

The Scout



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

the EDI TOR writes

My Dear Brother Scours.

THE FIRST NINE PLACES in our Summer Competition - the most popular features. that is resulting from the votes of the competitors - and if you didn't compete you've only yourself to blame - are as follows

1st	H	(1st & 2nd Class Badge Courses)	899
2nd	Q	(Dear Editor)...	1198
3rd	5	(Serials)	1230
4th	I	(Proficiency Badge Courses) ...	1404
5th	E	(Cols Club)	1752
6th	A	(Competitions)	1798
8th	D	(Full Page Charts)	1960
9th	R	(Jack Blunt)	1995

The order of the others was :- B. O, P, G, 5, J, L, C, N, K. T. It seems from this that Mafeking has lost his one time popularity; you're not keen on crosswords and swops and pen-pals are a minority interest. These last take valuable space and I'm not sure that we ought to continue these without a small fee (say 6d. an entry).

Now for the winner:-

Four Scouts got the first five places correct, though not in necessarily the correct order. They are:-

P.L. R. Fullerton, Blackpool.

P.L. I. R. C. Harris, Sidcup.

Scout G. Higginson, Westhoughton, Nr. Bolton.

P/2nd Brian Jay, Ciacton.

These four may choose a Gilwell Hike Tent, or a Cresta High Pack Rucsac, or an Icelandic Sleeping Bag. or a Nylon Anorak, or a complete new Scout uniform. (If they choose the last two, they must give measurements or other necessary details).

I would like to hear from them at once.

We shall be sending Patrol Books to the twenty-six Scouts who got four right out of the first five. They are:-

Gordon Ahuond, Liverpool. **P/2nd David Anderson**. 10th Perthshire. **Martin Ash**, Holywell. Flints. **Q,S. D. I. Black**, 1st St. Margaret's. **P.L. Ralph Brown**, Birmingham. **FL. Geoffrey M. Cox**, Solihull. Warwicks. **P.L. Bernard Eyre. Burgess Hill**, Sussex. **P.L. N. Flynn**, 7th Slough. **A. M. Gerrard**, 20th Wavertree. **S.S. H. R. Hatfield**, 6th Edgware. **P/2nd Colin Hughes**, Liverpool. **P.L Mr. Meredith**, 5th Gldham. **C. F. Page**. 9th Barking. **Scout C. J. Rose**, Swanley. Kent. **G. Rumsey**. 18th Brighton. **P.L. D. Scott**, 2nd Bray, Eire. **P.L. D. K. Sledge**, 6th Harwich. **S.S. L. Smith**, 25th S.W. Hens. **P.L G. C. Taylor**, 1st Sunbury. **P.L. R. A. Underwood**, Colchester, Essex. **John Walker**, 185th Glasgow. **S.S. D. K. Washer**, 1st Lewes. **P.L. Kenneth Whyse**, Bur. Lancs. **S.S. R. L. Wightman**. St. Andrews, Burnlev **P.L.(S) S. Wormald**, 20th Barnsley. **P.L. G. J. Worsdale**. 7th Lincoln.

We received two entries which also got four out of five, but there was no name or address on either of them!

My thanks to all who entered. You have been most helpful.

Now just a word on another matter. Many of you I feel are interested in the Royal Navy and the Royal Marines and some of you might even be thinking of a career on the seas. Excellent films (as you can see on another page) telling you about life aboard today can be shown to your Group. Why not get Skip to take advantage of this excellent opportunity some winter evening?

Your Friend and Brother Scout,

REX HAZLEWOOD.

P.S.- Starting next week and going weekly for 6 to 8 weeks a wholly pictorial course in the Jobman Badge. If you and your friends in the Troop haven't got this badge now is the time to get it. Tell your Skip and your pals about it.

Notice Board

HEADQUARTERS NOTICES

St. George's Day, 1963

The Chief Scout has decided that Scouts shall celebrate St. George between Saturday, 20th April, and Sunday. 28th April, 1963, both dates inclusive.

National Scout Service, 1963

The National St. George's Day Service will be held in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on Sunday, 28th April, 1963.

National Bob-a-Job Week, 1963

The Committee of the Council has decided that the National Bob-a-Job Week for 1963 will take place during the week 15th to 20th April (Easter Week).

In special cases where a Group, or members of a Group are unable to do their jobs during the actual Bob-a-Job Week, they may do them immediately before, or after, but in no circumstances after 27th April, 1963.

11th World Jamboree, Greece, 1963

The Greek National Scout Association, which is organising the 11th World Jamboree at Marathon, Greece, between 1st and 11th August, 1963, has decided that independent Scout Camps will not be permitted in the vicinity of the Jamboree between those dates.

The Committee of the Council has decided. in order to help Greek Scouting in its tremendous task, that no *Scouts* from the United Kingdom will be given permission to arrange Camps anywhere in Greece during the period of the Jamboree.

Air Guns and Shot Guns

The Air Guns and Shot Guns, etc.. Act 1962 restricts the use and possession of air guns, shot guns and similar weapons.

No person under fourteen may have an air gun or ammunition in his possession, nor may they be given to or received by a person under fourteen.

No person under seventeen may have an air gun in his possession in any public place unless it is so secured that it cannot be fired.

Possession of air weapons is allowed, however, where the possessor is under the supervision of a person over twenty-one, or is in an approved club or shooting gallery. (See *P.O.R.* 354.)

No person under fifteen may have an assembled shot gun in his possession unless under the supervision of a person over twenty-one or the gun is so secured that it cannot be fired.

The Act imposes a maximum penalty for its contravention of three months imprisonment or a fine of £20 or both and the Court may order forfeiture of weapons and ammunition.

C. C. GOODHIND.

Secretary.

Rockets to the Moon

It's a far cry from rockets you will be sending up next week, but the principle is the same - though the casing and fuel are somewhat different.

The Chinese started it all about 1.000 years ago, and they first used rockets for warlike purposes in a battle against the Mongols. In modern times it was the British Army who first used rockets aggressively. A Rocket Brigade was formed in 1812 and saw action in the Battle of Waterloo, but their weapons proved to be as great a hazard to those who were on the despatching end as to those who were supposed to receive them!

After 1812, rockets were replaced by cannons with rifled barrels. Rocket research then took on a more peaceful turn and some of the resultant developments are still used today, such as the rockets that are used to get lifelines to ships in distress.

In 1942 the Germans launched their first V.2 rocket and that might be said to be the start of what has become known as the "space race". After the war the allies were able to take advantage of the research done in Germany. At last there was a means of propulsion that did not rely on air to mix with the fuel or to produce lift. Indeed, air now became one of the many problems that had to be overcome. But the dream of a journey to the moon in a rocket powered ship had become a possibility.

Although the term "space travel" should only be used to describe human travel through space, to another planet, we have become used to including any activity involving motion through space, beyond the earth's atmosphere.

Space travel is different from all other means of travel because it deals with motion through a gravitational field. A space vehicle must always have to climb against the pull of the gravitational field of a planet, and to descend into a gravitational field. This, plus the air resistance, is why such high speeds, or escape velocities, are required for space travel.

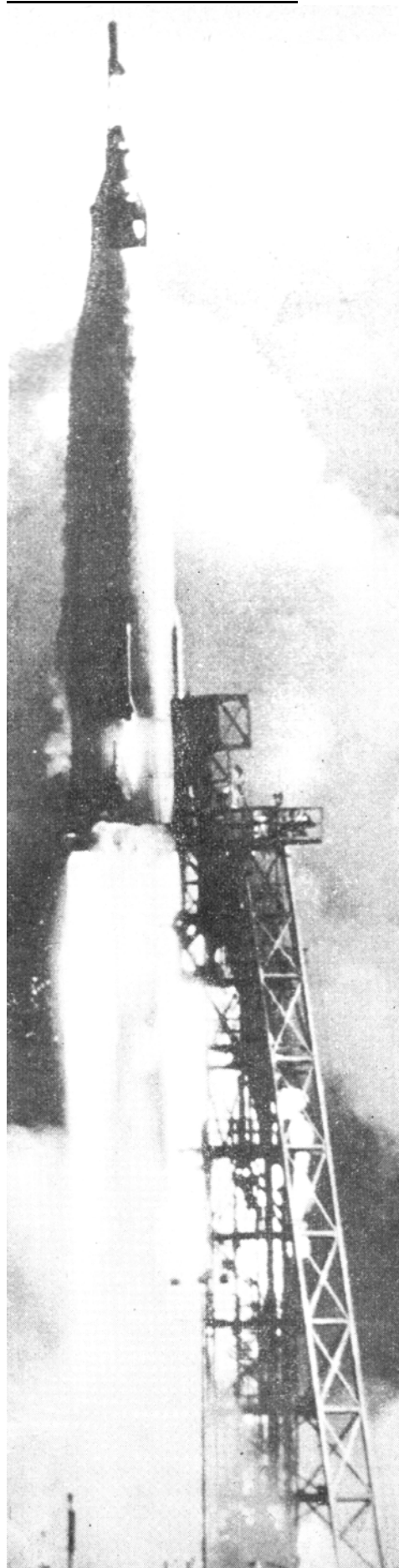
A space vehicle travelling from the Earth to the Moon would need an escape velocity of 7 miles a second. The same vehicle returning from the Moon to the Earth would require an escape velocity of only 1.47 miles a second to beat the Moon's lower gravitational pull. As the vehicle drew away from the Earth's gravitational field so the velocity per second required would decrease. At a point about 23,500 miles from the Moon's surface the pull from the Earth and the Moon would balance each other, after this the Moon's gravitational pull would increasingly take over.

