

The Scout

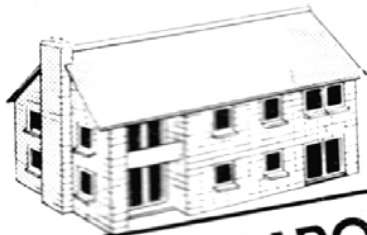
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TO-DAY



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The EDITOR *writes*

25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.
November, 1962.

My Dear Brother Scouts,

THE PURPOSE of *The Scout* is to help good Scouts to become better Scouts. Unfortunately many Scouts never see a copy of their own magazine and so are unable to take advantage of all the help it can give them. It would be wonderful for Scouts themselves (and so for the Movement to which we hope they are proud to belong) if every Patrol took, read and used *The Scout* week by week: will you do all you can to persuade others to become regular subscribers. The more chaps who take *The Scout* regularly by ordering it from their newsagents, the better value we shall be able to give you. So please do all you can to help us to increase our circulation.

I WANT TO TELL YOU some of our plans for next year. In the first six months, we hope to have a monthly career article. From time to time we shall have Focus articles and during the next four months there will be articles on Greece, where the World Jamboree is to be held this year, and on Collecting Records (as our previous articles on music appeared to be very popular with you).

But now I want to give you the details of the Second Class Course, and I do hope that every chap who hasn't got his Second Class who is reading this will make up his mind to follow our weekly instructions and get it. Here's a chance, you see, for other boys who aren't Second Class to take *The Scout* and use it properly.

Now here are the details:-

January 5th	Cuts and Scratches; Kim's Game; Fisherman's Knot.
January 12th	Bleeding from the Nose; Nature Trail; Timber Hitch.
January 19th	Stings and Bites; Square Lashing; Revise Kim's Game and Nature Trail.
January 26th	Burns and Scalds; Diagonal Lashing; Pass Observation.
February 2nd	Avoidance of Sunburn; Constructing a Trestle; Rules of Health.
February 9th	Applying a large arm sling; Revise Rules of Health; Pass Knots and Lashing.
February 16th	Applying a small arm sling; 16 points of the compass; Pass Rules of Health.
February 23rd	Treatment for shock; setting a map; Safety Rules and Care of Knife.
March 2nd	Summoning help; Safety Rules of Hand Axe; Revise Compass and Map.
March 9th	Care of Hand Axe; Revise First Aid; Pass Compass and Map.
March 16th	Chopping Firewood; Preparing a Fireplace; Pass: First Aid.
March 23rd	Splitting Logs; Laying and Lighting a Fire; Highway Code (road user on foot).
March 30th	Cooking Sausages and Potatoes; Highway Code (road user on wheels); Revise all for Knife and Axe.
April 6th	Cooking a Twist or Damper; Care of a Bicycle; Pass Safety Rules for Axe and Knife; Pass Chopping Firewood.
April 13th	Making Tea; Three Common Trees; Revise Highway Code.
April 20th	Revise last week's Trees - add three more; Tenderfoot Quiz; Pass Highway Code.
April 27th	Tree Chart; Pass Firelighting and Cooking.
May 4th	Preparing for the Journey (1) Foot Care - Personal Gear; Tenderfoot Quiz; Pass Trees.
May 11th	Preparing for Journey (2) Using a Map and Compass; Tenderfoot Quiz.
May 18th	Second Class Journey; pass Tenderfoot.

Your Friend and Brother Scout,

REX HAZLEWOOD.



It could happen to you, too!!

(if you're not careful)

warns

JACK BLUNT

OI!!! COME BACK!!

Oh, all right then! I was only kidding.
I agree with you. It's a serious business, this a-being-of-a Patrol-Leader and shouldn't be taken lightly or referred in an off-hand manner like that. I shall run three times round the Tower of London as a form of penance.

So it's December again, and we've only got four short weeks left to wring something more out of this old year. Mind you, it's been a pretty good one so far as I'm concerned, and I hope that goes for you, too.

Just for the record, this month brings to a close my much vaunted and highly successful *Year of the Second*, and I would like to announce, on good authority, that *some* Seconds have managed to survive it.

The rest have come to a rather interesting variety of sticky ends, such as being led away to spend a little holiday in padded cells, jumping off Tower Bridge, rejoining the Cubs, and even (Oh, Horror!) being made P.L.! I Double Shudder!

It is this last bunch that has my deepest sympathy, and I think it's only fair, and my proper duty, to give them all A FINAL TIP. If any of them would care to meet me sometime next week at the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, I shall be only too glad to oblige.



HARD WORK

STRIPE ME PINK!!

Well (puff, puff), perhaps (puff) you're (puff, puff) satisfied (gasp) now!

May I now tell you the little tale of what happened to my friend, Neddy Tumblewash, when we gave him his second stripe the other week? 'Tis a sad and moving story, and it will do you all a power of good to hear it, be Ye - P.L. or not. Oddly enough, it was the Power of Good that got him.

Neddy, you see, has always been a serious, minded lad who listened carefully to what his S.M. was blabbering on about, laughed carefully at all his little jokes, and went away and did what he was told.

Of course, all this is very unnatural in a boy, and as you may suppose, was too good to last. The same thought must have struck Neddy too, because no sooner had his Mum finished sewing on that second piece of tape than he went stark raving mad with POWER.

This was IT. He'd at last ARRIVED. This was what they had told him about in the books he'd read when all the others were wasting their time playing British Bulldogs and other such Non-Educational-Type games. He had worked hard at his Scouting, and now HE WAS THERE! Whoopee!

Hardly waiting for Mum to snip the last stitch, he donned his Full Uniform, swiftly cut a hole in his overcoat so that his mighty badge of rank and honour might shine through, and was off up the street to whistle up the rest of his Patrol.



Think!



Holding a Patrol-in-Council

Hardly surprising that he met with very little success on this trip, because it was eleven thirty at night (well, his Mum was a slow sewer).

Being ever prepared, Neddy was not at all disheartened. As he could get no replies since everyone was decently in bed and asleep, he whipped out his notebook and pencil and carefully and painfully wrote out coded messages and poked them through the letter boxes.

Everybody was to meet at six-thirty the very next morning, and he was going to tell them all what to do before they went to school. Ho ! Yes ! He'd got it all worked out, and none of his Patrol would have a moment to spare, or even a bit of time to think for themselves from this time forth even unto Doomsday. They would henceforth be Super-Scouts and his would be a Super-Patrol, and the rest of the Troop would be shamed into being a Super-Troop by their very example! Hyper Triple Groan.

I said it was a sad story, and it is, because poor Ned overlooked one simple fact. HE HAD BEGUN TOO SOON! He hadn't even got around to teaching his Patrol how to read and decipher coded messages, yet! The Nit!

The upshot was that poor Neddy stood alone, but The prepared mind you, on a windy street corner for two cold-catching hours, and had to spend the next fortnight in bed with treble pneumonia. Fortunately, his Second, having wisely followed my writings over the past twelve months, and being a dependable and level-headed sort of fellow, was able to carry on in a normal and dignified manner until such time as Neddy recovered both his health and his senses!

A place of your own



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

Of course, no such thing would ever happen to you. Would it? You would go about the thing in the right manner. Oh, yes You would gently hint to these trusting lads who had suddenly been put under your tender care that you would be holding a meeting of the Patrol-in-Council on Tuesday next at your abode or residence where tea and light refreshments would be served, and anyone not caring to attend *would do so entirely at their own risk!*

Having got your crowd together, you would casually hint (as soon as Mum was out of earshot) that although this place was all right to live in, it was hardly good enough for future posh Patrol Meetings, and the very first lob fort you all to tackle, as a team, would be to find a place of your own.

Then, having previously discussed this with your Second, you would work out a little plan for the next month to see how everyone could make a bit of progress as regards to badge tests.



Two Scouts on their Second Class Hike

You, of course, would assume responsibility for teaching the Tenderfoot his stuff, and the Second would encourage Horace in his Second Class work, and Yogi and Speedy would get on with their Signaller Badge.

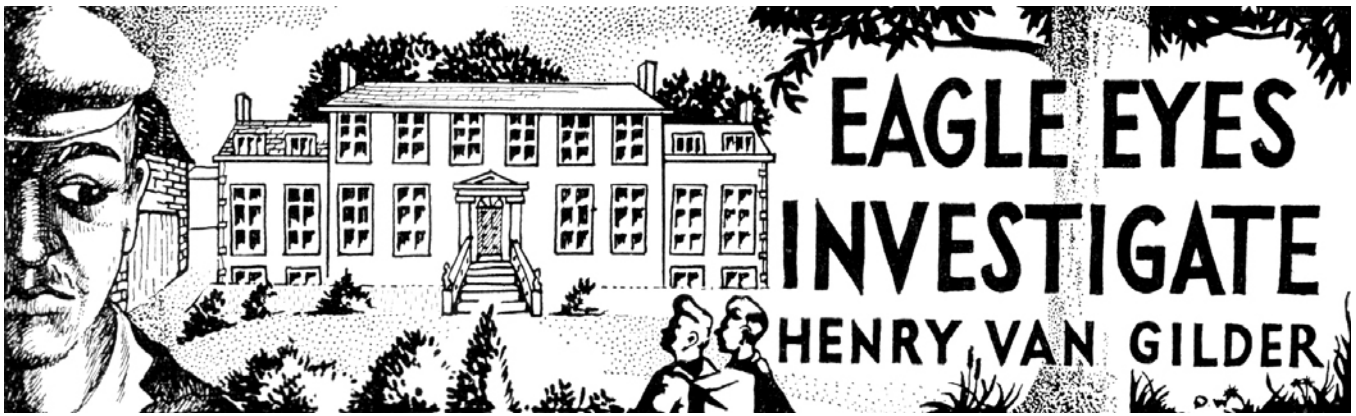
Oh! It's so simple if you go about it in the right way.

REMEMBER ODDSOX?

Remember the chap with odd socks that I met the other week? Well, a few of you got it right. He was wearing odd socks because he goes straight to Scouts from School, and he takes his uniform to School with him. To his horror, he found that he had left one of his Scout socks at home, so he wore the one head got, and since he felt funny with one bare leg, he kept his School sock on.

I was glad I noticed it, because it gave me a fine item to throw on the floor of our District Patrol Leaders Parliament.

No! Not the sock! The question of what would they have done in the circumstances. And a merry half hour was had by all!



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 runs a Jaguar, though he owes rent. The Manor opens as an hotel, and Nick (the P.L.) learns Madam owes death duties. Guests arrive, one of whom (the lone man) insists his car is left in the drive. Jim works in the house with Tiny, the latter discovering the Colonel (Madam's late husband) was an artist, and Jim reveals the lone man's car has a Manchester registration. Fish sees smoke over the Manor that night, the Scouts raise the alarm, and the lone man volunteers to get the fire brigade, as there's no telephone. The fire in the stable is under control by the time the tenders arrive. The fire officer deduces the fire was caused by a short circuit in the generator. When the lone man returns he claims he ran out of petrol and his spare can is missing, but Fish finds it in the rushes. As it also has a Manchester garage label, Nick tells Madam of their suspicions, but when she discovers the lone man's name is Sanders she tells him to stop prying. Taffy and Sandy collect their milk from the farm and meet a Mr. Craddock; then Sandy remembers a piece of charred notepaper headed Craddock, Son and Jenkinson which he found in the stable.*

CHAPTER SIXTEEN Attic Art

TAFFY FURROWED HIS brow and frowned. He still could not understand why Sandy should become so excited about a bit of burnt note- paper.

"I know I'm not as bright as some," said Taffy.

"But I still don't see the connection."

It be a hairbrained idea," replied Sandy But if Jenks's friend Craddock is the same Craddock on that notepaper, couldn't there be some sort of connection?"

"With the fire, you mean?" cried Taffy, catching up with Sandy, who had gained a few feet on him with his urge to tell Nick of his idea.

"Just supposing Craddock happened to write to Jenks about something - we don't know what this fellow Craddock does - it follows that unless Lady Wykeham-Smith also knows this character, Jenks must have taken that piece of paper to the stable," said Sandy stopping while he expounded his theory.

"You're becoming almost as much a Sherlock Holmes as Fish," Taffy commented. "We must see what the others think."

By the time Sandy and Taffy arrived back at camp, the rest of the Patrol - with the exception of Jim and Tiny - were busying themselves with the supper preparations.

Sandy decided that it would be better to wait until they were actually eating supper before he revealed his hypothesis. At half past eight the two "domestics" returned to the Eagles and they all set about devouring the three-course meal, for which Nick and Fish had been the chefs of the cuisine. When most of the main dish had disappeared from the tin plates, Tally nudged Sandy and whispered, "Tell them now, go on."

"What's the conspiracy?" enquired Nick, licking his spoon vigorously. "By the way what was Farmer Jenks's surprise? You never told us!"

"If Sandy's theory is correct, you'll be in for more than one surprise!" Taffy said mysteriously.

