening to the slow regular breathing of his companions, and thought about all that had happened since they had arrived. He felt as though he had been at Woodvale Manor for months and yet they had pitched their tents less than thirty hours before. The people he'd met were so different from those he knew at home in Holmbury. He had never met a genuine aristocrat before - and he still hadn't - and the lone man seemed to be a strange character. Even the farmer was bewildering though Fish couldn't decide quite why.

He turned over carefully in order not to wake Sandy on the one side nor Bob on the other. He looked at his watch, and sighed when he found it was nearly midnight. He took a deep breath, and almost subconsciously added an extra sniff. He thought he smelt a faint tang of wood-smoke. He knew Taffy had put out their fire, so he inhaled again and this time he was certain his nostrils hadn't deceived him.

As quietly as possible, Fish slipped out of his sleeping bag and crawled to the end of the tent. He froze still because Nick, who was lying nearest the door, stirred and turned over. But he did not wake. Fish leant back for his sweater and slipped it over his pyjamas as the cold air made him shudder involuntarily.

He stood up and looked over towards the Manor and gasped. The sight which confronted him made his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth in unspeakable astonishment. Belching upwards above the trees behind the house in the vague glow of the full moon's light he saw - a tall column of dense billowing smoke.

**Next Week:**

**INTO ACTION**

# JOHNNY CANUCK

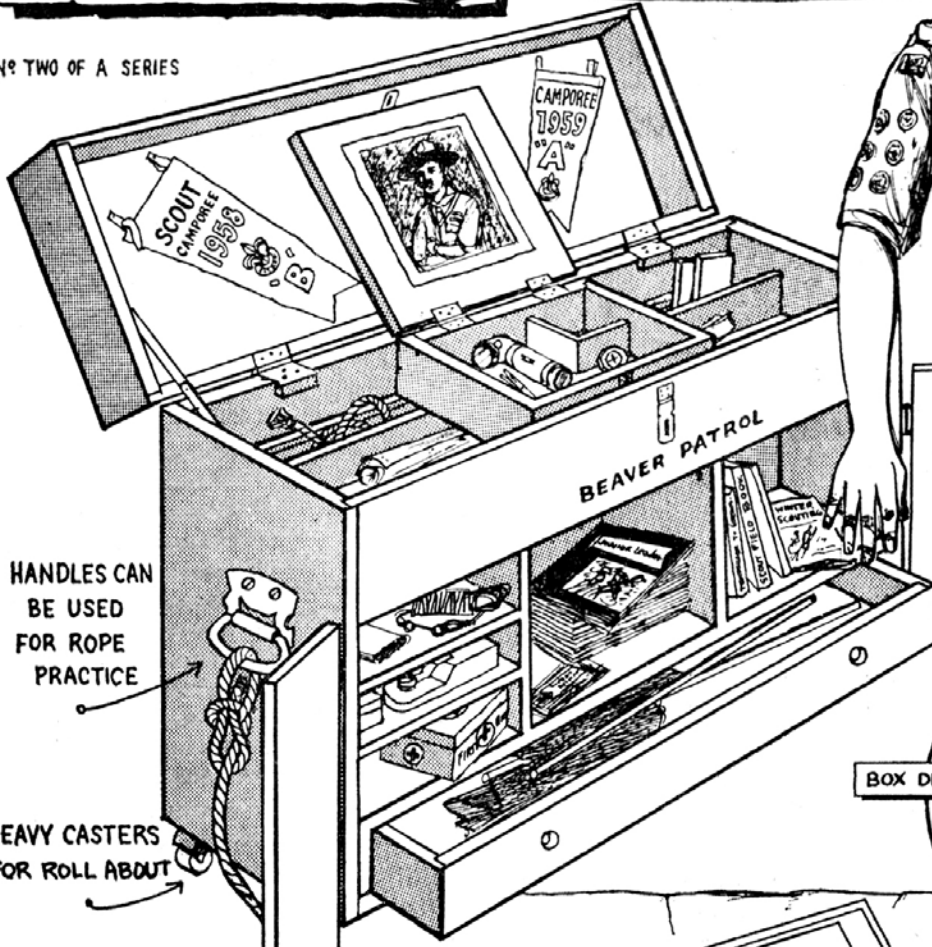
AND THE BEAVER PATROL



HERE'S A PATROL BOX IDEA WE BORROWED FROM THE 90TH. TORONTO TROOP!



NO TWO OF A SERIES



HANDLES CAN BE USED FOR ROPE PRACTICE

HEAVY CASTERS FOR ROLL ABOUT

OUR THANKS TO:  
P.L. DAVE BINGHAM  
AND HIS STAG PATROL

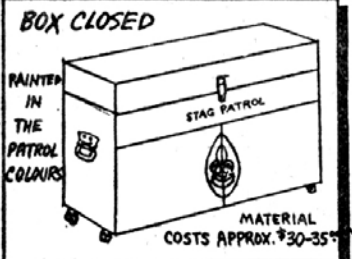
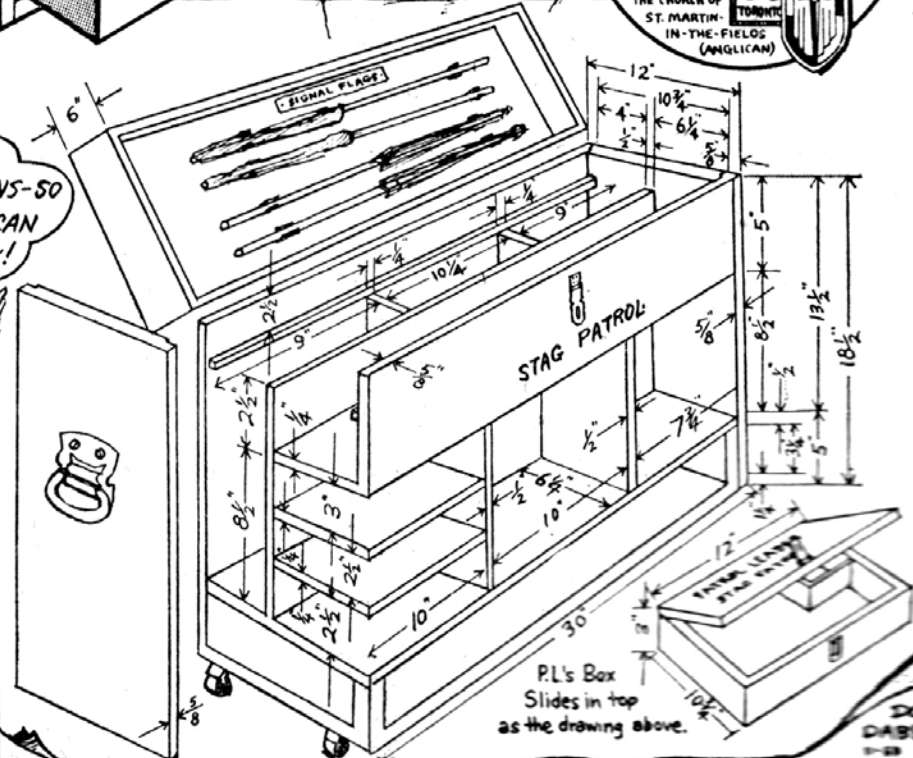
BOX DESIGNED BY: MR. S.F. SMITH (GM)

AND REPRODUCED WITH PERMISSION

90TH TORONTO TROOP  
THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS (ANGELICAN)



HERE ARE THE MAIN DIMENSIONS—SO YOUR PATROL CAN BUILD THIS BOX!



P.L.'s Box Slides in top as the drawing above.

