

The Scout



Week ending 24th November 1962 EVERY FRIDAY 6d

SIGNPOST



A series for Senior Scout Hikers and Explorers

Other Organisations - 1

It's a fact that some members of the Movement look on other youth organisations such as the Y.H.A. or Outward Bound as rivals and consequently have nothing to do with them. This is a mistake, for many of the Courses and activities arranged are really first-rate. When it comes to learning the first steps of a new sport such as skiing or sailing, the simplest, safest and altogether most satisfactory way is to seek introduction from a trained expert, and many of these Courses make use of the best instructors, facilities and equipment available. Let's consider each in turn.

(a) *Youth Hostels Association.* You know of course the main objects of the Y.H.A., but did you know that Scouts can use certain hostels without becoming members, provided a Scouter in the party holds a current Y.H.A. card? This could be useful on expeditions.



At some hostels you can camp nearby and still use the hostel facilities. Ordinary membership costs 5/- per year for those under 16; 10/- for those aged 16 to 21. and 15/- for adults. If you join on 1st October your membership runs

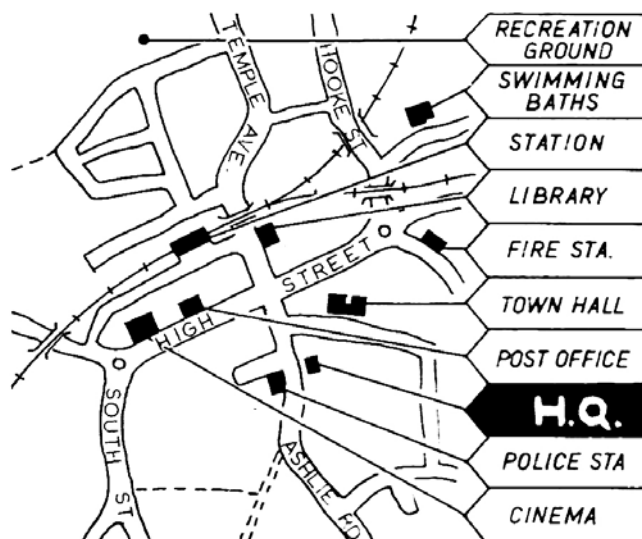
for the next 15 months. Courses arranged in Britain and abroad include pony trekking, riding, ornithology, archaeology, gliding, aqualung diving, mountaineering, sailing and cruising. Scotland has its own Association, the *S.Y.H.A.* (membership 2/-, 5/- and 10/- for the Y.H.A. age groups) and runs courses in skiing, sailing, pony trekking, canoeing and winter mountaineering. Y.H.A. members can use Scottish hostels and vice-versa. For full details of membership, courses and activities write for literature to Y.H.A., Trevelyan House, 8 St. Stephen's Hill, St. Albans, Herts, or to S.Y.H.A., 7 Bruntsfield Crescent, Edinburgh, 10.

(b) *Central Council of Physical Recreation.* (C.C.P.R.). Unlike the Y.H.A. this is not an organisation that has members, but is a grant-aided body set up to promote amateur sport and all outdoor and recreational activities. The Courses provided are too varied to mention in detail, from Fencing and Judo, to Rock-Climbing and Ballroom Dancing! The chief centre for outdoor activities is at Capel Curig in Snowdonia and different Courses are arranged for absolute beginners and for those with some experience. Most courses last a week and the cost, including hire of equipment, is about £9 or so. The C.C.P.R. have their own staff of fully qualified instructors and, being subsidised by the Government, can offer really first-rate instruction at reasonable cost. In England and Wales write for booklet to C.C.P.R., 6 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1. A separate body, the S.C.P.R., exists in Scotland, at 4 Queensferry Street, Edinburgh, 2.



by ***Keith Pennyfather***

The Guide Badge (essential for Pathfinder Badge, Part 1). *Parts 1 and 2* - Knowledge of locality. Obtain the local Guide Book to your Borough, Urban or Rural District, and explore the area systematically on foot or by cycle. Use the O.S. 6 inch map or local Street Map, with coloured pins, to show the whereabouts of the public buildings, transport services, hospitals and other features listed under Part 2. Little more can be said; you must know the area at first-hand, which only comes from exploring it. For Part 4 (London Area) transport services and main roads will be your main concern.



Part 3 - Local Map. 'Note that you must actually guide the examiner to any place he mentions; knowledge of short-cut footpaths or minor roads avoiding traffic lights or roundabouts may be useful in choosing the quickest route.'

The Pathfinder Badge (qualifies for Q.S. and D. of E. Award).

Part 2 - Surveys and Projects. Which ever two of the five projects you tackle, a large-scale map is essential. The "outline edition" of the 2k-inch map is ideal; being printed in light grey on stiff paper you can use it as a base map for recording details in colour. A certain amount of research is called for; make use of your Reference Library, Local Societies (e.g. Rambling Club for the footpaths survey), local inhabitants (e.g. Vicar for history of locality), and other sources of information. School geography studies often include land use surveys and regional studies useful for the agriculture and industries report.

Its now time to take a closer look at the main areas of Scouting country, starting this month with the Hills and Downlands. These are ideal for ordinary hiking. For the most part the hills aren't all that high, and the going is straightforward; boots aren't even essential. An ideal handbook for all these hikes and expeditions is *Mid Moor and Mountain* by Melville Balsillie and Jim Westwood. This covers all aspects of kit, food leadership and preparations.

Next month we shall climb higher to the moorlands and fells, and later on to the rugged mountain areas. The number in brackets after each heading refers to the map which appeared in last July's *Signpost Notebook*.

The Cotswolds (17). Rolling farmlands, mainly open in the south, with stone buildings and drystone walls. The scarp face, from Upton Cheney to Chipping Camden, is followed throughout its length by the Cotswold Way. The whole area is littered with ancient monuments and Roman remains which could form expedition projects, together with plenty of interesting villages, churches and rivers, such as the Windrush, offering scope for exploration.

The Quantocks (19). A ridge of rough heather-covered hills with plenty of paths and tracks, and wooded valleys on the east. The summit ridge, reaching 1,260 ft., can be followed for some eight miles from West Quantoxhead. Altogether a small-scale imitation of Exmoor.

The Mendips (20). A range of hills with a flat plateau-like top, whose chief features are deep gorges and limestone caves. Local Scout Groups will be able to put you in touch with Caving Clubs and other facilities for caving. There is rock-climbing, too, the chief areas being Cheddar Gorge, Callow Rocks and Ebbor Gorge. The surface plateau, reaching 1,067ft., is covered with earthworks, tumuli and other antiquities.

The Berkshire Downs and Salisbury Plain (21). An extensive tract of open downland with dry valleys, white horses and antiquities such as ditches, camps, tumuli and lynchets. There are many extensive military training areas, not all shown on the map, so if in doubt seek local advice. Remember too, that much of the "white" land shown on the map is cultivated. There are plenty of paths and tracks but, being chalk, practically no streams or springs for water supply. This is the area for ancient trackways. Both the Wilts and Dorset Ridgeway and the Berkshire Downs Ridgeway cross the area.

The Chilterns (22). A range of chalk hills with dry valleys, a maze of footpaths and extensive beechwoods. The steep escarpment on the north-west is followed by the Icknield Way. Grim's Ditch can also be traced near Tring. Again, surface water is practically non-existent. Crossing the dry valleys at right angles gives plenty of strenuous hikes.

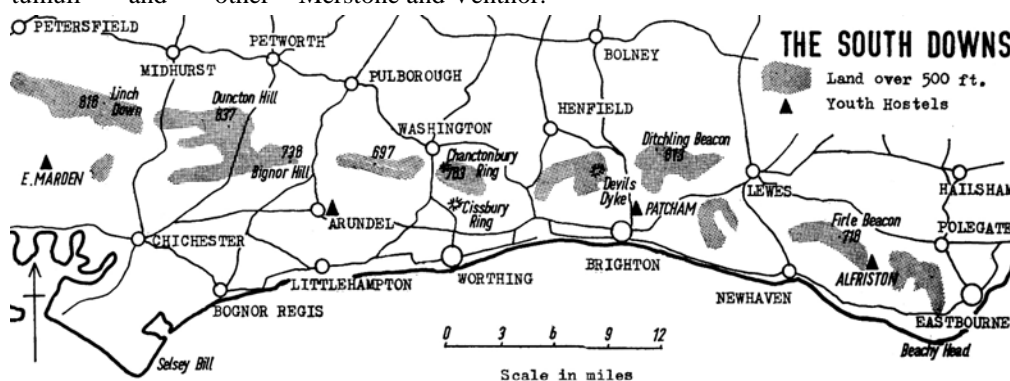
Dorset (25). The coastline makes fine hiking country and includes Chesil Beach, the 8-mile shingle beach west of Weymouth. Inland the chalk downlands surrounding Dorchester and the heaths around Wareham offer good cross-country expeditions, with plenty of raw material for projects - earthworks (especially Maiden Castle), tumuli, villages and ancient trackways. The Purbeck Hills near Corfe Castle give fine ridgewalking. The Wilts and Dorset Ridgeway runs across the area from Shaftesbury to Lyme Regis.

The Isle of Wight (26). Mainly a holiday area, so it's best to avoid the popular resorts. By contrast the interior, and particularly the central ridge of chalk hills running east and west, is practically deserted. This ridge forms a good route right across the Island from Bembridge to the Needles, or you can follow the dismantled railway tracks between Carisbrooke and Freshwater or Merstone and Ventnor.

The South Downs (27). A ridge of sweeping chalk downlands with fine cliffs near Beachy Head and steep slopes on the north. West of Arundel the tops are wooded, but elsewhere the open windswept grassland is ideal for cross-country expeditions. Many "white" areas not shown as "rough pasture" on the map are cultivated. The South Downs. Ridgeway follows the crest of the Downs from south of Petersfield to Beachy Head.

The Surrey Hills and North Downs (28). The Surrey Hills, a range of sandstone heaths, woods and commons, with Leith Hill, 965 ft., the highest point in south-east England, offer the best hiking country near London. A round of the other chief summits south of Peaslake makes an energetic hike, while there is practically unrestricted access over all the extensive heaths and commons. The North Downs ridge is mainly cultivated, but east of Dorking there are stretches of heath and woodland, while the steep south-facing escarpment carries the Pilgrim's Way and another ancient track-way, the Drove Road.

The Weald and Ashdown Forest (29). This area, south of Tunbridge Wells, well wooded and with steep hills and deep valleys, offers some of the most typical "rolling English countryside" within reach of London. Ashdown Forest itself, an open sandy area of heather and pine is excellent for cross-country compass work. Elsewhere most of the land is farmed and this means keeping to footpaths. Although the hills are not high (Ashdown Forest approaches 800 ft. near Crowborough) the contours on the map show that a cross-country hike is by no means easy going. There is good rock-climbing near Tunbridge Wells (the only spot in south-east England), notably at Harrison's Rocks, High Rocks, Eridge, Stone Farm. and near Cowden.