"The surprise Farmer Jenks mentioned over at the house was a chicken - big enough for all of us to have a darn good Sunday lunch," said Sandy.

"Mmm Sounds smashing," said Tiny, rubbing his mid-regions in anticipation. "Couldn't eat it now though," he added with a wink.

"There seems to be no end to his generosity," said Jim. "What are the other surprises? Is he going to give us a spin in his car?"

"It's nothing quite so enjoyable as that," replied Sandy. "In fact it's an idea I suddenly had about the cause of the fire."

Sandy related the thoughts he had conveyed to Taffy on his way back from the farm. As he based his thesis on the sole assumption that Jenks had dropped the piece of charred paper headed "Craddock, Son and Jenkinson" in the stable the details did not take long to tell.

"I guess it's possible," reflected Nick when Sandy had finished. "But quite frankly I don't think it's as convincing as the case we thought we'd built up against that man Sanders - and look where that got us. We've got to tread very carefully."

"The trouble is that we couldn't find a motive for Sanders, and it looks as though we're going to run into similar difficulties over Jenks," said Fish. "And if Lady Wykeham-Smith doesn't want us to carry on investigations, I don't think we're ever going to get to the bottom of the matter. In fact, the only person at the moment who might have a motive is Lady Wykeham-Smith herself, on the grounds of claiming insurance."

"One thing's certain, we can't do anything more tonight," yawned Bob. "I'm all for getting some shuteye."

"A wise suggestion, Bob," agreed Nick, feeling the drowsiness creeping over him. "But I've just got a couple of points - first, your bit of paper intrigues me, Sandy: can you possibly remember what you did with it?"

"I think I put the last load of rubbish in the dustbin by the tool shed," he said. "I can't be absolutely certain but I'm sure I didn't burn it."

I think I put the last load of rubbish in the dustbin by the toolshed," he said. "I can't be absolutely certain but I'm sure I didn't burn it."

"In that case, could you surreptitiously have a peel first thing tomorrow? You'd better drag the bin into the stable before you do. We don't want to arouse anyone's suspicions." Sandy agreed, and the Patrol Leader went on: "I know it's late, but what's planned for tomorrow?"

I ought to go into Oakmere to get some more stores. We're running a bit low on sugar and butter amongst other things," said Taffy. "There might be quite a lot to carry, so could someone come and help me?"

"I'll come," replied Fish as quick as a shot.

"I've forgotten to tell you that just as Tiny and I were coming away this evening, Herbert stopped me and asked if you, Nick, would see Lady Wykeham-Smith some time tomorrow morning after eleven," said Jim.

"Oh! I wonder what she wants," mumbled Nick. "Well, it's no use worrying now. My sleeping bag's calling me! To bed, men!"

"There was something else we haven't told them, Jim," said Tiny with a yawn. "On our way back we saw the lone stranger fishing in the stream below the bridge."

Perhaps there was something in his wind theory after all," said Nick, pulling himself wearily to his feet. Slowly but surely the rest of the Patrol followed his example. It didn't take them long to wash and change into their pyjamas; as the night air had a nip of frost about it, no one felt like hanging around.

"By the way, what did you two do with the petrol can?" enquired Nick as he climbed into his sleeping bag. No one spoke for a moment.

"Do you mean us?" questioned Sandy drowsily. "We didn't take it."

"Neither did we," exclaimed Nick, sitting up. "I quite thought that you were going to take it when you went for the milk."

"It wasn't there then," replied Sandy.

"That means that someone else must have," Taffy put in.

"Of course it might have been Sanders," suggested Fish. "Or Catherine, or Herbert, or even Lady Wykeham-Smith. This doesn't help at all. We'll just have to keep even more on the alert until we get to the bottom of the problem."

"There's one person you left out, Fish. And that's Jenks; he could have picked it up on his way back to the farm," said Sandy. "On the other hand I suppose it could still be round the outbuildings somewhere."

"Let's get some sleep now," implored Nick. "Otherwise we won't be in a fit state to do anything tomorrow."

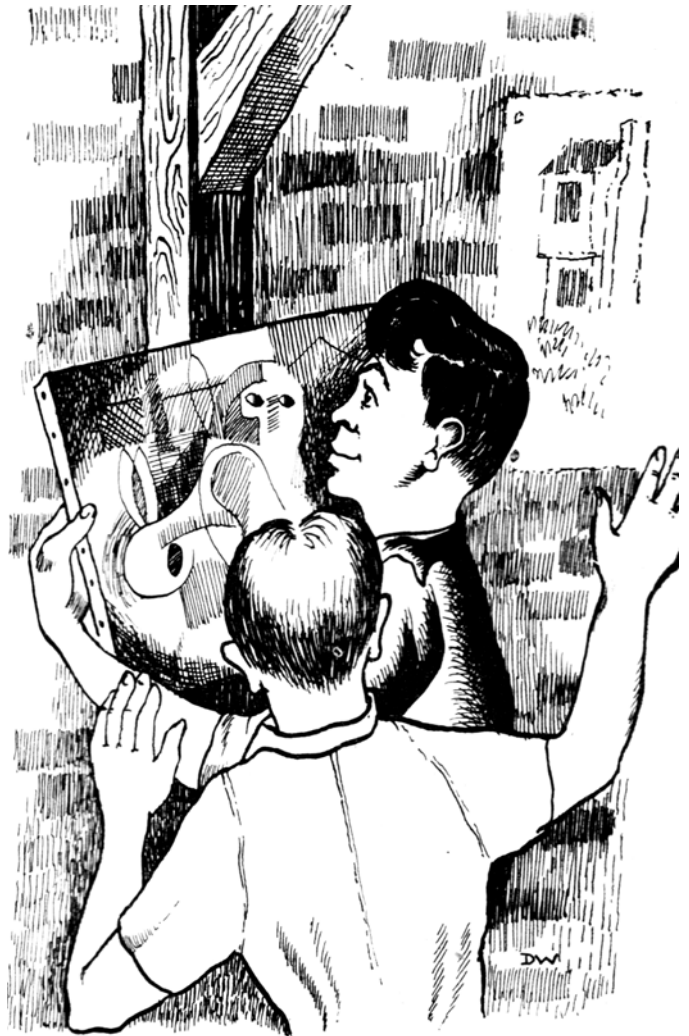
The Eagles dossed down as their Patrol Leader had requested, but it took most of them a little while to drop off to sleep.

They woke up next morning to the sound of raindrops falling heavily on the canvas above their heads. Nick drew back the entrance flap and peered out apprehensively. Isolated black clouds were scudding across the sky, which was surprisingly bright. He could see patches of blue over to the west above the chimneys of the Manor.

"Don't worry, chaps, it's only a shower. I reckon the sun will be out in a few minutes. Let's get up," he said cheerfully.

Jim and Tiny washed and dressed and quickly went off to their duties at the house.

The others did their chores and ate their breakfast as fast as they could, to get the maximum possible time in the garden.



"It must be worth thousands of pounds!"

Fish took his pack so that he and Taffy could go on to the village later in the morning without having to waste time doubling back to camp.

Just before eleven Nick left Sandy in charge of operations and went round to the kitchen, where he found Herbert. The butler took him straight up the stairs and showed him into Lady Wykeham-Smith's room. He felt a little nervous before he went through the door, but his heart literally missed a beat as he crossed the threshold. There, sitting in the armchair by Lady Wykeham-Smith was Mr. Sanders. They both smiled politely, Lady Wykeham-Smith leant forward to make the introductions. With the formalities over she ushered Nick to a chair, which faced them with its back to the window.

"First of all, I want to apologise for my curtness yesterday. I fear I must have been rather rude," she admitted, lowering her eyes slightly. "You see, Major Sanders here was a great friend of my husband in the First World War. Sir Christopher quite thought he had been killed but, as you can see, he was not. When he had recovered from his severe wounds he was posted to India, and somehow we lost touch. That's life, I suppose. He had no idea that Christopher had married me and Sir Christopher never expected to inherit this estate, as he was the younger of two brothers; dear Charles was killed in an air disaster in 1930.

When Sir David - my father-in-law - died in 1931, Woodvale Manor was bequeathed to Sir Christopher. The world's such a small place when you come to think of it. You can imagine my utter surprise when you said you suspected dear Peter of having started the fire."

"Anthea told me all about your theory. Pretty ingenious I must say," Major Sanders said brusquely, but with an element of sincerity. "You lads certainly have most vivid imaginations, and I agree that the circumstantial evidence against me was seemingly very great. But circumstantial evidence; circumstantial," he repeated.

"We won't hold it against you! You can be certain of that," assured the lady of the Manor.

"The type of thing you suggested just doesn't happen these days. Not to respectable people like us," the Major went on. "Such plots make very interesting reading in books like the Agatha Christie Who-Done-It's, but I'm an honourable ex-Army officer, and we have a standard to keep up you know: and that doesn't include arson," he chuckled merrily at his own joke.

Nick laughed politely. He was very tempted to remind Major Sanders about the red petrol can, but decided that the atmosphere was such that it would be inadvisable to pursue the matter any further at that time. He felt convinced that the two of them were either deeply wrapped up in the fire, or else they were so set in their ways that they automatically rejected anything extraordinary. However, it did make him firm in his resolve to solve the mystery one way or the other, even if the Eagles were, in the end, proved totally erroneous.

"I'm sorry about all this," apologised Nick. "We thought we should tell you. But in the light of what you've said it appears that we made a mistake. We'll get on with the gardening," he continued, changing the subject. "There is one minor problem. We cut down some small trees yesterday and we think the trunks would make such good poles we didn't think you'd want us to cut them up into logs. But we don't know where to store them."

"I agree they shouldn't be sawn up. Couldn't you put them in the stable? There's a trapdoor in the ceiling. If you stand them upright it should give you enough room," Lady Wykeham-Smith replied after some thought.

"That seems to solve that problem," Nick replied. As silence followed, so he continued, "If you'll excuse me, I think I'll get back to my Patrol now. We've a lot to do today, if we're going to keep to our timetable."

"You are making a very professional job of your landscape gardening," said Major Sanders.

"And Herbert has given me glowing reports of Timothy and James and their duties in the house," Lady Wykeham-Smith said with a smile. "By the way, I heard this morning that a married couple have accepted my offer of employment, and they will be starting on Monday, so your boys will be able to rejoin you for your last two days."

Nick took his leave and, having exchanged a few words with Tiny in the kitchen, he made his way through the tool shed into the stable. He almost hit his head on the door when it was half open as it smashed against something solid.

"Steady!" a voice complained loudly from the other side.

The Patrol Leader peered round the door and saw Sandy half way up a ladder leading into the loft. The latter climbed down when he saw who it was.

"A couple of the boards had fallen through," Sandy explained. "So I thought I'd go and nail 'em down again. I suppose the water and the heat must have warped them, so the nails fell out."

"That trap makes a pretty massive hole," Nick said, sizing up the height. "Lady Wykeham-Smith suggested we should stand those trunks we left in the drive last night up here. I reckon they would fit in, don't you?"

"Don't see why not," observed Sandy, making visual calculations for himself.

Taffy and Fish appeared in the doorway, the latter with his pack on his back.

"I think we ought to go now, if we're going to be back in time for lunch," Taffy called. "Don't work too hard!"

"Seen anything of the petrol can?" asked Fish.

"Not a sausage!" replied Sandy shrugging his shoulders.

"Will you get me some chocolate, please?"

Sandy threw Fish a coin from his pocket. They said "cheerio" and off they set on their mission.

"What's up there?" asked Nick, returning to the subject of the loft.

"Haven't a clue. I was just going up to have a look when you came in," answered Sandy. "Are you coming?"

Sandy scaled the ladder first with his Patrol Leader close behind. The loft opened out into quite a large room, with a thin carpet covering the floor, which sagged in the far corner where the boards had fallen out. Cobwebs festooned the rafters and the two sky-lights which had been built into the roof. They were very dirty but the morning sun shone through with sufficient intensity to make an artist's easel at one end cast shadows on the floor. About twenty canvases were stacked against the near wall, and a rickety upright chair without arms stood by itself in the middle of the room.

"This must have been Sir Christopher's studio," remarked Sandy softly, as though he expected the Colonel to appear from thin air. "I wondered where he did his painting: I thought he might have used the boathouse, but I glanced in there yesterday and these were only a couple of rotting deckchairs."

Nick stepped carefully over the floor to the pictures, hoping that the floorboards would be strong enough not to give way. He blew away a thick layer of dust and turned up his nose at the musty smell.

"They're not bad," said Nick, standing back to look at two paintings he had pulled out, "Though I'm not an art expert myself," he added.

Sandy didn't reply as he was poking around the lining to the ceiling, which in one place was half stripped away from the rafters. It was sodden with water.

"I suppose a lot of water must have come through the tiles the night before last? He thought out loud. As he held the material it came away in his hand and a cavity between the beams opened up before his eyes. To his surprise he saw the frame of a large picture strapped to the struts.

"Here take a look at this," Sandy called. "Who on earth would want to put a picture here?"

"Let's have a look at it," suggested Nick.