DON. DABER

# Skipper Sympson's Diary

by D. H. Barber

Book Keeper

## Monday Evening:

"There are times," said Mike the Menace dolefully, when I met him on his way home from the Grammar School this afternoon. "when the responsibility of being a P.L. almost gets me down. I look back with nausea on the happy days when I was a plain Scout."

You mean nostalgia," I said. "Not nausea. But. I get your point. There are times when I regret having given up golf in favour of Scoutmastering. But what's the present trouble ?

"It's the Troop Library," he groaned. "As you know, we P.L.'s take it in turns to act as three months each, and the idea is that we lend out books for ten minutes before the Troop Meeting starts and for ten minutes afterwards, handing out the books that are wanted to the other P.L.'s, whose Scouts have to ask them for the books they desire, and writing the names of the books and the P.L.'s that have them in the register."

I nodded.

"I know," I said. "The Court of Honour invented the system because, in the past, when we've run the Library in a free-and-easy way, books have disappeared by the dozen. Chaps haven't actually stolen them, of course, they've just taken them and forgotten them, and in the end their mothers have probably given them to Jumble Sales."

"Exactly," said Mike. "The new system was my own idea, so I took on the first three months, and I've done the thing properly. I have always been on duty at the appointed time, and every book I have handed out to a P.L. has been written down in the register, and when they've come back I've crossed them off. My three months is up on Friday, and I have to hand over the key of the Library to Dexter of the Curlews. He opposed the new system when I suggested it at the court of Honour, saying that we should lose just as many books as before. And I hate to confess it, but he has turned out to be right. There are twenty-five missing."

"Dexter," I said, "will have the laugh on you!"

"Not if I can help it," he said grimly. "If you'll lend me the Troop register, I'll call round separately on every single Scout in the Troop and ask him point-blank if he's got one of the missing books. I've got a list of them, of course."

## Tuesday Evening:

Mike's problem about the Troop Library has been on my mind all day. We have quite a decent collection of books, about 500 in all, every sort of Scouting book, a lot of good adventure stories, and books of exploration and mountaineering. I had hoped Mike's new system would stop the leakage, because, although most people are pretty careless about returning borrowed books, I think Scouts ought to have a higher standard in this as in all things, and borrowing and not returning is, after all, a sort of dishonesty only once removed from stealing.

But I did not envy Mike his task of chasing them up. We have thirty-six Scouts in all, and many of them live several miles away. He would have a busy week

I met him about an hour ago, looking fagged and unhappy.

"I've done sixteen Scouts," he said, "and only one of them produced a book with the Troop book-plate in it.



"... being a P.L. almost gets me down ..."

And that turned out to be one he had borrowed last year, so it isn't on my missing list at all. I'm more and more convinced that there's been some dirty work at the cross-roads, and that Dexter is at the bottom of it, to make me look a fool. I've called on Dexter four times, but on each occasion his mother has said he was out..."

## Thursday Evening:

P.L. Dexter of the Curlews has just called round to fix up a Badge Test. I noticed that he had a black eye, and asked him where he had got it, but he just mumbled something about running into a door.

## Friday Evening:

I got along very early to the Troop Meeting this evening, but Mike was there before me, feverishly going through the library shelves to see if he could have made a mistake.

"I've had no luck at all," he groaned. "Not one of the missing books has turned up. And it wasn't Dexter."

"How do you know?" I asked.

He faced me for the first time, and I saw that his nose was red and swollen.

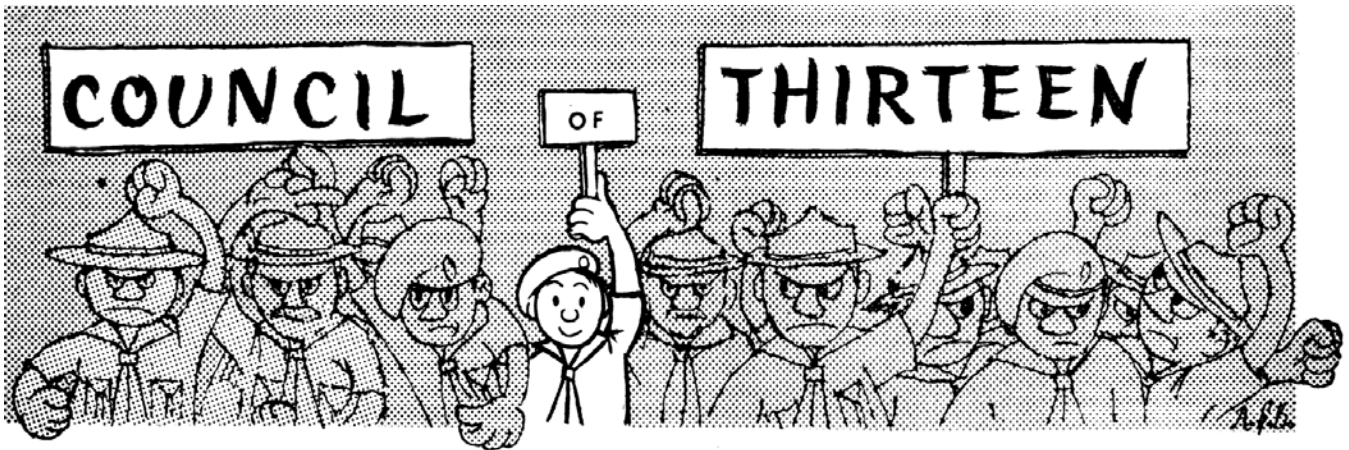
"We had a quiet chat on the matter," he said, hurriedly, "and he convinced me that he is as innocent as a new-born lamb. Indeed, he was rather upset at my suggesting he had pulled a fast one. And I've interviewed all the Scouts except Dick Ruckshaw. I didn't bother with him, of course, as the poor chap can't read."

Dick Ruckshaw is a big fellow of sixteen, and probably the most popular chap in the Troop, being cheerful, kind, and loyal, but he was involved in an accident when he was a small kid, and he is "backward" to such an extent that he cannot read or write properly. I was dubious about letting him be a Scout, but as so often happens with chaps with a disability, he makes up for it in other ways, and he is worth his weight in gold, and acts as Quartermaster, looking after the camp gear, mending tents and seeing they are properly stored in winter, etc.

While we were talking he came in, and Mike told him about the missing books, though not dreaming that he would be able to help.

He couldn't have been more wrong.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mike," said Dick penitently, "but I'm the thief. The cupboard where we keep the tents has a stone floor, and last year the tents got a bit damp, so this year I have rested them on planks, and to raise the planks from the stone floor, I borrowed a few of your books. I chose old shabby-looking books that I thought nobody would want to read, but I can see now I ought to have mentioned it."



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

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## Show-time is Scout-time

**LIKE THE MEMBERS** of our Group, I suppose many Patrol Leaders and Scouts are now thinking about, or already working for Group Shows or Gang Shows.

**B.-P.** was always keen on putting on plays and in "Scouting for Boys" he suggests that Scouts should take part in play-acting. Scouts and Cubs love to dress-up and make believe and especially when it gives an opportunity to amuse folk at the same time.

Our Skipper is quite a good Producer and we have put over a number of Group Shows which have been very successful, but this year our Local Association is putting on a real Gang Show at the local Theatre and we are backing them up by being members of the cast.

I have met Patrol Leaders who have said that their Scouter wouldn't allow them to be in a Gang Show 'cos they should be getting on with Scouting instead. I often wonder what people like that mean by Scouting, for I always thought that Scouting was a way of building character and what better way of doing this than by being a member of a Gang Show cast; maybe being a soloist at one moment and only a member of the chorus the next.

I think it's grand training and one makes such wonderful friends and has such fun at the same time.