One Member's impression of . . .

Operation



1962

by **T. L. Gordon L. Colder**

13th Craigie Group, Perthshire

THIS was a Scout exchange between 103 Scouts and Scouters from Britain and a 100 Boy Scouts from the Region 7 area of America which includes the States of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin. The British Contingent was led by Eric Frank and was split up into Patrols of five or six Scouts with a Scouter in charge. Our Patrol (Liddel Patrol) was the guest of the Nottawa Trials Council, Marshall, Michigan, and I would like to tell you about some of the things we saw and did on a trip into the N. Peninsula of Michigan State with six Explorer Scouts of America.

Thursday, 16th August, 1962:

We drove the 400 miles from Marshall, North to Mackinac City in a little under seven hours on the interstate four lane highway U.S. 27, and camped for two nights at Wilderness State Park on the shore of Lake Michigan. On the second day at Wilderness Park, we took the ferry boat over to Mackinac Island in the Straits of Mackinac (pronounced Mac-i-naw). The island has a historic background, standing in the Straits, the fort on the island which has been under French, American and British rule, commanded all trade between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, and many lives were lost for possession of this fort and its parent fort, Fort Michilimackinac on the opposite side of the Straits. The guides at the fort are all Boy Scouts, and we were given a tour of their headquarters on the island, where specially invited Troops spend a month in the summer working at the fort or passing merit badges. There is no mechanised transport on the island and all transport is by horse-back or cycles. The State police even use cycles, but there is one ambulance for emergencies only. We toured the island by horse-back and saw the Grand Hotel, Mackinac, which has the longest porch in the world, being just under ½ mile long. Looking back on our tour of Mackinac Island, I can say that it was the most quaint island I have ever been on. *Saturday, 18th August, 1962:*

We headed north from Wilderness State Park over Mackinac Bridge towards Taquamenon State Park on the shore of Lake Superior where we were to camp for four nights. We stopped for a few hours at Sault Ste. Marie (pronounced Soo Ste. Marie) and had a boat trip of the famous Soo Locks on the St. Lawrence Seaway. Passing through the Locks on the Canadian side, while waiting for the boat to be lowered to the 22 ft. lower level of the North Channel of Lake Huron, I met a Canadian selling souvenirs who had emigrated from Montrose, which is just 30 miles from Perth, where I stay. Leaving the Soo Locks, we headed N.W. towards Taquamenon State Park, but when we arrived there we found out that the camp-sites were full, so we moved on to camp at Andros Lake which is 10 miles north of Taquamenon. On the second day at Andros Lake we visited a garbage pit where wild bears were known to feed. After a short wait, a large black bear of estimated weight of 700 lbs. lumbered into view and rummaged in the pit for food. One sightseer used a flashgun to snap the bear. The bear turned on the photographer, moved the 50 ft. between them, and was past the photographer's car before he had moved halfway from the front of the car to the door.

If the bear had had its cub with it, the photographer might not have been so lucky!

Monday, 20th August, 1962:

We travelled over to Taquamenon to see the Falls. The upper Falls have a drop of some 100 or so feet and are very impressive. We hiked from the upper Falls, the four miles downstream in just over an hour and were again rewarded with a grand sight. There is a sulphur deposit in the Taquamenon River which gives the Falls a very colourful appearance, the yellow sulphur mixing with the white spray. Returning from Taquamenon we bathed and fished in Andros Lake for the remainder of that day and all the next.

Wednesday, 22nd August, 1962:

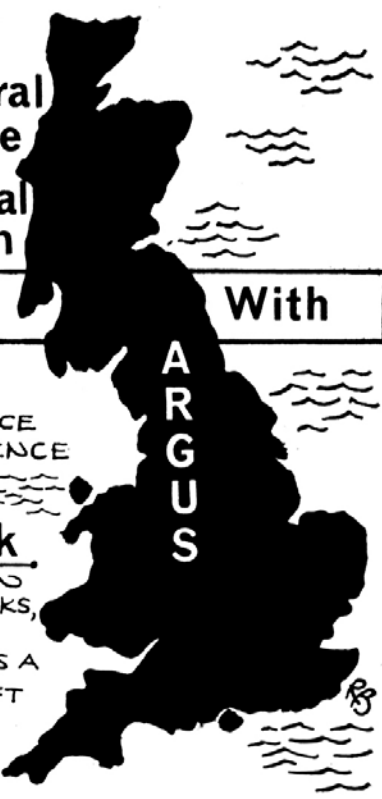
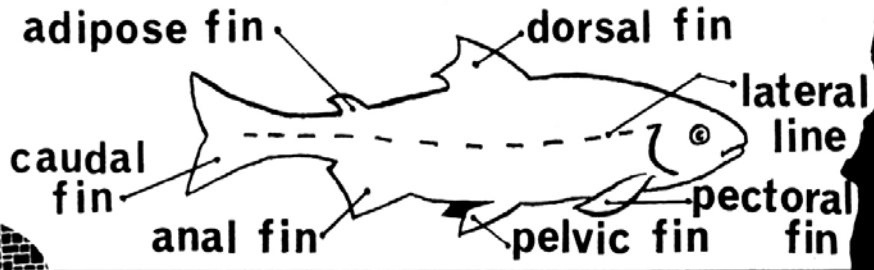
We returned to Marshall, Michigan, by the same route, covering the 500 miles in eight hours, after a very interesting and enjoyable six days.



During their visit to America one Patrol went to the Rock Island Arsenal, Illinois. They are seen above with the Commanding Officer who is presenting the Rock Island Arsenal Centennial coin to each Scout

(Photo by R. L. Hall)

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THE FISH AROUND OUR SHORE With

basking shark
 HAS A HABIT OF LYING ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA IN WARM WEATHER, HENCE THE NAME.
 ONE OF THE LARGEST OF THIS FAMILY OF SHARKS. 30 OR 40 FT.

fox shark
 MOST COMMON OF THE SHARKS.
 THIS ONE HAS A LENGTH OF 15 FT.

lesser spotted dogfish - AT 3 FT
 LONG THIS IS A SMALL RELATIVE OF THE SHARK FAMILY.

tope (4 FT LONG)
 ANOTHER SPECIES OF SHARK - VERY FEROCIOUS.

sea bream

Piked dogfish
 VERY DESTRUCTIVE TOWARDS OTHER FISH.

herring
 A FISH FOR FOOD, THEY BREED IN LARGE NUMBERS.

thornback ray
 A COMMON RAY-FISH, THE MALE HAVING TEETH THAT ARE POINTED.

conger eel
 THESE PROVIDE GREAT SPORT & ARE EDIBLE.

hake
 BEING COMMON AROUND THE WORLD, IT IS A DEEP SEA FISH.

tunny
 LENGTH 10 FT OR MORE
 WEIGHT 1000 LB
 OF FINE FOOD VALUE.

norway haddock
 ORANGE (ALMOST RED)

cod
 LENGTH ABOUT 5 FEET.
 A FISH OF GREAT COMMERCIAL VALUE. SILVER
 OLIVE GREEN.



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). Crossways Farm is leased by the Manor to Mr. Jenks, who, although running a Jaguar, owes rent. The Manor opens as a private hotel and the Scouts have agreed to tidy up the garden. Catherine says Madam owes money, but Nick (the P.L.) learns the debts are death duties. Tiny and Jim help in the house. That evening Tiny discloses the Colonel (Madam's late husband) was an artist, and Jim discovers the lone man's car comes from Manchester. Fish sees smoke over the Manor. The Scouts raise the alarm, and the lone man (one of the guests) volunteers to get the fire brigade as there's no telephone. The fire is under control before the tenders arrive - without the lone man. The fire officer deduces the fire was caused by a short circuit in the Manor's generator. When the lone man returns he claims he ran out of petrol and his spare can is missing. Fish reveals to the Eagles the generator cable was cut and he smelt petrol fumes in the stable, but by the time they reach the Manor the next morning the cable is repaired. Catherine says Jenks' cows got into the garden. Sandy finds a charred piece of notepaper headed Craddock, n and Jenkinson, which he throws away. Fish finds a red petrol can in the rushes with a Manchester garage label. Their suspicions are confirmed as Jim recalls having seen the can in the car's boot. Nick tells Madam but when she finds the lone man's name in the visitor's book she tells him to stop meddling.*

CHAPTER FIFTEEN The Charred Clue

LADY WYKEHAM-SMITH'S astonishing change of mood caught Nick completely on the wrong foot. He had perhaps surprised her, but the vehement refusal to entertain the matter any more was utterly unexpected. His first reaction was one of acute embarrassment, but this gave way very quickly to one of simmering annoyance. He sat perfectly still, tight lipped to quell his anger, and waited for the lady to speak again.

"I don't think we have anything further to discuss," she continued haughtily. Her words were icy and conclusive, and a shudder ran up Nick's spine. "I have told you that I do not wish you to pursue the subject. It's my property and as such I am entitled to do as I please." She turned to Herbert and left Nick to find his own way out of her room. "I would like to speak to Mister Sanders alone," he heard her say to the butler. Nick was on the point of closing the door when he suddenly had a thought.

"Do you want us to pack up and go?" he enquired. "I can assure you that we were only trying to help you," he added feeling that he must justify the Eagles' action.

"No, certainly not," she retorted, though in an easier tone. "Only I do not wish you to follow up your investigations about Mister Sanders."

Nick took his leave, and Herbert followed close behind. Whilst he realised that he shouldn't listen to other people's conversations, Nick could not resist the temptation to pause in the hall and eavesdrop for a few seconds. He listened to Herbert and Mister Sanders walking along the landing to Lady Wykeham-Smith's room, and then he heard Lady Wykeham-Smith's excited voice. "Peter I thought you were dead!" and then the door closed. Nick made a hasty exit as Herbert started to make his way to the stairs.

Nick went straight out to the border where the rest of his Patrol were working. He called them together for a Patrol in Council, and explained exactly what had happened.

"Most unfortunate!" was Fish's comment when Nick had finished. "I did say I thought there was too much evidence against the man - Mister Sanders - but I never expected an outcome like this. I wonder who he is?"

"It was pretty obvious to me that they must have known each other pretty well at some time or other," said Nick. "And equally I think that there was no hocus-pocus."

"What do you mean?" asked Taffy, with a puzzled expression.

"It was a mad thought on my part, no doubt," Nick replied, "but after her complete change of attitude - as I told you she seemed quite interested until she found out who our suspect was - I wondered whether the whole episode wasn't a put up job, and that she had arranged for this Mister Sanders, whoever he is, to light the fire."

