

# *The Scout*



*Week ending 10th November 1962 EVERY FRIDAY 6d*



All entries to competitions must be sent to Col, c/o The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1., before the end of next week.



## Reminder (1): Magnetic Variation

Every Scout should know that the needle of a compass does not point direct to the NORTH POLE, but to the MAGNETIC POLE situated to the north of Canada in the Hudson Bay area.

A magnetised piece of steel, such as a needle, is in itself a magnet with two poles, one at each end. If it is placed on a pivot so that it can swing freely, it will turn to the north and south position, because it is attracted by the magnetic pole - the north polar end of the needle points to the north magnetic pole..

Great mystery shrouds why such forces exist the world over, and no doubt right through the planet and certainly right on into space. Magnetism in a magnet is closely related to the powers of attraction of great land masses, iron deposits and planets, and the magnetic forces in the world of which there are many.

The earth itself is really a huge magnet in the same way as a piece of steel can be made to be a magnet.

It has its poles and acts on, and seems to organise, the varying magnetic forces of the earth in relation to those of the solar system outside the planet

No one can be certain about these things, however, and there is really no convincing explanation of terrestrial magnetism.

When you use a compass in Great Britain you must realise that it is pointing to the west of true north.

In some parts of the world the variation is up to 30 degrees one way or the other. This is due, not only to the position of the magnetic pole being a long way from the true north pole, but also because the magnetic field of the earth is affected by the land and mountain masses and the presence of metallic ores.

To prove this, lay your compass on the table and bring a piece of iron near and around it. You will soon see how the iron upsets the magnetic field of the magnetised needle.

True north and south are the points of the axis of the earth on which it spins once every twenty-four hours. These points never vary, but the magnetic poles are continually changing because they are affected by many changing forces and influences.

Scouts need to know of three north's in mapping.

These are:- **GRID NORTH:** The imaginary north and south line which is used to divide a country into convenient squares for mapping. The northern end of the grid you will call Grid North.

**TRUE NORTH:** Is on the north and south line which would pass through the true poles and which is similar to the meridian of longitude. The meridians are true north/south lines because they pass through the poles.

**MAGNETIC NORTH:** Is the point to which our compass points.

## Observation

All our observation games stem from Kim's Game which was (I hope you know) observation (of first of all a tray of jewels) plus memory. You can play all sorts of these games with advertisements which appear on hoardings and in newspapers and on I.T.V.

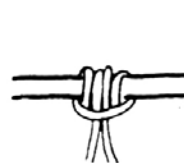
For example:

See if you can fill in the blanks in these well known "ads":-

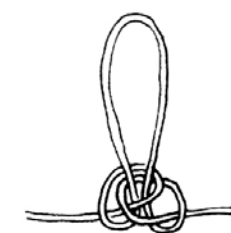
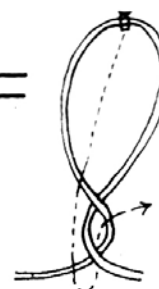
- Have a \_\_\_\_\_ have a \_\_\_\_\_.
- But she can't tell \_\_\_\_\_ from \_\_\_\_\_.
- Don't forget the \_\_\_\_\_ mum.
- \_\_\_\_\_ help you breathe more easily.
- \_\_\_\_\_ keeps wool soft, lets wool breathe.
- "I've got boy friends too, now I'm using \_\_\_\_\_"

## This month's special

Preferred by climbers to the middleman's knot.



Friction Hitch



Alpine Butterfly Knot

## What's wrong with this Photograph - Result

There were masses of entries and I have decided that as a special offer the following who sent correct answers will receive a prize:-

**P.L.(S) John Atkinson**, 1st Polkerris & Tywardreath; **C. Benidge**, Braunstone, Leicester; **P.I. Martin hunden**, 29th Croydon; **Cub Colin Butcher**, 25th S.W. Herts.; **Cohn Butters**, 3rd Carmarthen; **S.S. Stamford Cartwright**, 1st Hartlebury; **P.L(S) M. Collins**, 9th Andover; **S.S. John Collyer**, Woking, Surrey; **P.L. R.D. Cummins**, 64th Croydon; **S.S. I. Davidson**, 22nd Bromley; **S.S. J. Deacon**, 64th Leicester; **P.L. C. Earley**, 4th New Forest (East); **P.L. John Esher**, Edgbaston, Birmingham; **P.L. R. S. Hayward**, lifracombe, N. Devon'; **P/2nd R. Hopper**, 1st Houghton and Wyton; **Ralph Hoskisson**, Nuneaton, Warwickshire; **P/2nd(S) Michael Hurlstone**, 18th Hendon; **P.L. Martin Jones**, 1st Wrexham; **P.L. Brian Kerridge**, 25th Middlesbrough (Pathfinders); **P/2nd John Kirwan**, 29th Allerton; **P.L Darrell Jackson**, 5th Eccies; **Elizabeth Lumsden**, 1st Caterham; **G. Marshall**, Royston, Herts.; **P.L. S. Milbourne**, 2nd Rugby; **P/2nd T. Moorelled**, 2nd Runcom; **Scout J. R. Mouny**, 225th Bristol; **Martin R. Nisbeth**, Winch-more Hill, London; **Cub Andrew Pebworth**, Basingstoke, Hants.; **P.L. Peter Moss**, 1st Davenport; **P/2nd David Oliver**, 1st Castle Gary; **Richard Pickett**, Slough, Bucks.; **P.L. P. Selby**, 9th Croydon; **P/2nd K. Stannard**, 5th Hastings; **John A. Topping**, Liverpool; **S.S. Trevor Walker**, Withernsea, E. Yorks.; **P/2nd L. White**, Eastbourne, Sussex; **A. Wright**, 6th Warwick.

## Project No. 32 – Result

The following are the winners, together with their lists of mimes which you might like to try:-

**P/2nd Michael Allen**, 3rd Manchester Grammar School (9th Manchester): Putting a dressing on an imaginary wound on one's own finger; Lighting a fire; Pitching a small hike tent; Eating a meal; Getting changed for bed; Making a pot of tea.

**P/2nd Keith Anderson**, Newbury, Berks.: Cleaning out a pet hamster cage; Holding up the pole of a bell-tent while others knock pegs in; Relighting a Camp Fire with red embers; Felling a tree; Packing a kit-bag; Framing a picture with Passe Partout.

**Scout Michael Callender**, 6th Belfast: Trying to hypnotise someone; Tying a bowline with one hand; Treating someone for shock; Tuning a piano; Renewing an electric torch bulb; Taking someone's blood pressure.

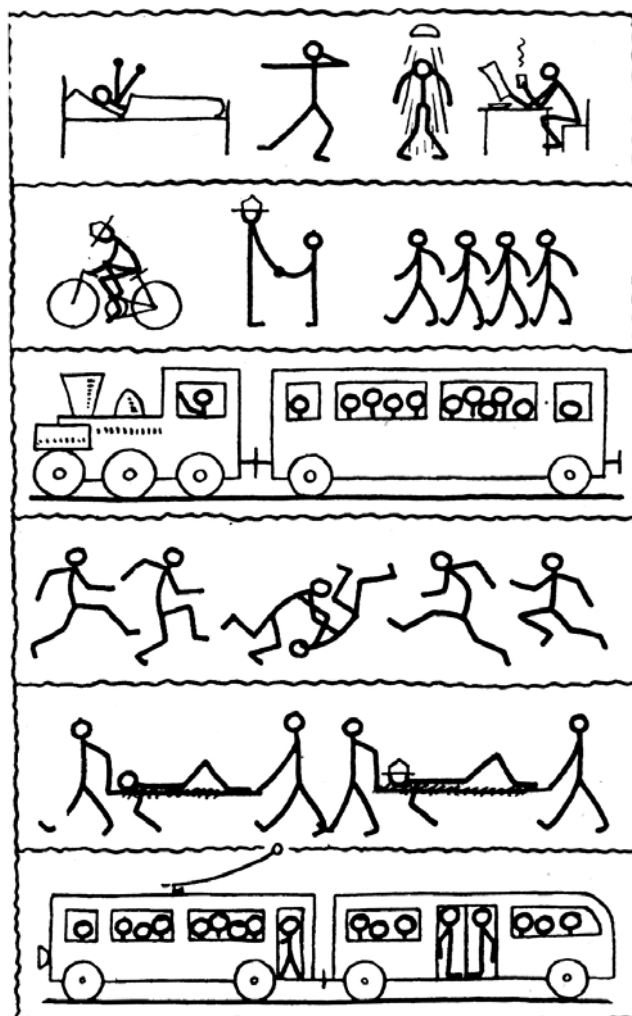
**Scout Martin, Jarvis**, 1st Backwell: Walking on ice; Pushing through a crowd; Feeling your way upstairs at night; Mending a fuse up a ladder; Repairing a bicycle puncture; An old man getting out of his chair.

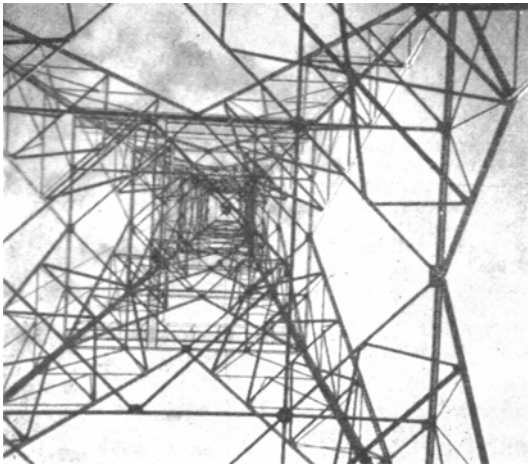
**S.S. A. Rapley**, 5th Hadleigh (Essex): Getting out of bed, very early in the morning, after a late night before, fumbling with the ringing alarm clock, and then dressing; Cutting grass with a scythe and then sharpening it; Tying a reef knot, or sheepshank; Find wood and light an outdoor fire; Picking fruit from a tree and putting them into a bag; Reloading a camera.