This point about 23,500 miles from the Moon is called the Equilibrium Line, it would be crossed around 83 hours after take-off and landing on the Moon would be about four days after take-off. There would be slight differences in travelling time due to the remaining velocity when the vehicle crossed the line. The greater the remaining velocity the higher the impact when the rocket strikes the Moon.

For unmanned flights hard landings can be made, but with a manned ship a soft landing is necessary, so the remaining velocity at the time must be as low as possible - between one and two feet per second. Because the Moon is an airless world, the ship would have to carry fuels for braking purposes to achieve a soft landing.

Return to the Earth can probably be achieved with very little braking fuel because aerodynamic braking can be employed. The ship would make numerous orbits of the Earth, flying deeper into the atmosphere with each orbit until its velocity was slowed sufficiently for re-entry.

With the present interest in space travel a word of caution may not be out of place. At this time of year, you may be tempted to carry out rocket experiments. Please do not attempt anything like this. *Rockets are highly dangerous and the distinction between a rocker and a bomb is so slight that it can be ignored.* All it needs is a slight miscalculation, pressure build-up or material flaw and the rocket will explode, scattering burning fuel and shrapnel that is travelling faster and further than a bullet and consequently can cause so much more damage. Amateur rocketry should be strictly left alone. The thrill that you may obtain is not worth possible injury or perhaps even death, as has happened in many cases.





I am no longer Responsible!!+?? says

JACK (out of my mind) BLUNT

I HAVE COME TO the astonishing conclusion that there is a *vast degree of nuttiness* abroad in this Movement of ours Vaster, that is, than I am prepared to hold myself responsible for. Vaster than the outcome of my occasional excursions to the Borders of Sanity in these pages could account for. So vast, in fact, that almost every letter I receive these days seems to be nuttier than the last.

As a vivid instance of what I mean, take the fabulous case of the Secret Bread and Jam Eating Society Formed between meals at Summer Camp by the Seniors of the 7th Stretford Grammar School Troop. This secret and select Society is sworn to the popularisation of this nourishing, if somewhat fattening pastime. Having found the health-giving and hunger killing effects of this diet, they are eager to pass their knowledge on to the more sober and sombre Scoutage of the world, and for the small consideration of a £5 note, are willing to send anyone a free list of all the varieties known to them.

Since they demand a £5 note for their knowledge, I am willing to wager that their Society will continue to remain select. Unless, of course, the sombre and sober Scoutage suddenly becomes otherwise.

IT'S A TWIST!!

Of course, anyone with half an eye, and I'm happy to say, that includes the bulk of my readers, can see through this deep-laid plot. These blokes are obviously in the pay of the Jam Mining Company, Ltd. of Lower Heckmondwike.



Scouts after the J.B. treatment



... more
sombre
and
sober
Scoutage
...

Not only that, they most likely have an arrangement with Bread Bakers Benevolent Band of Bardsley, a well-known Group for nurturing Nutty Loaves, and it was that last which gave me the clue to this whole sordid affair. I reckon that these chaps are getting a rake-oft of about four pence-half penny for every extra thousand loaves sold as the result of their efforts.

Obviously, they have hit upon this somewhat novel method of swelling their Troop funds, but I am happy to say that I have discovered and exposed them in time WHOOPEE!!

BREAD IS FOR THE BOIDS!

Stand back you Senior Loafers whilst I fling vast handfuls of flour at your furtive but futile attempts to twist dough out of people who knead it. Your attempts to lead us all astray have been foiled. Retire to your respective Patrol Corners and gnaw at a crust whilst I tell you of a more honest method by which you may replenish your depleted funds.



An arrangement with the Bakers

All that I require for my services is a cut of fifty per cent of all you make as a donation to the J. Blunt Benevolent Fund. **DOUBLE WHOOPEE!!**

I might tell you, as somewhat of a sop to your now deflated ego that your choice of BREAD as a means of making money was not very far short of the real solution but honestly, what self-respecting Senior would consider bread when a well turned Twist is so easily available? And therein lies the secret of my money making scheme! **COR!!**

RAISING THE LOOT

In the few spare moments that I get in my busy life, I often turn my brain to this ever-present problem of raising money **HONESTLY**. I am certain that at last I have a simple and successful solution. Especially for Seniors, though I have known Scouts make a mint of money at it as well.

All you need is a bag or two of charcoal, a bag or two of flour, some "bangers", a bunch of assorted vegetables and an introduction to one or two local Societies given to holding Fetes or Garden Parties.

Once your fame is known, your success is assured.

HYPER-TRIPLE-WHOOPEE!!

While I fling vast handfuls of flour at your futile attempts to raise Troop funds



BRAZEN CHEEK!!!

All that you need is a bit of practice and the cheek to set yourselves up as the local Hot Dog, Twist and Kabob Experts.

First the practice. Get an old metal garden sieve and support it firmly on some stand or other. Light a small fire therein, or if you are clever, which means this is the way that I do it, douse one or two pieces of charcoal in paraffin and, before you know it, you will have the clean, intense heat of a glowing charcoal fire. Excellent for Twist and Kabobing.

Don't stop there! Get another fire going!! You might even use coke this time, and cover it with a large flat plate of iron or steel. Lay some of this new fangled cooking foil on top, and you are ready to turn out sizzling sausages by the score. If you were crafty enough to make your Twist sticks the right size, you can slip a super sausage swiftly in the centre. May I suggest chipolatas?

Whilst you've got the flour, you may as well try this. Mix up a thinner dough than for Twist. Almost as thin as double cream. Add some sugar and an egg or two and drop a dessertspoonful of the mixture on to the hot-plate. Turn it over before it is burned beyond recognition, and there you will have a flapjack or drop scone or something. Very nice with a little butter spread whilst warm.

... give swift civil and Scoutlike service



COME AGAIN!!

There's really no end to it, and once you have made a good impression at one event, your fame will spread, and you will be asked to come again and again.

The secret of your success, though, will lie in your ability to give swift, civil and Scoutlike service.

SUPER-HYPER-TRIPLE-WHOOPEE.

NOT NUTTY!?

There! You see, we're not so nutty after all. Are we?

THEN WHY DID I SEE A SCOUT OF THE 7TH BROMLEY, STANDING IN UNIFORM ON THE RAILWAY PLATFORM THE OTHER DAY, WEARING ONE SCOUT SQCK AND ONE SOCK WITH A GREY LEG AND A BLACK TOP?

HE GAVE ME A PERFECTLY GOOD EXPLANATION, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IT WAS?



Satisfy for Success

IN MAY I wrote about four simple outdoor activities you might like to copy. Several P.L.'s were kind enough to write letters to the "Dear Editor" page saying that they had tried one or other of the activities - and that they were successful. That was very gratifying.

After last night's Troop Meeting, I was driving the T.L. home and I said to him, "I've got a Council of Thirteen article to write tomorrow. What shall I write about?" He thought for a bit and then he said, "Well, why not write about tonight's Meeting?" Presumably it had been successful. That was very gratifying.

And so here I am, committed to describing last night's Meeting in the hope that it will give you some more outdoor activities worth copying.

The Meeting was held at a District site within cycling distance of the city in which we live. The night before, the three P.L.'s had been told - over the 'phone - the grid reference of the site. As soon as they received the grid reference, they organised their Patrols and by the next evening were ready for the meeting. They cycled out in Patrols and arrived at 7.30 p.m. - or at least two Patrols arrived at 7.30 p.m. The third Patrol was rather late!