They undid the canvas straps and carefully eased it from its moorings. There was a thick layer of grime on the surface of the painting, but the rich oil colours underneath still showed through.

"It's not like the ones over there," commented Sandy casually. "It looks a bit funny. Almost like one of those modern things I saw a while back in the Tate Gallery"

Nick rubbed his hand carefully over the left hand bottom corner to look for the artist's signature.

"Look. Sandy!" he exclaimed when he had cleaned a small oblong patch. "It's a Papicio. It must be worth thousands of pounds!"

NEXT WEEK: A SUSPECT'S SLIP



Fast Boats

surprise Poachers

(Official Admiralty Photographs)

IT ALL STARTED in 1586, when fishermen got together and paid the Admiralty £100 for the services of a “Wafting Ship” to patrol the herring grounds of the North Sea. The fishing fleets of those days needed protection against interference from foreign vessels - man-o-war and otherwise, including brigands who roamed the high seas in search of plunder! For several centuries piracy of this nature was a dreaded, but a common occurrence.

In the 18th century George III allocated a warship - again on payment of £100 a year - specially charged with the job of looking after Scottish fishermen. Samuel Pepys received an annual payment for his efforts in looking after the interests of fishermen, and Nelson once served in the Fishery Protection Squadron as Captain of the *Albermarle* in 1781.

By an Act of 1815 the Captain of one ship in the Squadron has the traditional title of Superintendent of the British Herring Fishery and is paid £100 annually by the Scottish Home Department! Ships of the Squadron have often been successful in stopping smuggling, and even today they still keep a look-out for smugglers under an Act of 1893.

The Royal Navy's Squadron, as it is now, was formed in 1905 and comprises of three Divisions - the Arctic, Home (North Sea, Irish Sea and Scottish Coastal waters) and the Channel.

One of their main tasks, is of course, to prevent foreign trawlers and drifters from fishing in British territorial waters. To prevent this foreign poaching inside fishery limits, four coastal minesweepers and two inshore minesweepers have been employed, the latter operating only in the English Channel, Thames Estuary and Bristol Channel.

Altogether the Fishery Protection Squadron consists of 10 ships - four fast frigates in addition to the minesweepers. The Squadron is under the command of the Captain Fishery Protection Squadron, who is also normally the Commanding Officer of one of the fast frigates. In addition to the work done by some of the ships in coastal waters of the United Kingdom, the Squadron also carries out patrols off Iceland, the Faroe's and Norway, protecting the interests of British fishermen, and all ships are kept busy giving medical aid and technical assistance to trawlermen far from their home ports. Apart from chasing poachers and settling fishery disputes, the Squadron also forms a group of operational warships and periods are set aside each year for normal Naval operational training and exercises to maintain fighting efficiency in case of an emergency.

It is impossible for the Squadron to be everywhere at once so the element of surprise is essential in detecting poachers, and the use of aircraft and helicopters is not always practicable. Indeed, maintaining and operating an airborne service would be far too costly.

Recently, two fast Patrol Boats, H.M. Ships *Brave Borderer* (above) and *Brave Swordsman* (names that will thrill the younger Sea Scout) - capable of speeds in excess of 50 knots - have been attached to the Squadron in U.K. waters to achieve a greater element of surprise in patrolling areas where foreign poaching is likely. The two patrol boats have already steamed many hundreds of miles in the Channel area, and their Commanding Officers have been assisted by liaison officers from the Inshore sweeper H.M.S. *Watchful* (below), one of the permanent ships of the Squadron.

One final note for Sea Scouts - fishery protection vessels of the North Sea Convention (1882) distinguish themselves from other ships by flying a special blue and yellow quartered triangular flag.





TO ALL CRICKETING FANS

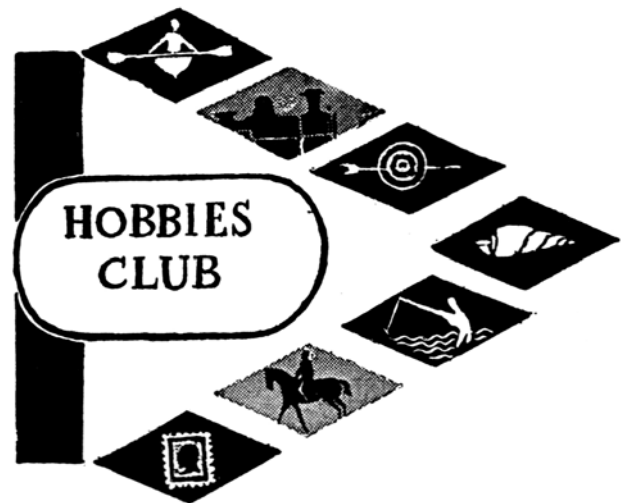
You must not miss the Winter Edition of THE CRICKETER now obtainable from newsagents everywhere.

It's a smashing issue, full of thrilling articles and comment on cricket, past and present. Read this issue, and you become the authority whenever people are discussing the game.

THE CRICKETER is, of course, a very famous old magazine. But now it appears in a bigger and more exciting form.

To read THE CRICKETER'S eyewitness stories on the Australia v England battle is second best only to your being Down Under and watching the matches yourself.

So don't miss THE CRICKETER - with the fierce cover picture of Richie Benaud, that great Australian menace!



YOUR CYCLE THIS MONTH

December

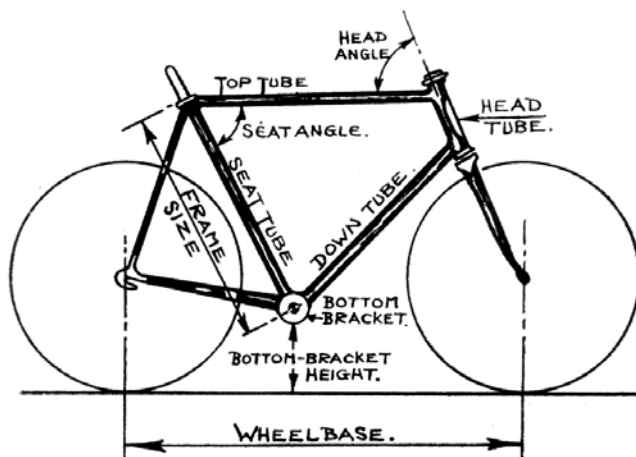
H. J. Way concludes his present series with some advice on choosing a bicycle as a Christmas present.

SO YOUR CHRISTMAS present is to be a new bicycle. How do you decide what to choose?

First: remember that bright colours and gadgets don't necessarily make a better machine. And treat with caution your pals' assertion that so-and-so's fitments are the "only ones any good": this may be just a passing craze.

Next: get clear in your mind exactly what use you intend to make of your cycle. There's no point in persuading Dad to pay a high price for champion-style multiple gears when all you're going to do is ride down the road to Troop Meetings!

Probably a "sports" model will suit you best, as it is O.K. for general riding, and will also serve you for Scouting activities, holiday tours, and camping weekends as necessary.



Although most cycles bought "off the peg" have standard equipment, a few firms still allow certain changes in specification (most likely in the handlebar shape or saddle style) to suit the individual.

See that the bike is not 'too big for you. Have the largest you can ride comfortably with the saddle pushed right down. Both saddle and handlebar can be raised as you grow.

The size of a cycle frame is the measurement from the top of the seat-tube to the centre of the bottom-bracket spindle: as a rough guide it should be about 10 in. less than your inside leg length. Other factors that affect your comfort and cycling efficiency are the frame angles ($72^{\circ}/72^{\circ}$ are suggested) and the length of the wheelbase (41 1/2 in. is reasonable). It is important that the bottom-bracket is not more than 10 1/2 in. from the ground: you must be able to put your toe to the ground when still seated in the saddle.

The diagram will show you where all these measurements are taken, and a good specialist cycle dealer will help you decide on size, etc.: go to the shop where the local "club boys" go if you want the best advice.

A good average cycle costs about £20. If price is not the first consideration, you can specify lightweight tubing, centre-pull brakes, and perhaps better gears. Don't economise on the saddle: get one of good leather by a reputable maker. Cheap saddles soon sag and spoil the pleasure of your cycling.

Coding Symbols for Diesel locomotives

A NEW COLOURED CODE to enable railwaymen to identify quickly diesel locomotives which are suitable for coupling together so as to be driven from the leading unit was introduced a few months ago by British Railways.

The quick identification of "compatible" types of locomotives - those with corresponding power and control equipment - is sometimes made difficult because many diesel locomotives of varying characteristics look alike. The new code overcomes this problem by providing "at-a-glance" recognition, in the form of Coloured squares, rectangles, diamonds, stars, and circles painted over the buffers at each end of the locomotives. A blue star, for example, indicates diesel-electric locomotives with electro-pneumatic control equipment. Two such locomotives can form a single unit equal to their combined power and can then be driven from one end. Hitherto it has sometimes been necessary to refer to detailed instruction manuals before coupling locomotives.

Train-spotters will also be interested in the code, which is as follows:-

Diesel-Electric Locomotives	Symbol
All diesel-electrics with electro-pneumatic control	Five pointed Blue star
All diesel-electrics with electro-magnetic control	Red circle

SPECIAL HOBBIES CLUB OFFER FOR COLLECTORS OF MATCHBOX LABELS

Readers of our Hobbies Club pages who are Philumenists (or in simple language for the like of folk such as the writer of this announcement - collectors of match-box labels) can now obtain sets of three splendid foreign and English matchbox labels absolutely free of charge.

To take advantage of this wonderful opportunity send two Hobbies Club coupons and a stamped, addressed label to :-

**Hobbies Club Match-box Label Offer,
"The Scout"
25, Buckingham Palace Road,
London, S.W.1.**

All requests will be dealt with in the strict order that they are received until such time as the supply is exhausted.

Early application is advised as the stock is not unlimited.

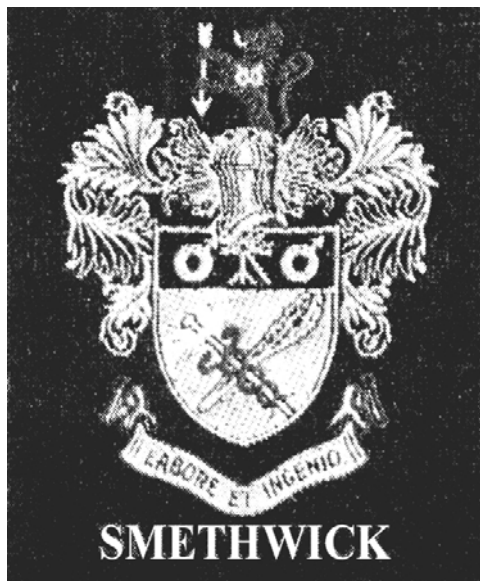
Diesel-Electric Locomotives - (Continued)

The only exceptions to those shown at the foot of the previous column are the two prototypes 10,000/1 which carry a red diamond and the two prototypes 10,201/2 which have a rectangle part red and part white.

Diesel-hydraulic locomotives	Symbol
Type 2 nos. D.6300/5 and Type 4 nos. D.600/4	Orange square
Type 2 nos. D.6306-6357 and Type 4 no. 803 onwards	White diamond
Type 3 Beyer Peakecock (Hy-mek) nos. D.7000 onwards	Yellow triangle

Uncoded locomotives may not be coupled in multiple.

BADGE of the MONTH

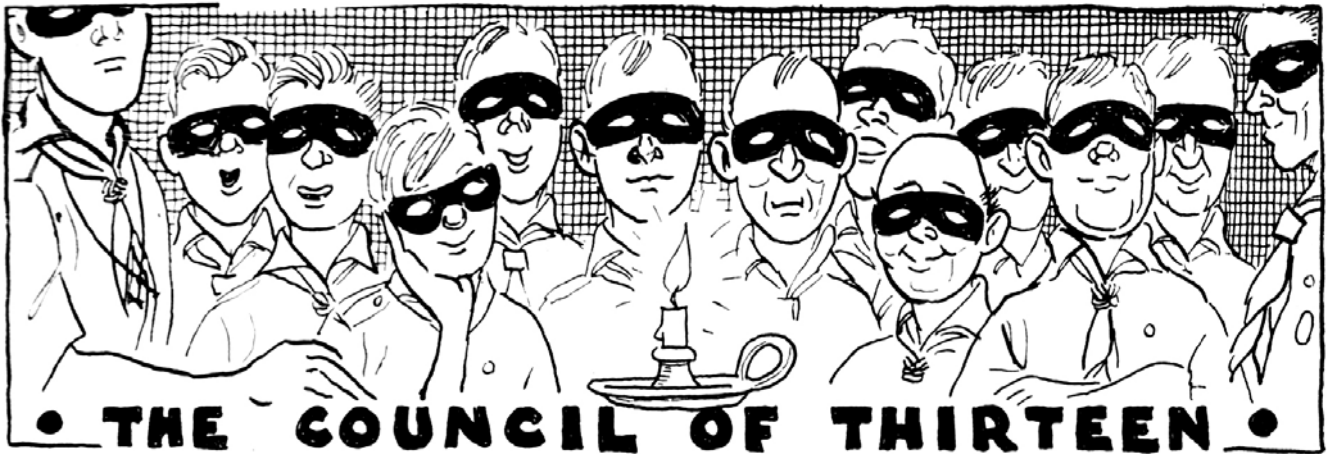


The Smethwick Scout Badge, first produced in 1959 is a reproduction of the arms of the County Borough of Smethwick, an important manufacturing town sandwiched between Birmingham and the "Black Country". Local industries are exceedingly numerous and diverse, but engineering firms are prevalent.