**P.L. D. Scott**, 2nd Bray (St. Andrews): A short accident, showing as obviously as possible the injuries received, e.g. slumped shoulder for broken collar-bone (another Scout may have to treat him for his injuries); A careless fellow crossing a road. Follow it up with a Scout crossing the road; A rather short-tempered Scouter (if there is such a thing) trying to teach a rather slow Tenderfoot the Second Class Knots and Lashings; A Scouter testing a Tenderfoot for his Second Class cooking and, if desired, the results!; A poor Scout's attempts to light a fire in the rain; A rather bewildered Scout trying to find where he is on the map,

## Pinman at work

B.-P. could sketch with both hands: lots of Scouts make out they can't sketch at all - but that's nonsense. These pinmen for example can easily be drawn with practice and can decorate logs and reports of all kinds. Try your hand at these below and then, whenever you've a spare few minutes, try inventing other actions and situations.

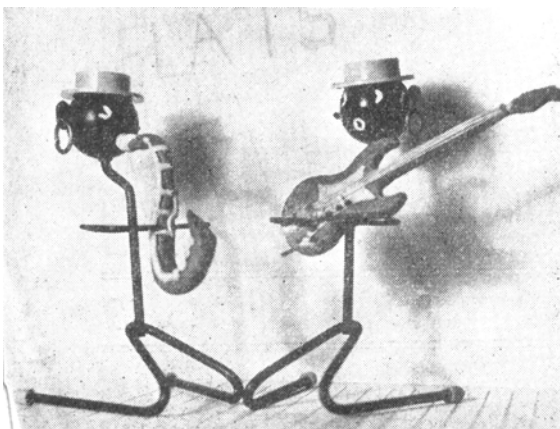




(Above) **Class A.** The winning entry sent Denton of the 9th Croydon Group



(Above & Below) **Class C.** The winning photographs sent in by (top) John Livesey of Christchurch, New Zealand, and (mottom) Michael Bartle of the 4th Redcar Senior Troop



(Right) **Class B.** The winning entry received from A. Chatterjee of 43rd East Bombay Group, India



## Winners of "The Scout" 1962 Photographic Competition

Space only permits us to publish the photographs of the outright winners in each Class. but in sending our warm congratulations to each of the runners-up we also thank the unsuccessful competitors for having a jolly good try. The complete list of results is:-

**Class A: Photographs of objects taken tram an unusual angle.**

*Winner:* **Graham T. Denton**, 9th Croydon.

*Runner-up:* **P/2nd S. L. Simmons**, 1st Dudley Grammar School.

**Class B: The Scout or Cab Smile.**

*Winner:* **A. Chatterjee**, 43rd East Bombay, India.

**Class C: Non-human subjects**

*Joint Winner A:* **John Livesey**, Christchurch. New Zealand, and **Michael Bartle**, 4th Redcar Senior Troop.

*Runners-up:* **Malcolm Lake**, 103rd City of Stoke-on-Trent; **M. N. B. Wilmhurst**, 3rd Truro Group; **P.L(S) Nicholas. H. J. Shaw**, 5th/7th Wells Group; **S.S. Leomrd Tabner**, 1st South Bank Group.

**Class D: Outdoor Scout activities.**

*Winner:* **Malcolm C. Lake**, 103rd City of Stoke-on-Trent.

*Runners-up:* **Michael Bartle**, 4th Redcar Senior Troop; **R. Molyneux**, 1st Rosebank Troop, South Africa.

The winners in each Class should notify the Editor of their choice of prize from either a Kodak Brownie Reflex 20 or Kodak Brownie Flash 20 or £5 worth of Kodak or Ilford film stock or Coronet Coro-Flash Mark V unit.

Runners-up will receive a consolation prize of the 1963 Photographic Diary.

(Below) **Class D.** The winning entry sent in by Malcolm Lake of the 103rd City of Stoke-on-Trent





**FOR NEW READERS:** *The Eagles are camping at Woodvale Manor owned by the widowed Lady Wykeham-Smith, and staffed by Herbert (the butler) and Catherine (the maid). The house is isolated but for Crossways Farm, leased by the Manor to Mr. Jenks who, although running a Jaguar, is in arrears with rent. The Manor opens as a private hotel the day after the Patrol arrives and the Scouts have agreed to tidy up the garden. 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. wind is predicted. That evening, Tiny discloses that the Colonel (Madam's late husband) was an artist and Jim discovers that the lone man's car is registered in Manchester. At midnight, Fish sees smoke over the Manor. The Scouts raise the alarm, and whilst they fight the fire, the lone man volunteers to get the fire brigade as the lights have failed and there's no phone. The fire is under control by the time the tenders arrive without the lone man. The inspector deduces the fire was caused by a short circuit in the Manor's generator. When the lone man eventually returns he claims he ran out of petrol and his spare can was missing from his car. Back in camp, Fish asserts the cable from the generator has been cut and he smelt petrol fumes in the stable.*

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### Evidence Impeded

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" asked Taffy. "I said I smelt petrol and I thought the cable had been cut," Fish repeated.

"Phew!" whistled Nick. "If what you say is correct - and I'm not doubting your word - it means that the fire must have been started by someone."

They all knew Fish well enough to realise that he never made such statements unless he was pretty sure of his facts.

"Arson in other words," exclaimed Sandy.

"I think we ought to try and get some shut-eye, all the same," said Nick, battling to keep his eyes open. We can't do much about it tonight, anyway. We'll see what we can do first thing in the morning."

The Patrol took the advice of their Leader, and Taffy blew out the candle. In spite of Fish's startling allegation, they were all fast asleep in a matter of minutes.

The sun was high in the sky when they were awoken by something biting the fly-sheet. Nick, whiz had his sleeping bag nearest the entrance, opened a bleary eye, pulled back the flap and blinked as he looked out into the bright light.

He was confronted with a pair of large boots.

He raised his head and his eyes moved upward from the boots, passed some jodhpurs and a broad checked jacket until they came to Farmer Jenks's face.

"Good morning to you," the farmer said cheerfully. You lads do sleep a long time. It's nearly eleven o'clock

"We didn't get to bed until the early hours," Nick explained, pulling himself out of his warm bed. "There was a fire over at the house."

"There was, was there?" mused the farmer strangely. "I suppose that noise in the middle of the night was you. I wondered what on earth was going on."

"I'm sorry about that. Taffy did say that he saw a light on in the farmhouse, and I guessed then that we must have woken you up," Nick went on, putting his jeans and sweater over his pyjamas.

"He did, did he?" Farmer Jenks said curtly. "What I did come over to see you about was the tractor. Did you manage to get it away from the stable in time? I mean, it wasn't burnt was it?"

"No! Bob was pretty quick off the mark," Nick said, coming out of the tent. "I'm afraid that we had to use it for ramming down the stable door to get at the heart of the fire..."

"I suppose the front's all dented now?" the farmer interrupted.

"As far as I could see last night there wasn't any damage. That bulldozer attachment at the front prevented it," explained Bob, poking his head through the tent flaps.

"Oh, yes I'd forgotten that. It seems lucky you had the tractor, then," the farmer commented smugly. "Have they any idea how the fire started?"

"The firemen reckoned it was a short-circuit somewhere between the generator and the batteries," replied the Patrol Leader staring firmly at the rest of the Scouts who had come out in varying stages of dress.

"I see. Well, I'll have a look for myself when I take the milk over this evening," grinned the farmer. "I must be on my way now. I've got a lot of work to do today. See you later on: will you want any eggs today?" he added as an afterthought.

"We could do with another dozen, I think," answered Taffy. "We've got enough for breakfast, though, so we won't need any before we collect the milk."

"I'll have them waiting for you," called the farmer, making his way out of the clearing towards the path through the wood.

"He was jolly reasonable about the tractor," Bob remarked as he wandered towards the kitchen. In spite of the lateness of the hour, they were all so famished that they planned on having a full-scale breakfast.

"I don't know. I can't make the fellow out. But then I expect there are plenty of people who can't make me out," laughed Fish. Then he became more serious. "I've been doing some more thinking about what I said last night..."

Tiny finished off the mountain of washing-up



“You mean the petrol and the cut cable?” queried Tiny eagerly.

“Yes. When I woke up this morning, it dawned on me that the starting motor of the generator is run on petrol, and so that seems to be a simple answer to the smell I smelt,” stated Fish, getting the plates ready for porridge.

“But what about the cut cable?” asked Taffy.

“I think we ought to have another look at that,” said Fish. “It’s not easy to be absolutely sure in the semidarkness especially with a fire burning at your feet.”

“By the way, Nick, why did you look so fierce when you told Jenks that the firemen reckoned the fire had been started by a short circuit?” questioned Jim.

“Because I didn’t want anyone to mention Fish’s theories. It’s terribly serious if someone did start the fire, and I don’t think we should say a word to anyone until we’ve got some more proof - if there is any. And then, the first person we must tell is Lady Wykeham-Smith. After all, it’s her house. We mustn’t do too much off our own bat: so ‘mum’s the word’,” ordered the Patrol Leader.