"But why on earth would she want to light the fire herself?" questioned Sandy. "That's plain daft."

"Cast your mind back only twenty-four hours, Sandy," said the Patrol Leader, "and you'll remember that she only opened the place as a private hotel to help ease her debts, which Herbert told us were due to death duties. The thought crossed my mind that she might want to claim insurance: technically Woodvale Manor must be worth far more as an hotel than as a private residence."

"Funny you should say that," said Fish, learning on his spade. "That was one of the first ideas I had, but I dismissed it because the old dear seemed so attached to the place I reckon she quite sincerely wants to preserve the family seat. After all, she could always have sold off some of the land for development. It's fetching a high price these days."

"The whole thing is getting beyond me," Bob shook his head in bewilderment.

"I've a hunch that the only reason she suddenly decided to change her mind and insisted we kept our noses out was not really because we thought the fire had been started by someone, but because I told her we suspected this Mister Sanders," said Nick.

"That's an interesting theory, and a plausible one, I suppose." Fish commented. "I don't know what right we have to keep our eyes open. I for one would not be very happy to let the matter rest now. There seem to be so many clues, but how they all fit together is anybody's guess at the moment."

"Just supposing your wild theory was correct, wouldn't we have an obligation to do something?" Taffy said, thoughtfully. "I mean she will presumably put in for some insurance anyway, and, come to think of it. We're the only people who have seen the evidence of the petrol can and the cut cable."

"So she could deny all knowledge of them, and the insurance company would be none the wiser," added Fish.

"And the fire officer will put the cause of fire as 'a short circuit' in the report," added Sandy seriously.

"For the time being. I don't think we should stand here and gossip." Nick decided. "It's time you two went back to your duties inside, anyway," he reminded Tiny and Jim. "And not a word to Catherine about what we've been talking about," he warned the former. "We'll have another Patrol in Council after supper tonight. I feel like I do when I've done something wrong at school, and I know the Headmaster is watching me from his study window!"

Tiny spontaneously glanced up to Lady Wykeham-Smith's room, to see if anyone was looking out. He was relieved to find that there were net curtains draped across the window. Then he went off with Jim, and left the others to their labours in the garden.

At half-past five the Patrol had very nearly finished the border at the left hand side of the drive. They had been resuscitated an hour before by a pot of tea - made by Tiny - and were beginning to move their implements to the other side when Farmer Jenks appeared through the opening where the stable door had been.

"Still at it?" he hailed cheerfully, striding towards them. "I would have expected you boys to have lost interest by now. The garden's looking a lot better."

"The tractor's helped us a lot," Bob said from the seat of the machine.

"Good. I hope you'll not forget my generosity," the farmer laughed loudly. "The stable looks tidier than I've seen it for a long time. Lots of rubbish had to be cleared out I suppose?"

"It wasn't as bad as all that," replied Sandy. "Bits of bark, wood, general dirt - paper and all that."

"What type of paper?" Farmer Jenks enquired sternly, his smile turning to a scowl.

"Oh! We didn't stop to look at the muck we were brushing up," said Sandy casually.

"The electricians came in quickly, I see. I bet the guests will be glad they won't have to go to bed in the dark" he exclaimed, smiling once again.

"They'd finished before we got here this morning," Bob put in. "So the guests didn't have to get up in the dark either."

They all chuckled, and the farmer joined in heartily.

Before he went back to the farm, Mister Jenks reminded Taffy to collect the milk and eggs. "I've also got a surprise for you!" he added as an afterthought. "Catherine should have washed out the milk can so Ill collect it on my way back."

He turned, waved and walked towards the stable.

"Another funny character to add to our list," Sandy remarked when the farmer had gone out of earshot. "In spite of what Lady Wykeham-Smith told Nick, he does appear to be a very generous character."

"A lot of people can be very generous with someone else's money," Fish stated philosophically.



The man whom Jenks had addressed as Craddock pushed past the Scouts

"Lady Wykeham-Smith did say he was behind paying his rent," Nick said. "He is an odd character, though. He appears to have a strange streak behind that facade of good humour. On more than one occasion he's looked distinctly cruel. But we mustn't stand here gossiping he concluded."

The Patrol heeded the friendly advice of their leader, and they put their backs into the work. In the next hour Bob managed to drag out six hefty stumps after Taffy and Fish had completed their felling operations. Nick stripped off the branches on all sides of the long, slender trunks, and Sandy spent all his time tending to the bonfire. When pangs of hunger began to get unbearable, Nick decided that it was about time to call it a day.

"We can leave these trunks here tonight. I don't think they'll be in anyone's way. I reckon they're too good to cut up for firewood, so we'll stack them somewhere tomorrow," said Nick.

"Isn't it time Taffy went over to the farm for the milk?" Fish suggested, looking at his watch. "It won't take long to put away the tools."

"Do you mind if I go over with Taffy?" Sandy asked Nick.

"Do you mind if I go over with Taffy?" Sandy asked Nick.

"Not at all. It might take two of you to carry back the surprise - whatever that might be," smiled Nick. "The rest of us will be over as soon as we can."

Sandy and Taffy set off down the path towards the bridge.

The sun was beginning to set behind them, so their long black shadows stretched like two extended poles before them. It was a fine evening and the strong westerly wind had backed to the south and had died down to a fresh spring breeze. The air was cool and clear and invigorating. The two Scouts crossed the bridge and the field on the other side. When they had passed through the gate which led to the field lying adjacent to the farm buildings, Sandy made sure the gate was closed and he remarked light-heartedly, "We don't want the cows wandering around the camp - they did enough damage in the vegetable garden!", to which Taffy replied, "There shouldn't be any trouble Fanner Jenks doesn't use that field for cattle by the looks of things."

They went round the end of the outbuilding, and stopped for a second to gaze with envious eyes at the sleek black Jaguar, which was parked in an empty loose box.

"It beats me how he can afford a machine like this," Taffy commented, running his hand over the polished paintwork. "And what's more I haven't yet seen Jenks doing any work!"

"He probably has a fleet of minions to do it for him," said Sandy.

"I haven't seen any of them, either!"

They must be phantoms!" chuckled Taffy. "Though I must admit I've only been over here in the evening."

Leaving the car behind they started to cross the yard towards the house. They hadn't covered half the distance when they heard the sound of a powerful car streaking up the lane.

They jumped to one side, just in time to avoid being run over by a convertible sports car, which skidded to a standstill with a squealing of tyres, about two yards away from them. A middle-aged man, rather plump with the brim of his broad hat pulled well down over his eyes sat at the wheel. A long fat cigar hung limply from his mouth. His tanned, weather-beaten face seemed hard and cruel. Taffy nudged Sandy, and whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "What do we do now?"

"Carry on as normal," hissed Sandy without moving his lips. The man just sat in the car and turned his head slowly to follow the boys as they walked past him to the farmhouse door.

"Good evening," said Sandy politely. The man grunted acknowledgment.

Taffy knocked firmly on the door, and peered over his shoulder to keep the man in the sport scar under surveillance. Somehow he didn't want to have his back turned on him for more than a few seconds. The suspicious-looking character climbed out of his car and strolled towards the Scouts, puffing regularly on his cigar, like an automaton. He stood with his hands pushed deep in his trouser pockets, and as soon as Farmer Jenks opened the door he moved closer.

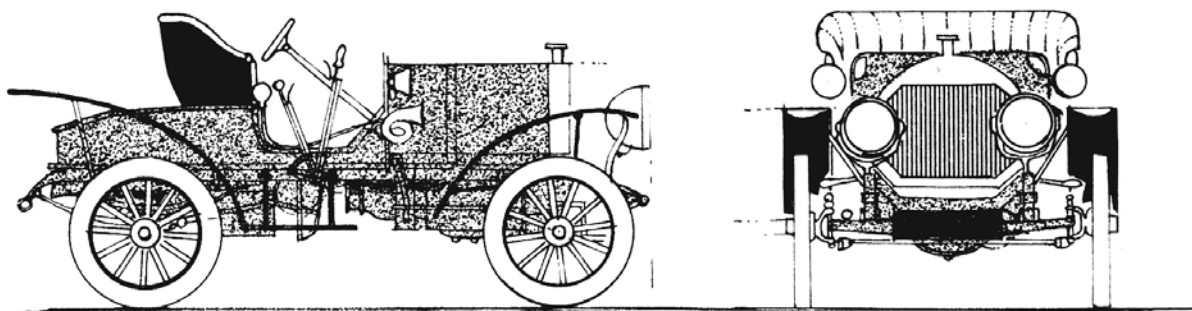
"Evening, Jenks," the man said gruffly.

The fanner looked surprised, and then he forced a smile.

"Quite a deputation, I see" he said. "Come in, Craddock. You know where to go. I'll be with you in a minute after I've dealt with these lads."

Yesterday's Cars (22)

By Ray Evans



HUMBER [1908]

Gt. Britain

This was a twin cylinder 8 horse power light car. Built for simplicity, however, it only lasted a few seasons. Three speed gearbox with shaft transmission : hand brake on rear wheels and foot on transmission.

"Quite a deputation, I see," he said. "Come in, Craddock. You know where to go. I'll be with you in a minute after I've dealt with these lads."

The man whom Jenks had addressed as Craddock pushed past the Scouts and went through a door on the left hand side of the hail. He closed the door firmly so they couldn't see or hear him any more.

"You're rather late tonight, aren't you? I was expecting you half an hour ago," reprimanded the farmer. "But never mind. That was a great friend of mine, by the way. We both like fast cars," he added. "Here's your milk and the dozen eggs. You needn't pay for them now," he said quickly when he saw Taffy delving into his pocket. "Just settle up before you go."

"I'm sorry if we've inconvenienced you," apologised Sandy. "We would have hurried if we'd known you were going to have visitors."

Farmer Jenks cast them a suspicious glance, as though he wasn't sure how to take Sandy's last remark.

Taffy took the milk and Sandy the eggs. They thanked him courteously but as they started to retrace their steps, Mister Jenks called after them.

"I'd almost forgotten. I said I'd got a surprise for you. Here it is. I hope it tastes all right." He tossed them a neatly wrapped package about the size and shape of a rugger ball. "Don't spoil it," he shouted, before he closed the door.

"What on earth is it?" asked Sandy eagerly, as it had been Taffy who had managed to catch the parcel.

"Should we open it now or leave it 'til we get back to camp?" said Taffy, with a roguish twinkle in his eye. Sandy winked and grinned, and Taffy set to, ripping off the paper.

"Gosh! A chicken," he exclaimed, when all the wrappings had been removed.