Granted to the Borough in 1907, the arms are derived from the pioneers of those industries which have made the name of Smethwick well-known. The lower part of the shield contains the club and caduceus of the arms of Scotsman, James Watt, who revolutionised the steam engine and with Matthew Boulton, produced the new engines in a local factory. The upper half of the shield contains a beacon indicating the part of another Scot, William Murdock, in introducing gas lighting whilst in the employ of Boulton and Watt. On either side, the emblems of Mars represents the iron and steel industries.

The lion on the crest is from the crest of Sir James Timmins Chance, founder of one of Britain's largest glass firms. The Staffordshire knot on its shoulder refers to Smethwick's connection with that County (though for Scout purposes it forms part of Birmingham County). The arrow is part of the crest of Matthew Boulton.

The Latin motto, "Labore et Ingenio" (By work and skill), is that of James Watt reversed.



Actions speak louder than Words

I WONDER IF, without a lot of thinking - or a hurried glance at your Scout diary, you can remember the third Scout Law. I hope you can, although I have just asked fourteen P.L.'s that very question and only five could name the right Law. At this time of the year we pay particular attention to this Law - A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others - although you will not hear Skipper say, "Now we are going to practise the third Scout Law" - but on the Court of Honour agenda will appear the words "CHRISTMAS GOOD TURN". This is of course as it should be and I expect you will rack your brains trying to think of an original Christmas Good Turn - probably without success. Do not be disheartened if no ideas are forthcoming and you decide to repeat a previous Good Turn. For many years a Troop I know gave a concert to an Old People's Club and distributed parcels to the old folk as well. Last year, however, the Troop decided to do a different Good Turn.

As Christmas approached the Club members began to wonder why they had heard nothing about the usual concert and one day one of them mentioned this to a friend who was Scoutmaster of another local Troop. This S.M. talked to the other S.M. and discovered that they were not planning to do the concert. As it happened everything turned out very well as the second Troop decided to take the first Troop's place. The Old Folks had their Christmas treat, which they had looked forward to, and the second Troop who had not done a Troop Christmas Good Turn before were able to have a happier Christmas.

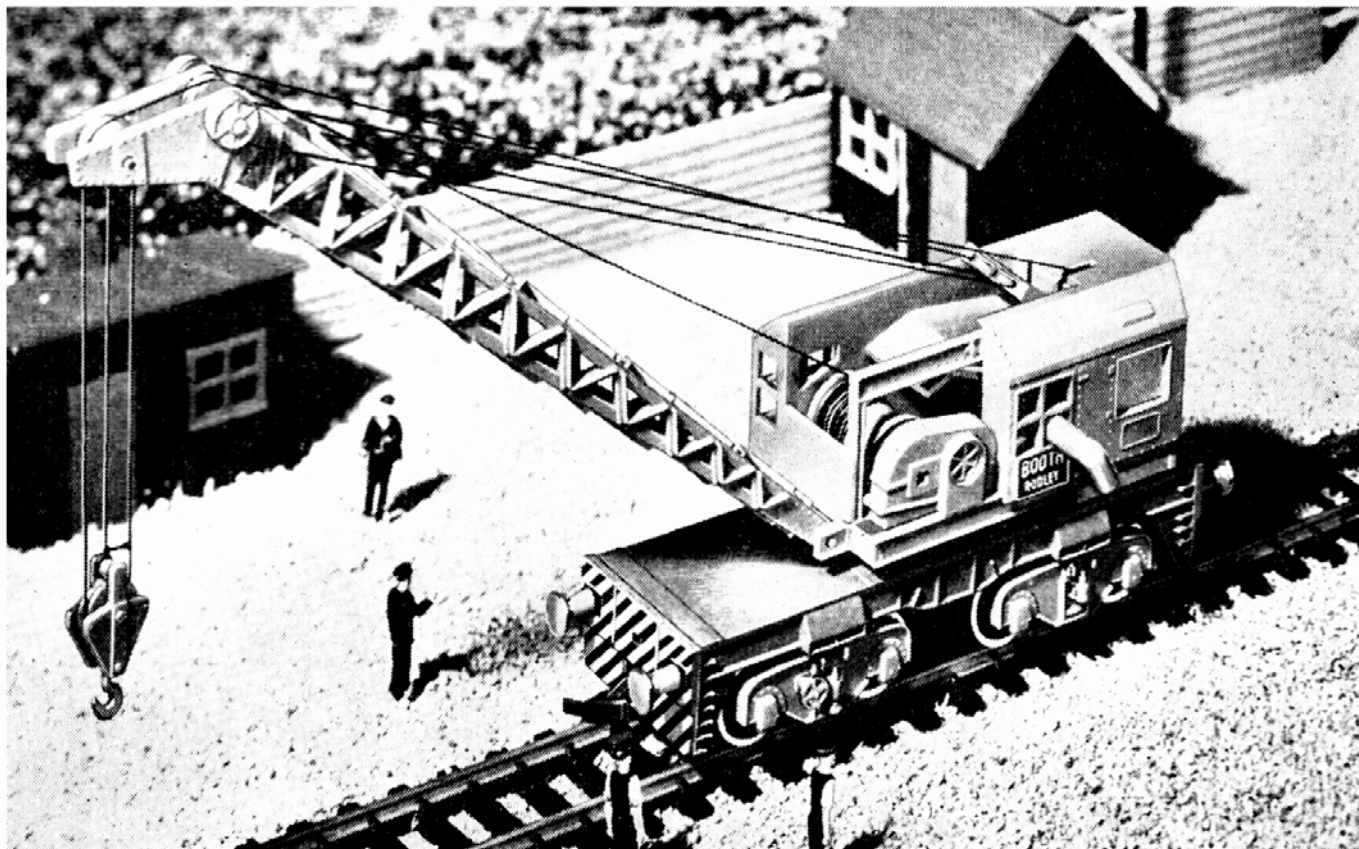
What about a special personal Good Turn? I know that you will all do something special for the people near to you but I am going to suggest a Good Turn you could do for someone of your own age. We do not often think of people of our own age, but this is something you could either do yourself or work on as a Patrol. Have you ever thought of inviting a fellow to join your Patrol? A really serious invitation to become a Scout is one of the best Christmas presents a boy can have and it is something, which, if accepted, lasts him all his life.

Many chaps are too shy to ask to join you but desperately want to get into your gang. If you have a brother who is a Senior you could suggest that he might like to do the same. I believe that some Seniors even read this page each week so I throw down this special challenge to them. Hardly any Senior Troop is so big that it cannot take any new members and many would be much better if for a start they doubled their numbers. I would be particularly delighted to hear of the success of any Senior, Senior Patrol, or Troop who accepts this challenge. I hope P.L.'s will forgive me for devoting a little space to Seniors - but they do like to be mentioned now and again.

When Christmas is over and your tummy has settled down you might find that you are getting bored with being indoors waiting to go back to school. This is the first holiday you have had since becoming a P.L. maybe - what an opportunity to take the Patrol out for a day's Scouting - you might still get turkey sandwiches but why worry! Much better though to arrange to be somewhere at midday where you can light a fire and cook a simple meal—something like soup, hounded up turkey with a delicious gravy, potatoes.. brussel sprouts, etc., etc. To you as a P.L. this may not sound very exciting but remember that for Tiny Tins the new Tenderfoot it might be the first time he has cooked and he will think it "real smashing". In many ways winter is the best time for hiking as once you get going you find that the temperature is just about right - remember to take an extra sweater to put on when you stop to eat.

I may be wrong, but it seems that nowadays very few Troops or Patrols keep a Log Book. My own Troop does not and I have no doubt that after reading this they will say it would be a good idea to start one again and they will raise no objection to my writing it! Log Books become very interesting you know. Occasionally I pop into the Troop where I was a Scout and often an old volume of the Troop Log is lying around so I spend a little time reading about the things I got up to when I was a young Scout - and the photographs! That scruffy individual stirring the porridge could never have been me. Why don't we have many Logs now - I'll tell you my dear P.L. - because by and large you are too lazy to write. I hope I haven't said the wrong thing or you will immediately pick up a pen and send a postcard to the Editor telling him that I have written a lot of rot. With that I must finish or there will be no room for my signature.

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



... it really operates!

This Airfix OO/HO scale Diesel Crane is a working model in every detail. 79-part kit 3/-.

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

proportionately right; and a great ever-increasing range—there are 10 series now, with over 150 kits. At prices from 2/- to 12/6, Airfix are great on value too.

For endless modelling fun—make it Airfix.

**JUST LIKE
THE REAL THING!**

AIRFIX

**CONSTANT SCALE
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From model and hobby shops, toy shops, and F. W. Woolworth.

STOP PRESS !

LATEST AIRFIX PRODUCTION

VICKERS VANGUARD

Latest addition to the 1/144 scale Skyking series, this authentic model of the famous airliner includes B.E.A. markings and two stairways. 10½" long, 9½" wing span. 66-part kit, including cement, 4/6d.



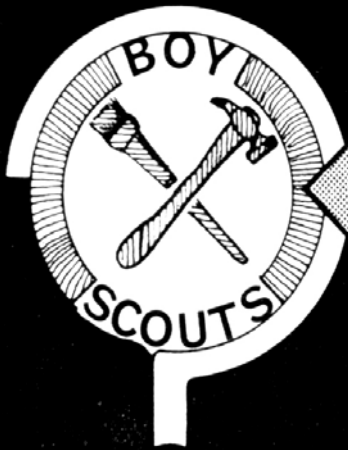
Also new : Another 1/32nd scale vintage car, the 1904 MERCEDES. 60-part kit, 2/-.

T.162

GET YOUR CATALOGUE

28 pages of models, facts and kit details from your dealer - only 9d





earn your
JOBMAN BADGE
this autumn...

THIS WEEK ————— REVISION.



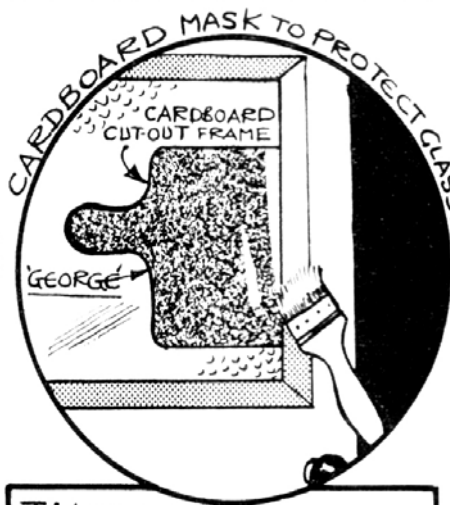
next week:-

test:- (6) (7) (8)

SEW ON A BUTTON & BADGE NEATLY.
DARN A SMALL HOLE IN A SOCK.
TAKE UP, BEAT AND RELAY A CARPET.



LIST THE TOOLS REQUIRED TO PAINT A DOOR OR GATE.



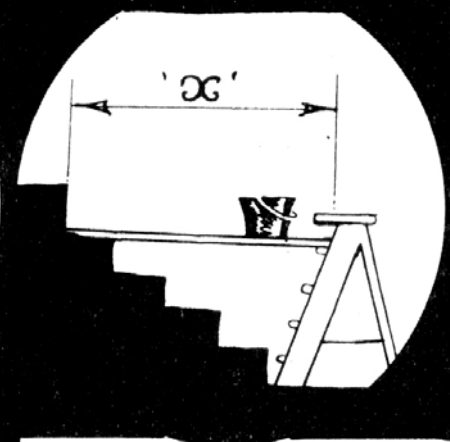
TAKE MY TIP... IF THE DOOR HAS A GLASS PANEL USE A MASK WHEN PAINTING THE FRAME - SELLOTAPE IS THE PERFECT THING.



UNDERCOAT CAN BE MADE THIN FOR USE, WITH WHITE SPIRIT or TURPENTINE (APPROX) 6 TABLESPOONS TO 1 PINT



AT LEAST THREE MISTAKES ARE BEING MADE - CAN YOU SPOT THEM?



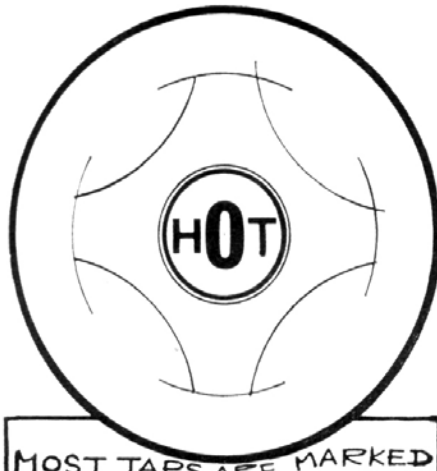
WHEN WORKING WITH PLANK & STEPS, KEEP DISTANCE '2G', TO A MINIMUM.