“Agreed,” said Sandy and Taffy together.

After the site had been cleared up they went over to the Manor together. Tiny and Jim left the others by the stable, and went into the kitchen to start their duties. Herbert ushered Jim to the staff room to change, and told him that when he was ready he should lay the dining room tables for lunch.

Tiny put on his enormous apron and went to help Catherine finish off the mountain of washing-up from the residents’ breakfast.

“It’s been a terrible day altogether,” sighed Catherine. “As if the fire last night wasn’t enough.

You did well last night, but I could have done with the Eagles’ help this morning, Tiny, I can tell you.”

“There’s been a lot of work, has there?” queried Tiny, wiping up vigorously.

“I’ve worked all my young life in places like this, but never in a monkey house!” she grumbled. “It’s enough to make anyone go and look for another job.”

“Have the guests been difficult, then?” Tiny asked, more because he felt uneasy at the maid’s apparent annoyance than because of any genuine interest.

“That man who went to get the fire engine last night,” Catherine moaned. “What a temper he had this morning. I’m not surprised he’s a bachelor!

“What happened?”

“I took his tea into him at half past seven, and I tripped over the rug by his bed. It all went over the counterpane. It was only a mistake. But the language he used!

Catherine had finished, washing the dishes and stood back whilst Tiny went on with the tea towel.

“Never mind. It could happen to any-one,” consoled Tiny.

“He then said he was going out for a walk and didn’t want his breakfast until a quarter to nine. If that wasn’t enough to make me hand in my notice, when Mister Cook came in with the mail he told me there were cows in the vegetable garden.

Herbert was too busy to help so I had to herd them all back into their field by myself.

There must have been at least twelve,” Catherine emphasised.

“But where did they come from?” questioned Tiny, wiping the last plate.

“Farmer Jenks keeps them in the field above your camp,” explained Catherine, with less antagonism. Tiny’s sympathetic ear had enabled her to get the grouse off her chest. “There’s another bridge rather like the one you use, just on the other side of the boathouse. I suppose that man went for a walk and left the gate open.”

“What have we got for lunch?” Tiny thought it was time he changed the subject.

“It’s happened before. Hikers come down from London, and wander all over the countryside as though they owned it all,” the maid went on.

It’s a good thing for people to get some fresh air when they’re couped up in the town for most of the time,” Tiny said.

“I’m not saying they shouldn’t come,” replied Catherine. “But they might leave the places as they find them.”

“I guess you’re right,” agreed Tiny, sensing that her temper would flare up again if he wasn’t careful.

“There is only an hour before lunch. You two had better make haste,” Herbert came into the kitchen and looked at them sternly. “There’s no time for gossiping.”

Catherine mumbled something under her breath, and went over to the range to get on with her job. Tiny flushed a deep scarlet, and busied himself by putting the cutlery and crockery on trays ready for Jim to take into the dining room.

At half past one Tiny made his pals a pot of tea, and carried it out to the courtyard where they were hard at work sweeping out the water from the tool shed.

Nick, Sandy and Bob had started tidying up the stable and were re-stacking the logs which had not been completely burnt. It was obvious that the door leading to the cobbled yard would have to be repaired by a skilled craftsman as would some of the struts and joists of the stable itself, so Nick had decided that the Patrol would restrict itself simply to clearing up the aftermath of the firefighters' efforts.

"That's very welcome. I could do with a cup of tea," Taffy said as Tiny handed him the tray. He called the rest from the other side of the building.

Just the job," commented Sandy, taking a mug.

"What happened about the cable?" asked Tiny, excitedly. "Had it been cut?"

"I'm afraid that will have to remain a mystery," replied Fish. "By the time we got here this morning, the electricians had been. They've put in new batteries and a new cable up to the point outside the tool shed. I'm still sure it was cut, but there's no way of proving it now."

"Someone must have moved pretty fast," said Tiny.

"That's what we thought at first," Nick said. "The electricians were just about to leave when we arrived. The postman had evidently been asked to call them from the next house which had a phone."

"Who asked him to get them?"

"We imagine it must have been Herbert. As the house is open to the public, I suppose they couldn't very well leave the place in darkness for another night," Nick added.

"The whole thing seems very strange to me," said Tiny.

"It does to all of us," agreed Fish. "But as I said, it must remain a mystery."

"Unless we can find some more evidence," suggested Sandy. "There's always that possibility."

"For the moment we're workers in the garden, not hired detectives," the Patrol Leader said firmly. "So let's get on with it!"

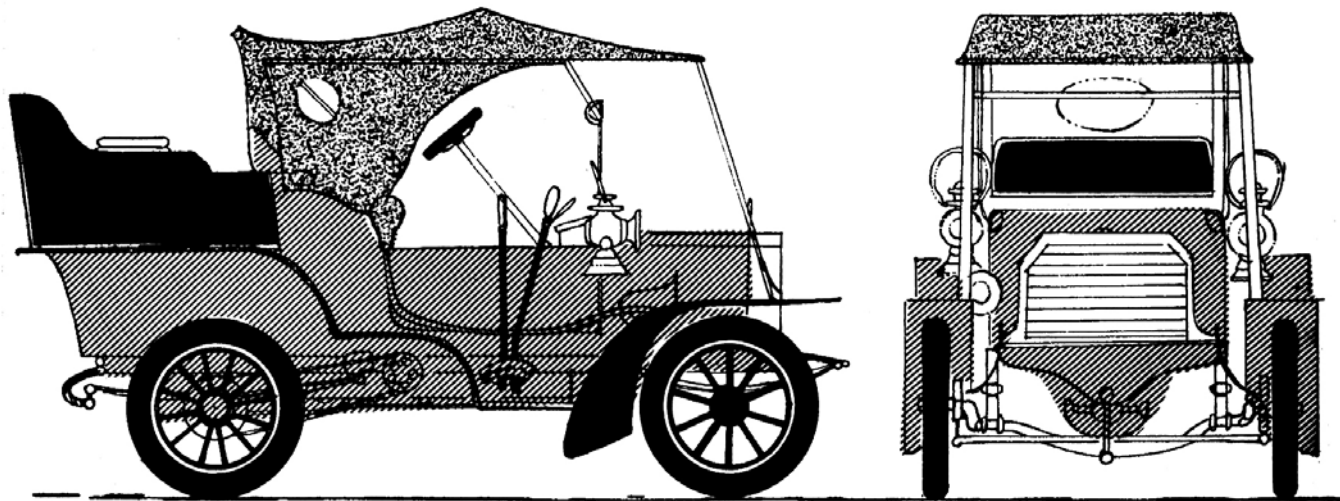
Tiny went off with the tray of empties. Sandy was in charge of piling the logs and took great pride in the neat rows he had built. He'd managed to clear at least half the floor, and the place looked very much tidier than it had even before the fire. Prior to going back to camp for late lunch, they swept out the stable and underneath a few bits of bark in one corner, Sandy came across a charred piece of paper. He picked it up and noticed that all that remained was the embossed name of a company. He chuckled to himself as he read the rather unusual name of 'Craddock, Son and Jenkinson'. The rest of the heading was virtually obliterated, except for the letters --op-r---ev--o-m--t, which appeared under the name. He threw it back on to the pile, and thinking no more about it he chucked it in the dustbin along with the rest of the rubbish.

After lunch Fish suggested that before they went back to the garden by the house, they should wander up and have a look at the boathouse. Nick agreed, and they trooped along the bank of the lake until they came to the field in which Farmer Jenks kept his cows.

*(Continued on page 15)*

## Yesterday's Cars (21)

By Ray Evans



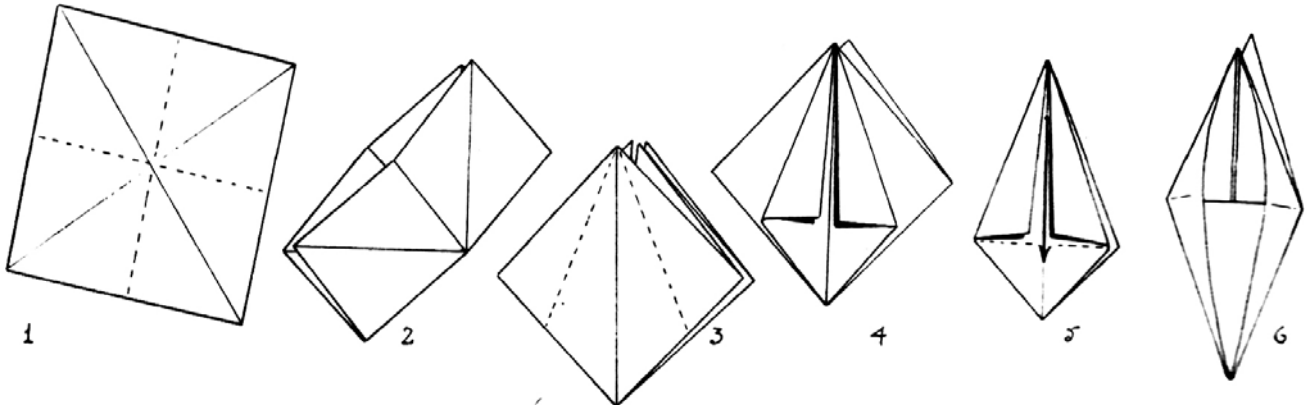
**Gladiator 1903**  
**(French)**

A four seater car with a two cylinder engine and trembler coils. Three-speed gearbox with side chain transmission. Foot brakes and transmission and hand on rear wheels.