There were three activities. The Patrols spent half an hour on each activity - so finishing by 9.15 p.m. or thereabouts.

The first activity was backwoods cooking. The T.L. started them off and then the P.L. carried on. They did a little foil cooking - sausage and bacon and a pint of water. And then eggs-in-potatoes. Nothing involved; but quite enough for a Patrol in thirty minutes (the T.L. had already got a fire going for them)- If You want further details of backwoods cooking consult "Lightweight Cooking", Number 17 in the Patrol Books Series. This book is packed with ideas. Read it and try them.

The second activity was a pioneering stunt.

The Patrol was briefed by the A.S.M. and then set to work under the P.L. - to build a tripod of 20 ft. poles.

From the tripod, they had to hang a simple seat on a pulley so that it could be lifted from the ground to the top of the tripod and back. Indeed, the person on the seat could - if he were light just about pull himself up and down.

The sheer-lashing of the three poles whilst they were on the ground was no difficulty, but raising them into position was not easy. A nearby tree and a second pulley system was necessary. All three Patrols succeeded in finishing the tripod and everyone had a hair-raising ride or two.

The third activity was a stalking game. Very simple. The P.L. and I guarded a circular area containing a bottle, a box of matches and a rocket. After a short reminder about the do's and don'ts of sulking, the members of the Patrol went to the boundary fence of the site and stalked towards the circle. The guards fired at the stalkers with an electric torch. A direct hit - and back they went to the boundary fence. Each Patrol fired its rocket. In most cases it was the youngest and smallest boy who stalked best.

At 9.15 p.m. we went into a hut on the site and drank cocoa produced by the T.L. An old boy - of the Troop, now a statistician for a well-known food canning firm, had spent the evening with us. He yarned for fifteen minutes or so on a trip that he had made to Finland when he was a Senior Scout. North of the Arctic Circle. he and the rest of the party had helped to build a log cabin. If they wanted to light a fire or cross a stream, they simply felled a couple of trees!

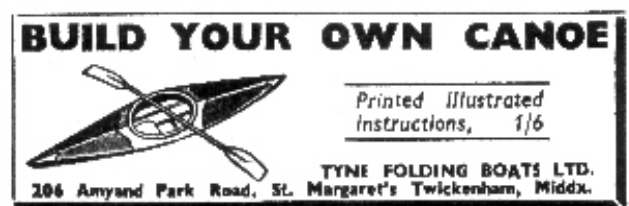
We ended with prayers chosen and read by one of the P.L.'s, and the Patrols were cycling home by 10.0 p.m.

Nothing terribly special you say? No, I agree. But when I point out that the meeting was carried out in the dark - at first in a high wind and then later in the rain - and when I emphasise that most of the meeting was out-of-doors - you will agree that it was fairly good Scouting.

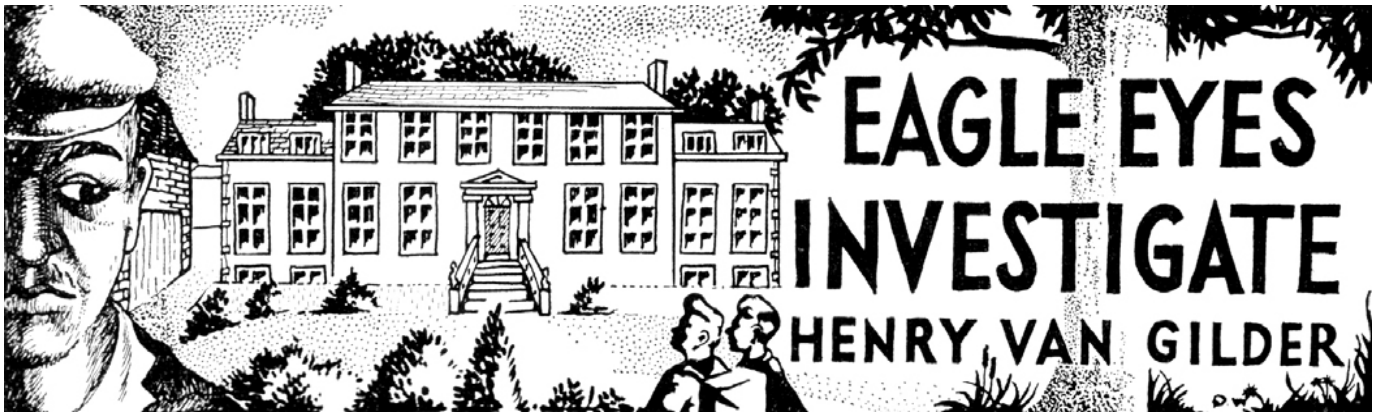
Has your Troop or your Patrol carried out a similar evenings Scouting this Autumn? And if not, why not? It can be done...

To conclude, here is a variation of Kim's Game we've invented. The Patrol stands in a circle facing inwards. Each Scout places on the ground in front of him an object from his pocket. Scouts study the objects for one minute and then turn outwards. P.L. asks questions about objects and owners. For example. "Who owns the blue fountain pen?" "What is Edwin's object?". Scouts who think they can answer raise their hands. P.L. asks one of them for answer. If the answer is correct, the Scout scores a point. If the answer is wrong, the Scout sits down and is out of the game. Continue until all seated. Scout with highest score wins.

A further variation - Scouts ask the questions. P.L. names first Scout. First Scout asks a question of Scout on his left. Score as before. Second Scout asks the boy on his left and so on round the circle. Seated boys neither ask nor answer questions.



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.



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, leased by the Manor to Mr. Jenks, who, although able to run a Jaguar, is in arrears with rent. The Manor opens as a private hotel the day after the Scouts arrive and they have agreed to tidy up the garden. When a felled tree blocks the drive, they borrow a tractor from Jenks. Catherine says Madam owes money, but Nick (the P.L.) is told that the debts are death duties. At Madam's request, Tiny and Jim help in the house. Guests arrive, one of whom (the lone man) insists his car is left in the drive. When Jim is in the lounge the lone man changes the radio programme to the weather forecast and seems pleased when a N.W. is predicted. That evening, Tiny discloses the Colonel (Madam's late husband) was an artist, and Jim discovers the lone man's car is registered in Manchester. At midnight Fish sees smoke over the Manor. The Scouts raise the alarm and find the fire in the stable. The lights fail and there's no telephone, so Nick tells Herbert and the male guests to pour water onto the stable roof from the West wing bathroom. The lone man volunteers to fetch the fire brigade. Fish unsuccessfully attempts to get into the stable, so Bob lines up the tractor to break the door down.*

CHAPTER TWELVE

Fire Tenders Delayed

THE CRASHING SOUND of splitting and splintering wood rent the stillness of the night air. Jim opened his eyes, pushed in the throttle and jammed the gear lever into reverse. For one nightmarish moment the tractor wouldn't move. The massive wheels spun wildly on the green moss which covered the cobbled stones with a thin film. The water running off the roof churned the slimy surface into a treacherous mucilage.

He eased the throttle and tried again. The deep rubber treads partially gripped and the machine skidded drunkenly out of smoke. The nightmare was over.

"Well done!" yelled Nick, running over from his vantage point. "How d'you feel?"

"A bit shaken, 'that's all," Bob smiled, wiping the smoky tears from his eyes and the nervous sweat from his brow.

"You hang on here a bit and rest, Bob," he said, patting the Scout proudly on the back. Taffy trotted back from his mission to the tool shed. "Taffy and Tiny, come with me. Pick up your entrenching tools. We must get out all the logs onto the stones."

The grey clouds billowed out of the jagged opening, and with their sodden masks over their mouths the three Eagles heaved open the half broken door. Nick led the way, bending almost double to keep as near to the floor as possible. Taffy and Tiny followed his example and stayed close behind. Nick kept close to the wall and felt his way round to the door of the tool shed. He was relieved to find that what flames there were, were, for the time being at any rate, confined to the far corner by the generator. Even though the building was not unduly damaged then - as far as he could see - he realised the potential danger as the logs and indeed the whole structure became more inflammable every second. "Unless we get this really under control in the next ten minutes, anything might happen," he thought coolly, as he put a foot in a puddle of water lying just inside the communicating door. He felt the welcome cold spray of water splattering through the gap between the actual door and its architrave. Fish was doing his job well.

"Fish! Can you hear me?" Nick yelled, his mouth close to the door.

"Just about!" came the reply.

"I'm going to open this door," Nick shouted in a loud voice. The smoke penetrated his mask and he coughed violently. He took a breath of fresher air from the bottom of the door before saying, "Get Sandy or Jim to shut the yard door without pinching the hose. As soon as this door's open come through with your hose; it should be long enough."