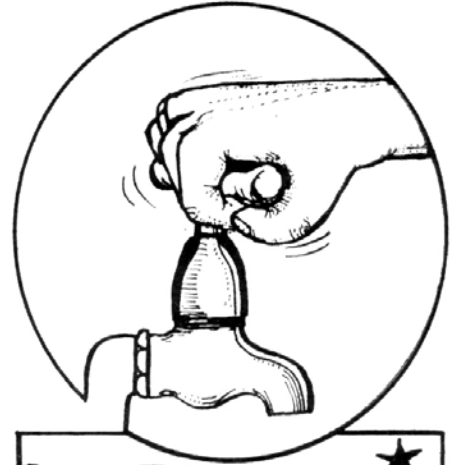
PREPARATION - CLEAR ALL SMALL OBJECTS FROM THE ROOM. LARGE ITEMS, PUSH AWAY FROM WORKING AREA & COVER WITH DUST SHEET.



COMPLETE THIS DRAWING BY INSERTING THE WORKING PARTS OF THE TAP (IN THE OPEN POSITION)



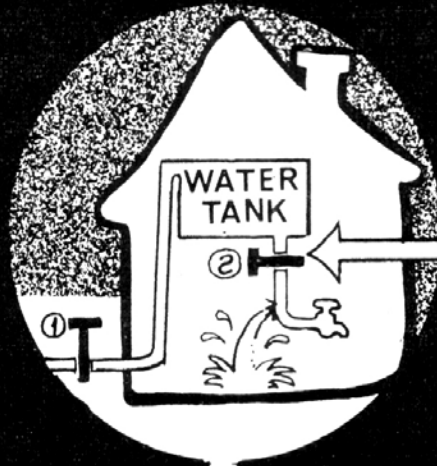
MOST TAPS ARE MARKED 'HOT' OR 'COLD', OTHER MARKINGS USED ARE 'H&C' RED DISC=HOT : GREEN=COLD



DO NOT SHUT OFF FORCIBLY - IT CAUSES RAPID WASHER WEAR. ★



YOU ENTER A ROOM & SMELL GAS - WHAT WOULD YOUR IMMEDIATE REACTION BE ?



REMEMBER - SHUTTING OFF THE MAIN STOPCOCK ONLY PREVENTS WATER ENTERING THE PREMISES - THERE IS STILL



BUT, THIS ACTION MAY ALSO STOP WATER FLOWING INTO THE HOT-WATER SYSTEM IF IN DOUBT, DRAW THE BOILER FIRE AT ONCE

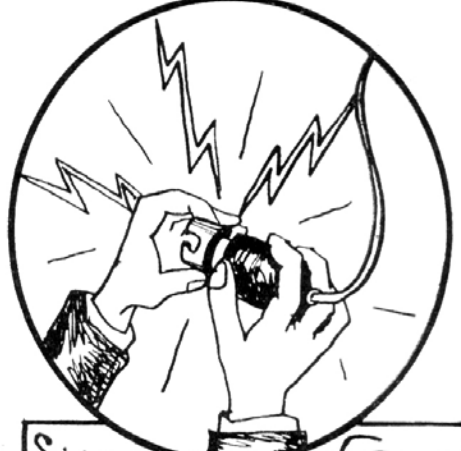
WATER IN THE TANK - SHUTTING OFF AT 2. PREVENTS THE CONTENTS LEAKING THROUGH A BURST PIPE.



DRAW A DIAGRAM TO EXPLAIN HOW PRESSING THIS BELL-PUSH ACTUATES THE BELL HAMMER.



SAFETY - FIRST DO NOT TOUCH ELECTRIC FIXTURES WITH WET HANDS.



SAFETY - FIRST DONT TRY TO ADJUST A LIVE HOLDER OR SWITCH.

CHECK YOUR ANSWERS TO THESE FIVE QUESTIONS WITH COPIES OF 'THE SCOUT' FOR NOVEMBER 10th, 17th, 24th.

NOTICE BOARD

HEADQUARTERS NOTICE Marksman Badge - Amendments to P.O.R.

As the National Small-Bore Rifle Association is to discontinue the use of the Decimal Target, the following amendments to the qualifications for the Marksman Badge must be made

Rule 469 (2): In the lines for Tests 1, 2 and 3 delete the figures "90" and substitute "85 ", and delete the word "Decimal" and substitute "British Indoor ".

Recent legislation, referred to in the November, 1962 Headquarters Notices, has made necessary the following addition to Rule 354

After ". . . adhered to" add the following sentence "Similar precautions must be taken in respect of compressed air weapons in compliance with the Air Guns and Shot Guns etc., Act, 1962."

C. C. GOODHIND
Secretary

VISITS TO THE LONDON ZOO

Special Announcement of interest to Organisations for the Physically Handicapped and Youth Groups

During the autumn, winter and spring months the London Zoo is not crowded. At this time of the year visitors can enjoy the beauty of the Gardens and see the animals without being jostled by other people, so it is obviously the best time for anyone who needs to use a pushchair, invalid chair or is otherwise handicapped, to visit the Zoo.

The London Zoo is introducing a new scheme of special cheap tickets (which will provide admission and a meal) for organisations for the physically handicapped and this cheap combined ticket will *also be available to youth organisations*. Here are the details:

Dates: The special rates apply between 1st November, 1962 and 31st March, 1963, except during school holidays.

Size of Party: 12 or more people (including organisers or attendants).

Cost: 5/- per person (adult or child), which includes the admission charge to the Zoo and lunch. Any *one* of the four following menus can be chosen

MENU W - Fried Plaice, Chipped Potatoes, Vanilla Ice Cream, Roll & Butter.

MENU X - Pork Sausages, Chipped Potatoes, Fruit Jelly, Roll & Butter.

MENU Y - Steak & Kidney Pie, Chipped Potatoes, Fruit Salad & Cream, Tea.

MENU Z - Cornish Pasty, Chipped Potatoes, Oven Baked Beans, Trifle, Roll & Butter, Coffee.

Lunch can be served at 11.30 a.m., or 12.30 p.m., or 1.30 p.m. The Zoo is open from 10 a.m. until sunset, which during November, December and January is at 4 p.m.

Booking: A booking must be made at least one week in advance. If the numbers are changed by four or more the Catering Manager must be informed not less than three days before the visit.

Booking Forms can be obtained by ringing Primrose 3333 or writing to the Catering Manager, Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

NELSON

A Book of Pirates

REX DIXON

This fascinating history of piracy tells the stories of such buccaneers and privateers as Captain Kid, Henry Morgan, Blackbeard and many others. 'Exciting reading.'

John O'London's

Fully illustrated 25s

A Book of Discovery

M. B. SYNGE

Revised by Elspeth Boog Watson
and J. Isabel Carruthers

'The long awaited new edition covers everything from The Biblical dawn of history to Man's Conquest of Space and The Deep Seas.' *Elizabeth Henniker Heaton.*

Fully illustrated 25s

A Way With Animals

KATHARINE TOITENHAM

If you, like the author, have ever tried to keep hedgehogs, snakes or tortoises, you will find her advice on the care and treatment of both tame and wild animals invaluable.

10 photographs 13s 6d

The Young Astronomer

E. A. BEET

This book tells you how to build an inexpensive 'telescope, how to make observations and experiments, and explains many phenomena of the Universe. 15 plates and many diagrams. In the *Practical Books* series. 7s 6d

Galleys East!

ARTHUR ANTHONY GLADD

Ithaca and the Mediterranean in the 16th century provide the setting for this authentic and exciting historical novel, which culminates in the sea battle of Lepanto.

Fully illustrated 12s 6d



Books for All



In this special Book Supplement the Editor reviews many kinds of new books you may wish to include on your Christmas present list or exchange for book tokens or borrow from your library.

FACTS

Indian Ocean Adventure, by Arthur C. Clarke (Barker, 14s.). This is the true account of three skin divers in the Indian Ocean who lived in a lighthouse. For the chap who loves off-beat adventure. Well illustrated by photographer Mike Wilson.

*

Land of the Sherpa, by Stanley Jeeves (University of London Press, 16s.). The author is best known as a fine photographer and some fine photographs adorn this book which gives a very pleasant account of the country whose best known member is Sherpa Tensing.

*

The Real Book of Aircraft, by Arch Whitehouse (Dobson, 10s. 6d.) is an addition to a series you have heard about several times. This one traces the history of aircraft till more or less now, and gives a helpful list of further reading on and around the subject.

*

Thrilling Journeys of Modern Times, by G. F. Lamb (Harrup, 1 2s. 6d.) reminds young people of some of the exciting explorations on the earth, in the sea, in the air, which are one of the best characteristics of the age you live in. This is a serious book for the adventurous young Scout who also likes reading.

*

Your Book of Knots (Faber, 9s. 6d.) by Percy Blandford (whom readers of *The Scout* know well and is indeed a well known figure in Scouting and boating circles) is a splendid book with the clear explanations and drawings one expects this experienced A.C.C. Scout to produce.

It should be added at once to every Scout's bookshelf! - or why not give it to Skip for Christmas?

*

The Boys' and Girls' Book of the Commonwealth, by Leslie Hunter (Burke, 10s. 6d.) is a text book for older teenagers (or adults). It has photos and some maps. I found it dull, but you'll undoubtedly get a lot of information from it if you persevere.

*

I don't think *Adventures in Geography* (Muller, 10s. 6d. each) is a very attractive name for a series it smells too much of school and as a boy would have put me off at once. But the two books in the series I have seen are better than one would have expected although again they're badly titled. *With Mungo Park in West Africa* and *With Will Adams through Japan*, both by Harry Williams, might be anything. Actually these are explorer's tales, Adams landing in Japan just before 1600 and staying there 20 years and Park as West Africa about two centuries later. Both were great men in their way and their stories well worth reading. The books are illustrated.

*

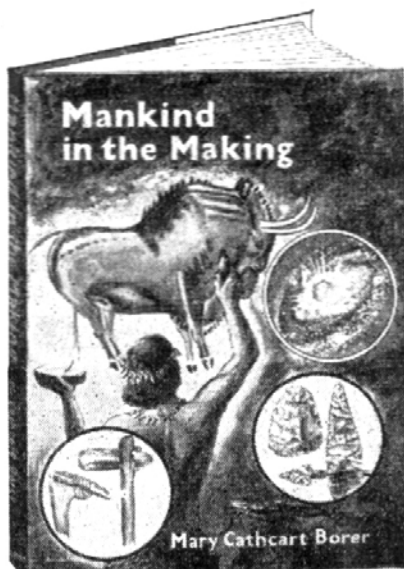
I was very interested to discover some time ago when we had a series of articles on careers in *The Scout* how popular these were. (Indeed, I'm hoping to have some more soon.) Now here are two excellent books in a new "careers series and what can be more important to a boy than making the right choice of what he, wants to be? *The Lawyer and his World*, by Evan Mitchell and *The Teacher and his World*, by Walter James (Gollancz, 12s. 6d. each) are sensibly written, full of information and admirably suited to the thinking boy of fifteen or sixteen.

Two "career" books suited for Scouts a year or two younger are *Police and Detection*, by Roderick Jeffries and *Jim's First Convoy*, by Robert Bateman (Brockhampton Press, 15s. each). These are stories and exciting ones which give the reader an idea of what the life of the police or the merchant navy is like, although the Convoy story is a war one and happened twenty years ago, and in my opinion anyway, is unlikely to happen again. There's more drudgery and hardship in this life than comes out in this highly-coloured story. But the police book is particularly good and I specially recommend it to those interested.

An illustration from
"Police and
Detection", by
Roderick Jeffries
(Brockhampton Press
15s.)



Your Christmas Books



MANKIND IN THE MAKING

By M. CATHCART BORER

What were man's achievements and adventures during the early days of his appearance in the world? In the first chapters the author describes the physical changes of the earth through countless ages until the Great Ice Age when man himself was evolving.

The book is fully illustrated. 12s. 6d. net

THE OBSERVER'S BOOK OF ASTRONOMY

By PATRICK MOORE

If you have seen Mr. Noore on television you will already know how good he is. The latest Observer's book is packed with facts, colour and black-and-white photographs and star charts and still only 5s. net.

THE OBSERVER'S BOOK OF AIRCRAFT

By WILLIAM GREEN

If you hurry you will be able to get your 1962 edition of this famous book which every aircraft enthusiast knows and needs. 5s. net

THE OBSERVER'S WORLD AIRCRAFT DIRECTORY

By WILLIAM GREEN

The most complete book covering aircraft, missiles, rockets, engines, air forces, civil air lines, identification markings, technical details of world aeronautics, etc. Fully illustrated 15s. net

THE YOUNG SCIENTIST'S APPROACH MAGNETISM

By T. H. WHITNEY

The latest Young Scientist book which gives you the fascinating facts and many experiments which use the almost magical properties of magnetism. 7s. 6d. net

From all Booksellers

FREDERICK WARNE & CO. LTD.