"It'll be big enough for us to have for lunch on Sunday. What a smashing surprise, isn't it?"

"He's been pretty generous to us ever since we first met him," said Sandy after some thought

"And while it sounds terribly ungrateful, I'm beginning to get just a bit suspicious."

"You're thinking of that bloke we saw this evening?"

"Yes," pondered Sandy. "What was his name? Jenks mentioned it, didn't he?"

"Haddock or something," Taffy replied casually.

"I'll swear I've heard or seen that name before, but I can't for the life of me think where."

The two Scouts took the short cut along the path across the field to the copse in which they had their camp. All the way they did not speak a word as Sandy was still deep in thought. When they reached the gate Taffy waited whilst Sandy fixed the iron clip over the post.

"Ye Gods! Taffy," Sandy almost screamed. Tally leapt round thinking his colleague must have been accosted. "I've just remembered! That man's name was Craddock . . ."

"Is that what's been bothering you? You can set your mind at rest now," laughed Taffy.

"Unfortunately this is no joking matter," said Sandy. The dimples on his cheeks remained mere lines, for he wasn't in the mood for smiling. "When I was sweeping out the stable I happened to pick up a charred bit of paper. The heading was still there. . ."

So what?" interrupted Taffy.

"The name of the company was Craddock, Son and Jenkinson."

**Next Week:
ATTIC ART**

FIRST CLASS JOURNEY OF TREVOR AND ME

From the 1st Class Logbook of P.L.(S) Anthony Moorefield, Gannet Patrol, 2nd Runcorn & Weston Point Sea Scouts

We set off on our way, did Trevor and me

Come wind or weather as it may be.

From Troutdale Cottages we departed

This is also where we started.

Further down we got stuck on the rocks

Good job we weren't wearing socks.

We left there and passed under Shepherd's Crag

This is a bridge which I'm sure will sag.

Out into the lake fast and furious we went

Without a bit of energy spent.

Onto St. Herberts Island, all is well

Until we got near and smelt the smell.

Round the island to make a map

All this way without a mishap.

On to the landing stage we did go

Then all of a sudden a man said "Whoa

"This is a private stage you know,

Therefore I'm afraid you'll have to go."

Onto the landing stage which was next

Hoping that no one else would be vexed.

No one about, so we beached the canoe

The blokes who were fishing said "Hey you

After unloading we started to hike

00 to SKELGILL to look for our site.

Down at HAWSE END we turned S.S.E.

After all this we felt like a feast.

Along the road and up a hill

And there we found a site at SKELGILL.

We asked for the farmer and who to pay

The man at the door said "See Mister Gray

We went off, Mr. Gray to seek

Now the journey was at its peak.

Mr. Gray we found, lived round the back

He was smoking a pipe and wearing a mac.

He gave us permission to pitch our tent

Only if we gave him the rent.

We then forked up and handed over

And then we headed for the clover.

The first thing we did was to set up camp

We managed this with only one lamp.

Supper was on and nearly ready

On the fire and going steady.

In our tent we found some ants

But not quite crawling up our pants.

We went to bed after eating a wad

And soon were in the land of Nod.

We were awakened by cows, charging over the field

I wished our tent was a great thick shield.

After breakfast of bacon, tomatoes and tea

We packed up, and set off back to the sea.

We followed the road back, we had come before

But not knocking on anyone's door.

We packed the canoes without any rain

Then headed home again.

The river entrance to find, was not so easy

It took us an hour and wasn't too breezy.

Up the river for the last time we came

The end was near, it was a shame.

Near the bridge at Grange we landed

Only to find that we were stranded.

After wading and paddling we made it at last

Although the river was running so fast.

in no better way could we be employed

The end of the journey that we had enjoyed.

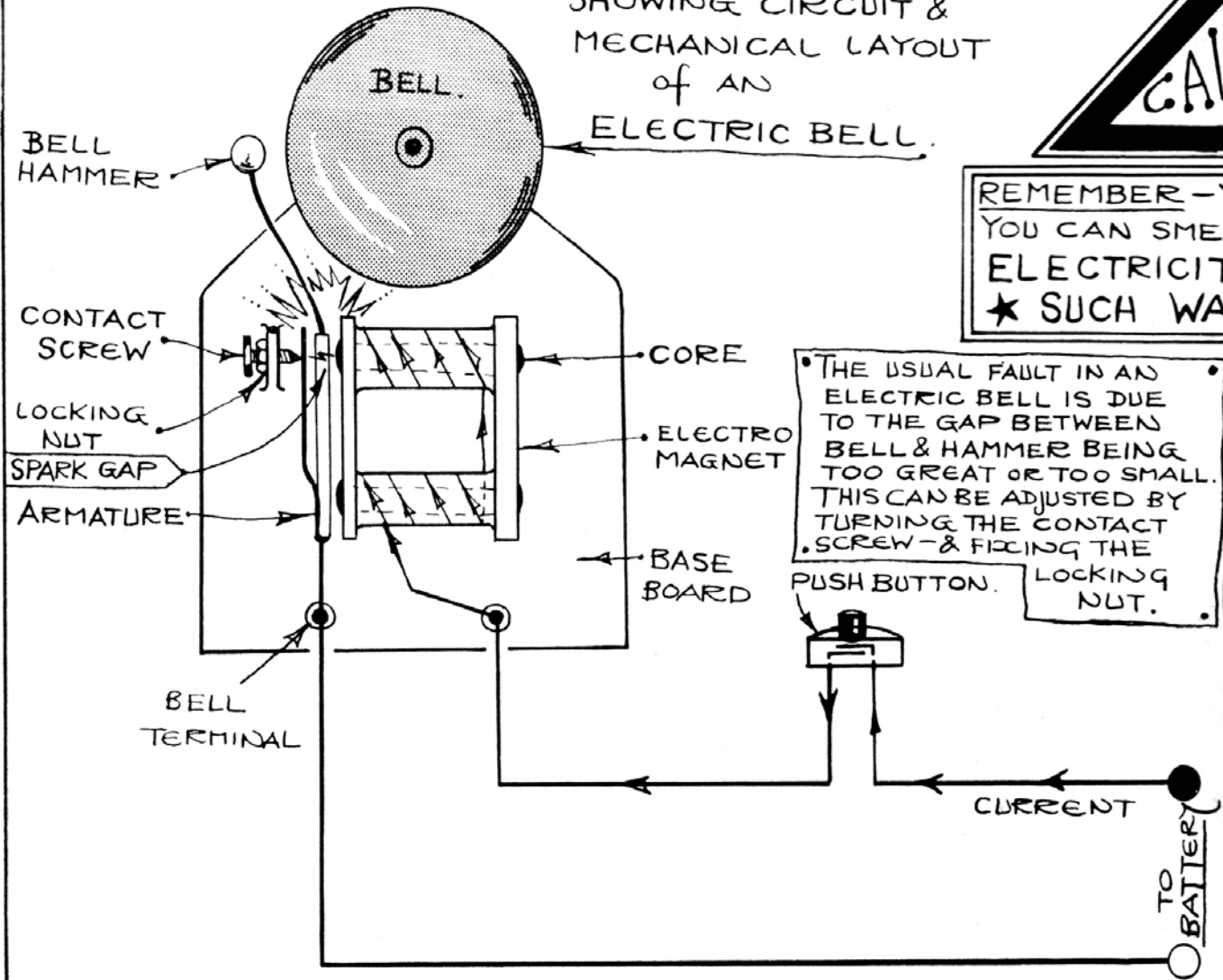
THIS WEEK:-

ADJUST AN ELECTRIC BELL
REPLACE ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS,
SHADES AND FUSES

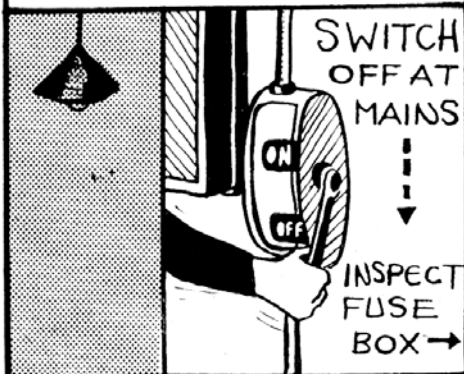
test:- ⑤

EARN YOUR JOB MAN

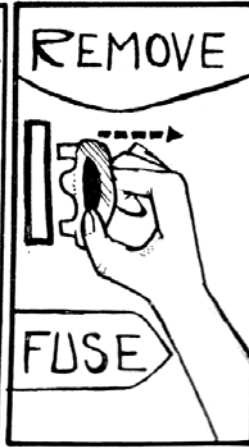
DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW
SHOWING CIRCUIT &
MECHANICAL LAYOUT
of AN
ELECTRIC BELL.



TO REPLACE A FUSE...