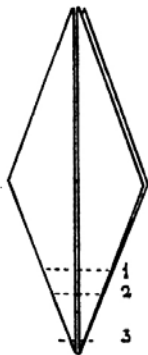
# ORIGAMI

## A TURTLE

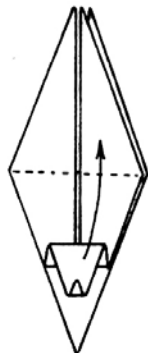
This fold, which is from Japan, depends upon the Basic Fold which was fully described in the last article. It is described briefly here but make a point of learning it thoroughly since from now on you will need it for nearly all the Origami figures still to come.



**THE BASIC FOLD.** Take a square of paper and fold across each diagonal: crease well and unfold. Turn over and fold in half: crease well, unfold and fold in half the other way (1 & 2). Pinch the two corners and push inwards: this will produce the familiar dart flight which is pressed flat to produce 3. Fold the sides to the centre along the dotted lines, (4) turn over and repeat on the other side (5). With the thumb nail make a crease as shown by the dotted line: open out slightly and pull the inner point down to the other end and press flat. Fig. 6 shows this partly completed (note that I have now turned it upside down) and the next illustration below shows the completed Basic Fold.



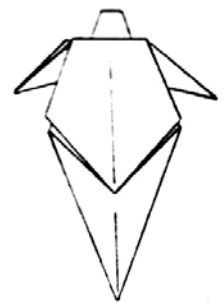
7. Fold the lower point on the dotted lines to produce the effect shown in Fig. 8.



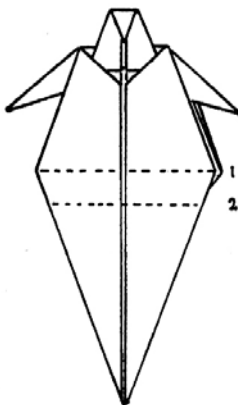
8. Fold the lower point just folded up to the upper end.



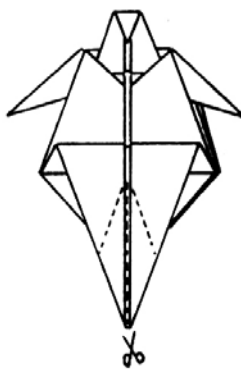
9. Fold the two upper points outwards by more or less turning them inside-out.



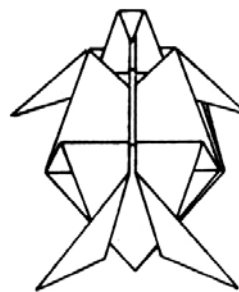
10. This is the position at which you have not arrived.



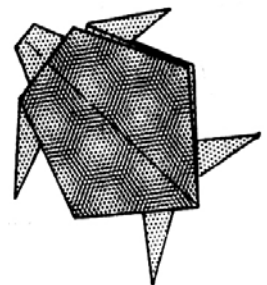
11. Turn the model over and fold the lower point up and then down again at the dotted lines.



12. Cut up the centre as indicated above and fold the two points formed outwards at the



13 dotted lines to produce the above and then turn the model over once again to reveal your turtle.



Turtle or Mock Turtle?



# The problem in a nutshell

“LET GO . . . I know how to do it No, you fool, that’s not a reef knot. Here, let me show you . . . Stop kicking the patient . . . Never mind, it’s only Rissington pretending he’s been gassed Yes, it’s the Adder Patrol again, making the usual frightening mess of the First Aid emergency. And the Scoutmaster stands to one side, pale-faced and on the verge of resignation, muttering that if he could only get a replacement for the P.L. he would.

That’s the problem in a nutshell. The success of the Patrol depends not so much on the Scoutmaster but on the P.L.

It is only a few weeks since I ran a leadership course for Senior Scouts. Many of them had not long since moved up into their Senior Troops. They had recently been P.L.’s like yourselves.

Many of them were quite remarkable leaders, and this was because, as Boy Scouts, they had learnt, first, their basic Scouting up to First Class and, second, they had learnt how to give orders to be the boss. Consequently, when I saw them leading their course Patrols, they made a success of everything they tackled.

But what caused me most concern about those who were not sound leaders when they arrived was that they had never really been given a chance to be true leaders when they had been in the Boy Scout Troop.

Now you may or may not belong to Troops where you are the bosses and the Scoutmasters stand to one side and, because they have made certain long beforehand that you know how to lead, let you get on with the job. But if you do not then you are not doing the job that it was intended you should do. You are not being trained as leaders.

So, you ask, what do we do? The answer is - complain. Complain at the Court of Honour that your Patrols never have the chance to work as Patrols, never have the chance to do, for example, really interesting Patrol activities or to compete against each other except at inspection time.

I guess that to be a P.L. in such a Troop is fairly miserable, dull and boring. Have the Patrols ever competed in forms of “controlled lunacy”? Have you ever spent fifteen minutes up a tree studying the insect life in order to write a report on it? Have you ever made a musical instrument out of staves and old bottles so that the result will, when played, produce a recognisable tune? If you have, then there’s the device of rope and poles which will enable a man stricken with lumbago to pull on his trousers without bending. Or there is the contraption which, when activated, will kill a man in six different ways.

I suppose, too, that in some Troops such subjects as First Aid are treated in a dull way, so dull that nobody is going to show the least interest when a real accident occurs. In the leadership course I ran, at one stage each Patrol prepared an emergency for another Patrol to treat.

When the preparation was over, each Patrol left behind an observer, while it moved on to deal with another case. Everybody was interested and the treatment was competent and satisfactory. The observer, who knew exactly the extent of the injuries, was able to give invaluable advice. The Adder Patrol’s efforts were put well into the shade.

The Panther Patrol at my Troop’s Summer Camp was rather like the Adders. The P.L. was a competent enough Scout as far as knowledge went, and he was a good camper, too. Unfortunately, he could not bring himself to show his Patrol how to be good campers. The result was, of course, that his Patrol came last in the Competition Shield. I don’t think he will ever make a good leader but I knew he could put up a better performance than that of the first three days.

I gave him a few tips about not being afraid to give orders, about getting the Patrol organised and about dealing with shirkers. After that matters improved, but too late to challenge the other Patrols.



---

Each week a member of the secret Council of Thirteen writes on this page for Patrol Leaders. If you have mi' problem, 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.

---

Before my private talk with him, I noticed, too, that his Patrol was most lacking in spirit. There were few moans in the camp, but what few there were came from the Panthers. Their complaints were caused merely because the Scouts were not being led properly. They wanted to get on to win, but were waiting for the P.L. to lead them there. He failed them.

But among his Scouts was one who had recently won his Second Class Badge. Without him, the Patrol would have been well and truly sunk. He'd be the one who would start the preparation for the next meal. He'd be the one to start the clearing-up after it. He'd be the one who would remember that the wet pit needed a new cover.

He'll be the one who will make an excellent P.L. in a year's time.

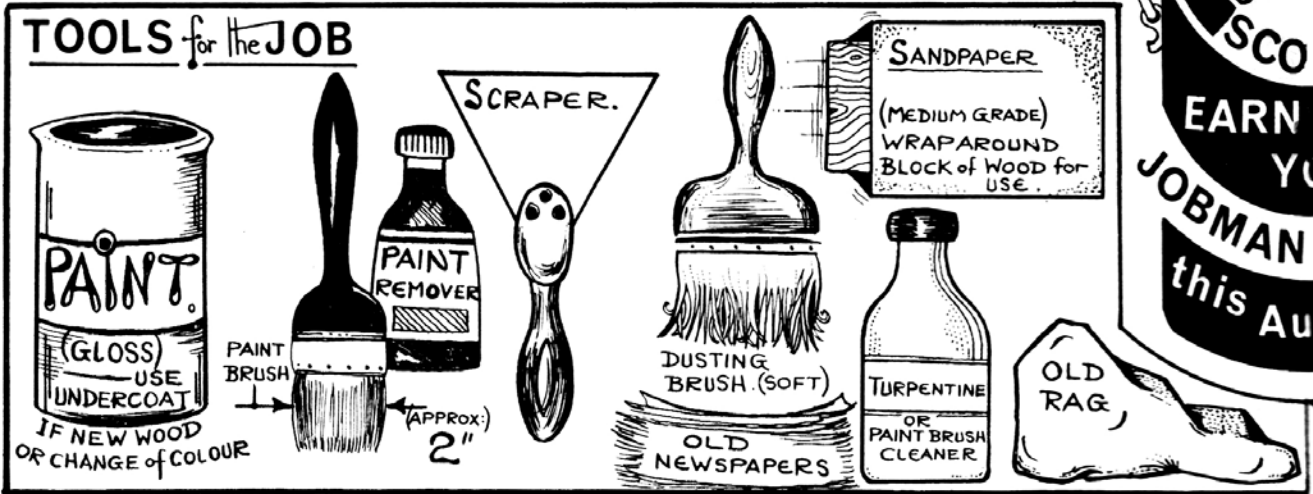
## THIS WEEK'S COVER

Getting out with a map and a bunch of pals is just the thing for a Saturday or Sunday afternoon. Even if the sky looks overcast, don't be put off.