1 BEDFORD COURT, LONDON, W.C.2

Adventure in Diamonds, by David E. Walker (Evans, 10s. 6d.) is the true story of a secret operation which took place in 1940. The orders were to prevent vast stocks of industrial diamonds from falling into German hands. This is the exciting account - really exciting because it's true - of what happened.

*

Musical Instruments, by Denys Barlow (Black, 10s. 6d.) is a full-illustrated book about instruments of bands and orchestras. Rather specialised. but just the book for musical younger Scouts.

*

Collins' *Nut Shell Books* (5s. each) are attractively produced (about the same size as the Wame Observer Series, which most of you will know and which at 5s., too, remain remarkable value, especially *The Observer's Book of Astronomy*, by Patrick Moore with masses of illustrations - a book every Scout should have), neatly-bound but rather sparsely illustrated. However, look out for them. The titles I have seen are *Stamp Collecting*, by F. H. Spire, *Small Boat Sailing*, by Commander D. A. Rayner, *Your Dog*, by John Montgomery and *Colour Photography*, by Christopher Trent.

*

The Amazing World of Medicine, by Helen Wright and Samuel Rapport (Gollancz, 15s.). It's a collection of chapters from various books all having a medical connection. In a world where "Emergency Ward Ten" appears to be a must to millions, this book ought to be popular! Not for me but for you perhaps?

*

Collins have begun a series of large size (10½" x 8") paperbacks, 48 pages, plenty of illustrations, some coloured, at only 2s. 6d. each, which is remarkably cheap. This is a series any Scout could collect and make a kind of encyclopaedia for himself. The first titles are *Aircraft*, *Space Flight*, *Birds*, *Animals*. Look out for these particularly.

*

Cassells' Young Mariner's Guide, by W. B. Keeble and D. W. Cobden (Cassells. 10s. 6d.) is a very practical well-designed book for those interested in sailing and seamanship and racing and so on. The diagrams are very clear, the text isn't padded and altogether this is a perfect gift book for an older Scout who loves boats.

*

Science Puzzlers, by Martin Gardner (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.) contains a lot of simple tricks, some of them fairly well-known perhaps, which illustrate scientific principles. It would interest almost anyone.

*

With Stanley in Africa, by Olga Hall-Quest (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is the story of the great journalist-explorer who found Dr. Livingstone. who had (you remember, I hope!) disappeared while trying to discover the source of the Nile. This shows what exploration is really like or was a hundred years ago.

*

Dimitrios, Boy of Greece, by Peter Brickley (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) comes very suitably for Scouts at a time when Greece will be very much in our thoughts as she prepares for the World Jamboree on the fields of Marathon next summer. This is a handsome book with fine photographs.

*

A handsome book is *A Book of Canadian Animals*, by Charles Paul Ray. (Macmillan, 15s) which has chapters on no less than 28 animals, with delicious black and white drawings by John Crosby.

Wild Animals of the World, by T. L. C. Tomkins (Blandford, 15s.) is pocket sized with many illustrations in colour and others in black and white and just enough text about them. This is an excellent reference book but a nice book to browse in, too.



An illustration from "A Book of Canadian Animals"
by Charles Paul Ray (Macmillan, 15s.)

*

One of the most attractive books I have seen this season is *Better Physical Fitness for Boys*, by David C. Coles (Edmund Ward, 15s.) illustrated by photos, it shows how any chap who wants to, can work with a broom or chairs or bicycle tubes or a pal and by himself to get a better grip, strengthen his arms, legs, stomach and so on.

*

Some very attractive books have come this year from the Longacre Press. I particularly liked *Eagle Book of How it works* (15s.) which is absolutely right for the boy who wants to know more about atomic energy, electronics, rockets and satellites and (as you would no doubt say) "all that jazz". It's good value : 190 large pages, packed with photographs and diagrams. This is almost the book of the year for the *right* boy - which may or may not be you. (But you'll know!)

*

Another book published at the same price by the same press is *Britain's Fighting Services*. Again good value for boys who might be thinking of a Forces Career or who just like knowing about the Navy, the Army and the Air Force.

*

At a fifth of the price, 3s. each, there are from the same Press a very attractive series of rucksack-pocket sized books called the Hippo Books with 62 pages of sheer facts (and no padding) opposite 62 pages of photographs. The titles are *British Coasters and Colliers*, *Birds of Britain*, *Bomber Aircraft of the World* and *Rockets and Missiles*. They're so inexpensive and good, any boy could afford the title of his choice. I hope there'll be some more.

*

Those who have ever flown with him, as many Air Scouts from London and Surrey have done, will know straight away when they read *The Airline Crew*, by T. E. Scott-Chard (The Educational Supply Association Limited, 10s. 6d.) that here is a valuable book for personal or Patrol use. In a delightful style the author - who is a Public Relations Officer for B.O.A.C., the holder of a current pilot's licence, as well as an active Air Scouter and Commissioner - tells in clear and vivid detail the work of the crew of a modern airliner. The duties of each crew member are covered in turn. A full description of an actual flight from the preparatory stages before take-off to its conclusion after touchdown rounds off an excellent publication.

Well illustrated throughout with photographs and diagrams, this book will surely be of great interest and a constant source of information to any air-minded boy, or indeed Scouter.

*

How Ships are Navigated, by Roger Pilkington (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d.) is in the 'How' series and as you would expect, deals with compasses and radar and buoys and beacons and all that. Illustrated with some photos: full of facts.

*

Silkworms and Science, by Elizabeth Cooper (Lutterworth, 12s. 6d.) isn't perhaps the sort of book you'd think about reading, but both the life of the silkworm and the story of modern silk substitutes do make a very entertaining story. This is a book to look out for at the library.

*

Wild Ways of the Animal World, by Rose E. Hutchins (Burke, 13s. 6d.) is a book about spiders and snakes and bees and bats and sea birds and a hundred others and full of the most fascinating information. It has a nice lot of pictures too.

*

The Phantom Major, by Virginia Cowles (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is for older Scouts - say anyone over fourteen - and is a special edition about one of the most famous soldiers in the last war and of the special Air Service Regiment. It is a tremendously exciting account of some extraordinary exploits and with its three hundred pages and 14 pages of photographs it is wonderful value.

*

Finally, I think two of the books I should recommend most strongly are *Stories from Science - Volumes 1 & 2*, by A. Sutcliffe and A. P. D. Sutcliffe (Cambridge, 12s. 6d. each). These are stories based on true discoveries, what we might call documentaries. *Book 1* concerns chemistry (from glassmaking to poison gas), and *Book 2* physics. These are books any intelligent young person would really enjoy, for they are vividly told and splendidly written.

YOU CAN TRUST EPWORTH BOOKS

ADVENTURE WITH WHIM

By EILEEN MEYLER

illustrated by Ruth Scales

9. 6d. net

This is a book for those who love excitement and who love dogs. This story of the Elwood children, is complete in itself, but readers of the author's previous books will find their old friend Johnnie involved in another of the adventures which always seem to come her way.

THE MARK OF SAFETY

By AGNES ASHTON

illustrated by Ian Armour-Chelu

10.6d. net

This is the story of Samuel Plimsoll and his struggle to get the Plimsoll Line established in shipping. It is woven round a young seaman whose life is touched by a tragedy of the sea.

WELSH ADVENTURE

By ROSALIND SPURRELL

illustrated by Angela Burfoot

9.6d. net

In an old diary John and Anne have discovered a clue to the finding of a dirk hidden by their ancestor Jamie Kennedy. This dirk was given to Jamie by Charles II after the battle of Worcester, and a legend has grown up about it. They decide to search for it and they are led into adventures which take them far beyond the search for the dirk.

THE EPWORTH PRESS

25-35, City Road, London, E.C.1

FICTION

The Star Dwellers, by James Blish (Faber, 1 3s. 6d.) is strictly for science fiction addicts and tells about the training of a space cadet as some distant age. It's a sort of scientific fairy tale.

*

London Adventure, by Viola Bayley (Dent, 13s. 6d.) is another tale about the Marriott family, their friend Gino and the French detective M. Andre.. This takes place in the Marlow district and like the other adventures is pleasantly written and exciting enough.

*

Byrd of the 95th (Faber, 1 3s. 6d.) and *The Ladder of Snow* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) are by our own Showell Styles who gives you, I'm sure, great pleasure with his serials for *The Scout*. The first of these stories of his is quite different. Time Napoleonic wars and the rescue of a damsel in distress not to mention the battle of Talavera. The second is a climbing adventure in Switzerland and all boys who love mountains as well as a good story will enjoy this. It's easy to enjoy these books, for Showell Styles brings distinction to all he writes.

*

I have recommended *The islanders* (Oxford, 12s. 6d.) to you before. Written by Roland Pertwee twelve years ago, it remains one of the best stories about camping and *real* camping - ever written. If you haven't yet read it, read it. You *ought* to have it in your Troop library.

*

Mountain Lion, by John B. Prescott (Andre Deutsch, 13s. 6d.). Angora, present day: fine story of friendship between a puma and a boy and its consequences.

*

The King's Crocodile, by Herbert Kaufmann (Methuen, 16s.). Niger Delta, end of 19th century; witchcraft and slave trading and rise of Ja Ja to power. This is fictional documentary, part real people, part imagined an intelligently told and exciting story.

**An Illustration from "The King's crocodile",
by Herbert Kauffmann (Methuen, 16s.)**



An illustration from "The Web of Cam," by Howard Jones (Cape, 12.. 6d.)

The Web of Caesar, by Howard Jones (Cape, 12s. 6d.) I particularly liked. It has, I gather, already appeared on B.B.C. Children's Hour as a serial and it must have been a smashing success. It can be read by anyone who likes a mystery, plenty of action and straight-forward writing.

*

Ribbon of Fire, by Allan Campbell Mclean (Collins, 12s. 6d.). Time: 1884; place: Skye; struggle between crofters and laird. Plenty of excitement and action.

PICTORIAL HISTORY

Some of you would like to know, I'm sure, of a Pictorial history, which is being issued in monthly parts by the *Daily Mail*. Each part will cost 2s. 6d. Those I have seen so far deal with *Early Civilisations* and *The Greeks and the Romans*. They consist of 20 large (10" x 12 1/2") pages, with fine illustrations, some in colour. They're a bit "bitty", but they will obviously make a fine introduction to a knowledge of world history for any chap who will take a little trouble and will prevent him from thinking that the world began a few thousand years ago or that the British Empire was the only one the world has known - actually it's about the 21st! And most of the others lasted longer than ours! At half a crown a time these are splendid value for any intelligent parson of thirteen or beyond.

Nicho of the River, by Tracy Richardson (Methuen, 1 is. 6d.). Nicaragua, present day or not long past. The thirteen-year-old Nicho is a Scout in all but name in wild dangerous jungles. Scouts should really enjoy this book.

*

Throw Stone of the Arctic, by Edward Sayles and Mary Stevens (Andre Deutsch, 13s. 6d.). The Arctic or the Ice Age: hunting and tracking in the wilds which would one day be called Canada. Informative as well as interesting.

*

Flying Doctor and the Secret of the Pearls, by Michael Noonan (Hodder & Stoughton, 15s.): Australia present time, daring and intrigue and one of those adventurous doctors.

*

Geronimo rides out, by Geoffrey Bond (Arco, 12s. 6d.). Indian warrior chief! Mr. Bond as usual bases his alert vigorous storytelling on facts.

*

Star Surgeon, by Man Nourse (Faber, 13s. 6d.). Year 2375: place "the Galactic Confederation"; doctor trained in earth hospital meets trouble amid the planets but wins through. Hocus-pocus but entertaining.

*

The Bronze Bow, by Elizabeth George Speare (Gollancz 12s. 6d.). Time of Jesus, who is a character in a story of a Jewish boy who wanted revenge against the Romans who ruled his country.

*

The Rogue Elephant, by A. R. Chennel (Dobson, 2s. 6d.). Present day; Burma; life in the teak forests and especially the elephant Bondhook and his chain boy Ma Thi O.A. fine story in the "quite different" class.

*

Last year I recommended you to read two books about Secondary schoolboys *Wheldon the Weed* and *Crump the Crock* (Lutterworth, 9s. 6d. each). I do again and you can add a third by the author, Peter Jones, and this is called *Wheldon the Wizard*.



An illustration from "Nicho of the River", by Tracy Richardson (Methuen, 11s. 6d.)

*

Young Boxer, by Robert Bateman (Constable, 1 is. 6d.) you may think you have read before! But that's because Mr. Bateman has already written *Young Climber*, *Young Footballer*, *Young Skater*, *Young Runner*, *Young Cricketer* and *Young Cyclist*! If you liked any of these you'll like this, a good story laced with plenty of sport.