IF DOUBTFUL WHICH FUSE:
INSPECTION
WILL SHOW
WHICH ONE
IS BURNT
OR
BROKEN

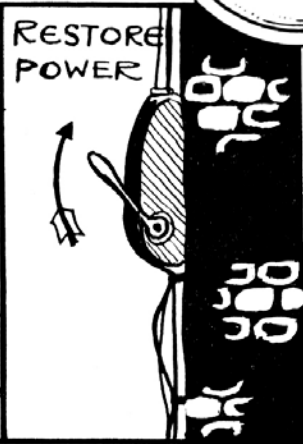
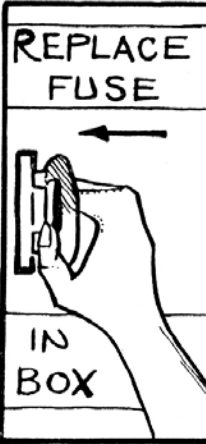
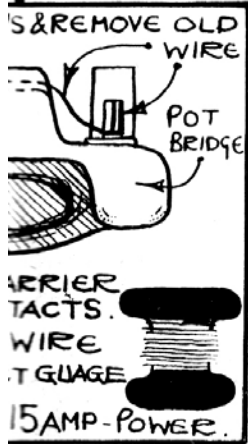
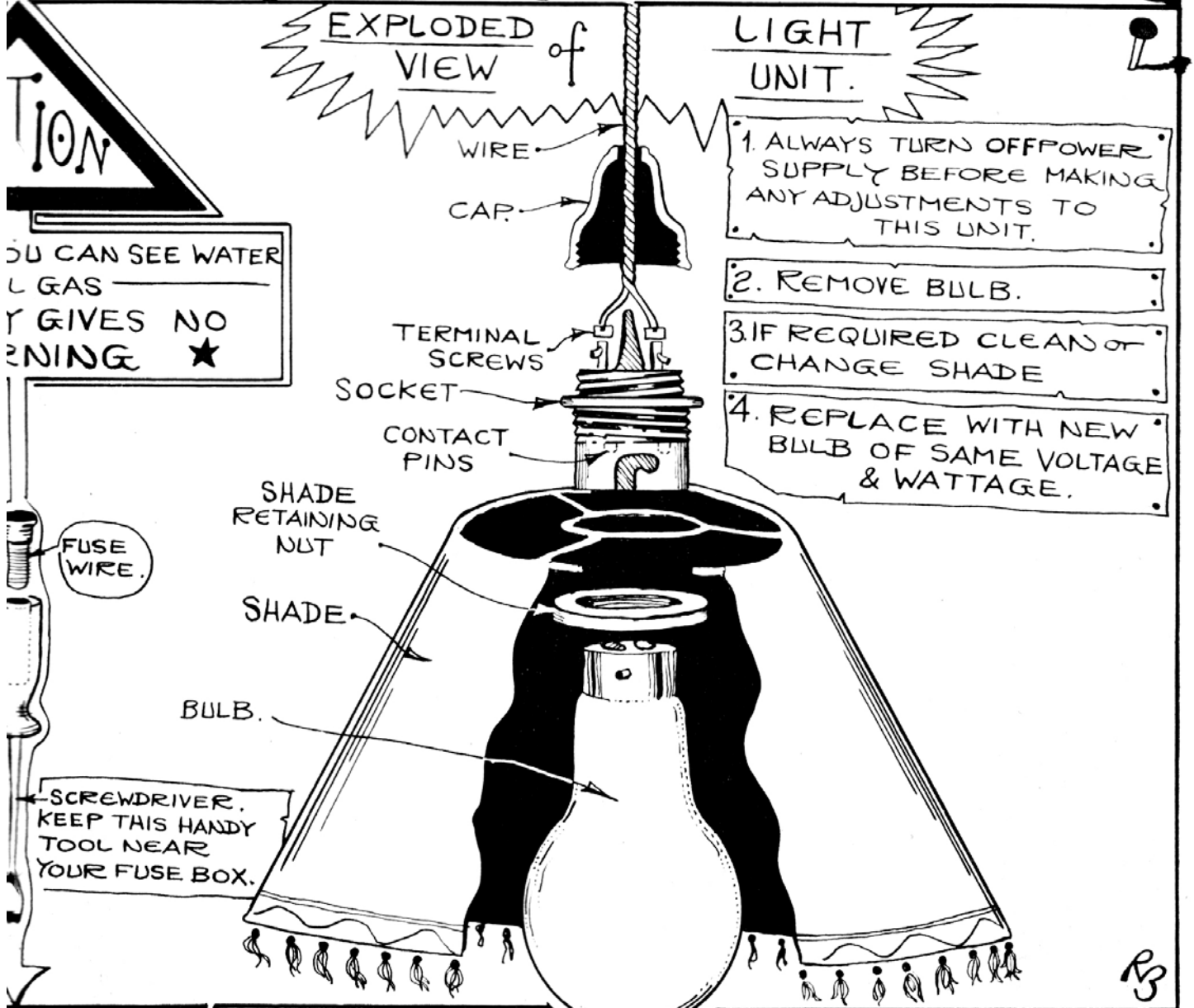


1. UNDO SCREWS
2. CLEAN CAR AND CONT
3. FIT NEW W OF CORRECT
- 5 AMP LIGHT !

NEXT WEEK:-

REVISION

BADGE THIS AUTUMN



FUSES	1.	2.	3.	4.
ROOMS CONTROLLED	CELLAR STAIRS PORCH KITCHEN	HALL DINNING SITTING ROOMS	BATH ROOM	BED ROOMS
FUSE WIRE.	5 AMP	5 AMP	5 AMP	5 AMP.

KEEP A CHART LIKE THIS IN YOUR BOX.

What's it Worth?

HOW MUCH is your Troop worth? I do not mean if it were to be sold lock, stock and barrel at a public auction - but how much is it worth paying for week by week in Troop subscriptions? Going to a number of Troops recently I have made some enquiries as to how much in the way of subs are being paid by Scouts. Believe it or not I actually found one Troop where the weekly offering is still one penny, but most Troops appeared to be carrying on with a sub of two or three pennies a week! This discovery has prompted me to take this particular aspect of Scouting as my subject for this week's Council of Thirteen.

When I was a Scout - only 20 years ago - we paid a penny a week and for that amount of hard cash you could buy a fairly large bag of hot chips from the local fried fish shop. Now the same quantity of chips cost at least 6d.! So if Scouting is no better than it was when I was a Scout the weekly subscription in an ordinary Troop ought to be 6d. per week. Do you pay that much? If you do not I should like to know how you can possibly defend your miserable contribution to the cost of running the Troop. Of course if your Troop is a fairly poor show I expect that it would be right to pay less, but surely that state of affairs is not true of any Troop where the Patrol Leaders are wise enough to read *The Scout!*

"Come on," you are probably saying, "tell us what the subs ought to be in a good Troop." Well that is not easy but I will certainly try to give you some pointers as to what it might be. First thing must be to agree what your subs are expected to cover.

Obviously they will never be sufficient to buy those Patrol tents at £35 or so each, nor will they help much towards the actual running costs of any headquarters buildings your Group may possess. That sort of expense is the responsibility of the Group Committee, but there are plenty of other items left that all cost money.

There is the games equipment which any Troop needs for its weekly meetings, the lengths of knotting rope, the cost of badges which have to be purchased from the Local Association and the expense of buying books such as those in the excellent Patrol Series.

Then your Troop needs light timber, or Scout stalls, for simple pioneering and some lengths of lashing rope. I will not go on to list any more items because you can easily add to those and will see that there is much to buy, and a great deal of it is of the sort that has to be constantly replaced due to wear and tear. Judging by the amount of rope purchased by some Troops you could be excused for believing that the Scouts eat it by the yard!

In addition to Troop funds there are Patrol funds to maintain and it is not for me to tell full blown P.L.'s how necessary they are - and how essential to any Patrol worthy of the name. You can see there is much to buy and much to maintain and surely a miserly sub of a penny or two will not be sufficient.

Again I can hear you saying, "Yes, we agree with you, but how much should we pay?"

"Here I put my neck right out and say that the weekly subscription in the most ordinary of Troops ought to be 6d. and in any Troop that is really worth joining it ought to be a shilling. I have not included Patrol subs in this figure. as they will be an extra. Probably they ought to be about 3d. per week.

A great deal depends, however, on the Troop policy concerning Patrol cooking gear etc. - this may be purchased from Troop funds as decided by the Court of Honour or on the other hand it may be a charge on Patrol funds.



If the latter were true then Troop subs would need to come down and the Patrol subs increased accordingly.

All this arithmetic adds up to the same result. Including the Patrol subs a Scout should be paying something in the region of nine pence to one and sixpence a week towards the cost of his Scouting. How do you measure against such a yardstick? It may be that your Patrol and Troop are not really worth more than a penny a week, but if that is the case the sooner you get down to the job of raising the value the better. At that sort of price you are not really a Scout - or a P.L. - at all!

Anything worth belonging to needs the gear for the job. and in Scouting we need a great number of tools if our training is to be effective.

So go away and put a value on your Troop. If you can raise the subs and at the same time raise the value of the Scouting offered, you will not only be a sound economist but a jolly fine P.L. of whom the Chief Scout will be well pleased.

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.



FIVE SHILLINGS FOR YOUR LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Scouting is a Brotherhood

Dear Editor,

While hiking through Germany, after having walked across a corner of Austria, three of us on the Senior Explorer Badge test, arrived at the town of Oberstaffen expecting to be able to change our Austrian money into German Deutschmarks. However, the banks were closed, and we wondered what we were going to do. I went into a shop and asked if there was any other place where money could be changed.

The people in the shop could not speak English, but while I was there a youth came in who had been learning English for three years. I explained our plight slowly to him and he said that of course he would help Brother Scouts. We went to a bank manager's house and this gentleman took us to the bank and changed our money.

Our troubles were not yet over because by now the shops were all closed. Our new friend then took us to the back entrances of the shops at which we wished to buy food and persuaded the owners to sell us what we needed.

We asked our friend if he knew of a camp site where we could stay, and in a few minutes he had arranged for us to spend the night in the hail of a small church school. In the morning he came to see us on our way.

The incident proves clearly that Scouting is a Brotherhood and if more people lived up to the fourth Scout Law what a happier place the world would be to live in!

S.S. Richard J. Williams,
Royal Eltham District Seniors.

Route Planning

Dear Editor,

In reply to Q.S. P. J. Male's request in "The Scout" 8th September, I have just been acquainted with a different way of setting out a route planning card. I have just returned from an Outward Bound Training School at Eskdale where I used them quite a lot. I am not suggesting that it is any better than the one submitted, but I think it is quite sufficient. I am enclosing one used when I planned a hike for the solo scheme.

S.S. D. A. Edwards,
224th Sheffield

A Nightly Visitor

Dear Editor,

In our garden there is a hedgehog who comes every night for a saucer of milk and odd scraps that we have put out. On one particular night, I decided to lie on the grass to see him more closely. The hedgehog came blundering with considerable noise through the flower border and then, without looking to see if the coast was clear, went straight to a piece of bacon rind. When he had finished he turned round for his milk and caught sight of me. Instead of curling up in a bail he just stood and stared at me and then turned tail and fled. This seems very strange to me, I thought wild animals were cautious.

The hedgehog has a black strip down his face end an albino patch on his left side, is this unusual?

P.L. R. H. Tinley,
25th Camberwell (1st Didwich College).

Try Your Hand at This

Dear Editor,

Now that the winter is nearly here. Here is a simple recipe to do when it is raining. **Butterscotch**

Ingredients:- ¼ pint water
2 oz. butter
1 lb. sugar

Put the water and the sugar in a saucepan then boil the water, stir all the time when, it has boiled add the butter in chunks stir it till it becomes thick then pour into tray previously buttered. After it has cooled you will have lovely butterscotch.