Perhaps Scouters who run down Gang Shows are just a little jealous and want to keep their fellows all to themselves. I wonder if they've forgotten the second, third, fourth and ninth Scout Laws?

Mind you we never let rehearsals for the Show interfere with the Troop Meeting. Oh, no! If any member of the cast misses a Troop Night without a very fine excuse he is automatically out of the Show. Fair's fair - the Patrol comes first, but once having asked to be a member of the Gang Show cast he is expected to be loyal to those running the rehearsals and always let the Producer know should he be unable to attend. Even if a fellow is ill, he can at least get someone to pass on a message for him.

I've got five members of my Patrol, including myself, in this year's Show and what grand fun we are having.

Some of my blokes have managed to get into dancing and two as well as I have parts in sketches. What a wonderful bloke Ralph Reader must be to have written so many wonderful songs and sketches just right for Scouts and how the public laps it up. Thanks a lot, Ralph, you're a grand Scout.

At rehearsals Scouts get together and have a chance to chat at canteen break time and this is when one has the chance to learn how other Patrols and Troops work. I was amazed, the other night, to notice how many Scouts(?) who have been in a Troop for a long time haven't yet got their Second Class Badge so I asked some of them why and I just couldn't believe it when they said all they wanted was firelighting and cooking.

Well blow me down - fancy that - surely their Scouters can find time and interest to take them out on a Saturday afternoon to see what they can do. Anyway I wonder what sort of Camp they had this year when there should have been so many opportunities to pass outdoor tests.

And, talking of outdoor tests, I've heard of lots of Scouts who, through seeing Badges such as Camper, Pioneer, Backwoodsman, Venturer, etc., on the arms of other Scouts at a Gang Show rehearsal, have found out where Courses for these Badges are run and have applied for places on the Courses.

I know that on those Courses I have attended at least half have been members of one or other Gang Show and this seems to me to demonstrate that Gang Show is Scouting and that the good and keen Scout is interested in all that is Scouting.

If you ever get a chance to be a member of the cast of a Gang Show jump at it, put your heart and soul into it and you will be a better Scout by being an all-round Scout, and my! what a lot of fun you'll get out of it and what a lot of pleasure you will give to others.

I know that our Show will be a great success and I do hope that yours will be too.





*... from  
here and  
there*

### COVENTRY'S WINNING CAR

SOMETHING LIKE 12,000 spectators lined the track at the 1962 Scoutcar Races at Blackpool last month and witnessed the outstanding success of the 82nd Coventry's entry, Cannonball II. Miss Violet Carson (Ena Sharples of Granada-TV's "Coronation Street") who presented the prizes and trophies to the winners, jokingly complained that her arm ached through handing over so many cheques to "Cannonball's" leader. The Coventry boys took home about £82 in all!



Our picture shows the TV star at the wheel of the 17th Cheltenham's car. By the way, Miss Carson is a charming person – not a bit like the character she plays on the TV.

The success of the 1962 Scoutcar Races was due in large measure to the excellent sponsorship of the British Motor Corporation who have already agreed to give the event the same grand backing next year. So get cracking right away you Scout mechanics and let's see an even larger number of cars at the starting line in 1963. There's good cash for Group funds to be won with these Scoutcars

### A FINE EXAMPLE

Graham Fuke, a Senior Scout of Hayes, Kent, recently became the first in his Troop to gain the Queens Scout Badge for five years. Nothing special about this you may say until I tell you that Graham is confined to an invalid chair suffering from an incurable disease. How far are YOU off from gaining this coveted badge?

### NEWCASTLE SCOUT ON THE SCREEN

Freddy Ramsay, a Scout from Newcastle-on-Tyne, is now appearing in a film called LIFE FOR RUTH, alongside stars Michael Craig, Patrick McGoohan and Janet Munro. He was selected by Bill Everett, a well-known London Scouter who is also a children's consultant for a number of film companies.



Here is a still from the film showing Freddie in a dramatic scene with 8-year-old Lynn Taylor, a Brownie daughter of a miner from South Shields.

### GOODBYE TO SUMMER

The summer of 1962, like last year's, will not go down in history for its sunshine record. But bad as it was it made little or no difference to the number of Scouts who attended summer camps.



Certainly some Troops had a more testing time than others. For example, as this picture shows, the 3rd Carlisle camping at Calder Bridge in West Cumberland had to face a flood which swept through their site during one unforgettable night. In places the water was three feet deep, but so well was the camp organised that nobody was any the worse for the ordeal although much of the Troop's equipment suffered considerably.

The Scouts of Hong Kong have had their troubles, too. Typhoon "Wanda" which struck their camp site early last month reached 162 m.p.h. but we are happy to hear that no Scouts were injured.

### MONEY ON THE DOGS

Every week the Cubs of Batley, Yorkshire, put their spare coppers in a kitty and spend it on dogs - stray dogs. They devote this fund to prevent the dogs being destroyed. Their busiest time is in February when puppies bought as Christmas presents end up in the dog pen at the Police Station. Said one boy: "We don't want them to die just because they haven't a home to go to."

Since the scheme started the Batley Cubs have saved 200 stray dogs from destruction. They have all been taken care of in the Dewsbury animal sanctuary until new owners have been found. "A Scout is a friend to animals" says the Sixth Scout Law.

Bye now!

**TED WOOD.**

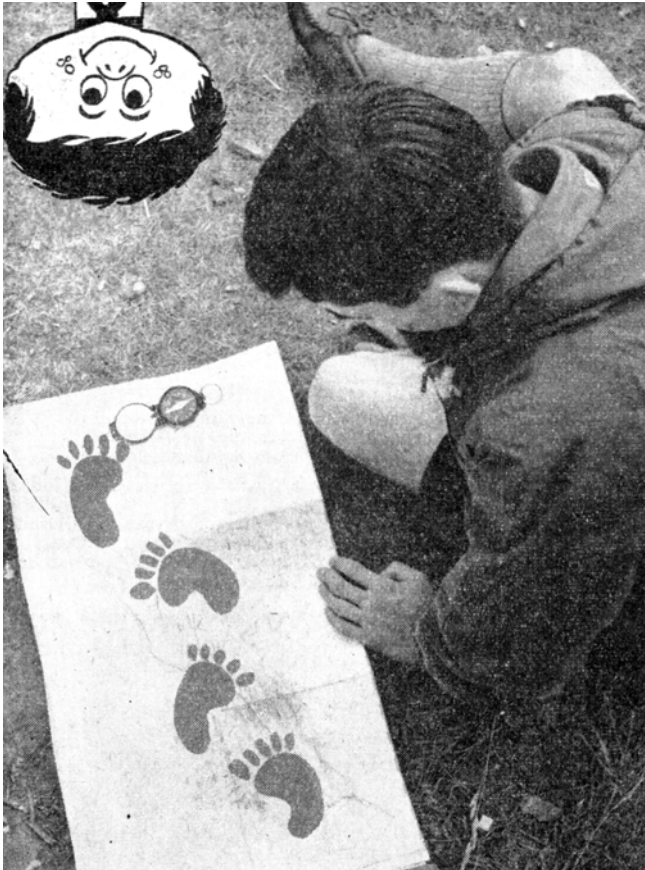


# your first class test in PICTURES



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by John Annandale & Robert Dewar  
FOURTY-SECOND WEEK



## Understanding the First Class Journey Instructions

We do not propose to discuss the type of First Class Journey instructions you may receive. These details vary from District to District, even though the underlying objective is the same.

No matter what manner of instructions you get, it is fair to say that they are bound to include map references and compass bearings.