"Okay, Nick," said Fish. He heard Fish's muffled tones issuing instructions on the other side. As he waited patiently, he hoped earnestly that by closing the outside door, the air currents would be sufficiently reduced to prevent the fire blazing into a new surge of devastating activity. He yelled through the smoke to Taffy and Tiny to stand by.

"You can open it now!" Fish shouted. "We're ready."

Nick flung the door open and jumped to one side as Fish came pounding through with Sandy. He pointed to the far corner where the sudden rush of air had forced the licking flames to temporarily clear the smoke. Fish held the end of the hose like a hedgehog grips the neck of a fighting snake, and Sandy joined Nick in helping the other two fling the burning or smouldering logs through the gap where the stable door had been.

In another twenty minutes, Nick felt that the immediate danger was over. As he began to relax he felt the exhaustion coming over him in waves. He guessed that the other four of his Patrol inside must be similarly fatigued. He told Bob to relieve Fish in the job of playing water on the remaining logs. The others took it in turns to pull out the timber and to keep Bob company. Nick went over to the ladies and suggested they should go back to bed, as he felt there was no longer any likelihood of the fire spreading to the house.



Lady Wykeham-Smith took over and led them towards the house.

"You've done a really marvellous and courageous piece of work tonight," she said sincerely. "Thank you."

Nick said modestly, "That's all right, ma'am. By the way, would you mind if Catherine made a cup of something? I think it'd be appreciated."

"No Of course I don't mind," she replied. "I think that perhaps we should all have one." She turned to Catherine. "Would you mind?"

"I'll go and put the kettle on right away," said Catherine.

Nick followed the motley procession into the house, and ran up the stairs to the bathroom from which Herbert and the husbands were still pouring gallons of water onto the stable roof. He explained the situation to the butler, who called to the men to come in, and directed them to the lounge. After they had gone, Nick helped Herbert mop up the water which had formed into pools on the floor.

"I say, isn't it about time the fire engines came? Nick queried, wringing out a sodden cloth in the bath.

"That guest has been gone for ages," he added with a hint of suspicion.

"He has indeed been gone for an hour and a half," replied Herbert, consulting his turnip watch.

"How long do you reckon it'd take him to get to Haslehead?"

"He had a powerful car, didn't he?" said Herbert. "I would have thought he'd have got there in twenty minutes. It's only about six miles."

No sooner had Herbert uttered these words than they heard the sound of a clanging bell getting louder and louder. By the time the fire tender had pulled up at the front of the house with a screech of brakes, Nick was outside again with Herbert following sedately behind.

"Where's the fire?" asked one of the helmeted firemen.

"We've managed to get it under control. In fact I think it's pretty well out," said Nick.

"It was down there in the stable.

"It was down there in the stable.

But I think you ought to have a look just to make sure.

Nick led two fire fighters towards the building, giving them a brief resume of what had happened as they went. Sandy greeted the new arrivals with a broad grin, and, as he turned to face them he squirted water down the front of one of their oilskins. He apologised meekly, but was unable to prevent his face creasing into an impish smile he had forgotten the hose he was holding. Both Firemen laughed heartily.

Never mind. You've done well. It could have been, far worse," the officer said. We don't mind false alarms like this. It's when there's no fire at all that we object to being called out in the middle of the night."

They made a detailed inspection of the inside of the building where some of the logs and a few struts were still smouldering, and the walls - around the generator were badly charred.

"I wouldn't like to leave it like this.

Could easily flare up again. We'd better pump some water around - as you said, just to make sure. Fred get the hoses hitched up. By the way, young man do you know where the hydrant is? I suppose we ought to know, but we don't come out here very often," he said.

I don't know. We haven't been here long. Herbert is there a hydrant near the house?" Nick asked the butler, who was standing in the courtyard with the rest of the Eagles.

"There isn't one," he replied bluntly. "Might I suggest that if these gentlemen have a sufficient length of hose they should pump directly out of the lake?"

"How far is the lake?" queried the officer.

"Bout four hundred yards," answered Fish.

"We've got five hundred yards of hose, so that should be all right. Could someone show us how to get there?" Nick asked Sandy and Fish to go. "We need a lot in this part of the world - you never know how far you might have to go" he added when his men had left to carry out his instructions.

"Did you have difficulty in finding us?" asked Nick casually, some minutes later, as they watched the hose come to life with the force of the pumped water, like a writhing snake.

"Certainly not. Everyone round here knows Woodvale Manor. It took us about a quarter of an hour - twenty minutes at the outside. What makes you ask?" enquired the fireman.

"Only that the gentleman who went off to fetch you left here about an hour and a half before you arrived" said Nick.

He was certainly pretty puffed about the gills when he rang the alarm bell and got me out of bed. He said his car had run out of petrol."

"Did he come back with you?" asked Nick curiously. "No. The chap who's in charge of our other tender gave him a gallon of petrol so that he could pick up his car. We couldn't give him a lift as I thought we ought to get here with all possible speed." emphasised the officer.

It was almost two o'clock by the time the hoses had been coiled up and stowed away on the tender once again.

The fire chief had made an inspection of the stable and reported that he was satisfied that "nothing short of an incendiary bomb would start another fire." He also said that he was sure that the cause of the fire was a short circuit in the old cable between the generator and the storage batteries.

Catherine brought the firemen steaming cups of tea, and after they had finished they made their way back to Haslehead. The Scouts accepted Lady Wykeham-Smith's invitation to relax with their drinks in front of the fire in the lounge. In spite of the lateness of the hour, everyone seemed to have plenty to talk about. However, it wasn't long before the women-folk went to bed, their way lit by candles, which Catherine had brought out of the kitchen store. Herbert filled up each empty cup whenever he found one he wouldn't let the Scouts do a thing. Conversation was brought to a standstill when they heard the front door bell resounding along the corridor outside the lounge.

"It must be the man who went to get the fire people," remarked Nick. Herbert left the room, and a few seconds later a rather bedraggled looking gentleman appeared in the doorway.

"Thank goodness everything's all right. The engines passed me on my way to Oakmere. Did they get here on time?" he questioned, flopping into a chair and beckoning to Herbert for a cup of tea.

"The fire was pretty well out by the time they arrived," replied one of the guests. "Thanks to these young men."

"It shouldn't happen to a dog! " the man went on, disregarding the last remark. "Must have walked six or seven miles tonight. Haven't tramped so far since I came back from India. I always carry a spare can of petrol in the boot, but it was&t there when I looked. I suppose that man of mine must have forgotten it. Still, as it turns out, no disastrous damage was done."

"Couldn't you have woken someone up and asked to use their phone?" asked another guest.

"Never thought of it," he replied curtly. "I got there in the end, and I'd have thought that was the main thing," he added with a touch of anger in his voice.

The conversation drifted on to other topics for a little while, and then Nick got up and said he thought the Patrol ought to get back to their camp. They filed out and Herbert opened the front door for them. "James and Timothy need not come in until lunchtime tomorrow," he told Nick.

The Eagles made their way down the path and across the wooden bridge and beside the lake. All was quiet once again. The moon shone with sufficient brightness for them to find their way without using torches. The batteries were almost exhausted, anyway, and Fish had lost his torch during the initial scramble.

The Eagles reached their nest, and crawled inside. They were all too tired to wash the grime and dirt from their hands and faces, but Nick insisted they all change in to clean pyjamas as their exertions had made them perspire freely.

"I didn't think much of that man who went for the fire engine," yawned Sandy pulling the top of his sleeping bag over his face.

I thought he was very off-hand about the whole affair.

"The whole house could have been burnt to the ground in the hour and a half before the brigade arrived," agreed Taffy.

"We don't want any puffed chests" Nick warned kindly. "We only did our duty."

"I wasn't implying that he ought to have thanked us that nothing worse happened," replied Taffy sincerely. "I just didn't like his attitude."

"It was rather peculiar." put in Jim. "What beat me was the way Herbert managed to keep his aura of aloofness and yet didn't mind Nick telling him what to do."

"Let's change the subject, shall we?" laughed the Patrol Leader, blushing slightly, but inwardly happy at his Patrol's achievement.

"Gosh!" Tiny exclaimed. "There's only five hours before Jim and I have to report for duty."

Don't worry. Herbert told me you wouldn't have to start until lunchtime tomorrow, so we'll all sleep on in the morning," said Nick.

"I'm surprised the farmer didn't come over and help," Sandy remarked, climbing into his sleeping bag.

"Why should he? Couldn't he have slept through it all?" suggested Bob.