Scout Graham Collins,
1st Catisfield (Fareham)

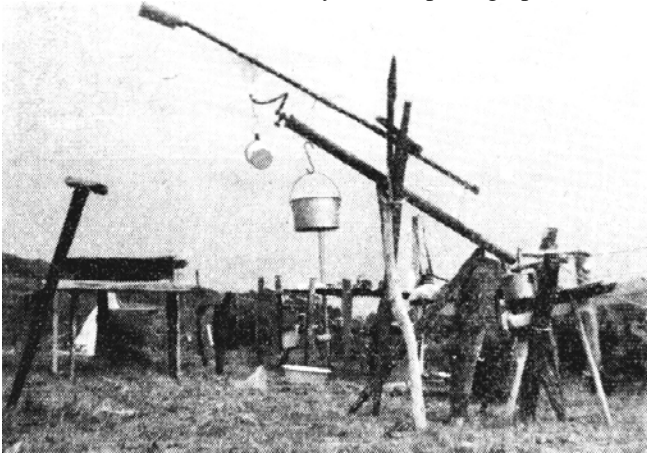
ROUTE PLANNING CARD

From	To	Bearing	Distance	Height Gained	Time	Landmarks
School	Dalegath Hall	139/81	2 miles	✓	40 mins	R. Park
Dalegath Hall	Devolve Water	169/224	2½ miles	500ft	185 mins	Low & High Ground
Devolve Water	Linbeck	322	2 miles	✓	40 mins	Linbeck Hill
Linbeck	Raven Crag	219	1 mile	550ft	45 mins	Knott Pad
Raven Crag	•428	244	1½ miles	100ft	30 mins	Strainkin
•428	Δ757	264	2½ miles	650ft	71 mins	R. Park
Δ757	•570-731	77	½ mile	50ft	7 mins	Rosie Camp
•731	•570	69	¾ mile	200ft	15 mins	✓
•570	School	59	1½ miles	✓	30 mins	George Inn
			14 ½ miles		29 7 mins	

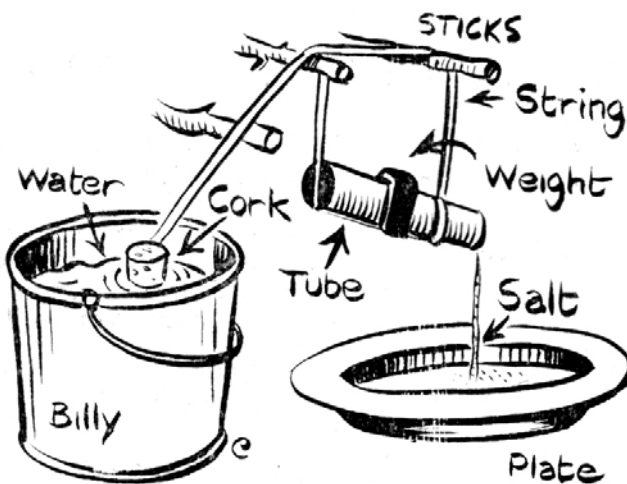
A "Meal-salting" Machine

Dear Editor,

During this years Summer Camp in North Devon our Troop held, as an item in the Patrol Competition, a Crazy Gadget Contest ". The crazy gadget had to work as well as being as crazy as possible. The winner of the contest was a "meal-salting" machine. This I constructed from things found around the site and in the farmyard (see photograph).



To work it, one had to, after seating oneself on the provided "operator's seat", pour water into the funnel, using the mug and water in the billy. One had to turn the tap and allow the water to run down the pipe and into the billy at the bottom. When this billy had sufficient water in it, it floated a cork which tipped a tube which contained salt. The amount of salt tipped on to the plate can be controlled very finely by turning the tap at the top of the pipe.



I would be very interested to hear if any other Troops have similar contests and whether anyone else has constructed a similar crazy gadget.

P.L. John W. Chope,
130th Birmingham (1st King's Heath).

ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents have recently issued a splendid poster on this important subject. It costs 2s. 3d. post free and is obtainable from RoSPA, Terminal House, 52 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

Do It Yourself

Dear Editor,

In Jack Blunt's crazy column ("The Scout" 1st September), he suggests using a large tent peg as a trophy. However, if the whole Troop suddenly decide to go rushing off with the biggest tent peg they can lay hands on, it will not be long before a completely new set of pegs is required. If this happens after every camp, it can be a costly business. The trophies I use however, cost the tiny sum of the price of a small tin of elbow-grease.

Whilst at the camp, I find a log of about two to two and a half inches in diameter, and cut off a piece about five inches long. This I then split lengthwise, and when I return home, I plane the cut side fiat. Then with the aid of a piece of wire and a pair of pointed pliers, I burn in to it the name of the place where the camp was held, the year and a simple outline drawing to describe the camp, e.g. last Easter, I ran a P.L.'s and P/ 2nd's Training Camp. To show that it was a Training Camp I have drawn a small train. When it is finished, I colour it with "dark tan~" shoe polish, and varnish it. Then with the aid of paper clips and drawing pins I hang them along the picture rail of my bedroom. (Of course there is no reason why they should not be hung in a Patrol Den.) After a couple of years, quite an effective little display is obtained, which can quite truthfully be called "A Troop Log"

With reference to the present Scout serial "Eagle Eyes Investigate". Although it is quite permissible for a Patrol to hold their own camp. unless a Scouter is with them, the "short camp permit" only allows them four nights' camping. How is it therefore, that the Eagle Patrol are camping (without a Scouter) for six days?

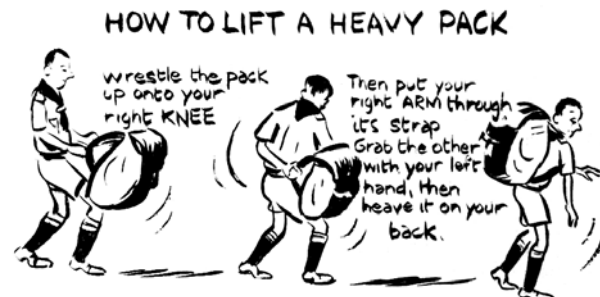
Q.S. Ken Strudwick,
12th Chichester.

(Concerning the query raised about the Eagle Patrol camp Henry van Gilder states "Nick Campbell (P.L. of the Eagles) appears to know his POR. better than Ken Strudwick Once the Eagles had obtained permission to camp at Woodvale Manor, Nick made sure that G.S.A.I. Peter Booth applied to their D.C. (Mr. Marks) for a Permit (on Form P.C.) to camp for six days, which, because of Nick's experience, was readily forthcoming. They did not use a Permit Card, which is 'to facilitate the holding of week-end Patrol camps...when the use of Form P.C. is impossible' (Rule 336) and allows the D.C. to delegate authority to the P.L., through his G.S.M., to hold camps of not more than two nights' duration (four nights at Bank Holidays) (Rule 337).")

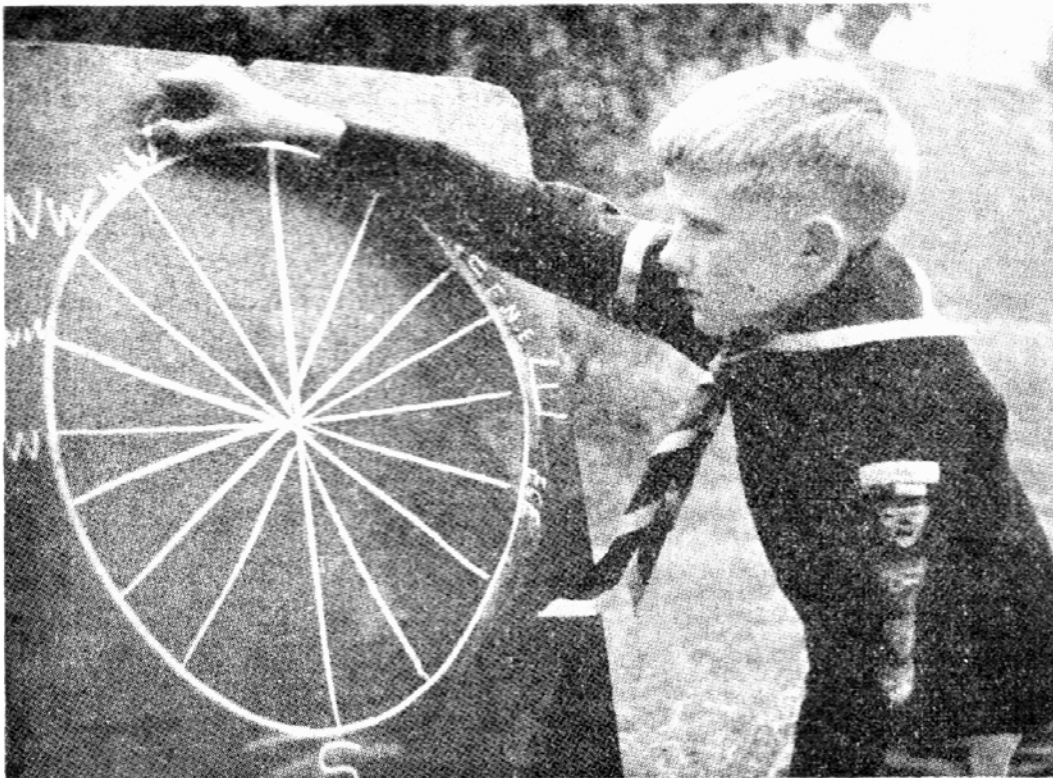
It's Not so Hard

Dear Editor,

I suppose many a Scout has had a hard job of lifting a heavy pack on to his back, well here's how you do it with no trouble at all:-



P.L. Frederick Warrener
1st Newton Aycliffe



Bran Tub

No. 359

by **Kwasin
and Keneu**

Learning the Compass

Yes. But what is wrong with this picture? Here is a test of observation for you! Write and tell us by the end of next week. We'll send you a small prize if you're right!

Nature Log Books

We had some nice logs sent in by Michael Bellis and Tony Cocks of Mildreth and Melbourn Pack (Hertfordshire), by Michael Andrew of 2nd Haxby and Wiggton (Yorkshire) and Andrew Hall, 1st Ditchling Pack (Sussex). We are sending each of these Cubs a prize for keeping these logs and letting us see them.

Cubs in the U.S.A.

In the United States of America Wolf Cubs are known as Cub Scouts and their meetings are called Den Meetings.

Den Meetings are held once a week, in the afternoon, under the leadership of a Den Mother - usually a mother of one of the members.

At the meeting in the Den Mother's home the Den plays games, does tricks and puzzles, works on handicraft projects and gets ready for the fun when all the Dens meet together at their monthly Pack Meeting.

The Den Mother is responsible for the Den and attends the monthly Pack Leaders' Meeting where outlines for the Den Meetings are planned.

The Den Chief is 3 Boy Scout. He is selected by the Scoutmaster and may be of any Scout rank. He meets with the Den once a week and is available at other times when they need his help or advice.

The Denner is a Cub Scout chosen by the Den members. He is the leader in between Den Meeting times and acts as helper to the Den Mother and the Den Chief.

The Den Dad is appointed a member of the Pack Committee and acts as a go-between from Den to Pack Committee. His most important function is to keep in touch with other Dads in the Den.

Here is THE CUB SCOUT PROMISE:

I promise to do my best to do my duty to God and my country, to be square and to obey the law of the Pack.