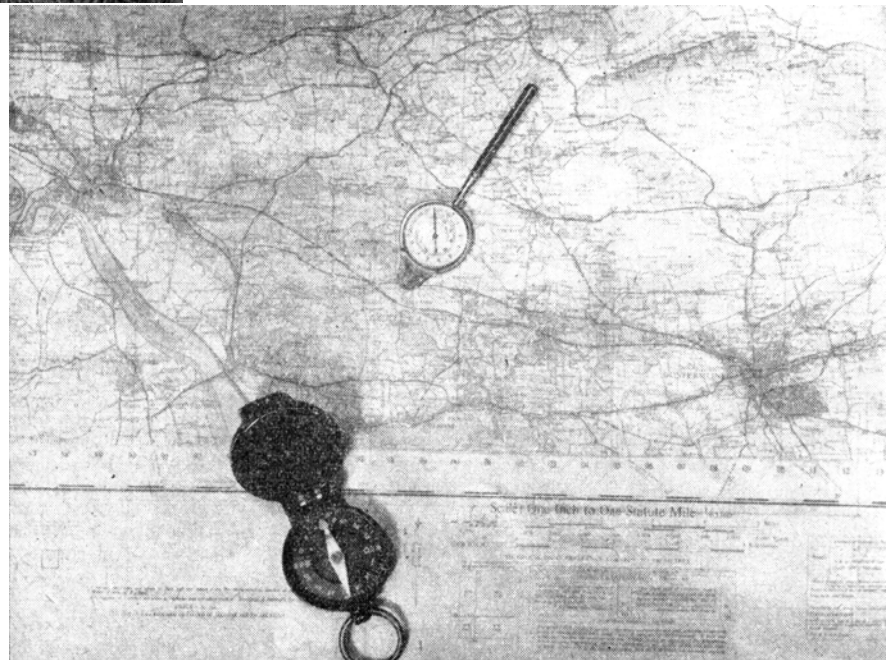
Do remember the importance of spending a few minutes checking your directions. This business of checking your route is one which you can well share with your companion - even though he is not actually passing the test.

He will most certainly not thank you for rushing off in great haste only to find later that you are miles off your route. You are being tested on your ability as a pathfinder so do not let yourself down right from the start.

One last point about your route. **DO NOT TRESPASS.** it may be that when your D.C. first went over the route, it was in order to cross certain fields, but since then the situation has changed and it is no longer permissible to walk across a particular piece of land.

When this happens select an alternative route for that stretch of the journey and report the facts in your log. Your D.C. will be grateful to you for pointing the facts' out to him.

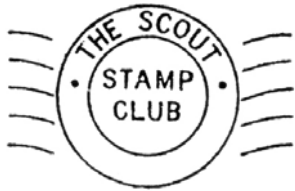
The face of the countryside is constantly changing. An example of this can be seen in comparing the picture on the right with the appropriate section on the map reproduced underneath. Even the most active Commissioner cannot keep up-to-date with every change.



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**NEXT WEEK**  
**Carrying out your Instructions**



## NOW IS THE TIME TO START

By Howard L. Fears

IN THE MIDDLE of Summer one's thoughts may turn to games, outdoor sports and camping. When the darker evenings come along, however, then is the time to think about hobbies which will provide a lasting interest throughout the Autumn and Winter.

Stamp collecting is a hobby which appeals to many millions throughout the world and a great deal of enjoyment may be gained in building up a collection. What do you need to start with?

**Stamp Album:** You need not pay a lot of money for an album into which your stamps can be mounted. It is a very sensible decision, however, to buy the best album you can afford at the beginning because a very small one will soon become full.

**Tweezers:** Although your fingers are very delicate they will prove too rough for handling stamps. Even men with many years experience always use a pair of tweezers when handling stamps. For a shilling or two you can secure a good pair.

**Stamp Hinges:** The usual variety require moistening on one side. If you can afford it and you are likely to collect mint (unused) stamps there is a recent variety on the market which does not require any moistening and can be removed from the stamp after use without leaving any trace. Of course, such hinges are more expensive.

**Catalogue:** To start with, a simple catalogue is all that is required. You will soon become used to finding out how many stamps there are in a set by its careful use, and if you are in any doubt regarding the identification of a stamp you will find a catalogue invaluable.

Having got all your material ready, you now need the stamps. Ask all your friends - especially adults - to let you have all the foreign stamps which come their way. When birthdays or Christmas come along tell them that you are collecting stamps and ask if they will buy you a large packet of all-different stamps. It is better to have one packet of 1,000 stamps than two packets with 500 in each.

### NEW SCOUT STAMPS

The Summer of 1962 has seen a number of new Scout stamp issues. In Libya a Philia (Gathering) was held for Mediterranean Boy Scouts. This attracted the interest of Scout organisations in the Mediterranean and special issues have been released by Libya itself, which you can see below, as well as Turkey and Morocco. At the same time an Asian Jamboree took place in Japan, which released a special stamp. From Haiti in South America has come an attractive issue of 8 values and Colombia has also released a set of 5 Scout stamps. The Girl Guides have not been forgotten: a special stamp for them has appeared in America.

Collecting Scout and Guide stamps provides a most interesting side-line and several new issues can be expected during 1963 which is the year for the next World Jamboree.

### NEW ISSUE FOR BRITAIN

During November a special issue of three postage stamps will be available in British Post Offices, commemorating National Productivity Year. The set will consist of three values - 2½d., 3d. and is. 3d. and collectors are recommended to buy a set whilst they are still available.

### LUCKY DIP

Club members whose numbers have been drawn to receive a packet of stamps this month are

1211	1254	1301
1409	1416	1589

## Another Special Offer

This First Day Cover pictured on the right is now available to Club Members and costs 2/6d. Send a postal order, please to:-

**First Day Cover,  
The Scout Stamp Club,  
25, Buckingham Palace  
Road, London, S.W.1.**



# PUPPETS AS A HOBBY - by R. W. Parry

## 3-Dressing the Puppet

AS THE NAME IMPLIES, the dress of a Glove Puppet is a covering or glove which fits over your hand your first finger goes into the neck, your second finger and your thumb form the arms. Your two spare fingers are folded into the palm of your hand (fig. 1). You need one basic pattern which will do for all types of dresses and on which you can build your different characters. To make this pattern (fig. 2) rule a piece of paper into 1 inch squares, 9 across and 10 down.

This must be done very accurately, then carefully copy the dress so that the appropriate curves in the small squares fit exactly into your larger squares and you will have correctly enlarged the pattern.

Carefully cut the pattern out and it should now measure inches across at the widest point and be 9 inches long.

This allows for the seams and is an average size. It is as well to lay the paper pattern onto a piece of strong cardboard, draw round and cut out so that you have a really strong lasting pattern to work with.

You will want to collect a good quantity of bits and pieces of material and all sorts of odds and ends, the cotton type of material is really best, very thin stuff is difficult to make up and not strong enough for the job and thick stuff hampers the movement of your fingers. If you haven't large enough pieces for the whole dress you can make the pattern in two pieces allowing an inch extra for an overlapping join at the waist. This is useful if you want coat and trousers to be of different materials.

Coloured crepe paper is another idea instead of material and can be very effective but not so strong.

Having chosen suitable material, lay the pattern on the wrong side of it and draw round with a thick soft pencil or crayon, repeat this on a second piece of material. Cut both pieces out, pin evenly together and join up both sides, leaving the neck and bottom open, then turn up the bottom hem. You can either sew the seams or stick with fabric paste. By the way, don't worry if your sewing wouldn't win a prize; just make it very strong and securely finished off, the stitches won't show at all.

Turn the dress the right side out and slip a hand onto the end of each sleeve, the thumbs to the top, push the end of your ruler into the sleeve to make something firm over which to pull the hands well down. A little paste in each hand will make them secure.