"But I'm sure I saw a light in his house when we were rushing over to the fire. He probably heard Fish's din when he was trying to wake us up," said Taffy. "He made quite a racket, you know!

"I bet he thought we were having a game or something," said Bob.

"You're being very quiet, Fish," Nick remarked. "Feeling pretty tired, I expect?"

"I am tired, yes," Fish replied seriously. "But it's not that."

What's up, then?" asked Sandy cheerfully. "Why are you looking so worried?"

"I've been thinking about two things I noticed in the stable, and they are so strange that I just didn't feel I could say anything about them when we were in the house," Fish frowned.

"Come on. What were they?" urged Taffy. "When I went into the tool shed first of all I smelt petrol, and then when I was wandering around I came across the cable from the batteries. I'm sure it had been cut."

Next Week:

EVIDENCE IMPEDED

NOTE FROM A SCOUTER

As a busy S.S.L. I do not as a rule have time to do the Scout crossword, but this week, I had a moment to spare and tackled the 13th October issue one.

I played fair and was left with one to do so I then turned to the solution on page 299 and found that the compiler was stumped for the word too (see 2 down). I find he has left the same two blanks as I had. I have since had further inspiration and it should be "Poles

I am also intrigued with the spelling of 8 across "tressle" as I can only find- it spelt "trestle" in all the dictionaries available plus Gilcraft, "Pioneering".

I suspect some sabotage by I. Blunt, who obviously is trying to turn it into an observation game.

May I compliment you on the "First Class in Pictures" the mouth to nose illustrations recently are the finest effort I have seen in this difficult to explain operation.

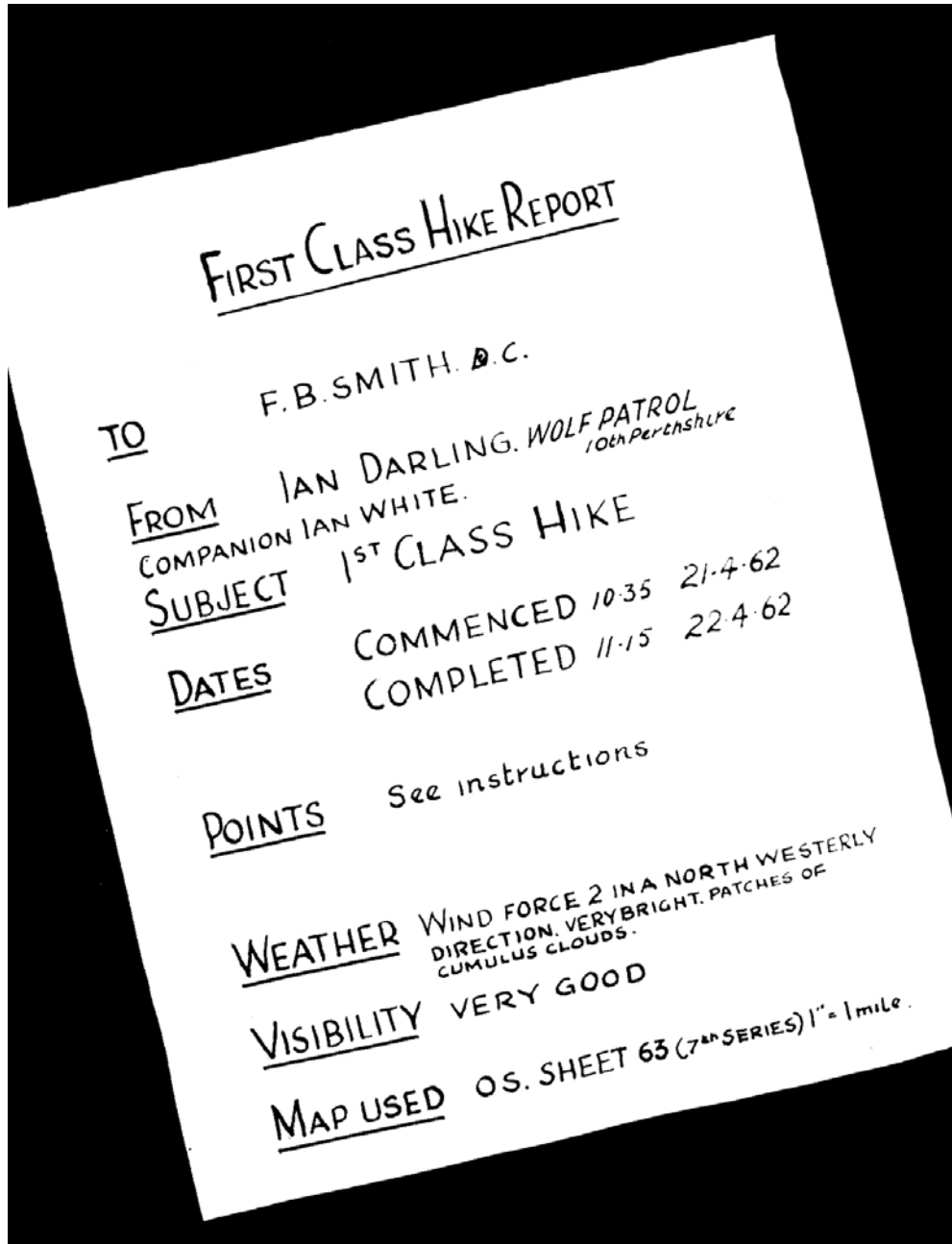
S.S. L. K. PHILLIPS -
19th Epping Forest South



your first class test in PICTURES



by John Annandale and Robert Dewar



FORTY-FOURTH WEEK

THE FIRST CLASS JOURNEY

+ + +

(iii) Writing up your Log

In writing up your log it is as well to remember that this is really the only satisfactory way in which you can show your D.C., in detail, that you have carried out his instructions to the best of your ability.

Be clear that a long essay is not required, but something factual that is easy to follow. Thus the setting out of your log is important. While giving you some idea here on the question of how to set out your log, much useful information on this subject as well as many other aspects of your First Class Journey, will be found in the Patrol Series Booklet No. 11, entitled "The Second and First Class Journeys". We do strongly recommend that this booklet is available in each Troop and or Patrol Library.

Report

Saturday 21-4-62

SKETCHES

TIME DISTANCE

10:35hrs 0.0mils

Left COMRIE and crossed the small two arched bridge across the EARN at MR 767221. We then proceeded towards DALRANNOCH in a south westerly direction along a third class road.

10:43hrs

Saw a heron in flight. Easily recognisable by large wings, short neck and very long legs.

10:46hrs 0.5mils

Reached disused railway bridge from COMRIE to ST FILLANS. The centre portion of the bridge had been taken down and all that remained was the two ends.

Passed the CRAGGISH HOTEL and continued in a S.S.E. direction.

Looking in a NE direction we could see a monument on the top of a hill at MR 766235

11:05hrs 1.25mils

Reached Water of Ruchill

11:12hrs

Approached entrance to CUILT FARM. Saw a very conspicuous dead tree alone in a field at MR 764203

From CUILT FARM to DALRANNOCH there was just a rough track

11:22hrs 2.0mils

Reached DALRANNOCH FARM which consisted of a large house a byre and several out-houses. On the north side of the track there was a cottage.

11:33hrs 2.5mils

Reached gate at MR 756193 - at entrance to wood, consisting mainly of birch scrub.



THIS ENDS THIS SERIES: JOBMAN BADGE NEXT WEEK: 2ND CLASS COURSE IN PICTURES BEGINS IN JANUARY.



Scouters in the Shy by Ralph Reader

Chief Scout's Commissioner

(Photographs by courtesy of B.O.A.C.)

WHILST SENDING my congratulations to our Air Scouts on reaching this, their celebration year, my thoughts turned to the various journeys I've made "up top" to all parts of the world. Each one has been an adventure and it's fun trying to remember some of the pleasant things that have happened to me on some of these journeys.

After flying during those war days, in "kites" that shuddered and rocked far too much for my liking, it's a smashing feeling these days to board one of these new flying hotels that carry you with such ease across oceans and distant lands in comfort that makes one feel like a millionaire.

How different from trying to sleep on crates of freight in an old Hudson~ flying through the night, not allowed a light and expecting any moment to be attacked by an enemy. Some of the trips I made across India and the African Desert in worn-out Dakotas now seem like a nightmare and frankly I'm glad those flights are behind me. Nevertheless during those hectic days of the last war, the comradeship of the men with me made up for much, and I can't recall a single flight that didn't bring some kind of laughs or furnish a memory that very often comes back and warms me today.