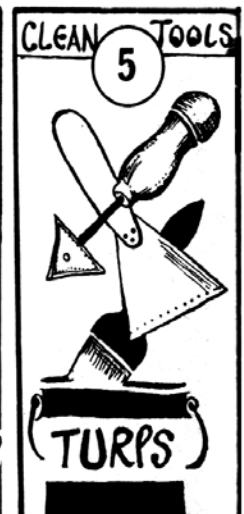
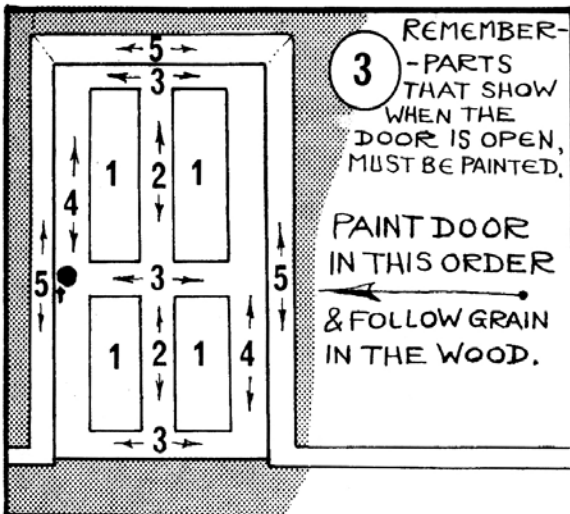
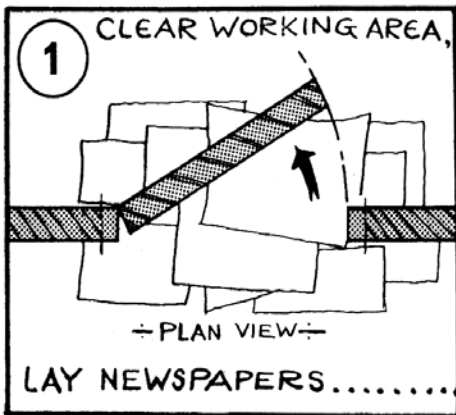
*Photo by Peter Burton.*

# Ron Branagan begins a new series to help you ...

**1** test:- Paint a door or gate ....

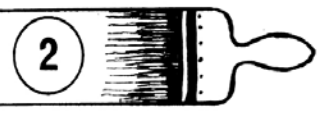


## DOING THE JOB....



# Next Week: Replacing tap washers; knowing how to tackle burst water pipes and a gas leak.

test:- Whitewash or distemper a wall....



OUR BADGE  
turnn

**1.** CLEAR FLOOR & WALL, LAY NEWSPAPERS.

**2.** DON'T USE WHITEWASH TOO THIN. FOLLOW UP WITH SCRAPER.

**3.** DON'T FORGET TO LOOK FOR CRACKS & HOLES BEFORE YOU WHITEWASH OR DISTEMPER.

**4.** WEAR OVERALLS OR OLD CLOTHES.

**5.** WORK IN SMALL SECTIONS.

**6.** ALWAYS WORK BRUSH UP & DOWN - NEVER SIDWAYS.

**7.** USE GOOD SOUND STEPS OF LADDERS. DON'T TAKE RISKS WHEN CLIMBING.

**8.** FOR A LARGE WALL USE TWO STEPS & A FLANK.

**9.** CHOOSE A GOOD, LARGE, SOFT BRUSH OR ROLLER.

**10.** CUT A CARD MASK FOR YOUR BRUSH - WEAR A HAT.

**11.** KEEP A CLOTH AT HAND TO WIPE YOUR SPLASHES FROM THE WOODWORK.

**12.** IF YOU USE "SUGAR SOAP" TO WASH THE WALLS - BEWARE! - IT CONTAINS CAUSTIC SODA & CAN BURN THE HANDS IF NOT CAREFUL - DILUTE.

**13.** A GOOD SCRAPER TO GET IN THE CORNERS. SHAVE HOOK.

**14.** DON'T FORGET TO LOOK FOR CRACKS & HOLES BEFORE YOU WHITEWASH OR DISTEMPER.

**15.** CLEAN OUT BRUSHES - SOAP & FLOOR. WATER - WASH DOWN STEPS & FLOOR.

**16.** CLEAN UP - BE NEAT AND TIDY.

**READ!**

**DIRECTIONS**

**A GOOD WIDE DUST BRUSH**

**SLOPE of LADDER**

**SLOPE of LADDER**

**SLOPE of LADDER**

**6" (AT LEAST) ROLLER**

**6" (AT LEAST) BRUSH**

**BIG HELM RUBBER GLOVES**

**CARD MASK**

**HAT**

**CLOTH**

**TOO MUCH**

**NOT ENOUGH**

**SAFE**

**OPENS  
SATURDAY**



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- **CYCLE SPORTING SECTION**
- **MOTORCYCLE SPORTING SECTION**
- **CYCLE TEST TRACK**
- **CHILDREN'S CRECHE**
- **CLUBMAN'S CORNER**
- **RETAIL SHOPPING CENTRE**
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**PEN PALS**

**WANTED**

**P.L. Michael J. Forster** (15), 70 Exeter Rd. Wallsend. Northumberland. - Guide pen-pal (English or German speaking) anywhere exc. Britain. Hobbies. Archery. ice skating, swimming, Scouting, Youth Hostelling. Photo if poss.

**S.S. J. Hutchin** (15), 36 Corbet Ave. Sprawaton. Norwich Norfolk, NOR 64A - Sea Ranger pen-pal in England. Hobbies: Camping, swimming, photography. Photo if poss. **P.L. D. Thompson**, 84 Portman Rd., Scunthorpe, Lincs.- Guide pen-pal in British Isles. Hobbies: Camping, hiking. Photo if posa.

**P.L. D. Yates** (13), 6 Victoria Ter.. Whitley Bay. Northumberland. - Guide P.L. pen-pal own age anywhere in England. Hobbies: Aeromodelling, aircraft, Scouting.

**S.S. David Swan**, 34 Frolesworth Rd.. New Parka Eat., Leicester. - Guide pen-pal in U.K. aged 16. Hobbies: Scouting, hiking, swimming, reading. Photo if poss.

**Thach Lap Cuong** (16). 560 Nguyen Thai St.. Cholon. South Vietnam. - Pen-pal in England. Hobbies: Reading, travel. stamps.

**Marshall Steele** (13), 4 Lincoln Croft. Shenatone. Lichfield, S. Staffs. - Guide pen-pal in U.S.A. Hobbies: Stamps. cycling, camping. Photo if poss.

**William F. Mackenzie**, 81 Gilmore Place. Edinburgh. Scotland. - Pen-pal in Auatralia, N. Zealand, Canada. Hobbies: Stamps, coins, fishing, tape-recording. Photo if poss.

**John Pollard**, 2 St. David's Rd.. Kingathorpe. Northampton. - Pen-pal in Australia (aged 11-13). Hobbies: Scouting, camping, etc.

**Cub Robert Wilcox**, Hollycroft, Pinfold Lane. Tickhill. Nr. Doncaster, Yorks. - Young Guide pen-pal in U.K. Hobbies, Reading, acting, stamps.

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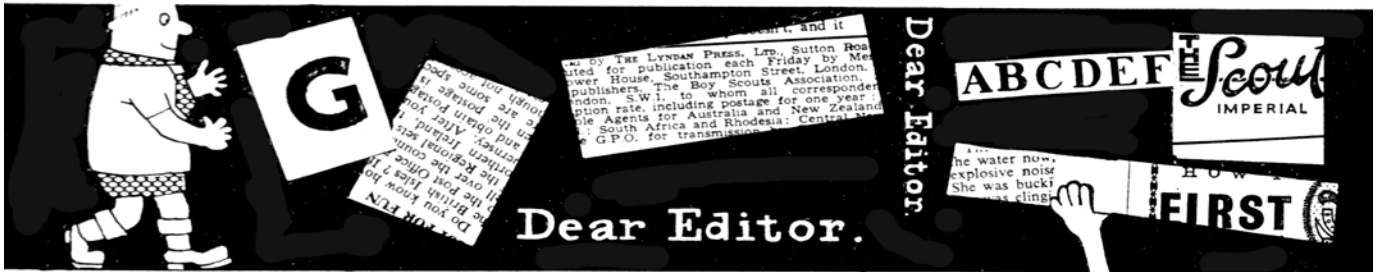
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FIVE SHILLINGS FOR *YOUR* LETTER TO THE EDITOR

**Orders Galore**

Dear Editor,

Our Troop, the 3rd Wigton Sea Scouts has several ways of earning money. The most important and profitable is shield making. These shields are made by the Scoutmaster with the help from several boys in the Troop. In the six years that the Troop has been in existence almost 6,000 shields have been sold. The shields, painted in Patrol colours and emblems, are sent to seven cities including Glasgow, Edinburgh and Manchester.

Another source of money is the selling of fire-wood. This gives a steady supply of money. We also hold a rummage sale each year which brings in £60 or £70.

Being a Sea Scout Troop we have several canoes. The Troop owns three double-seater canoes and several boys have their own canoes.

This has led us to founding "The Order of Inverted Canoeists". To become a member of the "Order" you have to be in a canoe when it accidentally capsizes. I have not so far had the privilege of being invested in the "Order".

The medal is a disc about five inches in diameter and it has on it a picture of a Sea Scout sitting in a canoe which is the wrong way up. The names of the members are written round the edge of the medals.

Brian Warwick,  
3rd Wigton Sea Scouts.

**Getting Things Straight**

Dear Editor,

In reply to P.L. David Broadbent ("The Scout" 29th September) I should like to point out to him that P.L. Bob Hobbs has his Cook's Badge. I only met Bob for a week when we were both on the Service Crew at Youlbury, Oxford. I noticed then that he only had two Scout Proficiency Badges and I would therefore imagine he had to work hard for both of them. During that week we discussed many things and when I got home I found I had to agree with both his articles.