*

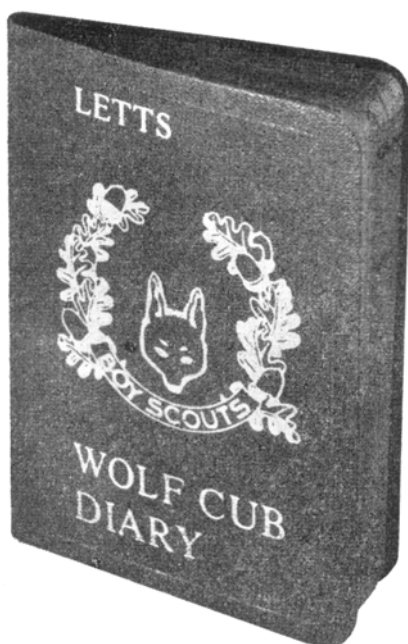
The Challenge, by Paul E. Knudsen (Methuen, 21s.). This is an expensive book although it has 271 pages. It could, I think, have had an illustration or two for the price. The time is about A.D. 10, story of a young Dane who found adventure in Rome. He, of course, is in-vented but he becomes mixed up with real events and real people.

*

My Favourite Animal Stories (Lutterworth, 10s. 6d.) contains pieces about animals by Thurber, Arthur Grimble, T. H. White and others chosen by Gerald Durrell this book is chiefly valuable because it might lead you on to read more of the chosen authors.

*

Marmot Valley, by Daniel Roberts (Oxford, 10s. 6d.). A family goes to live in the French Alps well written, plenty of humour, some adventures.



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The Cossacks, by B. Bartos-Hoppner (Oxford, 15s.) is for boys who like a good *long* book, something you can really settle down to. This is a fierce story of life with the Cossacks of Russia years ago and their march across the Urals to Siberia. It is a finely-told story.

*

island City, by Lavinia R. Davis (The World's Work, 15s.) is about New York in the late 17th and in the 18th Century. I think perhaps girls would enjoy it more than boys, who would be much happier with *Adam Gray: Stowaway*, by Herbert E. Arntson (The World's Work, 15s.) a stirring, well written story of sailing ships and the China Trade - why the book begins with three pages "Glossary of Sailing Ship Terms"! This is an old fashioned adventure story, and a fine one.

*

Garry Halliday and the Kidnapped Five, by Justin Blake (Faber, 10s. 6d.) and *Frontier Drums*, by Peter Hayes (Odhams, 12s. 6d.) were both very successful television serials, with heroic heroes and villainous villains. Just right for ten, eleven, twelve year olds.

*

The Whale People, by Roderick Haig-Brown (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is a story about the North American Indians - the whaling people - of the North West American coast. Especially for those who like to know about the strange ways and customs of other times and places.

*

Rebellion in the West, by Mary Drewery (Oliver and Boyd, 10s. 6d.) is a splendid, spirited, historical tale which will delight younger Scouts (and older Cubs if they're good readers).



An illustration from "Rebellion in the West", by Mary Drewery (Oliver and Boyd, 10s. 6d.)

The time is the early 15th century and the theme is the wars between the Welsh and the English. It is illustrated with attractive drawings. The author has written Cub serials for *The Scout*. A 13-year-old friend of mine just couldn't put it down.

ANNUALS

The two Scout Annuals appear again and should be welcomed by Scouts everywhere, for both are full of excellent stories, articles, quizzes, cartoons, photographs, and the like, all concerned with Scouts and Scouting skills. For the record our own annual which I edit, *The Scout Annual* (Pearson, 12s. 6d.) has 192 pages plus attractive endpapers, and 32 pages of photographs and varied illustrations.

The Pathfinder Annual (Purnell, 8s. 6d.) has 126 pages plus 8 pages of photographs and is illustrated (monotonously I think, as I've said before) by one artist throughout.

*

Dan Dare's Space Annual, 1963 (Longacre Press, 8s. 6d.) needs no introduction, surely: Dan Dare of "Eagle" fame is the most exciting of all spaceship heroes. But the book has well illustrated serious articles, too.

*

The Boys' Book of Soccer for 1963 (Evans, 10s. 6d.) is a first-rate, vivid production, glittering with star football names and with the mixture of articles, photographs, quizzes and stories you expect. For the soccer fan, of course.

An illustration from "Frontier Drums", by Peter Hayes (Odhams, 12s. 6d.)



Mario's Seagull is about Portugal; Tony and the Kangaroo is about Australia; Rafael and the Bull is about Spain and Edon and the Antelope is about Nigeria.

Each of these books is as bright as a summer garden and gives a fine introduction to the country it deals with. Published in this country by Oliver and Boyd, they cost 3s. 6d. each and would make a lovely present for a younger Wolf Cub (or a Brownie!).

*

There are, of course, two Annuals especially for Wolf Cubs. One is The Wolf Cub Annual (Pearson, 8s. 6d.) and The Sixer Annual (Purnell, 8s. 6d.) both have the same sort of mixture of stories about and articles for and photographs showing - Wolf Cubs! The Sixer Annual has more and larger pages and I think is the more attractive of the two - but both are good.

*

The Epworth Press are publishing some rather handsome paperbacks at half a crown each. I think you'll particularly enjoy Snail and the Pennithornes, by Barbara Millard, H. L. Gee's Story Book and Standing Store, by Donald Bottom.

*

Finding out about Science is a new series for nine or ten (or even eleven year olds). The first two books are Finding out about the Telephone, by Henry Brinton and Finding out about Wealth from the Ground, by Walter Shepherd (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 7s. 6d. each). There are fine illustrations, some in colour and these are just right for younger brothers who like to know about things.

*

People of Long Ago. Discoveries and Inventions, Modern Times and Seeking New Lands are four large page books with colour illustrations, full of information which if you're nine or ten or eleven (or even twelve) you'd enjoy having. (Evans Bros., 10s. 6d. each.) They're handsome-looking books, too, which would make fine Christmas presents for older Cubs and younger Scouts.

*

The Open Road, by H. I. Deverson and Ronald Lampit (Oxford. 15s.) is about motor cars and motorists and ear engines and traffic signs and all that. It is a lovely book, beautifully illustrated, which any Wolf Cub would enjoy but would probably find Dad reading it first!

*

A splendidly Illustrated series of books called Senior Science books (Muller, 10s. 6d. each) have so far volumes on Light; Flying; Rain, Hail, Sleet and Snow; Stars; Electricity and Magnets. These are clearly written and just right for Cubs.

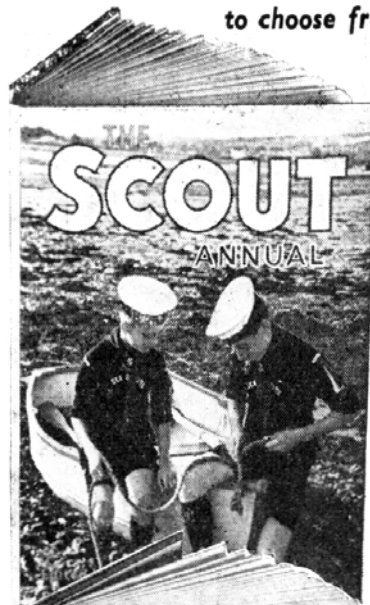
Every boy should own a few books and these should include a dictionary, for to increase your vocabulary - the number of words you know the meaning of, and can use - should be the constant aim of everyone who considers himself intelligent.

A fine new Dictionary, the Oxford illustrated Dictionary costs 50s. - but if you can get this given to you for Christmas you'll have treasure indeed! It's such a good dictionary it's nearly a one-volume encyclopaedia.

Of course 50s. may sound a lot, but suppose you have 50 years still to live (I hope you have more!) that's only a shilling a year - a penny a month!

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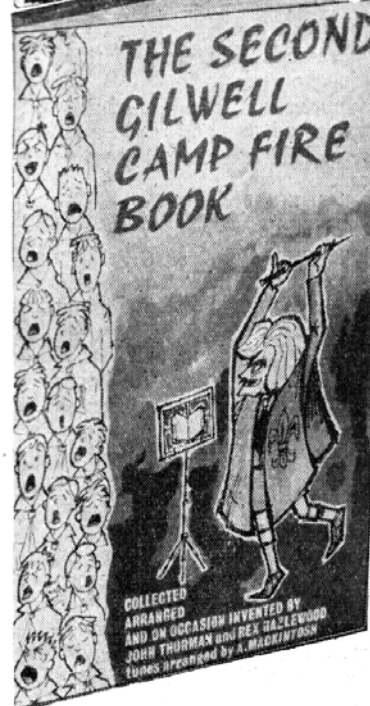
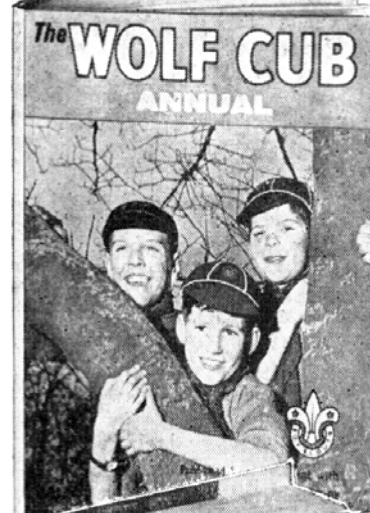
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PEARSON

THE GREY SEVEN

by Philip Briggs

FOR NEW READERS *The Grey Six have a new chum Lionel. But he is rather spoilt and does not like the things they do. They persuade him to go with them to see Angle Tarn which has dried up in the hot weather. He has on tight shoes so they make him go barefoot. On the way to the Tarn they find some of Farmer Thatcher's sheep which have got into a clover field. Dick says the clover is bad for them and will kill them.*

CHAPTER THREE The Hidden Enemy

"NOT REALLY?" Lionel asked in sonic horror.

"Yes, sheep have no sense where white clover is concerned. They eat and eat and the stuff gasses up inside them. Bob, you race off to the farm and get help," Dick gave his orders. "We others will have to try to get them out of there."

"That's not going to be easy," Ginger commented. "If you go through the gap after them, they'll only fan out all over the field."

"Down along the hedge, then," Dick panted. "There's a gate. We'll go through and get behind them."

"Suppose they turn on you and bite you?" Lionel whined, but Dick noted that he did not hang back but was running with the others to the gate. That was one up to Lionel, the Sixer thought.

"They won't bite," he said aloud. "Sheep are the silliest, most harmless animals. They don't even know that it's dangerous to eat so much clover and it might not make any difference if they did. But then, there are some humans like that!"

Jumbo gave the Sixer a rather peculiar look but he had not time to stop and go into the matter. Once in the field, they circled to get behind the sheep, which had their heads down snatching and gobbling as if they could not stop.

"Is it my fancy," Frank gasped, "but some of them look as if they were swelling up already?"

"Fancy, I hope," Dick muttered, for it was a grisly idea anyway. Five of them spread out and made quite a row as they advanced, arms held out and all shouting at the tops of their voices.

"Hi, yippee, Hi!" Dick bellowed. "Git, you lazy, good-for-nothings! " Ian was doing a war dance and Prank was letting out blood-curdling cries. The sheep looked up, surprised and one of them said: "ba-ah-ah," in a fat, throaty voice as if it were too full of good things to bother with much conversation.

"They're moving," Dick said. "Keep it up." He looked round for Lionel who was coming up too but in silence as if he did not want to upset the sheep. They redoubled their cries and now were nearly up to the first few sheep which began to back away jostling each other softly and bleating indignantly at the rude interruption. The boys pointed their meaning with slaps on woolly backs and kept them moving towards the gap, not without incident, however, for one burly creature pushed back, knocked Frank flying and doubled to return to its dangerous feed.

Lionel paled at this mishap and looked as if he wanted to cry, but when Frank got up laughing, he gazed with respect at him and actually went with him to head the runaway.

"That's the first one through," Jumbo said with joy as a sheep burst through the gap. They heard shouts from the road and there was Farmer Thatcher, Bob and five men coming to help.

"Why, it's Dick's Cubs," the man exclaimed, beaming all over his face. "I didn't recognise Bob in the rush. I might have known - this isn't the first time you've noticed what others missed. Good work!"

"Are they all right?" Dick asked anxiously, for now all the animals were through the gap and were standing looking a bit worried as if in pain.

"Help me, Bill and you others," the farmer said. "We'll soon get them up into the barn and the vet, can treat them. Joe, stop behind and repair that gap. Boys, you run ahead up to the house and Mrs. Thatcher will give you a drink. Phew! But it's a scorcher."

"Thank you, sir," Dick beamed, for the idea of a cool drink was lovely.

"Thank you," Thatcher responded seriously.

The farmer's wife welcomed them into the cool flagged kitchen and got some icy cold milk from the cellar, thick with yellow cream.

Ooh, I say," Jumbo exclaimed, sitting down at once as he was bidden. But Lionel hung back, looking very unhappy.