Today is 1962. The Hudsons have long since gone and in their place we have a stream-lined jet-propelled "ship" of luxury to carry us to our destination. In the past few years I have flown across the Atlantic to America about thirty times - I ought to know the way by now - and each trip has been with what I regard as the finest and safest airline in the world: the B.O.A.C.

It's good to be able to brag about something as British and as worthy as our own B.O.A.C. and it is particularly pleasant to realise how many ex-Scouts are now the captains and members of the crews of these gigantic airliners. I've always said, that no matter where you go, no matter how far from our own shores, if you are in the Boy Scout Movement, you never leave home!

Only last month, coming back from the States on a night trip, I couldn't sleep a wink. I got to the stage when - I felt almost like jumping out when a voice said, "What's the matter Skip, no sleeping bag?" It was the second pilot and as I looked up he put out his left hand. During the brief time that he could spare from his duties on the Flight Deck we talked about everything we could think of, from Cubs to Scouts. from Scouters to Commissioners. We decided to have a cup of tea and lo and behold, when the steward brought it, he grinned and said, "Can't we make this a Patrol Meeting? (He came from a Troop in Liverpool.) High up in the darkness, miles above Mother Earth, here we were talking about Scouting, myself and two members of this airliner's crew, chatting as though we were back in each of our Troop Rooms.

A few years ago I flew out to Malaya and that's a pretty lengthy journey. but was I lonely?

A Dakota of B.O.A.C. in flight

This time FOUR of the crew were active “warranters” in the Movement and here again a quartette of Scouters in the sky, scorching along, hundreds of miles an hour we went over again in snatches of conversation as opportunities permitted, the last World Jamboree at Sutton Coldfield and re-lived that storm and the rain that drenched us all on the memorable Monday night of that great occasion. The B.O.A.C. certainly know how to pick their men don’t they? And not only the men On a January flight to New York, I must for some reason have had a worried look on my face because I suddenly glanced up from the window and saw a very young stewardess, with arms akimbo whatever that means) standing in front of me and smiling a very suspicious smile. Then she said. If there’s anything worrying you sir, come to Akela We chatted. Not about how long it would take us to reach New York, but about Cubs, CUBS!! The only people in the Movement that frighten me. I can handle (I think) Scouts, Seniors, Rovers, and Purple Plumes, but put me in front of one wise Cub and I’m licked. Not my stewardess. She very quickly made me feel I ought to start a Pack! When we landed in New York, she bid me good-bye with a slick Cub salute and advised, “Any time you feel worried Ralph, just stand up, no matter where you are and give the Grand Howl. You may get arrested, but it’ll stop you worrying.”

What happened to me. what is continually happening to me on these flying journeys, can happen just the same for YOU when you spread YOUR wings and take to the air on some mission of the future. The next time you watch one of these great, sleek machines flying away to some distant part of the world, remember that up aloft. “in charge” of the passengers and a few million pounds worth of aeroplane there will be Scouters in the sky. men who were once boys like you - maybe in the Air Scouts - who are now in control of the destinies of every passenger.



Very soon once more I shall be flying back to Chicago and I’m wondering who will turn up this time. Another stewardess? The captain? A steward? Somewhere on board I’m fairly certain I’ll find another Scouter in the sky.

It’s far easier for you boys to dream of the future than for older men like myself to think of where progress is going to lead us. Yet, older men HAVE dreamed and though they passed on long before their prophecy was realised, let us remember the words of the great poet Tennyson who wrote this in his poem Locksley Hall. Read them carefully and see how his imagination became truth - and remember this was written one hundred years ago.

“For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see, Saw the Vision of the World, and all the wonder that would be;

*Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales: Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain’d
a ghastly dew*

*From the nations’ airy navies grappling in the central
blue...*

*Till the war-drums throb’d no longer, and the battle flags
were furl’d*

In the Parliament on Man, the Federation of the World.”

Isn’t that a tremendous thought for you who one day may become yet another member of the Scouters in the Sky?



**A B.O.A.C. Boeing 707
jet-propelled
“ship” of luxury**

HOBBIES CLUB

Your Cycle this Month



by
H. J. Way

November

A COMPETITION TO FIND THE Young Magician of the Year

SPONSORED AND ORGANISED BY

THE MAGIC CIRCLE

This exciting Contest IS open to all boys who will be over 14 and under 18 years of age on 1st January, 1963. If you can present a Magic Act of up to 12 minutes duration you will enjoy taking part in this thrilling competition, meeting other young conjurers and also some of this country's most eminent magicians.

Write for full details and entry form to:

THE YOUNG MAGICIAN OF THE YEAR

CONTEST, THE MAGIC CIRCLE,

HEARTS OF OAK BUILDING,

EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1

IT'S NOT SO MUCH *your* cycle we're thinking about this month, but cycles in general and the very latest models in particular.

Yes, November is "show" time, and London's great exhibition centre at Earls Court will house the Cycle & Motor Cycle Show from November 10 to 17 inclusive.

For the admission price of 3/6 (if you're under 14 it's 2/- except on the opening Saturday), you can see just about the most brilliant display of two-and three-wheelers in the world - from toys to T.T. machines. Many of your favourite personalities in the world of cycle sport will be there too.

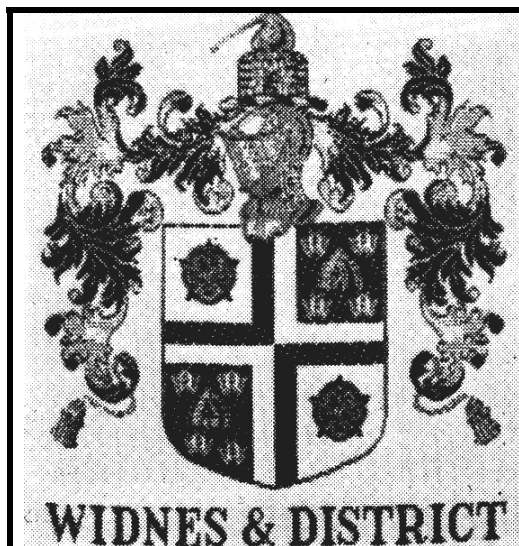
This show is held only once in every two years, so there's always something of interest even if you have been before. Keeping to the cycling (non-motorised) side, there will be about 30 exhibitors - from the big combines to the smaller specialist firms.

And on the "secret" list until the show opens is an entirely new type of bicycle - quite unlike the conventional design we've come to accept as "standard". I wonder what you'll think of it.

On the first floor is a new feature: a cycle-sport section, which includes a number of specialist displays, and also the show headquarters of the two national organizations - the British Cycling Federation for the racing side, and the Cyclists' Touring Club for touring holidays, etc.

A proficiency test track for juniors, a camping display, veteran cycle and motor-cycle museum, and fashion theatre are other attractions.

The show is presented in a "country" setting of tree-lined avenues, green "fields" and village shops - the idea being to transport you from the greyness of a London November into the atmosphere of the Great Outdoors. Go and see for yourself if you think the designers have succeeded!



BADGE OF THE MONTH

The Widnes and District Association celebrated their Jubilee year during 1961, and to mark the occasion obtained permission from the Borough Council and from H.Q. to wear the Borough coat-of-arms on their uniform. This is worn on the right breast by all members of the Movement in the Widnes area. The heraldic description of the badge is: "Quarterly Argent and Azure, a Cross per Cross counter-changed, in the first and fourth Quarters a Rose Gules, barbed and seeded proper. and in the second and third a Beehive between four Bees volant saltirwise Or. And for the Crest on a wreath of the colours A Furnace thereon an Alembic all Or". The rose is the Red Rose of Lancaster, and the bees and their hives represent Widnes industry; the town motto "Industria ditat" means "Industry pays". The furnace and alembic or retort indicate the chemical industry on which the town was founded.

The elaborate trimmings of the badge made it one of the most difficult the makers have ever had to produce.

Plastic Model News

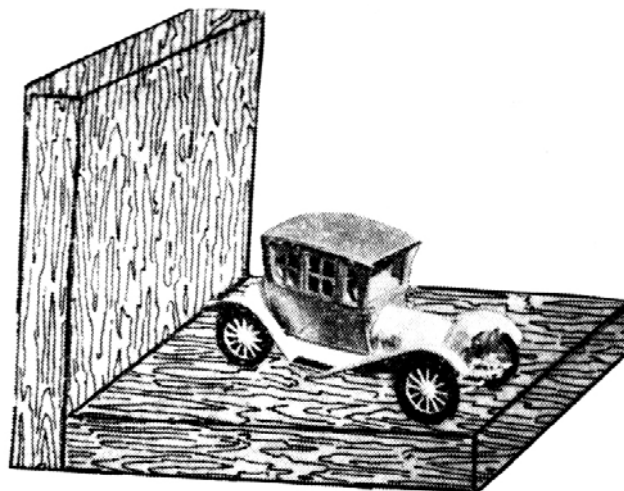
What do you do with your models?