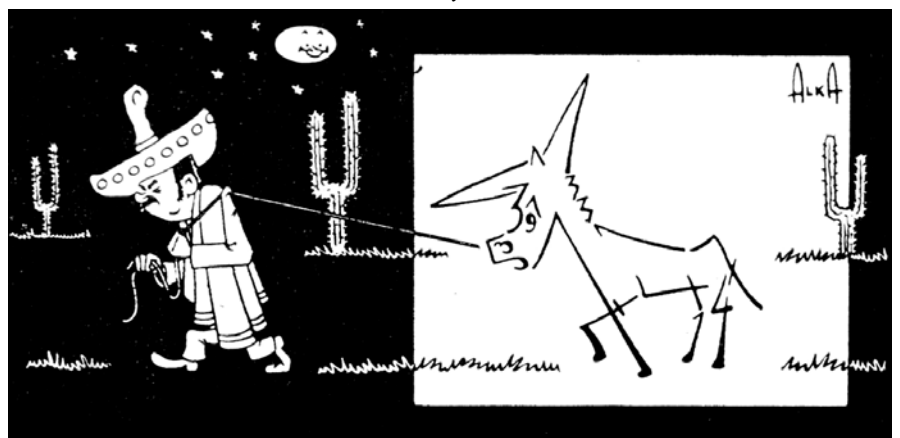
And here is THE LAW OF THE CUB SCOUT PACK:

The Cub Scout follows Akela. The Cub Scout helps the Pack go. The Pack helps the Cub Scout grow. The Cub Scout gives goodwill.

Puzzle

Now, here's a puzzle for you. And if you like to send your answer to Bran Tub, The Editor, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W. 1, we'll send a little prize to you if you're right.

How Old is the Donkey?



THE GREY SEVEN

by Philip Brigg8

FOR NEW READERS: *The Grey Six have a new chum Lionel. But he is rather spoilt and does not like the things they do. It is very hot dry weather and they plan to go to see Angle Tarn which has dried up. Lionel expects a tray in his room and stays in bed.*

CHAPTER TWO A Proper Tenderfoot

DICK WENT ON with his breakfast, but he was not feeling happy. He hated to be unfriendly with anyone but he knew that if people went on giving Lionel his own way, then presently the new boy could become a tyrant and a menace.

His father finished his meal, folded his paper and went out into the garden, without a word but with a secret little smile at the corner of his mouth.

Perhaps he was remembering a paragraph in his friend's letter.

"Those Cubs and your boy may be able to help my son. I give up. Lionel is a spoilt boy - a problem. Don't give them a hint that I hope they'll be able to help. Just leave them to get on with it."

But Dick knew nothing of this, and he forced himself to eat his food though he did not really feel like it. A step sounded in the passage outside and the door opened. Lionel stood there in his dressing-gown, his podgy face as surly as a cross bear's. He came to the table and sat down. Dick tried to be friendly.

"What'll you have?" he asked, passing the toast and an egg. Lionel's mouth turned down further than ever.

"I don't feel well," he almost whined. - I haven't the strength to eat anything unless, perhaps, you were to cut that bread and butter up quite small and peel me an egg."

"Sony," the Sixer said cheerfully. "I don't think I have the strength either. Awfully trying, this dry heat. Thursday's drop of rain evaporated before it hit the earth, so to speak." he winked at his guest. Lionel looked at him sourly but he helped himself to a slice of toast and buttered it in a desponding kind of way. Dick struggled to keep his expression normal and not triumphant, but he felt a point had been gained.

He prolonged his own meal so that Lionel should have company.

"What do you say to a trip over the moors this afternoon?" he suggested.

"Whaffor?" Lionel said. "Is there anything to see?"

"Well, there's heaps to see even on an ordinary day," Dick answered warmly. "But today there is the tarn. There's peewits and hawks and rabbits, and once a stoat, and different butterflies and millions of different flowers. Once I found a Butterfly Orchid. They are kind of rare but it scented the whole house at night when I got it home and in the daytime it looked nothing at all."

"Sounds pretty bleak," Lionel grumbled. "Don't you have a park and a band - and things like that?"

"Sure, but who wants to stay in a dusty park when the real thing is just out there?"

"I'll think about it," the guest said.

"I've got a smashing yarn all about murder and corpses in cellars and I may sit in and read that."

The Sixer felt he was getting near the end of his patience.

"Okay," he replied coldly. "We shall be setting out directly after lunch. The boys are coming round here."

"What! That noisy bunch?" Lionel asked languidly. Dick got himself out of the room just in time. Akela had given him some good advice once, long ago.

"If you feel all choked up with temper," he had said, "do some job that's been waiting for ages, a job that takes strength."

"Fair enough," Dick muttered now. "Dad wants the grass cut at the back of the house."

The mower was heavy but Dick cut that grass better than he had ever done, and at the end of the mowing found that he felt quite cheery and happy again.

"Are you ready?" Bob shouted when, after lunch, he and the other Cubs showed up. "Where's old Lionel?"

"Shush-sh!" Dick cautioned. "I'm not sure about Lionel; he's making up his mind."

"Well, he'd better be quick," Ian grinned. "Got your compass, Dick?"

"It's here." The Sixer glanced back at the house as they walked down to the gate and he thought he heard a door slam. Next moment, Lionel, looking sullener than ever, came slouching down the path.

"I'm only coming because there's nothing better to do," he stated ungraciously.

Dick looked at his guest's feet in sudden uneasiness. Lionel had on the very lightest, smartest pair of suede shoes, fit only for city streets on a fine day.

"Got anything stronger?" he asked. Lionel's eyes took in the Wolf Cubs' heavy sensible walking shoes.

"If you mean clumpy, daisy crushers like those, I should hope not," he sneered loftily. "I like to look tidy and smart, thanks."

They were soon through the suburbs and out on a country road. A hot wind blew in their faces loaded with the scent of honeysuckle and scorched grass. Jumbo pointed out that even the wayside weeds were wilting.

"I say," Lionel broke in, "is there any need to gallop along like this? You all might be trying to catch a train."

The Sixer was really concerned now. Lionel was evidently a proper tenderfoot, not equal to anything like a real day outdoors.

"We'll ease up- a bit," he promised. "But it is lovely out here on the moors, isn't it?"

"I don't see anything to go dippy about," the new - comer grumbled peevishly. "This road is frightfully rough and I 'can't see any of those extraordinary creatures you were gassing about. All the birds I've seen yet were sparrows. I think you call yourselves Wolf Cubs just out of swank. You don't know a more than I do, and you can't do anything I can't do either."

"Except walk without getting blisters," Dick smiled sympathetically. "You know, you are limping badly."

"I'm not," Lionel snarled but trod at that moment on a loose stone. His foot went over, catching his sore toes cruelly. "Ouch!" he yelled and began to dance, with pain.

"Here, sit down on this bank," the Sixer commanded firmly while the Grey Six crowded round to help. "Off with your shoes and socks. Let's see how bad it is."

"No!" Lionel said furiously. "I won't take off my shoes like any tramp."

"You will, you know," Dick answered, assisting Bob to achieve this end while Lionel almost sobbed with rage. His poor, flabby white feet looked rather pathetic, but no blisters had formed yet, only reddened patches.

"Look, I tell you what," Dick advised, "go barefoot for a while. It'll feel fine after those ridiculous shoes and you'll get lovely and brown."

Lionel was too overcome by feelings to answer, but the boys helped him up, tied his shoes by their laces, hung them round his neck and then stuffed the thin, hard, nylon socks into his pocket.

Try a step or two," Dick urged. Lionel did, still weeping, but the warm, sandy road felt no doubt very pleasant after the tight suede shoes.

"I'll manage," he grunted sourly and stepped out to much better purpose. Dick looked about him, trying to find something to interest poor Lionel. A bird was floating over the moors with a flap now and again of its great wings, just spiralling on the warm air currents.

"See there," he pointed out, "that's your first hawk."

"That's no hawk," Lionel asserted ignorantly. "It's only an old crow. We've heaps like that at home."

At that moment, the hawk saw a small creature in the grass which would do nicely for its tea and it "stooped", falling like a lead weight straight down to pounce on the luckless field vole.

"Well," Dick said cheerily, "no old crow can do that!"

Lionel turned up his nose and said nothing because there was nothing he could say. "What's all that yellow stuff?" he asked coolly. "You'll be telling me next that that is something terrific."

Ian, whose heart was always with natural history, smiled in delight at Lionel's grudging interest. "That's called Biting Stonecrop," he said helpfully. "It grows on next to no earth in a desert which would shrivel other things. It does look gay in masses like that just as if someone had upset gold paint on the stones."

"Humph," Lionel said. But he was keeping up better now. They topped a rise where the view was splendid, stretching away to purple distance. On the right were fenced fields and, nestled in a wooded hollow, half a mile away, was a farm house.

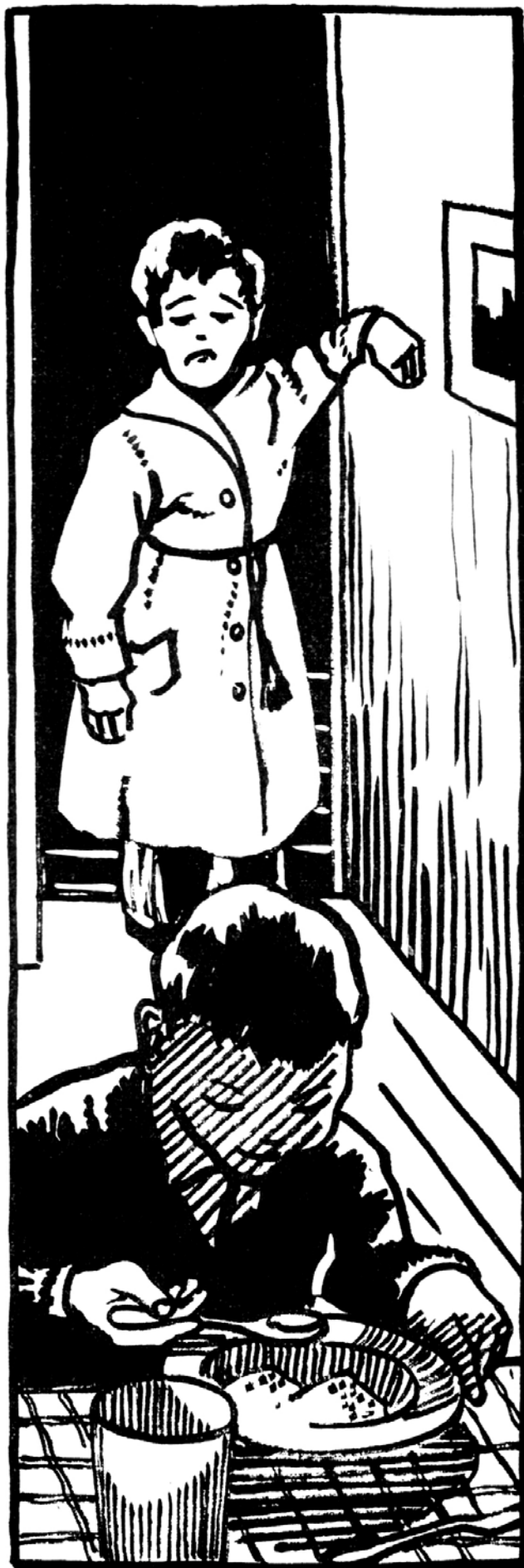
"That's Thatcher's farm," Dick said. "They are awfully nice folk with hundreds of sheep. There are some of them over there. *Hello!* Bob, that's a bit queer. The Thatchers never let them into that field. It's all white clover for special hay."