To fix the head, insert neck into the opening, paste or glue the material firmly to it, trim neatly and finish with a band of tape or something similar to make very strong.

Your scrap box should provide details to finish off and help to show the character intended, such as collars, cuffs, buttons, etc. See Fig. 3 for a few ideas.

The Puppet is now complete. Get in some practice sitting in front of a mirror and you will soon learn the many actions a Glove Puppet is capable of in the hands of a skilled Puppeteer.

(To be continued)

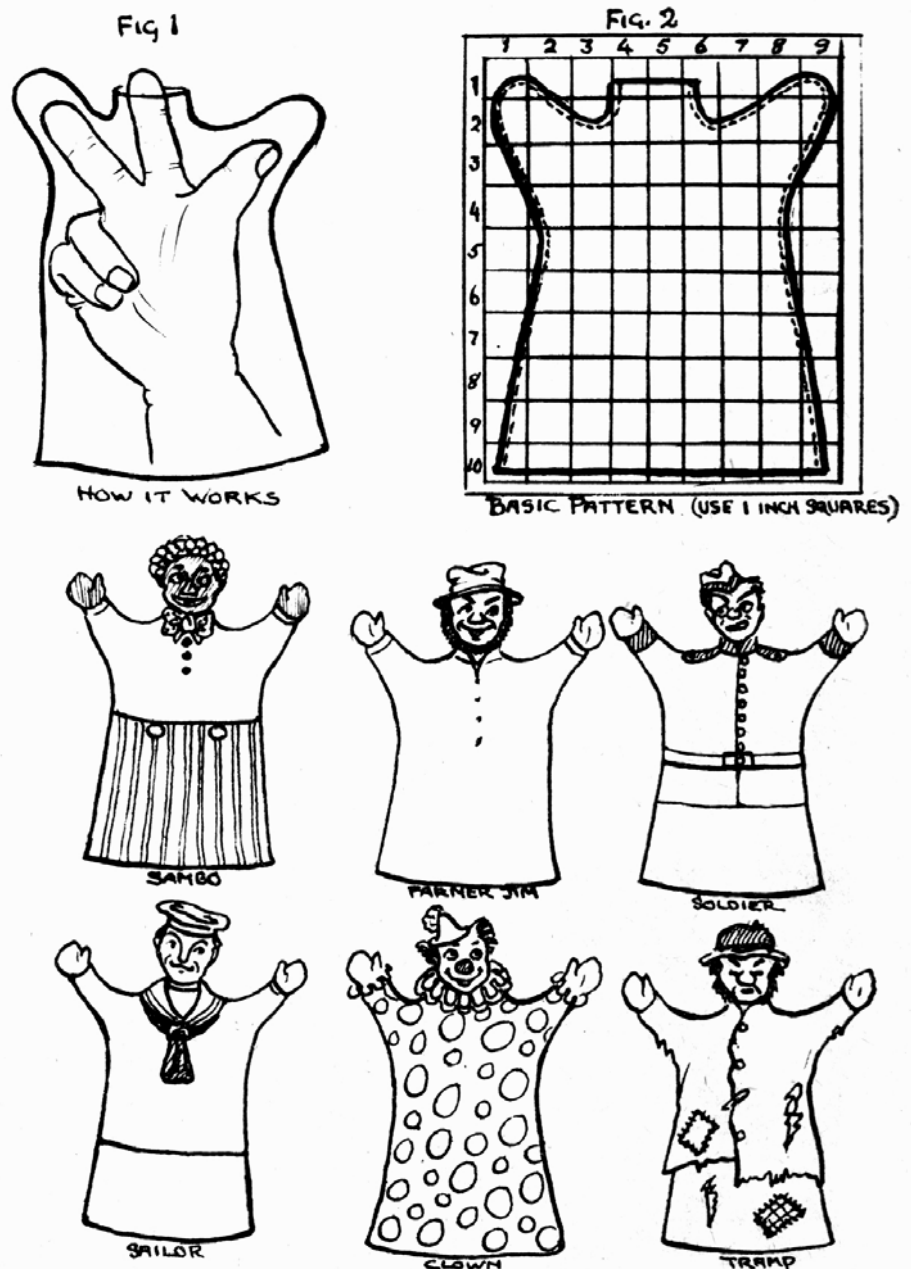
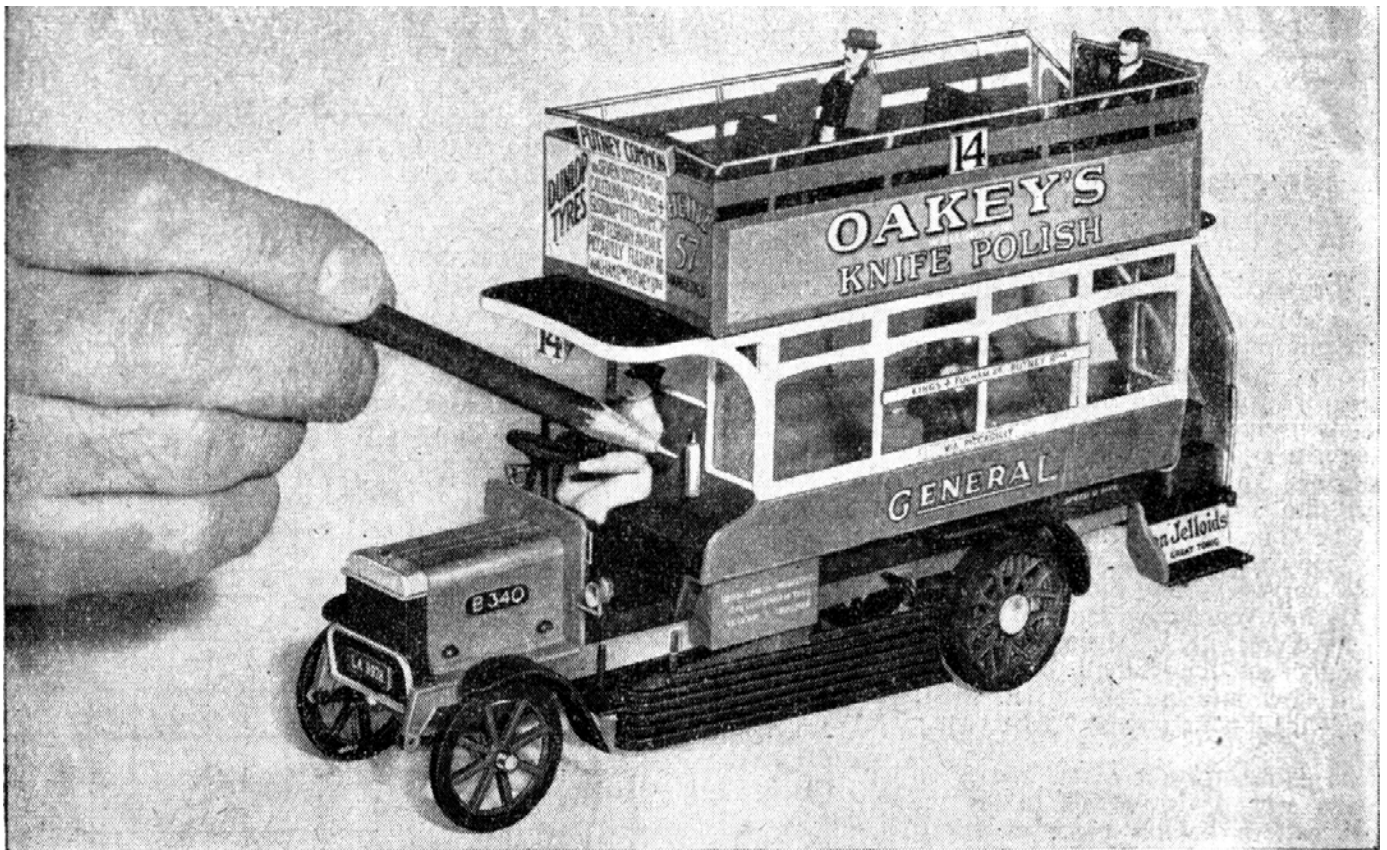