I should now like to comment on the map reading in Second Class and First Class. In Second Class it says nothing about being able to read a six figure reference but the Second Class hike has to be passed in which map references must be used. In First Class, service protractors and prismatic compasses should be included in the test because no-one can go on a hike in wild country without using these two instruments.

P.L.(S) Graham I. Wright,  
3rd Slealord (St. Deny's).

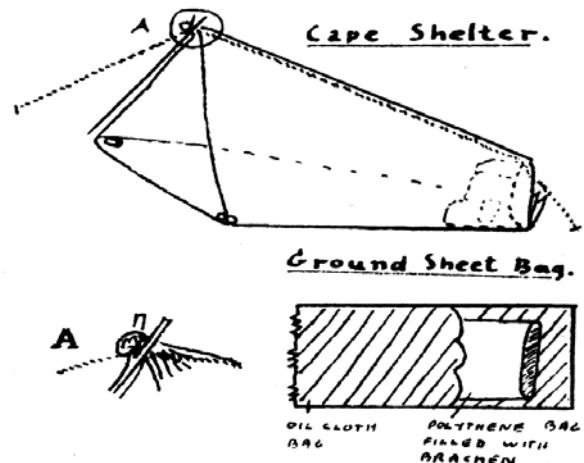
**Polythene is Unsatisfactory**

Dear Editor,

As a lightweight camping enthusiast I have experimented with various types of polythene tents, and shelters. I have come,, reluctantly, to the conclusion that polythene is unsatisfactory for tentage, on account of condensation. Not only this, but a light hike tent is often only a few ounces heavier than a polythene shelter.

The simplest arrangement is undoubtedly to sleep between two light, oil-cloth or P.V.C. groundsheets. Unfortunately the thought of "bedding down" in heavy rain always makes this seem uncomfortably primitive.

This difficulty can be overcome by making a shelter with a plastic cycle-cape. It is possible to change with reasonable comfort, inside the shelter, and at night, it protects the body from the waist up.



A rucksack is used as a back pole, and the guyline is secured to the cape as shown at 'A' a pebble being enclosed in the plastic. The sides are kept taut by two stones. This arrangement has proved to be very successful.

Q.S. Robert j. Rae,  
20th Glasgow (1st Milngavie).

**Each Side is Different**

Dear Editor,

In reply to Scout Anthony Abbey (25th August, 1962) On a 1958 6d. piece there are two sets of letters, one set each side of the clover, they are E.F. and G.T.

I would like to know if this means that more than one person engraved the design.

P.L. Richard A. Underwood,  
1st Coichester.

## Scouty Cartoons

Dear Editor,

I enjoy the "Scouty cartoons" which appear in "The Scout" from time to time, very much indeed. This liking has led me to produce one of my own. If you have any use for it, other than the waste paper basket, I would be only too pleased.



"Right Skip, I've tied a Sheepshank - Now What?"

Thank you for a very interesting and clever magazine. Naturally, "Sludge" is my favourite, with his crazy humour, and lovable characters. Keep him coming!

P.L. Ian A. McEwan,  
*1st inverurie.*

## Narrow-Gauge Railways

Dear Editor,

I was glad to see the article on narrow-gauge railways in a recent issue of "The Scout" but I thought readers might like to know that in addition to the passenger lines mentioned by the author there are three more operating lines the Welshpool and Llanfair, a 2 feet 3 inch gauge line operated by a preservation society from its upper terminus in Llanfair, the Lincolnshire coast light railway, a 2 feet gauge line with two saddle tanks "Peter" and "Jurassic" at Blumberstone and Groudle Glen railway, another 2 feet gauge line on the Isle of Man operated by two 2-4-0 tanks "Sea Lion" and "Polar Bear".

The Penryn engine "Linda" mentioned by the author is now working on the Festiniog which also has an 0-4-0 Prime in service which is a 100 years old next year being respectively one and two years older than the Tallylyn's "Tallylyn" and "Dolgoch".

P.L.(S) Cohn Brain,  
*2nd Fenny Stratford.*

Dear Editor,

In reply to P/2nd R. Cross's letter in the 8th September issue, I heartily agree with him that we need 20th Century Badges.

What appals me, however, is the way he says we are a nation of hustle and bustle and are choked with blocks of flats.

Evidently he has not moved far from North London. England is still a peaceful place with plenty of hills and dales. Perhaps he has never been to the Peak District, the Welsh Mountains, the Lake District, the Devonshire Hills, Norfolk, the Cheshire Plains, the Yorkshire Dales and countless other wonderful places. I personally have walked for miles in these places and never met a soul, never mind a block of flats.

So backwoodsmanship is still within the range of a modern Scout despite the supposed hustle and bustle.

P/2nd J. D. Bailey,  
*1st Romiley (Cheshire).*

## A Scout Band

Dear Editor,

In answer to W. Jones' letter in "The Scout" week ending the 8th September, 1962, I will tell you about our Scout band. It has been running for 36 years and even my father used to play in it when he was a boy. When the instruments were first bought, the Scouts did all kinds of jobs and ran jumble sales, etc., for the money. The instruments we have in the band are ten comets, three horns, two baritones, three basses, three trombones, two euphoniums and drums. My two brothers play in our band and I hope to join later on. Our band play for processions, concerts and socials. They played at the Three Counties Gang Show in 1957. At Christmas they tour the district playing carols and collecting funds for our Troop. They also entertain children at the local hospital.

Scout F. Phillips,  
*199th Manchester.*

## Agreed in Principle

Dear Editor,

With reference to the letter of P 2nd R. Cross (week ending 8th September) I fully agree with his views, especially as he lives in London. I feel that I must point out however, that many Troops have opportunities to put into practice what they learnt in the Woodsman, Forester's, and Backwoodsman's Badges.

I do agree however, that in this new age Scouting needs more badges such as Automobile Engineer, as many Seniors and Rovers are rather enthusiastic to this bobby; Dinghyman, a badge for those enthusiasts who build their own boats, anything up to 10 feet in length.

With reference to the First Aid Badge and the Ambulance Badge, I think they should be compulsory, as he says, "in this time of the blood-stained record of modern traffic."

T.L. G. Hunt,  
*88th Bristol (Pro-Cathedral).*

Dear Editor,

After reading P/2nd R. Cross's letter on the subject of Mid-Twentieth Century Scouting all I can say is that I absolutely agree with his letter.

In this modern world of atomic bombs and motor bikes who wants to know about tracking wild animals; anyway we haven't much of the old British countryside left, despite the "so-called Green Belt Area In finishing this letter all I can say is that we should form a campaign for modern Scouting, any members?

Also more Jack Blunt and Sludge

P.L. J. Trapp,  
*7th S.W. Herts (1st Bushey).*

## Detachable Service Stars

Dear Editor,

With reference to the letter of P.L. John Capon ("The Scout" 1st September) I believe that the best solution of this Service Star problem, is the one that I have employed. I obtain a strip of thin balsa-wood, or a thick piece of card an inch and a half long and a ¼ of an inch wide. This is covered with very thin canvas or some other suitable material, and the service-stars are attached in the normal way. This strip is fixed to the shirt by two press-studs, and may be removed for washing, thus saving the metal tabs of the stars.

I hope that some other Scouts may find this suggestion acceptable.

P.L. C. Seal,  
*2nd Shoeburyness (St. Andrews).*

## Be Prepared

Dear Editor,

After reading Tom Royd's "Good Turns" last Friday, I thought your readers might also enjoy this one.

*Give me the life of the great Outdoors,  
Rain shivering down my neck,  
Gaily tramping over bogs  
On a jolly weekend trek.  
Give me the song of a bubbling stream  
As it saturates my boots  
And for a corner our of the wind and wet  
I wouldn't give two hoots.  
Give me the tent blowing down in the night  
The embrace of a sodden tarpaulin  
And I feel an excitement stir up in my blood  
When a nasty wind starts squalling.  
These are the thrills of a Boy Scout's life  
To which nothing can be compared  
Like frozen food rigid and ready for use  
My motto is BE PREPARED.*

T.L. Malcolm Stuart,  
37th West Ham (South) (St. Matthias).

## Check-up

Dear Editor,

I would like to draw your readers' attention to the fact that lanyards should not be worn while using a cross-cut or bushman's saw. This has been overlooked in First Class Test in Pictures ("The Scout" 29th September, 1962). I speak from a bitter personal experience.

S.S. John M. Deag,  
1st Yarn field, N. Staffs.

## EAGLE EYES INVESTIGATE

(Continued from page 04)

Fish led the way to the gate immediately before the bridge which crossed over the north neck of the lake. Sandy brought up the rear and shut the gate securely behind him. They were just approaching the boathouse when Fish stopped short and caught his Patrol Leader's sleeve.

"Nick! Look down there! I think someone's been tramping around in the rushes," Fish said, pointing to a gap of flattened stems. "I'm going to have a look."

Fish bounded off whilst the rest watched his movements intently from the bank. For a moment Fish disappeared from their sight as he bent down, but his head popped up again with a look of amazement on his face.

"Just look what I've found!" he called enthusiastically.