Ginger and Jumbo whistled. Ian was running followed by Frank.

"They've got through a gap," Frank yelled. "We'll have to do something."

"What's all the fuss?" Lionel growled. "It's hot enough without you acting crazy. If they are eating the clover - well let 'em!"

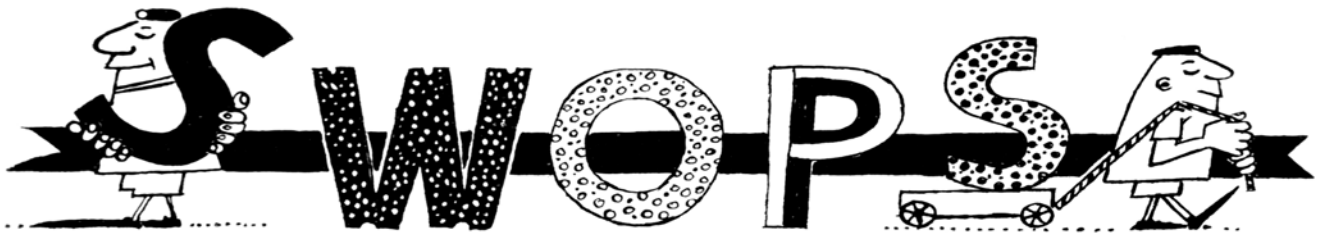
"The trouble is they won't stop," Dick snapped. "It kills them."



Lionel stood there in his dressing-gown as surly as a cross bear

Next Week:

THE HIDDEN ENEMY



VERY IMPORTANT If you write to one of these Scouts enclosing badges you should also **ENCLOSE A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE**. When writing to a Commonwealth country, instead of stamps enclose "Commonwealth Reply Coupons" (5d. each) or if to a country not in the Commonwealth, International Reply Coupons (1/- each). These may be obtained at main post offices. It may be some time before you get a reply, because your correspondent may get a large number of letters. Any Scout who asks for his name to be put in "Swops" is expected on his Scout's honour to reply to all enquiries resulting from it.

D.C.M. Bryan W. Lawrence, "Sunset Villa", 17, Lowdale Ave., Scarborough, Yorks. - Has N. Riding Bs. for Rutland, Westmorland, Scottish, Welsh, Irish, Overseas Bs.

Ivor Minton, The Cedars, 37, Redditch Rd., Kings Norton, Birmingham, 30. - Has Birmingham. Warwicks: C.B.'s for others.

P.L. John S. Meechan, 29, Vale Cres., Knottingley, Yorkshire. - Has Number one A.T.V. Show Book and 1999 issue of "The Big Book of Sport" for best offers of C.B.s. Also four Leeds United Football programmes for one C.B.

Ian Dalziel, 17, High St., Mauchline, Ayrshire. - Has 5 duff. stamps for any GB. exc. Ayrshire.

S.S.L. Bernie Spillane, Queen Elizabeth Training College, Leatherhead, Surrey. - Has Berks., B'ham. Cheshire, Dorset, Durham, Essex, Guernsey, Rants., Jersey, Kent, London, Manchester, Middx., Norfolk, Oxon., Soke. Staffs., Surrey, Sussex. Wilts., Worcs., Wolverhampton, W. Bromwich, for two duff, name tapes each.

S.S.L. Barry Rogers, 36, Clough, Ave., Sale, Cheshire. - Has B'ham, Cheshire, TOM.. Lancs., S.E. Lanes.. Linca., Liverpool, London, Manchester, Northumba., Oxon.. Somerset, Sussex. Irish and N.Z. C.B.'s for others.

S.S. T. Fox, 16, Elms Ave., Aifreton, Derbys - Has Derbys. and Guernsey C.B.'s for others. esp. Scottish.

J. B. Anderson, 321, Kinfauns Dr., Glasgow, W.5., Scotland. - Has Glasgow and few Dunbarton for Scottish, Welsh, exc. W. Glam. Also Dutch Scout pennant for best offers of C.B.'s.

P.L. Martin Harvey, 23, Grange Ave., Barton-on-Humber, Lincs. - Has 30 good quality stamps for any Foreign or Commonwealth Bs. in good condition.

J. C. Jackson, 143, Edensor Gdns., Chiswick, W.4. - Has Jersey and Middlesex C.B.'s for others.

T.L. Vic Higgs, 2, Westminster Rd., Edmonton, N.9. - Has Devon, Lancs., SW. Lancs., Cheshire Liverpool. London, Oxford. Suffolk C.B.'s and Exeter D.B.'s for others exc. Birmingham, Kent. Middx., Surrey.

P.L. T. Stanley, 63, Redditch Rd., Birmingham, 30. - Has Birmingham, Warwickshire, S. Staffs. C.B.'s for others.

A.S.M. John Hood, 7, Lathkifl Rd., Chaddeaden, Derby. - Has Derby Rams in threes for three other C.B.'s (same).

P.L. P. Fisher, 75, Lake Lock Rd., Stanley, Nr. Wakefield, Yorks. - Has C. Yorks. for others esp. Foreign, exc. Bristol, N. Staffs.. E. Yorks.

P.L. G. Stork, 55, Annan Rd., Carletonville, Transvaal, S. Africa. - Has 10 SA. Stamps for a C.B. A first day cover of the 1820 settlers com. for 2 C.B.'s each and also some Springbok skin (for woggles) for a C.B., and Transvaal C.B.'s for others exe. London, Lanes.. Surrey, Manchester, Bristol, Kent. Hants.

D. Watts, 2, St. Martins Rd., Blackpool, Lancs. - Has N.W. Lanes., Tyrone. for other C.B.'s or D.B.'s.

P.L. Roger Smith, 19, Burden Way, Wanstead, E.11. - Has Essex C.B.'s and scarf Bs. (fist, emblem E.F.S. 21st) for other C.B.'s.

Kathryn McBride, Houseboat "Inni-sharon", Town End Wharf, High St., Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey. - Has Guide Jubilee and International Friendship Bs. for 50 assorted foreign stamps or 25 stamps single country for any county or foreign Scout, or Guide Bs. and name tapes.

S.S. J. Harber, 1, Gorrington Rd., Eastbourne, Sussex - Has Sussex Scout & Guide C.B.'s for other Scout and Guide Bs. (swop up to six of each).

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Miss H. Aveling (17), 14 Priory Place, Davington, Faversham, Kent - Rover pen-pal. Hobbies: Cubs, pets, plant growing.

Walter Smith, 48 Bezuidertout Ave., Bez Valley North, Johannesburg, Transvaal, S. Africa. - Pen-pals 12-15 for members of 4th Kensington. Johannesburg Troop.

A.S.M. A. H. D. Chandrasiri (19) 110/1 Thelangapatha, Wattala. Ceylon - Pen-pals in England. Hobbies: Stamps, view-cards, swimming. Scouting, reading, photography.

P.L. C. S. W. Ouneratne (17), Mount Pleasant Est., Runupitiya, Wattala, Ceylon. - Pen-pals in England. Hobbies: Cycling, stamps, Scouting, swimming.

P.L. William Milne (14), 121 Cornwall Rd., Ruislip Manor, Middlesex. - Pen-pal in Canada. Hobbies: Sports. Scouting, camping, hiking, reading.

S.S. Rex Smith (16), 11 Thorpe Close, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex - Pen-pal in Commonwealth, eap. Malta. Cyprus. Hong Kong. East Africa and West Indies. Hobbies: Scouting, pen-pals, stamps, CBs. (all letters answered).

P.L. Stanley Proctor (15), 2M Peabody Sq., Blackfriars Rd., S.E.1 - Guide pen-pal in Gt. Britain. Hobbies: Scouting, camping, swimming, music. Photo if poss.

P.L. Christopher Coleman (14), 76 Belt Rd. New Plymouth. Taranaki, N. Zealand - Scout or Guide pen-pal (English speaking). Hobbies: Reading, records, sport, filmstars. Photo if poss.

Cub John Dean, 20 Copley Way, Tadworth, Surrey. - Cub pen-pal anywhere outside 100 mile radius of London (aged 10-11). Hobbies: Cubs, model railways, car spotting. Meccano.

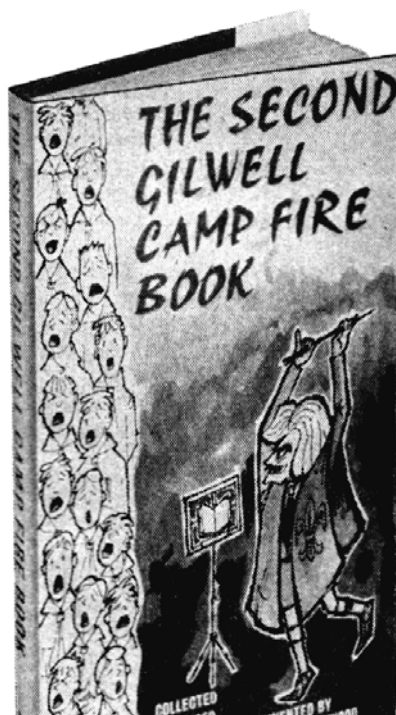
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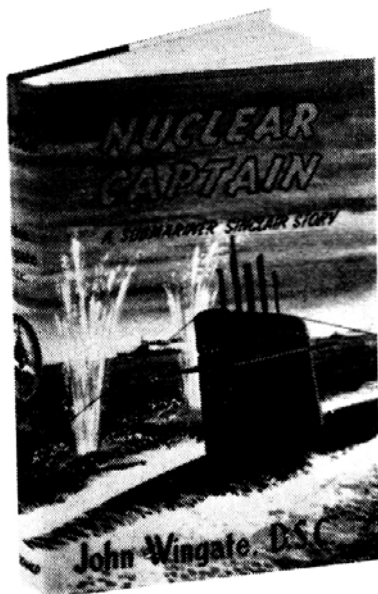
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