"And what were you doing up this way?" the woman asked as she poured the glasses full. "Bob here came running for the men told us about the sheep. We're awfully grateful. Other sheep might have followed; we could have lost hundreds. What's the matter, young man?"

"I don't drink milk," Lionel muttered, very red in the face. The Wolf Cubs sat with their mouths open. Such heresy was unheard of.

"Did you ever try it?" Dick queried, hot with shame for their kind hostess.

"No," Lionel shook his head. "I 'wouldn't, and they said not to force me."

"Well then, you try it now," Mrs. Thatcher suggested, and poured him an extra creamy glass. Embarrassed to tears with them all staring, Lionel tasted it and, as the cold cream sweet and fresh touched his lips, the most amazed expression came into his eyes which widened in delight.

"Why, it's nice," he exclaimed. "I never had it because they said it was good for me and I hate things like that."

How they all laughed, and Mrs. Thatcher laughed loudest of all, and added a plate of crisp cookies to the feast. Under cover of the merriment, Jumbo managed to get outside quite a good tea which so delighted their hostess that she gave them a bag of apples to take with them.

"And where were you off to?" she asked as they thanked her. "Oh, to see Angle Tarn is it. There's more than one party gone up there to see it. Fantastic summer."

"How do you do about the stock, ma'am?" Dick asked.

"Oh, we're not depending on the tarn - it would, be too far off anyway. The river through the water meadows over the hill never runs dry though it is a lot lower this year than ever I remember. Now, you'd better get moving, boys, as it's past three now."

They set off again in the highest spirits over the hills and moors. Lionel made no further complaint but he kept near Dick as if he felt safer so. He even asked in his sullen way which the others were beginning to understand, why the tarn was so specially interesting and Dick passed the time by telling of the old local legend about a village buried at the bottom ages ago. Lionel's mouth turned down in horror.

"Was it really so?" he asked.

"No," Dick grinned. "But I want a snap of the tarn. dry up again for fifty years."

After a long tough pull up a slope where the grass was so dry and slippery as to be really dangerous underfoot, they came out on a low brow overlooking a deserted valley. There, on summer days, the Angle Tarn had sparkled, its surface starred with white and golden water-lillies and skimmed over by blue winged dragonflies. But now that was all gone. Not a drop remained, and the shaped hollow of some four acres was thick black mud dried at the edges into strange honeycomb patterns and aim-crossed by a tangle of lily roots, stasis and withered leaves. A more horribly lonely and sad looking place it would be hard to imagine.

Even light-hearted Dick felt quick depressed and took his pictures as quickly as he could, for even the glorious afternoon sunshine failed to cheer the place up.

Lionel stood staring dismally at it. Bob shook his head; the others turned away and began examining the slopes for interesting nature notes. Ian was the only one who found anything - a viper skin which the reptile had shed when getting its new jacket. They were terribly thrilled with this, for each scale and segment, even the eyes and markings were faithfully patterned on the dry, tissue-paper-like casing.

No one noticed that Lionel had slipped away and gone down to the edge of the dried tarn.

Maybe he thought he'd see if he could find anything of interest with which to surprise the Grey Six who all seemed to know such a lot and who made him feel an ignorant beginner. Was there really a buried village under all that mud? He looked across at the middle of the tarn and there, plainly visible, were some irregular, lumpy objects like the tops of buried roofs. Actually, they were the remains of a duck punt or two, which the farm boys had once kept here, but which had rotted and sunk many winter nights ago.

Lionel tested the edge. The sun-baked mud was warm and pleasant and felt quite good and hard.

"I'll find something to surprise them," he muttered, and stepped out more boldly. It was difficult not to trip on the leafy tangles. The ground seemed to sink slightly now under his weight and an unpleasant smell of boggy ooze drifted up. As he had his back to the shore, he had no means of telling how far out he had got already.

It was Dick who saw him first. Lionel was now some fifty feet out on the mud and the Sixer could see that he was having to pull his feet out now at every step.

He went white as a bone and clutched Bob's arm.

"The young idiot! Quick, don't scare him! If he trips and falls he's had it."

Next Week:

TRIUMPH AND TERROR

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A book is a constant companion, be it for pleasure or reference. Every Scout should aim at building up his own library of books.

Photo by W. Carden.

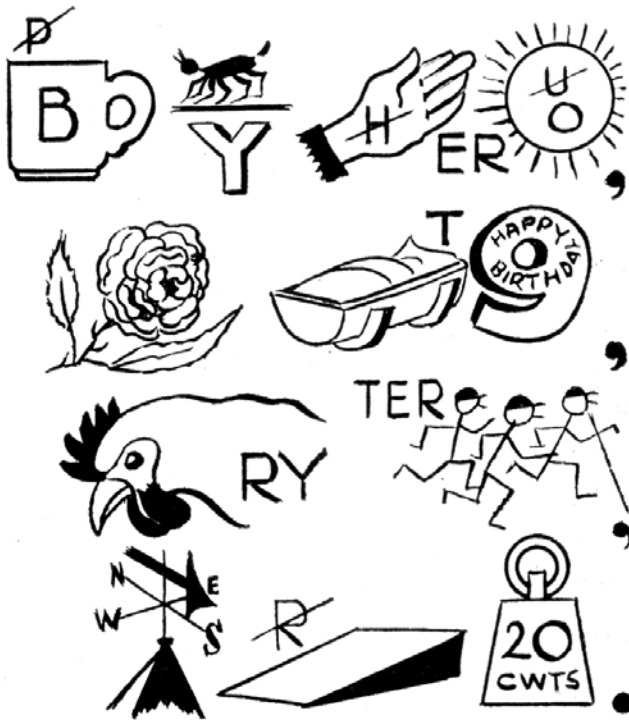


It was Dick who saw him first



THE POSTMAN'S PUZZLE

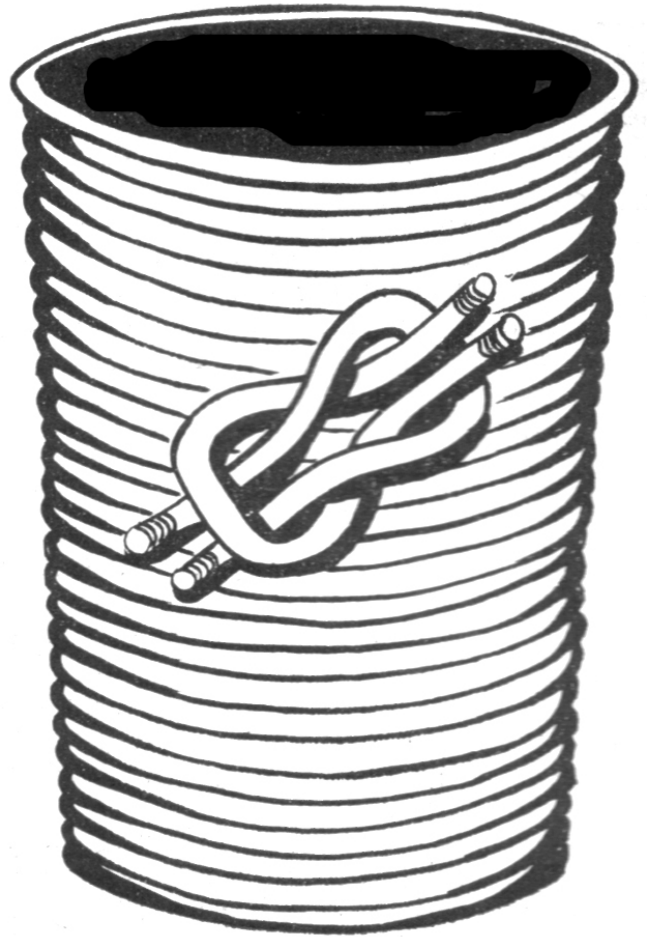
Postman Jones opened his sack and found a letter with a very strange address on it. At first he thought someone was playing a joke on him, but postmen don't give up as easy as that, so he thought very hard, and soon he was on his way to deliver the letter. Do you think you could discover who the letter was addressed to? If not, have a peep at the name and address at the foot of the next column.



A ROPE BASKET

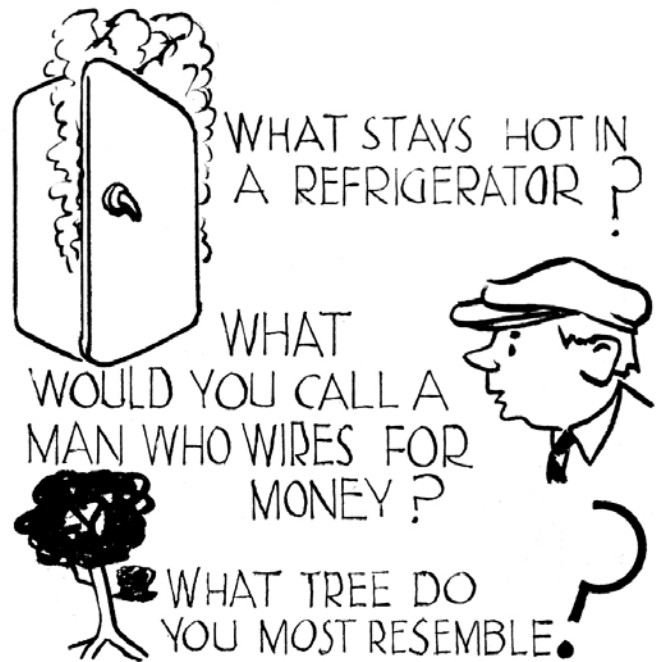
This basket could be used for several purposes in the Den, having about it a Cubby atmosphere. Start off with a cheap tin waste-paper container, and if necessary give the inside a coat of bright paint. When this is dry give the outside a generous coat of glue then, using a length of clothes line, start from the top and coil it neatly round the tin to the bottom, pressing it carefully so that it sticks securely.

If the rope is clean, or bright, cut two shorter lengths and dip them in blue or red paint and when dry form the reef knot design and glue it on the side as shown in the drawing. A stitch with strong thread here and there will help hold the knot in position for good. You should now have an attractive rope basket for the Den, or if it is a success, might make a nice gift for a friend.



CUB CRACKS!

Here are three strange questions. See if you can give the answers before looking for them below. You could then try them on the other members of your Six.



ANSWERS

CUB CRACKS! 1. Mustard. 2. An electrician. 3. Yew.
THE POSTMAN'S PUZZLE: Cub Anthony Anderson, Rose Cottage, Henry Terrace, Southampton.

PEN PALS

WANTED

Ian Blanchard, No. 5 R.D., Kairanga, Palmerston, N. Zealand. - Scout and Guide pen-pals 16-17 anywhere. Hobbies. Scouting, reading, writing, stamps.

The Chaffinch Patrol. 16th Barking Guide Co.. c/o Barbara Endershy, 116 Goresbrook Rd., Dagenham, Essex. - Wish to correspond with a Scout Patrol. Hobbies: Camping, hiking, etc.

Miss Kathryn McBride, Houseboat. "Innisharon", Town End Wharf. High St.. Kingston-on-Thames. Surrey. - Scout and Guide pen-pals esp. those connected with sea anywhere (aged 15 and over). Hobbies : Guiding. G.N.T.C..

Cuba. sailing, CBs., stamps.

Sean Orford (11), 11. Wanborough Drive, Roehampton, S.W.15. Pen-pal in Canada, or New Zealand. Hobbies: Football, stamps, swimming, camping, Scouting. Photo if poss.

7th South Shields Troop, c/o L. Elliot. 4. Horsley Vale, Harton, S. Shields, Durham. - Like to correspond with Troop in Bad Honnef or Cologne region of Rhine Valley with view to meeting when visiting there in summer, 1963. English speaking preferable, not essential.

S.M. Edmundson O. Odisnye (16), St. John's Secondary School, Alor, via Nnewi. Onitaha, Nigeria - Guide, Scout or Cub pen-pals. Hobbies: Scouting, stamps, music, camping.

John T. Calderbank (13 1/2), 2, Richmond Rd. Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. 21. - Pen-pal in Germany (English 13-15. Hobbies: sport, camping, hiking, Scout-camping. swopping C.B.s. Photo if poss.

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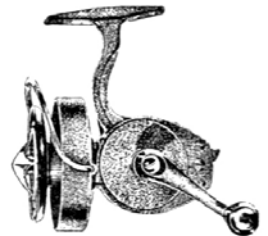
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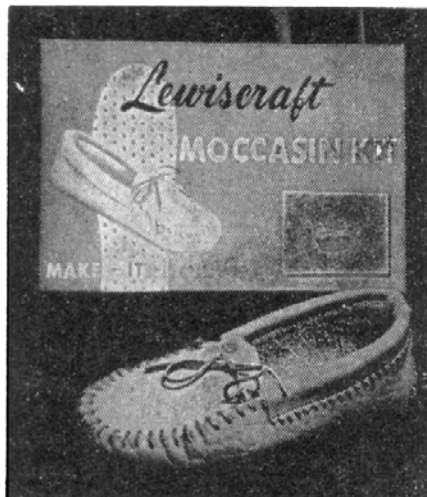


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