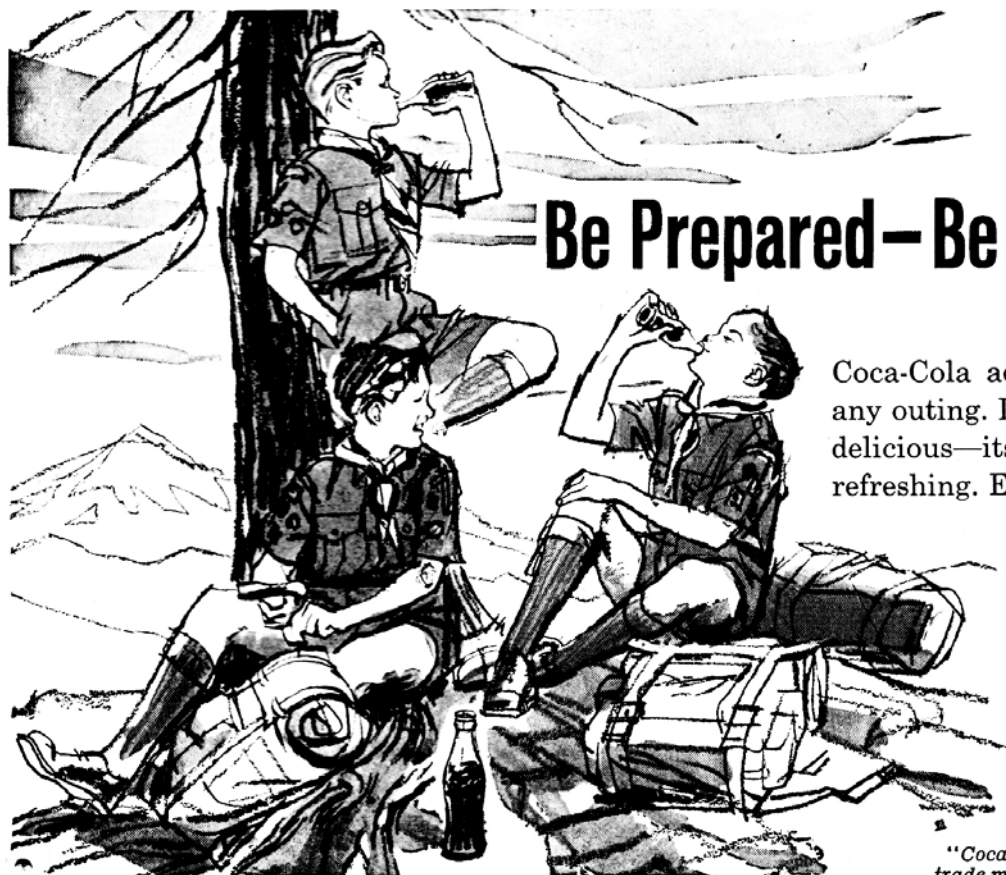
Next Week:

## MADAM CHANGES MOOD

# Notice Board


## LONGRIDGE SCOUT CAMP

There are a number of Canoes at Longridge which have not been used for several seasons. These canoes are deteriorating and can no longer be kept on the Site. It is requested that the owners of these canoes arrange for them to be removed at the earliest opportunity. Any canoes which are not removed or claimed by the 1st January, 1963, will be disposed of.



## Be Prepared—Be Refreshed!

Coca-Cola adds to the pleasure of any outing. Its sparkling taste is so delicious—its cheerful lift is so refreshing. Enjoy a 'Coke' now.



SIGN OF GOOD TASTE

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# Bran Tub

No. 357

by Sambang

He became a great national hero and was raised to the rank of major-general - the youngest officer in the Army to be a general - and he was also created a Companion of the Order of the Bath. He was then 53 years old.

“His interest in wild creatures, in the countryside and in camping and tracking had started when he was a young boy, but in 1909 he did something which changed his whole life, and which eventually was to change the lives of millions of others. He ran a camp for boys on Brun-disi Island, off the south coast of England. and there he tried out many of the idea which he later included in his famous book ‘Scouting with Boys’. For the rest of his life B-P. spent all his energy developing the Scout and Guide Movements. No man has ever been so well known and loved by children from every corner of the world.

## DO YOU KNOW HIM?

The name of Baden-Powell is known to every Cub, and as the Founder of the Scout Movement his name will live for ever. How much more do you know about him? Below is a short “thumbnail” biography of B.-P. and in it I have made eleven deliberate mistakes. How many of them can you spot before turning to the answers?

“Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powel was born in London in 1847, the fifth in a family of seven children. After a happy childhood he joined the Army, and because of his ability became a junior officer right away. His regiment was the 11th Hussars, with whom he served on the North West Frontier of India, in Burma, and then in South Africa. He soon became known as a young officer who could think for himself and use his imagination, and who was not afraid of taking the lead and making decisions. An African tribe named the Matabele called him ‘Iroko’ ‘ the wolf that never sleeps’.

“In 1899-1900 he commanded the British soldiers who defended the town of Mafeking during the Boer War. The Boers surrounded the town for 217 days, but under the leadership of B.-P. the people refused to surrender. Much of the success of that famous siege was due to the courage, cheerfulness and loyalty of this devoted soldier.

He was Chief Scout of the World from 1935 until his death in 1941. His body is buried in Westminster Abbey along with many other famous men and women.”

## Deliberate Mistakes:

- (a) The name is Powell, and not Powel.
- (b) He was born in 1857.
- (c) His regiment was the 13th Hussars.
- (d) He did not serve in Burma.
- (e) The name given by the Matabele was “Impeesa” and not “Iroko
- (f) His age in 1900 was, of course, 43 and not 53.
- (g) “Scouting for Boys” appeared in 1908 and the camp was held in 1907.
- (h) The Island was called Brownsea.
- (i) The book was called “Scouting for Boys”.
- (j) He was Chief Scout from 1921-1941.
- (k) He was buried in Africa facing Mount Kenya.



# 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 hail until after the Show. He has set himself up as the Sheriff of Miser's Wood, the sworn enemy of Robin Hood. The Tawnies have tricked Pogley to go digging for buried treasure in Miser's Wood, while they search his uncle's barn for their missing bows and arrows. They hear the farmer's voice, and his footsteps approaching the barn.*

## CHAPTER NINE The Show

AS THE FARMER came into the doorway, Ken, with the bow in one hand, and three arrows in the other, stepped quickly behind the closed half of the double door.

"Hi! Who are you?" shouted the farmer, as Bob darted behind a stack of hay bales. "Come out, or I'll fetch you. There's no other way out"

Ken pressed himself against the door, breathing as quietly as possible, while the farmer within touching distance, peered into the gloom.

No sound came from behind the bales. The farmer waited a few seconds longer, then strode forward into the barn. As soon as he was inside. Ken slipped quickly round the door, and out into the open.

"Another!" rasped the farmer, glancing in Ken's direction, then continuing towards the bales. 'How many more of you?'"

Ken sped round the corner, and stood panting in the narrow space between the side of the barn and the farmyard wall.

A minute or so later, at the sound of the farmer's voice, Ken put the bow and arrows down and peeped out. The farmer was outside the barn, holding Bob by the collar.

"Joseph!" shouted the farmer loudly, looking round the yard. "For Pete's sake, answer can't you? Joseph!"

"I don't think he'll hear you from here, sir," said Bob. "It's too far away. And there's the digging."

"What do you mean, boy?" demanded the farmer. "Too far away! Digging! Digging what?"

"A hole," answered Bob. "Joseph is helping some friends of mine to dig for buried treasure in Miser's Wood."

"Nonsense!" bellowed the farmer. "Joseph isn't stupid enough to elieve there's treasure buried in Miser's Wood. That's all a fairy tale. In any case, you're not friends of his.

He told me that when I warned you to keep off my land. You -"

"He insisted on helping," Bob broke in. "Go and see for yourself, sir."

The farmer glared disbelievingly at Bob. "If this is a trick to save your skin -"

"It's no trick, sir," answered Bob, pointing towards Miser's Wood. They're over that way, a few yards this side of the path."

"Digging holes in Miser's Wood, is he, when there's work enough for him to do here?" growled the farmer, unhooking the padlock from the barn door, and pushing Bob inside. "If what you say is right, there's trouble coming to both of you. I'll deal with you when I come back."



The farmer kicked from the barn door the brick Ken had stopped it open with, and it swung shut with a bang. He hooked the padlock through the staple and snapped it locked. Then he started off across the yard, through the gate and away across the grazing field.

When the farmer was out of sight of the barn, Ken came out of his hiding place, and called to Bob.

"What are the chances, Ken?" asked Bob, hopefully. "Do you think you can get me out? I don't want to be in here when he comes back."

"The chances aren't so good, Bob," answered Ken, tugging at the lock. "I'll have a quick look round. Might find a crowbar, or something. When your eyes get used -to the dark, you may as well go on searching for our bows and arrows. You could push them out under the door."

"What about the bow and arrows we found?" asked Bob.

"They were Sheriff Pogley's," replied Ken.

Soon, it was clear to Ken that nothing could be done to free Bob. So, they decided that when the farmer returned and opened the barn door, Bob would be standing close up against the closed half, as Ken had done, and try to slip out behind the farmer. And meanwhile he was to go on searching the barn until warned by Ken.

Ten minutes later, Ken was coming out of the wood shed after a hurried search, when he heard loud shouting coming from the grazing field. He dashed to the barn door to warn Bob, and was making for his hiding place between the barn and the wall, when he stopped and stared.

The farmer and Pogley were running wildly across the grazing field towards the gate, with the huge black bull tearing along after them, only twenty yards behind. Pogley reached the gate first, fumbled it open, and made straight across the yard for the farmhouse. The field gate had swung wide open when the farmer got to it, and he had no time to close it.