FIG. 3 SOME IDEAS FOR CHARACTERS



## ... even the fire extinguisher is there !

*This Airfix 1/32nd scale 1910 bus is an exact replica of the Old Bill vehicle. Has a wealth of detail, crew and passengers. 130-part kit 6/-.*

It's typical of the realism you get with Airfix models. They're just like the real thing! More than that, though, Airfix give you constant

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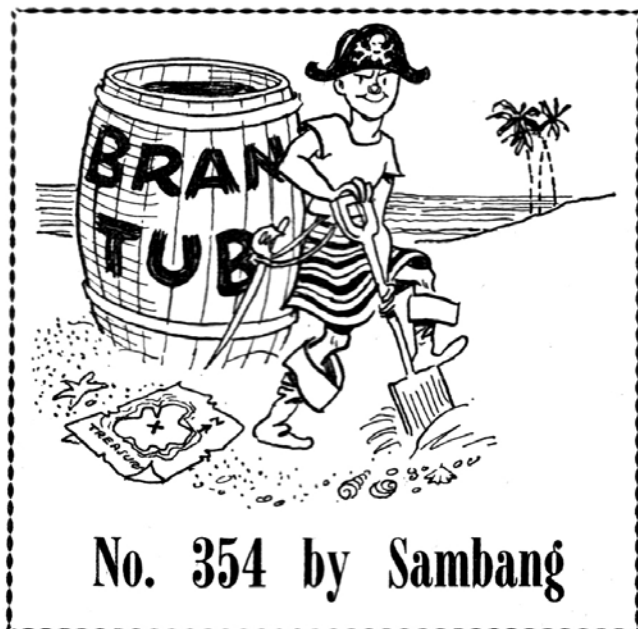
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C.162

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Kings Hotel,  
 Ventnor,  
 I. of. Wight  
 Sunday

Dear Sambang,

I am writing this letter in lemon juice so that you can't read it - Ha Ha! I squeezed half a lemon into an egg cup and just keep dipping my nice clean pen nib in it. If you want to read this you will have to heat it in front of the fire and the words will ~~gradly~~ soon appear - they will be brown.

I hope you get it read - Ha Ha!

My holiday is super and I have been in swimming every day. The food is great and

### Archie does it again

One of these days I will stop speaking to Archie, my Wolf Cub friend. He went off to the Isle of Wight for his holidays a few weeks ago, and promised faithfully that he would write me a long, newsy letter. The first week passed and nothing came from him, but on Tuesday of the second week an envelope, with an Isle of Wight postmark, arrived. Eagerly I tore it open to see what that young scallywag had been up to. I pulled out two sheets of paper, but to my horror and amazement they were blank.

I was just about to throw them in the fire, when I decided that I would keep them and show them to Archie on his return - and I had a few well chosen remarks to go along with them.

He arrived borne on the Saturday evening at 6 o'clock - he was up to see me at 7.30 with a broad grin on his sun-tanned face. "Well, Sambang, did you get my letter?" he asked. I grunted, and thrust the blank pages in front of his nose. "Oh really," he exclaimed, "I thought you had more in you. Do you mean to say you have never read my letter?" I was ready to take him by the scruff of the neck and throw him out of the house, but I counted ten and then I said as calmly as I could: "All right, Archie, you win. Now please tell me the joke."

Quietly Archie took the sheets of paper from me and held one of them in front of the electric fire which was burning in my study. Very slowly lines and marks began to appear on the sheet of paper. After a minute or two Archie handed me back one page and said, "There now, read that!" By the time I had read the first page (which you see at the top of the next column), Archie had the second page ready for me to read.

### It's a Dog's Life!



# TAWNIES OF THE GREENWOOD

by Falcon Travis

*FOR NEW READERS: Sixer Ken Bruce, Bob his Second, and the rest of the Tawnies, are to play the parts of Robin Hood and his Merry Men in the coming Group Show. Joe Pogley, a young bully, dislikes Cubs, especially as the club he belongs to has to meet in a smaller hall until after the Show. He has set himself up as the Sheriff of Miser's Wood, the sworn enemy of Robin Hood. Robin Hood (Ken) and three of his best bowmen, have been invited by Sheriff Pogley to a shooting contest in Brock Wood, which is on his uncle's farm.*

## CHAPTER SIX The Shooting Contest

A FEW MINUTES before three o'clock, the Tawnies were happily striding along Brock Farm lane with their long-bows across their shoulders, each with an arrow in his belt, and Ken with his bugle-horn slung over his shoulder.

Outside the farmyard gate they were met by one of Pogley's friends. "I'm a Sheriff's man," he said, giving the Men of the Greenwood a surly look. "You're to go round to the other gate, and wait for the Sheriff. He's out with the others."

"Out with the others?" queried Ken. "The shooting contest is supposed to start at three o'clock. It's nearly that now."

"They're having another look for the Sheriff's bow. Somebody snatched it out of his hand in the dark on Thursday night in Miser's Wood while -" The Sheriff's man's eyes suddenly fixed on the extra bow Ken was carrying. "That's it! So it was you, eh? We thought it might be you lot up to your tricks again."

"Don't talk pot, Sheriff's man," answered Ken. "If we were up to any tricks, we wouldn't have brought it back, would we?"

"What have you been up to, then?" demanded the Sheriff's man. "How did you get it?"

"Ask the hobgoblins," retorted Ken.

"The what?" the Sheriff's man asked, looking puzzled.

"Better ask the brave Sheriff Pogley," said Ken, thrusting the bow into the Sheriff's man's hand. "He knows all about hobgoblins. And take a good look at that bow. Make sure we haven't sawn half-way through it."

The Men of the Greenwood left the bewildered Sheriff's man, and made their way round to the Brock Wood gate.

They had waited only a minute or so when Pogley came through the wood with the bow in his hand.

"I hope, for your sakes," he warned, unlocking the gate, "that the bold Robin Hood and his Merry Weeds have not played any pranks with this trusty bow of mine. There is not another to better it."

"I admit it looks a worthy weapon," agreed Ken, leading the Tawnies in through the gate, and following Pogley. "It's no, worse for having been in our care."

"I would like to know what you were up to in Miser's Wood on Thursday night," said Pogley, turning to Ken.

"If you think you had me scared, you can think again. You were up to something fishy."

"We were hunting for the miser's treasure," grinned Dusty, and began to chant "In Miser's Wood there is a tree, a blasted oak now hard to see. Beneath the ground ten paces west, there lies the miser's treasure chest."

"If you believe that fairy tale," laughed Pogley, "you're even scattier than you look."

"Who? Me?" asked Dusty, looking hurt.

"No, the lot of you," replied Pogley. "And why six of you? This is a shooting contest of four archers against four."

"We've brought two reserves," said Ken. "They're not shooting."

"Your bodyguard, eh?" sniggered Pogley, looking down at little Tony and Tim, then at Ken. "I see the bold Master Robin carries his bugle-horn this bright and sunny afternoon. If thy Merry Weeds are sitting around in bushes and trees in readiness for their leader's call, 'twould be wiser to send them back. There will be no need of them here."

"Right pleased I am to hear it, Sheriff," answered Ken, with a sly wink at Bob. "They will not complain."