Well what do you do with your models when you have finished building them? Do they lie around at home getting dusty or broken up? Are they pushed into a corner of some cupboard to be forgotten? Surely if you have spent a great deal of time and care in putting a model together and producing a worthwhile result your model deserves to be proudly displayed.

Perhaps you do display them already and you have a special model shelf for this purpose. Not long ago you may remember mention in Ted Wood's monthly N.E.W.S. columns of the plastic model enthusiast who has a shed of his own in which to keep his models.

Not all of us are so fortunate to build up what must be a veritable museum of models. Indeed, with the limited space at our disposal in our home the problem may learn more than we can cope with. One way in which your models can be attractively displayed is by means of contemporary shelving on your bedroom wall. Alternatively the models can be incorporated in a suitable display piece set inside a shallow box which can also be fixed on your wall. To build up such a display unit all that is necessary are some strips of plywood or hardboard, say between 5 in. and 6 in. wide, depending on the size of your model. Cut two pieces of a suitable length and two further pieces slightly shorter. Make this up into a box. With some very stout cardboard or other suitable material make a back which should then be fixed to the box. Rub over the box with sandpaper to remove any rough areas and apply either a coat of clear varnish if made of plywood, or alternatively it may be painted.

In the case of hardboard it is necessary to use paint. If you wish, as another means of decorating the outside of your box, you may like to consider gluing on wallpaper of an appropriate pattern.



The inside of your box should preferably be a plain colour, although if you are fortunate to lay your hands on the right kind of picture this could be mounted with advantage behind your model.

There are, however, other ways of displaying your models. How? The picture shows you one idea. Make a pair of simple bookends and glue a model on each base. In the example shown a Revell Veteran car gives a handsome finish to a very useful article. The idea may certainly appeal to the handyman. From the bookends you can go on and produce an endless string of ideas - Ashtrays, Spill-holders, Message Pads, Pen-holders and so on. Remember it is important however, to watch that you match the sizes of the model with the project in hand as, quite obviously, to be pleasing on the eye all things should blend together. All you need is a little bit of imagination, some patience and it is surprising how odd scraps of wood can be transformed into very acceptable gifts by the addition of a well built plastic-model.

GROUP SCOUTMASTERS

A programme of sound films in colour depicting activities in the Royal Navy and Royal Marines can be arranged with the Careers Officers at the address nearest to your area:-

H.M.S. DISCOVERY.
Victoria Embankment,
LONDON, W.C.2.

121. Victoria Street,
BRISTOL, 1.

7. St. John's Lane,
LIVERPOOL.

151. High Street,
SOUTHAMPTON.

274/275 Broad Street,
BIRMINGHAM.

96, Green Lane,
DERBY.

184, Westmorland Road,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

300, oath Street,
GLASGOW.

Projectionist, with projector equipment will be provided.

What's Missing ?

In these badge shapes are some familiar objects, but in each drawing there is something missing. See how long it takes you to find the missing things. You can check your answers at the foot of the next column.



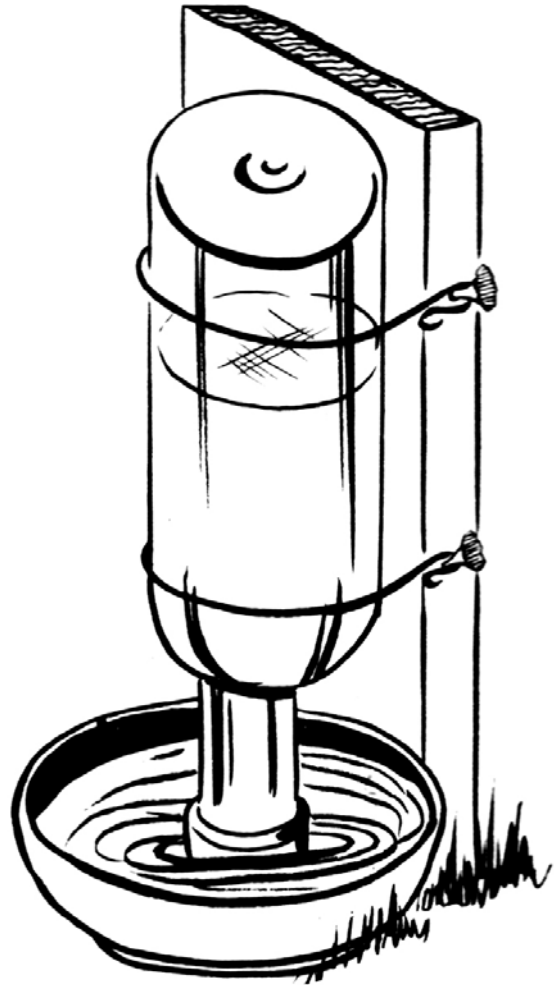
Kaa on the Prowl
 Kaa the python, went on the prowl and he swallowed lots of his jungle companions. Do you think you can find out who they were? Check your answers in the next column.



Birds Drinking Trough

Just as the birds enjoy tasty morsels to eat, they also like water. Saucers so often get knocked over and broken and sometimes we forget to fill them and the birds lose the habit of coming. This gadget will avoid these troubles, and soon you will have feathered friends enjoying this self-filling trough.

Drive a plank into the ground, then fill a bottle with water and stand it upside-down in a shallow dish. Fix the bottle to the plank with two pieces of wire twisted to shape, and turned round nails on either side, as in the drawing. A little adjustment of the bottle by raising will permit the water to find and maintain its level in the bowl. It's a very simple idea, but should give you lots of pleasure as you watch the birds come to drink.



Answers

What's Missing? 1. The eye in the needle. 2. Some holes for laces in the boot. 3. The strings on the guitar. 4. The holes in the cotton reel. 5. Cub's ear. 6. Back handle of water can. 7. The clappers in the bells. 8. The splice on the bat (the place where the handle joins the bat blade). 9. The fins of the fish.

Kaa on the Prowl: Shere Khan. Akela, Tabaqui, Baloo, Bagheera, Bandarlog.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Fireworks are fun, but remember a Scout is no fool. Stick to the rules and think of others, especially your pets.

Photo by Peter Burton

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. During a shooting contest in a wood on Pogley's uncle's farm, the uncle returns unexpectedly, and takes the Tawnies bows and arrows from them. They need them for the final Show rehearsal. Pogley offers to sell them back, but the Tawnies make a plan to get Pogley Out or the way while they search the farm.*

CHAPTER EIGHT Into Forbidden Territory

WHEN THE Tawnies reached the edge of Miser's Wood, they at once slipped out of sight under cover of the trees.

Now, the plan," began Ken, as the Tawnies gathered round, under a wide-spreading yew tree surrounded by bushes. "Let's be sure we all remember what to do. We split up here. You two. John and Dusty, take the spade, the treasure chest and the compass, and make for the tree stump. Keep your eyes open for Pogley or any of his friends, and the rest of us will spread out, and do the same."

"Suppose we can't dig at ten paces west of the stump?" asked John. "There might be a bush or other tree in the way."

"There might be other stumps near by," said Ken. "If not, dig as near to the ten paces west as you can. Pogley isn't likely to check it, and once you dig the treasure chest out, it won't matter."

"Tim and I haven't seen the treasure chest," said Tony, looking at the parcel Ken was carrying. "What did you write on the old drum skin?"

"It's not an old drum skin now, Tony," corrected Ken.

"It's an ancient scroll of parchment with an important message on it that's going to help us get our bows and arrows back - we hope."

The Tawnies gathered closer in while Ken took the little trinket box out of its brown paper wrapping, and opened it. He unrolled the piece of vellum that was inside, and read out the rhyme that he had scratched on it with a nail.

"This little chest doth mark the spot. Below it lies the treasure pot," read Ken.

"Pot?" queried Tim, as Ken rolled the scroll up again, and put it back.

"It's got to be a pot to rhyme with spot," explained Dusty. "You've heard of pots of money, haven't you? Anyway, Sheriff Pogley won't mind what the treasure's in."

"Away you go, then," said Ken, handing Dusty the parcel. "And keep the spade wrapped up till you reach the spot. When the treasure's buried, we all come back here to this old yew tree. Then we carry out the next part of the plan."