Puffing and blowing, he raced on, heading for the wood shed, with the bull's lowered horns only inches behind him.

The farmer tried desperately to step sideways clear of the bull's track, and stumbled, falling heavily to the ground, and rolling just clear of its pounding hooves as it thundered past.

Before the bull could check its mad rush, it had charged into the wood shed door with a crash that almost shook it off its hinges.

Ken, who had been watching from the corner of the barn, snatched up Pogley's bow, and in a flash, had notched an arrow on the string. The bull's weight had carried it well inside the wood shed, and the slithering sound of its hooves told that it was scrambling madly round to come back and charge its vicious horns into the dazed and exhausted farmer now trying to struggle to his feet.

The bowstring twanged. Ken had sent the arrow whining through the air, straight and true. With a thud, it buried its point in the door post. At the same moment, the door swung forward with the force of the bull behind it, but the arrow would not let the door pass. There was another fierce charge from behind the door, and the arrow shuddered.

A second arrow from the bow Ken held whistled through the air, and a third, planting themselves firmly, one below the other, under the first.

While the bull pounded in vain on the door, Ken rushed to the farmer, and helped him to his feet.

"I'll never be able to thank you enough, young man," he said, breathing heavily. He looked at the three arrows firmly driven into the door-post, then at Ken, and smiled.

"You're the boy who put an arrow through my hat." Ken nodded, guiltily.

The farmer put his hand on Ken's shoulder. "I'll forgive you for that. I can see now that I had nothing to fear at the hands of such an expert shot as you. I'm sorry I lost my temper, and had your bows and arrows chopped up. If there's any way I can reward you -"

"I'm a Cub, sir," said Ken. "We don't take rewards for doing Good Turns, but we'd be glad if you would give us our bows and arrows back. Joseph didn't chop them up. That's what we came for today. And will you please let my friend out of the barn?"

Pogley had just appeared in the doorway of the farm house, and his uncle called him over, and asked him if he still had the bows and arrows. Pogley nodded sulkily, and pointed to the barn.

"Hand them over to this young man at once," ordered the farmer, giving Pogley the padlock key, "and let his friend out."

Soon, Bob was outside, blinking at the light, and in a very few minutes, Pogley was sullenly handing over six long-bows and six arrows.

"Now, boys," said the farmer, with a smile at Ken and Bob, "you must come into the house and have a cup tea.

I surely need one badly, and I don't suppose you o will turn your noses up at a good farmhouse brew." "There are six of us altogether, sir," said Ken, taking a second glance at the lane wall. The farmer turned to look in the same direction, and immediately, four heads bobbed out of sight.

"Bring them all," laughed the farmer. "If it was a whole Troop of Cubs, it would not repay what you have done for me." He turned to Pogley, as Ken went to fetch the rest of the Tawnies, "Joseph, go and fetch the men from Ten Acre field, and help them get this bull safely away.

He's to be kept in the paddock in future. Then get on with the work I'm paying you for, and no more buried treasure nonsense."

The six grins that greeted Pogley, as the Tawnies followed the farmer into the house, got in return the blackest of scowls.

The next evening was rehearsal time again - the final rehearsal in full dress. When Ken and the rest of the Tawnies arrived, they were surprised to find Pogley and several of his friends grouped round Mr. Bawson, the producer. The Tawnies made straight for Akela to find out the reason.

"As you know," explained Akela, after leading the Six over to a quiet corner, "one or two strange things have been going on here since we started rehearsals. We've had the piano lock blocked up, curtain runners tampered with, music hidden, and props damaged."

"That sounds like Pogley, all right," said Dusty. "Just because they can't have the club in this hail for a few weeks."

"We're not sure who it is," said Akela, "but Mr. Bawson thinks Pogley and his friends won't take it so badly if we invite them to play some part in the Show, doing off-stage jobs."

Mr. Bawson doesn't know Pogley like we do," said Bob. "There's sure to be trouble with him helping."

"We'll see," smiled Akela. "Now, you'd better be getting ready."

The final full-dress rehearsal went well, and on the night of the Show everybody was looking forward to things going even better.

The Group Scoutmaster was at the door to welcome the Mayor and the District Commissioner to the Show.

"You always give us such a good show, Mr. Rayton," smiled the Mayor, as they shook hands. "They get better every time. Your producer's a marvel. Everything always seems to go so smoothly."

The audience settled in their seats, the curtain went up, and the Show started with a rousing song by the whole Group. Then followed various scenes, some comic, others serious, and by the time the interval was reached, the audience seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves.

After the interval, the Show continued with the same success. When the Grey Six puppet show was half over, Mr. Bawson gathered together at the back of the stage all the actors in the Robin Hood scene. They were all dressed, and ready to go on next.

"Remember the order," said Mr. Bawson, quietly. "When the curtain goes up, the two deer saunter slowly across the stage, one from each end, keeping behind the bushes at the back of the stage." He turned to Tim and Tony. Two small four-wheeled carts had been made, with a stag's head fixed at the front of each, and brown cloth draped over. Hidden underneath, Tim and Tony were to be the pushers. "Turn once or twice towards the audience before you go off."

"Then we come on," said Ken, holding his feathered cap in his hand.

"That's right," agreed the producer.

“Then the Sheriff of Nottingham and his men come on from the other side, bringing the target. The shooting starts, then follows a struggle when Robin Hood is being arrested after winning. You Outlaws keep out of sight till Robin Hood sounds his horn, then swarm on stage and make a fight of it, and rescue Robin Hood.”

“Tony and I turn into Outlaws for the fight,” Tim piped up.

“Correct,” said Mr. Bawson, turning to Pogley and his friends. “As soon as the curtain’s down, after the puppets, slide the line of bushes on at the back of the stage. One of you sit behind at each end to see the bushes don’t fall forward.”

Yes, sir,” answered Pogley, with a sly grin. “Like we did before.”

A burst of clapping from the audience told that the puppet turn was over, and Mr. Bawson hurried round to the front of the curtain.

The announcement over, the producer made his way back as the curtain was raised.

There was a titter from the audience as the two deer came on, slowly moving towards each other, each with a cap hanging on its antlers. They passed each other, and when they reached opposite sides of the stage, they stopped instead of going off. After a few moments, they began moving backwards towards each other.

“It’s those Pogley boys behind the cardboard bushes,” muttered Ken with disgust. “Those caps are their doing. I bet they’re stopping the deer getting off the stage, and they’ve got the bushes so close to the back of the stage now, the deer can’t turn round. They’ll ruin the Show.”

As the deer backed into each other with a bump, the bushes suddenly fell forward flat on the stage with a loud clatter, leaving standing a ship’s rail and a blue sea from an earlier scene.

The stage now looked like the deck of a ship, and the hat-rack deer, now moving forward again, looked as if they were floating on a wide river through a forest.

The audience were laughing openly now, and before the producer had discovered what was going wrong, the Sheriff of Nottingham’s men had invaded the stage with the target, and at the opposite side, near the footlights. Robin Hood and his trusty bowmen had appeared. Then the Sheriff’s men, joined by the King’s Foresters, crossed to the shooting line, and Dusty stepped forward to be the first to shoot.

As he took aim, there came a loud rattling sound from overhead. The back-cloth for a scene in the first half of the Show was rapidly unrolling itself, and landed with a shattering boom on the stage.

It dropped in front of the other scenery, and now the scene had changed to a London Underground station platform, which had been used for the Rover Scout turn.

Dusty and the rest looked bewildered, and the audience laughed louder and louder. The target had disappeared behind the platform wall, and Dusty’s arrow now pointed at a large sausage held on a fork, on an advertisement poster.

The producer rushed round to the side of the stage, and whispered urgently to the Sheriff “Arrest Robin Hood now, and start the fight. It will help to take the audience’s attention off this station back-cloth while we try and raise it again. The rope’s been cut.”

“More of Pogley’s dirty work, I bet,” muttered Bob to Ken.

At once, the Sheriff and his men turned on Robin Hood, and he snatched his horn to his lips, turned to face off-stage, and blew.

But no sound came. Ken’s cheeks swelled and swelled. His face grew redder and redder, and his eyes looked as if they would pop out.

Just a few feet away, off-stage, Pogley stood grinning at Ken, as the audience roared with laughter.

Suddenly, a white cloud burst out of the horn, followed by a cracked note. There was a muffled shout from Pogley, as the flour that had been packed tight in the horn met him full in the face.

Head and shoulders white with flour, and standing in the way of the onrushing Outlaws. Pogley was pushed on to the stage, groping with arms outstretched in front of him. Before anyone could stop him, he had tamed towards the footlights and stepped over into the band. He landed with a crash of cymbals, triangles and cow-bells, and ended up wedged in the shattered big drum.

The audience went wild with delight, and it was some time after the curtains had come down that they were quiet enough for the camp fire scene to begin.

After the Show, the Mayor and the District Commissioner went backstage to congratulate the producer and the cast.

“That Robin Hood scene was the best thing you’ve ever done, Mr. Bawson,” laughed the Mayor. “I’ve never seen anything so funny. Such perfect timing, too.”

“I agree whole-heartedly,” said the Commissioner. “And the way that boy fell into the big drum. It looked so real. His dash through the audience and out at the front door was quite a novel idea. Pity it’s only a one-night show. I’d willingly have come again.”

“Bet Pogley wouldn’t,” whispered Ken, with a grin that five other Tawnies shared with him,

*THE END*

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