"Pity I did not think to invite them," said Pogley. "They could have cheered should a Merry Weed have happened to hit a target."

As they walked on, the trees began to thin out, and a little further through the wood, Pogley stopped at a length of string stretched out along the ground, between two pegs. "This is the base line. We shoot from here," he announced. He pointed along a clear space through the trees at a huge elm tree. "That's the target tree. It's a twenty-five-yard shoot. Wait here. I'll fetch the men."

Pogley walked on past the tree, through a gate in the farmyard wall, and towards a barn at the other side of the farmyard. When the Tawnies had watched Pogley out of sight behind the wall, they turned their attention to the target tree.

Driven into the ground in front of the tree were three sticks, each as tall as a Scout staff, but thinner and with pointed tips. They stood in a row, twice as wide apart as cricket stumps, and the middle one stood a few inches higher than the others. "What do you think of the length, Dusty?" asked Ken. "Do you think you could manage it? It's just a bit longer than a cricket pitch. Longer than we've ever done for target practice."

"Expect so," answered Dusty, doubtfully. "Suppose I'll get the length after a shot or two. Hope we're not expected to split those sticks down the middle."

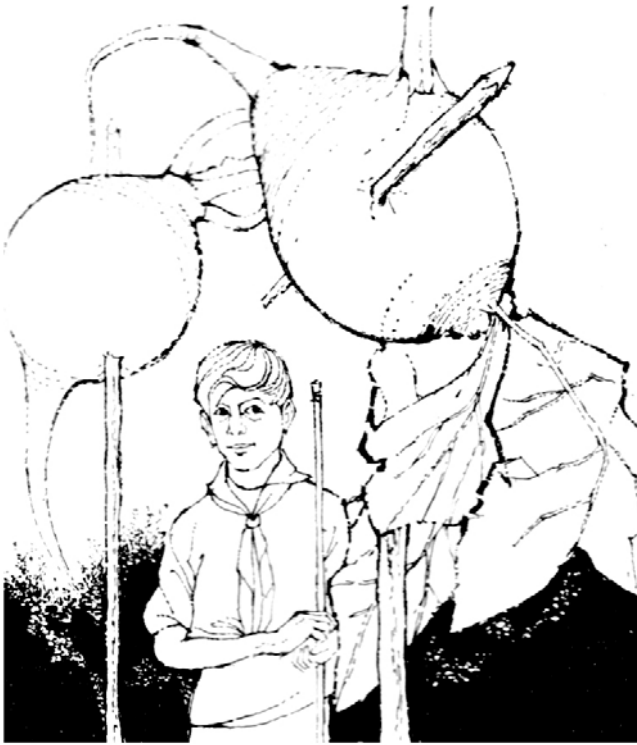
At the sound of voices coming from behind the farmyard wall, the Tawnies looked up. Pogley appeared through the gate first, with his bow and arrow in one hand, and a bulky sack over his shoulder. Three of the others who followed, also carried long-bows.

At the foot of the target tree, Pogley dropped the sack, and beckoned the Tawnies over. Dipping into the sack, he brought out three large turnips and a potato.

The Tawnies watched wonderingly as Pogley stuck a turnip on to the point of each target stick. Then he grasped the turnip on the, middle stick, and forced it down until the point came through the top. On the point he then stuck the potato.

"Now, my bold Robin, Hood," said Pogley, pushing the sack well clear of the targets, and picking up his long-bow, "the scoring is three points for hitting a turnip, and five points for Hitting the potato."





### Ken got a dead-centre hit

Double points for a dead-centre shot.

"You mean," checked Ken, "a shot straight through to the stick scores double."

"Master Robin has understood well," answered Pogley. "The team with the highest score after five rounds is the winner."

"Can we have a few practice shots first?" asked Ken. "We've never shot at this distance before."

"Surely the great and bold Robin Hood does not need practice shots," said Pogley, with a look of mock surprise as he looked round at his sniggering friends. Whether he does or not, there will be none. A Sheriff's Contest is not a practising match. Now, let us begin. And as you have been done the honour of being the Sheriff's guests, we shoot first."

They all moved over to the other end of the target area, and stood well behind the shooting line. Pogley, after announcing that each archer was to collect his own arrow after shooting, called his first man forward. He stepped to the shooting line, took steady aim and shot. The arrow cut through the side of the centre turnip.

"Three points!" called out Pogley, as his man ran down to the target tree, and tugged his arrow out.

Ken waved Dusty forward. He stood nervously on the line, notched his arrow on the bowstring, drew back, and let fly. The arrow flew straight for the centre target, but its speed was not enough to carry the distance, and it ended its journey slithering along the ground, yards short of its target.

"Bad luck, Dusty," Ken called out cheerfully, as Dusty slunk after his arrow.

"Bad shot, you mean," laughed Pogley, sending his next bowman to the line. "Three points to none."

The Sheriff's second man grazed the potato, and brought their score to eight. John, the next shot, sent his arrow higher than Dusty had done. It carried the distance, but landed in the tree trunk, above the targets.

"Eleven points to the Sheriff's men, and none to the Merry Weeds," called Pogley, with delight, as his third man hit an outer turnip. "Now, let us see what Bob the Bowman can do.

A deadlier shot never twanged a bowstring, so the bold Robin once told me."

Bob's face reddened as he stood on the line with his long-bow raised, and Ken looked uncomfortable, as if regretting his jesting boast to Pogley in Miser's Wood two days earlier.

When Bob's arrow left his bow, it had all the power it needed, but it was just enough off its intended course to thud into the elm without scoring. While he went to fetch his arrow, amid the jeers of the Sheriff's men, Pogley took his place on the shooting line.

He looked around before raising his bow, as if waiting for handelaps. Then, with an air of one who does not need to bother about taking careful aim, he notched the arrow on the bowstring, raised his bow, and with a mighty pull on the arrow he let fly at his target, and missed.

Pogley stared for a few seconds at the arrow sticking in the elm tree, as if he could not believe it. Then, he looked at his bow with disgust. No sound, not even a murmur, came from the Sheriff's men. The beginning of a jeer started from little Tony, but a dark scowl from the Sheriff put a quick end to it.

Ken was the next to shoot. This time, Pogley said nothing. He was too busy examining his bow. Ken took aim, and let his arrow fly. It whined through the air, and the centre turnip seemed to quiver as the arrow passed and lodged its point in the elm.

"A hit!" yelled Bob. "Three points!"

"A miss!" bawled Pogley, making for the targets. "Total score at end of first round, eleven points to none."

Ken and the rest of the Tawnies followed Pogley to the targets. The turnip was closely inspected. The graze-mark in line with Ken's arrow, still in the tree, was so clear that Pogley had to agree that Ken had scored.

While Pogley replaced damaged turnips ready for the second round, Ken took his dispirited bowmen back to the shooting base, and the Sheriff's men looked on like conquering heroes.

"Cheer up, Tawnies," grinned Ken. "We should do better next round. We'll soon get used to shooting at their distance." "They chose it to suit themselves, not us," moaned Bob. "It'll be their best length."

"Having to pull harder on the bowstring is sure to spoil our aim at first," said Ken.

The second round started. Dusty's shot was more powerful, and carried the full distance, but missed. John and Bob had no better luck.

The Sheriff's first man missed, this time. The second grazed the potato again and scored another five, and the third scored another three, bringing the total score to nineteen for the Sheriff's men, and three for the Merry Men.

Pogley followed Bob, and this time he, took careful aim, but again he missed. He glowered at his bow, then turned on Ken.

"What has Master Robin done to this bow?" he demanded. "It was all right till you got your hands on it. You've been up to some shady trick with it."

"If that's what you think, Sheriff Pogley," retorted Ken, "take mine, and I'll shoot with yours."