John and Dusty went on ahead, and Tim and Tony followed them, keeping as far behind as possible. Ken and Bob, who already knew roughly where the treasure tree stump was, went a different way, over the tree trunk bridge.

While Ken kept careful watch from the bridge, Bob went on towards the treasure tree.

When he came to a place from which he could see the stump in one direction, and Ken in the other, he stopped, watching for any sign of Pogley, or any warning signal from Ken.

After a few minutes, Bob signalled that digging had started. Ten minutes later, John and Bob had finished and the spade was being wrapped up again. Soon afterwards, all the Tawnies were back at the old yew tree.

"Everything went fine," reported John. "The ground was clear at ten paces to the west, and we buried the treasure chest about two feet down."

Nobody would guess there had been anyone digging there at all," said Dusty. "I doubt whether I could find it again myself, only for that tree stump, and the ten paces."

"We've made a good start to our plan," grinned Ken. "Now, let's hope Pogley's on the farm, and that the farmer isn't around."

"What if the farmer is there, or Pogley isn't?" asked Tim.

"We'll have to wait till Thursday, and try something then," answered Ken. "We know Pogley will be in Miser's Wood then, but we want the bows and arrows in time for Wednesday's rehearsal. That means we've got to get them within the next few hours."

"We go round to the farm next, don't we?" said Dusty.

"That's right," confirmed Ken. "Uncover the spade. And you and John get out into the lane with it, and be making your way to the farm. Let Pogley see you, if he's about. If he's not, hang around a bit."

"What about the rest of us, Ken?" asked Tim.

"Bob and I, and you and Tony will go through the wood, and get as near to the farmyard as possible. If our plan works, and Pogley makes for the treasure tree, you and Tony will shadow him, following without being seen, and keep watch on him. If he starts to return to the farm, you get back before him, and warn Bob and me. Now, let's go."

Dusty folded up the cover John had taken off the spade, and the two of them set off through the wood to the lane, and on in the direction of the farm.

Ken and the others, keeping a keen look-out, made their way to the farm under cover of the trees. Soon, the grey, stone wall surrounding the farmyard could be seen through the trees.

The wall was too high for any of the Tawnies to see over it, but when they got nearer they could hear somebody moving about the yard. Close to the wall, Ken quietly shinned up a nearby beech tree, and a minute later, was back on the ground again.

"It's Pogley," whispered Ken, joining the others. "There seems to be nobody else about." He beckoned them to follow him.

They made their way quietly along the wall, and stopped a few yards from the farmyard gate, and took cover behind a clump of bushes which hid them from the gate and the lane that passed it.

"Footsteps!" whispered Bob, suddenly, peering out into the lane. "It's John and Dusty. Hope Pogley sees them."

The footsteps grew louder, and slowed down as they came nearer. At the gate, they stopped.



Ken climbed
up into the
branches

"Pogley's not seen them," whispered Ken, disappointedly, as the noise of somebody busy in the farmyard still went on. Then, from the lane came the sudden loud clang of a spade being dropped to the ground.

"That was a bright idea," said Ken. "Pogley can't have missed hearing a clatter like that."

Next, heavy, clomping footsteps could be heard crossing the farmyard to the gate.

"What's going on here?" shouted Pogley, leaning over the gate, with his sleeves rolled up, and a scrubbing brush in his hand.

"Nothing. Why?" answered John, picking up the spade.

"Where are you going with that?" demanded Pogley, pointing at the spade.

"That's our business," answered Dusty. "You don't think we'd tell you, do you? There'd be no fair shares if you had anything to do with it."

"Fair shares?" asked Pogley, eagerly. "Fair shares of what? Come on, out with it."

"Shut up, Dusty," ordered John. "You talk too much. Come on. It's nothing to do with him."

"Fine," whispered Ken, as John and Dusty continued along the lane. "They couldn't have acted their parts any better than that. If that doesn't send Pogley sneaking after them, I'm a double Dutchman. Wait here. I'll watch him."

Ken crept back along the wall to the beech tree, and climbed up into the branches.

Soon, he was creeping back along the wall again to the clump of bushes.

"Pogley hasn't wasted any time," reported Ken, panting. "He was hurrying through the gate into Brock Wood where we had the shooting contest, and was still pulling his jacket on. If he does what we hope, he'll go through to the lane gate, wait till John and Dusty pass, then follow them."

"When do we start shadowing Pogley?" asked Tim. "Right away?"

"You can start now," said Ken, "but be careful, John and Dusty may not yet be far enough ahead for Pogley to have set off after them. Go the same way John and Dusty have gone - past the farmyard gate, up the lane, round the corner and past Brock Wood. Then along the field path into Miser's Wood, and on to the treasure tree. As soon as it looks as if Pogley's going to stay there, one of you comes the shortest way back and tells us."

"Then returns to keep watch on Pogley." put in Tony, "and if he starts back for the farm before him to warn you.", one of gets here "That's right," said Ken. "Now, get started Bob and I will come as far as the corner with you.~ want to see if there's any sign of the farmer in the fields the other side of the lane."

"Wherever he is," said Bob, as the four set off along the lane, "it's not likely he'll be back for some time, or Pogley wouldn't have chanced leaving his job to go treasure hunting."

At the corner, Ken made sure that it was safe for the two shadowers to start trailing Pogley, and set them off.

"Be careful he doesn't spot you." warned Ken, "or our plan will be ruined."

Ken and Bob crossed the lane. and looked over a gate into a large field. At the far end, a group of people were working.

"Looks like the farmer, a woman, two men and a dog," commented Bob. "I suppose they'll be out there till dark."

"Hope so," said Ken. "Glad they've taken the dog with them. Now, let's get back and wait for news of Pogley."

They returned to the clump of bushes, and sat waiting. Nearly fifteen minutes later, there was a sound of running footsteps, and Tim came puffing in.

"Pogley's digging like mad," reported Tim, between deep breaths. "We trailed him by his clomping footsteps. He stopped and hid behind a bush near the treasure tree, at first. John and Dusty must have seen him. or heard him, because they started digging at once." "Then what?" urged Ken.

"John and Dusty must have dug the treasure chest up." continued Tim, "because Pogley jumped out and shouted 'Give me that!' We couldn't tell what happened next, but furious digging started. We got nearer, and saw John and Dusty standing watching."

"Everything's going perfectly," grinned Ken. "Now, get back to your post, Tim, while Bob and I get on with the next part of the plan." Tim hurried off back, and Ken and Bob went to the farmyard gate.

"I wonder whether one of us ought to keep watch on the farmer," said Ken, thoughtfully. as he opened the gate. "He said he'd tell the police if he caught us on his land again."

"Two of us can search quicker than one." said Bob. "If we take too long, Pogley might be back. I don't think the farmer would tell the police. I think he'd rather punish us himself."

"And I'm sure that would be worse," remarked Ken, leading on into the yard. "We'll take a chance then, and get the job done as fast as we can. I know we've no right here, but we're not doing any damage. We're only looking for our own property."

Standing in the middle of the farmyard for a moment, they gazed around them. The big, red barn with heavy double doors at one end, stood alongside the lane wall.

Close by, was a wood shed with its door creaking as the breeze swung it, first inside then outside.

"Just look at the size of that massive animal," said Bob, pointing at a black bull grazing in a field that lay between the farmyard and Miser's Wood. "Hope Tim or Tony don't try crossing that field if they have to come and warn us."

"Hope that gate's well fastened, too," remarked Ken. We don't want it wandering about in this yard. Come on, Bob. Let's get searching."

They went to the barn, and opened one of its double doors just wide enough to sup through.

"Dark in here," commented Bob. "Can't think why they don't put proper windows in places like this, instead of poky little holes high up."

"Our eyes may soon get used to it," answered Ken, bum g into a grain bin. He ran his hands over it.

There's a large wooden chest here," he called, lifting the lid. "Just the place for hiding bows and arrows."

Bob joined Ken, and they pushed their hands through the grain to the bottom, and began feeling about.

"Nothing here," declared Ken, after a minute or so. There may be more of these chests. Let's have more light. I'll wedge the door open with something."

Ken found a brick outside the barn, wedged one of the doors wide open with it, and went back inside. They found several grain chests, and began searching among the grain in them.

"Something here!" called Ken to Bob, two bins away. "Could be a bow. "Yes, it is - and arrows. Don't know whether they are ours, though. I'll have a look at them in the light."

As Ken got nearer the door, heavy footsteps came hurrying across the yard, towards the barn.

"Joseph!" called the farmer's voice, angrily. "Where are you? What have you got this door open for?"

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