Before Pogley realized what was happening, his bow was out of his hand, and he was taking hold of the one Ken was handing him.

Ken at once took up his shooting position with Pogley's bow, and sent his arrow flying. It scored a near-centre hit on an outer turnip, and the round ended with the Outlaws now six, and the Sheriff's men nineteen.

Although Dusty's shot in the third round missed, John and Bob each scored three, and Ken got a dead-centre hit on the on the middle turnip and brought their score up to eighteen. Each of the Sheriff's team scored three, and their score now totalled thirty-one.

By the fourth round, the Outlaws were really settling down to the distance. Dusty's arrow sliced the potato for five points, John got a turnip dead centre for six, Bob grazed the potato for five, and Ken knocked it clean off for ten points. At the end of the round, with a six by Pogley, the score stood at 44 to the Outlaws, and 48 to the Sheriff's men.

In the last round, the Sheriff's first 'three archers brought their score up to 59, and Dusty, John and Bob, who had scored seventeen between them, had raised the Outlaw's total to 61.

Pogley's last shot brought his team into the lead again with 62 points, and now everything depended on Ken's shot, the last shot of the match.

There was a cunning smile on Sheriff Pogley's face as Ken took up his position on the shooting line.

Next Week:

**THE MISER'S TREASURE**

**THIS WEEK'S COVER**

Done any Pioneering recently? Even if you can't attempt this tower, there's terrific fun in building just the simple things.

*Photo by R. B. Herbert.*

**PEN PALS WANTED**

**S.S. J. Harber**, 1, Gorringe Rd, Eastbourne, Sussex - Pen pals anywhere exc. U.K. with a view to swapping C.B.'s.

**Scout Michael Workman (13)**, 124 Shenley Fields Rd., Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29. - Pen-pal, pref. in France, Germany, or North America (English speaking). Hobbies: Model theatres. Scouting, camping.

**Alan Pattinson (13)**, 22 Glenton Rd., Lewisham. London. S.E.13. - Scout or Guide pen-pal in France or America (pref. France). French or English speaking. Hobbies: Stamps, cycling, chemistry, camping. Photo if poss.

**Brian Smith (13)**, 6 Morgans Rise. Redlynch, Salisbury. Wilts - English speaking Guide pen-pal. Hobbies: Scouting, CBs., matchboxes. piano playing, football.

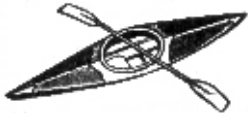
**P/2nd R. A. Bewley (13)**, 106 Home Farm Rd.. Woadchurch Est., Birkenhead, Cheshire - Scout pen-pal in U.S.A., Australia. Hobbies: Scouting, cycling, view cards, rugby. Photo if poss.

**The Owl Patrol**, c/o 31 Kerrison Rd.. Stratford. London. E.15. - Wish to correspond with other Patrols in France, America or U.K. (English or French speaking). Patrol hobbies : Stamps, music, C.Bs., Scouting.

**Cordon Fothergill (13)**, 23 Otley St.. Skipton, Yorks. - Pen-pal anywhere. Photo if poss.

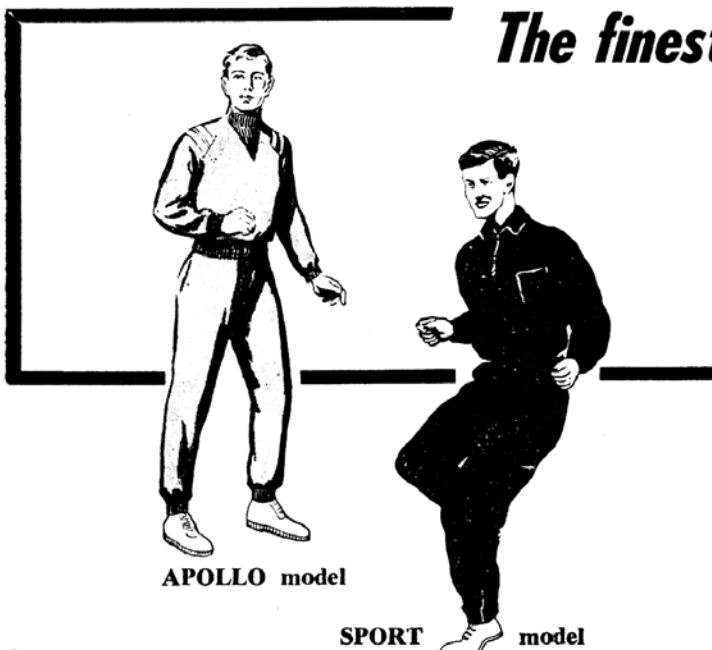
**Scout Peter K. Rattley**, 74 George St.. Lan4port, Portsmouth - Pen-pal in Australia, Canada, America (11-12). Hobbies: Cycling, C.B.'s.

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Printed Illustrated Instructions, 1/6

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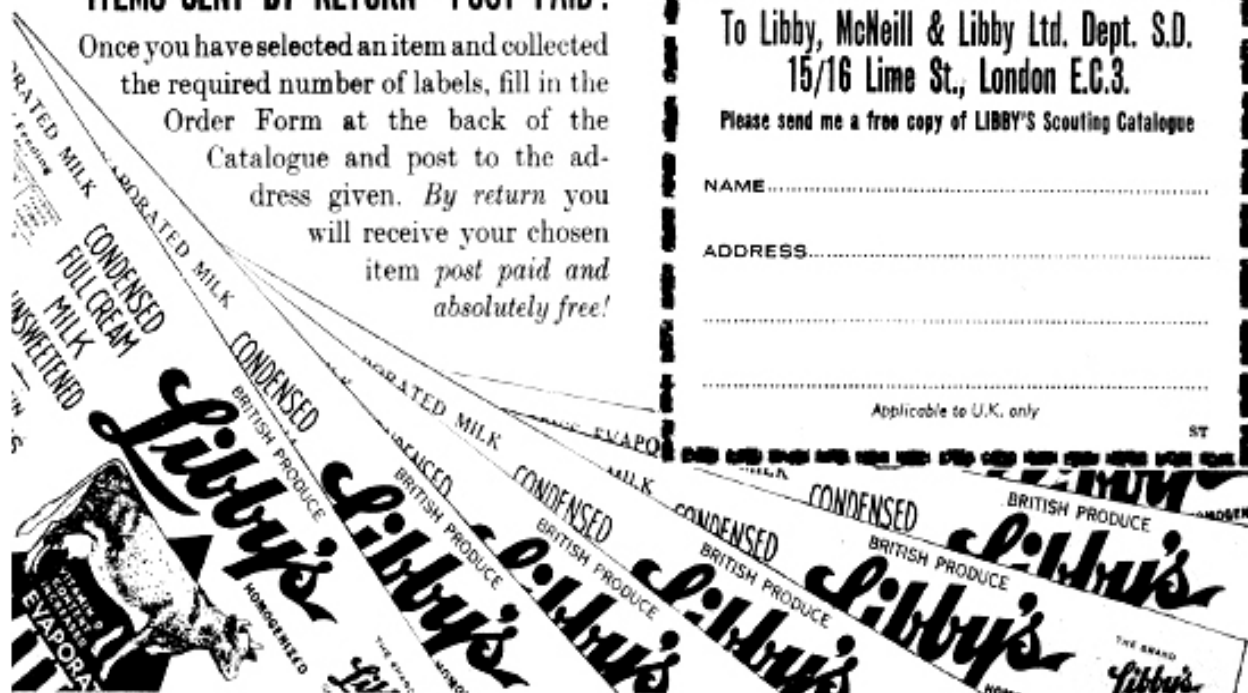
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